In This Issue

Are Horses Essential in Modern War?          112th Cavalry Regiment

Indian War Period                      Vietnam Memories

Generals in Blue                         Generals in Gray

Definition of a Nung                   Five Horses--and a Devil
The United States Cavalry Association
Organized February 20, 1976

The aim and purpose of the Association shall be to preserve the history, traditions, uniforms, and equipment of the United States Cavalry units, including mounted support units, and to sponsor the U.S. Cavalry Museum and U.S. Cavalry Memorial Research library for education’s purposes and to preserve literature used by the United States Cavalry throughout its history.

Article IV, Constitution

Officers

President
Cpt. William H. Tempero, USAR
Vice President
Fred Klink
Treasurer
Dennis Bruzina

Board of Directors

Chairman
Vice Chairman
Col. Samuel L. Myers, USA Ret.
Members
Joan Gard Baird
Frederick E. Klink
Jeffrey L. Maahs
Daniel L. McCluskey
Lindsay D. Baird, Esq.
Rev. Paul H. Scholtz
Cpt. William Tempero, USAR
Col. W. Glenn Yarborough, USA, Ret.
Sgt. John Husby, USAR
CDR William Kambic, USNR, Ret
SSgt. Jeffrey Wall, USMC
Jimmy Johnston

Staff
Linda Pollock – Office Manager
Natalie Frakes- Archivist

The Cavalry Journal
Published Quarterly
by
The United States Cavalry Association
Volume XXXX, Issue 2 June 2015

This edition of the Cavalry Journal is dedicated to the memory of all cavalrymen.

Contents

1 Pages from the Past
   Are Horses Essential in Modern War?
4 Cavalry Organizations
   112th Cavalry Regiment
5 Guest Author
   Indian War Period
   by Sam Young
   Vietnam Memories
   by Niven Baird
9 Cavalry Personalities
   General Buford
   General Morgan
11 Definition of a Nung
   by Natalie Frakes
11 Cavalry Horses
   Five Horses—and a Devil
18 President’s Tack Room
   Notes from the Editor
19 Specials from Sutler’s Store

Join the Cavalry!

ISSN1074-0252

United States Cavalry Association
7107 W. Cheyenne Street
El Reno, OK 73036
www.uscavalry.org
405-422-6330

Editorial/Publication offices: U.S. Cavalry Assn., 7107 W. Cheyenne St., El Reno, OK 73036
Published four times a year; 1 March, 1 June, 1 September, 1 December
Subscriptions included in Annual Dues; Individual Annual Dues $40.00, Family Annual Membership $55.00, Individual USA Life Memberships Dues $400.00,
Overseas Annual Dues $60.00
All Dues are payable in advance
Extra copies of the Journal are available for $5.00
U.S. Cavalry Memorial Research Library,
El Reno, OK 73036
There were plenty of “ducks” and trucks to move supplies across the Sicilian beaches and haul them up the highways. And when the armor landed, there was enough of that, too. But when the Seventh Army started fighting its way through Sicily’s precipitous mountains, there were two things it did not have—pack transport and horse cavalry.

It was not long after the Americans hit the beaches before everybody, from the Commanding General down, realized that Sicily’s tortuous terrain was a “natural” for pack trains and horse cavalry. Without them, supply was a back-breaking problem; reconnaissance was made difficult. Heavy weapons sometimes lagged behind the infantry, and pursuit of the retreating Germans was never quite fast enough to accomplish their destruction.

As a result, some of the German forces eventually escaped across the Strait of Messina and lived to fight another day against Allied troops in Italy.

The invasion of Sicily on July 10 probably was as thoroughly planned an operation as American troops had ever undertaken. Every piece of motorized or mechanized equipment that conceivably could be used was provided. The speed with which the island was conquered (thirty-eight days) attested to the efficiency of operational planning.

Because pack transport and horse cavalry were not available, however, they were not included in this operational planning. One infantry division, anticipating supply problems, did bring 90 burros across from North Africa, but these light animals could not handle the job.

After the Sicilian operation was actually underway and fighting had progressed into rugged mountain terrain, with supply hampered by inadequate roads, blown bridges and mine fields, it was necessary hastily to improvise pack trains. A limited number of mules and horses were hurriedly rounded up, hauled to the front in trucks and, with inadequately trained personnel, put into service. Naturally, the result, while helpful, was far from satisfactory.

At the conclusion of the campaign, Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Commanding the Seventh Army, and his corps and division commanders made some significant comments on the need for pack transport and horse cavalry in mountainous terrain.

General Patton summed up his conclusion as follows:

“In countries such as Sicily, it is almost necessary to have pack animals.

In almost any conceivable theater of operations, situations arise where the presence of horse cavalry, in a ratio of a division to an army, will be of vital moment.

It is the considered opinion, not only of myself but of many other general officers who took their origin from the infantry and artillery, that had we possessed an American cavalry division with pack artillery in Tunisia and in Sicily, not a German would have escaped, because horse cavalry possesses the additional gear ratio which permits it to attain sufficient speed through mountainous country to get behind and hold the enemy until the more powerful infantry and tanks can come up and destroy him.”

Major General M. S. Eddy, commanding the 9th Infantry Division, went into more detail on the
subject:

"Infantry can advance only so far without receiving its daily supplies of water, ammunition and food. In this (the Sicilian) campaign, even in the case of infantry advancing along a main road, the advance was temporarily held up, primarily because of the difficulties of supply.

Because practically all bridges had been blown and the terrain was such that motor vehicles could not be used until engineers had constructed long and difficult by-passes, pack mules had to be employed.

A conglomerate of pack equipment was finally collected that was neither adequate nor efficient. Inexperienced packers did the best they could, and the drain on manpower to furnish packers and mule leaders was quite heavy. To obviate these difficulties in future operations, the following recommendations are made:

1. Provide organized pack trains for any operation where mountainous terrain is to be encountered. These units could be in corps or army reserve, to be attached to divisions as needed.

2. In case organized pack units are not available, provide a stock of American pack equipment, including special pack saddles for the six loads of the 75mm mountain howitzer and for the heavy weapons of the infantry. Again, the stock could be held in army dumps to be issued as needed.

3. Provide units with pack equipment and mules on a loan basis during their training period before an operation in order that instruction in packing may be given."

Major General L. K. Truscott, Jr., commanding the 3d Infantry Division, in discussing lessons learned by his division, said:

"The 3d Infantry Division landed at Licata with about 90 burros brought from Africa. The burros were gradually discarded and replaced by both mules and horses. At the end of the Palermo phase we had accumulated a number of horses and mules equipped with captured and improvised pack saddles. Losses and wastage among these pack animals were extremely high because of the crude improvisations and the lack of trained personnel in the division to handle them.

During the final advance on Messina, it was necessary to increase greatly the number of pack animals. They were in constant use supplying elements engaged in flanking movements through the mountains."

At the end of the Sicilian campaign on August 17, the 3d Division had on hand 301 pack mules, of which 48 were unserviceable. In all, the division used about 500 pack animals during the final phase of the campaign. The division also had 115 horses, of which 34 were unserviceable.

