



BULLWHIP SQUADRON

1ST SQUADRON, 9TH CAVALRY



THE BULLWHIP SQUADRON ASSOCIATION

1st Squadron 9th Cavalry Regiment 1st Air Cavalry Division - Vietnam

3rd Squadron 17th Cavalry Regiment 11th Air Assault Division - FT Benning

1st Squadron 9th Cavalry 1st Cavalry Division - Global War on Terror



The Official News Magazine of the Bullwhip Squadron Association
March 2011

Table of Contents March 2011

9th U.S. Cavalry History.....	1
CPT Jon Swanson and SSG Larry Harrison Remembrance.....	4
TAPS.....	9
Bruce L. Johnson	9
COL A.AT. Pumphrey	10
Clyde Beck.....	10
Derryl James Jones	11
Dave Coates	12
SGT Michael Bartley.....	13
SGT Mick LaMar.....	14
Apache Troop Memorial Service Speech	15
“Guardian Angels” by Joe Nave.....	17
Sick Call.....	18
2011 Apache Troop reunion information.....	18
Membership Roster.....	19
Memorable Stories from the Past.....	33
An Loc Reunion - DCAT, Mike Sloniker.....	33
CHARLIE TROOP 1965-66, Mike Kelley.....	34
Mama-San, LZ Sharon—Again, Swede Erickson	37
From the Wateree to the Pee Dee, by Lieutenant Colonel William P. Gillette.....	38
Feeling the crack of the whip by "Dr." John Hamm.....	41
Member Letters.....	42
Chuck Knowlen	42
Steve O’Grady	45
COL Pete Booth.....	43
Jeremy Hogan, They did all that was asked....	44
Terri Nave, The Door.....	51
HEADHUNTER News—Iraq.....	53

Your board during a break at the January meeting. We welcomed two new board members that will help us to better support our missions. Bob Monette, F Troop 1972-1973, Sabre 20, is our new VP of Military and Public Relations and Don Coshey, C Troop, 1965-1966 is our new Program Manager for the website and quartermaster.



Left to Right: Walt "Titch" C TRP 65-66, Bob Monette F TRP 72-73, Patrick Cook (Son-in-Law) Joe Bowen A&B TRP 68-69, Don Coshey C TRP 665-66, Chuck Ridenour B TRP 71

FROM THE EDITOR

Chuck Ridenour
BWS Newsletter Editor
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2012 Reunion Location:

In our search for a 2102 BWS Reunion there were three recommendations considered:

Fort Rucker, AL/Ozark/Dothan, AL, Columbus/Fort Benning, GA and Fort Hood, Texas

A review of Fort Rucker, AL/Ozark/Dothan, AL options resulted in four major negative findings that eliminated it from the list. 1. Lack of rooms at a centralized HQ. 2. Extremely high costs for the Saturday banquet. 3. No access to troops or interface with troops possible. 4. Previous lack of support from the Fort Rucker HQ.

A review of Columbus/Fort Benning, GA options resulted in one negative finding: 1. The 2010 reunion was held here and many members have asked that we consider having a reunion west of the Mississippi.

A review of Fort Hood, Texas resulted in one negative major finding and several positive findings: Negative: The location is far from the boards' homes and coordination will be difficult but possible. Positive: 1. Our Squadron is currently in Iraq operating out of Forward Operating Base Marez will be returning to Fort Hood this October-November and will be at Fort Hood in a training schedule phase that will enable interaction with the Troopers. 2. Reunion costs will be comparable to Columbus and much lower than if it were held in Alabama. 3. Reunion and individual options for indoor and outdoor activities are plentiful and reasonable in costs. 4. Collocating our Reunion with the Squadron will enable a melding of Bullwhip and HEAD-HUNTER Troopers and spouses that would be impossible at any other location. 5. We finally have an option of having a Reunion west of the Mississippi with resultant possibility of encouraging Troopers living out west to attend. 6. We can have a real Texas outdoor BBQ in Texas.

Due to tight future reservation scheduling at Fort Hood/Killeen we have to make a selection now in order to lock in our desired dates. The best dates appear to be 11- 14 October 2012 as it will be after Columbus Day holiday so wherever we go we will be able to interact with Troopers. On that specific holiday most units have a three day weekend and Posts are at minimum operations.

Considering all the options, timelines for contracts and offers from members who have volunteered to assist if we go to Fort Hood for reunion preparation, coordination and execution and in addition, the offered support from the 1st Cavalry Command Group, we have selected LZ 2012 to be at Fort Hood, Texas.

We want to thank all those who provided recommendations and comments in this effort and we are looking forward to a great event in 2012. *Apache Red*



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9th U.S. Cavalry History

The 9th Regiment of Cavalry

Charles Ridenour has asked me to write a few columns on the history of the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry Regiment. This would seem to be a fairly easy task...just doing a bit of research and writing it down.

One of the problems, however, is how to sort out the role of the 1st of the 9th from the rest of the Regiment. The 1/9th did not start in 1965 with John Stockton and the Bull Whip Squadron. The history of the 1/9th is obviously linked to the original 9th Cavalry Regiment, the famed Buffalo Soldiers of the American West. This basically means that you can't really look at the history of the 1/9th without taking a look at the Regiment as a whole. So you may be getting more than you really want.

But that's the way of historians...we just can't help ourselves.

So, the first question is: Where to start? Well, how about at the beginning!

By 1866, the American Civil War was well over, Johnny had finished marching home, the westward expansion under "Manifest Destiny" had significantly increased with thousands fleeing the east to escape the devastation of four years of bloody war...and the U.S. Army was virtually non-existent to protect the thousands of settlers moving into what they considered to be basically uninhabited land...discounting the fact that there were, in fact, people living there. And those people were not keen on these settlers moving, taking their land and killing off their primary source of survival.

In early 1866, the Army consisted—on paper—of 448 companies of cavalry, infantry and artillery. In fact only 295 companies within those three combat arms were organized, including six regiments of cavalry.

In April 1866, the Congress passed an act designed to "increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States," according to an 1895 report by Lt. Grote Hutcheson, Adjutant, 9th U.S. Cavalry. This act called for the increase in the size of the Army to a total of 40 regiments, to include five artillery, 25 infantry and 10 cavalry.

Six regiments of cavalry already existed, calling for an addition four...with the congressional act stating "two of which shall be composed of colored men, having the same organization as is now provided by law for cavalry regiments." These two became the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments, later to be known as the famed Buffalo Soldiers of the western frontier.

The 9th Cavalry actually started on 28 July 1866 when it was constituted into the regular army. Company A was constituted as 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry. (It wasn't until 1883 that cavalry companies were officially designated as "troops.") In other words, the 9th Cavalry, and the 1st of the 9th, now existed—on paper.

On August 3, 1866, Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan, commanding the Military Division of the Gulf at New Orleans, was authorized to raise the regiment, "which was to be enlisted within the limits of his own command."

Initial recruitment started in New Orleans, although an outbreak of cholera forced a move to Greenville, La, a suburb of New Orleans. Colonel Edward Hatch, a brevet Major General at the end of the civil war, was selected to command the 9th Cavalry Regiment, assisted by Lt. Col. Wesley Merritt.

(The 10th Cavalry Regiment was organized in Ft. Leavenworth, KS and was commanded by Colonel Benjamin Grierson. Also a brevet Major General for the Union, Grierson led 1,700 men on a raid into the Confederacy in 1863 to destroy southern railroad lines and split the Confederate



(Continued on page 2)

forces. *Horse Soldiers*, a 1959 movie with John Wayne and William Holden, was very, very loosely based on the Grierson raid. I just thought you'd like to know. Great movie with a great song.)

Just as a general note, George A. Custer, a brevet general during the Civil War was offered second in command of the 9th as a lieutenant colonel. He turned that down for fear of ruining his political aspirations. He then accepted the same position with the 7th Cavalry...a decision that proved fateful. Also noted is that everyone thinks Custer commanded the 7th Cav. He didn't. He was the Number Two guy. Col. Samuel D. Sturgis commanded the 7th Cavalry, but was off on recruiting duty on June 26, 1876 when Custer decided to show some 1,800 Lakota Sioux and the Cheyenne who was boss.

Many of the men who enlisted in the newly formed 9th Cavalry Regiment were black civil war veterans from the Union army who were then serving with volunteer state militias. A special law was passed to allow black soldiers to be discharged from the volunteer units to enlist in the federal military units. Others were free blacks from the northeastern states or former slaves of the former Confederacy, according to Charles L. Kenner in his *Buffalo Soldiers and Officers of the Ninth Cavalry, 1867-1898*. Initial recruitment was in Louisiana, principally from New Orleans and its vicinity. In the autumn of 1866 recruitment was extended to Kentucky. The horses came from St. Louis, Missouri. (I have no idea why. Please don't ask.) Enlistment was for five years, with pay at \$13 per month.

"Many of the newest recruits had not reached their 20th birthday. Some had barely reached their 16th birthday," Kenner wrote. "Most of them, deprived of an education, could neither read nor write." They also tended to be small, averaging no more than 5'6" tall and weighing no more than 155 pounds.

By March, 1867, the 9th Cavalry was at almost full strength with 885 enlisted men. They were divided into 12 troops, A through M, divided into three squadrons. There was no J troop, just as there is no J St. in Washington.

Each company (on paper, or TO&E) consisted of four officers, 15 NCOs and 72 privates. All the officers were white, had at least two years experience fighting for the Union in the Civil War and (again, on paper, were men of good character.

In June, 1867, the 9th Cav. was ordered to deploy to south and southwest Texas. In a particularly interesting coincidence, the first assignment of what would become the 1st of the 9th shared the name of the first commander of the modern 1st of the 9th.

Col. Hatch and his headquarters, along with Troops A, B, E and K were assigned to Fort Stockton in the Big Bend territory of Texas. The fort is now a historical site in the town of Fort Stockton, situated on I-10 240 miles east of El Paso.

Troops C, D, F, G, H and L, under LtCol Wesley Merritt, were sent to Fort Davis, south of Fort Stockton on the Pecos River. Troops L and M were assigned to Brownsville. Over an eight year period, troops of the 9th Cav. occupied six posts in Texas: Fort Stockton, Fort Davis, Fort Concho, Fort McKavett, Fort Brown and Ringgold barracks...although they rarely were actually in garrison.

In 1874, General Sherman delivered a report to the House Committee on Military Affairs, outlining the activities of each regiment of cavalry. Sherman, who was noted as being something of a racist, applauded the Buffalo Soldiers of the 9th Cav., saying it "has certainly fulfilled the best expectations entertained by the friends of the negro people; they are good troops, they make first rate sentinels, are faithful to their trust and are as brave as the occasion calls for. I wish to bear this my testimony, my willing testimony, to their excellence. Many people suppose that I have a personal prejudice against black troops; that is an entire mistake. I do confess that I prefer white troops; but these black troops have fulfilled everything expected of them."

Sherman also stressed the 9th Cav's importance in helping protect the Texas frontier. "The line of posts (occupied by the 9th Cav.) protects

(Continued on page 3)

the frontier against nomadic Indians and against the incursions of Mexicans who come over the Rio Grande to steal cattle and horses. The southeastern part of Texas is a valuable country. In due time it will fill up with a good population; and although this process is very slow, it is bound to come. But so long as the country is in its present condition, I do not see how you can help covering and protecting that frontier and that cannot be done cheaper than it is now done by the present cavalry. Take away the Ninth Cavalry, and the settlements of Texas would fall still farther back, and other troops would have to be raised a second time to recover the country thus surrendered or lost.”

The 9th Cav. stayed in Texas for eight years, fighting constant skirmishes with Indians. In his 1895 report, Lt. (later Major General) Hutcheson, stated that “during the eight years of duty in Texas, as well as afterwards and until the regiment was sent to the Department of the Platte, more time was spent in campaign than in garrison, and the troops covered thousands of square miles of territory.”

In late 1875 the 9th Cav. was transferred to New Mexico, headquartered at Santa Fé. Again, the troops ranged over thousands of square miles of territory, with “various troops and detachments employed in capturing and returning to the reservations innumerable roving bands of the wily and treacherous Apache tribes, the more important of which were those headed by Nana and Victoria,” Hutcheson said. The Apache wars, testing the mettle of the Buffalo Soldiers, last from 1875 to 1881.

In June 1881, the 9th Cav. was transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas and the Indian Territory, where it continued the Indian wars. Hutcheson reported that most of the time in Kansas, 1881 to 1885, “were spent in garrison, though the intruders upon the Oklahoma Territory, which at that time was not open for settlement, kept a number of troops busy moving over that country and patrolling the northern portion of Indian Territory and southern Kansas.”

In 1885 the regiment was sent to the Department of the Platt in Nebraska. There it was al-

lowed to enjoy “a well-earned rest after the many scouts and campaigns of the preceding eighteen years. The only campaign worthy of mention is that of 1890-91, during the uprising of the Sioux (the famous Ghost Dancing uprising that resulted in the Battle—or massacre, depending on one’s views—of Wounded Knee on December 29, 1890) when the regiment was the first in the field in November and the last to leave late the following March, after spending the winter, the latter part of which was terrible in its severity, under canvas.”

By 1895 the regiment was split between Fort Robinson, Neb. under Col. James Biddle, and Fort Duchesne, Utah under Major Randlett.

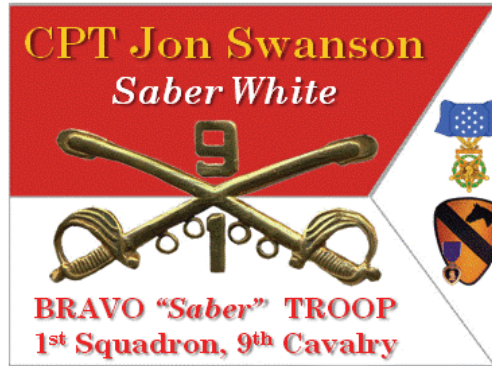
Three years later both the 9th and the 10th Cavalry regiments would enter the world stage, fighting along side Col. Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders in Cuba.

But that’s another story.

Douglas Nelms, B Trp, 1/9th

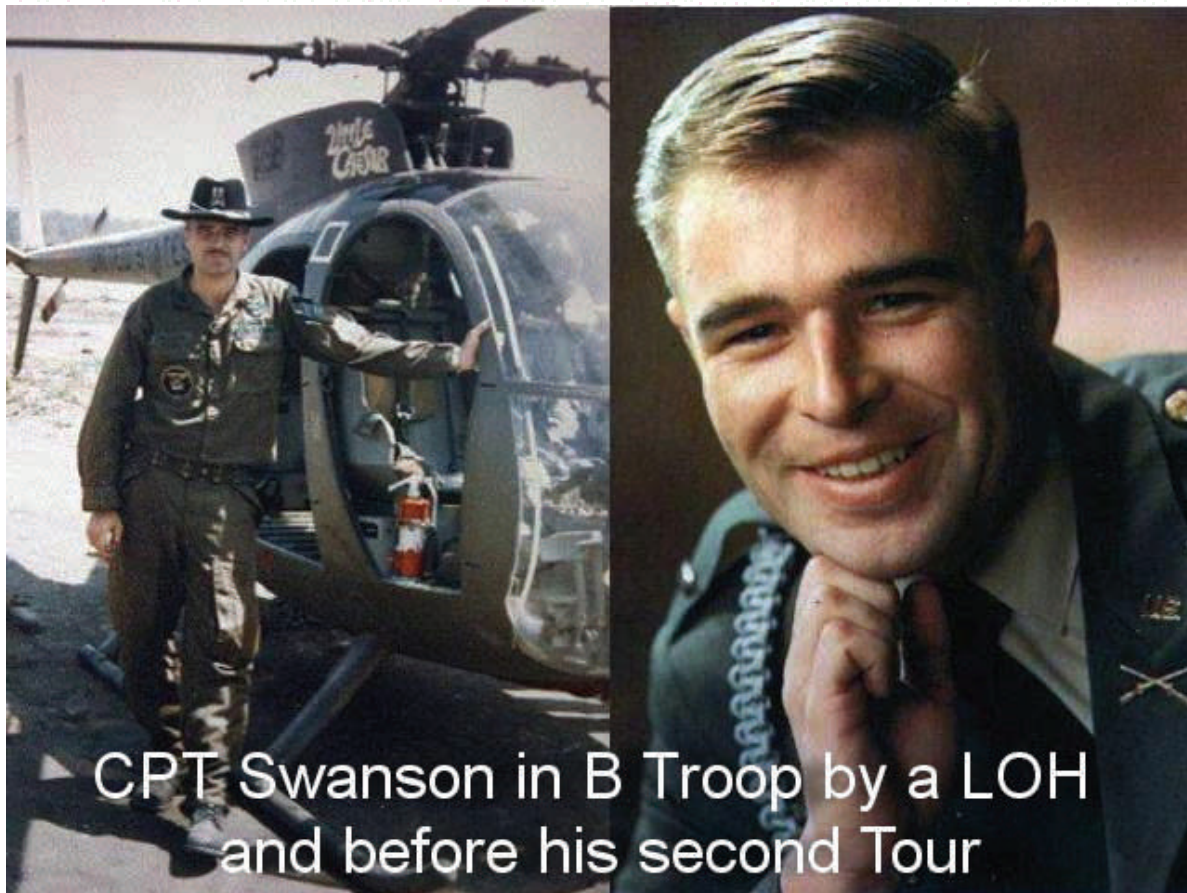


On February 26, 1971, Bravo Troop, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry lost two of its own while providing close air support to an ambushed ARVN convoy in Kampong Cham Province, Cambodia. *Saber White*, CPT Jon E. Swanson age 28, and *Saber White Mike*, SSG Larry G. Harrison age 23, were killed when their OH-6A LOH was shot down and crashed when CPT Swanson reengaged enemy anti-aircraft positions that threatened the friendly ground forces.



