



THE BULLWHIP SQUADRON NEWS

The official Newsletter of the Bullwhip Squadron Association

May 1998

Adjutants Call

Democracy, social equality, the voice of the common people, power vested in the people. That is what Webster says about what we just did. Voted to return to Fort Rucker in 98, as reported by our leader, General Dave in his 6 April report to the troopers of the CAV.

By vote, by secret ballot we are headed back to Fort Rucker this fall for our 1998 reunion, the third reunion of the Bullwhip Squadron Association.

Fort Rucker, the home of Army Aviation where "Above the Best" has a familiar ring. So it's back home on 9th, 10th, and 11th of October, to renew old friendships and to see who can still fit into a flight suit.

Chaplain Harry Treude told me he was pleased with this news of a 98 reunion. He said at age 80 you can't afford to put things off till next year.

My first visit to "old" Camp Rucker was in September 1954. Fresh from Gary AFB in Texas, I was to be part of the First Aviation school class at Rucker. I received my wings in January 1955.

It is good to know that in accordance with Bullwhip Six wishes, we are extending Bullwhip Squadron Association membership to those troopers who fought in Vietnam under the colors of the First of the Ninth United States Cavalry. Expanding membership into the Bullwhip Brotherhood will help us grow and allow us old guys to hear a new set of war stories.

There is a famous photo of a 1st/9th Huey about to land on a hill in Vietnam where Infantry types are waiting. I know you have all seen the picture. At the Aviation Museum at Fort Rucker, they have created a diorama of the scene with the hill and the approaching Huey. At the crest of the hill is a young Infantry Captain. That man is COL (Ret) Ted Chileote, like all of us, a good man.

I would ask that you consider extending to this Texan an invitation to become an honorary trooper representing all of the unknown soldiers that the 1st/9th helped on the battlefield.

One last word, keep me informed of items you want to see in Adj. Call. My address is, 2521 - 15th Street, Columbus, GA 31906 Phone number - (706) 323-9030

Always Remember, Our Leader Was No "Piss Ant."

Dick Grube
Adjutant

TAPS

CWO (Ret) Earl D. Thompson Passed On 18 April, 1997

JOHN B. STOCKTON

This is His legacy

“I am ready if you are” – With these words a once daring, heroic and legendary commander left his friends and loved ones on 7 August 1997. No words describe the loss of the ones he left behind, but Col John B Stockton, class of 43, was ready.

For the first time, and after 32 years, Bullwhip Six restored the image of the 1st/9th Air Cav Squadron by formally denying false publications and recounting the events of the November 1965 “Ia Drang River Valley” that led to his unjust relief from command and the subsequent temporary grounding of the famous 1/9th Air Cav Squadron (published Jul 97, The Bullwhip Squadron News).

For the first time he recorded the stories in a yet to be published memoir of his military years. As someone literally born in the Army, like his father and Grandfather before, both career military officers, recording military events related to air cavalry operations was critical to what he stood for – honor, duty and service to his Country.

For the first time he corresponded with and allowed interviews for a BBC TV program called “Decisive Weapons” where he recounted the story of the birth of the Air Cav.

For the first time he began to realize how very much he was loved, honored and revered by the surviving veterans of the “Bullwhip Squadron”, formed on 1 October, 1995 by General David Allen with concurrence of CSM Kennedy. Here is why. On 11 July 1964, then LTC Stockton assumed command of the 3/17th Cavalry, later re-designated the 1/9th Cavalry – The “Bullwhip Squadron”. This squadron was the first true “Air Cavalry Squadron” in history and COL Stockton set about to “write the book” on Air Cavalry operations. It seemed everyone knew and respected “those black hatted cavalrymen” – a tradition that lives on today. Everything the squadron did added to the mystique of the “CAV” and the reputation of its daring, heroic and legendary commander – COL Stockton. However after a particularly tense engagement at Ia Drang on 3rd November, 1965, in which COL Stockton was personally responsible for saving the lives of nearly 100 men, fate intervened when the Assistant Division commander disagreed with his employment of the attached infantry company and promptly had him relieved. That decision and the subsequent grounding of the CAV deprived the Division of its “eyes” and ears” as many men died and were wounded unnecessarily at LZ XRAY and ALBANY. From that time on, COL Stockton seemed to lose his heart as he had lost his beloved CAV. He was angry with the Army who, it seemed, betrayed him in his finest hour and hurt by the scorn, he perceived people felt for him. This unfair incident only added to his legend. In his final words he said "I suppose I received an average batch of awards and decorations, but the

most important to me was the RVN Medal of Honor in recognition of the gallantry of my 9th Cavalry on the Ia Drang in late 65”.

There followed 7 years in Montreux, Switzerland; 5 years in Heidelberg, Germany to oversee for General Mike Davison (USMA 1939) the sale of wine and spirits to our forces in US Army Europe. Then in 1979, with his wife Rita, he moved permanently from Europe to Florida. Together, they invented, established, managed and ultimately sold “Business World Enterprises”, an office support service tailored to the lifestyle of busy Floridian entrepreneurs on the move and their associated boating neighbors. The business was copied worldwide and this is an achievement of which he was very proud.

Finally, and in his own words “... I have always kept faith with the West Point precepts of Duty, Honor, Country. I have consistently upheld the ideal that a cadet and USMA graduate does not lie, cheat, steal or quibble. I have learned from my wife Rita the narrow and difficult path of married unity and everlasting love. And I hold that I was singularly influential in rediscovering and defining once again the true cavalry role in the profession of arms. Along the way I have been guided and supported by hundreds of good men at all stations in life. Among my preceptors who not only inspired me but also lent a strong guiding hand in the formation of my career have been Eisenhower (USMA 1915), Richards (USMA 1915), Wogan (USMA 1915, Gavin (USMA 1929), Howze (USMA 1930), Michaelis (USMA 1936), Abrams (USMA 1936), Davison (USMA 1939), Bingham (USMA 1940), Seneff (USMA 1941), and Sheffey (USMA 1942). I join my brother now, Tom W Stockton (USMA 1949) in the Long Grey Line, reluctantly but with a full heart. In going I admonish my own students of the cavalry trade – Battreall (USMA 1949), Creuziger (USMA 1950), Robert G Bond, James F Chadbourne, S. Guy Beardsley, Billie G Williams, Robert Zion – to keep the flame alive and to pass on however they can to those who follow the traditions and the precepts of our particular branch in the profession of arms. Beat Navy. (Done at Miami FL Nov-Dec 91, JBS”.

Many would have liked to have had the traditional closing to say goodbye to the Colonel, but it was his wish to hold a private family ceremony at sea. On hand for the final farewell 13 August 1997, were Rita and her three daughters, Annelies, Katinka and Marionne.

To our hero, COL John B Stockton, we bid farewell. And with this writing we all hope your leadership will continue to inspire many generations to follow.

This is written by his widow, Rita Stockton, and her daughter, Annelies Kristie Stockton. This writing also contains excerpts from several articles published by the Bullwhip Squadron as well as from COL Stockton’s own writing.

To All the Members of the Bullwhip Squadron Association;

I want to thank you for all the cards and telephone calls I received after John passed away. My family and I appreciated the support enormously.

Rita Stockton

COL JOHN B. STOCKTON



The Father of Modern Air Cavalry

BULLWHIP TALES

The holidays have always been a time of reflection for me and this year was no different. The past year was momentous, for I had lost my commander, mentor and friend. The passing of Bullwhip marked the end of an era in my memories. Gone was the man who asked the seemingly impossible being done almost immediately. And surprisingly, so many rose to the occasion and the mission was accomplished. He seemed to know beforehand what could and could not be done. Some of the tasks were truly essential to our Squadron, while others may only have been a test of a subordinate's determination to do the difficult. Dick Grube was sorely tested many, many times, the last, at our 1994 reunion.

What follows are from my recollections of those challenging times of the Bullwhip Squadron; training, deployment, combat. They are events involving Bullwhip and me, some noteworthy, others less so, but worth telling, none the less. It was not always an easy relationship, at least not for me.

I call them, "The Bullwhip Tales", and others are enjoined to add to their number in future issues of our squadron newsletter.

I joined the Squadron a few days after Bullwhip assumed command and was assigned to C troop as the Service Platoon Leader. Don Radcliff, a flight school classmate, was the commander. The high point of my entrance interview with Bullwhip was being told that a Transportation Corps officer, such as I, would never command a troop in his squadron.

He demanded 80% aircraft availability rate by type and since we initially had only three Hueys with one always down for something, I was in trouble.

On Air Assault, he caught me wearing a flight jacket with the patch of another unit sewn on the front. The patch was removed within minutes.