General Truscott added:

"The need for mounted reconnaissance and combat elements to work in close cooperation with the infantry in rough terrain was no less marked than the need for pack animals. The need for such elements . . . is obvious. However, such elements cannot be improvised in combat from untrained personnel, although we made strenuous efforts to do so. Considerable use was made of riding animals for command and communication purposes and, to a very limited extent, for scouting.

I am firmly convinced that if one squadron of horse cavalry and one pack troop of 200 mules had been available to me at San Stefano on August 1, they would have enabled me to cut off and capture the entire German force opposing me along the north
coast road, and would have permitted my entry into Messina at least 48 hours earlier.”

During the campaign, General Truscott organized a provisional mounted troop and a provisional pack troop and began training personnel in animal management in order to provide more efficient and economical handling of animal transportation.

The provisional mounted troop consisted of troop headquarters and three reconnaissance platoons of three squads each. The provisional pack troop had about 250 serviceable pack mules. Both units were under a competent cavalry officer. Pack equipment included Philips packs as well as captured equipment of the French Army type.

After the campaign, General Truscott recommended that the division be authorized to organize a mounted troop and a pack troop on a provisional basis.

General Truscott concluded by making the following remark:

“I am firmly of the opinion that if future operations contemplate the employment of this division in terrain approaching that encountered in the Sicilian operation, that these organizations (pack, mounted reconnaissance and combat units) will be worth their weight in gold.”

General Eddy stated:

“The heavy weapons company must be the base of advance of the entire infantry battalion; therefore, to facilitate the advance of the battalion, it must be driven home to those responsible for the organization and equipment of the infantry battalion that heavy weapons cannot be manhandled and still keep up with the advance of rifle companies. Weapons carriers can go only so far in mountainous terrain, and their use is limited. Their use is also limited by swamps and jungles in other types of terrain.

In many instances in this campaign and in the Tunisian campaign, the weapons carrier drew hostile artillery fire and, from that point, the heavy weapons had to be carried by personnel unless pack mules were furnished.

Whenever pack mules could be secured or spared from supply functions they were furnished to heavy weapons companies, and in such instances, the heavy weapons companies had trouble keeping up with the rifle companies. Whenever the heavy weapons had to be carried by hand, the heavy weapons company lagged behind.”

Major General Eddy recommended that heavy weapons companies should have as part of their standard equipment the necessary. “Mules,” he said, “were always easily secured in North Africa and Sicily and mules and horses will be available in Europe.”

Lieutenant General O. N. Bradley, commanding the II Corps, also noted that infantry divisions had successfully employed pack mules. He concluded:

“In contemplated operations in mountainous terrain, plans should include facilities for supply by pack train.”

That which has been said of Sicily was equally true of Tunisia and of the mountainous terrain of Italy and probably of the jungles and swamps of the Southwest Pacific. With the added difficulty of rainy seasons, there is no question but what serious terrain problems will present themselves in any theater of operations. Knowing this and bearing in mind “that you get on the roads to march and must get off the roads to fight,” what is the answer to the question, “Is Pack Transport and Horse Cavalry Essential in Modern Warfare?”

Beyond the "jeep line" in Italy a mule pack train winds its way up the mountain side with supplies for troops. It will take about four hours to make the tedious five mile trip.
In March 1918, General Pershing called on the War department for 25,000 Cavalrymen to exploit the breakthrough in German defenses on the Western front in France. The United States did not have enough Cavalry and gave Texas authority to recruit two Brigades and three Regiments each, of National Guard Cavalry, to be trained and equipped at Mexican border posts to be sent overseas.

In September, 1918 all the officers and non-commissioned officers were sent to Camp Stanley at San Antonio, Texas for three months training in preparation for the mobilization of the two Brigades at Fort Bliss, Texas, which was to have been accomplished on January 2, 1919, but the war ended on November 11, 1918 and the Regiments were never called into Federal Service. However, they remained as the Texas National Guard Troop.

The 112th Cavalry was first organized as the 5th Texas Cavalry, 2nd Brigade, Texas National Guard by order of the Governor of Texas, on August 28, 1918. In December, 1920, the Texas Cavalry was disbanded due to reorganization of the Texas National Guard. The 5th Cavalry was redesignated the 1st Cavalry, December 14, 1920, and again redesignated as the 112th Cavalry, on July 20, 1921. The 112th Cavalry was used for martial law duty under call of the Governor more times than any other unit of the Texas National Guard.

Between World War I and World War II, the Regiment passed all Field Training tests and Federal Inspections with a rating of Satisfactory or better and has participated in all mobilizations, encampments and maneuvers ordered by the Brigade since 1918.

The 112th Cavalry was notified that they would be mobilized on November 18, 1940. In February, 1941, the 112th Cavalry was ordered to take station at Fort Clark at Bracketville, Texas relieving the 5th U.S. Cavalry and taking up the border duties of the 5th Cavalry.

Leaving the United States in July, 1942, as a Texas National Guard Cavalry Regiment, the 112th spent nine months in New Caledonia training Australian remounts and preparing for duty as a horse cavalry regiment in the SWPA (Southwest Pacific Area). Those were the dark days of Guadalcanal, and it was a tossup whether the outfit would join the Marines or not. However, the terrain was not suitable for cavalry combat, and though General Patch wanted the regiment, the high Command said no.

In May of 1943 orders were received to proceed at once to Northern Australia. The horses were left in the corral and from then on the regiment joined the doughboys. Constituting the combat element of a task force which included sailors and marines, the 112th Cavalry seized Woodlark Island without any ground opposition in July, 1943. This, with the simultaneous landing on Kiriwina Island by the 158th RCT, was the first step on the road back to Bataan and Tokyo. After six months in the jungle, the 112th was ordered to Goodenough Island. Again as the fighting nucleus of the Arawe, New Britain, Task Force, it teamed up with the 148th Field Artillery Battalion and became the Regimental Combat Team. The landing on the Arawe on December 15, 1943, was a diversionary operation in support of the 1st Marine Division’s landing at Cape Gloucester ten days later. Six months of bitter jungle fighting, characterized by incessant enemy bombing, saw the Marines and Cavalry joined up and in complete possession of the western half of
New Britain.
Ordered to New Guinea in June of 1944 for rest and rehabilitation, the combat team had a two week’s breathing spell terminated by orders to proceed to Aitape in support of the hard pressed 32nd division, holding that area against the bypassed enemy at Wewak. Twenty-four hours after the LCI’s beached at Aitape the 112th, with troops of the 32nd Division and later the 43rd Division, was on the Driniumor River line beginning 45 days of the hardest fighting it had yet experienced. Losses were heavy but the line was held and the counter-offensive of the Wewak Jap 18th Army was stopped in its tracks.

