



The Official Newsletter of the  
**Seventh United States Cavalry Association**

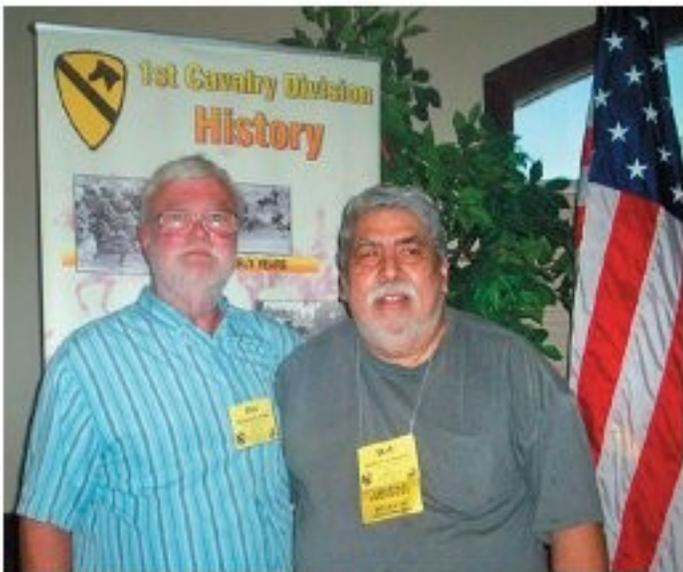
2011 Issue 4

PRESIDENT	VICE-PRESIDENT	SECRETARY/TREASURER
<b>Bill Richardson</b>	<b>Phill Zook</b>	<b>Robert J. Anderson</b>

*"Troopers of the 7th Cavalry "*

*"GarryOwen"*

As is the custom, the Division reunion ends with the Memorial Ceremony. I was given the high honor of participating in The Long Roll Muster for Vietnam. This Muster recalls the battles from World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Desert Storm and the current War On Terrorism. I struggled a bit when the part of Cambodia came up as many of my troopers were killed there. I can remember past Memorial Ceremonies when the Chapel was filled to standing room only. This time the chapel held only maybe 30% of its capacity and several of us spoke afterward how sad that made us.



**Doc Noel and Bob Arbasetti**

What a reunion often means is an opportunity to reconnect with a person that actually saved your life on a dirty, hot and stinking battlefield so very long ago. Take for example this tale from Bob Arbasetti. At the recent 1st Cavalry Division Association Reunion at Fort Hood, Texas, 2 soldiers were united for the first time in 43 years.

On May 21 1968 I was a rifle-man in the 3rd Platoon of B Company 2-7th Cavalry and was hit by shrapnel during a firefight with NVA soldiers. This piece of metal somehow got past my flak jacket and hit me in the upper shoulder area severing an artery. Medic Richard "Doc" Noel's quick response in assessing

the serious nature of my wound, giving me words of encouragement that I would be ok, while tending to and clamping off the artery prevented me from bleeding out thereby saving my life. Doc then held the artery until I was safely on a Medevac bird and instructed the Medic on board what had been done. For many years I have been searching for the medic that saved my life.

Now after all these years I was able to meet, look him in the eye and tell him in person “Thank you for saving my life.” There are two more special people that are grateful for Doc Nogel’s action on that day: Michael Arbasetti, Bob’s son and Jacob Arbasetti, his grandson. That wound and after many months at Walter Reed Army Hospital forced Bob to be medically retired from the Army. Our medics go in harms way on a daily basis, with nothing more than an aid bag and sheer courage to insure that our warriors get almost instantaneous triage.

We have received word that Linuel Gary Tinsley, who served as a medic with A, 2-7 from 1967-68, passed away on 14 April at his home. We salute all of our Medic’s past and present with a hearty Garryowen.

As you reflect on these last fleeting days of summer, please give thought to those men and women who perished on September 11, 2001 during the attacks on the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and those brave souls who retook Flight 93 from the terrorists. Their brave actions certainly prevented more deaths and many of us remember exactly where we were when we heard the news.

The following are my opening remarks to my column of November, 2001: As I begin this last column of the year I, along with millions of Americans, are filled with competing emotions regarding the unparalleled and barbaric attack on our Country on September 11th. The first emotion was let’s hit them back and do it now, the “eye for an eye” theory.

Fortunately we now have outstanding leadership in the Executive Branch and they realize that we must form a coalition and then hit them and keep on hitting them until they get the message. Of course it is a lot easier to second guess and pontificate what should be done when I am now 32 years past having to answer the call to arms, smell the burnt gunpowder and be on the receiving end of incoming fire. This tragedy has served to galvanize and bond our great country like no single event, save Pearl Harbor, in our lifetime. It has also taken one of our own - Rick Rescorla - who along with many of our 7th Cav Veterans fought in the early stages of the Vietnam War. Rick died saving others by insuring that they evacuated the World Trade Center as calmly and as expeditiously as possible and instead of leaving, he continued to go up into the building toward the horror to help others and his actions have been estimated at helping to save thousands.

Many are still working to get Rick honored with a Presidential Medal Of Freedom for his actions on that day but I am told that a “political” situation stands in the way. Perhaps if you are compelled enough to see this honor realized then you will contact your elected representatives to get them off the dime and on board.

Garryowen from Michigan.

*Bob Anderson*

*Boots & Saddles Staff Writer*

*The 7th United States Cavalry Association*