In the early spring of 1965, while the squadron officers were at a party at Ft. Benning, Bullwhip was called and alerted to prepare the squadron to deploy to the Dominican Republic. As I was to go on leave the next day, Don Radcliff told me to hustle over to squadron headquarters and sign out before Bullwhip locked everybody in. Too late. Bullwhip's call to the Duty Officer had preceded me, but I insisted on signing out anyway, orders to the contrary. I was called early the next morning and told to report immediately. Arriving, I was informed that I was the subject of an Article 32 investigation, disobeying a lawful order, dereliction of duty, treason, can't remember the exact specifications. Fortunately all of that came to naught. The squadron was taken off alert but was to provide an armed escort platoon for 227 AHB ships. I was to be the platoon leader. Go figure. That too, came to naught.

Hap Rose took B troop and I was elevated to the lofty position of Squadron Maintenance Officer. Our good Sergeant Major, Rabbit Kennedy, had procured an M-4 tank to spruce up the squadron headquarters area. Bullwhip called me in and said that it would be right nice if we could fire a salute from the main gun at our Friday retreat ceremonies, that it would nicely complement the fine music being provided by our very own drum and bugle corps. I allowed that this was a splendid idea but since I was only a lowly TC type, that I did not know diddly about tanks. He looked at me as only he could. I yes sir'd, saluted and moved out. We cut the weld and slowly opened the hatch, fully expecting I know not what. We found some K-rations, which later showed up at the Squadron lunch facility. The gun breech had been nicely pickled and with the removal of grease, all was in good working order. We visited the armor battalion down the street and got an adapter and shells that allowed us to fire the gun for retreat. Bullwhip was pleased. A few weeks later he called me in and said that it would be right nice if he could troop the line in that tank, sort of like Erwin Rommel. I attempted to fall back on my humble TC origins but to no avail. Maybe the armor guys would help us again. But then came the alert for Vietnam and I was saved.

Getting ready for Nam was a back breaker. Train on the equipment and get it ready for deployment at the same time. Somewhere in here, Bullwhip called me in and gave me my marching orders. He said that what he wanted was a 110% of what we were authorized flyable at all times, and that he did not care how I did it, and that he did not care where me or my people were. That was a fine of a set of mission orders that a man could ever want.

I had an idea to put rockets on the H-13s since the machine guns weren't very effective. The rockets could be used to spot targets for larger aircraft. Bullwhip gave his OK for a test bird. So away we went. The rocket system, four on either side, weighed the same as the mg's. Came time for test firing and it was to be done at a Ft. Rucker range. I picked up Bullwhip at division in a Huey while the test bird was flown to Rucker by a W-1. Arriving at the range, Bullwhip said that I had better fly with the bird, in case anything went wrong. Then I realized that the aircraft had only a single set of controls. And a wobbly-one pilot. And me in short sleeved khakis. The system fired perfectly, other than some sparks from the rocket motor hitting my bare arm and scaring me. The first kill made by the 1st Cav was by Capt Chuck Abbey, C troop, flying one of these birds.

We finally had all of the aircraft and other equipment prepared, locked and cocked, and ready to move to the ports. I reported such to Bullwhip. Well, says he, since you have nothing to do for the moment, call the president of Rite Dye Company and tell him to send us 200 packages of green dye and 100 packages of black dye. Tell him it is his patriotic duty and not to charge the government. I told Bullwhip that I would do almost anything for the squadron but begging was not one of them that I would even pay for the dye myself if he could find it. So he jumped on poor old Bobby Wallace. Now Bobby was already on Bullwhip's list. Bobby, an armor type, had wanted to get into aircraft maintenance. This incensed the old man so much that he made Bobby call the president of Rite Dye and plead his case. It fell on deaf ears, it seems as if the president or Rite Dye held three Silver Stars from WWII and felt that he had already done his patriotic duty.

And then there was the saga of Maggie, the Mule. Despite division orders to the contrary, Bullwhip was bound and determined to get Maggie to Nam. I had escaped to Navy Mayport supposedly to oversee the cocooning and loading of our aircraft onto the carriers. Really, though, to escape the last minute confusion and chores of Benning. Bullwhip chases me down by telephone and tells me that the Eastern Sea Frontier has lost our carrier, the Kula Gulf and to please go find it at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. While there, see if I can talk the ship's captain into taking the mule aboard. The captain, Ceasar D. Cappello, had survived a ship sinking on the Murmansk run, would be very happy to provide an in transit home for Maggie, but please let's do it on the QT, do not ask permission of MSTs. This officer was obviously squadron material. All of this somehow got into the Columbus Enquirer. So help me, I do not know how. I did not get the skipper drunk. Suddenly the Navy got into the act, probably needed the favorable publicity, and Maggie sailed on the Boxer, rather than the Kula Gulf.

The Kula Gulf arrived in Qui Nhon harbor and we started de-pickling, running up and flying off the more than 100 aircraft we had on board. It took about a week and I finally got up to AnKhe. This was to be my second tour and I was somewhat less than optimistic about survival. While still dark the next morning, I was attacked in my sleeping bag by masked assailants who wrapped me in a piece of parachute and dropped me down a well. I heard a familiar mad, cackling sound from above and his evil grin appeared over the side of the well. He dropped a major's leaf and proclaimed that when I found it in the mud, to give a call and they would pull me up.

The rest is history. I do recall George Park and I standing at the helipad at the top of our area as Bullwhip got into his aircraft and departed the squadron for the last time.

Joe Steine / BWS

Only in the Bullwhip Squadron, could these things happen.

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From The Commander:

With the opening of the membership roles to the Bullwhip Squadron Association from December 1965 through February 1972, we have received many leads to former members of the 1st/9th Cav who served in Vietnam and would like to join our organization.

Loel, Al, and I have been in many telephone discussions with numerous individuals across the US who have responded to our invitation to join – and they range from former dog handlers to squadron commanders. As we suspected, many former members had only one tour in Vietnam and felt lost in the much larger 1st Cav Association. Others with two or more tours still felt that the 1st/9th Cav tour was the highlight of their combat assignments. To those that have recently joined, we say, “WELCOME to the finest Air Cav Squadron that ever served”. We ask you to contact your many friends who also served with the 1st/9th Cav and tell them to contact us or you give them a copy of the Invitation To Join.

Both Al and I have talked with the 1st/9th Cav column editor for the 1st Cav Association Saber newsletter -P.J. Jorgeason- and he will assist the BW Squadron in its recruiting effort by

publishing our news in upcoming Saber issues. I have sent P.J. my copy of two videos, Wings Over Vietnam and The Cavalry and Decisive Weapons, which tells the true story of the 1st/9th Cav in Vietnam. P.J. has also accepted my offer for him to review BW6's unpublished memoirs, which Rita Stockton sent to me for safe keeping. P.J. has already published several books of his own based on his experiences in Vietnam and therefore could provide me some advice as to BW6's memoirs.

By now you readers are aware of the planned October 9, 10, and 11, 1998 reunion here at Fort Rucker, to be held at the Holiday Inn, Ozark. This reunion will be basically a gathering of the Brotherhood to renew old acquaintances and probably not have any current military presentations or tours except perhaps the Aviation Museum tour. Mrs. Stockton and, at least, her daughters are planning to attend. The larger event will be the Bullwhip horse presentation in August of 1999 at Fort Hood, TX. during the 1st Cav Reunion.

The BW Squadron will be assisted by Joel Steine and Bert Chole who live in the Hood area. More information on this particular event will be provided at the Rucker 98 reunion and

follow on BW newsletters in sufficient details to ensure we all understand the BW Squadron's role for the Bullwhip horse presentation event.

We understand that some of the members cannot attend both functions due to financial reasons; however, many members wanted the option of both a 98 and a 99 reunion for the “increasing age syndrome” and the different southeast/southwest locations.

Starting with this newsletter, A. J. Welch, B Troop, 1971, will be contributing articles for the newsletter. His first article is printed for your reading.

A.J., welcome to the Brotherhood!

As a last note, the battered old black Stetson hat worn by John B from the 1964 Carolina maneuver days now rests for all to see in the 1st Cav Museum at Fort Hood. BW6 had given it to Joe Steine several years ago and he in turn gave it to me for safekeeping. I tried to give it to the Aviation Museum at Fort Rucker but the curator couldn't guarantee it's safety if it was placed near or in the 1st/9th Cav helicopter diorama. When I was contacted by the 1st Cav Museum curator in October of 97 requesting an original Cav Stetson of the 1964/65

era, I sent them the ORIGINAL. The curator was thrilled. Now you have another reason to attend the 1st Cav Reunion in 1999.

