

## LIVING UP TO THE NAME

The Russian Wolfhound, from which the 27th Infantry received its nickname, is credited with several outstanding qualities. One is fierceness in combat with its enemies, another is gentleness and affection for its friends, and the third is the swiftness with which it can move.

Examples of these traits in the Regiment are numerous. As a combat unit, the Wolfhounds have no peer. The Regiment's reputation in its relations with civilian communities is attested to by numerous commendations, including many from cities and towns in Siberia and legislative bodies in Hawaii.

Interesting tales of the rapidity with which the 27th accomplished its missions in Siberia are plentiful. Pursuing the Bolsheviks (communists) in September, 1918, a Wolfhound company was preceded by two companies of the Imperial Japanese Army.

One 25 mile leg of the chase, the Khaki clad troops of the 27th suffered severely from the cold. Although led by the Japanese, they kept up a fast pace, more or less forcing the Japanese soldiers to move out just as fast.

After a while, Japanese soldiers began to fall out by the road side, thoroughly exhausted. The Wolfhounds eventually passed through the thinning ranks of their allies, arriving at their objective an hour ahead of them.

The 27th received a compliment from General Otani afterward, stating in part, "I admire the astonishing rapidity, etc."

Winter uniforms, by the way, did not travel so quickly. They arrived a month later, in October.

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## CLEAN SWEEP

Most folks today have never heard of a chimney sweep. And those who have think that the occupation died out with the urbanization of society.

They should meet SPC Ken Meredith, formerly driver for 2/27 CSM Bautista. Meredith was a chimney sweep for six years in Virginia and has been a Wolfhound for three years now.

In addition to having had an unusual occupation, he has an unusually strong regard for orphaned children, perhaps because he was adopted himself. He and his wife Lynn hosted three Osaka orphans when they visited the Wolfhounds in Hawaii in June of the year 2000.

When the battalion visited Japan in March, 2001 for training with that country's Defense Force, the former chimney sweep was able to visit the Holy Family and renew his friendship with the three youngsters.

He and Mrs. Meredith are the parents of two children, Amanda and Joshua, and are currently going through the legal process of adopting three more children, two girls and a boy.

Interesting? He's full of surprises. This multi-talented Wolfhound also has a pilot's license.

The people you meet in this outfit...

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Very few people know that George Bush commanded 3/27 of the Wolfhounds early in W.W.II. Perhaps that is because LTC George E. Bush never ran for President.

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## THE WAY IT WAS

Units of the 25th Division were stationed in and around the city of Osaka in those days. A large industrial center, it had been heavily bombed during the war.

The Wolfhounds had their own camp in a place called Sugimoto-cho, which had been a naval school during the war. A short distance outside was the "Kolchak Cabaret," one of the few "on limits" places of entertainment.

Here, young Japanese girls clad in evening gowns copied from the pages of the "Wish Book" (Sears Catalog), and teetering on unaccustomed high heels tried hard to dance with soldiers on pass.

In the winter of 1950, the Division sent the name of an orphanage to each unit, suggesting a Christmas party. The Wolfhounds drew the Holy Family Home, little suspecting historic events would ensue.

In November the Wolfhounds sent a small group of men to visit the place. The home had been established, not as an orphanage but as a hospital for terminal indigents. Catholic Sisters, called the daughters of charity of St. Vincent De Paul, were in charge.

During W.W.II the intense bombing of Osaka resulted in many children wandering through the ruin and rubble, parents gone. Others, products of fleeting liaisons or impoverished families, swelled the numbers of homeless youngsters after the peace.

The Sisters, willy-nilly, found themselves running an orphanage. The Wolfhound soldiers saw scores of children - barely existing. Cold most of the time, dressed in throwaways, and housed in dirt-floored huts. Obviously, the sisters had plenty of heart, but not much cash.

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Maybe you've heard stories like this before. But this is different. You're seeing it with your own eyes. You're standing there, seeing a tiny glimmer of hope in lack-luster eyes, and receiving shy smiles from waifs who somehow haven't forgotten how.

You feel a faint sense of guilt. Not that you have any reason to, but somehow you're almost ashamed of being well fed, and warmly dressed on this winter day.

Your military trench coat had deep pockets. Pockets filled with bubble gum that you hastily produced and handed out, trying to sidetrack the sadness which threatened to engulf you.

Little almond shaped eyes began to sparkle, sympathetic titters broke out when you tried to demonstrate bubble making and got the gum in your mustache, and finally peals of laughter erased the last lingering shadows of gloom.

