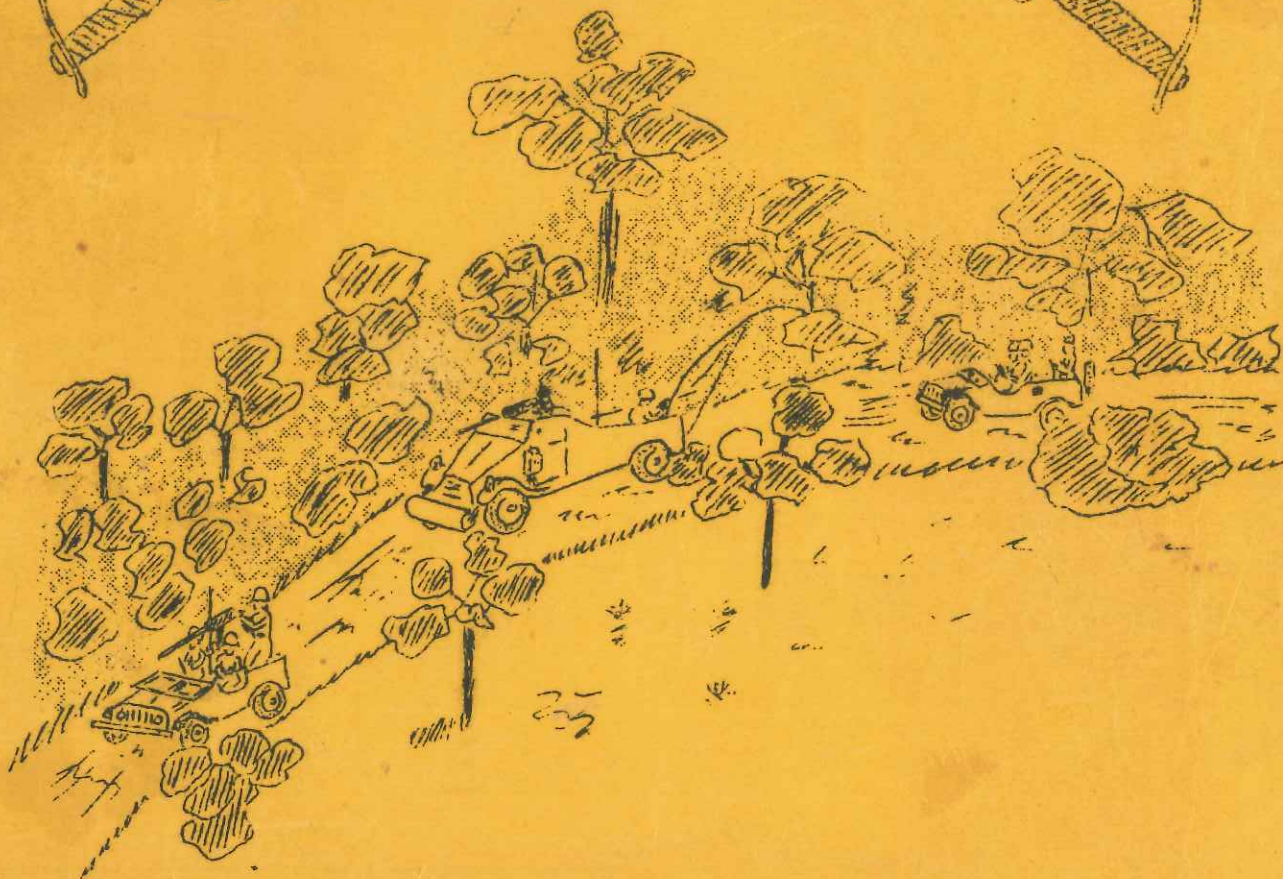
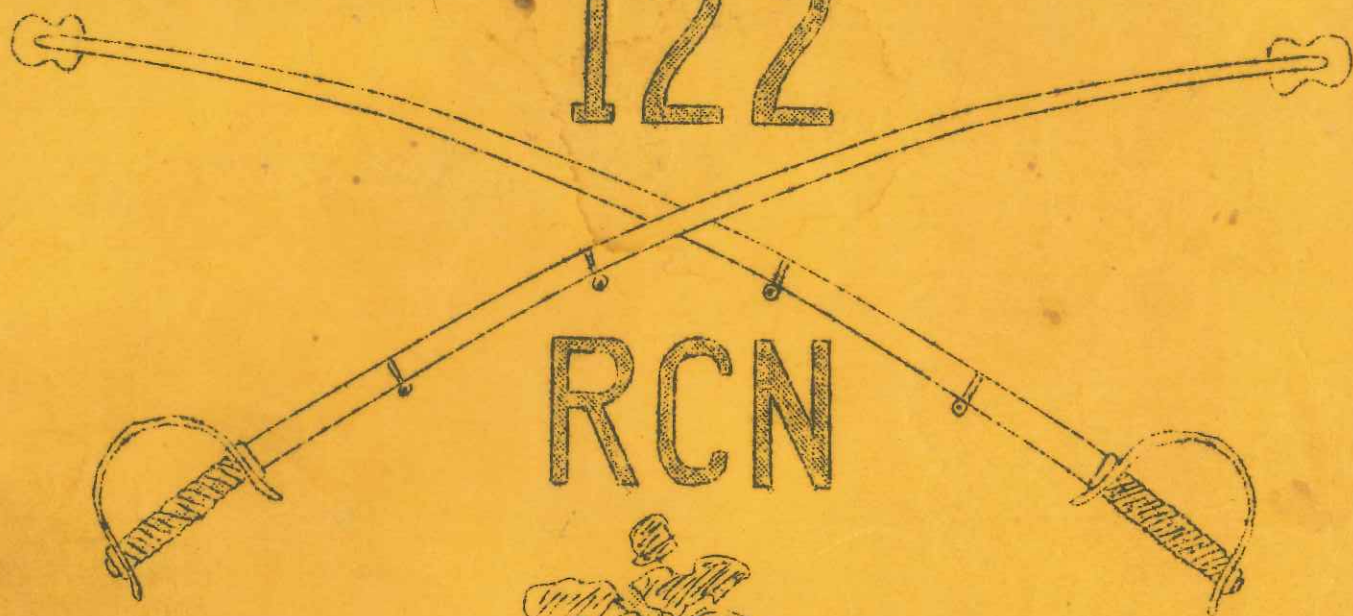