JON EDWARD SWANSON

LARRY GENE HARRISON



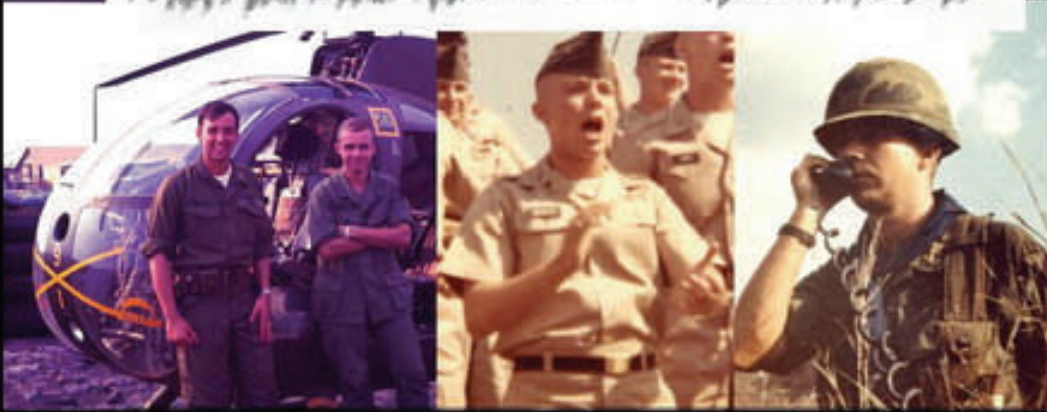
This photo of Jon standing by the LOH with Little Caesre (probably misspelled but the spelling on the AC was odd too) is just like him. That was his favorite AC and the one he flew most often. *Doug Ricks*



The OH-6A LOH that Jon and Larry were Flying and Fighting in when they were shot down on February 26, 1971. The picture was taken at Firebase Mace sometime in early 1971.

Remember Those We Served With

TONY LEE BUHOLTZ

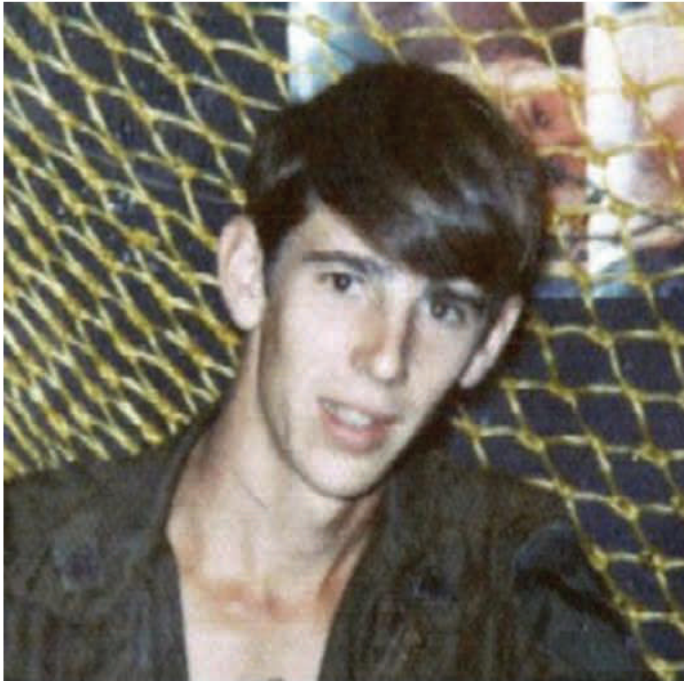


**Tony (Apache White) was Shot Down
and Killed in Action a LOH he was
Piloting on 22 Mar 1969.**

JAMES D WRIGHT

**Hippie was Shot Down
Killed in Action 22
Mar 1969 in a LOH
Piloted by
1LT Tony Buholtz.
Tony and Robert Ilsley
were also Killed
in the Crash.**





SP4 Billy Smith



On March 24, 1971 Billy Smith gave his life in the service of our country in South Vietnam



James Dunn (Saber 19) was Shot Down and Killed in Action Together with Martin Reynolds on 23 April 1969 West of Quan Loi.



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TAPS

A Soldier's Prayer

I saw a soldier kneeling down, for this was the first quiet place he had found. He had traveled through jungles, rivers, and mud. His hands were scarred and toil-worn. He had fought for days from night 'til morn. He folded his hands and looked to the sky... I saw his tears, as they welled in his eyes. He spoke to God, and this is what he said:

God bless my men, who now lie dead, I know not what You have in mind, but when You judge, please be kind...when they come before You, they will be poorly dressed, but will walk proudly, for they have done their best. Their boots will be muddy and their clothes all torn... But these clothes they have proudly worn. Their hearts will be still and cold inside, for they have fought their best and did so with pride. So please take care of them as they pass Your way... the price of freedom they've already paid.

Unknown

BRUCE L JOHNSON

1939-2010

Bruce Lawrence Johnson, a long-time resident of Lancaster and Facquire Counties, died at his home on Wednesday, October 20, 2010 after a long illness. Born in Rockford, MI on August 27, 1939, graduated from

Rockford High School in 1957. He joined the U.S. Army on March 11, 1957. Bruce served eight years enlisted during which time he served in Korea, and was trained as a Green Beret and as a parachutist. Bruce then attended Class 65-1W and was commissioned Warrant Officer on April 13, 1965. During service in Vietnam with the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Air Cavalry Division, Air Mobile in 1965,

Bruce earned and was awarded, the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC). In addition to the DFC, he was awarded the Parachute Badge, Army Aviator Badge, Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, and the Air Medal (21st OLC). At the time of his discharge, he had eleven years, 2 months, and 4 days of total service including both enlisted and commissioned service. After leaving the military, he became an Air Traffic Controller for the Federal Aviation Agency (FAA). After departing the FAA, he worked for Autostrada (Greenway) and the Virginia Department of Transportation, before being reinstated as an Air Traffic controller by President Clinton. Bruce retired from the FAA in 2005.

Bruce was a member of Litwalton Moose lodge and Weems American Legion. Survived by his wife Nancy K. Johnson and his granddaughter

(Continued on page 10)

Skylar Johnson McGavock. Predeceased by daughter Allison.

The family held services at Curry Funeral Home (Kilmarnock) Saturday, October 30th. A reception followed the service at the home of Edgar and Donna Doleman, 2412 Mila Road, Heathsville, VA. Internment was on Monday November 1, 2010 at the Veterans Cemetery in Amelia, Virginia. Donations may be made to Upper Lancaster Rescue Squad.



CLYDE W BECK

**NOV 9, 1925 -
SEPT 26, 2010**

1SG (R) Clyde W. Beck of Columbus, died on Sunday, September 26, 2010 at his residence. Funeral services were held at the Chapel of Striffler-Hamby Mortuary, 4071 Macon Road, Columbus on Wednesday, September 29, 2010 with Reverend Mark

Chandler officiating. Interment with full military honors followed at Main Post Cemetery, Fort Benning, GA. The family will receive friends at the funeral home on Tuesday, September 28, 2010 from 6 - 8 p.m.

1SG (R) Beck was born November 9, 1925 in LaGrange, GA. He was the son of the late Willard B. Beck and Annie Mae Holmes Beck.

Mr. Beck served his country honorably in the U.S. Army for over 20 years, serving in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. After retiring from the military, he then served faithfully for the U.S. Postal service for over 16 years. He was Protestant by faith.

1SG Beck was preceded in death by a son, Alan Beck. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Marion Beck; three sons, Wayne Beck and his wife, Gloria, Mark Beck and his wife, Susan, and Ronnie Beck and his wife, Terri, all of Columbus, GA; two sisters, Mary Higginbotton of Stockbridge, GA and Dorothy Henry and her husband, Carroll of Marietta, GA; four grandsons, Jason Beck and his wife, Deborah, Jeff Beck and his wife, Mary Lovett, Brian Beck, and Corey Beck; four great-grandchildren, Raina Beck, Drake Beck, Sally Beck, and Wynne Beck; numerous nieces and nephews. In lieu of flowers, the family requested contributions



be made to Vista Care Hospice, 100 Brookstone Centre Parkway, Columbus, GA 31904.

COL A T PUMPHREY

Colonel A T Pumphrey, Commanding Officer, 1st Squadron, 9th Cav. 1966-1967 in Vietnam passed



away this afternoon, 22 Dec 2010 at the age of 93. Funeral arrangements are pending with the Ft. Sam Houston National Cemetery

DERRYL JAMES JONES

NOV 14 '48 - SEP 23 '10

THOMPSONVILLE — Derryl James Jones, 61, of Thompsonville, died Sept. 23, 2010, at his home. He was born in Cadillac on Nov. 14 1948, the son of James and Ardith Jones.

After graduating from Cadillac High School in 1966, Derryl entered into the U.S. Army. After finishing basic training he completed flight school and served three combat tours in Vietnam as a helicopter pilot in the 1/9th Air Cavalry Division, B Troop. While serving in Vietnam he received numerous commendations, including three Distinguished Flying

Crosses, three Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts and a Silver Star.

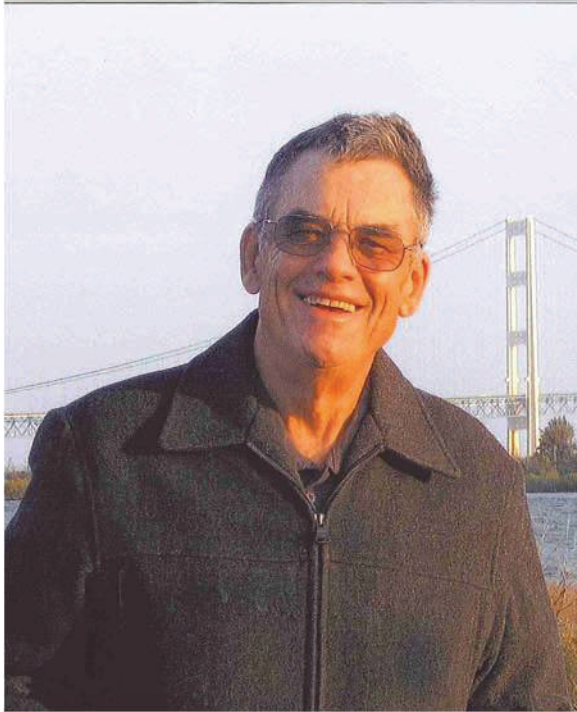
Prior to his third combat tour, he married his beloved wife of 39 years, Christine Trojanek.

In 1977, he fulfilled his lifelong dream of becoming a Michigan Conservation Officer, serving in Monroe, Roscommon and Benzie County. In 2003, Derryl retired from the DNR after 26 years of service. During his career, he distinguished himself in many ways by serving as law division pilot for 10 years, playing a key role in the Mesabi Fur Company sting operation and spearheading the C.W. Bowman gill netting case.

After retiring, Derryl was able to rededicate himself to his hobbies, which included fishing, duck hunting, Red Wings hockey, monthly poker game, babysitting his trout pond and gardening. He made annual fishing trips to Lake Missinaibi, Ontario, Canada, with family members and a core group of great friends. He and Christine greatly enjoyed traveling the country to visit family, friends and interesting places.

Derryl was a giving man who was very dedicated to his family and friends. He enjoyed family barbecues and fish fries, hunting and fishing with his sons and grandchildren, visiting friends, giving away the produce from his garden, holidays with family members and spending time with his two grandchildren, Liam and Mia. He was greatly loved and respected by those who knew him, and he will be sorely missed.

He is survived by his wife, Christine; children, Michael (Ana Carolina) Jones and Will (Chantelle) Jones; grandchildren, Liam and Mia Jones; mother, Ardith; and siblings, Doug (Chris) Jones, Diane (Eric) Fernelius and Debbie (Bob) Hoeltzel.



He was preceded in death by his father, James; and grandson, Jose' Daniel Jones.

A visitation was held, Sept. 26, from 2 to 4 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m., at the Jowett Family Funeral Homes in Benzonia. The funeral service was at 11 a.m. Monday, Sept. 27, at the First Congregational Church in Benzonia, with Pastor Dan Furman officiating. Burial was at a later date in the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C. Contributions may be directed to Ducks Unlimited or the National Wild Turkey Federation.

DAVE COATES

MAR 3, 1948 - JAN 28, 2011



Mr. David Alan Coates, 62, of St. Cloud, FL passed away on Monday February 28, 2011 at St. Cloud Regional Medical Center. He was the husband of Patricia P.C. (Collins) Coates. David was born in Bluffton, Indiana on March 3, 1948, the son of Donald and Norma (Hedges) Coates. He served in the U.S. Army in the Vietnam War as well as the Persian Gulf and Iraq. David is survived by three daughters, Tammy Burke of Indiana; Shannon Duncan of Panama City, FL; Marnie Duncan of Newman, GA; three sons David Kris husband of Joy Coates of Nashville, TN; , James husband of Martha Coates of Nashville, TN; , James Duncan of Panama City, FL; He is also survived by 10 grandchildren & 1 great grandchild and a brother, Kenneth husband of Mary Coates of Indianapolis, Indiana.



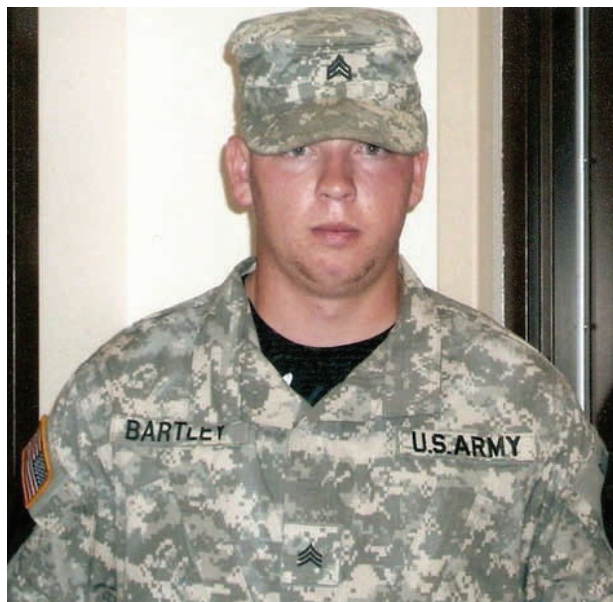
We will be known forever by the tracks we leave.

- Dakota -

SGT Michael Bartley and SGT Martin LaMar, Cavalry Scouts of Troop A, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry Regiment, 4th AAB, were killed while conducting training with Iraqi Army soldiers near Mosul on the morning of January 15., 2011

**SGT MICHAEL BARTLEY
23, of Barnhill, Illinois**

NOV 1, 1987 - JAN 15, 2011

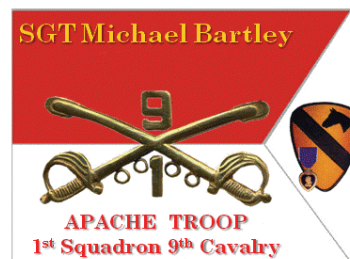


Curd first met Bartley as his 8th grade basketball coach--He worked with him again when Michael was a senior in high school and volunteered to help coach that same team. "I love and am proud of every one of my players that I've coached," Curd said, "But I'd be lying if I said that Michael wasn't probably the one I was most proud of." A pastor at Rebecca Isles church in Xenia, IL said the congregation is sharing her loss. "Everyone is really grief-stricken by it and really heartbroken by it. We all really felt for Becky," said Pastor Mark Shell of Orchardville Church.

Sgt. Michael Patrick Bartley, 23, died January 15, 2011, at Mosul, Northern Iraq. Sgt. Bartley was born on November 1, 1987 in Evansville, Ind. His parents are Rebecca Isles and Robert Isles, of Fairfield; grandmothers, Delta Lewis and Glenda Isles; and grandfather, Henry Bartley.

A comrade made the following comment on Michael's MySpace page:
"Now we have to say bye to you. I wish I could have been there to take the hit for y'all I know you will never see this but rip "Burtle".

Sgt. Bartley is a native of Barnhill, a town just a few miles south of Fairfield in Wayne County. "Bartley's former basketball coach Chase Curd said he remembers Bartley for his work ethic and optimistic spirit--no matter how many times he was knocked down, he always pulled himself back up. "He came from a place where he could have gone a whole lot of different directions. And he went the right direction," Curd said.



SGT Bartley being escorted by his Apache Troop Brothers on Friday, 28 January 2011 (Photo by Jeremy Hogan, Son of Jerry Hogan - B Troop 69-71)

SGT MICK LAMAR

43, OF SACRAMENTO, CALIF

June 1, 1967 - Jan. 15, 2011



SGT Lamar preferred to be called “Mick” or Mickey” by his fellow soldiers and friends and dreamed of being in the military since he was a young lad. He was playing soldier from the time he was 4 or 5 yrs old. Mick loved being outdoors and as he grew his interests expanded to hunting and fishing, but he never lost the desire to be a military man. So after graduating from Roseville’s Oakmont High School in 1986, Mick joined the Marines in the first Gulf War.