See y'all in October

DAVID J. ALLEN
Brigadier General,
Cavalry, USA Ret,
Commanding

**Without eyes and ears,
the Division is blind.**

CAV

**From The Command
Sergeant Major**

As this old soldier thinks back to the time of the 1st/9th Vietnam days, I can't help but think of the many young soldiers who came into the Army, did their training and joined us, before or during Vietnam. There they fought as brothers; shoulder to shoulder, completed their tour and returned to the land of the Big PX, the good old USA. Many left the Army, returning to their homes through out the States. Some stayed to make the Army a career. All were the Brotherhood of Bullwhip soldiers. We, the Cavalry, WERE their Army, and for many, were family. Their memory still lives with us.

Many have not seen their old brothers for many

years and the upcoming 98 reunion will be a true reunion of Brothers. I look forward to seeing as many of you that can possibly come. If you know of any troopers that have yet to be contacted let the Squadron Association know their names and addresses.

The Bullwhip Squadron shall forever march forward with sabers held high.

As ever, your points of contact for normal Squadron business remain;

Loel Ewart -
Rt. 2 Box 158
Ozark, Al. 36360
Ph# 334-774-0328

Or

Al Defleron -
1145 Holland Rd.
Newton, Al. 36352
Ph# 334-692-5685

You are the best. You are CAV. Stand Tall, Be Proud.

SGM Kennedy
Bullwhip 7

From the Chaplain:

Well, the votes are in. We will be having the next reunion at Rucker during October 9, 10, and 11 of 1998. This reminder to those troops who say "we didn't get the word." I am looking forward to seeing all of you there. We know that many who attended the first Reunion were AWOL from the second reunion. We hope

all able-bodied Troopers will make every effort to be there.

Rita Stockton told me she plans to be there, and she looks forward to seeing all of you again. It will be a time to reminisce, and recall Bullwhip 6, and how he led the best CAV outfit ever. We will recall the glorious days, and the unsung deeds of valor of so many of our comrades.

As I promised in my last letter there are things about Colonel Stockton only the Chaplain was aware of. As busy as he was, molding the best outfit in the Division, he still had time to look after the welfare of his men and their families.

One example of this occurred when we were on maneuvers in the Carolinas; he was concerned that many of the younger men did not make arrangements to send money home to their wives on payday. He had me make arrangements with the men to collect money from them to take back to their wives. A helicopter was provided and I flew home to Benning, and took the money to the wives. The first payday I took \$7,000 back. I guess the word go out to the Troopers because on the next payday I took back to Benning \$15,000 to the wives.

On the second payday, which was a Saturday, I told the Colonel I would fly back on Saturday evening as I had to hold Church services. Col Stockton replied, "Have the Troop Commanders conduct the services. No one objected. One CO, who was

a Catholic, informed me that he had a Sergeant who was capable of handling the situation. Never in all my years as a Chaplain have I ever seen such a project even attempted before and so well received. This says a lot about the caliber of our Troop Commanders.

This is just a few glimpses of the other side of the fearless hard charging soldier who never sent his troops into danger without leading the way.

These are just a few illustrations of why John Stockton was loved and revered by those who served with him.

Now for another matter. We have a trooper that needs our help. James Conner, a trooper of the 1st/9th needs the Brotherhood. His wife has been corresponding with me. He was in a serious auto accident in 1997. He has been in and out of VA hospitals, since, and is practically an invalid. His wife takes care of him full time. James memory is gone from the old days, and he has trouble remembering from day to day. They are in need of moral support.

I wonder if any Trooper who lives in Decatur, AL could look in on them. I'm afraid this old soldier doesn't drive that far anymore, and needs a troopers help.

His address is 1304 15th Avenue SE.
Decatur, AL 35601
Phone is 205-855-4599

All for now. Until we meet at the reunion,

I remain,

Your Chaplain
Harry K. Treude

Time is the one great enemy. Even the Cav Trooper feels time as a heavy burden to carry. But carry it he does.

LAE

From the Sergeant Major:

Procrastination

Is a word in all of our daily lives, in our vocabularies, meaning; delay, put off till tomorrow or later doing something.

I tend to procrastinate about the quarterly article sometimes, to where Loel has to remind me as time draws near, "D, I need your article". Sometimes mine is one of the lasts he receives. I then wind up staying up late one or two nights going over notes, letters, and phone calls, trying to get my thoughts together for the article.

After drafting, writing, and re-writing, getting Betty to proof read (my editor). I get it to Loel who again edits, corrects and with the help of his editor (Barbara) puts it on his computer.

Three or four days later the fun begins. Printing, assembly, stapling and six to eight hours later we are ready

to fold, insert, and address (I hope the last one was the last to hand address) and put in the mail. I hope into your waiting hands.

I believe there are troopers out there procrastinating on whether to join our Bullwhip Association or attend our reunions, for whatever reasons only they know. Every day we put it off we lose someone. As time, age, and health doesn't procrastinate.

Recently I was talking to a trooper on the phone and his remarks were "I wish I would have joined and attended the two reunions, as I would have loved to have seen Glen, Earl and the Bullwhip himself".

I assure you he'll be at the Ozark reunion this year. I hope all of you will be there.

As Betty and I attend the 1st Cav Division Reunions, upon entering the 1st /9th Hospitality Room I find the same camaraderie, closeness, and family feeling we all shared. Pride knowing that you were a member, a part of a unit that we all know was the Best of the Best, bar none.

All the Squadron Commanders, Troop Commanders, Platoon Leaders, Section Leaders, and Troopers had and have the same welfare, concern, and love of their troopers as ours did. The only difference is the names, faces, and times of tours aren't the same. But we're all 1st/9th Air Cavalry Squadron, 1st Cavalry Division.

I have come to know many of those who followed us (the Boat People as they refer to us Bullwhip people) and in doing so have come to love and respect them as family. I'll always believe the finest commanders and soldiers in the U.S. Army came from the 1st/9th Squadron.

As our ranks have opened to all of the 1st/9th which followed, to join our Bullwhip Squadron Association, I will again be seeking your help in locating those troopers out there who don't know our organization exists. I've had a great deal of help from, again, Dave Deslover, Ken Olsen, A.J. Welch, to name a few. So get out those old letters, cards, orders, and let's track down as many as possible before the reunion. Let's let them know we are here. Let's make our family circle a lot bigger.

I will see many of you at the 1st Cav Division Reunion this August in Buffalo, NY. But to those not attending in Buffalo, I hope to see you at our reunion in October, at Ozark, AL (Fort Rucker).

Let me once again return to use the word I started this article with **Procrastination**. It has probably played a part of the following;

1. Has kept some from joining our ranks.
2. The site of this years reunion.
3. Paying our dues.
4. Renewal of old friendships.

As Joe Gallaway said "our leader was no "Piss Ant".

One thing for sure, as we all know, that on the night of 3 November, 1965, he was not a procrastinator.

As ever

L.A. Defleron
Sergeant Major

From the Keeper of the Rock:

When I learned of COL Stockton's death last August, like all of you I was shocked and saddened. I'm afraid that, many times, I was too busy with my job to correspond with BW 6 as much as I should have. I knew that in addition to COL Stockton's love of the Cavalry, he had a particular interest in J.E.B. Stuart's Cavalry. My great, great, grandfather rode with Stuart as a member of the 3rd Virginia Cavalry, C.S.A. In light of this fact, several months before his death I had purchased a copy of the 3rd Virginia regimental history to send to COL Stockton, but being busy with work and family matters, I had not sent it to him. Given COL Stockton's sense of humor, I think he would have liked the observations of one 3rd Virginia trooper on the Pennsylvania Germans during a raid into the North to capture (steal) horses. He wrote:

"The farms are generally small but the lands are rich and well cultivated. The inhabitants are principally Dutch. The men are ugly as sin and the gals are fat and greasy. Lagerbeer and Sourcroust are the staple commodities.... We had a gay time and waked up the Dutch generally. Our boys reveled in Dutch Whiskey and Ginger brandy."

I will always regret that I did not take up more time with BW 6 while he was with us. He was a true mentor, leader, comrade and friend.

Keeper of the Rock
Gene Smith

We have had a lot of calls about the videotapes that Jerry has for sale. So for all of you that are interested, and for all of our new members, this article is being reprinted from the last newsletter.

"For those of you who are not aware, we, in the Bullwhip Squadron, have quite an asset in the person of Jerry "Smoky" Schmotolocha. Smokey has done an excellent job of compiling and editing tapes about the Bullwhip Squadron, the 7th Cav and the Air Cav in general. In addition to these tapes being of great interest to us, some of the proceeds from the sales will go toward the purchase of a horse to be named "Bullwhip" and given in COL Stockton's memory to the detachment at Fort Hood.

The available tapes are;

Tape #1: "The Making of Decisive Weapons" by the BBC. This tape includes a 1 hour, 30 minute interview with COL Stockton and CSM Kennedy about the Bullwhip Squadron and how such traditions as the black hats and saddlebags, were begun. The final 30 minutes of the tape is the final program, aired by the BBC. This is available for \$25.00 (with \$15 of this going to the horse fund).