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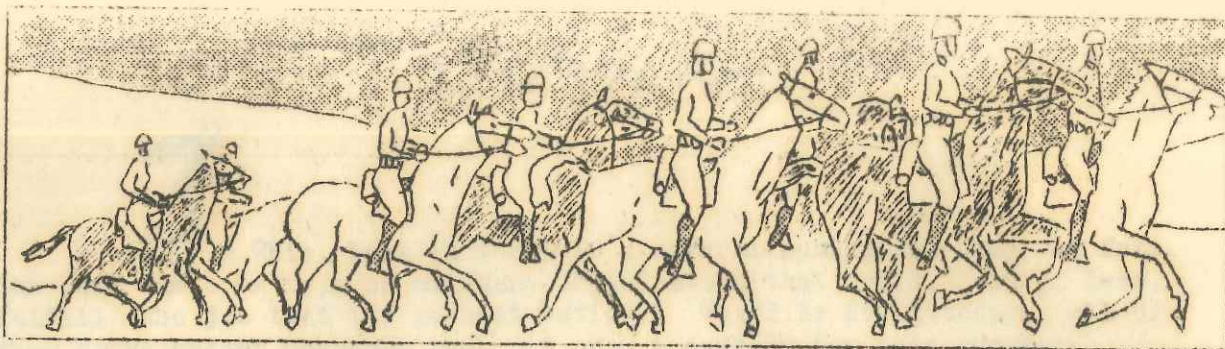


Cpl. T.V. W. L. Stinchcomb

One Year

In

The 122nd



Forefathers

Of

The 122nd

1870 TO 1921



In Ohio, back in the 1870's several public spirited men felt the need for some type of military organization that would, more or less, fulfill the job that the present National Guard is doing today. All of them being ardent horsemen they hit upon a cavalry for this purpose.

During the Spanish-American war (1898) this group saw service as the First Volunteer Cavalry, but at the time of embarkation the war ended and the troopers returned home to their former status.

In 1902 the Cavalry was formed into two squadrons of Horse Cavalry as part of the Ohio National Guard.

Troop C was formed in Cincinnati eight years later and is the actual grandfather of the present 122nd Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop.

The Presidential call for service on the Mexican border in 1916 found Troop C serving eight months along the Rio Grande, from the new Mexican border, East to Torcer, Texas, a stretch of 100 miles.

The Ohio Cavalry was mustered out of Federal Service at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., on Feb. 28, 1917, five weeks before the entry of the United States into World War I. Its members had but a short rest, and even that was darkened by the certainty of the approaching conflict.

Adjutant General George H. Wood, of Ohio, foreseeing the emergency, ordered the expansion of the squadron to a Cavalry Regiment. This involved the formation of three troops from D at Columbus, three from Troop C at Cincinnati, and one at Youngstown.

Having the foresight to see that the horse Cavalry would not have a place in the coming conflict, the Cavalry was formed into the 136th Field Artillery. Troops D, E and F were assigned to troop C. Troop E held its first meeting on March 26th at the Cincinnati Riding Club. On Sunday, August 5th, 1917, Troop E was mustered into Federal Service. After reoutfitting and training at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama, the Regiment sailed from Baltimore June 28 aboard the British freighter S. S. Titan bound for Halifax. They left Halifax July 4th and sailed up the River Mersey July 15th, having their first glimpse of Europe. They returned to the good old U.S.A. March 24th at Newport News, and were discharged April 10th at Camp Sherman.

From that time until the forming of the 107th Regiment in 1921 we are lost for news.

By Capt. W. E. Crowell
S/Sgt R. H. Kingery

1934 TO 1945

Since I am the man who has been in the troop the longest, I'll try to take you back to when the troop was stationed at the Helen Street Armory in Cincinnati in 1934. It wasn't quite as swanky as the Cincinnati Riding Club and it had been there for quite a few years. Those were the days when we wore high neck collars on the blouses and canvas leggings with leather insides. Yours truly looked like one of the old tintypes.

