



**Issue 1**

**February 2009**

WOW! It's great to be back in the saddle again. Been a long "drag" since we last met in the last issue of the *The Trooper*. Time does not fly when you're not having fun. I want to thank the Directors who have authorized continued publication of *The Trooper* from now until "whenever". And I want to especially express my personal "THANK YOU" to all the troopers who wrote, mailed, texted and called the Directors requesting that *The Trooper* newsletter be continued.

This newsletter is dedicated to you, the Troopers. I encourage you to share with the membership any stories, vignettes, photos or appropriate information that you would care to. I'll do my best to get them published within the space allotted for the publication. The newsletter will normally consist of four (4) pages without incurring an additional postage charge for overweight.

*The Trooper* is dispatched: via the USPS for those who do not have a computer; and published on our website for those that do. If you have a computer but do not have the capability to download and print *The Trooper*, please let me know and I'll place your name on the roster to receive it via the USPS. Receipt of *The Trooper* via the internet is a dollar savings to the association.

**HELP!** Jim Brown is seeking contact with anyone who knew Trooper Donald Raymond Freeman, Co E, MIA 2 Nov 50 at Unsan. Jim grew up with Don in Toledo, OH. Jim can be contacted at 6534 Bakers View Dr., Vale, NC 28168. (740) 462-1628 or at [n4zy@charter.net](mailto:n4zy@charter.net).

I write this issue on Valentine's Day and I trust that all of you treated the love of your life to a beautiful bouquet of flowers, a fine dinner, and most importantly spoke those welcomed words:

**Sweetheart, I Love You**

**Honor and Courage**

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Editor**

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## Mail Call

### 20 May 2008 - Doyel, Norma - (Former Treasurer)

Dear Fellow Association Friends, Thank you for being there and allowing me to still be a part of what Walt started. You've helped me through any number of rough spots the last 8 months. The watch will keep those memories alive for a long time to come. I will treasure the watch and it will sit next to Walt's from the Grand Master of Masons 2003 where I can see it daily. You all afforded me so many fond memories I shared with Walt and all the albums of pictures we took and he liked going through them when he wasn't on his Ham Radio or the computer working on the Lodge business and communicating with his friends.

Love you all, Norma.

**Editors Note:** Norma's letter was in response to receipt of an 8th Cav Regt wristwatch that was presented to her upon change of association Treasurers last May. Norma assumed the duties of Treasurer upon the untimely death of her husband, Treasurer Walt Doyel, on 11 Aug 2007.

**27 Jun 2008**—Received FONCON this date from Trooper Andrew G. Tsimpides calling from Adamsville, AL. He wanted to thank the association for sending him the "Miss You" card regarding the reunion at Branson. And he sent a special thank you to Karl Sharples.

**10 Sep 2008 — Hayden, Will—Med Co** Been in the hospital since last Thursday night, had surgery on Friday almost 5 hours as they removed my enlarged gallbladder.. 3 times the regular size...still feel like crap. So I may get back on in a day or two. NO PAIN, just under too long I guess.. Will

### 29 Jan 2009 - Kies, Robert H. - L Co.

**Editors Note: Concerning the Battle of Unsan, November 1950 Korean War:**

The 3d Qtr, 2009 Issue of The Trooper will be dedicated to the memory of those who were engaged in the Battle of Unsan. I request all of you who were there during that battle to submit to the Editor your experience at Unsan for sharing with the membership. I have been in email and FONE contact with Trooper Kies concerning his participation at Unsan. Trooper Kies' exploits at Unsan are mentioned numerous times in David Halberstam's book *"The Coldest Winter: America and the Korean War"*. If you enjoy military history, this is a Must Reading - especially for 8th Cavalry Regiment Troopers.

**14 Feb 2009 — Hayden, Will—Med Co****Editors Note:** Will is still experiencing some medical problems so keep him in your prayers. Will is a Master Wood Carver and sends a graphic of one of his latest wood carvings. The carvings of Will and his wife Kay are interesting and can be viewed on his website at <http://www.willhayden.com/>



## **Davis, Bruce A. - Troop B and C - 28 Oct 2008**

### **MAJOR SAM WILSON**

In 1954 I was assigned to the 322d Tank Battalion, 19<sup>th</sup> Armored Group, Seventh Army, USA, Europe, from Ft Carson, CO., Fifth Army. Soon after, the colors of the 322d Tk Bn were returned to the Arkansas National Guard and we members were renamed the 826 Tank Battalion. A new commander, Thomas Howard, was assigned. Col Howard had been a member of Gen George Patton's Third Army during WWII and Howard loved to be referred to as "one of Patton's lieutenants". He was a good commander who loved to work hard and play hard, at the appropriate times. One day we officers were called to the Officer's Club to meet, our newly assigned, Executive Officer. To my surprise it was Major Sam Wilson.

