



THE TROOPER



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11 May – Mother’s Day. Do it now - order the roses, make that dinner reservation, or call all the kids back into the nest and again show Mother’s how much they are loved and appreciated.

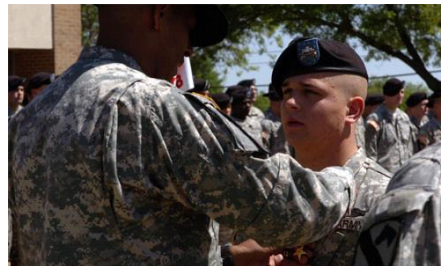
Fort Hood Sentinel April 10, 2008

The 1st Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment replaced Lt. Col. Jeffrey Sauer with Lt. Col. David Lesperance and replaced Command Sgt. Maj. Horace Gilbert with Command Sgt. Maj. Robert French.

‘Grey Wolf’ Soldier earns Silver Star

Standing tall, a young Soldier received his award – the Silver Star medal – the third highest military award given for gallantry in action against the enemy, preceded only by the Distinguished Service Cross and the Medal of Honor.

Spc. Steven Cornford, who was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, 3rd Brigade Combat Team, 1st Cavalry Division, during Operation Iraqi Freedom 06-08, was presented the medal by Brig. Gen. Vincent Brooks, 1st Cav. Div. commanding general, April 18 in front of the 3-8 Cav. Regt. headquarters for his actions during the night of April 8, 2007.



Honor and Courage

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Mail Call

It becomes rarer each day to converse with those of the “Greatest Generation”. Troopers Dwight Hurlbert and Bruce Davis are among the most senior members of our association with service predating 1940. Without them, and their kind, we might all be speaking fluent German or Japanese these days.

Dwight Hurlbert – Hq&Hq and MG Troops [1938] – 2 Mar 08

Dear Carl: Your new publication is a blue-ribbon winner!!!

Thanks for your personal effort to provide me with the past and current issues of the publication. Perhaps I will some day resolve the riddle of how to download it from the internet, but get it to me however you can. Considering my age, it is an uncertainty how long I will be privileged to receive and read *The Trooper*, but I think it entirely proper that I kick in a few bucks toward your costs of forwarding it to me by snail-mail.

You can put the dunce cap on me and banish me to the back of the room, but I find that I can contribute nothing worthy of publishing in your newsletter. I was a member of the regiment from the date of my enlistment on July 16, 1938 until early 1941, all that period of service at Fort Bliss. In early 1941 I was assigned to another element at Fort Bliss and although I lost my close association with the Regiment and Division, I have for the last 69+ of my 92+ years proudly claimed being a Cavalry Trooper through and through.

I think your Troop Support Program is a most worthy project to which I am pleased to contribute. I haven't been able to figure how to include my check in this e-mail, so I will entrust it to the Postal Service.

My wife turns 89 this month and it is her physical condition, not my own, that prevents me from attending any of the Association reunions.

My best regards to you and the other working members of the Association.

Dwight Hurlbert

Who can top my claim of most service numbers? I enlisted under the serial number [xxxxxxx], was given a AUS Warrant Offer service number, a RA Warrant Officer service number and, lastly, a commissioned officer service number. It is as if I had my enlisted serial number tattooed on my body (which I don't), but it is the one of which I am most proud and which remains more embedded in my memory than the other three.

Editor's Note: Thanks for the kind words. We'll be looking forward to receiving some of those pics from your days in the “Horse Cavalry”.

Mail Call (Continuation)

Bruce Davis - (B and C Troops [1939]) - 2 Mar 08

BATTLEFIELD NAUANCES

By Bruce Davis

As I sit in my recliner, in my reclining years, and calling back and forth to my wife, Lee, of 63 years, from one side of the bedroom to the other, the conversations often go like this: huh? What did you say? Repeat? What is the topic? Spell it: Say again! Speak slowly and enunciate (the same message one gets from our answering machine when we can't answer! You get the idea? I was thinking how important our hearing was to each serviceman during his/her tour of service. All our senses were on the highest alert most of the time and the computer in our heads were continually changing out info for further updates and refreshing. As a member of the combat arms I recall how each little difference could mean so much and could even cost your life if you were careless in processing and handling it. If your foxhole buddy lays down his carbine and thumbs his side arm, what does that mean? If you hear that grenade handle sail off and that soft snap, your inner clock starts counting the seconds till that grenade better be on its way, bouncing on the ground or something soon or else one or both of you may be buying it. We infantry types always knew our weapons and the enemy's weapons and could identify them any time.