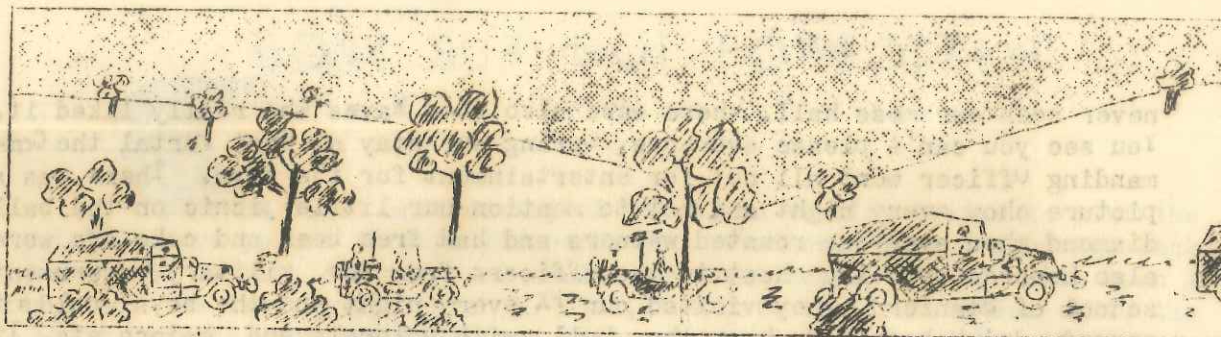
Capt. Mowinney was C. O. of the outfit, then known as Troop I. The Lieutenants were Nippert and Kronkie. We had our regular night for drill each week and every Tuesday would find us riding, drilling and having weapons classes. The machine gun platoon had B.A.H.s, a little heavier than the Garand type, and they would have drill the same as we do today. However they didn't have the nice green grass to fall in, but tanbark mixed with a little horse defecation. Mounted drill was the thrill of the new men but just routine with the old timers. One could always hear that familiar cry of "Hut Ho," "Troopers Right About", "Dismount" and "mount", until your knees were up around your shoulders and your posterior was as tough as the saddle you rode.

Then the time of year would come when every man would get that feeling to go out and make with the love, under the wonderful stars that seem to shine over Ohio. But there was always someone to spoil the fun, when the four man patrol would move out to round you up and break your heart.

The troop rented a large farm at Camp Dennison, Ohio, just 25 miles out of Cincinnati every summer. It had large corrals, barns and a cottage that just fit the purpose. Two nights would find the boys hitch-hiking or riding the old Maxwell truck out to the farm for drill. They enjoyed it more with cross country riding, swimming the horses across the Little Miami River. Every summer we would have a horse show at the farm, usually held on a Sunday afternoon. The program would consist of trick riding, acrobatics, saber course and the usual jumping course and best rider. It drew quite a crowd and everyone enjoyed it. After the show there would be a celebration and the beer would flow like the Little Miami.

The troop had a mess Sergeant by the name of Homer Ernst who owns a hotel in Milford just across the river from the farm, where everyone would gather on a Saturday night and raise Cain "but good", then get up bright and early Sunday morning and go for a ride over Indian Hill. Yes, those were the good old days, years before we could even imagine the trouble and mess we were in for.

Then would come the time for two weeks training at Camp Perry, Ohio, along the shores of Lake Erie, when Colonel Bolton would gather his Regiment together from Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus. Those were the days when the King boys were just getting a good start. The first



BIRTH OF THE 122ND

1

It was a bright sunny day in June of 1944; the place was the Presidio of San Francisco; the characters were the members of the old B Troop, 22nd Cav. Recon. Sqdn. The climax to this eventful day was the official christening of our own "But Two Two".

There could have been no better place to begin a new life with a new name than our red brick building in the Presidio. Everything was so convenient; the tailor, the PX and the Grill and all of this right in our own front yard. Yes, we had our luxuries. The post theater was only one block from our barracks. There are many things we can recall, fellows. How about the drill field where we had our morning dismounted drill? It takes both good and bad to make one happy.

It was a sad day, and what a P.O.'d bunch of fellows we were when the rumors that we were moving began to mature. We had a little meeting one noon and it was here that our Captain put a little sugar on our pill. We left that formation resolved that there was only one action left for us to take---namely, packing our barracks bags and foot lockers.

What a trip and what an ordeal the move turned out to be. Why, fellows, it was all the way from the Presidio to Crissy Field! And we thought we were being moved to the "Rock". Crissy Field, too, had its advantages. How about our coffee breaks in the P.A.?

It was on the ol' Field that four new babies were born to us. There is no use elaborating on any of these as we are very well acquainted with all of them. First we won the right to walk up to the Presidio on Thursday afternoons and participate in a natty retreat parade. The second child soon made its appearance. This one came in the form of a Wednesday night problem. The third and most amusing offspring soared to us like a comet out of the sky. How well we remember the War Shows. The youngest and last member of our family was willed to us by NCS and it has stuck by us ever since---what a home loving child the alert platoon has turned out to be. It has clung to us and stuck to us. (We have also been stuck by it.