#### **[back to 1944-1945]**

Sam and I had been platoon leaders together in the 8<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Regiment, during WWII, in the Philippine Islands 1944-1945. On the first night on Samar Island, Sam was assigned to command a reinforced, platoon strong, outpost. Our commanders were so sure of a counterattack that night our only anti-tank gun, a 37mm, and jeep towed gun was included. The outpost was overrun that night with most killed or wounded before reinforcements arrived. . My friend, William Perry, the leader of our unofficial regimental dance band, was one of those killed. Perry had been a dance band leader in the LA area before being drafted. He played a mean E flat alto sax. Sam was left for dead with a bayonet and a saber thrust through his right chest. He was evacuated to an area (in Theater) hospital

Several months later, my company was attacking a series of hills, held by the enemy, east of Manila, along with the rest of the Division. We had had three company commanders, all I knew well, killed in three days. My company commander was killed, and I was wounded for a third time, a few minutes before I was summoned to the rear for a meet with the battalion commander. I was then a newly field appointed, 2d lieutenant. The commander was interviewing our Signal Officer, 1<sup>st</sup> Lt John U. Shepardson, as a possible CO. He asked to remain in his current job and was about to turn to me when Sam Wilson walks up. He had just been returned to duty from the hospital. He was a 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. He was appointed our company CO.

#### **[back to 1954]**

Col Howard assigned me to Maj Wilson, to give him a tour of the post and set him up in the BOQ, where I lived until my family arrived in Theater. Sam's family was in Theater and would be arriving on Post as soon as quarters were available. For weeks after Sam's arrival I noticed that he was always arranging to be where I was, in training, on detail, at the BOQ, etc. He was always chewing gum and I expected he had a drinking problem he was trying to cover up though he never drank at the club or with anyone present.

Army orders were issued for a Major and a 1<sup>st</sup> Lt, from the 826 Tk Bn, for a special detail. A bird colonel, from another outfit, would be the team leader. The team would test for Bn combat readiness. Sam and I were named. We would be a part of this team for several weeks and our station of duty would be Baumholder, which was on the western edge of Germany (on the border with France). Our IP was 8 am on a Sunday morning at Bn HQ. Sam and I signed out and hit the road for the all day trip. We had been driving for only a short time when Sam, who was leading, motioned us to follow him into a parking lot of a gasthaus. Sam offered us a drink and the two drivers and I took a soft drink. Sam ordered a beer with a whiskey shot. He put the shot glass into his beer glass, drank and ordered another. We left that bar and were on the road again- but for only a few miles, Sam, again, motioned us to another bar. We declined his offer for more drinks and waited while he had a couple more of those combination drinks. All the while I was pleading with him to get on the road as we had lots to do after arriving at our destination and the drivers had even more to do.

I advised Sam we would not be stopping anymore and we did not at his next one. That was the last I saw of Sam. He did not show up at the detail site. No one ever asked me about our trip. To my knowledge no one ever questioned either of the drivers about it. When my detail was over and I returned to our Post, it was as if Sam had never existed. He and his family were long gone. I heard afterwards that Sam had come to us for “a last chance to save his career” from a drinking problem; that he had been reduced in rank to staff sergeant (the grade when he entered OCS); that he had been sent to a center for drunks to dry out. I do not know how much of this is true. I have thought about Sam many times. Did I do enough to try to save him? I thought about physically putting him in my jeep, using the roll of masking tape we had, to confine him and take him to the job, etc. but none of those ideas seemed to be right or worth the gamble. I am sure Sam suffered PTSD (post traumatic stress disorder) from his WWII days and the drink got him through each day. I have more recently been inclined to believe Sam left home that morning after deciding he was giving up the fight - THAT DAY. Why do I spend so much time thinking about things/decisions I have made/done in the past? It's as if I am seeking things to worry about. Is this normal or what?

**Editors Note:** This vignette comes to us from retired Army Maj Bruce Davis, a member of “**The Greatest Generation**” and the first Chairman of the association's Board of Directors.