Tape # 2: BG Dave Allen and LTC Chuck Knowlen discuss the ambush in the Ia Drang Valley (1 hour 10 minutes). This is followed by a 50 minute, A & E program about the Air Cav in Vietnam. The purchase price is \$25.00 (with \$15 going to the horse fund).

Tape # 3: LTG Hal Moore talks about the Battle of Ia Drang Valley from the 7th Cav perspective. This is a \$20.00 tape (of which \$10 goes to the Ia Drang Scholarship Fund).

For further information about ordering these and other tapes, please contact:

Jerry "Smoky"
Schmotolocha
23 Congressional Parkway
Livingston, NJ 07039
Phone: (201) 994-0738

In addition to these tapes being interesting and a part of our heritage, Smoky has gone to much effort to compile and edit them. I feel that as fellow troopers, we need to support his efforts.

Even more than that, we need to support the memorial

effort in COL Stockton's memory."

Keeper of the Rock
Gene Smith

Legal Advice

This issue will not have a Legal Advice article in that our legal expert, Manny Sedeccea, has graciously offered to bypass this newsletter due to space limitations. He will however, provide the article for the next issue, which by the way, he has already written.

Manny, we miss your articles.

The Staff

Lost And Found

Sir,

If possible, I would like the address of one of your members, a Mr. Charles Wilke. I served with Charles in 1965 in A Troop 1st/9th Cav in the Ia Drang Valley, before I was wounded and lost contact with him.

Thank you

Allen Huddleston
Rt 4 Box 2970
Aloka, OK 74525

Well Charles, now is the time to write that letter to an old friend.

From the Swamp

Greetings! My name is A.J. Welch and I am the Swamp Fox.

I guess I'm one of the extreme Newbie's of the Bullwhip Squadron, as I was when I joined B Troop in 1971.

As one of 2 Regimental Historians for the 9th Cavalry Regiment (Bert Chole is the other), I have been asked to write a column on some of the past history of what happened during the time of the 9th in RVN. I would like to begin at the end.

This story was sent to me by my roommate who was involved in a little place called An Loc in April of 1972 and then as F Troop 9th Cavalry until we stood down with the 3rd Brigade.

Fiddler's Green
Copyright 1998
Ronald N. Timberlake

Joyless Spring

As the Troop lost nine aircraft and pilots on their missions in Cambodia, it became less and less of an adventure. They resented taking losses, and were bitter about not being able to really hurt the Communists. As March turned to April of 1972, The Plan was born.

It may have initially been Tom Jackson's idea, really. Credit became rather vague

later, but no one could argue that any of the pilots involved tried to convince the others not to do it. It was simple enough to work well, and the pilots were more than good enough to work well, and the pilots were more than good enough to carry it off. Once the concept itself was proposed, the tactical considerations and logistics fell naturally into place. All in all, while the plan to execute the Plan was brilliant, The Plan itself would have benefited from careful consideration and further study. It was the stuff of which Courts Martial are made.

Five pilots of a Heavy Pink Team had seen Soviet aircraft, a MIG-17 fighter and an AN-12 cargo plane, land at the airfield in Mimot, Cambodia. They were strictly forbidden to go near the airfield. They observed this prohibition not because they were soldiers, who, by their very nature, essentially obey their orders.

But as they learned to believe less and less in their country's and their Army's leaders; as they watched more of their friends die to obtain information that their headquarters doubted, politicians denied, and no one acted upon; their resentment evolved into The Plan: They would attack the airfield at Mimot, destroy any aircraft they found there, and kill as many people as they could; race and national origin notwithstanding.

Not a man of them, under different circumstances, would have failed to discern the implications of the attack. None would have been so rash as to even consider such an action. But theirs was a very small and enclosed world, consisting essentially of friends and targets. Being isolated for so long in that small and dangerous world affected the way they saw and considered things. They were willing to risk death each day, not for their country, but for the other pilots in the Troop, and those pilots were dying because someone at a higher level would not hit the right targets. From where they sat, they saw those targets clearly each day, and now they prepared to do what they did with targets. They would execute The Plan without their normal sanction that told them it was acceptable for them to do so.

Two-Eight's bird had an inoperative turret, although its two weapons were left in place to present a visible deterrent. Since the mini-gun and grenade launcher could not be used, its ammo bay was empty. The reduction in weight allowed it to carry 76 rockets, instead of 52, and it was the only "Heavy Hog" configured Cobra in the Troop. The night before The Plan was executed; its pods were emptied, and reloaded with the unusual warload of 76 flechette rockets.

The Plan called for Two-Eight to begin the attack, by spreading his first 38 rockets

over the entire area from the north, opposite the flight's direction of approach. He would then turn in front of the other attacking Cobras, to quickly fire his last 38 rockets, and break away as the two fire teams themselves came into range. That would put 167,200 of the finned nails into and around the airfield defenders, aircrews, and equipment. His attack was intended to kill, wound, or intimidate almost anyone above ground, and give the other four Cobras some relief during their more precise low level attacks.

The weapons load for each Cobra participating in The Plan was tailored to the weapons the individual Aircraft Commander shot best. Copilots who shot the 40mm well were assigned to specific aircraft whose turrets seldom jammed. Two-Eight's copilot would have nothing to do but navigate, so he was assigned the newest attack pilot in the Troop.

These plans and arrangements were made without the knowledge of any of the copilots. Only the Hunter/Killer Team Leaders, the three Scout pilots who would be flying, and one Huey pilot knowingly participated in The Plan. All others, including the Cobra platoon leader, were excluded for obvious security reasons.

The morning of the attack dawned with the Troop in flight to their staging area at Tay Ninh East, the old Special Forces compound on the northwestern edge of the

provincial capital. Five Cobras followed the three Hueys and three Loaches, at 1,500 feet above the ground. But as two of the Hueys began their approach to Tay Ninh East, Two-Zero called that the Hunter/Killer Teams would refuel at Tay Ninh West, and all the other aircraft flew on to the northwest. Even the most irresponsible among them (and it would be difficult to accurately assign that distinction), knew that what they planned was illegal, and was essentially mutiny. Each officer knew that in less than an hour, he would probably have no career left in the military. Worse, each knew that he was probably flying a military aircraft for the last time in his life.

In their defense, it should be recognized that in the midst of that month's intensive combat, none really took the time to understand that their attack would be on an airfield of a foreign neutral government. They were themselves targets every day, so did not even consider that their killing of personnel of that government, and others, would have far reaching implications. They recognized no neutrality for Cambodia, and cared only that there was an enemy there to be seen. Their own government sent them to fight and die in that country, but did not support them, so it was logical for these men, in their frame of mind, to strike that enemy with the weapons at hand. They

consciously hoped and intended to kill Russian pilots and other personnel, with almost no thought to the consequences.

Another factor weighed on them, though less heavily than their knowledge that what they were about to do would be considered wrong. They knew the airfield was heavily defended by anti-aircraft guns and cannon, and suspected that there would also be missiles. This anticipation was why the scouts now followed them. They would not participate in the attack, but were to go in to rescue the Cobra crews who were shot down. And the single Huey was behind them, to try to pick up the Scout and Cobra crews if they suffered heavier losses. They had almost certain knowledge, rather than their normal feeling of anticipation, that some of them would die this morning. But they would attack.

The aircraft commanders briefed their co-pilots in their cockpits, after they passed Tay Ninh. Not a man argued. The Plan made sense to them. West of Nui Ba Den, The Mountain of the Black Virgin, they took their last bearings at altitude, and the Cobras began their descent by maintaining their power settings, and nosing over to trade altitude for airspeed. The 150 knots of airspeed at cruise power allowed them to pull away from the other aircraft, and provided separation for the rescue birds behind. All systems

armed, they were at treetop level and 145 miles per hour when they crossed the Cambodian border.

Fifteen miles southeast of Mimot, Two-Zero gave a thumbs-up and a forward signal to Two-Eight, slowing a bit to allow Two-Eight's heavy hog to gain the proper distance in front of the rest of the Cobras.

A short time later, he looked to his right, at Two-Six. Normally strung out in a tactical formation, especially this close to the treetops, Tom had moved in to barely a rotor disk away. With a long look and a thumbs-up Tom separated with his fire team for the attack that would end their careers, if not their lives. Two-Six and his wingman would attack the west side of the field, then turn back, attacking the east side on his way home. Two-Zero and his wingman would do the opposite, the teams crossing by each other on the northern edge of the field.

Their Flight Operations had tried to reach them a short while before, but the transmission was garbled. They were committed, and would answer no radio calls, anyway.

Less than five minutes before Two-Eight would start his flechette run, they monitored a call transmitted on the emergency UHF frequency.

"Attention all aircraft, this is Paris on Guard. Loc Ninh is under tank and heavy ground attack. They need any air available. I say again,

Loc Ninh is under tank attack and heavy ground attack. Any aircraft with armament, please respond.”