The 112th RCT, in November of 1944 joined the 1st Cavalry Division in the Leyte Campaign. It was the old story of jungle and mountain fighting, mud, supplies dropped from planes, and evacuation of the wounded by litter and native carriers. Upon conclusion of the Leyte Campaign, the 112th RCT still with the 1st Cavalry Division, landed at Lingayen on January 27, 1945. Here, for a period of several months, the combat team covered the left flank of the Sixth Army’s advance on Manila the regiment was spread on a line from Cabantuan to the Ipo Dam area (approximately 80 miles). The action was characterized by continuous patrolling deep behind enemy lines, coordination of harassing artillery fire, and air strikes. The conclusion of the Luzon Campaign found the 112th RCT fighting on the mountains Northeast of Manila.

The RCT arrived in Tokyo Bay on 2 September 1945, V-J Day, and landed on the Tateyama Naval Seaplane ramp 3 September where occupational duties were initiated.

Guest Author
‘INDIAN WAR PERIOD”
The Post Adjutant
By Trooper Sam Young

Adjutant’s Office, Fort Wallace, 26 June 1867

The following special orders, as directed by the Fort Larned commanding officer, were issued in the spring and summer, 1867, by the Fort Larned Post Adjutant:

May 5: Special Orders, No. 56, signed by 2nd Lieutenant George W. Raulston, 37th U.S. Infantry, Adjutant:
Company "A" 10th US Cavalry, will hereafter, until further orders, practice at target firing, using one round of ammunition per man each day.

May 14: Special Orders, No. 60, signed by Lieutenant Raulston:

May 18: Special Orders, No. 62, signed by Lieutenant Raulston:

July 6: Special Orders, No. 94, signed by 1st Lieutenant Henry Romeyn, 37th U.S. Infantry,
Adjutant:

1. Privates William McNamara Co "B" 3d Infantry and Joseph Miller Co "D" 3d Infantry are hereby relieved from daily duty as Post Gardeners and will report to their Company Commander for duty.

2. Private James Wainhoff Co "D" 3d Infantry is hereby detailed on daily duty as Post Gardener and will report to the Post Treasurer for duty.

From the above special orders, it is evident the post adjutant had a very important position. It was his duty to assist the post commanding officer with the commander’s administrative responsibilities. These included written communications, reports, papers, and records keeping pertaining to Fort Larned and units assigned there. He performed these duties in the “Adjutant’s Office” which was also the post headquarters building.

The post adjutant, normally a lieutenant at small posts like Forts Larned, Harker, and Wallace, was detailed by the commander from his assigned unit to gain additional experience in the administrative affairs of the Army. However, the adjutant could also be an experienced officer with the administrative skills that would require less supervision from the commander. He usually had one or more clerks assisting him.

Duties of the Adjutant included (per The 1865 Customs of Service for Officers of the Army, by August V. Kautz, Capt. Sixth U.S. Cavalry, BRIG AND Brevet MAJ.-GEN. of Volunteers):

• communicates the orders of the commander and sees that they are obeyed
• prepares and maintains the books, records, and papers pertaining to the post
• keeps the roster of the officers and makes the details that are called for by the post commander
• prepares and routes all official reports, letters, orders, dispatches, etc. through the post commander for review and approval
• forms, inspects, and marches on the new guard detail at guard mounting, and gives the soldiers their post assignments

Additionally, he maintains the following books:
• Morning Reports
• Descriptive Reports
• Special Orders
• General Orders
• Letters Sent
• Endorsements
• Rosters.
• Index of Letters Received
• Monthly Returns (of gains and losses) Reports
• Deceased Soldiers
• Damaged Arms (weapons) Reports

He must also be familiar with, and understand the orders, regulations, and laws relative to requisitions for clothing, rations, fuel, ammunition, arms, accoutrements, camp and garrison equipage, quartermaster property, pay for troops, forage and straw for public animals, and the regular and authorized supplies of all kinds for troops.

He should have a sufficient knowledge to be able to revise and determine the correctness and disposition of the following company papers as they are received:

• Certificate of Disability
• Final statements of soldier’s accounts of pay and clothing
• Discharges
• Description rolls
• Leaves of absence, furloughs, passes, sick furloughs, etc.
• Affidavits, certificates, etc.
• Inventories of deceased soldiers
• Proceedings of Councils of Administration
• Inventories and inspection reports of public property
• Applications for Boards of Survey
• Complaints of soldiers, applications for transfer
• Reports of target practice
• Guard reports
• Charges and specifications pertaining to legal matters
• Letters, correspondence, and reports that are usually sent up from the officers and men of the Post in relation to their duties
He should himself bear in mind that he only signs those communications from the Commanding Officer of the Post to his subordinates; and the Commanding Officer must himself sign all communications that require to be sent up to his superiors.

The Adjutant has no right to give an order in the name of his commander in a special and peculiar case. But in all cases involving a general principle, in which the Adjutant can readily understand what will be the commander’s decision in the case, from decisions already made, or from the nature of the case, he can with perfect propriety assume to give orders in the name of his commander. He should, however, feel perfectly sure that he will be sustained by his commander.

The Adjutant may exercise a great influence over the comfort and happiness of the command. In the social relations between officers and their families he can so arrange the duties and pleasures of the Post, as materially to affect all.

The Adjutant may, with perfect propriety, constitute himself manager to a greater or less extent, of every affair that requires the co-operation of the various members of the Command. Someone must assume to direct and take responsibility in the matter, and the habit of looking to the Adjutant in all official matters, makes him also the natural director of most matters of a social or convivial character. A suitableness in all these respects will conduce greatly to the reputation and advancement of the officer, and aid materially in harmonizing a command and preserving friendship among its members.

The Adjutant is usually Post treasurer and has charge of the Post fund. He has charge of the bakery, from which the greater portion of the fund is derived. It is, however, not a necessity that he shall have these last duties, but custom and convenience have assigned them to him.

The Adjutant should be selected with a view to his fitness for the position, as the harmony of the Post will depend greatly upon him. Sound judgment, a disinterested character, and genial manners, will enable him to settle many questions of duty and detail between officers and men without offending; above all, however, he should possess superior knowledge of his duties and conscientious feeling in discharging them.

Above all things, he must avoid favoritism. It is in his power to make material distinctions, and, if he cannot overcome or prevent the impression that he is partial and unjust, his usefulness will be irremediably counteracted. Ignorance or neglect of his duties will be far more unpardonable in his position, than in that of any other officer on the Post.

1st Lieutenant Henry Romeyn, one of the adjutants at Fort Larned, had a distinguished Army career. He initially enlisted in Company G 105th Illinois Infantry Regiment on 15 August 1862 where he rose to the rank of sergeant prior to being appointed captain, 14th U.S. Colored Infantry Regiment on 15 November 1863. He was brevetted Major, U.S. Volunteers on 13 March 1865 for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Nashville, Tennessee. He mustered out of the Army on 26 March 1866. On 22 January 1867, he was appointed First Lieutenant, 37th U.S. Infantry Regiment, and was stationed at Fort Larned. On 14 August 1869 he was assigned to the 5th U.S. Infantry Regiment. On 10 July 1885 he was promoted to Captain, and retired on 1 June 1897 as a major.