It was during all of the excitement of the War Shows when we received our next moving order. This, we were informed, was to be a much longer jump. West Portal, the land of sunshine and fog. On a clear day, you could see the mess hall. There were some people who wished they had

never seen our mess hall. There were also some Waves who really liked it. You see you can't please everyone. During our stay at West Portal the Commanding Officer went all out for entertainment for the boys. There was a picture show every night and not to mention our little picnic on the ball diamond when everyone roasted weiners and had free beer and coke. We were also honored by being host to the officers from the Military Government school of Stanford. They visited our PX every night and the boys would sit around, drink beer and shoot the bull with Colonels and Majors etc. It was here that the now famous saying originated, Quote "I gave birth to a lemon and a ten pound boy last night." Unquote, meaning of course, the C. O.'s blessed event and his misfortune of having an alert called all in one night. There was some misunderstanding of the boundaries of camp. At times they stretched all the way into Sausalito and down to San Rafael. This was soon clarified by an official notice and a few confinements.

Christmas dinner at West Portal will long be remembered. It was one that surpassed all other attempts to make things as homelike as possible. Our good friends from the Presidio YMCA provided wonderful music and the food was really delicious.

Shortly after Christmas came New Years as usual, so we went to the range. There was also a big football game at Kezar stadium, but it was a sellout, so we probably couldn't have gotten seats anyway.

Then some one started the rumor machinery again. Fort Scott, building 8. It was too good to be true, but we made it on Jan. 8th. It didn't take long to settle down again to garrison life. The boys started in immediately to take advantage of the bowling alleys and PX grill and post theater. Then like a cloud burst it hit suddenly--Gene Thomas was back and had a big bundle of TC87 to sell. Well the troop just happened to be in the market for some TC87, so we were his first customer. Then the Harbor Defense became envious of our Charles Atlas physique's, so they came down to buy some from Thomas. As soon as Germany received word of our TC87 program they started surrendering by the thousands.

The troop suddenly lost some of its old timers and they were replaced by new members from overseas service. They lost no time in fitting right in with the boys. Linden took a furlough and got married, so Willian said "If Linden can do it, there is still a chance for a younger man like myself". So he was married. It was also here at Fort Scott that Francis Clark received his long awaited rating, and right now everyone is talking about Plotkin's meritorious award of the Purple Brass Heart.

This brings this article up to date, with a rumor floating around that will mean more writing material in the future.

By S/Sgt Mel Weaver and T/4 Ray Willian

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



The first anniversary of the 122nd Cavalry brings to mind the men who have passed through the ranks and moved on. If we were to go back more than a year, our turnover would show that nearly 300 men have been a part of the troop since March 5, 1941, the date that our mother unit, the 107th Cavalry, was inducted from National Guard to Federal Service.

But to go back one year we find that 61 men have come and gone, 45% of the original group that was cut from the 22nd Squadron last June 21st, and last but not least, two 2nd Lieutenants and one 1st Lieutenant have left their memory with us. They are Mr. Dave Klittnick, Lt. William Philips, now with the Paratroopers, and Lt. Gene Burkett, recently transferred to Detachment of Patients, Letterman Hospital due to an old knee injury.

As one glances through the list, you find such old timers as Milan Greguric, ex-1st Sgt., back as a civilian, B.T.O., but still reporting in from time to time. Harold St. Aubin soon to go overseas as an armored replacement. Al Stock, recently transferred to a local hospital train unit. Another we hear from is Russell Thompson, another ex-1st Sergeant now over in Europe. Robert George, now an armored replacement. James Emery, now a civilian and probably around a race track. Francis Ferris another armored replacement, was a mortar gunner here. Thomas Rich is now with H.D.S.F. William Douglas is back home with a medical discharge. An ex-good cook, Gordon Davis, is now an armored replacement. Horace "Nimitz" Campbell is also out with a medical discharge. (He loved the Army so). Joaquin Castruita is now a tankman. George Cooper, now an A.A. gunner somewhere, less his old gray Ford. Robert Cummins, a former cook, volunteered for Infantry. Henry Rosenberg, better described simply as an old troop character, has recently been returned to civilian life. Frank Vasquez qualified as an armored replacement as did Edward Wuest. Joseph Wessel went back to Cincinnati as a civilian due to hay fever. He really had it bad. Claude Wade transferred to a local Harbor Defense battery and was recently discharged. Procopio Sierra is another that went to the Armored Corps. Richard Stout was last heard from at an A.G.F. Replacement Depot in Fort Ord. Russell Sawyer seems to be transferring about the local Harbor Defenses. Harold Seymour received a medical discharge and is now working in San Francisco. Louis Stone is now with the Paratroopers somewhere in the Pacific. Edwin Reid became an Ordnance Officer last summer. Thomas Peppard moved to the Harbor Defenses and is now hospitalized. Henry McBride went with Cooper to an AAF Base Unit. John Lerner is now a tanker for the Armored Command and Charles Lawecki is with him. Wayne Koons volunteered for Infantry and went out through Fort Ord. Delbert Jones has been transferred to a local Harbor Defence outfit. James Gooch is also now a Coast Artilleryman. Claude Uttinger got a medical discharge on his bad eye, and Anthony Ballas is back on the farm.

Then too, there were some "short timers" we all remember. For many reasons, they, in the little time they were with us, became good friends and loyal troopers, but for many reasons were moved on. Those that come to mind are Curtis Haverstick to Armored Command; Griffin to the Coast

YEAR OF MEMORIES



It doesn't sound anything out of the ordinary because it is still army talk but this time you are in the "lime-light".

