

KOREAN LULLABY

There are times, in the lulls that occur in even the fiercest of wars, when the creative urge takes over in men. During one such period, then Captain J. C. Kilbride composed the following to the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky."

For ninety days on Heartbreak Ridge
The Wolfhounds held the line
In spite of propaganda rounds,
Artillery shells and mines.
But the Punch Bowl needed bolstering
The Turks were hot to go.
At a place called Sandbag Castle
'Gainst the North Korean foe.

A gentleman's agreement
We had with old Joe Chink
'Til the old man wanted contact
On a night as black as ink:
The boys went up the finger
Their hearts were beating fast
The point man was the first in line
And wishing he was the last.

They came upon a bunker
The night was cold and still
They had a little calling card
For the owner of the hill.
A satchel charge of TNT
They placed within the door.
The fuse was wet, they missed the blast
They vainly waited for.

Then burp guns crooned their deadly tune
Grenades flew thick and fast
And searchlights danced around them
As they dodged each mortar blast
They tumbled back into the creek
From which they'd strayed so far
And each man crossed his fingers
'Til they crossed the MLR.

On line our days were happy
On line our days were bright
And Joe Chink never slept a wink
While the Wolfhounds prowled the night
But now we're back in reserve
The Wolfhounds fangs are dull
And the young Wolfhounds are howling
They want to end the lull.

We are the mighty Wolfhounds
A mangy pack are we
We thought we had the Army knocked
When we joined the Infantry
We're longing for the point four zone
Where cigarettes are free
Instead we're in a two point zone
At the mercy of S-3

ROK ON THE SANDBAG

Sandbag Castle - - a maze of trenches, underground tunnels and bunkers. Furious ferocious fighting day and night where Wolfhound warrior Benito Martinez held out at his lonely outpost until it and he were destroyed by the fury of enemy artillery.

His company also had in it's ranks Corporal Lee Yong Suk a ROK (Republic of Korea) soldier. Lee was engaged to be married and his leave had been approved. But he knew, by the intensity of the fighting that his company needed him. So he stayed.

As luck (or perhaps the evil spirits who sometimes meddle in the affairs of men) would have it, five mortar shells slammed into his bunker that day. Sadly, Suk became the fourth ROK quadruple amputee of the war.

Corporal Suk was a ROK - - but he was a Wolfhound too. No soldier was more respected by his fellow Wolfhounds: they set up an account with a branch of the Chase National Bank in Tokyo which pays him \$50.00 a month.

To have belonged to the "Wolfhounds" admits one to a sort of freemasonry. I meet ex-members of the Regiment wherever I may go. For example, late one night I was parking at the garage at Fort McPherson, Georgia. A sentinel presented arms and when I returned the salute, he then replied, "yeah, Wolfhounds!"

Colonel Laurence Halstead

LEGACY

Old Baldy - - Sandbag Castle - - Heartbreak Ridge - - The Bowling Alley - - Pusan Perimeter - - Mekong Delta - - Bacolod - - Guadalacanal - -Siberia - - The Solomons - - Battle Mountain - - Iron Triangle - - Cu Chi - - Hobo Woods - - Filhol Plantation - - Bearcut - - Bayan - - Lake Lanao - - Fire Base Crook - - Attleboro - -Luzon - - and many, many more.

These, and hundreds of other places with names just as exotic. Each with a tale to tell, each alive forever in the memories of Wolfhounds who fought there; each with soil nurtured by the blood of Wolfhounds, proud Wolfhounds, brave Wolfhounds, fighting as only they could fight to uphold the interests and aims of their country.

Time and the pressure of other events may dim the memories of those who have heard of these battles, but somewhere in the misty hereafter there is another Valhaala, not Odin's hall, but a Wolfhound hall whose walls ring and echo with the clash of arms and the Wolfhound battle cry.

And the Wolfhounds of today, tough, trained, determined to uphold the honor and tradition of their Regiment, hold their heads high and bear their colors proudly - - worthy successors to a mighty vanguard.

One man spent his entire Army career - - 30 years - - with the Wolfhounds and then worked for the Army at Schofield Barracks for 20 more. He was Regimental Sergeant Major Clyde Fisel who first enlisted in 1912.

PRIME TIME

First Sergeant George Dizon, who in thirteen years with the Wolfhounds experienced much of the Regiment's modern history, was the man who initiated the practice of bringing orphans from Japan to visit the Wolfhounds.