While assigned to the 5th U.S. Infantry, Lieutenant Romeyn earned the Medal of Honor for most distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Nez Perce Indians at Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, 30 September 1877, in leading his command into close range of the enemy, there maintaining his position, and vigorously prosecuting the fight until he was severely wounded. He wrote the book, "The Capture of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce Indians."
Guest Author

**Vietnam Memories**
Small things encountered during the latter part of my first tour

By Trooper Niven Baird

As I started training the Nung teams (four Nungs on each of two teams with an interpreter), we had to work out a system of hand signals which would have the four members of each team do certain maneuvers. All were designed to prevent being attacked unexpectedly from the sides and rear. They soon became totally proficient. During the training phase it became evident that despite their having lived closer to the soil than had I, their diet left them fatigued before I started to get tired. So, I had to shorten the periods of time we were in the jungle down to three full days. We would exit the firebase sometime after midnight, serve three days in the weeds, and return just around midnight on the third night. I would remain in the camp that day, and one additional day, going out with the 2d team the night of the 2d day. That gave the Nungs time to recuperate.

Food was quickly recognized as an issue. The diet was what we called “gummy” rice (very sticky and nourishing) and about 2-3 ounces of pre-cooked boneless chicken or pork. Carrying it was the problem. I gave some thought and envisioned a bicycle tube. But the rubber imparted a terrible taste, so I had a vendor in the neighboring village of Ben Cat sew heavy duty plastic into a tube, add a buckle and a tongue and there we had it. A large handful of rice and a piece of meat would be pushed down into the tube and that was a meal. This was followed by the successive meals. Thus we were able to carry 6 meals strapped around our waists. The tongue with several holes permitted the tubes to be adjusted to be used belt-like or crossed over the shoulder like a bandolier.

Footwear was another issue. I was very concerned that the Nungs had only strapped-on sandals. So, I stood each one on a piece of paper and using a felt marker, drew a line around each foot. Then just for kicks, I blackened each toe nail. The Nungs howled with laughter. In many ways they were like children. They loved the drawn pictures and would not give them back, so I had to do it twice for each man. I got a chopper to pick me up and went to the supply depot in Saigon and had them issue me eight pairs of boots as near to the foot size as we could make them. The Nungs loved the boots. As daylight arrived on the first night out, I was amazed to see the boots tied by the laces and hanging around the necks of the Nungs. They decided they could not wear them in the bush without making too much noise, but refused to give-up their boots. It worked out fine. I assured them they could keep the boots, but they needed to leave them in base camp.

The Nungs came from a small village in the highlands north of Saigon. It was about a 30 minute helicopter ride. Part of the agreement with the village head man was that I would always have eight Nungs, but if one became injured or killed, I had to return him or his body to the village. Sadly this happened twice. When I would arrive at the clearing where the chopper could land, I would carry the body or help the wounded man get to the village center. A platform was in the center of the village and was used for various ceremonial purposes. All the village would be called to the base of the platform (about twelve feet high on four poles) and the Chief and I would climb up a ladder. He would talk to the village about how brave the man had been, and they would sing a song. A melon of some sort was already on the platform with holes for bamboo straws. I am sorry to inform you that the melon was filled with water buffalo blood to which a fermented fluid of some sort had been added which kept the contents as a fluid. We had to take turns sucking up great gulps of the contents. The Chief seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. It took great will power for me to keep it down. The dishonor of becoming ill was too great to imagine.

The man chosen by the village to be the replacement would then climb onto the platform, give a short speech to the village, and join us in emptying the melon. He and I would
then depart.

The Nungs detested the Vietnamese--regardless which side the Viet represented. But, they were loyal to me to the death. I became very attached to them and when the operation ended, I was able to get some money for the village and insured the eight Nungs still with me were flown home and given a present. Not much reward for their loyalty, but it was all I could do. The interpreter who went on each outing with us was given a job in Saigon, and he was happy with that.

Generals in Blue
Lives of the Union Commanders
By Ezra J. Warner

John Buford, half-brother of General Napoleon B. Buford and cousin of Confederate General Abraham Buford, was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, on March 4, 1826. In the early 1840's his parents moved to Rock Island, Illinois, from where he was appointed at West Point. Upon his graduation in 1848, he was posted to the 2nd Dragoons and saw much frontier service in Texas, and in the Utah Expedition of 1857-68. In 1861 the regiment was marched overland to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, thence to Washington in October. It was redesignated as the 2nd Cavalry, and Buford was one of its captains. During the following winter he acted as a staff major and assistant inspector general in the Washington defenses. At this time General John Pope, fresh from his western successes, procured Buford a brigadier's commission to rank from July 27, 1862, and command of the reserve cavalry brigade of the newly constituted Army of Virginia. In the campaign of Second Manassas, Buford performed yeoman's service before he was so badly wounded in the withdrawal of the Federal army across Bull Run that he was reported dead. In the Maryland campaign he acted as chief of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac under George B. McClellan and at Fredericksburg,
under Ambrose E. Burnside. Upon 
reorganization of the cavalry under Joseph 
Hooker, Buford again took command of the 
reserve brigade. He participated with great 
credit in the attempt by George Stoneman to 
capture Richmond and free the Union 
prisoners there, although this action reflected 
poor judgment on the part of Hooker since it 
deprived him of his whole cavalry corps 
immediately before he plunged into the 
tangled wilderness around Chancellorsville. 
In the subsequent campaign of Gettysburg 
Buford, now commanding a division, reached 
the apogee of his career, on July 1, 1863. 
With one man to about a yard of front, he 
ordered one of his brigades, under Colonel 
(later General) William Gamble, to dismount 
in order to oppose the advance of A. P. Hill’s 
Confederate corps on the road from 
Cashtown. This permitted the deployment of 
the leading units of Reynolds’ I Corps and the 
establishment of some order in the crumbling 
Federal defenses. After engaging in 
numerous cavalry combats, General Buford 
was stricken with typhoid fever during the 
Rappahannock campaign in the autumn of 
1863. He died in Washington on December 
16, 1863, and was buried in West Point. His 
commission as major general of volunteers 
was presented to him on his deathbed.