The day ended. But the deep, deep sense of frustration with the ways of the world remained. The knowledge of your own inability to stem the relentless tide of post-war misery.

One thing you could do. You could see that those kids had the best dog-goned Christmas party Japan had ever seen. And they did.

There was stuffed turkey and dressing, and yams, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie. And they all had brass bellies - they ate and ate and ate.

And when the mess hall tables were finally littered with empty platters, the last sauce mopped up with GI bread, the doors of the PX were thrown open and with grins and arm gestures the youngsters got the message - pick your own Christmas present! And they did...

Finally, sleep-eyed, clutching toys and dresses and dozens of remarkable things they'd never seen before (or

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dreamed they'd own) the kids were delivered back to the Home via Army trucks and jeeps.

But they left a problem behind. A problem that plagued us through the days and nights that followed.

What had we done? Yes, it was a wonderful, unforgettable day for the children - a Christmas party to end all Christmas parties. What great guys we were. And then we sent them back to their miserable existence.

They got a glimpse of man-made heaven and then...

Maybe we got more out of it than they did. Maybe we even flattered our egos at the expense of the kids. What would the days and weeks and months be like for them now that they knew what things could be like?

Payday was only three or four days off. You knew what you had to do. You got \$143 from one company on New Year's Day. You handed it over to Sister Genevieve, the remarkable lady in charge of the kids.

On the following payday (we had just two battalions then) every man in the regiment chipped in. That was just the beginning.

Every company had a mess hall and a supply room. A flow of food, sheets and blankets, etc. found its way to the Home. Not far behind was CPT Jake Newman, the Regimental Surgeon. He held "sick call" there every week.

It didn't stop there. Wolfhound wives got into the act - and in a big way. Canned food, bags of rice, outgrown clothing, they brought it all. (There were price tags on some of that "outgrown" clothing.)

Sergeants and supply sergeants all carried something much more important to the children - love.

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And now the year is 2002. In between there have been wars and rumors of wars, changes of scenery and of people, both Wolfhounds and orphans, but the beat goes on.

The bonds grow stronger - and in their own way, the Wolfhounds make their corner of the world a better place.

So we invented a slogan - "Christmas Every Payday." And did the Wolfhounds ever respond! There wasn't any need or desire for pressure, and none was ever used.

They gave, and gave, and gave.

And it didn't stop there. Perhaps you've heard this before, but it bears repeating- especially because we do have a continuous turnover.

But all that is just the beginning of the story.

Certainly the Wolfhounds who began this project deserve a slap on the back - they made a difference.

The real heroes however, are those who didn't see the misery of those hapless waifs; the men who only heard the story from their predecessors and still took up the challenge.

It is indeed the essence of Wolfhound spirit, esprit, whatever one chooses to call it. Over the years, men of every rank, of every race, have bent their efforts to bring love to children whose lives have been changed dramatically by their kindness.

Men such as CPT Roberts, whose semi-humorous wholly creative fund-raising plans are on the front burner. Or Akio Aoyama, Japanese war veteran whose generosity seems to know no bounds.

The beat goes on...

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## RISING STAR

The story of the career of the late General John H. "Mike" Michaelis is little short of astounding. Enlisting in the army as a private, he obtained an appointment to West Point, graduating in 1936.

When the first parachute regiment was formed, he promptly volunteered. He rose in rank fast and in W.W.II jumped into Normandy as executive officer of the 502nd Parachute Regiment. When he hit the ground he took over the Regiment as the result of an injury to the CO.

Command of an airborne regiment at the ripe old age of 32!

Wounded once in Holland and again in Bastogne, he wound up as Chief of Staff of the 101st Airborne Division. To join in the Battle of the Bulge, he had gone AWOL from the hospital before his first wound had not quite healed.

After the war, he served as aide to General Eisenhower until "Ike" retired.

When the Korean War broke out, he was sitting happily behind a desk in the J-3 section of the 8th Army in Japan. A lieutenant colonel at the time, he mused one day on how lucky he was to sit this one out.

The following day he was on a flight to Korea, where he took command of the Wolfhounds, replacing Colonel John Childs, who had been promoted to Division Chief of Staff.

For the next half year he led the Wolfhound "Fire Brigade" to every hot spot in Korea, often going for days on end with little or no sleep and earning the total respect of the Regiment.

