High on Hipshoot

Since joining the Field Artillery Association last year, I have enjoyed each issue of the *Journal*. It is a fine magazine and a real asset in providing our officers with new and sometimes controversial ideas and issues of our profession.

I was particularly glad to see the article in the September-October issue about the 2d Armored Division Artillery Hipshoot. From my standpoint, the training for and conduct of the hipshoot are highly productive in the artillery developing skills necessary in an armored division. In addition, unit esprit between the competing batteries and battalions achieves a real high throughout the entire affair.

I would like to correct one error in the Commanders' Update in your latest edition. The 1st Battalion, 3d Field Artillery, has not changed commanders. LTC William A. Spin is still its commander and will remain so for several months. The 1st Battalion, 14th Field Artillery, did change command on 5 September with LTC Manuel Lopez assuming that duty.

Keep up your good work.

Charles P. Graham MG, USA Fort Hood, TX

Thank you for your complimentary remarks and for correcting the listings in "Commanders Update." The changes in programed command shifts took place after that issue went to press. Information in "Commanders Update" is a projection of command changes forecast to occur during the months shown on the cover of each Journal.—Ed.

So, what's new?

Enjoyed the article "Enhancing Combined Arms Training" (July-August 1978 *Journal*), wherein FOs actually accompany supported troops in an exercise, prepare fire plans, and have fires marked by flag umpires. A real breakthrough in training for sure — we were doing that in Louisiana maneuvers in 1941, and at Camp Polk in 1943 we fired live rounds in support of an armored infantry tank exercise. But someone's on the right track, for the incidents cited in the article of FOs commanding assault troops, being left out of the supported commander's planning conferences, and failure to anticipate communication problems, all sound like a repeat of maneuvers I participated in some 35 years ago. And the FO leading assault troops has happened more than once in battle. So there's no reason why it shouldn't turn out to be an excellent training device; it always has been.

> George Ruhlen MG (Ret), USA San Antonio, TX

Parting tribute

During the past 24 years I have had a very deep love affair with a beautiful lady, the Field Artillery.

I have decided to "stack arms" and retire. It was the hardest decision I ever had to make. I am sending you this small poem in hopes you will print it in your fine magazine.

Farewell to Redlegs

They say life passes quickly When you're having fun— Or sleep in the mud 'Tween the trails of a gun.

There's truth in those words, I know what I say— But the best words of all Are "Ready for lay."

Now "Ready for lay" To you grunts and you tanks—

Is the strange language spoken In Artillery ranks.

But Artillery is meant For the young and the brave— To the roar and the smoke You soon are a slave.

I cursed you and blessed you I felt that great thrill— As I adjusted your rounds From a cold, windy hill.

I lived in the mud The dust, and the heat— Been hungry and cold And dead on my feet.

I spoke of you boasting While drinking my beer— And walked my post proudly While guarding your rear. From the em one oh seven To the seventy-five pack— I shifted your trails, And adjusted your track.

I primed you and fired you, Seen your vent reamed— Seen the swab in your tube Turn to live steam.

Seen enemy dead In front of your tube— Heard your slides screaming

For want of a lube.

But we kept right on firing For our comrades in arms— And asked dear Saint Barbara To keep us from harm.

Now my eyes have grown dim, My hearing has gone— And now Field Artillery It's time to move on.

May God grant me this wish Before I am through— May I be loved and respected As I have done you.

And as for my grave, One place would seem fit— To be buried in "Graf" In a high-angle pit.

Charles O. Mattson 1SG, USA B/1-27th Field Artillery Fort Carson, CO

3