John Hunt Morgan, whose two sisters married 
Generals A. P. Hill and Basil W. Duke, was 
born at Huntsville, Alabama, June 1, 1825. 
Educated at Transylvania College in 
Lexington, Kentucky (his mother’s home), he 
enlisted in the Mexican War and saw service 
at Buena Vista. He was mustered out in 
1847, and commenced the manufacture of 
hemp in Lexington, and engaged in the 
general merchandising business left him by 
his grandfather Hunt. He organized the 
Lexington Rifles in 1857, but when the Civil 
War came, Morgan led his command to 
Bowling Green and joined the forces of 
General Buckner. From then until his death 
three years later his exploits made him one of the 
legendary figures of the Confederacy, 
ranking then and to this day with Jeb Stuart in 
the hearts of Kentuckians as a symbol of the 
“Lost Cause.” He was promoted colonel of 
the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry on April 4, 1863, 
and brigadier general on December 11. His 
series of raid into Tennessee, Kentucky, 
Indiana, and Ohio earned him a vote of thanks 
from the Confederate Congress and the 
undying animosity of a large segment of the 
frightened North. On his most famous raid 
north of the Ohio in 1863 he was captured 
near New Lisbon and imprisoned in the Ohio 
State Penitentiary, together with a number of 
his officers. Contriving to escape and make 
his way south, he was placed in command of 
the Department of Southwestern Virginia in
April 1864. He bivouacked in Greeneville, Tennessee, on the night of September 3, 1864, while en route to attack Federal forces near Knoxville. Early the next morning he was surprised by a detachment of Union Cavalry and was killed in the garden of the house where he was sleeping. He is buried in Lexington, Kentucky.

**Definition of a Nung**

By Natalie Frakes

Trooper Baird’s memories of the Nungs, made me curious about the Nung culture. Wondering where did these fighters originate, and why did American forces hire them to fight alongside them?

The Nungs have been long studied by anthropologists. Chinese is the primary background of the Nung, following many Chinese cultural customs. The majority of the Nung population resides in the five mountainous, northern provinces of Vietnam and in southern China. Their expertise of these locations made them outstanding soldiers for the Special Forces.

The reputation that the Nungs have for being excellent fighters, extremely honest and trustworthy people made them an important commodity to the American Special Forces during the Vietnam War. They were trained on immediate action drill, scouting and patrolling techniques, and combat intelligence just to name a few. Quick to learn from Special Forces against the Viet Cong and the NVA, the Nung recruits were paid well and given food and fair treatment. This raised the Nung soldier’s morale making them efficient members of the Special Forces team.

After the war and when Vietnam was reunited in 1975, the Nung people were treated as outcasts by the government of Vietnam. This tension went on until the 1990’s and according the “Doi Moi” (New Change) program within the Vietnam government they now have greater representation in all levels of the government.

Works Cited


www.informeckong.com

**Cavalry Horses**

**Five Horses—and a Devil**

By Colonel C. A. Romeyn, Cavalry

Reprint from March-April 1937 US Cavalry Journal

In the thirty-seven years of my cavalry service six horses have made a lasting impression in my mind—some of them have made lasting impressions on my body. Two of them I owned, one was lent to me for several years, and the others were government horses chosen by me as mounts from the horses of the commands with which I was serving.

**DUKE**

First of them and perhaps the one that will be remembered longest was *Duke*.

*Duke* belonged to a Walter Short, and when Short, at Bayamo, Cuba, in July 1899, accepted his commission as Major 35th Infantry, for service in the Philippines, he left Duke with me saying: “If I don’t come back he’s yours. If I do come back, I’ll want him.” And was I tickled? Six months out of West Point, I had been riding all sorts of troop mounts. *Duke*, as ridden by Short, was about the handsomest thing I had ever seen. He was a bright red chestnut, 15.3, beautiful head and neck, clean legs (perhaps a little light in the bone), a little slim in the flanks but short coupled, tail naturally carried like an Arab’s. Breeding, we did not know, and I never questioned Short very closely as to how he acquired him.

Extremely nervous in some ways, ticklish as a five year old boy, apt to lash out with both hind feet at slight provocation, he was a great gun horse. In pistol work he would take his rocking-chair canter and never bat an eye or swerve an inch as we went through our mounted pistol practice. Crossing the Bayamo River one day I saw an alligator about four feet long in some weeds.

I was carrying a Winchester carbine, and pulling up *Duke* about six feet away from the gator, I drew the carbine from its boot, held it in one hand like a pistol and got him with one shot. *Duke* never budged. But when I wanted to strap that reptile on the saddle to take home to skin, that was a different matter. I finally towed the gator behind us on a lariat.
And he could buck. Short had told me of this, but by the time I got him Short had him pretty well broken. I had one session with him. I was fording the Bayamo on another hunting trip. The water was about three and a half feet deep with a fairly strong current. I had pulled my carbine from the boot to keep it dry, carrying it over my shoulder with my right hand, and guiding Duke with my left.

Something must have hit his belly (he had a very ticklish belly) for all of a sudden he began to pitch. My companion said he went clear of the water at every jump. I couldn’t pull leather and was somewhat over-balanced by holding on to the carbine so it was not long until I sailed off, and all my efforts to keep that gun dry went for naught. He bucked out to the shore and quietly started grazing.

Nervous as he was, he had sense. On one occasion he cut a hock badly on barbed wire while on herd. The herder brought him in to the stables with an artery squirting blood between his fore legs. Yet he never flinched when the veterinarian twisted up the artery and sewed up the six inch gash in his hock. And I never found but one thing he was afraid of. Explosions meant nothing to him. I could ride him up to a locomotive with steam leaking out and the air pumps throbbing and put my hand on the engine. Yet a Mexican burro hidden beneath a pack load of brush wood was to him the most terrifying thing in the world!

He would never stand still to be mounted, and would have to be coaxed, then would circle around me at a trot (and sometimes a canter) giving me a grand chance to show off by vaulting into the saddle. One of these mountings will always be remembered.

I was all dressed up for a parade with white duck riding breeches. When I came down in the saddle I felt those breeches rip from crotch to waistband. And though several times during halts in the parade the troop dismounted and my friends urged me to dismount, I remained rigidly on duty in the saddle.

Although he usually could be ridden at a canter “on my little finger,” three times he bolted with me. Once for no reason that I knew of, in a narrow road in the Texas chaparral. Ahead of us appeared a Mexican two-wheeled cart loaded with brush. I could make no impression on Duke’s mouth and a smash up seemed inevitable when suddenly he sailed like a bird diagonally over that cart. A little later I found some open ground and circled him to a halt.

The next time he ran away was when I foolishly (Short had warned me) tried to ride him bareback with a halter for a short distance. He promptly bolted. We went through some chaparral clearing five foot mesquite bushes like a bird. We rambled quite a bit and finally he headed for a gateway between two yards. And at that moment we were confronted by the post road roller drawn by our mules, and six foot fences on each side of the opening! Remembering the Mexican cart I decided that was the time for us to stop. I made a flying dismount and held on to the halter shank. I was jerked headlong but dragged Duke to his knees. I fully believe he would have tried to jump that roller or the fence—too much for me bareback and with only a halter.

The third time Duke ran away with me was a year later at Fort Keogh, Montana. I was riding out to the target range and, being a little late, broke into a gallop. In a very few seconds he had his jaw against his chest and was off. I started to swing him into a circle when to my horror I found the saddle had slipped back a few inches and then it started to turn. I prepared for a flying dismount but realized to do so would land me close to a telephone pole, perhaps against it. So I clung desperately with my legs and hands. No use. I finally rolled off.