After serving his enlistment in the Marines, Mick rejoined civilian life. He worked as an electrician and for an armored truck company but his love for the military never left him. So in 2007, Mick left the civilian life and re-enlisted in the Army. Family members said that he lived to be a soldier. Although his family tried to talk him out of it, Mick was steadfast in his desire to go back. He told them that he wanted to fight for his country. He was assigned to the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 1st Cavalry Division, based at Fort Hood, Texas.

Mick loved and cherished his family and was a good provider for them. He was a family man to his very core and an all around great guy. Mick was married, had five children, and was even a grandfather. He never failed to blend his love and time for his family with his love for the military.

While deployed in Mosul, Iraq, for his second tour, Mick was in a unit whose mission was to train, advise, and assist Iraqi Security Forces, and it was during a training session that Mick and two other US soldiers were shot. Mick and fellow soldier Sgt Michael Barkley did not survive their injuries. This happened not only his wedding anniversary, but the day that Mick was originally scheduled to return home. However, his deployment had been extended until January 30th. He had a newborn daughter that he hadn’t even met yet.

SGT LaMar's funeral was on Saturday, January 29, 2011 in Sacramento, CA. Bullwhip attendees were Mike and Susan Perry (B Troop Scouts 70-71), Jack Bracamonte (A Troop Scouts, 70-71) and Joe Bowen (Guns, B and A Troops 68-69). The same HEAD-HUNTERS that attended SGT Bartley’s funeral supported SGT LaMar’s funeral. I can’t imagine the emotional strain these great Troopers endured going through all the preparation and then compressed mission timelines to properly Honor and then bury their comrades in Illinois and California.



Honors, Farewells and the Burial of SGT Mick LaMar on January 29, 2011

SGT Michael Bartley and SGT Martin "Mick" La Mar Memorial Service Speech 22 Jan 2011

CPT Thomas S. Herman, Apache 6

The 15th of January will be a date the most of us here will remember until the end of our days. That day, fears became reality. Mothers lost sons, a wife lost a husband, and children lost their father. We lost brothers, brothers who became Heroes, Heroes that made history. Two of our Country's greatest sons gave the ultimate sacrifice for what I believe historians will look back on as one of the most important steps towards Iraqi Autonomy and Security since the beginning of the War. The word Ghuzlani will be mentioned in stride with words like "Surge" and "Awakening", and stand as a living testament to the foundation for Iraqi external defense that was laid down here by our fallen. SGT Michael Bartley and SGT Martin "Mick" La Mar embody the warrior spirit, the spirit they instilled in the Iraqis they trained, and the spirit they showed when they gave their last full measure of devotion to this ideal, and our country just a week ago.

SGT Michael Bartley was the consummate professional. His appetite for knowledge was insatiable. Whether it was improving his briefing style and technique during the preparation for the Ghuzlani Warrior Training Center, or the 2am sessions with SGT Griffith at Al Sheib trying to get the "Tricks of the Trade" (in his words) with the ANCD's and SINCGARS radios..."Handshake Failed" was a phrase he would just not Tolerate! "Bartles" as he was affectionately known always chose the Hard Right over the Easy Wrong as evident by the late nights at Al Sheib. A Veteran of the "Old Guard" of 8-10 CAV, he was the type of guy you couldn't dislike. He treated superiors, peers, and subordinates alike, with same dignity and respect that made him a top notch Non-Commissioned Officer. Those traits were apparent when he graduated on the commandant's list at WLC, again proving that he was a hard charger on the fast track. Each day at the training site he always told me how proud he was of his Iraqi platoon and what great things they were achieving as the training progressed. If he were here today I am sure he would still be spouting off about how outstanding his platoon of "Lions"(as they named themselves) was.

Another 8-10 CAV alumnus, SGT Martin "Mick" La Mar was the first person I met the day I arrived to the "Headhunters". Gunnery and Staff Ex was in full swing last February, and Headhunter 6 was eager to get the new young captain out to the training, so I was told to pack a bag and the SCO's driver would be there to pick me up at 1500. When the HMMWV arrived, I was greeted by then SPC La Mar, immediately I could tell he used to be a Marine, meticulously clean weapon and the hair being a dead giveaway. My first question to him was "Where is your TC?" He confidently replied, "Sir, I'm a command driver, I don't need a TC." On the way, he asked me where in the Squadron I was going, to which I replied, "Oh I am going to be the new planner in the S3 shop." I immediately noticed the concern on his face, as he formulated a very colorful description of the then S3 MAJ Rautter. He informed me that I had better be on my toes, referring to the sarcasm and wit that the S3 used to communicate with everyone. I think Mick missed his calling as an intelligence collector, because his description of MAJ Rautter could not have been more spot on. From that day on I followed Mick very closely, as he was an excellent source of the boss's demeanor after long days on the training lanes back at Fort Hood. When I learned that I would be taking command of Apache Troop, I was that much more delighted when I knew that I would be reuniting with Mick again. He briefed me every day as I would arrive to the Ambush Lane, always ending each briefing with "don't worry sir I will do it even better next time." He wanted to be perfect, and wouldn't settle for anything less, that was the part of the "Corps" that never left him.

Those few words about these two exemplary Non-Commissioned Officers are only an ounce of the greatness that they possessed. I consider myself truly blessed not only to be able to lead these fine men as their Troop Commander, but to also call them my friends. It is often hard to realize the plans that the Lord has, but I am sure He needed a Squad Leader and a Command Driver, and he couldn't have made a better choice!

"Fiddler's Green"

Halfway down the trail to Hell,
In a shady meadow green
Are the Souls of all dead troopers camped,
Near a good old-time canteen.
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddlers' Green.



Marching past, straight through to Hell
The Infantry are seen.
Accompanied by the Engineers,
Artillery and Marines,
For none but the shades of Cavalrymen
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.



Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene.
No trooper ever gets to Hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen.
And so rides back to drink again
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge of fierce melee
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And go to Fiddlers' Green.

“Guardian Angels”

***Usually Seen When One Has A Need
These Warriors Of God Do Not Bleed
Watching And Waiting Over God’s Seed
They’re In Command Over A Magnificent Breed
They Come In The Day, They Come In The Night
Never A Moment When We’re Out Of Their Sight
Protecting Those Who Defend And Those Who Fight
But Always There With God’s Awesome Might
Whether Dressed In Khaki, Green Or Blue
They’re Here For All As They Need Us Too
God In All His Glory Remains Steadfast And True
Angels Of Heaven Are Here For Me And You***

***W.J. Nave
October 9, 2010***



Billy Nave and Joe Waters

Sick Call

Dave Deslova, C Troop 65-66

Pete Booth, HQ Troop 1969

Bill Murphy, A Troop 68

Steve Hundley, C Troop 66-67

Pappy Robert Kuster, A Troop 65-66

Walker Jones, A Troop 70-71

Joe Bowen,

Pete Booth



The 2011 APACHE TROOP REUNION will be 17 - 21 August 2011

in Albuquerque, New Mexico

It is being hosted by Apache 29, Ron Livingston.

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Charles	Abbey	C Troop	Clemmons	NC
George	Abernathy	A Troop	Erie	CO
Bobby	Adams	A Troop	Orlando	FL
Charles	Adkinson	A Troop	Marysville	OH
Gregory	Allcut	A Troop	Prosperity	SC
BG(R) David	Allen	A Troop	Ozark	AL
Darrell	Allman	A Troop	Enterprise	AL
Frank	Alverson Jr	HQ & A Troops	Jacksonville	FL
Eldon	Anderson	A & D Troops	Boise	ID
Jere	Anderson	B Troop	Holland	MI
Leah Smith	Angers	F Troop		Unknown
Richard	Anuskiewicz	HQ Troop	Reserve	LA
George	Anzelmo	A Troop	W Monroe	LA
Paul	Armstrong	B Troop	Andalusia	AL
Bill	Arneson	A Troop	Mineral Wells	TX
Raymond	Arnold	B Troop	Rohnert Park	CA
Edward	Arthur	B Troop & D Troop	Lancaster	OH
Allan	Artimisi	B Troop	Glen Carbon	IL
Jose	Avelar Jr		Albert Lea	MN
William	Babcock	B Troop	Sitka	AK
LTG (R) Charles	Bagnal	C Troop	Columbia	SC
Van	Bailey	C Troop	Pass Christian	MS
Will	Baker	A Troop	Roswell	GA
Stephen	Ballard	B Troop	Winter Spring	FL
Larry	Banks	D Troop	Ninety Six	SC
Stephen	Barati	B Troop	Conroe	TX
Barbara	Baron	C Troop	E. Lebanon	ME
James	Barrett	C Troop	Saucier	MS
Glenn	Barton	B & HQ Troop	Tolar	TX
Viola	Bartoszek	B Troop	Saratoga Springs	NY
Claud	Baskin	B Troop	Watertown	TN
Clinton	Batcheller	A Troop	Robinson	IL
Phillip	Bates	C Troop	Stafford	VA
Fletcher	Beard	B Troop	Cecilia	KY
Guy	Beardsley Jr	A Troop	Shelton	CT
Clyde	Beck	A Troop	Columbus	GA
Karen	Beckwith	B Troop	Shelby TWP	MI
Keneith	Bedsole	A Troop	Enterprise	AL
Jerry	Berggren	C Troop	Boise	ID
Kenneth	Besecker	Attached to 1/9th 62nd Inf Plt	Athens	GA
Tommy	Betts	C Troop	Anna	IL
Patrick	Bieneman	C Troop	Winchester	KY
Ervin	Bier	C Troop	Perry	OK

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
James	Black	B & C Troops	Salem	IN
Ronald	Black	A Troop	Windsor	CO
Hjalmer	Blad	A Troop	Daleville	AL
Sondra	Blankenburg	HQ Troop	Crystal Lake	IL
Virginia	Blankenship	B Troop	Newport News	VA
David	Blouin	C Troop	S Portland	ME
Mike	Bogdue	C Troop	Ocala	FL
Mark	Boisseau	C Troop	Wethersfield	CT
James	Boles	C Troop	Elkin	NC
Michael	Bond	A Troop	Hardy	VA
James	Booth	HQ Troop	Tennille	GA
Joseph	Bowen	A & B Troops	Ozark	AL
Billy	Bowling	B Troop	Mesa	AZ
Robert	Bowman	B Troop		Unknown
Victor	Bragg	D Troop	Orlando	FL
Thomas	Branard	D Troop	Radcliff	KY
David	Bray	B Troop	Newton Falls	OH
Harry	Breski	B Troop	Worthington	PA
Charlie	Brown	A & C Troops	Killeen	TX
Larry	Brown	B & E Troop	McMinnville	OR
Albert	Brown Jr	B Troop	Wildwood	FL
Larry	Brown Jr	B Troop	Peyton	CO
Robert	Bryant	B Troop	Decatur	AL
Morton	Bulkley		Orlando	FL
Peter	Burbank	C Troop	Hiram	ME
Christopher	Burgess	B Troop	Frederick	MD
Ronald	Burgess	F Troop	Lake Ridge	VA
Paul	Burke	C Troop	E. Falmouth	MA
Clark	Burnett	HQ Troop	Enterprise	AL
George	Burrow	B Troop	Converse	TX
George	Busch Jr	A Troop	Leesville	LA
Patrick	Bush	D Troop	Bethlehem	PA
Harry	Butt	B Troop	Port Orange	FL
William	Byrd	HQ & C Troop	Odessa	TX
Ricardo	Caballero	HQ & A Troop	Eagle Pass	TX
Charles	Cable	A & HQ Troop	West Point	GA
Vaughn	Caine III	C & E Troop	Lynnwood	WA
Ernest	Cairns Jr	C Troop	Baltimore	MD
Donald	Campbell	HQ Troop	New Smyrna	FL
Harold	Campbell	D Troop	New Smyrna Beach Pensacola	FL
Mrs Alice	Carll	B Troop	Moberly	MO
John	Carter	HQ 04 Att 38A Civil Affairs	Gibsonia	PA
Donald	Cates	A Troop	Clafin	KS

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Lance	Catlin	A Troop	Punta Gorda	FL
Dominic	Cavalieri	B Troop	Batavia	NY
Ronald	Cepek	C Troop	Zelienople	PA
Richard	Chesson	B Troop	Louisville	KY
Al	Chimoski Jr		Sutton Bay	MI
Bert	Chole	B,E,HQ Troop	Orlando	FL
Mark	Christopher	D & E Troop	Glendale Hts	IL
Ronald	Christopher	A Troop	Beverly Hills	FL
Millie	Clark	C Troop	Dixon	MO
Kenneth	Clark III	D Troop	Tryon	NC
Jeffrey	Coburn	B Troop	McDermott	OH
Patsy Kelly	Conner	C Troop	Decatur	AL
Robert	Coombs	D Troop	New Albany	IN
Robert	Cornwell	A Troop	Colorado Springs	CO
Donald	Coshey	C Troop	Laurel Hill	FL
Mike	Costello	B Troop	Monterey	CA
Michael	Covey	B Troop	Rockport	TX
Leonard	Cox	B Troop	Smiths Station	AL
Ronald	Cox	B & HQ Troop 68	Enterprise	AL
Star	Cox	B Troop	Defiance	MO
George	Crawford	C Troop	Palatka	FL
John	Creech	B Troop	Corning	OH
Joseph	Crispino	C Troop	Levittown	NY
James	Cryster	B Troop		Unknown
Grant	Curtis	B Troop	Lowell	AR
Russell	Curtis	A Troop	Lawton	MI
Ray	Dabney	F Troop	Uvalde	TX
Stephen	DaCosta	C Troop	Chagrin Falls	OH
Ronald	Dale	C Troop	N Kingstown	RI
Ted	Danielsen	A 1/8	Surfside Beach	SC
William	Dantzler	HQ Troop	Radcliff	KY
Alva	Davidson	D Troop	Newburg	MO
James	Davidson	B Troop	Crestline	CA
Lonnie	Davidson	A Troop	Wilmington	OH
Gary	Davis	B Troop	Topeka	KS
Thomas	Davis	C Troop	McDonough	GA
Michael	Davis	Associate Member	Severna Park	MD
James	Day	B Troop	Alton	VA
Arlin	Deel	HQ & C & A Troops	Indio	CA
Al	Defleron	B Troop	Newton	AL
Elizabeth	Dehart	C Troop	Millsboro	DE

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Lionel	Dela Rosa	HQ, A,C,D Troop	Phoenix	AZ
Alfred	DeMaido	HQ & C Troop	Ambridge	PA
Leonard	Demaray	B Troop	El Paso	TX
Richard	Denning	C Troop	St. Charles	MN
Michael	Derhone	C Troop	Hollywood	FL
Charles	Derrick	C Troop	Kennesaw	GA
David	DeSlover	C Troop	Monroe	MI
James	Desmond	A Troop	Eagle	ID
Marion	Dettmer	HQ Troop	Aurora	NE
Riley	Diamond	A Troop	Plaquemine	LA
William	Dillbeck	A Troop	Springfield	MO
Delamere	Dinsmore	C Troop	Lubec	ME
Michael	Dishaw	A Troop	Locust Valley	NY
David	Drews	C Troop	Lancaster	MO
Adam	Dubois	B Troop	Jacksonville	FL
Anna	Duckworth	B Troop	Niceville	FL
Jones	Dula	A Troop	Lexington	SC
William	Dunavant	A Troop	Collinsville	MS
Priscilla Black	Duncan	war correspondent 65/66	Montgomery	AL
David	Dunning	A Troop	Greenville	SC
Samuel	Dupreast	B Troop 3/17	Slocomb	AL
Ronald	Dupree	B Troop 3/17	Lake Wales	FL
Daryl	Durbin	B & F Troop	Guston	KY
John	Edmunds Jr.	F Troop	Enterprise	AL
Clement	Egonis	A Troop	Hampton	NH
Jerry	Elliott	B & F Troop	Enterprise	AL
James	Ellis	A Troop	Fremont	CA
Robert	Emery	A Troop	Mission	SD
Robert	Erickson	A Troop	Langley	WA
Douglas	Erway	B Troop	Paso Robles	CA
Michael	Eull	F Troop	Wagener	SC
Loel	Ewart	A Troop	Ozark	AL
Gary	Farmer	C Troop	Chattanooga	TN
James	Farmer	A Troop	Elizabethtown	KY
Paul	Faust	F Troop	Tucson	AZ
Steven	Featherston	A & HQ Troop	Cameron Park	CA
Rene	Felizardo	B Troop	Ft. Worth	TX
Albert	Ferrea	A & HQ Troop	Sierra Vista	AZ
Mike	Field	HQ Troop	Holualoa	HI
Abilio	Figueiredo	F Troop	Rio de Janeiro RJ	Brasil
Bonnie	Fischer	A Troop	Carbondale	CO
Gordon	Fisher	D & B Troop	Bakersfield	CA
John	Flanagan	B Troop	Radcliff	KY
George	Flick	D Troop	Vermilion	OH