Since the 21st of June 1944, until this day of June 1945, many faces have changed. History has been written world wide as well as locally. Germany has thrown in the towel, while Japan has received the first of many devastating air attacks. Through all these history making events, we of the 122nd Cavalry have had our business.

Troop B, 22 Hcn. Sqdn. was written off the books of the War Department on the 21st of June 1944. They were redesignated, 122 Cav. Hcn. Trp. At this time we were located in the Presidio of San Francisco. Our stay was short, being moved to Crissy Field the 9th day of August. We were well guarded here, having the 749th MP's as our neighbors. How many remember the day room in the back of the mess hall? Another pleasant memory is the clothing inspection in front of the barracks.

We packed our barracks bags again the 17th of November. This trip of five miles found us at Ft. Baker, West Portal. What a fine location this garden spot was! It's the closest thing to the Farrallon Islands you can find on the mainland. But we enjoyed ourselves, as we always have. Some will remember the Wave party. It was a rough sea that night for all hands. And Old St. Nick brought his sleigh through the tunnel to enlighten our Christmas.

And we saw the New Year enter with the hope we would again move. Where didn't matter, other than a change to some camp outside of the "tunnel of death". You can understand this only if you had walked it some night. New Year's Day found us at McNee Ranch firing the rifle. Oh well, look at the money we saved staying away from the East - West football game? Oh yea!!!

A sight, now becoming familiar to the people around here, found us moving. However, we did receive excellent quarters. This, being our present location at Ft. Scott, took place the 9th day of January 1945.

So a year has passed. Yes, and so have some 40 men who were with the troop. They were reassigned or discharged. I know they will recall a few of the incidents mentioned in this article. Our fate isn't one that will effect the army in winning or losing a battle, nor will historians write of our deeds, good or bad, but those of us who have served in the troop, I know, will always enjoy it's many eventful memories.

So with the hope it may live to enlighten many men for many years, I'll place finis to the short history of - just one year in the 122nd Cavalry.

By Sgt. Francis E. Shannon
Sgt. Charles W. Strittmatter

And so the day ends. Back to camp we go to a well earned rest on those wonderful innerspringless beds. Ah, but this isn't all. Why must Thursday come? Why can't it just go to H---?

No Gallup poll is necessary to get the troops opinions on Thursday nite problems. One visit to the Latrine in the wee small hours of Friday morning is convincing enough. All the problems encountered during an alert are reenacted but now no time limit is involved. Friday morning finds the barracks quiet and peaceful--except for the former farm boys who get up for breakfast.

By S/Sgt Frank Linden
S/Sgt Edwin Roepke



M AND R I AND E

Within as short a time as a year, the 122nd Cavalry has started and its members are now enjoying one of the most complete Athletic and Recreation programs in the Army.

Although still in its infancy stage, the program consists of representative teams in basketball, softball, and volleyball and plans are in the development stage for Cavalry teams in handball, golf, tennis, swimming, table tennis and informal games. Next fall will find the Cavalry fielding a touch football team.

Not only is the varsity team idea second to none, but the troop has a broad intramural program so that every man in the troop will find an activity in which he will participate because of a natural tendency toward recreation. Outstanding in this field is the troop bowling league.

The Cavalry definitely has more movies than most troops in this vicinity. Nightly, movies are shown in the Orientation Center through the courtesy of local YMCA's, USO and various civic groups.

Add to this: parties, dances, model clubs, records and use of the phonograph and a troop newspaper which goes to many theaters of operation and is complete with comic section, cartoons etc, trips to points of interest in the Bay Area, tickets for football games and other athletic contests, personal guidance and counselling with interviews by members of the staff. While just one of these activities do not make a program, all together make this time in the Army much more bearable.

The next few months will see many changes in the Athletic and Recreation Program. Any program which is growing must beware of growing pains. Problems which face us today will double and re-double while we fight the war in the Pacific and the Athletic and Recreation Section hopes that every member of the troop will see fit to continue the present high interest and participation.

By T/5 Gene Thomas

Artillery; George Richmond and James Nettles to Ft. Knox as Armored Replacements; Robert Copeland to Infantry as a volunteer; Howard Twombly, Salvatore Coviello, and William Schneider to Fort Scott Coast Artillery.

As the old song goes, "Old soldiers never die, they just keep marching on", these men will never be forgotten. They have left some little bit of themselves with each of us. We all wish they would write the troop once in a while and let us know how it goes wherever they are. Just write the Crossed Sabers or the C. O. Your letters are all posted for a couple of weeks so all can read them.

By Capt. W. B. Crowell

ALERTS AND PROBLEMS



It was the night before ----- and all thru the joint--not a creature was stirring not even the C. O. Suddenly far back in the C.O.'s dreams he hears a tiny bell ringing. First he foggily answers the door --and then after a bit, realizes he's off the beam and crawls out from under the blankets and grabs the phone. He hears the words "Drill Repeat Drill - Alert your troop".

All drowsiness now gone, and strictly on the bit, he quickly grabs the whistle and goes blasting thru the halls --- "Wake up! Wake up!" he hollers, "The brass from N.C.S. will be here soon!" -- Nothing happens. Things are still quiet. Finally way off in a corner a sleepy voice says "What's up, Doc?" "Alert! Alert!" cries the C.O. and finally gets results, for like a hand grenade exploding in the still of night--the troop comes to life.