Somehow one arm became entangled in the reins and I was jerked under Duke’s feet.
And he marked me. One foot stepped on a forearm and a pickup caught me in the face. Luckily he was unshod, but my chin laid open and my eyelid split so that it dropped over my eye. That was my last runaway.

In spite of his slim waist, Duke was a great stayer. On one occasion I was leaving a hunting camp alongside the Rio Grande and Eagle Pass Railroad to go home to Fort McIntosh at Laredo twenty miles away. I was feeling fresh and so was Duke. We swung out at an extended gallop. Roads were firm but not hard; rolling country with stops to be made every three or four miles to open gates in the big pastures. In one hour I reached North Laredo, sixteen miles. It was four more miles home, so to cool him off I walked him those four miles. And when I reached home unsaddled and turned him loose he kicked up his heels and played around the yard as if he had had no exercise at all.

I hate to tell of one ride in Montana (seems to be bragging too much). It was over rolling country between Birney, Montana, and Sheridan, Wyoming. I rode nine hours, all at a walk and gallop. I got lost and estimate I traveled about sixty miles. But it was an estimate. I know that Jill, my greyhound, wore her pads to the quick that day and could not walk for several days afterwards.

BROWNIE

Brownie was an everyday troop horse as far as history showed. A dark chestnut 15.3, and about 1,050 in weight.

I had reported at Fort Riley to join my troop which had just returned from the Philippines. I found that there had been a redistribution of horses at the post and that we had only twenty-five mounts available.

Anxious to get in the saddle again, I went to the stable to pick out a mount. They were not a prepossessing looking lot standing around the corral, so I slipped through the bars to look them over close at hand. I heard a clatter and here came a brown devil with ears back, mouth open. I slipped back through those bars quicker than I came in. Then I studied that horse from the outside. Clean-legged, well muscled, close-coupled, he was the best in the lot, so I took him. He was certainly a problem. His withers had been injured at some time and it always took two men to saddle him. If one man attempted it, Brownie promptly shook off the blanket while he was picking up the saddle.

Like Duke, Brownie was fearless. He was boss of the herd too. In the field, fighters on the picket line were moved up next to Brownie, and after a few squeals and thumps the troublemaker would be very soon a very subdued individual. Brownie did not always escape injury in these disciplinary affairs. One morning in camp on Thunder Butte Creek in South Dakota I found Brownie quite dejected. Considerable blood was on the ground, his face swollen, and altogether he looked “like the morning after.”

One of the trouble makers had been placed with him for discipline and evidently had been a tough customer. But Brownie had quieted him nevertheless.

He did not like strangers (as I found out on my first acquaintance) and it was amusing on that same trip in South Dakota to see the Indians give him a wide berth. I used to picket him near my tent to graze during the day. The Indians had a habit of coming around to peer into our tents. Every time one came near, Brownie made a rush at him with ears back. After a few days I was never bothered by any red visitors.

The greatest surprise I ever had from a horse happened one day on maneuvers at Fort Riley. We had been moving over some pretty rough country and Brownie buck-jumped over a ditch, pulling loose an old jockey sprain in my groin. I slipped off, massaged the sprain for awhile and then walked in front of him and shook my fist at him saying “you damned old fool.” Then I dodged; for he reared and opened his mouth, put back his ears and lunged at me. Never again did I shake my fist
at him.

Brownie was a good steady jumper and one summer I traded him to the Cavalry School for a high school quarter-bred. Short changed his name to “Charley” (after the donor), worked him for a while as a jumper and then made a “sauteur” out of him. For the benefit of the younger generation I will explain that a sauteur is a horse trained to buck (and stop) by signal while in place between padded posts. Many of our senior cavalry officers can recall sessions with Charley.

Charley finally sprained his back badly in his education of youngsters and had to be destroyed.

TOMMY

Tommy was my amphibian. I had been stationed in Mindanao for some time and was riding a grand old grey assigned to my troop. As visiting high ranking officers came around, the best horses had to be furnished them, and on such occasions I lent Speck and rode what I could get from the remainder of the troop mounts. This grew tiresome; and finally, from a shipment of remounts I selected and bought Tommy. Another red chestnut (I have always favored chestnuts), 15.2, but with low withers so he was proportioned like a 16 hand horse. Grand quarters, large bone and a beautiful disposition. I made a good jumper of him, but my striker made a swimmer of him. I have never been a particularly good swimmer.

At Camp Overton we had a fine beach, and as swimming for horses and men was a required accomplishment in the Philippines, we did a lot of it. Tommy took to it like a duck and it was not long before Peters would take him on long swims, one of his favorite stunts being to take Tommy (Peter on his back) out around a transport when the ship was tied up at our long pier. The swimming was very valuable to me later on a trip in the rainy season along the north coast of Mindanao. We marched along the beach and swam various river mouths as we came to them. It was all in the day’s work. And later, on the return trip, when we were having trouble getting our horses across one of the big rivers, I used Tommy as a tow boat.

Bareback and riding with a watering bit, I would lead a horse to swimming depth, head him for the other shore, turn him loose and Tommy and I would swim back. Up hill and down he never hesitated. Going up a long steep hill I would often turn him loose, grab his tail and be towed up—it was great help. Downhill he was a good slider. One of his first slides, however, when the trail was a little greasy from rain, he started to slide with his hind feet well under him. The greasy dirt fooled him and he sat own on his rump and scooted ten feet. When he got up, he snorted in surprise and his nostrils cracked like a whip.

As was the rule in those days I had to leave him behind when I returned to the United States and I suppose he is buried over there somewhere. A grand field service horse.

ROYAL

Three carloads of remounts came into Fort Ethan Allan from Front Royal, Virginia, in the spring of 1915. I wanted to buy a new horse and promptly went down to the cars to look them over. In the first car I entered a beautiful dark bay head came up at the end of the car and turned towards me. “That’s my horse,” I said. As they were led off, I looked again and made up my mind then and there. Then a careful examination. A mahogany bay, four years old, 16.1, thin, weighing only 975, but he was short-coupled with a grand barrel, good bones, short cannons, described in his card as “Standard Bred Cross.” That by the way had been the breeding of Tommy. I had no fear of his light weight as Bill Lusk, our veterinarian, had told me that usually a horse grew in height until he was five and in weight until he was eight. And he was right, for when I said good-bye to Royal in 1918 he stood 16.3 and weighed 1,150 pounds. And at fifty yards
distance his conformation was such that you
would have said he was a pony.

The winter preceding his purchase a fall on
an icy road had broken a knee cap for me.

The accident insurance we cavalry officers
carried had provided me a nice little surplus of
cash (captains of cavalry had little to spare)
and so the Royal Indemnity Company paid for
my horse. And considering his beauty and the
source of the funds for his purchase, I named
him Royal.

I was on detached service that summer
with the Cavalry Rifle Team at the National
Matches, but left Royal in the hands of an
excellent trooper for his early training. When I
returned in the fall, my knee was limbered up
a little, and it was with keen delight that I
mounted him to complete his training.