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Jim	Francis Jr	D Troop	Livingston Manor	NY
Patrick	Frank	A Troop	Winneconne	WI
Robert	Franklin Jr	C Troop	Lakeland	FL
Bill	Frazer	A & C Troop		Unknown
Charles	Frazier	A Troop	Powell	WY
Donald	Frederick	C Troop	Port Richey	FL
Pat	Fries	Film Director	Austin	TX
Barbara	Fullen	B Troop	Pittsburgh	PA
Paul	Funk	A Troop	Copperas Cove	TX
Dennis	Gabel	C Troop	Brighton	MI
Joe	Galloway	War Correspondent	Bayside	TX
Lino	Garcia	A Troop	Corpus Christi	TX
Neal	Gardenhire	A Troop	Black Diamond	WA
Stan	Garnhart		Roscoe	IL
Timothy	Garrard	B Troop	Garden Valley	ID
Robert	Garrett	A Troop	Palatine	IL
Thomas	Genetti	B Troop	Laurel	MD
Wayne	George	C Troop	Sparta	TN
John	Ghere	B Troop	Onondaga	MI
William	Gillette	B, D, HQ Troop	Odenton	MD
Mrs Charlotte	Glance	B Troop	Louisville	KY
Gary	Glassford	B Troop	Scottsdale	AZ
Gerald	Golden	C Troop	Broussard	LA
James	Goldsberry	HQ Troop	Marquand	MO
Donald	Gooch	B & F Troop	Dahlonga	GA
Johnny	Gower	C Troop	Pasco	WA
Dee	Graham	B Troop	Stanwood	WA
Herman	Green	A Troop	Elk City	OK
Charles	Gregor Jr		Leavenworth	KS
Stanley	Grett	A Troop	Enterprise	AL
Robert	Griffin	B & C Troop (Attached)	Elizabethtown	KY
Marsha	Grissom	D Troop	Sanford	FL
Albert	Gross	HQ Troop	Phenix City	AL
Dick	Grube	HQ Troop	Columbus	GA
Hans	Gulden	B Troop	Yorba Linda	CA
Walter	Gutsche	B Troop	West Chester	PA
Dick	Hale	B Troop	W Milton	OH
Ernest	Hambly	F Troop	Clarksville	TN
John	Hamm	D & E Troop	Christiana	TN
Donald	Hargrove	D Troop	Monroe	GA
Thomas	Harmon	C Troop	St Petersburg	FL
Thomas	Harnisher	C Troop	Broad Channel	NY
John	Harris	C Troop	Fort Worth	TX
Lucious	Harris III	D & HQ Troop	South Hill	VA

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
William	Hartin Jr	C Troop	Charlotte	NC
Thomas	Hartley	A Troop	Granbury	TX
Thomas	Harvey Jr	B & C Troop	Enterprise	AL
Jonathan	Hasbrouck	B Troop 3/17th	Ormond Beach	FL
James	Haslitt	A Troop	Baton Rouge	LA
Aussie	Hearron	C Troop	Ridgeland	MS
Darwin	Heffner	C Troop	Bloomington	CA
Felix	Helms	B Troop	Phenix City	AL
Phil	Hendrix	A Troop	Lakewood	WA
Myles	Henry	A Troop	Steubenville	OH
Richard	Herron	B & C Troop	St Mathews	SC
Robert	Hess	D Troop	Birmingham	AL
George	Hewlett	F Troop	The Villages	FL
Raymond	High	B Troop	Wichita	KS
Edwin	Hill	A & D Troops	Kettering	OH
Howard (Doug)	Hill	B Troop	Cincinnati	OH
Mark	Hilton	C & A Troop	Fairfax	VA
Percy	Hipple	C Troop	Newbloomfield	PA
Frank	Hiser Jr	C Troop	Maitland	FL
Earl	Hobbs	B Troop	Alto	NM
Jay	Hockenbury	HQ & A Troop	Metamora	IL
Jerry	Hogan	B Troop	Porterville	CA
Jeremy	Hogan	Associate Member	Bloomington	IN
Edward	Hogeboom	C Troop	Destin	FL
James	Hohman	C Troop	Fort Wayne	IN
Brian	Holcomb	C Troop	Folsom	CA
Gary	Holmes	F Troop	Dawsonville	GA
Robert	Holt	B Troop	Dayton	OH
Timothy	Hope	C Troop	Grand Ridge	FL
James	Hopkins	A Troop	Woodbridge	VA
Ralph	Horowitz	A Troop	Long Beach	NY
Craig (Jeff)	Houser	A Troop	Rushville	IN
Robert	Howe	A Troop	Grenada	MS
Irvin	Hubler	HQ & A Troop	Upton	KY
William S.	Huff II	HQ, B, C Troop	Watkinsville	GA
John (Bruce)	Huffman	C Troop	Beacon Falls	CT
Billy	Hughes	HQ Troop	Selah	WA
Jim	Hulsey	B Troop	Edmond	OK
Richard	Humphrey	D Troop	Buna	TX
Stephen	Hundley	C Troop	Austin	TX
Robert	Hurley	A Troop	Oviedo	FL
George	Iler	A Troop	Gurnee	IL
Charles	Inman Jr	B Troop	Princeton	NJ
Derald	Jackson	C & E Troop	Radcliff	KY
Edward	Jahn	B Troop	Littlerock	CA
Jesse	James	C Troop	Prince George	VA

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Kristin	James	A Troop	White Bluff	TN
Ray	Janes	HQ Troop	Denton	TX
Mrs Mary	Jarvis Sr	A Troop	New Bern	NC
Bruce	Johnson	B Troop	Landcaster	VA
Michel	Johnson	B Troop	Canton	GA
Monte	Johnson	A Troop	Milligan	NE
Rick	Johnson	B Troop	Irvine	KY
Ricky	Johnson	C Troop	Boise	ID
Gordon	Jones	C Troop	Columbus	GA
Walker	Jones	C Troop	APO, AE 09777 78550	
Derryl	Jones	B Troop	Thompsonville	MI
Robert (Pete)	Judson	D & A 3/17, A & HQ	Phoenix	AZ
1/9				
Steven	Karas	C Troop	Soddy Daisy	TN
Dana	Keeney	B Troop	Ft. Walton Beach	FL
Thomas	Kehoe	C Troop	Scottsdale	AZ
Cliff	Keith III	D Troop	Redwood City	CA
Dorothy	Kelbus	A Troop	Orland Park	IL
Michael	Kelley	C Troop	Tewksbury	MA
Ron	Kenerson	B Troop	Rancho Murieta	CA
Dale	Kerns	HQ Troop	Rhoadesville	VA
John	Kerns	A, C, HQ Troop	Hermitage	TN
Raymond	Kerns Jr	C Troop	Lillington	NC
Jack	Kilcrease	B Troop	Tylertown	MS
Elizabeth	Kilgallen		Fairfax	VA
Philip	Kim	HQ Troop	Pearl City	HI
Julie	Kink	C Troop	Stillwater	MN
Charles	Kinnie	B Troop	Palo Sedro	CA
Chuck	Knowlen	C Troop	Eddington	ME
Patrick	Knowles	A Troop	Loxley	AL
James	Kohler	HQ Troop	Bellingham	WA
Larry	Kolar	B Troop	Barstow	CA
Mrs Edith	Kortus		Omaha	NE
Henry	Kowalski	C Troop	Wallingford	PA
Kenton	Krohlow	D Troop	Edwards	CO
James	Kurtz	A & C Troop	Fairfax	VA
Harold	Kushner	HQ Troop	Daytona Beach	FL
Robert	Kuster	A Troop	White Water	WI
Barry	La Vigne Sr	B Troop	North Berwick	ME
Lloyd	La-Bombard	HQ Troop	Quincy	MA
Robert	Labak	D Troop	Melrose Park	IL
Robert	Lackey	B Troop	Windsor	CA
William	Laidlaw	A Troop	Hilton Head	SC
Roland (Roy)	Laliberte	B Troop	Cumberland	RI
Jaime	Landor	B Troop	Newport News	VA
Terrence	Lanegan	HQ Troop	New Bern	NC
Michael	Lanier	C Troop	Newton	GA

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
John	Larsen	B Troop	Marlborough	CT
Dr. James	Larose	HQ Troop	Montgomery	AL
Edward	Larson	D troop 3/17, A Troop	Fayetteville	NC
Robert	Larson	A, F Troop	Medina	OH
Norman	Lassiter	B Troop	Hemingway	SC
Virgil	Laughlin	A Troop	Arlington	TX
Matt	Lawless	A Troop	Cresco	PA
Mark	Lawrence	B Troop	Rockford	IL
Jerry	Leadabrand	B, C Troop	Watertown	SD
James	Leathers	B Troop	El Paso	TX
Earl	Lebold	D Troop	Mammoth Lakes	CA
Robert	Lee	HQ & B Troop	Millersport	OH
Joseph	Leger	A Troop	Houma	LA
Robert	Lemaster	C Troop	Pickerington	OH
Max	Lenker	B Troop	Atlanta	GA
Thomas	Leonard	D Troop	Valley Stream	NY
Judd	Lewis	B Troop	Enterprise	AL
Rhett	Lewis	C Troop	Pensacola	FL
Raymond	Lewis Jr.	A Troop	Henrietta	NY
Craig	Leyda	C & HQ Troop	Flowery Branch	GA
Jeffrey	Libby	C Troop	Somersworth	NH
Dale	Lindholm	C Troop	Brownsville	OR
Claude	Lott	B Troop	Columbia	SC
Richard	Lunbery	B Troop		Unknown
Robert	Lundwall	B, F Troop	Winder	GA
Deloris	Luse	B Troop	Cedar Rapids	IA
Glen	Luse	B Troop	Ft. Madison	IA
William	Lynch	B Troop	Decatur	IN
Roberto	Maanao	B Troop	Olympia	WA
Edward	Mac Nish	B Troop	Pt. Pleasant	NJ
Thomas	Macdonald	HQ Troop	Fort Benning	GA
John	Mackel	C Troop	Cypress	TX
Richard	MacLeod	D Troop	Glen Ellyn	IL
Douglas	Madigan	F Troop	Hampton Cove	AL
Mrs Rachel	Maldonado Jr	A Troop	Fountain	CO
Eugene	Marcum	B Troop	Enterprise	AL
Linda	Marker	A Troop	Mason	OH
Richard	Marks	A Troop	Lemont	IL
Michael	Maroney	C Troop	Enterprise	AL
Frank	Marsala	B Troop	Lansing	IL
Michael	Martin	C Troop	Ft. Lauderdale	FL
Thomas	Martin	D Troop	Philadelphia	PA
Clifford	Martin	HQ Troop	Anderson	IN
George	Martinez	C Troop	San Antonio	TX
Bo	McAllister	A Troop	Little Rock	AR
Barry	McAlpine	A Troop	Holland	MI

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Loren	McAnally	B Troop	Montevallo	AL
Stanley	McCaw	A Troop	Highland	IN
Harry	McGhee	B Troop	Prescott	MI
Deirdre	McGowan	A Troop	Bay St Lois	MS
Blake	McIlwain	A Troop	Pass Christian	MS
Orvel	McKee	A Troop	Aztec	NM
Bruce	McKenty	F Troop	Lakewood	WA
Edward	McKiddy	C Troop	Miamisburg	OH
Ron	McKiddy	C Troop	Fairfield	OH
Francis	McKinley	A Troop	Shelbyville	KY
James	McKnight Jr	B Troop		Unknown
Davin	McLaughlin	A & E Troop	Ottawa, Ontario	Canada
Charles	McMenamy	C, HQ, A Troop	Henderson	NV
Robert	McMullan	B Troop	Bardstown	KY
Jerry	McNinch	A Troop	Beggs	OK
Haskell	Melton	A Troop	Savanna	OK
Marvin	Metcalf	B Troop	Castaic	CA
Brian	Miller	A Troop	Glenpool	OK
Charles	Miller	A Troop	Atascadero	CA
John	Miller	HQ Troop	Jensen Beach	FL
Chris	Miller	Associate Membere	Homewood	IL
Kay	Mills	HQ Troop	Dothan	AL
Robert (Tom)	Mix	B Troop	Orange Park	FL
Jerry	Mohr	B Troop	Emmaus	PA
Robert Bob	Monette	F Troop	Madison	AL
Elzner	Monks	HQ Troop	Jersey Shore	PA
Harold	Moore	1/7	Auburn	AL
Marion	Moore	B Troop	Anderson	SC
Bruce	Morris	F Troop	Georgetown	TX
Frank	Moser	C Troop	Caldwell	ID
Lawrence	Moss	B Troop	N Charleston	SC
Virgil	Mueller	A Troop	Fargo	ND
Gerard	Mullaney	B troop 67-68	Kings Park	NY
G.G. Butch	Mundy Jr	HQ Troop	Galesburg	IL
Maurice	Murphy	HQ & B Troop	Peachtree City	GA
Paul	Murtha	B Troop	Berkeley Springs	WV
Michael	Nardotti Jr	B Troop		Unknown
Stanley	Nash	B Troop	Mabscott	WV
Joe	Nave	C Troop	Tallassee	TN
Teri	Nave	C Troop	Warner Robins	GA
Douglas	Nelms	B Troop	Ashburn	VA
William	Neuman	B Troop	Manteca	CA
Rosa	Nevins	HQ Troop	Ottumwa	IA
Stanley	Newbury	C Troop	Bolivar	MO
Claude	Newby	HQ Troop	Bountiful	UT
John	Niamtu Sr	C Troop	Oxford	CT

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
George (Nick)	Nicholas	B Troop	Anniston	AL
John	Nielsen	A Troop	Hurleyville	NY
Elmer	Nii	B Troop	Mililani	HI
Louis	Niles	B Troop	Fort Lauderdale	FL
Charlotte	O'Brien	D Troop	Georgetown	KY
Michael	O'Donnell	A Troop	Rochester	MI
George	O'Grady	B Troop	Bon Carbo	CO
Steve	O'Grady	B Troop	Bowen Island BC	Canada
Michael	O'Neil	D & F Troop	San Diego	CA
John	O'Neill	B Troop	Phenix City	AL
Gary	Ogburn	B Troop	Lufkin	TX
Anthony	Olenczuk	F Troop	Alexandria	VA
Jack	Oliver	B Troop	Clarksville	TN
Frederick	Olson	A, B, HQ Troop	Lakewood Ranch	FL
Kenneth	Olson	HQ & D Troop	Sherburn	MN
William	Orr	D Troop	Milton	VT
Vernon	Ortenzi	A Troop	Shepherdsville	KY
Anthony	Ortner	B, HQ Troop	Maitland	FL
Clyde	Oshiro	B Troop	Honolulu	HI
Ronald	Owens	A 3/17, D 1/9	Wentzville	MO
Mickey	Parent	A Troop	Ridgedale	MO
Mary	Park	HQ Troop		Unknown
James	Parnell	B , C Troop	Moody	TX
Roger	Patterson	B, F Troop	Mustang	OK
John	Peele	A Troop	Maitland	FL
David	Pelkey	B Troop	San Diego	CA
Michael	Perry	B Troop	Grass Valley	CA
Robert	Peterson	A troop 68-69	Stone Mountain	GA
Richard	Pettit	A, D Troop	Dadeville	AL
Robert	Phipps	A Troop	Schertz	TX
James	Phoenix	B Troop	Rogers	MN
Robert	Poe	B Troop	Colo Springs	CO
Simon	Polisky	D Troop	Grand Prairie	TX
Robert	Poos		Alexander	VA
Robert	Porter	C Troop	Belmont	OH
Lee	Potter	F Troop	Antelope	CA
William	Potts	HQ, A Troop	San Antonio	TX
Bernie	Pounds	C Troop	Gadsden	AL
John	Powell	C Troop	Stafford	VA
James	Pratt	B Troop	Tallahassee	FL
James	Pressman	C Troop	Clark	NJ
William	Price	D Troop	Radcliff	KY
Arthur	Price Jr	B Troop	Crowley	TX
Bobby	Pridmore	A Troop	Maryville	TN
Donald	Pringnitz	HQ Troop	Grand Haven	MI
David	Pryce	A Troop	Northport	AL

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Walter	Pugh	C Troop	Sylvania	OH
A. T.	Pumphrey	HQ Troop	San Antonio	TX
Gary	Qualley	A Troop	Tonka Bay	MN
Maurice	Racine	B Troop	Brandon	VT
Daniel	Rager	C, E, B Troop	Rising Sun	IN
Gerald	Ragsdale	B Troop	Gadsden	AL
Ross	Rainwater	C Troop	Brentwood	TN
Joe	Rawl	B Troop	Lexington	SC
Philip	Reams	A Troop	Cherry Valley	CA
Viola	Redman	A Troop	Oak Ridge	TN
Earl	Reece	C Troop	Clyde	NC
Harold	Reeg	C Troop	Ocala	FL
Daniel	Reich	A Troop	Watkinsville	GA
Jim	Reid	C Troop	West Plains	MO
John	Retterer	E Troop	Prospect	OH
James	Reynolds	B, HQ Troop	Bentonville	AR
Joe	Rhoden	C Troop	Smyrna	GA
Rudolph	Ribbeck	C Troop	Lake Wylie	SC
Charles	Rice		Enterprise	AL
Cissy	Richey	C Troop	Richardson	TX
Douglas	Ricks	B, F Troop	Everett	WA
Ned	Ricks	HQ Troop	Gurnee	IL
Charles	Ridenour	B Troop	Enterprise	AL
Michael	Riney	HQ Troop	Encinitas	CA
Bill	Rittenhouse	A, C Troop	Burne	VA
Jesse	Robertson		Mesquite	TX
Joseph	Robertson Jr	A Troop	Metter	GA
Oland	Robinson Jr	B Troop	Killen	AL
Edwin	Roble	HQ Troop	Huntington	WV
Louis	Rochat III	A, E Troop	Universal City	TX
Thomas	Roe	C Troop	Portsmouth	OH
James	Rosebrough	B Troop	Fishers	IN
Galen	Rosher	C Troop	Hampton Cove	AL
Roy	Rudl	B Troop	Etna	PA
Luther	Russell Jr	C Troop	Columbus	GA
Donnie	Rutherford	D Troop	Pound	VA
John	Ryan	HQ Troop	Ozark	AL
Earnest	Ryan	C Troop	Bremerton	WA
Gary	Salmon	C Troop	Wakefield	NE
Joseph	Salomone	A Troop	New Smyrna Beach	FL
James	Salyer	B Troop	Shawnee	KS
Arthur	Sanders	D Troop	Columbus	GA
Teddy	Sanford Jr	C Troop	Elizabethtown	KY
Woodrow	Schellenberg	B Troop	Albuquerque	NM
John	Schillereff	HQ, E & F Troop	Shadyside	OH
Jim	Schlottman	A Troop	McDonough	GA