The distant clearing of the airfield was becoming discernible to the attack pilots, and Two-Eight was already in position to see the tailplane of a Soviet made AN-12 on the ground. The big four-engine transport, similar to the American C-130, would be a delightful target. The Plan was still good in their minds, but friendly soldiers were dying.

On the Troops internal frequency, he transmitted, “Sabres, we’re turning to Zero Seven Zero, and climbing, acknowledge.”

The acknowledgments came back immediately, by call sign, and the flight turned toward the east, and zoom-climbed for altitude. When they gained enough altitude for his transmission to be received, Two-Zero switched to UHF frequency 243.0 and transmitted, “Paris, Flashing Sabres are in-route to Loc Ninh, with heavy guns and Hunter/Killer. ETA less than five mikes.”

“Sabre Flight, this is Paris. Say aircraft type and armament.”

“Paris, Sabre Flight is four Cobras, light hogs with 17 pounders, nails, and full turrets, one Cobra, heavy hog with pure nails and no turret, three Scouts and a UH-1.”

The controller quickly checked his classified signals list for a reference, and passed the contact callsign and frequency. “Sabre

Flight, this is Paris. Your ground contact is Zippo. Up from your Alpha, twelve dollars and ten cents. Good hunting.” The last comment was unusual for a Paris controller.

The fully armed combat elements of Troop F, 9th US Cavalry, Third Brigade (Separate), First Cavalry division (Airmobile), turned east, for the start of the Spring Offensive of 1972.

Brothers, history is the writing down of stories and events, which took place. I hope to ensure that the history of our squadron is written down and saved for our descendants. However, I can only write down what is told. I will need your help in the future. If you have any story or remembrance of an event which happened while in-country, please contact me so that it can be remembered (it will also help me write this column).

My address is:
A.J. Welch
1505 Tally Ho Ct.
Kokomo, IN 46902-4446
e-mail (plain)
ajwelch@juno.com
(with attachments)
gamecock@netusa.net

Hope to see all y’all at the reunion in October.

A.J. Welch
Unit Historian

From the Comptroller:

Our country is still going through one of the longest sustained periods of good times in history. Inflation is low, unemployment is low, wages are up, and most people are reasonable happy.

The Association has gone all out to find those troopers who do not know of the Association but would like to join. 170 Invitation to Join letters were sent out to those who carried on, and sustained, the Cav tradition after COL Stockton’s command.

We are receiving new members daily and hope to see many of them at the October reunion.

Here it is May, five months into the New Year and many of you have not sent in your dues for 1998.

With the reduction of dues to \$15 per year, the Association can only send the Newsletter to dues paying members.

Reluctantly, The BW Association Counsel has decided that this will be the very last letter sent to non members. So check your name against the membership list in this newsletter. If your name is not there you will receive no further newsletters after this one.

Because of the cost of putting the newsletter together and mailing, the Association can send newsletters only to members in good standing.

So as COL Stockton would say, it’s time to mount and

get under way. In other words,

IT'S DUES PAYING CATCHUP TIME!

Please make payment for annual dues (and donations) by checks, made payable to the Bullwhip Squadron Association.

You can send your annual dues for 98 to me, **Loel Ewart, Rt. 2, Box 158, Ozark, AL. 36360.**

My phone number is home, **(334) 774-0328**, office, (334) 983-3828.

Membership runs from January to December.

The present membership is over 120 troopers. Lets go for a giant leap for double that number for membership by end of 98.

If your name is not on the list and you believe you have paid your dues, please call me for resolution.

Our leader, COL John B. Stockton, is still with us in spirit and will always hold that special place of honor within the Association.

To all of you who ordered mugs since our last newsletter, a very hardy, THANK YOU. This has helped reduce the stockage of mugs.

You can still help us eliminate our backlog of mugs and put money back into the Squadron fund by ordering mugs. These are paid for, so any moneys received for the mugs will go back into the Squadron fund. If you are in mind for more,

call or write either Al Defleron or myself. The cost will be \$10 per mug and we will pay the postage.

The 1st/9th Air Cav Squadron, starting with Bullwhip 6 and continuing with other Squadron Commanders, is known through out Army Aviation and supported units as a "Can Do" outfit. No job to tough, a unit you can count on, the only unit you want covering you overhead, a unit that gets the job done.

Take pride, in your past. Our battles were not in vain and our Brotherhood remains strong knowing that what we did was right.

Our newsletter is how we stay in touch with each other.

Read the letters to the editors. There are troopers out there that have found their home again, just by membership in the Association and the Newsletter.

The Cavalry, always in front, always the eyes and ears of the Division.

The Cavalry Never Sleeps!

Now for an up to date accounting of funds since the last newsletter. You will notice that our balance has almost doubled and the horse fund is healthy.

Total Deposit \$4,827.72
Expenses - \$508.56
Ending balance \$4,319.16

Horse Fund \$2,495.00

We are well on the way to our goal of \$3500 for the Horse Fund.

Yes, we are solidly in the black, thanks to all of you that paid your dues and gave donations in 1997 and 1998,

Until the next News letter

Loel Ewart
Comptroller

Only time will tell if boys grow into men.

Boys put away their toys and become men.

And play with helicopters, and are still boys at heart.

LAE

The following list of Association members is as of May 9, 1998. Look closely and insure your name is there for 1998. Don't let the Association down. Check your names and insure the spelling is correct. Call Loel Ewart and correct the spelling if necessary. This is to insure the BW Certificates are spelled correctly.

If your name is not there and dues not paid, **JOIN!**

Bullwhip Squadron Association Members

Honored Halls

COL J .B. Stockton (Deceased)
Glenn Shumake (Deceased)
Earl D. Thompson (Deceased)

Association Members

Abernathy, George
Allen, David
Auskiewiez, Richard
Avelar, Jose A.
Ballard, Stephen
Banks, Larry
Barrett, James
Beardsley, Guy
Bedsole, Kenneth
Black, James
Blankenburg, Mitch
Blankenship, Nelson
Blouin, David
Bluestone, Bill
Borsos, J.R.
Bowen, Joseph S.
Bray, David
Burnett, Clark
Byrd, William
Campbell, Harold
Chole, Bert
Conner, James
Coshey, Donald
Cox, Leonard
Crispino, Joseph J.
Danielson, Ted
Defleron, Al
Dehart, Bruce
Denning, Richard
DeSloover, David
Dettmer, Marion
Dula, Jones
Dunning, David
Dupreast, Samuel
Ewart, Loel
Fisher, Gordon
Franco, Warren
Frazer, William
Frazier, Chuck
Galloway, Joe
Garnhart, Stan
Garrett, Robert

Gee, James
Gilboy, William
Gillette, William
Goldsberry, James
Grett, Stanley
Grube, Dick
Hara-Eull, Micheal
Herra, James
Hilton, Mark H.
Hlywa, Nicholas
Holland, Les
Hughes, Billy
Hunter, Jerry
Jones Jr., Walker
Judson, Robert
Kelly, Michael
Kenerson, Ron
Kilcrease, Jack
King, Thomas
Kink, Julie
Knowlen, Charles
Kraus, Larry
Krohlow, Kenton
Kuster, Robert
Labak, Robert M.
Landor, Jaime
Lanegan, Terrence
Larson, Edward
Leonard, Thomas
Lewis, Rhett
Maher, James
Marcum, Eugene
Marshall, Richard
Matlock, Milton Craig
McAnally, Loren V.
McGowan, Deirdre (Sabine)
McNinch, Jerry
Moore, Hal
Moser, Frank
Mundy Jr., G.G.
Nielsen, John
Oliver, Jack
Olson, Kenneth
Owens, Ronald
Park, George
Pettit, Richard
Poos, Robert
Powell, John W.
Pressman, James
Pumphrey, A. T.

Reid, James
Rochat, Louis
Rose, Harold
Russell, John
Schmotolocha, Jerry
Scott, Kenneth
Sedacca, Emanuel
Shanklin, David
Sistrunk, Richard
Smith, Ben L.
Smith, Rayburn
Stanfield, Neil
Steine, Joel
Stewart, Frank
Stockton, Rita
Sundt, Richard
Thaxton, Robert
Timmons, Dick
Treude, Harry
Tucker, Douglas
Turner, Barrie
Vines, Otis
Washington, James
Washington, Royall
Weatherspoon, Freddie
Welch, A. J.
Westfall, Ronald
Wilkins, Donald
Williams, Billie
Williams, Franklin
Wingate, Charles (Chuck)
Wood, Doug
Wright, Larry
York, John
Zemke, Phillip
Zion, Robert

A very sincere “thank you” and a very warm Welcome to all of our new members.

You are the professionals who make the Bullwhip Squadron Association a success!

Thanks guys for the great donations and joining!!!