My trooper had done a good job. Royal
was thoroughly gentle and his mouth had not
spoiled. Slowly we went along. The Vermont
hills piled up muscle in his loins and quarters;
a Hitchcock jumping pen taught him to jump at
slow speeds with collection; the winter’s work
in the riding hall made him ambidextrous (if
you can call a horse ambidextrous); so that the
summer of 1918 found him quiet, willing
jumper, willing to change leads at the touch of
either leg, and, best of all, I could control him
with my little finger. Never did he rush a jump;
and after a jump a slight closing of my fingers
on the reins would bring him to a standstill.
There was only one flaw in his makeup. He
was too short bodied to be a good trotter and
occasionally over-reached. That cost me a
broken wrist at Camp Devens when an over-
reach threw him on one of the hard roads. But
what a beautiful canter he had! No rocking-
chair ever beat it. Like Duke he had no fear of
firearms; and at Camp Devens in the spring of
1918 I would frequently ride him close to a
one-pounder while it was being fired, drop the
reins on his neck and he would graze as
unconcernedly as if he were alone in a
pasture.

June came and we knew we were to set
sail for France. So I sold him back to the
government.

I often wondered what finally became of
him. I traced him through two officers who
inherited him; but at the demobilization all
extra horses were sold and I could not locate
him.

DANGERFIELD

I believe I had more pride in Dangerfield
than in any mount I ever had, although he
was the ugliest.

In the spring of 1921, I was relieved from
duty in Washington to become an instructor at
the Cavalry School—tactics, not equitation.
Although I was on a desk job in Washington I
had managed to ride several times a week in
Potomac Park and Rock Creek Park, so when
I reported for duty at Fort Riley I did not have
to get into condition, and, as I could, I applied
for a mount. One of my best friends was an
instructor in the Department of Horsemanship
and tried me out on several of the wonderful
jumpers they had there, then showed me
Dangerfield and said, “How would you like
him?” I said, “Let’s try him.” Whereupon he
laughed and said, “You don’t want him—he’s
a fool.”

My dander was up then and I repeated,
“Let’s try him.” Dangerfield was a light bay,
ugainly, but powerfully built, 16.1 tall, and
had been used as a jumper for two years.
Was a three-quarter bred, from Virginia, and
six years old.

I tried him. He was a fool. But the strain
of instructing at that time was terrific and, at
times, thoroughly to distract my mind from the
worries of digging out material from the few
World War reports and books we had
available to prepare lectures and problems on
modern cavalry tactics, Dangerfield certainly
gave me the distraction I needed. When my
fingers were tired with my “hunt and peck”
system of typewriting and my brain was so
fagged that I could not make my fingers find
the right keys, I would telephone the stables
to saddle Dangerfield and off we would go on
a long gallop. He could jump anything on the
reservation, but if he misjudged his take off or
did not like the looks of the jump he would
refuse with the least warning in the world.

He never ran out but would slide into the
jump. I had several spills, and many more
times I found myself astride of his neck
apparently stopped by his ears. He also
could shy with little or no warning. I soon
learned the character of objects at which he shied, however, so that did not bother me much.

To my great disappointment he was horribly gun shy. Mounted pistol shooting had always been a favorite sport with me, but Dangerfield would jump with terror if a pistol were fired within fifty yards of him and trembled between shots if the firing was repeated. Most of the Cavalry School horses were well trained for firing but he had been given up as hopeless; however, I persevered. Riding at an extended gallop I would fire to one side without drawing rein. He would swerve, but I’d talk to him and pat his neck and not check or punish him. I do not remember just when he reformed but after two years I could canter along a fence and cut loose at the posts with never a plunge or swerve from Dangerfield.

I schooled him in the halls until he was as handy as a polo pony. I always believe that the change of leads in a straight line without excitement was the M.A. degree for a horse. After three years of work, Dangerfield would canter down the center of the hall changing leads on a straight line at every other stride. And with reins loose on his neck using my legs only, he would change leads three times in the length of the hall.

My long gallops with Dangerfield had attracted attention to his endurance, but John Barry, I believe, doubted my story about Duke galloping sixteen miles in an hour. One day, out of a clear sky, Jon asked me, “Is Dangerfield in shape to do sixteen miles in an hour?” I said, “Yes, I do believe he can.” “Well,” said John, “bring him down tomorrow at nine and we’ll try it: I’ll ride Bluemont.” I did not know it, but John was arranging a demonstration for one of the classes. In the history of the Cavalry School no one had ever galloped a horse for an hour without a stop.

Next morning we went to the West Riding Hall where I found to my surprise most of the troop officer’s class assembled. Bluemont was a rangy half-bred, habitually used by the instructors in the Department of Equitation. Barry weighed about 185. We rode Saumur flat saddles. Both horses were examined by the school veterinarian as to respiration, pulse, temperature, condition of mucous membranes, and notes made of these.

We warmed up at a walk, trot and canter for about ten minutes, then rode down to “The Island” where there was a one-mile bridle path. We carried stop watches on our wrists to check the time. Starting in opposite directions we took up the gallop.

Dangerfield made the sixteen rounds of the track in fifty-five minutes and came back to the riding hall jigging. Bluemont was a few minutes over the hour, about sixty-two minutes as I remember. Both horses were reexamined at once, cooled out at a walk under coolers, examined again at the end of one hour and a third time at two hours by which time both were practically normal. The next day both were their usual selves.

The Cavalry School reservation had about 2,300 acres. I believe Dangerfield left a hoof print on every acre.

I rode him three and a half years and estimated in that time I had galloped him ten thousand miles and jumped him twenty thousand feet!

Greta

In 1933 while I was professor of Military Science and Tactics at Massachusetts State College we received a shipment of remounts from Front Royal, Virginia, and in the shipment were three beautiful half-bred mares.

My stable sergeant wished to give them some rather high-sounding names symbolic of their breeding; but experience in the past had taught me that such names were rarely used by riders in referring to their mounts.

So I decided on names which would be used. I always liked to have my men call a horse by name rather than by number and I had found that “Jim,” “Molly,” “Jumbo,” etc., would be used while longer names based on those of sires or dams would be ignored and a nickname or number substituted.
So with a chuckle to myself the three new mares were christened with names of the three leading moving picture actresses of the day, Marlene, Connie, and Greta.

I really did not give much thought to the specific awarding. However Connie and Marlene turned out beautifully, but Greta was as temperamental as her Swedish namesake. I think, “Lupe” would probably have suited her better. In the spring of ’34 she was five years old, 16 hands tall, weight about 1,150 pounds and beautifully muscled.

She had been trained slowly and carefully and gently, but was extremely nervous and certainly resented being ridden. We finally decided that she was safe for our better student riders and she was assigned to the Senior Class which then had had two and a half years mounted work. The boys were interested, perfectly willing to try her out, and some even hopeful of riding her in our horse show in June. But it was no use. One after another rider would be thrown in the course of the day’s drill. Finally I had to withdraw her from assignment.