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Jerry	Schmotolocha	C Troop	Livingston	NJ
Michael	Schulberg	C Troop	Long Beach	CA
John	Schwarz	C Troop	Deland	FL
Kenneth	Scott	A & B Troop	Oaklyn	NJ
Robert	Sellers	HQ & A Troop	Tallahassee	FL
Steven	Serkez	C Troop		Unknown
Paul	Shafer	B & F Troop	Lewiston	ID
Nathan	Shaffer	C Troop	Spenceville	OH
David	Shanklin	B Troop	Mebane	NC
Milton (Mit)	Shattuck	B Troop	Bradenton	FL
Leonard	Shearer	F Troop	Glendale	AZ
John (Jack)	Shields	B Troop	Maumelle	AR
Robert	Shoemaker		Belton	TX
Cecil	Shrader	C Troop	Georgetown	TX
Robert	Silva	C Troop	Morgan Hill	CA
James	Sinclair	A Troop	Camden	SC
John	Sistek	C Troop	Baltimore	MD
Ben	Smith	B Troop	Wilmington	DE
Cecil	Smith	C Troop	Gunter	TX
Kevin	Smith	A, B, HQ Troop	Kempner	TX
Jim	Smith	HQ Troop	St Petersburg	FL
Michael	Smith	B Troop	Linthicum Heights	MD
Rayburn Gene	Smith	C Troop	Brookneal	VA
Steven	Smith	HQ & C Troop	Los Angeles	CA
John	Sneed	A Troop	Grand Paririe	TX
Peter	Snow	F Troop		Unknown
Charles	Soltes	A Troop	Mission Viejo	CA
Elaine	Spaliatsos	B Troop	Fernandina Beach	FL
Bruce	St. Laurent	B Troop	San Antonio	TX
Loretta	Stager	Web Master	Perris	CA
William	Stanley	HQ Troop	Marietta	GA
Joel	Steine	C & HQ Troop	Killeen	TX
John	Stetter	A Troop		Unknown
Mrs. Sue	Stewart	HQ & B Troop	Winnemucca	NV
Patrick	Stewart	C Troop	Chelsea	AL
Wootsie	Stockton		Del Mar	CA
Gordon	Stone	HQ & A Troop	Surfside Beach	SC
Robert	Stoverink	B Troop	Ballwin	MO
Richard	Sundt	HQ Troop	Houston	TX
Lester	Sutton	A Troop	Port Richey	FL
Robert	Swain	A Troop	Urbana	MD
Sandee	Swanson		Westminster	CO
Ronald	Sweeney	D Troop	Hazlet	NJ
Michael	Syversen	F Troop	Waubun	MN
Robert	Tadlock	HQ Troop	Newport News	VA
James	Talley	A Troop	Columbus	GA

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Larry	Tasker	B Troop	Natural Bridge	NY
Paul	Tassin	B Troop	Walker	LA
Roy	Taylor	B Troop	Claxton	GA
David	Taylor	B Troop	Springfield	OH
Bob	Thaxton	B Troop	Wilson	NC
John	Thomas	C Troop	Daleville	AL
Timothy	Thomas	HQ Troop	Willingboro	NJ
Merrell	Tidwell	B Troop	Warrior	AL
Ralph	Timm	HQ Troop	Peoria	IL
William	Timmons	B Troop	Cuyahoga Falls	OH
Clayton	Timothy	B Troop	Price	UT
Wallace	Titchenell	C Troop	Newton	AL
John	Toolson Jr	HQ, B, C Troop	Jerome	ID
Joseph	Tramontano	B Troop	Oxford	CT
Anne	Tredway	C Troop	Washington	DC
Vernon	Trexler	D Troop	Carbondale	PA
Thomas	Trombley	A Troop	Murphy	NC
David	Tryon	B Troop	Sandy	UT
Douglas	Tucker	B Troop	Seale	AL
John	Tunewald	B TroopB Troop	Albany	GA
Barrie	Turner	B Troop	Ventura	CA
James	Tyler	C Troop	Cumberland Fur-nace	TN
Paul	Tyrrell	B Troop	Tempe	AZ
Russ	Underwood	C Troop	Ocala	FL
Jeffery	Underwood	A Troop	New Smyrna	FL
Ralph	Utz	C Troop	Daleville	AL
Sammy	Van Arsdale	B Troop	Eddyville	KY
James	Van Winkle	B Troop	Tybee Island	GA
Eugene	Vanasse	C Troop	Greenfield	MA
John	Vanlack	HQ, D Troop	Columbus	OH
Lad	Vaughan	A & HQ Troop	Las Vegas	NV
Kenneth	Vigneux	A Troop	Missoula	MT
John	Walker	A Troop	Carmel Valley	CA
Robert	Walker	D Troop	Union	SC
John	Wallace	B Troop	Limestone	ME
Daniel	Wardzala	C Troop	Chicago	IL
Terry	Washburn	C Troop	Valrico	FL
Jack	Washburne Jr	HQ & C Troop	Northport	AL
Royall	Washington	B Troop	Newport News	VA
David	Watson	F Troop	Harford	AL
Charles	Weaver Sr	B Troop	Radcliff	KY
Jake	Weeda	B Troop	Camarillo	CA
Glenda	Weeks	HQ & B Troop	Daleville	AL
Neil	Weems	B Troop	Harlem	GA
A.J.	Welch	B & F Troop	APO AE	
Emil	Welch	B Troop 3/17 & 1/9	Tampa	FL

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

First Name	Last Name	Unit Served In	City	State_Prov.
Randy	West	C Troop	Lake Havasu City	AZ
Jeffery	Westbrook	Iraq	Lorton	VA
Donald	Wester	B Troop	Concord	GA
Ronald	Westfall	HQ Troop		Unknown
Charles	Whigham	B Troop	Dothan	AL
John	Whitehead III		Columbus	GA
David	Wilhelm	A Troop	Shell Knob	MO
Charles	Wilke	A Troop		Unknown
Greta	Wilkinson	B Troop	Crossville	TN
Billie	Williams	HQ & C Troop	Lufkin	TX
Evan	Williams	B Troop	San Ramon	CA
Franklin	Williams	C & F Troop	Americus	GA
Richard	Williams	F Troop	Bishop	CA
Sammy	Williams	A Troop	Southaven	MS
Walter	Williams	HQ, A, B, C Troop	Harvey	LA
Marion Wes	Willimon	A Troop	Liberal	KS
Bruce	Wirz	A Troop	Jacksonville	FL
Doug	Wood	B Troop	Little Rock	AR
Wallace	Woodward	C Troop	Culpeper	VA
Larry	Wright	A Troop	Cincinnati	OH
Marc	Wuensch	B Troop	La Crosse	WI
Richard	Wulff	A Troop	El Sobrante	CA
Stephen	Yarnell	B Troop	Columbus	GA
Mrs. Jean	York	HQ Troop	Ruskin	FL
Mrs. Loretta	Young	C Troop	Clarksville	TN
Terry	Young	B Troop	Leesburg	VA
John	Youse	C Troop	Capitan	NM
Bob	Zahn	B Troop	Trenton	IL
Randy	Zahn	C Troop	Temecula	CA
Phillip	Zemke	HQ Troop	Fresno	CA
Joseph	Zigler	A Troop	Palm Harbor	FL
Robert	Zion	HQ & B Troop	Lakeside	MT

REPORTS FROM THE PAST

**AN LOC REUNION - DCAT 70
2010 VIRGINIA BEACH,
15 OCTOBER 2010
MIKE SLONIKER**

Last night Advisor Team 70, DCAT 70, the warriors on the ground at An Loc, April to July 1972 had their every two year reunion. My first attendance was in Tyson's Corner VA in 2008. Gen Walt Ulmer spoke briefly and I spoke to him later. I need to update the aviation folks on this email.

1. The General showed the similarities of the advisors being underground in bunkers 62 days and the recent rescue of the Chilean miners who were underground 69 days. The lifelong bond of brotherhood prevails. Bonding for life.

2. Gen Ulmer, in the picture with the late Gen Hollingsworth, Danger 79er, was flown into An Loc 10 May 1972. He was fresh out of the Army War College, landed at Saigon, had an

immediate escort to MACV, got briefed, then got briefed by our boss, the late Gen Jim Hamlett about how he

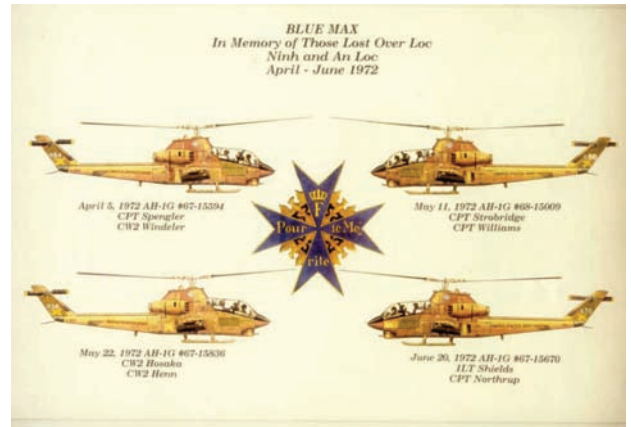


would be flown into An Loc, and off he went, sans a lot of sleep. When he got there, a a busy place where he had to get out of the slick quick, noticed his predecessor the late Col Bill Miller swan dive into the slick and whoosh, the slick was gone. Welcome to An Loc. He recalls the late LTC Jack Dugan, commander of the aviation battalion at Long Binh piloting the aircraft, and the removal of the dead and wounded on 11 July 72 when Gen Tallman was

killed. Probably a 120th AHC Deans slick. He mentioned Jim Willbanks, the author of the very accurate book about An Loc, was one of the wounded, and Maj Benson was one of the KIAs.

3. Gen Ulmer recalled the losses of the Blue Max crews. See dates on the attached Blue Max memorial, the artist Joe Kline made for me that I leave under Panel 1 W twice a year at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

4. During the prayer prior to the dinner, these



warriors were kind enough to remember our loss of Mike Wheeler and the Fac Ed Benidit, both now in Arlington.

5. The general recalls the single slick mission carrying the penicillin in the 2.75 rocket Styrofoam boxes to overcome the lockjaw in the city.

One thing remains very clear with me after attending this reunion and the many times I have attended the Ia Drang survivors dinners. We never hesitated to fly into fire to support the guy on the ground, US or ARVN. I remember the late CW4 Mike Novosel's Medal of Honor was awarded for his Medevac flights in the Delta saving ARVN. Same guy who, dying of Cancer at Walter Reed, would walk down to Ward 57 and see the freshly wounded from Iraq/

(Continued on page 34)

Afghanistan and encourage them. I guess putting the other guy first is the real message. Joe Galloway has called us God's Own Lunatics. Probably true, considering what we flew in then and what the kids are flying now. However, as Gen Ulmer witnessed the ones who followed us picked up the baton and are running hard. LTC Bill Ryan, currently, in the 101st Avn Bde now comes to mind. In Oct 2001, when the first troops were fighting in Afghanistan, his AH-64 got hosed up, the targeting system destroyed and he kept on diving on the fire, drawing them out so his fellow Apache pilots could kill them. Reminds me of the late Ron Tusi, who is in the Aviation Hall of Fame. When called, both fearlessly responded.

BTW, at 65, I was one of the young guys at the reunion.

Mike Sloniker

A-229 71-72

CHARLIE TROOP 1965-66

MIKE KELLEY

After graduating from Rindge Technical High School in June of 1964, I began work as a stock boy in a Boston factory. By mid August, I was so board that I joined the Army for a little excitement. The recruiter promised me fun, travel, and adventure. He kept his promise. I completed basic training at Fort Jackson, Delta-two-one and moved onto Army Aviation School at Fort Rucker in October, where I attended three aircraft maintenance schools for helicopters. Upon graduation in February 1965, I was assigned to the 3rd Transportation Company (CH-21 Shawnee) at Fort Belvoir, Virginia as a flight line mechanic. Some of our aircraft were used to support ferry flights for high-ranking officers to and from the Pentagon. Across our runway was the elite Presidential flight facility, where they flew shiny white and green CH-34s. Davison Army Airfield was part of the Military District of Washington (MDW).

In early November of 1965, I received orders for the 1st Cavalry Division, after a short leave

home I flew out to Oakland Army Base, California for shipment to Vietnam. I arrived at An Khe on the 12th of December, and was sent to the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry. Johnny Youse, who was a new replacement like me, joined me on our truck ride to the new unit. We thought that the 1-9 was some kind of a helicopter



maintenance unit as we were aircraft mechanics. Squadron assigned us to Charlie Troop, where the 1st Sergeant, Joe Baron, introduced us to our new commanding officer, Major Billy Nave. Major Nave told us that Charlie Troop had just finished operations in the Ia Drang Valley and the unit was short some crewmen. He then assigned us to the Weapons Platoon, where SFC Guadalupe took us to the weather worn tent where the crewmen lived. The next day we went down to the flight-line at the "Golf Course" helipad and were assigned to a UH-1B Huey gunship.

My bird was a very beat up aircraft, tail number 063.1 was given an M-60 door gun, a flight helmet, a 45 pistol, a flack vest, and an M-79, and the first few days were spent learning about the weapons and maintenance of the

(Continued on page 35)

gunship. This was all new to me as I had never trained on a turbine engine or an M-60. At Rucker, I was trained on the OH-13, OH-23, and the CH-21. They gave us a class on the 30 cal air cooled machine gun. Also new to me was the toy like M-16 rifle. I never saw one before as I used the M-14 in basic. After the evening meal at the open air mess tent, the whole troop marched down to the "Golf Course" where we did hard labor digging up tree roots and cutting down bushes. On December 17th, we took off for my first combat mission. SP5 Wallace Titchenell, a crew chief, was assigned to break me in as a new UH-1B crew chief (OJT).

This was Operation "Clean House", the last major operation by the first Cav in 1965. We flew out through the An Khe Pass and followed Highway 19 east and arrived in an area called the Soui Ca Valley. Flying along at 80 knots at tree top level and hanging out the open door with the M-60 across my lap was very exhilarating. It was probably not what the recruiter had in mind when he told me I would find adventure in the army, but he was certainly on the mark. I had envisioned working in a rear area maintenance unit, not flying into mortal combat. This was big stuff for a kid just turned 20 with only 15 months in the army. Our gunship flew with another bird crewed by SP4 George Gavaria. He was a nice guy from Chicago who gave me some tips on how to maintain my ship. Our two gunships arrived at a forward infantry base where our pilots left to meet the battalion staff to find out what our mission would be and to identify enemy positions. As we waited for them, we watched the grunts piling up captured enemy equipment and bringing in some Viet Cong for interregation. In the near distance we could hear the crescendo of a big firefight. Across the valley came a huge eagle flight of UH-1D transports (slicks) from the 229th Assault Battalion bringing in more infantry to the battle.

After their briefing 7our pilots returned and we took off for our support mission. As we flew over the grunts, I looked down at them and gave them the thumbs up sign, but they just looked up at me and gave me a blank stare. Some of them,

looked about 18 or 20 like me, and seemed scared. Right then I knew I was the lucky one who was not about to slog through the jungle and close with the enemy. The deadly battle would certainly cost some of their lives before the day was out. We flew low level over a village and saw lots of people running under the tropical palm trees. The pilots said they were just local civilians. We found an old French railroad track and flew along the track for a few miles looking for any sign of the enemy forces. Just as we were about to turn back to refuel, a loud "crack" noise sounded near the back of the gunship. SP5 Titchenell yelled at our pilots, Major Dick Marshall and CWO Mike Bogdue, that we were taking fire. Titchenell threw a smoke canister out to mark the target, and our pilots pulled our ship up into a steep climb, banking hard left, and then dropping down to line the gunship up with the target. As we rolled in for an attack, the smoke billowed out from the treetops near the railroad tracks. Everyone was yelling and looking for signs of the enemy. All of a sudden, Titchenell opened fire with his M-60 door gun and began to run a line of tracers across the tracks and into a small white hut next to the tracks. I could see a bunch of Viet Cong, maybe 8 to 10 of them, and Titchenell's bullets mowed them down like a carnival sharpshooter. Hot brass and smoke filled the cabin and the sound of his machine gun was deafening. As the enemy troops fell, our pilots began to yelp in joy for Titchenell's victory. I was in shock. I just sat there as though I was watching a John Wayne war movie Chief Bogdue yelled at me to fire my weapon as we pulled up. I pulled the trigger and the gun fired about 5 rounds then jammed up. I was a nervous wreck trying to un-jam it. We did a second run and flew very low over the trees. Titchenell then threw out a willy peter fragmentation grenade down into a trench line under the trees, where it burst in the air right above the enemy.