### **13 Nov 2008 – Moore, Fenton L. - F Troop - (some of Fenton's life highlights)**

Born June 6, 1917 at Vicksburg Mississippi - "Flew the coop" September 7, 1936 from sharecropping home, due to denial of high school attendance - Knocked around Dallas a few months and joined the Army - Rode a horse with 1st Cavalry Division for six years - Taught self to type and earned HS diploma, served as Administrative NCO - Service in CBI, Germany, Bolivia, Costa Rica and retired from The Pentagon after 29 years service - Thrice awarded the Army Commendation Medal - Civil Service US Navy five years - In 1971 retired to home County Seat, Yazoo City and Served as Civil Defense Director, Apartment Manager, Hospital Purchasing Agent, Office Manager and Materials Manager - September 1983 joined Social Security and AARP - Attended eight Elderhostel Programs at Tucson, Fresno, Denver, Brownsville, Quarryville, Poteau, Kerrville and Ashville - Visited all fifty states, Australia, Austria, Azores, Bali, Bangladesh, Bolivia, Burma, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Denmark, Ecuador, Fiji, Finland, France, Germany, Guam, Holland, Hong Kong, India, Ireland, Japan, Johnson Island, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Majuro, Mexico, Morocco, Netherlands, Norway, Pakistan, Panama, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Scotland, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Wales - Traversed Panama and Suez Canals - Made more than 100 airplane flights - Married to Dorothy May Hancock for 66 years and 9 months - Owned houses in Fort Smith AR, two in Yazoo City MS, Baton Rouge LA and Round Rock TX.

**Editors Note:** Fenton is another of our most senior members and a member of the “**Greatest Generation**”, and can proudly affirm “I rode the horse”. The above highlights accompanied Trooper Moore's membership application received in November.

Troopers Bruce Davis and - Fenton Moore - We SALUTE YOU !!!!!



18 Feb 2009 - Spice, Floyd G. - F Co

### *The Clinging Clanging Cup Story*

After getting out of the army in Aug. of 1952, I went to Tucson, Arizona to visit my brother "Bud" who was the ordained minister of a church.

One day he asked me if I knew where I was on any particular day. I told him that I recalled very few dates. Then he asked about the night of April 22<sup>nd</sup>-23<sup>rd</sup>. Oh yes, I did remember that night! He asked if I would tell him about it so I told him this story.

I had only been in Korea a week or so, when the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Division was sent in reserve to dig defensive positions in the mountains north of Seoul to protect it from the anticipated Chinese Army's spring offensive.

When they attacked the Third Division north of us, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of the 8<sup>th</sup> Cav was sent to assist in their withdrawal. Then "George" Co was sent into the mountains to the east of a river (the Imjin?) valley and "Easy" Co went to the mountains to the west. My "Fox" Co was sent to protect the river valley. I was sent on an outpost with about 10 men to secure the river bed. We were a good 200 yards out in front of the rest of my Fox Co. who were positioned on both sides of the valley. We set out trip flares, booby traps, etc., ahead of our positions. I was assistant BAR man. Our BAR man was an old WWII veteran who had fought in North Africa, Italy etc. A real hero in my book and we shared the same fox hole! During the night our artillery would fire up the river bed to keep the enemy loose.

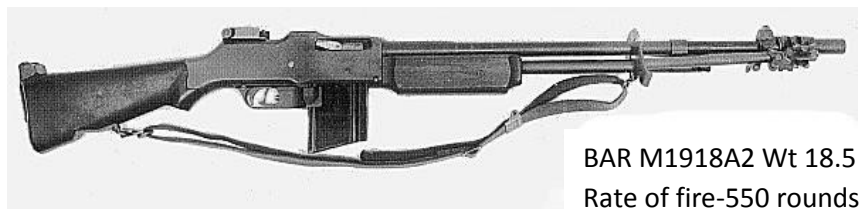
In the middle of the night, a fire fight opened up in the mountains to the West and Easy Co was being hit! A lot of tracers were flying, grenades going off, and mortar shells were exploding! After what seemed forever (about a ½ hour) things quieted down. Easy Co had held!! An hour or so later the same thing happened with George Co. in the mountains to the East. They held!! We knew that they would hit the river valley where we were next!! Our artillery stepped up the barrages north over our heads up river. I was scared but took some comfort that I was with the old vet.

A short round (That's an artillery round that lands a lot closer than its supposed to) landed about 25 yards in front of us! The explosion set off some of our flares and booby traps. When they went off I 'knew' that the enemy had been startled by the short round and had jumped up and ran setting everything off though I didn't see anybody. I started shaking from fear and my canteen was rattling loudly against my canteen cup. I was afraid that the old vet would think I was a coward and, no doubt, the enemy would hear it and I would be giving away our position.

I forced myself to stop shaking - but the canteen & cup were still rattling! The old vet I was in the fox hole with was just as scared as I was!! Miraculously, the Chinese withdrew and Fox Co. didn't get hit. My outpost would have been wiped out if they had come down the river bed. The rest of the long night passed without incident and the sun **did** finally come up. We departed the area and went back to our positions north of Seoul. The old vet, (who was 33,) was transferred out of the infantry as he was classified too old. I never saw him again and I became the BAR man thru many fire fights.