Help us get more members and keep the Association strong! There are still many more out there waiting for us to contact them.

We have a current address on all present members and we also have the last known addresses for about another 300 troopers who are not members. So if you want to get in touch with any of them, just call for the address.

THIS IS YOUR NEWSLETTER, HELP US MAKE IT THE BEST!

Newsletter Picture



James H. Conner, 1304 15th Ave. S.E., Decatur, Alabama 35601

As all you troopers remember from the last newsletter, James went through hell with an accident that impacted his memory. He, with our help, is improving.

As the Chaplain in his column said, both James and his wife could use some personal time with fellow Troopers. So if you live close, drop by for a visit.

Help out a fellow Cav Trooper.

Duty, Honor, Country. Just three words; words to build your life on.

LAE

Every now and then a poem comes along that makes you stop and think. Yes, one person does make a difference. This poem is one.

THE STARFISH

Once upon a time there was a wise man who used to go to the ocean to do his writing. He had a habit of walking on the beach before he began to work.

One day he was walking along the shore. As he looked down the beach, he saw a human figure moving like a dancer. He smiled to himself to think of someone who would dance to the day. So he began to walk faster to catch up.

As he got closer, he saw that it was a young man and the young man wasn't

dancing, but instead he was reaching down to the shore, picking up something and very gently throwing it into the ocean.

As he got closer he called out, "Good morning! What are you doing?"

The young man paused, looked up and replied, "Throwing starfish in the ocean."

"I guess I should have asked, why are you throwing starfish in the ocean?"

"The sun is up and the tide is going out. And if I don't throw them in they'll die." "But young man, don't you realize that there are miles and miles of beach and starfish all along it. You can't possibly make a difference!"

The young man listened politely. Then bent down, picked another starfish and threw it into the sea, past the breaking waves and said, "It makes a difference to that one."

Loren Easley

There is something very special in each and every one of us. We have all been gifted with the ability to make a difference. And if we can become aware of that gift, we gain through the strength of our visions the power to shape the future.

We must each find our starfish. And if we throw our stars wisely and well, the world will be blessed.

Yes, one person does make a difference.

When politics and diplomacy fail, the military action becomes the final card played by politicians.

War does not make the man. Man makes war.

LAE

From The Editors

As you can see the Newsletter continues to change, hopefully for the better, as your good suggestions come in

This is not a one person, operation and volunteers are desperately needed to write articles.

Any article is appreciated, on any subject, past, present, military or civilian, funny, or sober, as long as it is in good keeping of the Association's ideals.

So if you would like to write an article, contact Loel Ewart. His address and phone number are in the newsletter.

Also, if you write a letter to the Editors and do not want it printed, just say so and we will honor your desires.

The following items are now found in each issue. The Lost and Found column, the, Letters to the Editor column, and the newsletter Picture.

We need help with the Newsletter, Picture.

If you have a photo that you would like to see in the Association newsletter, send it in to the Editors for printing. If you have a before and after photo (young guy/mature (old) guy) we will print. If you have a special picture, send in a copy, and we will print. In fact we will print all photos received for the Newsletter.

We are in hopes of increasing our membership above the present numbers, with your help. So if you know of anyone who is not a member please drop us a note with the name and address, and we will sent them a personal invitation to join the Squadron Association.

We have been asked about getting copies of past newsletters. We have a limited number of past newsletters so if you desire one, send a self addressed large envelope with 64 cents worth of stamps on it, for each newsletter, and we will send you the newsletter you are missing. However, you must be able to tell us what newsletter you need, or describe what is in it.

Contact Loel if there are any questions.

Several of the articles are makeovers from the last newsletter. We felt that they were important for the new members to read and understand where we are going as an Association. We hope this has not inconvenienced any of our Troopers.

Due to the many new members, the following article is a re-print of the last newsletter;

“Starting with this newsletter, we intend to print a newsletter three times a year.

If the Association members would like to stay at a quarterly printing, the members must support the quarterly with articles and letters.

Let us know how you feel, quarterly or three times a year.”

The newsletter is your newsletter and we hope you enjoy the history, the tidbits, and the camaraderie and Brotherhood found here.

Squadron membership certificates, will be sent to you, hopefully, in the near future. Yes I know we said that they would be sent with this newsletter, however we are in the process of having them printed and time caught up with us.

We are sending this newsletter to 460 addresses at an overall cost (postage, printing, paper) of approximately \$1.30 each. However, as stated earlier, due to cost, future newsletters will only be sent to dues paying members. We, as an Association, need members to grow. Become one of us.

The Editors

**A Cav Brother always, in
mind body and spirit.**

LAE

While very few of us are poets, occasionally a diamond in the rough shines through a Cav Trooper.

Here is a poem by one of our own, from the pen of Barry McAlpine.

GOD

I can't tell you of ever finding God in church and I can't remember feeling He was near me when I was there.

I do remember seeing a lot of friendly faces and people dressed in all their nice clothes.

Somehow, I always felt uneasy – too many people, too close.

No, I don't remember seeing God in church but I hear His name there constantly.

Some ask, "Have you been born again? If so when?" And I don't understand!

I did feel God in Vietnam—almost everyday.

I felt Him when, after an all night firefight,

He sent the sun to chase the rain away; the rain would return with majesty the very next day.

He was there when I collected Sgt. Moore's body

parts to put them in a body bag.

He was there when I wrote a letter to his widow explaining how he died.

He was behind me when I heard Sgt. Sink's last dying gasp.

He helped me carry Sgt. Swanson down a hill in the An Lao Valley.

I caught a glimpse of God when I felt the heat of Napalm called on our own position, 27 May 1967.

I felt him around me when the Chaplain would hold services for our dead.

I saw His reflection in the faces of my men when I told them to save one bullet for themselves as we were about to be overrun one hot steamy day in a Nam far away.

He led me in the "Lords Prayer" on every air assault as we stood on the skids coming in at treetop level.

When we set up our night ambushes and I couldn't see my own hands because of the darkness,

I would feel His hands.

He sent loneliness to guarantee the fond memories that always appear later in life.

I'll always remember the strength God gave to the orphans – the children of war.

He made them strong, but they didn't understand.

I know after 25 years, we sleep under the same star.

He sent boys into war. They returned young men;

Their lives forever changed, proud to protect the land of the free.

I don't know if God goes to church, but I know He goes to war.

Very well written Barry. You have expressed the thoughts many of us have, who have gone to war.

One day at a time is the way war is won.

LAE

Letters To The Editors

Some of our letters go all the way back to just after the last newsletter. We have had an outpouring of letters during this period and space keeps us from printing all of them.

I have attempted to take a good sampling of letters for printing so please don't take offence if your letter is not here. We will post it in the next newsletter.

All letters are interesting and have the long reach of a Cav Trooper.

Some of the notes and letters require a little dressing up so the language is fit for sensitive ears. Please do not take offense, **and keep those letters coming.**

The first letter is from an honorary member, the sister of a Brother in Arms that lost his life doing what he believed in.

Dear Mr. DeFleron,

Thank you for sending me news of my honorary membership in the Bullwhip Squadron Association. I had received a phone call from Ken Olson notifying me of this honor and that my dues was paid. I also received a congratulatory phone call from Bill Bluestone.

I am pleased and surprised to be included in this group, in honor of my brother, WO1 David Kink (C Trp 1st/9th July 1969). I think he would be proud to be a part of this organization if he were alive. And if he were a member, I would not be. In his absence I have been warmly accepted and am forever grateful.

To explain a little bit about my situation, David died of injuries sustained in a LOH crash outside of Phouc Vinh in 1969. He had only been in Vietnam for a month. He was 19 years old and I had just passed my eight birthday.

In his last letter home, 14 Jul 69, my brother wrote, "I've only seen one aviator killed since I've been here. You see, you are never alone on a mission. There's always somebody to protect you and get you out even before you hit the ground". He was trying to reassure Mom.

A week later, the aircraft went down while doing recon by fire. My brother, in his second day in a LOH and flying as observer, was the only one to survive the crash and lived 12 days before he died at 106th Gen. Hosp. in Japan.

In 1993 I began searching for people who might have known my brother, in hopes of finding out more about what kind of a person he was, and what he did in Vietnam. I am very grateful to the members of the Vietnam Helicopter Pilots Association and the Vietnam Helicopters Flight Crew Network, and internet group of about 400 pilots and crew members who have "adopted" me as their little sister. I was allowed to join the flight crew network as the only non-Vietnam veteran, female member, and be on their Family Contacts Committee.

I also am grateful for the help of Friends of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the 1st Cav Div. Assoc. and Saber, the Vietnam Veterans Home Page on the internet, and members of VVA Chapter470 in Anoka, MN who have welcomed me as an associate member.