The Viet Cong soldiers took some hard casualties from that mission. After we got back to the refuel point, Gavaria came over and helped me to fix my machine gun. I remember

(Continued on page 36)

he told me not to worry about what had happened. He said. "Don't sweat the small stuff kid!" About an hour later, we were flying over some rice paddies just a few feet above the water when a lone Viet Cong stood up and began to fire at us. The pilots thought he was crazy taking on our gunship. We turned around and flew back at him and Titchenell opened fire. For about 30 seconds both of them fired at each other almost point blank and nothing happened.

carried him off in a stretcher to the tent. When we got back to the lager area, I had to clean up the blood and sweep out all the spent brass. Chief Bogdue took a moment to give me a good ass chewing, and then I was left to get the ship ready for the next run. My platoon sergeant told me I was now on my own. OJT was over. I was now a combat veteran. Many weeks later, we went on a big operation into a place called Bong Son (Operation Masher-White Wing). We flew into very dangerous places like the An Lao Valley and the Kim Son Valley (Crow's Foot). The weather was as deadly as our enemy, the 3rd NVA Yellow Star Division.

I got a new door gunner, PFC Hosie Ward, a 19 year old kid from Washington, D.C. Hosie and I went out on a lot of scary missions together. The worst one was in the An Lao Valley where we had to fly through the fog and rain to provide fire support to a Special Forces Recon Team (Team Capital), of six brave Green Berets on the patrol, only 2 made it out alive. SFC Webber and SSG Hiner, America's best. In August 1966, a whole new

group of soldiers replaced the original troopers from Ft. Benning days. The old timers were called the "First Shift", I was lucky to have served with the men of the "First Shift". They had kept me alive and molded me into a fighting man, despite my fears of combat. On December 1st, 1966, my friend George Gavaria from Chicago was killed in action up at Bong Son. It was a hard blow for us who were going home. But, it was time for me to rotate (DEROS). I will never forget my buddies and pilots from my days with Charlie Troop.



C TROOP 1-9 MIKE KELLEY OCT 1966 PETE BURBANK - BLUES PLT. Mr. Mike Kelley 90 HOOB ROAD TEWKSBURY, MA 01876
 SCOUT PLT. WEAPONS PLT. RIFLE PLT.

Then, I heard a muffled explosion and saw Titchenell slump over and I yelled at the pilots that he was hit. Bogdue told me to give him first aid, but I was so scared I was frozen in my jump seat. The co-pilot climbed over the center console and came in the back with us and took the first aid kit off the bulkhead and began wrapping the gauze around Titchenell's wrist and arm. Bloody gauze unrolled and fluttered in the wind as the crew chief's wounds oozed blood. Our chase ship took out the VC with machine gun fire and then we flew back to the battalion field hospital near the command post. Major Marshall landed our gunship near the big Red Cross tent and a group of medics and a doctor came out to pick up Titchenell. They

(Continued on page 37)

MAMA-SAN
LZ SHARON—AGAIN
SWEDE ERICKSON

Mama-San, where to start with this woman? I remember her well. She ran Mama-Sans' Laundry and Weed Distributorship, Inc., just over the wire and down in the little stream that ran between the two knolls. Toss your dirty fatigues over the wire and she'd return them in a day or two as clean as she and her minions could get them. Always had that distinct "stream smell" in them, but they were clean. For a few extra MPC she'd slide a packet of "sticks" into one of your fatigue pockets. Always nice for watching the light show when the NVA did their monthly shelling of the Dong Ha ammo dump about fifteen clicks up the road. The Marines would finish getting it stocked from the previous shelling and like clockwork the NVA would blow it up again... Jarheads.

What I remember most about her though is that she knew what we were going to do before we did. Best case in point is the Division's sudden move from I Corps to III Corps. A little background here. Sometime in August or September of '68 we had a Typhoon come through. Hit the area pretty hard, flooded everything from Quang Tri to Da Nang. For once we couldn't recognize the terrain, water everywhere. We spent most of the next several days locating Viet Nameese who were huddled on high ground since their villages were under water. We didn't have it much better. Our bunkers were flooded out, Wolff and I borrowed a water pump from our friends at the Engineers (another Cobra ride for trade). We did get introduced to most of our roomies during the next few days. All the rats, snakes and centipedes who'd been sharing our living space with us surfaced, heading for high ground themselves. If we'd been charging rent we would have made a bundle off these guys. Looking back, if we'd known there were that many squatters in our bunker we more than likely would have vacated and just turned it over to them. The positive part of having this

Typhoon hit us is that the "powers that be" realized we would not be able to live underground during the monsoons. Several days later, it seems, the CB"s showed with all sorts of equipment and building materials and started building above ground living quarters for us. These were pretty nice when finished, on stilts, fully exposed to anyone deciding to toss a round our way. I immediately went and pulled the PSP off the roof of our old bunker and nailed it up around the sides of my hooch, felt a little more comfortable, I now had an armored hooch.

When all this started happening Mama-san came up with the news that the Division would be moving south in a month or so. What?...We had no indication of this, not even a rumor. Our argument to her was "why would they build all these new living facilities for us, to weather the monsoons, if we were pulling out?" She was adamant "you leave in 3-4 weeks, go to Tay Ninh". Try as we might we never could get a hint of this from our own people, I don't think anyone had gotten the word,...except Mama-



San. This banter went on for quite awhile, all the kids would say the same thing "you leaving us, now VC come, what are we to do?" We'd reply that we are not leaving, no one has told us or even dropped a rumor or hint. They were pretty nervous during this period. We settled into our new digs, pulled out our flight jackets for the evenings, getting cold at nights, and reveled at being above ground and in clean living

(Continued on page 38)

conditions for once. Life went on a usual for us, still doing our recons of the area, quiet, must be doing something right or the other guys were hiding themselves very well, no signs of movement through the AO. Mama-San still giving us a daily countdown to our move date. We, still not knowing a thing about it, other than what she told us.

Well, guess who was right?...MSIA (Mama-San Intelligence Agency). One day, the day she targeted, we got word, pack up your stuff, we're moving south tomorrow or the next day,... Tay Ninh, III Corps, the NVA is massing men and supplies for a push in that area. We are to go find them and stop them. We did both, that's also when we finally had to give in to flying "Pink Teams". The place was flat except for Mt. Nui Ba Dinh, couldn't determine where you were at any time. I think we converted to Pink Teams more for navigational purposes than for tactics, never did like them, but they were a necessity. We left "the Hawk" behind, too, made flying a bit smoother, but the ever present smokey haze/smell in the air, at any altitude, was a bit more prominent in III Corps due to it's absence. The monsoons did follow though, still get shivers whenever I think of those lightening bolts hitting the perimeter, fifty yards or so away, some of them would set off mines. The shock waves of both would buckle your knees, go right into and through you. Thought the sound would blow out my eardrums. I came to be able to sleep through that 8" battery firing right over the top of us but never those lightening bolts.

I've wondered now and again where Mama-San got her info, it wasn't the only time she informed us of what was coming down the pike...before we even got a hint. Luckily she was on our side...at least at the time.

Always,

Swede (Rick the Younger...than Rowe)

FROM THE WATEREE TO THE PEE DEE BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL WILLIAM P. GILLETTE

The title of this article was taken from the operations of the 3-17th Air Cavalry Squadron during Air Assault II conducted by the 11th Air Assault Division in South and North Carolina in the fall of 1964. This was the final peacetime test of the air assault and air cavalry concepts. The next test was at An Khe. During this momentous exercise the Air Cavalry Squadron validated its operational techniques and expertly trained its troops. Aside from the operational magnitude of the squadron's Air Assault II experience, there occurred another significant event in the annals of the U.S. Cavalry. The cavalry hat was reborn.

In the ensuing years I have heard with amusement several tales concerning the genesis of the current Black Hat. Through the use of this article I hope to set the record straight. Some of the principle players in the reincarnation were Lieutenant Colonel John B. Stockton (Squadron Commander), Major General Harry Kinnard (Division Commander), General Harold K. Johnson (Chief of Staff of the Army), and Captains Walter Harman and myself (Cavalrymen). The stage was a goat pasture on the shores of Wateree Pond and the time was November 1964.

After a period of intensive simulated combat, members of the squadron were authorized several days rest and recreation (R and R) on a staggered schedule. Since both Walt and I had wives at Fort Benning (our home station), we decided to return to the banks of the Chattahoochee for R and R. Walt went home a couple of days before me and must have rested quickly, for when I arrived, he was roaming around. Being a licensed cavalryman, Walt dutifully conducted a reconnaissance as he roamed about. His travels took him to the Fort Benning salvage store, where he found some olive drab, Mon-tana peak drill sergeant hats

(Continued on page 39)

for sale. Having purchased some of these hats he posted over to my quarters where we convened a planning session. It didn't take long for two dashing cap-tains of Cavalry to decide that the motley specimens we held could be turned into the campaign hats of yesteryear. Initially there were three problems, the color and shape of the hats, and the necessary hat cords to designate general officers, officers, warrant officers and troopers by branch. The color soon resolved itself when we convinced our wives that if we got some black dye that they could easily dye our hats black. This was not as simple a task as it first appeared. It took several dyings before our first hats attained the proper color, and of course the dye pot had to boil over in the kitchen once or twice. About this time Walt and I thought it would be discreet if we conducted a deploying action as we were about to be decisively engaged on the home front. We withdrew smartly in an effort to solve our remaining two problems.

In Phoenix City across the Chat-tahoochie, we found a cleaning establishment which consented to block our hats into the prescribed shape. Not having any knowledge of how to solve the problem of the hat cords we conducted an area reconnaissance of Columbus. Somewhere in the back alleys of the city I located an owner of a second-hand shop who had a desk drawer full of hat cords and didn't know what to do with them. A bargain was soon struck and we were able to produce several specimens of what was to become the black cavalry hat.

Having reached the end of our R and R, Walt and I reported back to the squadron assembly area on the banks of Wateree Pond. Back in our troop area, we sought the council of our troop commander. Major Robert I. Storerink. We decided that the best way to propagate the black cavalry hats within the squadron was to give our squadron commander one for his birthday which would come to pass in the next couple of days. Colonel Stockton's birthday turned out to be a momentous occasion that year. In addition to the cavalry hat from B Troop, he received an

old white mule from C Troop. He was delighted with both the hat and the mule. Walt and I were commissioned to produce hats for all of the squadron officers and the mule, (Maggie) was proclaimed the squadron mascot. This announcement presented C Troop with a problem. The C Troop officers had rented the mule from a local farmer and presented him to Colonel Stockton as a joke, knowing well that they could return it after the Colonel told them to get that mule out of his CP. However, since they didn't get the mule back, they had to return to the farmer and purchase Maggie.

The cavalry hat procurement went well until

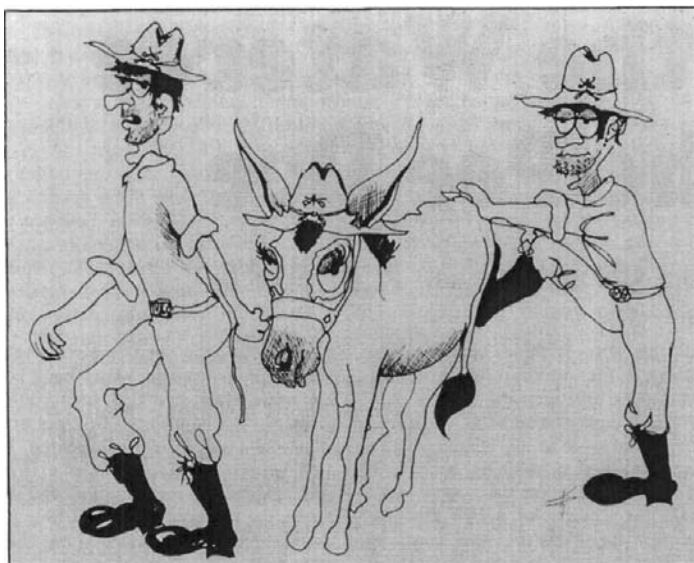


early spring of 1965 when we exhausted the supply of salvage hats at Fort Benning. Although I'll admit that it was a welcome relief for our wives who had to dye all of the hats. But it was good training for them because it wasn't long before they had to dye all of our underwear green prior to our deployment to Vietnam. Notwithstanding the procurement problems, the demand for cavalry hats increased drastically. The deteriorating situation necessitated that Walt and I hold another planning conference. We surmised that since the John B. Stetson Company had produced some of the salvage hats which we used, that they might be able to

(Continued on page 40)

produce the cavalry hat. I took a picture of my hat and sent it to the Stetson Company with our

Don't you believe in the uniform which I have prescribed for the Army?"



request. The response was outstanding. The sales manager of the Stetson Company agreed to supply the prescribed hat with cord at a reasonable price. Thus, the machinery was set for the resurrection of the cavalry hat.

The story of the reinstatement of the black cavalry hat would be incomplete if some of the earlier wearing difficulties were not included.

As the 3-17 Air Cavalry Squadron's hats became increasingly visible at Fort Benning, our Division Commander, General Kinnard, became more forceful in his objections to the wearing of cavalry hats. Not desiring to irritate our commander, we became very careful where we wore the hats. They were essentially relegated to wear in the field and the squadron area at Harmony Church (that was almost in the field). All went well until the squadron conducted a counterinsurgency exercise at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Being in the field, we wore our cavalry hats. Evidently, while there, a new photographer took a picture of members of the squadron wearing black cavalry hats. The aftermath of the Camp Shelby publicity took place at Fort Benning one Sunday morning several weeks later. That was the day Colonel Stockton picked up the telephone and heard the following. "Colonel, this is General Johnson.

Feeling the crack of the whip by "Dr." John Hamm

I got a mail from Larry last week which, somewhat, changed my attitude about the BWS Association. The letter informed me that a Jeff Betz was looking for someone who knew his uncle, Tim, in D Trp. Tim was a friend of mine so I contacted Mr. Betz. Now, when you get a message like this, you pretty much know that the person of interest is probably not around any longer. My assumption was correct. Tim died a couple of years ago. Jeff and I talked on the phone a while and promised that we would keep in touch and exchange photo's. I told him about the BWS and hoped that he and Tim's daughter would become associates.

After talking with Jeff, I got to thinking. Tim and I had said that we would keep in touch when we got back to the "World", but didn't. I made a couple of attempts as, I'm sure, he did but just didn't connect. That is the great thing about the BWS Ass'n. We can keep in touch. But after attending my first reunion in 08, I have to wonder if Tim would have been welcome. Like myself, he was not a boat person nor an aviator. Which brings me to the point of this story.

I attended the 08 reunion with excitement and anticipation. I had just heard about the BWS reunion and immediately decided to attend. As I was traveling by motorcycle, I mailed my Stetson to Larry to prevent any more damage to it. It is the one I wore in Vietnam and, although it probably wouldn't bring fifty cents at a yard sale, it is my most valuable possession. It is old and raggedy, but then so am I. Upon arrival, I was greeted, welcomed and generally felt right at home. I met a couple of guys whom I had only heard stories about. I talked to guys who were at battles that I had only read about. I met folks that were still being talked about when I arrived at the Sqdn. in 1970. Guys who were the reason for my volunteering for the 1/9th. The word "Hero" gets thrown around too much these days but these guys were hero's to me. But it only takes one fly to carry crap to your crawfish. And I met a couple over the next few days.



Tim Betz

A few (Very few, I hope) of the Boat People indicated to me that I was not worthy of being in their presence. Nor anyone else who was not a Boat Person. One even made the comment that, "It was all over by the time you got there." Folks, I can show you scars to prove that it wasn't all over. I, nor Tim Betz, nor Donald Skidgell and many others not worthy? F Trp, who were virtually abandoned there, not worthy? It's like getting slapped in the face by your hero. I was close to leaving right then. If I had not prepaid and wasn't a cheap SOB, I would have. But I did intend to let my membership run out. I have met some famous, infamous and some hero's in my lifetime. And until the 08 reunion, not a one has indicated to me that he didn't feel that I was not worthy of being in his presence.

But, after hearing of Tim's death, I am now a life member. I have felt the sting of the bullwhip and I can take it. If the good Lord's willing and the Creeks dont rise, I'll be at the next reunion. But I'll be there with a new attitude. I'll have my own whip and I'll be ready to crack it. A couple of fly's will not spoil it for me. "Dr." John Hamm D & E Trps. 70-71

Letters from the Membership

HELP ME GREET YOUR SERVICE RELATIVES

Brothers, if you have relatives passing through Bangor, Maine heading for Iraq or Afghanistan, I want to greet them. I live near Bangor which, since WWII, has been an embark and debark airport located on the great circle route to Europe. If they are going over, I want to wish them a safe return and when coming home a wonderful home coming. We have had more than a million guys and girls, Guard, Reserve and Active, pass through our airport. If your relatives believe they are coming through Bangor and know about when. .. Please call me at 207-356-6545 or email me at blue6566@roadrunner.com

Unfortunately we only know a flight is inbound or outbound, not where they are going or who is on the aircraft.