Although he had no idea of asking anyone, distinguished or not, to assist him in his plan, he had a collaborator - - Nobusuke Kishi, Prime Minister of Japan.

It all occurred in 1956. In that year, Organization Day for the Wolfhounds included many competitions, including a prize for the best float.

Dizon and his men obtained the use of a large flatbed truck, on which they constructed a miniature replica of the orphanage. Without any assistance from Wolfhound Headquarters, they made all the arrangements necessary to bring a little girl from the orphanage to ride on the float, dressed in a Kimono.

Somehow Mr. Kishi, Prime Minister of Japan, heard of the idea. Promptly, and out of his own pocket, he paid for a boy from the Orphanage to make the trip too.

Except for the time when the Wolfhounds were in Viet Nam, the practice has been continued over since.

In 1961, the Fuji television network in Japan brought ten Wolfhounds from Hawaii to Tokyo to participate in a documentary about Wolfhound support of the Osaka Orphanage. Ten children from the Home also were in the show, which was viewed by an estimated 5 million people. Wolfhound contributions at the time totaled about \$300,000.

DAWSON'S DEVILS

B Company of the First Battalion was recently involved in an exercise which came as close as possible to actual warfare. And they had one h--- of a time.

On the first day, the enemy (3/25) wiped out two squads of the platoon. Now normally, this would have been a great feat - - but in this case it was a great mistake. It made the Wolfhounds angry.

Captain Augustus Dawson and four of his remaining men stole a Humvee parked outside the Tactical Operations Center, then blew up the center. It was a pleasant evening, so they went for a drive, shooting up their opponents as they drove.

It wasn't difficult to approach people; they recognized the vehicle as one of theirs.

In the meantime, the enemy entered the city of "Toledo" and took its Mayor into custody. Now the Mayor had been trying to persuade his fellow citizens to switch their allegiance - - but after hours of insensitive interrogation he switched sides.

One hour after his release Dawson's devils showed up and blew their center to pieces - - which convinced them that the Mayor really was their enemy.

Famous last words: "You can't shoot us!"
(anonymous)

GALL DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS

Flushed with the joy of a captured Humvee and the destruction of the Tactical Operations Center, three of Dawson's Devils' next triumph came as the result of cockiness on their part and the outright carelessness of their foes.

Parking the Humvee in a relatively secure area, they strolled brazenly back past the scene of destruction. Shook up perhaps by the preceding events, enemy troops didn't give them a second glance - -no doubt convinced that the perpetrators had long since fled from the area.

Arriving at their goal, another TOC, they tossed grenades into the tent. The three startled occupants panicked, tried without success to flee through the sides of the tent. Army tents are well constructed.

Havoc that night finally reached the point where the Observer Controllers discontinued recording incidents.

One young private, experiencing simulated warfare for the first time, later said to Captain Dawson, "When are we going to do this again, sir? I've had the best time in my life!"

LESSONS FOR BEGINNERS

Still on a rampage, B Company in the persons of Lt. Lopez and Sgt. Schaeffer was ordered to Dillingham Field.

Assignment - - destroy a helicopter to be used in a planned air assault. The assignment was completely successful: the helicopter was destroyed.

So were its passengers, who were the Battalion Commander, the Executive Officer and the Operations Officer. The air assault was canceled. As can be imagined, this caused a certain degree of unhappiness and patrols searching for the perpetrators were launched at once.

Twice these patrols were in a position to eliminate Lopez and Schaeffer. And twice they blew it. The two had wandered within three feet of one ambush when an enemy soldier alerted them to his presence by dropping a magazine.

Those manning another ambush came within seconds of blasting the two out of their combat boots when a soldier coughed. When the cause of their failure was later revealed, no doubt the miscreants' sergeants had a few words to say to them.

BLACK SHIRT WOLFHOUND!

When Fred Crispino donned a Black Shirt at the age of six, it made him a member of Benito Mussolini's military youth movement in Italy.

Little did Crispino suspect that years later and many thousands of miles away, he would earn another Nation's second highest reward for bravery as a member of that Nation's finest military unit.

Like many Italians, the Crispinos yearned for freedom, and when the opportunity came they fled to the United States. As soon as he was of age, Fred joined the Army - - and became a Wolfhound.

At his own request, Crispino served three tours of duty in Korea, all with the Wolfhounds.

On his final tour, he was the point man of a sixteen man patrol which was returning to the United Nations lines when he spotted a cleverly concealed ambush and alerted his unit. Before they could take adequate cover the enemy attacked with small arms and grenades.