I owe a great deal to the Vietnam Veterans who have become my new "big brothers." Because of these contacts, I met three buddies of my brother's in flight school, and heard their stories about pranks, brawls on the bus, and the fun they had as young men.

I also learned what actually happened in the crash that caused my brother's injuries, and the names of the two men who were killed. Our families' lives had been intertwined with each other for almost 30

years, without ever knowing each other's names.

I also have talked to Luther Russell, who said he was the first one to the scene of the crash and helped put my brother on the medevac. I was finally able to tell him, "Thank you." I don't know if I have ever said a more heartfelt thank you in my life.

I have met Bob Tredway, who was the troop commander at the time of Davids's death. He gave me a plaque that the unit gave him when he left, which he wanted me to have. I had a strange feeling of "coming home" when I shook the hand of this man whom David must have respected, and who most have cared for my brother as on of his men.

I have learned about the reputation of the CAV, especially the 1st of the 9th, and how you had to volunteer for this unit. I never knew David volunteered. He must have wanted to be a part of them very much and been very proud.

From the few people I have talked to who actually served with my brother, I have learned that he would have probably made a good pilot, had he lived, that he was accepted by "the gang" in Vietnam, that he was apprehensive about transitioning into LOH's from Hueys, that he matured over there and seemed to be developing the ability to handle things under pressure. All these things would never have been possible for me to

know if not for the friendship of my new big brothers.

I am very sensitive to the fact that nobody HAD to write to me, nobody HAD to tell me A THING about the Cav, the 1st of the 9th, Vietnam, or helicopters. Nobody had to share their feelings about one of the most intense times in their lives. Yet I have learned that there were good times as well as bad in Vietnam, people laughed, threw hats and shower shoes at each other, talked to the Vietnamese, cut each other down, built each other up, developed an internal language and thought process that bound them together completely and seamlessly and for decades afterwards.

You have much to be proud of, and I have much to be grateful for in being allowed to experience your brotherhood.

I am planning to attend the upcoming VHPA reunion in Ft. Worth, TX and also intend to go to Washington, DC for Veteran's Day this year again – my 3rd year. It seems like that is where I should be, as David's birthday was November 11th.

I didn't mean to make this so long, but felt you deserved an explanation for this departure from the norm. Thank you once again for this honorary membership, I look forward to receiving the newsletter and hope to meet you someday.

Sincerely,

Julie Kink
224 N. Harriet St.
Stillwater, MN 55082

Julie, the Cav takes care of it's own. May God bless you and yours.

To the Bullwhip Squadron

Dear Friends,

I was so sorry to hear about my cousin, John Stockton's death. He was an ornery "but admirable person and I'm sure he was a great Commander.

I don't know what you do with the fund, but I'm sure you do what you can for families of the departed squadron members. This donation is just a pittance but it is a remembrance.

I wish you but the best in your endeavors.

Mrs. Norman D. Wiltrout

The next letter is from a trooper who found a brother!

Dear Loel,

After 32 years I decided to see if I could find (SP4) Jim Plesz. Jim and I served together in 64/65, 3rd/17th and 1st/9th Cav, and have not heard from each other in 32 years. I had my Son put Jim's name to put into the computer (Internet) under WWW.SWITCHBOARD.COM. Only one name (Jim Plesz) with an address and

telephone # came up. I called the telephone # and , YES it was the same Jim Plesz I served with 32 years ago. We had a great talk. Jim would LOVE to hear from the ""Bullwhip Troopers", especially the 3rd Platoon, D Troop, Troopers.

His address is;

James Plesz
329 E 800 N
Lake Village, IN 46349
Ph# (219) 345-2701

Loel, please mail Jim an Application to Join, the "Bullwhip Family."

Thank You

Tom Leonard
24Fremont Road
Valley Stream, NY
11581-2107

Thank you Tom, for finding another Trooper. An application is on the way.

This next letter is from a trooper who is finding us again. Lionel, take pride that you are a member of the Brotherhood.

Dear Editor,

For nearly twenty years I lived in a shell, concerned only with my immediate family, job and friends. I was apprehensive to acknowledge that I had served in Vietnam and avoided contact with any cavalry members. Don't get

me wrong, I was very proud of having served with the 1/9 Squadron, but kept that pride within the family.

Then a friend told me about the 1st Cavalry Association and shortly after started writing of my experience as a Door Gunner (1966) – 1970). Later I joined the Bullwhip Sqdn and even the VFW.

Today I read your July Newsletter and I loved it! It reminded me of my Crew Chief (no names please), whom I served with for nine months in 1966. He was a dedicated member of the squadron, especially COL Stockton. He was so devoted that he actually disesteemed the Squadron Commanders that followed COL Stockton. I, on the other hand, liked them and thought that they were terrific Commanders who made John Wayne (actor) look like a Boy Scout. But then, I am sorry to say, I never had the privilege of serving with COL Stockton.

To clarify, I arrived in Vietnam on December 65 and was assigned to the Squadron's chase ship as a Door Gunner. We had no machineguns for the gunner or crew chief and had to rely on our M-16 and the three shot grenade launchers. Our machineguns had been donated to the grunts during the night Ambush at Ia Drang.

We were at Chu Pong Massif on March 20, 1966 when B Troop blues went in to check the area for NVAs. The result was the lost of two

lift ships on the ground, another crashed later on it's way to Plei Mi and the forth was flown out by it's crew chief, after the pilot was killed and the co-pilot badly wounded.

Our crew chief, the co-pilot, an Air Force Liaison Officer and I went in to the aid of the third helicopter that crashed in a wooded area, while our pilot stayed on the ship to evacuate the wounded.

In May I was transferred to the Squadron Commander's ship after his door gunner was wounded on the second day. An hour after the transfer, the ship was nearly blasted out of the sly.

Except for the Squadron Commander and I, everyone (crew chief, Commo NCO, copilot, Artillery Off.) was wounded. This forced our crew chief into the position of being the new Squadron Commander's crew chief. There was no time to cry or lick our wounds. We were back in the air 15 minutes after the Commander landed the crippled ship.

I adore my Crew Chief. He was my mentor, witty, always smiling, brave efficient and so ugly that he attracted women like mess attracts flies.

As I mentioned before, your Newsletter brought back memories and a pride that I had forgotten. For that I thank you.

Sincerely,

Lionel Dela Rosa
SFC (Ret)
14835 N. 35th Street
Phoenix, AZ 80532

Lionel you have spoken from the heart. We thank you.

The next letter tells how to find out if you have paid your dues.

Dear Loel,

I just received my copy of the Bullwhip Sqdn News, it is really great to read and remember!!

When I got to the list of members I couldn't find my name. Then I went through my 1st Cav file and found the Sqdn News from I Feb 96, and it dawned on me that I hadn't paid my dues for a while so that is why my name was not on the list. I'm sorry but time has really gotten away from me.

I was a Sp4 clerk typist in HQ Troop working for E-7 Burgess. Needless to say I knew COL Stockton, Capt Nave, Maj Radcliff and Maj Grube very well. We worked day and night typing up ship manifests for all the personnel going overseas.

My enlistment was almost up so I stayed behind. Some Vets and myself went to the dedication of the VN memorial in Sacramento, CA in 89 and I ran into a lot of the 1st Cav Association people. I have been a member ever since that time.

I was thrilled when I received the letter in the mail from Mike Bogdue concerning the start up of the Bullwhip Squadron. I sent in my dues in and received the Bullwhip Squadron Certificate, which I have handing in my office. I was very proud to serve with the group.

I am enclosing a check for \$50 to cover dues for 97 and 98, plus a set of our original orders. I will be visiting Capt Nave and Maj Radcliff at the wall in September during my trip to Washington DC. They are two of the finest people I have ever met, I am proud to have known them.

Thanks again for the copy of our newsletter.

I look forward to receiving them for many years to come.

Sincerely,

SP4 Billy Hughes
120 Heysman Rd.
Selah, WA 98942
Ph# (509) 698-3827

Billy, you are a true Bullwhip man at heart. You will notice your name is on the roster. Your copy of movement orders has helped us located more lost troopers.

Dear Loel,

Mike Kelley sent me your newsletter this week. I was sad to hear that Bullwhip 6 had passed on.

For all these years since, probably the closest

characterization of John would be that Commander of the Cav in "Apocolepse Now", "I love the smell of napalm in the morning."

He had the hat, scarf and nerve of John. Quite a large set of boots to fill.

I have been writing to Corners as of late. Have not seen anyone I served with after I got out of Vietnam. I talked to Kelley about one week ago. Mike and I served together in AnKhe.

I am one of the original Scouts that served in the 11th Air Assault in the beginning.

We packed everything up and shipped it to Nam. I left in August on the Boxer from Mayport FL. Went through the Suez and around to Que Non after stopping off at Cam Rhan bay to drop off four Mohawks.

