

From: Removed by VNCA
To: Removed by VNCA
Cc: Removed by VNCA
Subject: Nevins eulogy
Date: Sun, Aug 30, 2009 2:40 pm

Today we say good-bye to our friend, ~~Bob Nevins~~. Thank (you) for being here. Friends and loved ones from all across the United States, East coast, West coast, North and South,

we've traveled to this ~~small~~ mid-western town, Ottumwa, Iowa, to pay our respects. Each of us were touched in some way by Col. Bob Nevins. Our prayers and love flow to Rosa, sons Scott and ~~Wade~~, ~~daughter~~ *Wade's daughter*, Bob's brother Jerry, grand children, nephews and nices and all other family members. *that I've missed (you)*

It was Bob Nevins decision to return to ottumwa, Iowa to live out his final years. And now today, flights of warriors decend to Ottumwa, we travel here to see the place where our leader turned into an angel. I'm sure this mid-western community never knew the magnatude, the tower of a man that lived here as a young man and then returned as a national hero.

Each of us have our own memories of col. Nevins. Bob knew it was his patriotic duty to serve his country and he did that with flair and dignity. No-one worked harder---he was the best at what he chose to do.

He was granted the gift of leadership. He was a leader to the enlisted men and Officers of his age and generation, but in addition, he was a father figure to the next generation. Bob

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Nevins was so unusual-----he had a profound affect on his fellow soldiers from the privates to the generals. A remarkable leader.

Oh yes, he lead some remarkable men. Some are sitting here today, all the rest are here in spirit. He was not one of the boys...he was in charge of the boys. He had to be sharp and on top of things with the men of the First Squadron, nineth Cav. First Cav. Division. Warroirs all, even the chaplin. There was the time the squadron chaplin got himself in trouble.

The story goes like this..... It has been said the Chaplin had an unusual fondness for flying as a door gunner. Can you imagine??? The Col. had asked that the Chaplin refrain from that activity... it just didn't seem right. Well the Col. happened to be on the flight line after a bit of a gun-fight and spotted the Chaplin sitting in the backseat of a huey behind a M-60 machine gun. The Col. got out of his aircraft and bounced over to the Chaplin who was trying to hide.....and bellowed over the sound of gunship, Chaplin....get out of there.....your job

is to save souls, not take them!!!!!!

I was drafted by my friends and neighbors and left the Army when my Vietnam tour ended and put that part of my life to sleep. Some twenty years later, and I remember where I was exactly, I got a phone call.....and the caller said, "this is Bob Nevins. You probably don't remember me but I was Squadron Commander of the 1/9th Cav. in Vietnam when you were there". I was shocked!!!!!!After several minutes of small talk the Col. got to the point. He said,"some of his General friends and the Secretary of the Army had asked him to start an organization to help promote "esprit de corps" of the 9th Cav.

That's how I came to "really know" Bob Nevins. He was so highly regarded by the Army that they asked him to launch the Honors program, called "the Distinguished Members of the Regiment". So he contacted a few names from the old days and simply asked "Can you help with this project"? For some reason, probably his stern voice, you just don't say no to Bob Nevins. For the next few years we

worked on that project.

For some reason he kept me under his wing----
-making sure I attended 1st Cav. Reunions,
always picking me up at the hotels and driving
me to the various events, always quick to
introduce me to various military dignatarys. He
would have me standing up shaking hands,
sitting down, standing-up, sitting down. I would
be fatigued just meeting all his friends. I was
introduced to one Star Generals, two Star,
three Star, four Star Generals, the Secretary of
the Army and the Joint Chief of Staffs. At the
end of the day I would walk away and say to
my other friends, wow!!!! You'll never believe
who I just met.

Now mind you, It didn't make any difference
where he was, if it was 5 o'clock it was martini
time!!!! Even if we driving in his Suburban----5
o'clock was martini time.

When Bob Nevins walked into the room there
was a different carma in that room. He brought
it with him----he was like a magnet, he
attracted Brass.

Although my children never met Col. Nevins they all called me within 24 hours of his death to offer their condolences. They had heard through me and my military friends that he was a heroic figure. They knew.....they just knew.....people just knew.

It reminds me of the last time Col. Nevins attended a Bullwhip Squadron Reunion at Fort Rucker, Alabama 3 or 4 years ago. Rosa had driven the Col. to St. Louis where Bob's brother Jerry lived and my wife Kim and I flew in from Michigan to hook-up with the Col. and escort him from St. Louis thru Atlanta to Fort Rucker. We had a few hour layover in Atlanta and Kim and I and Col. Nevins were relaxing near our departure gate.....people watching.....that's one of the busiest airports in the world....we were really impressed with the young men and women soldiers returning from Iraq....they looked so good in their camo fatigues....a wonderful sight. Well, the Col. had to go to the restroom. Rosa had him in a wheelchair but he also brought his walker. I was bugging him about not getting too comfortable with the wheelchair and that using the walker had

exercise benefits, he shouldn't surrender to the chair. Well, the buss word here was surrender. He didn't blink as he reached for the walker and we started the journey to the men's restroom. We were proud old veterans.....we in our black Stetsons and our black 1st Cav. windbreakers.....we were taking our time, moving slowing along. I could see the young active duty soldiers give us a ~~smile~~ *Smile* and a nod, most civilians gave us a respectful glance. As we slowly moved along the Col. stopped and said to me, "I think my pants just fell down". I glanced over and sure enough, his pants were on the deck. I hadn't seen anything like this before, I didn't know what to do. I thought for a moment and asked the Col., "do you want me to take my pants off too"???? He answered, "No....Pull mine up"!!!! I did, and we continued on our mission.