In that initial burst, Crispino was wounded twice. Nevertheless he charged the enemy position, firing his submachine gun and throwing grenades. This enabled the other Wolfhounds to find positions and drive off the enemy.

When the other Wolfhounds reached him, Crispino was unconscious from loss of blood. There were seven enemy soldiers lying dead around him.

Master Sergeant Fred Crispino was later awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN

Drafted into the Army as a private, Colonel William A. McKean commanded the Wolfhounds when they went to Thailand in 1962.

He fought in WWII from the Normandy invasion until a week before VE Day, when he was wounded for the fourth time. The grizzled, stocky warrior was described by Wolfhounds as "tough, but fair."

Although McKean served in Korea for 16 months with the 7th Division and also was Company Commander of a Regiment in the 101st Airborne Division, he was flat and unequivocal about the Wolfhounds.

"It is the best outfit in the world. We have all bloods and colors, people of different races. We have become strong because of this... they are tough and alert, mentally and physically..."

During their short stay in Thailand, the Wolfhounds made every effort to win the friendship of the natives. How well they succeeded may best be described by the following incident:

When a Wolfhound from Montana drove into a parked, unlighted truck jutting out into the highway and was killed, the whole town of Pak Chong, ten miles from the Wolfhound camp, closed its shops and went into mourning.

WHAT HAPPENED TO "TOP GUN?"

Just prior to the conflict in Viet Nam, the Wolfhounds spent about four months in Thailand. Working with the Thai Army, the Wolfhounds had what their commander, Colonel William A. McKean, called "the greatest training phase ever gone through by the 27th."

Of course there was free time and during those periods the Wolfhounds adopted all kinds of animal mascots indigenous to the region. One they did not adopt was the peripatetic King cobra.

A wide range of animals were, however, befriended and received nicknames.

Among others, there were Pamela, a pig, Bambi, a dwarf deer and Top Gun, a gibbon.

Top Gun and his buddy, Lieutenant Linford Kinney, became inseparable. So when it was time to go back to Hawaii, Kinney and his men took care of all the details for their friend's immigration to the United States.

Veterinary examination, shots and a cash bond were all provided. But the story ends there. Was Top Gun allowed into this country? Is he roving around the East Range today?

PEACE KEEPING - - THE SINAI

Jerusalem - - sacred to three major religions, yet often the bone of contention between them. The Wailing Wall, the Mount of Olives, the Dome of the Rock...

Second Battalion Wolfhounds, part of the peace keeping force in the Sinai, visited these and other storied sites in their free time. The ancient cultures of Egypt and Israel were available for casual observation and, in some cases, deeper appreciation.

At the same time, their history replete with tales of triumphs in jungle and tundra, the Wolfhounds had the opportunity to test the military skills in the sands of the desert. While the training was tough and demanding, warriors of the 27th could reflect too on the fact that few other occupations could offer such a wide variety of surroundings.

Advantages not available to Wolfhounds of other eras are matters of routine today. During their tour in the Holy Land for example, the men of the 27th may avail themselves of video teleconferences, a modern miracle of communication. E-mail, of course, is another means of shortening the distance between duty and home.

The Honolulu Post Office has time and again exhibited a unique ability to determine the intentions - - and get the mail delivered - - of people whose English is somewhat shaky. For example, the wife of former Wolfhound Commander Colonel Charles T. Heinrich once received a letter from Japan addressed:

Hawaii Wolf Dog Force
Captain's Madam
USA

BRASS

Although the Allied Siberian Expedition at the close of WWI receives only passing notice in the history books, the importance of the mission may be ascertained by the number of senior officers assigned there. Included were a General, a Lt. General, two Major Generals and a Brigadier from Japan; a Major General from the US ; and a Brigadier from Great Britain.

Among the scores of field grade officers of lesser rank were many from Italy, France and Czechoslovakia. Italian nobility was represented by Lt. Colonel Filippi, Count of Baldissero.

The Czechoslovak Legion was a hard fighting unit of soldiers who fought their way clear across Russia and most of Siberia to join the Allied Force.

Strangely, a Japanese Professor, J. Maruyama, was also numbered among the representatives from Japan.

“I served over nine years with the 27th Infantry and you may be sure that I left it with the greatest regret and still have a feeling that I belong.”

George C. Shaw*
Brigadier General (Retired)

*Wolfhound Medal of Honor Winner

MORE ABOUT MILLETT

Stories about legendary retired Wolfhound Colonel Lewis Millett continue to surface, because the man's life begets a series of incidents which make the exploits of comic book heroes pale by comparison.