The Captain is not here so confusion takes over (does a good job too).

Questions, questions, and more questions. "Where do I ride? What's the uniform? Whose got the S.O.I.? Tops up or down?" Everyone is on the bits by now tho, and in about ten minutes things are shaping up. The Alert Platoon is ready and waiting word to go. Of course headquarters has a little trouble; they can't find Murphy; the Sgt. only shook him once---

O.P. reports gray streak flashing down 101, and in a cloud of dust with squealing brakes the Captain arrives, glances at the situation and says, "Well---". So off goes the alert platoon followed closely by the others. Each platoon fights its way south by different routes, and finally reaches its destination only to find that by now both enemy and chow truck are way up north somewhere.

Orders come to return to C.P. for new mission, and on arrival there we find that headquarters has driven the enemy into the bay. So the Captain says, "Go eat." We grab our mess gear and rush for the steaming stew and coffee.

The Information and Education (Orientation) program which works hand in hand with the Athletic and Recreation program has, for the last eight months, been in the hands of T/5 Bush. The Army has for some time required that at least one hour per week be given over to this subject. We have been fortunate enough to be allowed two hours per week most of the time. This has enabled us to be one jump ahead of most of the other outfits.

The periods have for the most part, consisted of a short news summary at the beginning and followed by group discussions on many and varied subjects. The cooperation on the group discussions have been excellent and some very interesting and heated arguments have resulted. Some of the subjects covered include; Backgrounds, history, and the government of the various countries involved in the war; Veteran's Benefits; Race prejudice; Fascism and many others.

Perhaps the outstanding class of the year was the presentation of Norman Corwin's radio script, "Untitled", in which several members of the troop participated. It is hoped that there may be several similar productions in the near future.

By T/5 Ronald M. Bush

OVERSEAS VETERANS



Of all our veterans, Sokolowski is high point man, with 110 points to his credit. While overseas he was with the Cavalry Recon. Sqdn. of the 5th Army and was in four major battles, was wounded in action and received the purple heart. He also was awarded the Bronze Star while on a reconnaissance mission, in which he was the point man. He ran into a road block but soon cleared it out, enabling the Infantry to push ahead. "Yep", he says, "The Cavalry for me."

Our next man is Ritchie with 109 points. Ritchie was stationed in the South Pacific with the 24th Division, Headquarters Battery as a radio man.

Sgt. Fojtik and King came out third with a tie of 101 points each. Fojtik was in the South Pacific with the 632nd Tank Destroyer Battalion, while King was in the South Pacific with the 163rd Infantry.

Our third baseman, Vargo, has 100 points even. Vargo was in Africa and Italy with the 14th Armored Infantry Battalion.

Next comes a four way tie with Robert Miller, Bienias, Pressley, and Smith all with 91 points each. Miller served with the 102nd Infantry in the South Pacific, Bienias with the 752nd Tank Battalion in Naples, Italy, Pressley in the Philippine theater with the 27th Field Artillery, Co. F. Harreld, with 95 points, was in Hawaii, Australia, New Guinea and Philippines and was in 5 campaigns with the 24th Division as a 37 gunner.

Adkins, with 87 points and Christy, with 86, served with the 150th Infantry, Company K in Balboa, Canal Zone.

Reed rounded out an even 86 points, having served in the South Pacific with Headquarters of the 21st Infantry.

Snellbaker served in Panama under the 150th Infantry, Company F, and has 81 points.

Kline, with 87 points, saw duty in Australia and the South Pacific with the 94th Coast Artillery.

Lange T. added up a snappy score of 89, having served in the Australian theater with the 32nd Cav. Recon. Troop.

Week took his trip to the South Pacific with the 174th C.A.A.A. and has 86 points.

G. Miller saw New Caledonia with the 147th Infantry as guide, while Barela went dit happy working with his radio up around the Aleutians in the 138th and 153rd Infantry.

Schanck seems to have been everywhere, including New Hebrides, Guadalcanal, Munda, New Zealand, New Guinea, Leyte, Luzon, with the 43rd Division, 172nd Regiment. He was in three campaigns as a 37 gunner acting as a G. I. barber on the side.

Labelle was in Australia with the 632nd Tank Destroyer Battalion and has 79 points.

Payton was in the Tanga Islands, New Hebrides, New Zealand and Hawaii, later joining the 812th Coast Artillery Harbor Defense unit as a gunner on a 6 inch job.

Here is another Cavalry man for you---Glenn was in the South Pacific with the 24th Cavalry Recon and totals up with 67 points.

Our permanent C.W. Forgey was in Ireland and England and served in the Italy and North Africa campaigns. Gore was with 101st Ordnance Company as a mechanic and still holds the same job, and has 66 points.

Forrester spent 19 months in Puerto Rico with the 910th A.A.A. His main duty there was a truck driver.

The last, but not least, Pfc Camarn, was stationed in England for six months, assigned to a replacement outfit, and did a good job by keeping the ammunition moving out fast to the front lines. He has 47 points.

As most of these men are now on furlough, we couldn't get the inside story of their experiences in battle. We hope at some time in the near future you can read all about their experiences while overseas.