You know, Bob was not a good dancer, not good at singing, not a good joke teller....he was good at making men and winning battles. He was a good pilot, a good stratigist, and a good man. His courage and attitude made us all bigger. The world is a better place because of

Bob Nevins, he would march into hell to fight the Devil and his men would follow. Now this man is laid to rest.....this man of courage.

Poem

I was last in Ottumwa 4 or 5 years ago shortly after the Col. had surgery at the Mayo Clinic. I found my way to the assisted living facility where he was staying and receiving care. I had not told Bob I was coming for a visit, it was to be a surprise. I hoped he would not be medicated to the point he wouldn't or couldn't recognize me. I had very lucky timing, there was Col. Nevins sitting in the sitting room in his wheelchair. I held my Stetson behind my back and slipped behind a large column. I waited a few seconds and put my Stetson on my head and stepped out in the open directly across the room from where he sat. Instantly he sat up straight, smiled, and it was obvious he recognized and welcomed the Stetson. By the way the chair had a 1st Cav. patch and full Col. ensigna sticker proudly displayed. We talked and visited till almost dinner time and I asked the Col. about the 5 o'clock rule. He replied "we'll have to get in the suburban and

go to a different club because this club doesn't have a bar".

In this end, as we all look up, he's flying his last helicopter flight, lifting to high altitude, then he'll switch over to angel wings. There must be a battle brewing in Heaven because God is calling his best warriors home. This country and thousands of fellow soldiers are indebted to you.

Be at peace my friend.

Fiddler's Green

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
(Redirected from Fiddlers green)

Fiddler's Green is old Irish legendary afterlife imagined by servicemen, where there is perpetual mirth, a fiddle that never stops playing, and dancers who never tire.

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Theme

Fiddler's Green features in an old Irish legend that a serviceman can find the paradisaical village by walking inland with an oar over his shoulder until he finds a place where people ask him what he's carrying. This legend may have some of its origin in Tiresias' prophecy in Homer's *Odyssey*, in which he tells Odysseus that the only way to appease the sea god Poseidon and find happiness is to take an oar and walk until he finds a land where he is asked what he is carrying, or why he is carrying a winnowing fan, and there make his sacrifice.

Adoption among US military

The story of Fiddler's Green was published anonymously in a 1923 U.S. Cavalry Manual, and is still used by modern cavalry and artillery units to memorialize the deceased. The name has had other military uses. Fiddler's Green was an artillery Fire Support Base in Military Region III in Vietnam in 1972 occupied principally by elements of 2nd Squadron, 11th Armored Cavalry, and also was the name of the U.S. Navy's enlisted mens club in Sasebo, Japan from 1952 to 1976. The informal bar at the Fort Sill Officers' Open Mess is Fiddler's Green and it is the name of the stable and pasture used by Parsons Mounted Cavalry, a cadet group at Texas A&M University in College Station, Texas, and that of the bar at the Leaders Club in Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Connolly's song

A song based on Fiddler's Green was written and copyrighted by John Connolly, a Lincolnshire, England songwriter, and has since passed into tradition and is sung worldwide in nautical and Irish traditional circles.

Things named Fiddler's Green

Fiddler's Green is also the name of a song by Canadian rock band The Tragically Hip, released in 1991.

There is a Fiddler's Green Road in Ancaster, Ontario, Canada. There is also an award winning Irish Pub & Eatery named Fiddler's Green in Orlando, Florida. There is also a pub called the Fiddlers Green in Portaferry, County Down, Northern Ireland.

The cavalrymen's poem

The cavalrymen's poem is as follows:

Halfway down the trail to Hell,
In a shady meadow green
Are the Souls of all dead troopers camped,
Near a good old-time canteen.
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddlers' Green.

Marching past, straight through to Hell
The Infantry are seen.
Accompanied by the Engineers,
Artillery and Marines,
For none but the shades of Cavalrymen
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.

Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene.
No trooper ever gets to Hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen.
And so rides back to drink again
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge of fierce melee
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And put your pistol to your head
And go to Fiddlers' Green.

References

- Page, Michael; Robert Ingpen (1985). *Encyclopedia of Things that Never Were*. Viking Press. ISBN 0-670-81607-8.
- Fiddlers green - World Wide Words
- Film - 'Ghost Ship', said by salvage crew man Greer (Isaiah Washington) when he enters the 'ghost ship', he states "This is no fiddlers green".

See also

- Big Rock Candy Mountain