Our troops are getting tired from multiple deployments but, they have no choice; so, keep the yellow ribbons up, the support our troop magnets on your vehicles and the flags flying. We can't let them down! They still appreciate our support. I don't greet every flight (we have had as many as 11 flights in a day)... Please help me greet your troops flight.

Chuck Knowlen

DEAR NEW VERY SPECIAL FRIENDS,

I want to tell all of you how fabulous last weekend was for me. I thought I had dealt with Lou's death after many years of therapy and finally believing that things happen in Divine Order. However, meeting you made me feel so comfortable about his death. I am so happy that he spent his last

six months here on this earth with such wonderful friends. I know he loved the army and he loved you. Now, I understand why. I don't think I could ever put into words how much I owe you for giving me this incredible life changing weekend. It was an experience that I never expected when I set out for Fort Benning. What an incredible, wonderful surprise! You and your terrific wives made me feel so comfortable and part of your close knit group. I am looking forward to doing this again in two years!

With much love,

Betty

From Ted Currier:

Jim, can you forward this to the big list?

I'm looking for any A Troopers who have Parkinson's? I'm interested in talking to them about how the disease has affected them, what they are doing to control it and how the VA is treating them medically as well as compensation wise. Thanks, Ted

Letters from the Membership

Letter from COL Pete Booth

22 November 2010

Col Joe Bowen 5566 County

Road 18 Ozark, Al 36360

Joe,

I regret very much that I was unable to attend the Bullwhip reunion in October. It really hurts when one is unable to be at his duty station with the best and bravest soldiers our Army has ever produced. I had been postponing replacement of my right knee for much too long. It finally caught up with me and gotten to the point I could hardly walk.

Two days after I was released from the Hospital, I was sitting home in considerable pain with a grotesquely swollen right knee. My daughter, who had gone to the Post office for me brought in a long cylinder with the other mail. Sue said, "What in the world is that?" I did not know of course, so asked her to open it. What a wonderful and spirit lifting surprise. When I looked at that huge get well card signed by so many 1/9th Cavalry members I made several quick leaps forward in recovery. My knee did not hurt as bad. What had been a difficult day suddenly became brighter.

I want thank all you for your kindness and doing so in such an unforgettable way. I intend to have it suitably framed and give it a prominent place in my office. Sue won't let me hang it in the living room. We all know Mama rules.

I would appreciate it very much if you would have my thank you letter published in the next Bullwhip newsletter.



James W. (Pete) Booth

Honorary Colonel, 9th Cavalry Regiment



HQ Picture at the 2010 Reun-

“They did all that was asked” By Jeremy Hogan

In Porterville, California where my family lived for a decade, we have the distinction of having lost the most soldiers in Vietnam per capita of any town in America. In the 1980s local Vietnam veterans banded together to build a memorial.

So why do I mention this? I mention it because through the experience of photographing the memorial being built and eventually dedicated I learned the value of memorials and why we should document events such as military funerals and memorial ceremonies.

I was reminded of this very recently when I decided to go photograph the funeral of A Troop, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry Sgt. Michael Bartley who was killed in Iraq January, 15, 2011.

But first I had to answer the question to not only his mother but to

myself: why photograph a military funeral?

Let me go back a few years, in the early to late 1980s many Vietnam Veterans were finally coming together to memorialize the brothers they lost in a place, “over there,” a place nobody wanted to hear about. Unfortunately their experiences were only understood to most of the public through movies like “The Deer Hunter” or strangely the movie “First Blood.” Or perhaps, a little older, some civilians had seen the Vietnam War on television news reports or maybe even had known someone who went but probably never heard from them what the war was actually like. The fact is the Vietnam War just wasn’t talked about.

This is where I enter, because by 1989, though a teenager, I was already a photographer and I photographed the preparations for the Porterville Vietnam memorial and the memorial ceremony itself for the high school and the local newspapers.

I also knew my father was in Vietnam and he was part of a helicopter crew so I wasn’t afraid to approach Vietnam Veterans and photograph them even though every time one was depicted in movies or on TV, in the A-Team

for example, they were often made to look crazy. I knew that was mostly fiction but I also knew not to go around telling people my dad was actually a Vietnam Veteran. I kept that to myself.

When war in general was talked about, generally the narrative was always about how the Veterans of WWII saved America and the world from the Nazis and to a lesser extent who the military went after the Japanese after Pearl Harbor. However, the Vietnam War was not talked about much at all if ever or when it was it was talked about in a negative way.

Nobody ever told me my dad was unique because his unit was the most highly decorated of the Vietnam War or the result of innovations like the ones, which put a man on the moon. I didn’t know the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry had started 80-percent of the battles involving the First Cavalry Division. I didn’t



However, on any weekend in America movies were shown exalting the heroes who served in WWII. The narratives were always simple: the good guys won, the bad guys got killed and roll the credits. There was no mention that maybe even WWII veterans had PTSD.

The Vietnam War in contrast was told as a cautionary morality tale.

And needless to say, I did not need to see “The Deer Hunter” or “Rambo” to understand the Vietnam War experience and how it affected the veterans and their families years later. I was living it. But, my father’s sacrifices were not often mentioned except by a few people who knew him who had pulled me aside as a kid and told me my dad wasn’t just any-

body but a hero. One of those people was an uncle who himself served in Germany with the Second ACR during the Cold War.

So, when the local Vietnam Veterans made the local memorial not only did I understand the significance being the son of the Vietnam Veteran I finally saw my own father own the fact he was a Vietnam Veteran. The moving Vietnam Wall arrived as part of the memorial ceremonies and my sister said my father talked with her about the war for the first time. This was in the late 1980s.

I'd known for a long time though my dad was in a helicopter unit during the war. As a kid I'd seen the photos in the album left once on the coffee table. My father had told me a few stories. I thought everyone who went to war was in combat. As a kid, I believed some of what I saw in those movies about the war. This was just not true.

However, I also knew too well how the Vietnam Veterans and their families were often forgotten over the years but that was never in the movie. They never showed the bank as the bad guy taking a suffering veteran's house. They didn't show the bewildered post-war friends who understood something wasn't right but in the end did nothing help because they were too absorbed in their own jobs, their own lives in suburban California. Beside, they knew nothing about my father's combat experience. It wasn't their experience.



to

Movies sure didn't show the positive sides of post Vietnam War vets either. There was one time some kids in the neighborhood stole my red wagon. Needless to say, never steal toys from the son of a Cavalry Scout. In a way, I didn't know it at the time, but if anyone had really messed with me surely my father would have ruined their day.

However, when my father was out of work in the late 1970s due to reasons in my opinion having to do with untreated PTSD (he might agree otherwise) and the fact the government and as an extension American society still did not recognize the sacrifices by people like my dad and their families – we ended up living in a trailer on a mountain for a year.

For years I thought maybe my parents friends knew the problems my father was having and chose to do nothing. But, now I see that because the war was not even talked about and there was no national dialog on Veterans issues they probably had no idea that my family was in spiral. Had they known perhaps they would have tried to help but they did not know and my parents did not share their troubles with them. So we were on our own.

This went on for years as a cycle. Once my mother said that in one year my father had lost or mostly quit 20 jobs. If I came around the corner after school and saw his vehicle in the driveway I knew two things: he was out of work again and I'd better just keep my distance. I really don't know how my mother dealt with it. And I can understand why she has some of her own PTSD now.

When my parents divorced in the early 1990s my mother's soon to be second husband burned all my dad's letters from the Nam and I wasn't told until 2006. But, I had saved the photos that were left behind. I actually had to hide them from the second husband. Eventually my sister had some of the photos and I took the rest. We gave them back to our dad a few years ago. I know my story is not unique among the families of Vietnam Veterans.

I think now, 40-years later, the kids are finally learning to stick together (I have a number of friends whose dads were also in Nam and many of our stories are similar), and I didn't realize what a family I⁴⁵

The phrase brotherhood doesn't even begin to describe the personal feelings I have for some of these people now. One of my dad's pilots, Mike Nott, wrote an amazingly beautiful and touching letter for my dad's VA claim. Nott is just a great guy and I admire him a lot. When I needed his help he scrambled.

The letter began, "I am writing this letter in regard to Jerry Hogan. First let me start by saying that this is the most difficult letter and the only one of its kind that I have written. I have great difficulty in discussing the events surrounding my time, our time, in Vietnam, let alone do it to a stranger. Having said that, let me also state that I not only owe my life to Jerry, I admire him for what he was and what he stood for. He was in one of the most highly decorated units ever to tread the jungles of Vietnam, all for good reason and he helped make it that way."

A few months later my dad got his 100-percent for PTSD. I also had gone to the national archives and spent four days there to dig up a document showing that my dad was hit by a chunk of rocket from a Cobra gunship.

After watching the situation for years I had finally got pissed off enough to try and help my dad. There was no more bunker mentality of sitting and hoping someone else would help. Once I started contacting people like Nott I had all the help I needed. I also learned another thing; the heroes then are still heroes today: the Cav don't leave theirs behind either.

Sadly, some guys I went looking for were already dead from illnesses I think were mostly because of Agent Orange and/or the hard lives they lived in Nam. Many were Scout gunners and I agree with Jim Kurtz who said they had a very hard war because they mostly saw the people they killed.

In 2007 I went to the Kokomo Vietnam Veterans Reunion to look for B Troopers who served with my dad. I didn't find a single person who knew my dad. But, I met a lot of other veterans and was quite welcomed at the reunion. I made a badly edited documentary mostly with clips I'd shot at Kokomo and gave it to my dad. To my surprise, it was a hit among other Vietnam Vets.

Soon I was documenting not only the history of the Vietnam War but also mine as well since I'm the son of a Vietnam War combat veteran. Some of these guys I've met since 2007 are now better friends to me than most people I have met who were never in the military. And soon I found myself photographing the funerals of some Vietnam Veterans and memorializing people maybe I'd only known briefly. It's a great loss anytime we lose one of them and we're now losing many and at too young an age.

One of those people was K.C. Thompson who was in the Big Red One and was always at Kokomo. He had been a Quan Loi before the 1st Cavalry moved into the AO. Another one is Jack Giffin who served in 2/5th Cav at Quan Loi. These guys are greatly missed by those who knew them.

The more time I spent with Vietnam Veterans the more I had felt lied to about who they really are. They're not crazy, far from it. Vietnam Vets are more loyal in my experience than many of their counterparts I have dealt with through the years who did not go to Vietnam. And their sacrifices have been greatly underreported since the war. I know too many who have later been sickened by Agent Orange for example but the VA denies their claims. I spoke with one veteran on the phone just today, Don Whitaker, who has diabetes which has been linked to Agent Orange exposure.

Furthermore, our veterans never lost a major battle with the NVA in Vietnam. Our currently military is using airmobility tactics perfected during the war. But, there are many stories that have remained untold by Vietnam Veterans and many of those stories have followed those veterans to their graves. It seems a shame I had to go and find these things out on my own using my journalism skills at first to help my dad with a claim and then realizing I better document the Vietnam Vets before it's too late.

But, this is more than just about the Veterans; I know is the value of honoring Veterans and what that can mean to the families.

I showed up to a POWMIA at Arlington funeral a couple years and became friends with the father who had lost his son before I was born. It was very sad for me to see an 80 something year old man, a hero as well, mourning for his son, Arthur Chaney, who he lost 40-years earlier.

We shared the story of his loss and but also my loss and my country's loss. He lost his son over Laos in 1968. And my father: I've been told he came home and was never the same. I never knew my father before he went to war but I sure got to know what post-traumatic-stress does to a person. I learned how it cripples a person when it creeps up which it does so often. My father admitted to me, finally, that he wakes up many times on most nights.

I've realized my whole family was forgotten just like so many of the Veterans were themselves (I was numb to this for many years): we lived in the woods, on a mountaintop, literally for a year. I sure don't want anyone to feel sorry for me but I have to recognize this is what happened and own it in order to move forward. Therefore, it was part of my own journey to see that Missing in Action Veteran buried at Arlington National Cemetery and it was also true that the soldier, though he was in Nam before my father, was in the sister unit of the same squadron my dad had served in. In a way he was family.

Before my trip to Arlington, I met a soldier named Joe Kelbus. He was in Vietnam in 1967-1968. And he spent the better part of an hour talking with me about my fathers unit during a reunion in Kokomo. But, what he did not tell me was that he was gravely ill from Agent Orange. I had no idea he was sick. And he died a few months later. But, I had shot a video of him telling me about my father's squadron. Of course, I posted the video on YouTube from his widow and daughter who I now count among my friends.

In another instance, I was welcomed into the home of the widow of a crew chief and infantryman who served with my father in B Troop. Her husband, Ron Klus, decorated with a DFC with an Oak Leaf Cluster, had died the year before and I was in St. Louis for a Vietnam Veterans reunion. When I arrived and interviewed her I found out the VA was not giving her any survivor benefits. They said her husband's heart exploding had nothing to do with his severe PTSD that caused him to sleep-walk at night and even mistake his own family for the enemy from some 40-years earlier. I tried fruitlessly to help her with the VA claim and as much pain as she was in from her own loss she would always ask me how I was doing with my own father. As far as I know, she never got any survivor benefits.

Later, the word started getting around that I was documenting my father's squadron which I was doing for a documentary film I hope to make. So, I was invited to another funeral at Arlington last summer for a very highly decorated pilot, Lou "Rocket" Rochat who was also in my dad's Squadron but in the sister troop. My father never knew him.

The appreciation I received from the widow is really beyond my ability to describe. And I'd say were also now friends. We shared many similar stories about her husband who is deceased and my father who is still alive.



When I was a kid, there was a photo in my dad's photo album that always had me curious. The young kid, and we're talking about an 18-year-old kid who had joined the Army at age 17, had 1-percent tattooed on his stomach. The soldier, John Gruber, was in B Troop with my father. Unfortunately in 2007 when I went looking for my father's friends and was Googling I found Gruber's name on the Vietnam Wall – he had died in June of 1971. It was a very sad moment for me.

I had made a website while looking for people my dad served with and one of the pages was to memorialize John Gruber. I asked my father if maybe we should contact Gruber's family and give them the photographs we have. My father said he didn't think we should bother the family. So, I didn't look for them.

One day I got an e-mail and it was from Gruber's sister:

"I'm in hopes that someone is still at this site. My name is Loretta Young and John Henry Gruber was my brother. Just for fun I just typed my brother's name in the Google site and found your site and seen some very precious pictures of my brother that I had never seen before. Thank you so much for putting them up on the internet. If you have a chance can you email me the pictures of my brother that you have so I can put them in my picture files. Our mother is still living in Sacramento and I would love to surprise her with them. And if your father has anymore stores about my brother I would love to hear them."

History isn't just something in books. It's about connections between living people. Why else study history or event document it. And as I was told recently, what is the military without its history.

So, when the old squadron (which has a history going back to the 1860s) was in Iraq again this last year I was very interested in knowing about their activities and how they are doing over there. And tragically on January 15th two members were killed by a rogue Iraqi Army trainee.

One soldier SGT Martin LaMar, 43-years-old, reminded me in some ways like my father and as a result I mourned his loss my own way. A friend knew LaMar and said he was a good guy. LaMar had shared his food with my friend, a Vietnam Vet on a training mission, and I remember the time my own father took food off his own plate when I was a child and shared it with me. The other thing about LaMar that reminded me of my father was that LaMar was out of work in California and reenlisted in the military to support his family. I remembered back in the 1980s when there were no jobs my father also tried to reenlist in the military but they told him he was too old then in his late 30s.

The other soldier who died was SGT Michael Bartley. He was 23-years-old and looking at his photo and hearing from his mother about his enthusiasm for the Cavalry scouts it reminded me of a photo I saw of my own father aged 19 in 1969 sitting in a helicopter with an M60 machine gun not knowing his future. In the photo my father is smiling and he ready to go on a mission. Later he would find all the action he could handle and then even more action. A veteran at a reunion said of my own father, "I know what happened to your father, too much combat." Bartley, unlike my father, was killed in action but the similarities I see between them are obvious and both of them ended up being sergeants.



Jerry Hogan, B Troop 1969

I should add that a third Trooper, Sgt. Robert Fierro, is in critical condition because the helmet stopped the bullet but did not prevent a traumatic brain injury.

I have a photograph of my father when he was a sergeant. In the photo my father is on the flight line in Vietnam helping out his "brother" John Gruber. I had some idea how the guys in A Troop probably felt about losing Bartley.

So, when I found out about these two deaths of course I wanted to document the funerals. LaMar's funeral was just too far to me to get to and I had to work that day. Bartley's funeral on the other hand was just a three hour drive from my front door and I begged and pleaded with my supervisor at work to get the day and he gave me the day off.

Captain Wade, of the current 1st of the 9th Rear Detachment Commander, explained to Bartley's mother why it's important to document the 1/9th Cavalry's history and that Bartley is now forever a part of the unit's history. So, I ended up in Fairfield, Illinois at 6:30 a.m. after sleeping about four hours because I worked the day before.