By T/4 Edward Ledesma
T/5 Stanley Teeters

hunter coming in, but I do know he learned to ride a horse the hard way. A lot of the boys that came into the troop at that time are now officers and pilots in the Air Corps and a lot have given their lives for their country. It wasn't all fun and there was more work than most men would want to do today in the horse Cavalry. Your mount comes first no matter how tired you may be or how hungry. Whether in camp or on maneuvers, you water, feed, and bed down your mount first, then if there is time and you are not too pooped out, you can look out for yourself. I've seen many a man walk home carrying his saddle and bridle, leading his mount because it had a sore back from improper care.

As I look back through the years, along with the good times, bad times and the rough times, there were sad times. Each year at camp horses were condemned as not fit for service. No, the Army wouldn't sell them to someone for just a good riding horse. They had to be taken out and shot. Maybe you had ridden and taken care of that horse for a couple of years, or had even broken him to ride. There was always a chance of his falling or stepping in a hole or a chance of breaking his leg or neck. Nobody seems to give a darn if a fender or car is wrecked in the Mechanized Cavalry, but your old heart would surely take a flip and eyes get watery when something happened to your mount or he was condemned.

Yes, those were the good old days.

By S/Sgt R. H. Kingery

The breath of war was in the air although it had not as yet loosed its terrifying destruction on Europe. It was the year of 1939 and the last summer camp for the 107th Cavalry during peace time. The troop, then Troop I, commanded by Capt. Louis Nippert, joined the rest of the Regiment in two weeks of training at Fort Knox, Ky. Equitation, range firing, day and night problems, parades, lectures---and horseplay made the days fly. That year too found Reiter Shell, now an officer, composing and singing the well known parody "cathuselem". Memories of a night ride, so dark that handkerchiefs had to be tied on the back of each saddle; pitchers of Tom Collins to quench the thirst; a tube of salve forgotten in a pocket and squashing out during a ride; marching to a lecture "walking on clouds"---too much Tom Collins; march to the stables early in the morning with the band playing; kangaroo court with its sentences. Many are the memories.

The days rolled on and the time came to return to civilian life and the weekly drills and Sunday rides. Memories of the days between camps are dim.---The regular Tuesday night drills, stopping off afterward for beer and lunch, feeling dressed up in a uniform; Sunday morning rides over "The Rapid Transit" with a saloon at the end of the trail; a long ride to "College Hill" with a party at the end; training recruits and remounts; the draft being discussed; wondering how long the war would last and if we would ever be in it; and the plans for the maneuvers to be held in the fall of 1940.

So the time passed and the maneuvers came. Three weeks this time in place of the usual two. Off to Wisconsin! The barracks bags were

few days were spent in setting up the pyramidal tents, unloading the horses and moving squad boxes. I was in Cpl. Peters' squad then. He was C.O. of Hq. Troop when the Regiment was stationed at Santa Rosa. After the details, the training would really get going. Mounted drill, mounted pistol course, rifle range, machine gun range, mounted tactics at night and all the things we find so monotonous now. To top it off there would be a mounted guard mount and retreat every night, when the saddles and brass had to shine like blazes. I would like to see some of the men, even the old timers, trying to handle a weapon and trying to keep his mount in line now. You just don't pull up and stop and slam on the brakes and burn 2 inches of rubber off when you're mounted, 'that's for sure.' At the end of the day the men had their time to relax and would go over to the squaw camp where the wives and girl friends would stay either for a week, week-end, or the two week's training period. Sunday would find most of the men out riding in the morning and swimming and getting burned in the afternoon at the beach which looked like Coney Island at its peak. The closest town was Fort Harrison and the boys would visit Dago Roses. That must have been the place where the song, "My First Trip up the Sagawa River" started. The Regiment broke camp early Saturday morning of the second week. Then Sunday back to dear old Cincinnati to be a civilian until next Tuesday.

The troop went on like that throughout the years going to different camps each summer until 1939, when a fire broke out in the Armory one Tuesday night and it burned to the ground. The boys really had their hands full getting the horses and equipment out. The horses were then taken to the Cincinnati Riding Club until they could be moved to the farm. After a lot of red tape and running back and forth to Columbus, the state took over the Cincinnati Riding Club and made it the home of the Cavalry. It certainly was a big improvement--plenty of room, large riding hall and fine stables. The troop only had some 30 or 40 mounts then, but by using those belonging to a troop and the medics we managed pretty well.

Everything was soon in smooth order and the new Armory seemed to do something to the men. More of them showed up for drill and it finally came to the place where we had a waiting list to join. You could always find the same faces there each Tuesday, like Gordon Tieman, brother to Ken, and also an old drinking partner of mine, the Miller brothers, Vic and Walter and Lefty Hummel and a lot that I can't remember.