I was a crew chief on an OH-13S model. Our call sign was White One. CWO G. Grimm was my pilot.

My ETS was Sept 20,66. C Trp 1/9 Cav.

Everybody scattered to the four winds when we got turned loose in Oakland.

At least we got to fly back. Kind of rude ending to go from about 110 degrees from Saigon to about 30 degrees in Cleveland in the space of a couple of days.

Enclosed is my check for the dues and some for the horse fund.

Richard Denning
23310 Elgin
Lemoore, CA 93245
Ph# (209) 924-7435

Richard, welcome back to the Brotherhood.

The next letter is from a trooper who was looking for us.

Loel,

In my Saturday's mail I received the information about the Bullwhip squadron Association from David Allen and need to ask you some questions about whom may join. I was with the 62 CTT (Combat Trackers) located at LZ Two Bits and was assigned to the 1st/9th and if my memory serves me right, we were the F Troop. The Trackers were designed group of 4 teams, with a dog handler, visual tracker, coverman, Squad Sgt and an Officer. We were the guys with the big black labs!

I remember working with the other Troops; one unit stood out in my mind was the Blues. I remember one SSgt with them that wore black skintight leather gloves. He was always looking for a kill. A real bad ass SOB. If our unit is qualified to join, I have addresses of 16 other members of our old unit and I'm sure some would have an interest in joining. Please contact me as soon as possible.

Respectfully,

Stephen K Cradick
Sheriff, Owen county

Yes Stephen, you belong. The Invitations were sent to you, enough for all the associated troopers. We look forward to receiving your membership.

This letter voices all our deep felt feelings, not only for Bullwhip 6 but all the other Brothers of the Squadron.

Dear Loel,

I have enclosed two checks- one for \$15 annual dues and one for \$100 for donation to the "Bullwhip" horse fund for it's place of honor in the 1st Cav. Horse Platoon. Please make sure the checks get deposited in the proper account.

The "Brotherhood" means more to me each day I live. I still morn the loss of bullwhip 6, but I have learned that grief is the price we pay for loving the ones that we have and lose. I can take the grief, but I could never accept the alternative – not to have ever known the person that I loved so dearly.

Your Mother Trooper

Dick Marshall
Box 1468
Pawleys Island, SC
29585-1463

Dick, no truer words were ever spoken.

BG David Allen

I believe your proposal to open membership to all that served in 1/9 cav, 1965-1971 is a good idea and urge that be done. Every person who served should share our pride in Bullwhip Squadron.

As far as the Aviation Hall of Fame, they missed a hell of an opportunity to put some real meaning and dignity into their efforts.

If there is a Cavalry Hall of Fame, that is where BW6 really belongs, and, they all know it.

Regards

Hap Rose

Sir, no truer words ever spoken.

The next letter brings up the Horse "Bullwhip."

Dear Loel

Please find enclosed a check for \$100. I think I owe for last year's dues and I know I owe for 98.

Please send me 4 mugs. If there is any left of the \$100 please put it toward the horse Fund. If there isn't enough, please let me know.

Enclosed is also my reunion ballot.

The newsletter noted that the Bullwhip horse would cost approximately \$3,500. How much more will be needed for first rate tac, saddle, etc?

Sincerely

Warren Franco
P.O. Box 8427

Portland OR 97207

Warren, all the 1st Cav Div is collecting for the horse and tac. Hopefully there will be enough funds to buy the horse, tac and maintenance for many years.

We are hoping that just the Bullwhip Association will be able to provide the \$3,500 for the horse alone, and at the rate we are going I believe we will make it.

For all you new Troopers, we are in the process of buying a horse for the 1st Cav Div Horse Platoon (spit and polish drill), to be named Bullwhip. It will be the Platoon Leaders horse. The horse will be dedicated in memory of COL John B. Stockton at the 1st Cav reunion in 1999 at Ft. Hood TX.

The next letter is a correction letter.

Dear editors,

I would like to correct and add to the Bullwhip Squadron Association Newsletter last paper the Keeper of the Rock wrote for me.

The videotapes are two for \$25. The 7th Cav Ia Drang 30th Anniversary is \$15.

The 30th Anniversary of Ia Drang, COL Stockton for the first time and only time spoke what really happened to him in Vietnam.

When a historian called him from Washington DC for

Army purposes to write for the Army History. He gave my name, because he said he's not going to repeat what he said at the 30th An so Mr. Cartland did just that and hopefully I should get the transcript he wrote for the Army.

On the tape that Paul Tilzey from BBC TV taped was what COL Stockton and CSM Kennedy had to say how they had put the 1st/9th together. How they chose their officer's and NCOs, how they got the Stetson hat, crossed sabers and saddle bags. Also who found and spotted the North Vietnamese (Dave Bray) in Ia Drang, which led up to the battle at the hospital by Capt Jack Oliver and then the big

ambush by Capt Chuck Knowlen.

Sincerely

Smoky

All you troopers, who want tapes from Smoky, look in the last newsletter for the address and the tape numbers. These are a set of tapes you don't want to miss.

The next letter is from a trooper whose first letter may have gone astray.

Sir;

Put \$10 of the \$25 into the Horse fund.

I wanted to explain how we came by the Bullwhip call sign, but you didn't see fit to print my last letter to the Editors so I didn't feel that you would be interested.

I don't want to sound confrontational, but I hope that the organization doesn't become the voice of a chosen few.

I believe that if you checked, there is no one in the Association who predates me in the Squadron. I was one of the originals in the 3rd/17th.

Respectfully

George A. Park
15817 Langley Dr.
Biloxi, MS 39532-5623
Formally BW 10

George, the Squadron voice is the voice of the whole. There are no chosen few. Your input is very much needed, especially about the Bullwhip callsign.

I can only apologize for any misunderstanding the lost letter may have caused.

The next letter is from a new member.

Dear Editors,

Thank you for signing me up as a member of the BW Squadron.

I believe my name was given by to you by Lt. Gen. Moore.

I've enclosed dues and some money for the fund.

Also is money for the Horse Fund. I hope it helps.

Serving in the 1st/9th Cav, B Troop was, no doubt the proudest thing I've done, and to be included in this organization is a great honor.

Thank you, and thank you Hal Moore.

J.R Borsos
PO 1248
Crested Butte, CO
81224
Ph # (970) 349-
0246B 1/9, 67-68

J.R. every dollar helps on the horse fund. All moneys received have been from the heart. That is what counts. Thank you for joining the Association Brotherhood.

The next letter shows we all have a bad case of the CRS (can't remember crap).

James, you are one of us, mind and soul.

Outstanding newsletter. But my face is red. Must have had my head up and locked when I found my name missing from the Association Members list. My error. That I will correct now.

Enclosed are my dues for 97 and 98 plus some for the horse fund and for two mugs.

I thought I had paid my 97 dues and if it's to late just add it to he horse fund.

Keep up the good work

James C. Maher, Ret
807 Kings Road

Hinesville, GA
31313

Jim, the main thing is you
are still one of us.

The last letter for this
newsletter is from John
Nielsen.

Hi Loel

Hope you and yours are
healthy and happy. Saw the
Garretts in Maryland last
Labor Day weekend.

Enclosed, find my check
for dues and a check for the
horse fund.

If you open the doors to
post JBS 1st/9th Cav troopers,
I know two who may be
interested: 1st Lt Wally
Martz from ND. We flew
together my last month –
good man. Also John
Wiegeat, Blue grenadier,
awarded the Silver Star for
his actions 2 Oct 66. We (A
troop) lost 3 KIA that day.
He is featured in
“Hunter/Killer Squadron.”
He is now State Trooper
Station Commander near me-
upstate NY.

As a result of you printing
my note in the newsletter, I
am now in touch with Joe
Waters. A door gunner from
C Troop called from MI last
Sunday with Joe’s number
and address. He name is
Dave DeSloover.

I vote for a quarterly
newsletter.

Keep your powder dry,

John R. Nielsen

329 Lindholm Road
Hurleyville, NY 12747-5009
Ph # (914) 292-1678

That’s all the letters for
this Newsletter. Send your
letters to, “The Bullwhip
Squadron Editors” c/o Loel
Ewart, for the next edition.

To close out this edition of
the BW Sqdn Newsletter, it is
only appropriate to pay
homage again, to another
unsung hero, that is always in
the background, and that
every pilot depends on. The
Aircraft Mechanic (in this
case, helicopter mechanic).
Without them, no one would
be flying.

One last word about the
October 1998 Bullwhip
Squadron reunion.

There will be a
reunion registration
form in the mail to
everyone by the middle
of June. This will give
pricing and an itinerary
for the reunion.

Look For It!

Until the next newsletter,
keep the pickem up truck
wheels between the white
lines, the chopper right side
up, cold brew in the fridge,
good fellowship with your
Brothers and may all things
go your way.