I asked my brother why he wanted to know about that night. He told me that he was sitting at his desk when he had a strong feeling that I needed help. It was daytime in Tucson and night time in Korea. He got my sister-in-law Marge and they went next door to the church and prayed for me! I was overwhelmed that God chose to spare us that night through the prayers of my brother and sister-in-law.

Floyd Spice



BAR M1918A2 Wt 18.5 lbs  
Rate of fire-550 rounds per  
min

## Meet the Chaplain



**Robert "Bob" Teachout**

You can contact Bob via TP: 315-422-4401 or email: [Chaplain@8Cavalry.org](mailto:Chaplain@8Cavalry.org)

Bob has a website located at: <http://voiceofaction.com>

### **POTPOURI**

***Comments Made in the Year 1955!***

***That's only 54 years ago!***

- 1) 'I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$20.00.'
- 2) 'If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit. A quarter a pack is ridiculous.'
- 3) 'Did you hear the post office is thinking about charging a dime just to mail a letter?'
- 4) 'If they raise the minimum wage to \$1.00, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store.'
- 5) 'I'm afraid the Volkswagen car is going to open the door to a whole lot of foreign business.'
- 6) 'There is no sense going to Lincoln or Omaha anymore for a weekend, it costs nearly \$15.00 a night to stay in a hotel.'
- 8) 'If they think I'll pay 50 cents for a hair cut, forget it.'
- 9) 'Thank goodness I won't live to see the day when the Government takes half our income in taxes. I sometimes wonder if we are electing the best people to congress.'
- 10) **CY2009: What the Government giveth, it has already confiscated!!!**



## From The Secretary

**Email Addresses:** The secretary continues to receive “bounced” responses to my mailings. Please send your current email address to [secretary@8cavalry.org](mailto:secretary@8cavalry.org) and ensure that you do not have that email addressed blocked on your computer. Otherwise, you have my email address blocked and you cannot receive my mail. Also, suggest you put my email address into your email address book which should ensure that you receive association mail. I “Thank You” in advance for your help.

**Reunion 2009:** We’ll have our “off year” reunion with the 1st Cav Div Association in Killeen, TX 3-7 June 2009. You’ll find complete information in the Nov-Dec 2008 Issue of the Saber - also on the internet at [http://www.1cda.org/62nd\\_Reunion.htm](http://www.1cda.org/62nd_Reunion.htm) If you haven't yet, **DO IT NOW ! MAKE YOUR PLANS !**

**Resignation:** Effective 9 January 2009, Trooper Karl Sharples resigned the offices of Director and Chairman of the Board. Trooper John “Jack” Burrer was appointed by President Guthrie to fulfill the vacancy and was subsequently elected among the Directors to be Chairman of the Board.

**Thank You:** A big “THANK YOU” to all of you who promptly remitted dues in response to the annual dues notification program.

**A Reminder:** All officers and Directors of the association serve without pay. They serve for the love of the military and especially their love of fellow troopers of the 8<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Regiment.

**Historian:** This office is vacant and is in great need of being filled. PLEASE – don’t we have a trooper who will volunteer for this very important duty?

### In Memoriam

NAME	UNIT	YR/MO	HOME	DECEASED	SPOUSE
Elber, Fred C.	E	4400	Erie, PA	13 Apr 08	Louise
Besacon, Paul A.	G	5106	Fredericksburg, OH	23 May 08	Janis
Reister, Jr., William H.	HQ	5011	Colo Springs, CO	27 Sep 08	Grace

### Membership Recap

Year Joined	NO	Died	With-Drew	Regular Member	Associate Member
2001	123	35	7	81	
2002	38	8	2	28	1
2003	33	6	2	25	2
2004	27	2	1	24	
2005	20	2		18	
2006	9			9	1
2007	50	4	2	44	
2008	32			32	2
2009	7			7	3
TOTAL	339	57	14	268	9

## Sometimes it's just a matter of perspective.

A young couple moves into a new neighborhood. The next morning while they are eating breakfast, the young woman sees her neighbor hanging the wash outside. "That laundry is not very clean", she said. "She doesn't know how to wash correctly. Perhaps she needs better laundry soap".

Her husband looked on, but remained silent. Every time her neighbor would hang her wash to dry, the young woman would make the same comments. About one month later, the woman was surprised to see a nice clean wash on the line and said to her husband: "Look, she has learned how to wash correctly. I wonder who taught her this."

The husband said, "I got up early this morning and cleaned our windows .....

~~~~~  
And so it is with life. What we see when watching others depends on the purity of the window through which we look.

AMEN !