In the summer after school had closed, I made up my mind that we could tame Greta by a lot of quiet work. My stable sergeant, an unusually fine horseman, worked on her the longe for long periods. We kept a saddle on her for hours at a time in the hope that she would get used to it. Finally (there being no fool like an old fool) I decided to ride her, as I had a daily ride to make, several miles out of town, to our pastures where most of the horses spent the summer.

My first experience was not bad. I mounted near the stable (on soft ground) with Sergeant Tanner holding her head up; settled myself firmly in the saddle (a training saddle on Saumur lines), then moved off at a walk. I could feel a hunch in her back and her hind legs were very jittery (so was I). Then a trot ten or fifteen minutes, always on soft ground (a former corn field turned into meadow); then I started a canter. For about a minute we had a circus. A minute in an earthquake and a minute on a bucking horse are each a very long time and equally nerve-wracking. However, as I was expecting trouble, I managed to stay with her until she stopped bucking; and I was quite proud when I took her back to the stable and then out to the pasture and back. Many days thereafter I rode with no trouble; although on first mounting, her back was always humpy and her gait like that of a high jumper in the first few steps of his run at the bar. September came along and with it some cool mornings. On one of these cool mornings I started out for the pasture feeling perfectly secure and looking forward to a pleasant ride.

Fifty yards from the stables Greta suddenly whirled, throwing me off balance, and then started to buck. About four jumps, and I sailed off in a high dive. I alighted on one shoulder, bumped my head a little, and rolled a somersault. Greta gave one or two more bucks, then started grazing. I was dizzy; my shoulder hurt like the devil, and my pride was humbled.

Sergeant Tanner came running up the hill, and caught Greta. “Are you hurt, Colonel?” he asked. I gingerly moved my arm and said, “No, I guess not,” and mounted again. What I did to that shoulder I never found out. The X-rays told no tales. But I have not slept on that side since that day. I “passed” on Greta from then on. A while later, Major W—, one of my assistants decided he would try his hand. He was much younger than I, and a graduate of the Cavalry School. He tried the scheme of having Greta put through our jumping chute for about ten minutes before mounting, and got along very well.

One morning, however, he came into the office limping, his coat soiled and his boots scratched. I grinned and asked “What’s the matter—have a fall?” He replied, “Greta threw me four times in about ten minutes.” He had

Continued under the Notes from the Editor page 18
Presidents's Tack Room

By the time you receive the Journal we will be in our new headquarters. The experience of watching the 1876 officer's duplex at Fort Reno transform into our headquarters has been amazing. The duplex has been modified on the first floor by adding two “pass-throughs” so that you can easily walk from one side of the building to the other. New walls and ceilings, new floors, and new fixtures catch your eye as you enter the building, but the character and distinctive style of the building remains. The hidden improvements, but so very important, include new wiring, plumbing, and heating and air-conditioning. Many people helped us reach this day: Historic Fort Reno, Inc. and Director, Karen Nix; the USDA and Director, Dr. Jean Steiner; Covenant Construction Co.; Bert Allen; and especially, all of our good members who contributed to the renovation of this beautiful and historic building. I am anxious for all of you to tour our building, either while you are traveling, or during our annual Bivouac and National Cavalry Competition that will be held on Wednesday through Sunday, September 23-27.

I want to recognize two very important staff members at Fort Riley who will be greatly missed. Linda Pollock has been with the association for the past seven years as our office manager. Her experience, gracious and cheerful manner, and her loyalty to the association will be missed. She has promised to join us for our Bivouac/NCC in September when she can once again meet up with all the members she has come to know. Natalie Frakes joined our staff in 2013 and took on the task of preparing the Cavalry Journal and the Crossed Sabers Newsletter for publication. Her creative and organizational abilities came to the forefront as she rearranged our office into a more welcoming and efficient layout. We will miss her talents.

Keep the guidons flying!
Bill Tempero

Notes from the Editor

Keep the Guidons flying!

Horse Feathers

USEFUL MILITARY WARNINGS

"If the enemy is in range, so are you."
***********

"If your attack is going too well, you're probably walking into an ambush."
************

"Tracers work both ways."
******

"Five second fuses only last three seconds."

Fives Horses and a Devil continued

not thought it necessary to put her through the chutes that day.

I must give Major W—credit, however, for sticking at it, but we never cured Greta and any ambitious horseman sooner or later bit the dust. I have been informed that the college at last swapped her at Fort Ethan Allan. They say she is ridable, and a fine jumper but still “jittery”. I wish them joy of her.

One of the greatest horsemen I ever knew, once said to me, “The man who brags that he never took a fall has never taken a chance of a fall.” I like to paraphrase David Harum’s maxim about dogs and fleas by saying “A moderate number of falls is food for a man—it keeps him from brooding on falling.” But enough is enough.

They have been a wonderful lot of horses to look back at and dream of, but at sixty-two I believe I don’t want any more falls. However, I still agree with the Muldoon that “the outside of a horse is the best thing in the world for the inside of a man.”
Specials at Sutler's Store

"U.S. Cavalry Polo"
$22.50
Navy

"Army of Two T-shirts"
$18.50
Black

"1906 Cavalry Sword"
$249.95
Replica made to original specs

"Cavalry Indian War Sword"
A reproduction
$89.95

"Military Fighting Vehicle T-shirt"
$12.95

"Cross Sabers Hat Pin" (3in)
$12.95
Specials at Sutler's Store

“Keeper of the Colors”
$128.95
18” High, Bronze tone Statue by Terrance Patterson

"Old Bill Statue"
$128.95
10” X 4.75 X 12.25”

"New US Cavalry Polo in Gray"
$27.50

"New U.S. Cavalry Polo in Black"
$27.50

"New US Cavalry Baseball Cap"
Black
$9.95

"Cavalry Stetson Hat"
With Cord
$169
The United States Cavalry Association

Join the Cavalry!

- Individual dues yearly - $40.00
- Individual Overseas - $60.00
- Individual Life - $400.00
- Family (spouse/children under 18) - $55.00
(Only one vote per family.)

- New Member
- Renewal

Membership year = Jan.1st to Dec. 31st

Sutler's Store Order Form

Ordered by:

Name ______________________________________
Address ______________________________________
City ______________________________________
State ______________________________________
Zip ______________________________________
Phone ______________________________________

Ship To: Only if different from "Ordered by"

Name ______________________________________
Address ______________________________________
City ______________________________________
State ______________________________________
Zip ______________________________________

Payment Method
- Credit Card # ____________________________
- Signature ________________________________
- Expiration Date __________________________

Please print:

Name ______________________________________
Address ______________________________________
Telephone _________________________________
Email ______________________________________
Visa _______ Master Card ______
Card Number ________________________________
Cardholder __________________________________
Signature __________________________________
Expires on _________________________________

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Color</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Total Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shipping Charges for Store</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Items</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under $10.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$10.01-$25.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$25.01-$50.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$50.01-$75.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$75.01-$100.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over $100.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Make all checks payable to: United States Cavalry Association or USCA

Merchandise Subtotal

Shipping & Handling

Total