During training we could all "field strip" and restore, in the dark, all our company individual and crew served weapons, no problem. The best could "detail strip" and restore, in the dark, all those same weapons. That was good! In combat, these weapons or assigned parts of a crew served weapon, became something else. They were respected, revered, given TLC, and talked to, like a team member, a blood relative, or one of the families. Many were given names – a lot were called "baby". It was ok to include them in squad conversations, in the third person. When a base plate or tripod hit the ground, especially in a perimeter situation about nightfall, chances are it hit the "hot spot" and only needed a minor adjustment for combat that night.

You knew the sound of a bolt coming back on one of our BAR's, a 30 cal air or water-cooled machinegun, when being loaded. Sometimes you wondered what was going on when some tank commander, across the perimeter at 3 am on a moonless night, loads and locks his piece on the turret (a 50 Cal mg.) at that time.

We always recognized our own support weapons as well as those used by the enemy. i.e. 60 and 90 mm mortars, our artillery pieces and corps attached big guns, the AF, Navy, etc and we loved to have those 4.2 mortars in support as they were so precise. We hated it when the "in-coming" caught us in a forest or around trees because of tree bursts but TOT shells were as bad. Then there were the combat engineers and their wares i.e. "fire in the hole" satchel charges, bouncing Betty's, mines, etc. We knew them all and recognized the key sounds and sights i.e. that pop before those antipersonnel mines started to bounce.

Mother's Day

The earliest Mother's Day celebrations are traced back to the spring celebrations of ancient Greece in honor of Rhea, the Mother of the Gods.

During the 1600's, England celebrated a day called "Mothering Sunday", celebrated on the 4th Sunday of Lent. "Mothering Sunday" honored the mothers of England. During this time many of the England's poor worked as servants for the wealthy. As most jobs were located far from their homes, the servants would live at the houses of their employers. On Mothering Sunday the servants would have the day off and were encouraged to return home and spend the day with their mothers. A special cake, called the mothering cake, was often brought along to provide a festive touch.

As Christianity spread throughout Europe the celebration changed to honor the "Mother Church" -- the spiritual power that gave them life and protected them from harm. Over time the church festival blended with the Mothering Sunday celebration. People began honoring their mothers as well as the church.

In the United States Mother's Day was first suggested in 1872 by Julia Ward Howe as a day dedicated to peace.

In 1907 Ana Jarvis, from Philadelphia, began a campaign to establish a national Mother's Day. Ms. Jarvis persuaded her mother's church in Grafton, West Virginia to celebrate Mother's Day on the second anniversary of her mother's death, the 2nd Sunday of May. By the next year Mother's Day was also celebrated in Philadelphia.

Ms. Jarvis and her supporters began to write to ministers, businessmen, and politicians in their quest to establish a national Mother's Day. It was successful; by 1911 Mother's Day was celebrated in almost every state. **President Woodrow Wilson, in 1914, made the official announcement proclaiming Mother's Day a national holiday that was to be held each year on the 2nd Sunday of May.**

* * *

How many of these did you hear from your Mother while you were growing up??

Someday your face will freeze like that!
What if everyone jumped off a cliff? Would you do it, too?
You're going to put your eye out with that thing!
How many times do I have to tell you...don't throw things in the house!
Close the door behind you -- were you born in a barn?
Don't put that in your mouth, you don't know where it's been.
Why? Because I said so, that's why?
Don't use that tone with me!

Mother's Day (Continuation)

Eat those carrots; they're good for your eyes. Have you ever seen a rabbit wearing glasses?

Did you flush?

You can be anything you want to, if you just set your mind to it.

There's enough dirt in those ears to grow potatoes!

Be good -- but if you can't be good, be careful.

I don't care what "everyone" is doing; I care what you are doing!

If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all.

I hope someday you have children just like you.

Don't talk with your mouth full!

Always put on clean underwear in the morning, in case you're in an accident.

Sit like a lady!

Don't pick, it'll get infected.

I'm not just talking to hear myself.

I'm going to give you until the count of three.

Put that down! You don't know where it's been!

Don't cross your eyes or they'll freeze that way.

If you swallow a watermelon seed, a watermelon will grow out your ears.

Men perspire, ladies glisten.

There's enough dirt behind those ears that you could grow potatoes.

Editor's Note: To all the Mothers out there, "Thank you Mom". Thank you for your pain of birthing us, thank you for rearing us, thank you for teaching us and standing by us when we were adolescents, our teen years, and your tears, love and letters when we went off to war. We're sorry for all the pain that we caused you through our zealous youth and ignorance. Thank you Mom for being "Mom" and always being there, yesterday, today, tomorrow and forever!! It's Ok with me Mom if you spoil your grandchildren--a little.