This one concerns the time when he was acting as a forward observer for the Wolfhounds, spotting possible enemy targets. An infantry soldier at heart, Millett always carried an M-1

Wounded in the left leg by a shred from a mortar shell, he was ordered into an ambulance against his will. When told by a doctor that the Geneva Convention forbade weapons in ambulances, Millett replied, "I'm a soldier, not a lawyer. Where I go, my rifle goes."

"Get in," said the physician.

Half an hour later, the truck convoy was ambushed by Chinese troops who machine-gunned the ambulance mercilessly. Millett dove into a ditch and with his M-1 blasted a way out for himself and two other men.

96 others were killed or captured, but he wound up in a hospital. Less than two days later he went AWOL to get back into the fighting.

WOLFHOUND ARCHIVES - - 1962

Another exercise in the Koolau Mountains, but this one had a real life twist which involved painful - - and glorious - - memories.

Private X was captured by "aggressor" troops. It didn't take him long to slip away from his captors and rejoin his unit although he did have to go without food for two days.

A piece of cake for Private X who went through pretty much the same thing four years before - - for real. To protect his family, his name cannot be told in describing his experience.

At the age of 19, his hopes to escape from Bulgaria and go to the United States were crushed when he was drafted into the Army.

After a period of training, he was assigned to duties laying mines on the border between Bulgaria and Greece. Secretly, he mapped the location of each mine - - and one dark night slipped across the border into Greece.

His hegira then took him to Tripoli, where he learned of an opportunity under the Lodge Act to obtain American citizenship through five years service in the Army.

WOLFHOUND WIPEOUT

Dawson's Devils had one more rattling rampage before the exercise ended. Their mission - - spoil a Brigade attack.

Although their efforts were not without losses, they completely foiled the initial Brigade attack. Their first night effort included wiping out the Brigade Tactical Operations Center; five Wolfhounds then began following the Brigade advance, calling in artillery and wiping out a series of individuals.

Once they were stopped by a sergeant saying, "Who are you? Good guys or bad guys?" All five shot him.

For nine hours they continued their harassment of the column, now riding in one of the two vehicles they stole.

Fortunately, all the deaths they caused were symbolic. The lessons were real.

BLACK JACK POT

Time and modern science have brought about many changes since Captain John J. Pershing led a 27th Infantry expedition against Fort Bacolod in the Phillipines in 1903. But the Moros they faced were as fierce and determined as any enemy met by the Wolfhounds since.

When the expedition stepped out it was with 600 men, 64 ponies and 100 pack mules. Two batteries accompanied them - - one of 3.6 mortars and one of mountain guns.

Their target, Fort Bacalod, was equipped with about twenty brass cannons (Moros called them lantacas). Individuals were armed with bolos and spears and a good number of Spanish Remington rifles.

Surrounding the fort was a great ditch, all of 30 feet wide and an awesome 35 feet deep. Flying from its parapets was a colorful array of battle flags.

Firing went on for a full day and night, neither side gaining much advantage. At around noon the next day Pershing ordered an assault on the fort.

First, they cut enough brush to fill the ditch at one point, and then constructed a light bamboo bridge. First Lieutenant Shaw, later to earn the Medal of Honor, led ten Wolfhounds in a charge to the ten-foot high parapet.

Clubbed rifles and bayonets swung against berserk Moros wielding their weapons until not one of the defenders was left standing.

Fort Bacolod was ours!

If you've read this far, whether you're a Wolfhound or friend of the Wolfhounds, we're flattered.

Reflections IV is under way, but honest research is time consuming. Should you know any stories about the 27th, please send them to me at Schofield Barracks.

While this is being written more members of our great Regiment have embarked on another humanitarian mission. We are proud that the United States so often calls on the Wolfhounds for such delicate tasks.

Honors such as this call for great sacrifice, not only from 27th soldiers, but from their families. Although our civilian population remains ignorant, to a great extent, of the trials and sacrifice which are the daily burden of the Army wife, the Wolfhounds know - - - and are grateful.

One more thing. If you have any questions or comments about the Wolfhounds, this door is always open. As the Hawaiians say, "E Komo Mai" - - - "Please come in."

Wolfhound!

Hugh F. O'Reilly
Honorary Sergeant Major

Note: It is a relatively easy matter to put the accomplishments of the Wolfhounds into words. However, without the dedicated assistance of SGT. David Boudreau this booklet wouldn't have seen the light of day for months. Thanks, Sarge!