The Troopers had so many similarities to Cavalrymen I know or have met from WWII, the Korean War and the Vietnam War that it's uncanny. The pride on their faces is evident and I photographed them honoring their brother when it was so obvious they were grieving immensely. The few conversations I had with them were very revealing as well. Some of them had already served several tours. One had been a replacement for the unit on the mountain documented in the movie Restrepo about the war in Afghanistan. One trooper said his buddy watched the first ten minutes of the film and had to leave the house because he was having a panic attack and another chimed in yeah, when my dad (a Nam vet) first watched, "We We're Soldiers," my mother made him sleep on the couch because he was having flashbacks. There was sort of a chuckle. This ability for troopers to laugh at things that maybe others would not find funny reminded me of a story I heard about the Vietnam War when 1/9th Cav went to reinforce another unit and the first day they found the enemy they were rocketed that night. As the Troopers they had gone to assist ran for bunkers during the rocket attack the battle seasoned troopers of B Trp, 1/9th Cav just stood and laughed.

"We were macho, tough, brave and completely scared. But, we would not have admitted it because to admit that was to break down the framework, the entire fabric that made us what we were," said Mike Nott.

Personally, as the son of a Vietnam Veteran, I don't think we've seen the damages yet which have been done to a whole generation of soldiers just as good, brave, noble and smart as my own father. I don't think it's healthy for people to serve so many tours knowing what 18-months did to my dad and having to live with it as a child. One young soldier told me it makes him mad seeing Vietnam Vets at funerals for younger veterans of the wars we have now because he feels like he should be the one honoring them and he realizes how badly they were treated and feels that what he has done is far less than what they did.

What I was hearing was a kind of coping mechanism, and I reminded the soldier that guys like him have their own battles to deal with which are just as deadly. I recently saw a program on TV about a combat unit and how the effects of PTSD had taken its toll on the veterans.

But while many Afghanistan and Iraq war vets will be fine, I think this country is going to have to deal with the ones who are not fine for many, many years and with the "me now, make a quick dollar" mentality of our society I just don't see our soldiers getting the help they might need in say 20-years. But, we'll see. I hope I am proven wrong.

So, why did I bring all this up? Well because I believe a soldier is only dead when he's forgotten and I think the Vietnam Veterans and their families understand that all too well. I hope the soldiers now and their families never have to understand it the way I do.

This is why I take the time to document military funerals. And I know this is why so many Vietnam Veterans show up at funerals for today's soldiers.

We absolutely cannot as a nation forget about these guys or fail to honor and document their sacrifices.

Jeremy Hogan



Jeremy Hogan Taking Pictures for the Squadron at the 2010 Reunion

The Door By Terri Nave

“Mommy, wake up. There are two men at the front door dressed like daddy.” At nine years old, I knew the word “uniform.” But early on a Saturday morning, answering an unexpected door bell ring, still in my pajamas, I just couldn’t remember that word.

One of the men standing at our front door in an Army uniform quietly asked me if my mother was home. As I went to get my mom, an ominous feeling began to grow in the pit of my stomach. In the year my dad had been in Korea no men in uniform had ever come to our door. And although he had been in Vietnam for almost a year, he was due home in three days. We were already packing up the house to move to Fort Rucker because daddy was coming home! There weren’t supposed to be men in uniform standing at our door. My daddy was supposed to be standing there.

Mom sent me to my room and told me to wait till she called for me. She got dressed and met with the two men in our living room. A little while later she called for me to come into the room. Confirming my darkest fears, she explained that something bad had happened. There had been a helicopter crash in Vietnam. Daddy and several other soldiers had been killed in the crash. The two men in uniform were “truly sorry for our loss.”

Over the next few hours, my nine-year-old mind figured out that daddy was coming home – just not the way we were expecting. He wouldn’t be standing at the door in uniform. He would be in a big box covered with an American flag. On the nightly news reports with Walter Cronkite, I had seen the images of flag-draped coffins coming off military airplanes. I had seen the “body count” graphic in the upper right-hand corner of our TV screen. That night when I watched the news, I knew that the number on screen now included my daddy. It wasn’t news any more. It was personal. It wasn’t just another number. It was my daddy.

The next few days were a blur. But I do remember that some ladies took me shopping for a dark-colored dress – something appropriate for a funeral. They couldn’t find a dress in my size. (I remember thinking “nine-year-olds weren’t supposed to have correctly-sized dresses ‘appropriate for a funeral’.”) In the juniors department at Sears, they finally found a pretty, dark brown dress embellished with white satin ribbons and a small white rose; but it was way too big for me. A chubby little lady with pins in her mouth had to come into the dressing room to measure it for alterations. I remember thinking daddy would have been proud of me in my “big girl” dress...appropriate for a funeral.

The house was filled with people every day. They came in quiet waves. Sympathetic women would pull me into their laps to console me over the loss of my daddy. It seemed to my nine-year-old heart that the grownups were the ones who needed to be consoled. I quickly learned that the only way out of that lap was to shed some tears so the lap owner would feel she had helped me. I knew these caring people were trying to help my family get through a terrible tragedy. But there were just too many of them. Sometimes it felt like they were sucking all the air out of the room and I just had to escape for a little while to the quiet peace of my bedroom.

I don’t remember the actual funeral service, in 1966, at Southside Baptist Church, on Pye avenue, in Columbus, GA. But I do remember the graveside service at the Fort Benning cemetery. The sky was clear. The temperature was soaring. South Georgia humidity hung heavy in the July air. My mother sat ramrod-straight in her chair – the picture of dignity. She was gracious to everyone. She thanked the soldier who presented her with the militarily-folded flag that moments before had been protecting my daddy. The rifle fire from the 21-gun salute came suddenly - like a brazen thief,...stealing the silent peace of the cemetery. I jumped in my seat. For a split second, I wondered if we should all hit the deck – like I had seen people do on the Vietnam footage that played in our living room each night on the news.

But no one around me seemed alarmed so I guessed it was safe. Somewhere in the distance a melancholy bugler blew Taps. To this day, every time I hear taps I am instantly back in that folding chair in the Fort Benning Cemetery in the hot Georgia sun.

The waves of visitors eventually slowed to a trickle and (mercifully) a halt as people got back to the business of living their lives. Casey Waters and another lady (I ashamed to admit that I can't remember her name) took my little brother, Joe, and me to Florida for a few days. When we got back the house was unpacked again and we settled in for life without daddy.

At first, "life without daddy" didn't seem so different. He had been in Vietnam for almost a year. Before Vietnam, he had been in Korea for a year. His time between Korea and Vietnam was filled with training maneuvers which kept him in the field for weeks at a time. It was as if we had actually lost him two or three years earlier...when my little brother and I were much younger instead of the seven and nine years we were at his death. The biggest difference was that mom had to find a job. The small payout she got from Serviceman's Group Life Insurance didn't begin to pay the mortgage of our modest home in south Columbus, much less the monthly expenses of a war widow with two children.

One afternoon in 1974, I had come home from high school to an empty house – mom was at work and Joe was off with friends somewhere. Bored, I looked around the house for something to occupy my afternoon till it was time to cook supper. I don't remember how I found it, but I stumbled across a six-ring binder of keepsakes of my dad's. Sometime after the funeral, my mother had collected things - photographs, certificates, orders...and letters. In plastic document protectors, she carefully preserved every condolence letter our family received - from General Westmoreland to Capt Bob Richie to some soldier we only knew as Geno. She answered each one too. I found copies of her responses tucked behind each letter.

For the next several hours I read about my dad. College degree. Military training school certificates. Promotion orders. Military decoration citations... and, of course, the letters. There were the standard condolence letters sent from various Army officers to the families of all military members killed in action. But there were also hand written letters from heart-broken soldiers who had served with my dad. There were newspaper articles too. My dad's face looked back at me from yellowed clippings carefully cut out and placed in the plastic protectors. Some stories told of his exploits with his men and of their mission in Vietnam; others recounted the helicopter crash that took his life...they finally ended with the obituary.

Eight years after answering the door in my pajamas...eight years later, sitting alone, at our kitchen table...the tears were finally came and this time they were mine. I wept for my dad. I wept for my family. I wept for his troopers. I wept for my country. I wept for every other "war-orphan" that Vietnam had created.

That afternoon the Lord began the healing process. As I really owned my own grief (for the first time), I felt Him begin to put together the pieces of my broken heart. Since then, the healing process has been slow but steady. Being introduced to the Bullwhip Squadron Association has been a huge factor. (But that is another story for another day.) Over the years, I found evidence of my father's faith in Jesus. It makes the hope of the resurrection even sweeter – to know that one day I'll see my dad again. And when that day comes, there will be no more war. There will be no more helicopter crashes. There will be no more men in uniform standing at my door. There will be an eternity of celebrating Jesus with my dad at my side. Thanks be to God who makes all things new.

Teri Nave

Daughter of Major Billy Joe Nave, KIA – June 27, 1966, Republic of Vietnam

Written, October 11, 2010



HEADHUNTER NEWS



Bronze Stars for 3 who downed rogue Iraqi

By [Michael Hoffman](#) - Staff writer

Posted : Wednesday Feb 23, 2011 16:33:30 EST

GHUZLANI WARRIOR TRAINING CENTER, Iraq — Before Marwan Nadir Abdulaziz al-Jabouri sprinted down a hill here Jan. 15 firing an M16 from his hip, the U.S. soldiers he targeted thought of him as a model Iraqi soldier.

He joined in 2008, passed a screening test and was recently promoted to squad leader. No one thought twice when he asked to fall out of formation to fill up his canteen shortly after 8 a.m.

The soldiers with 1st Cavalry Division's Alpha Troop, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry, 4th Advise and Assist Brigade didn't know U.S. forces had killed his uncle and cousin, or that his father, a lieutenant colonel in Saddam Hussein's army, had recently kicked him out of his house.

Capt. Thomas Herman's 22 soldiers waiting to start training with Jabouri's company had no warning that morning of a shootout that killed [Sgts. Michael Bartley](#) and [Martin "Mick" LaMar](#) and critically injured Sgt. Robert Fierro.

No one could predict either that three of Alpha Troop's youngest soldiers would react quickly enough to maneuver and kill Jabouri, preventing a tragedy from spiraling into something much worse. Pfc. Kevin Gardner and Raymond Gomez and Sgt. Martin Gaymon each earned the Bronze Star with Valor device Feb. 17, one week after Fort Hood, Texas, held a memorial for Bartley and LaMar.

THE FALLEN

The U.S. soldiers killed when an Iraqi soldier opened fire at a training center Jan. 15:

- **Sgt. Michael Bartley**
- **Sgt. Martin "Mick" LaMar**

THE VALOROUS

Three young soldiers were honored for stopping the shooter:

- **Pfc. Kevin Gardner**
- **Pfc. Raymond Gomez**
- **Sgt. Martin Gaymon**

Out of sight from Iraqi and U.S. soldiers near the water trailer, Jabouri pulled out an M16 magazine he hid that morning under his body armor.

He locked and loaded his weapon on a day U.S. soldiers didn't plan to train with live ammunition. Jabouri, 28, turned, sprinted down the hill screaming "Allahu Akbar," and shot Fierro and Bartley in the head. Bartley died instantly. Fierro slumped to the ground, blood pouring out his head, the bullet wedged between his head and his Kevlar helmet.

Confusion erupted. Iraqi soldiers scattered. Ryan Ueberroth, an Army human terrain research manager standing next to Fierro and Bartley, thought the shooting was part of the day's training.

"I just remember being pissed off because it was so loud. I didn't understand why blanks would be that loud, but I thought it was training because the Army always likes to have attacks when soldiers least expect it," said Ueberroth, who didn't seek shelter in a nearby bunker until he saw a U.S. soldier draw his weapon.

HEADHUNTER NEWS

Standing guard at the training lane's gate, Gardner, Gomez and Pfc. Michael Grey heard the gunshots. Grey handed Gardner magazine clips for him and Gomez through the window of the Humvee stationed at the gate. Gardner and Gomez sprinted up the gravel path toward the shooting, not even pausing to strap on their body armor.

Jabouri, meanwhile, continued firing his M16, hitting other U.S. soldiers and an Iraqi lieutenant. All escaped serious injury as their body armor absorbed the bullets.

Gaymon dashed out and grabbed Fierro, pulling him out of the firing line. Alpha Troop's soldiers started firing back by then. One bullet struck Jabouri, forcing him back behind a rock.

Gomez and Gardner, both of whom joined 9th Cavalry straight out of basic training at the Joint Readiness Training Center, had started to move into position. Gomez laid down suppressing fire and Gardner flanked Jabouri as the rogue Iraqi soldier shot LaMar in the head, killing him.

Gardner shot Jabouri and moved toward him. Jabouri squeezed out another round before Gardner shot him again. The 20-year-old soldier from Portland, Maine, rushed up and grabbed the M16 from the dead Iraqi.

Soon after, a medevac helicopter landed and rushed Fierro to a hospital. He is recovering at a Veterans Affairs Hospital in Tampa Bay, Fla. He is walking, talking and "eating just fine" though he has a long recovery ahead, Herman said.

"These guys were so young that [Gardner] asked me if it was OK to shoot [Jabouri] and I'm like, 'Hell yeah it's OK,' you saved us from this being any worse," said Col. Brian Winski, brigade commander.

The shooting left 9th Cavalry soldiers wondering why they had to spend a year away from their families to help an army whose soldiers just killed two of their friends.

Training stopped for four days. U.S. officers reviewed security procedures and gave their soldiers time to cool off. Then, the 1/9 noncommissioned officers voted to restart training Jan. 20. Herman compared it to heading back outside the gate after losing a soldier to an improvised explosive device.

Winski said it's what Bartley and LaMar, 43, a former Marine who recently enlisted in the Army, would want.

However, the U.S. and Iraqi soldiers had to repair a broken trust.

"We had to rebuild after that. It wasn't easy, but it became easier once we got back up on the horse and rebuilt that trust with them," Herman said. "The trust is always there but now you have to verify."

Deeply embarrassed and apologetic, the Iraqi officers and soldiers denounced Jabouri's actions.

Ueberroth, a former Army sergeant who observed the first month of training, overheard two Iraqi lieutenants talking. One started to complain to the other about the strict new security procedures the U.S. instituted. The other soldier cut him off.

"This is our fault. We failed them," Ueberroth said the one lieutenant told the other.

At his nightly briefing with Iraqi leaders, a casualty count listed Jabouri as an Iraqi soldier casualty. One general stopped the briefing. He told the Iraqi officers to take Jabouri's name off the list.

"He is not one of us. He doesn't represent the Iraqi soldier," the general told Winski.

American soldiers' security posture changed across Iraq following the shooting. Soldiers now must wear their body armor and helmets when training with Iraqi soldiers.

Back at home, three devastated families have been left to pick up the pieces of their lives.

LaMar, of Sacramento, Calif., leaves behind his wife, Josie, a son, four daughters, and two stepdaughters.

Bartley grew up an only child, raised mostly by his mother, Rebecca Isles.

"We were very intimate, and we would talk about things like this," said Isles, 40. "He made me promise him I'd be OK."

Isles, a factory worker, said she has gone back to work since her son's death, because "it's a lot better than reality." She said she has been overwhelmed by the support from her family, the town and beyond.

He called home the Friday before he was killed and said things were good and that he was in a safe zone.

"That was the last time I talked to him," Isles said.

Staff writer [Joe Gould](#) contributed to this story.



Letter from HEADHUNTER 6 in Iraq Notifying us of the tragic news of January 15, 2011

Headhunter Friends and Families,

We are writing you to inform you of the tragic loss of two of our Headhunter Troopers and the wounding of another. On January 15th, during a training exercise with our Iraqi partners, a member of the Iraqi Army opened fire on a group of Apache Troop Soldiers. Although the investigation is not complete, all indications are that this was a deliberate attack by a violent extremist who had infiltrated the ranks of the Iraqi Army. Apache Troopers reacted swiftly and killed the gunman, but in the exchange of fire we lost two members of the Headhunter Team and one was seriously wounded. Our thoughts and prayers are with the Family and friends of our fallen Soldiers, who will forever be a part of the Headhunter Family. We stand ready to assist in any way possible.

LTC John Cushing
CSM Duane Detweiler
Headhunter Command Team

The HEADHUNTER Memorial services took place on 11 February 2011 at Fort Hood. The ceremonies were very moving and did an outstanding job of properly Honoring our Fallen and the Bartley and LaMar Families. Apache Troopers Apache 6, Paul Funk - Apache 29, Ron Livingston - and Apache Red, Joe Bowen were able to attend and pay our respects to our Fallen Troopers and their Families.

A gracious note from Ms Luciana Herman, Apache 6's Chief of Staff (Wife) and the Apache Troop Family Readiness Group Leader at Fort Hood.

The families and friends of the 1st Cavalry Division, 4th Brigade, 1-9 CAV Squadron, Apache Troop, Veterans, Bullwhip members, and civilians have done the best that they can to support the families of the fallen and wounded in a myriad of ways. Each family's needs are different, and we have tried to accommodate them as such, ensuring that each of our efforts has been aimed at shortening the distance on the path of healing. The soldiers of Apache Troop have been cared for by their leadership and fellow brothers in arms, and we have received nothing but positive feedback on their improved work ethic and resiliency. Thank you to all who have and will continue to support our community as the grieving process is long and arduous.



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