As time marched on new faces would show up itching to be able to wear a pair of riding boots, like 1st Sgt. Duesing and his brother who now is in the Air Corps. Then the big deal came along that we would be taken in the Army of the United States for a year of training. To bring the troop up to strength a big drive was put on for new members. That is when we picked up Zart, Todhunter and the other men from Cincinnati. I'll never forget the first night that Zart was sworn in by Capt. Nippert who was the C.O. of the troop. If I remember correctly he had on a porcupine hat, slacks that hit him at the top of his ankles and a three quarter length coat and was much in need of a haircut. It is easily seen today that he just can't get over those school days. I don't remember Tod-

packed, the horses loaded, and it was time to go. Everyone was excited. This was something different, unusual. A certain officer was crying while saying goodbye to his wife---for only three weeks---if he only had known. Then came the long ride to Aparta, Wisconsin; pitching our pyramidal tents on a hot day with the dust swirling around; the long walk past the picket lines to the showers which must have been below zero; the PX near the showers; the field into which we rode to form the troop; a man being tossed and his horse jumping a fence and taking off down the road; another one being bucked off and his Pinto tearing down A Troop's picket line; caught out overnight, in a cloudburst---the mess flooded out---all the pup tents and everyone soaked---the bottles of liquor instead of food---what a night!; fighting a delaying action on a road with civilians sitting on the running board of their car between us and the enemy watching the fight; the little town with more men, tanks, etc. than it could hold---MP's directing traffic---tanks on people's lawns---us on horseback riding by the poor infantry in mud a foot deep; lost in a swamp for a morning finally finding a fence and using the rifle butt to tear it down to get the horse through; the whole Cavalry Brigade putting on a parade for Governor Bricker of Ohio---in the rain---us in chinos, waiting under our horses for the parade to start while "poor" Governor Bricker had on a nice raincoat; the last night when everyone was tight and the band was really blowing; arriving back in Cincinnati in the morning---dirty clothes---unshaven---and a parade requested---no one had time to clean up and the troop looked like a band of guerillas---muddy saddles and all.

The maneuvers over we returned once again to civilian life. Rumors were floating thick, though. National Guard Troops were being inducted every week. We were expecting it most every day---and looking forward to it, too! How foolish it sounds now. Finally the date was announced, March 5, 1941!

By S/Sgt Kenneth Tieman

After we were inducted into Federal Service our name was changed to B Troop of the 107th Cavalry. In order to move the troop out there were a lot of things to pack so the troop stayed in Cincinnati for one week and loaded the equipment on the train. There was a distance of about six miles to walk the horses to the train where they were to be loaded. We could not ride because all of the saddles were turned in to be modified. After a hard week and all the last minute details had been taken care of, we were finally ready to leave. We arrived at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, about 15 March 1941. When the first man stepped off the train I thought we were going to lose him in the mud. We must have lost 25 pair of spurs that day, pulling our feet out of the mud. Then we had another walk of 10 miles, leading the "goats" to the new area.

For the next six weeks the camp looked like a construction gang at work. We just about built a new camp. Then we went into a 6 week training period, getting ready for the Louisiana maneuvers. The day finally came when we were to leave Camp Forrest. At that time we only had enough portees for one troop so C Troop used them and the rest of the Squadron

loaded their horses on trains and the men rode in 6x6's. We picked up the horses again near Hope, Arkansas. It was a nice place there and I know that when we left the farmers were missing quite a few water melons. The maneuvers went off as planned, with the usual amount of rain and cold nights. Speaking of cold nights, when you are traveling horse back you don't have too much bedding with you and if you do unroll your canteen roll it is quite a job rolling one by yourself, packing a saddle, then saddling the horse and being ready to move out in ten minutes. When the maneuvers were over we were to return to Camp Forrest and all get ten day furloughs.

We returned to Camp Forrest and almost everyone had his furlough and we were all ready to settle down to a quiet camp life and wait for our year to be up so we could all forget about the Army. One day they called a troop formation and told us that we were to move to Fort Oglethorpe and join the 6th Cavalry for maneuvers. These were to be known as the South Carolina maneuvers. When we arrived at Oglethorpe we spent two weeks getting the men and horses in condition for the long months ahead. This was one of the wettest maneuvers any of us had ever seen. It seemed like every river we came to, the enemy had blown out the bridge and we would have to swim. On every rest bivouac we made, everyone would give their equipment a good saddle soaping. I don't remember much of what happened in those maneuvers, except around Hartsville where we fought a delaying action. There was a girl's school there and was that a delaying action!

With those maneuvers under our belts we were headed back for Camp Forrest and another furlough, but this time we did not have time to complete them before we were called back due to the attack on Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941. The only one who completed his furlough was Sipotz and he said he never did get the telegram.

About 22 December 1941, we all found ourselves on a train headed for "sunny" California. It took us 7 days to get out here, due to the 24 hour law on the horses. They were not allowed to travel longer than 24 hours without a 6 hour rest. By the time they were unloaded and loaded again it was about 8 hours that we had in each town. The stop that I remember most of all was Christmas in Reno. Everyone there surely tried to see that everyone on the train had a good time, and by the time the train was ready to move out it was necessary to send out a detail to pick up all the fellows out of bars, taverns and people's homes. We finally reached Fort Ord with no casualties.

Fort Ord---with all the rules on blackout and keeping our saddles packed and ready to move out on a moment's notice! It was here that we lost the horses and got all the iron coffins. Now the training really began because everyone in the troop had to be trained for a new job. All the equipment that we got was from the 2nd Squadron so you can imagine what it was like. Most of the fellows were glad to see the horses go because with them went the Sunday water calls, stable guard and all the stable and hay details.