Saluting The WWI Legacy

Retired Army **Cpl. Howard V. Ramsey**, the last known U.S. combat veteran of WWI, recently was laid to rest in Portland, OR.

His lifetime spanned three centuries and 19 presidents. He was born in April 1898 in Rico, CO. The U.S. flag at that time only had 45 stars and William McKinley, who was president at that time, was preparing to declare war with Spain.

Ramsey was honored in a memorial service March 2 attended by nearly 200 people at Lincoln Memorial Park in Portland exactly one month before reaching his 109th birthday.

Editor's Note: Cpl Ramsey died 22 February 2007

Memorial Day

The Military Wife

(Author Unknown)

The good Lord was creating a model for military wives and was into His sixth day of overtime when an angel appeared. She said, "Lord, you seem to be having a lot of trouble with this one. What's wrong with the standard model?"

The Lord replied, "Have you seen the specs on this order. She has to be completely independent, possess the qualities of both a father and mother, be a perfect hostess to four or forty with an hour's notice, run on black coffee, handle every emergency imaginable without a manual, be able to carry on cheerfully, even if she is pregnant and has the flu, and she must be willing to move to a new location ten times in seventeen years. And, oh yes, she must have six pairs of hands!"

The angel shook her head, "Six pairs of hands? No way.

"The Lord continued, "Don't worry, I will make other military wives to help her. And I will give her an unusually strong heart so it can swell with pride in her husband's achievements, sustain the pain of separations, beat soundly when it is overworked and tired, and be large enough to say, 'I understand' when she doesn't and say 'I love you', regardless."

"Lord," said the angel, touching his arm gently. "Go to bed and get some rest. You can finish this tomorrow."

"I can't stop now," said the Lord. "I am so close to creating something unique. Already this model heals herself when she is sick, can put up six unexpected guests for the weekend, wave good-bye to her husband from a pier, a runway or a depot, and understand why it's important that he leave."

The angel circled the model of the military wife, looked at it closely and sighed, "It looks fine, but it's too soft."

"She might look soft," replied the Lord. "But she has the strength of a lion. You would not believe what she can endure."

Finally the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek of the Lord's creation. "There's a leak," she announced. "Something is wrong with the construction. I am not surprised that it has cracked. You are trying to put too much into this model."

The Lord appeared offended at the angel's lack of confidence. "What you see is not a leak," He said. "It's a tear."

"A tear?" What is it there for?" asked the angel.

Memorial Day (Continuation)

The Lord replied, "It's for joy, sadness, pain, disappointment, loneliness, pride and a dedication to all the values that she and her husband hold dear."

"You are a genius!" exclaimed the angel.

The Lord looked puzzled and replied, "I didn't put it there."

Editor's Note: I have no earthly idea who wrote this piece but it describes so many women, wives of military men. When we remember the military men and women on this Memorial Day, let's remember the spouses too, they are an integral part of each military man. Without them the military man would not be able to do their job and carry out the mission.

In Memoriam

NAME	UNIT	YR/MO	HOME	DECEASED	SPOUSE
Elber, Fred C.	E Troop	4400	Erie, PA	13 Apr 08	Louise

Membership Recap

Year Joined	No	Died	With-Drew	Current Total
2001	123	33	7	83
2002	39	8	2	29
2003	35	5	1	29
2004	27	1	1	25
2005	20	1		19
2006	10			10
2007	50	1	1	48
2008	8			8
	312	49	12	251



Potpourri

Tom retired in his early 50's and started a second career. However, even though he loved his new job, he just couldn't seem to get to work on time. Every day, he was 5, 10, 15 minutes late. But he was a good worker and really sharp, so his boss was in a quandary about how to deal with it. Finally, one day, his boss called him into the office for a talk.

"Tom, I must tell you, I truly like your work ethic, you do a bang-up job, but being late for work nearly every day is quite annoying to me as well as your fellow workers."

Tom replied, "Yes, sir, I know. I'm sorry, but I am working on it."

"That's what I like to hear," his boss said. "However, the fact that you consistently come to work late does puzzle me, because I understand that you retired from the United States Air Force, and they have some pretty rigid rules about tardiness. Isn't that correct?"

"Yes. I did retire from the Air Force, and I'm mighty proud of it!" said Tom. "Well, what did they say when you came in late?" asked his boss.

"They said, 'Good morning, General!'."