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Comments by Wolfhounds of all ranks included "he'll either be a live general or a dead colonel" and "he thinks like a gook... only faster!"

(It should be pointed out here that "gook" was not a derogatory term. It was derived from the Korean word "miguk.")

Michaelis (pronounced MY-KAY-LISS) did indeed become a live general. He was named assistant Division Commander after earning his first star and then went on to various assignments until his final one... commanding the 8th Army in Korea.

This great American... and great Wolfhound... left an indelible mark on our history. He retired with four stars.

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It was early May 2001, and a 2/27 team was at Fort Benning, Georgia to engage in the Army's Best Ranger Competition.

They were led by 1LT Van Antwerp and SSG McNulty and right there to see his men perform was 2/27 Commander LTC Chelsea Chae. Not much chance for achievement. Not when several other competitors included soldiers from the Ranger Battalions and Special Forces.

But good experience, everyone thought...

Yeah - for the other guys! Those unheralded, out of their league, straight leg Wolfhounds copped THIRD PLACE!!!

There were a lot of red faces that day, but they didn't belong to Wolfhounds.

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## **WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE BUT NOT...**

Browsing through the Regimental archives can often provide insight into the hardships endured by the infantry soldier of which many of us, especially civilians, are unaware.

For example, few would suspect that on a heavily forested tropical island water shortage could be a problem. Unbelievable, that was the situation on Guadalcanal during January, 1943. Guadalcanal was the scene of the first United States offensive against the Japanese in World War II.

Quotes from the daily reports of the third Battalion Wolfhounds described the situation:

“January 11. The attack was resumed at 0930, held off until that hour to allow water to be brought up. Only a small amount of water arrived. However, the attack jumped off...”

“Hard fighting ensued, with Japanese sniper, mortar, and artillery fire attempting to slow the advance. Men from HQ and M Companies formed carrier parties, mainly for water.”

The situation that day looked desperate:

“By noon, the lack of water was acute and men were passing out from heat exhaustion. One platoon of I Co. at one time had only ten men conscious.”

Lest the reader assume that these conditions affected the fighting spirit of the Wolfhounds, some quotes from a memorandum signed by the Regimental Commander, Colonel Wm. A. McCulloch, are in order:

“On January 10 the Regiment became the spearhead of an attack which led to the total collapse of enemy resistance on Guadalcanal on 9 February 1943. In its advance between 10 January and 26 January, the 27th Infantry cracked the

strong defensive positions on Hills 53 and 57, the initial corps objective, and on the north reached it on one day.”

The colonel goes on to note various assaults over the difficult terrain including a “very precipitous jungle covered gorge against strong opposition.” During this time, the Wolfhounds captured close to a thousand prisoners.

People familiar with the media coverage of that first offensive against the Japanese will recall that sole credit for the victory was given to another branch of the service. Similar incidents tend to remind one of a remark by Mark Twain: “Thunder is impressive, but it is lightning that does the job.”

### **FOOTSTEPS TO FOLLOW**

Colonel Lewis Millett actually led three bayonet attacks during the Korean conflict. In that war he received the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, two Bronze Stars, and three Purple Hearts.

During World War II, Millett also earned the Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Purple Heart. He also served in Vietnam and even volunteered to serve in Desert Storm but was rejected because of his age.

Aspiring Wolfhounds should be aware that this great soldier also assiduously applied himself to self-improvement efforts at every opportunity. In high school he was president of his class, a Student Council member, and editor of the school newspaper and the Annual. He also participated in football, baseball, drama, and debating.

Awesome...

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## MAKING A DIFFERENCE

One look at the training schedules of the two Wolfhound battalions these days and one wonders whether they've got time for any extra curricular activities at all.

You wonder, that is, if you don't know the Wolfhounds. Was there ever a group of men like these?

They're not only great soldiers, they're making truly rewarding strides in their relations with the civilian community. Take a look at some of the activities of LTC Guthrie's 2/27:

They sponsor the Mililani Uka Elementary School. In addition to the "pen pal" project described on another page, they're being joined by Eagle Scouts of Mililani Troop 264, Mililani Hope Chapel, McDonalds, and David's fencing Inc., all working together to construct a fence to prevent unauthorized entry and curb graffiti.

That's not all. They're planting flowers and shrubs to beautify the area around the school.

They're spending over \$600 on that project. And that's only part of the story. They're installing fans in the classrooms to temper the summer heat.

Enough? Nope.

These guys don't stop. They're on a tear. Another project at the school, the Fall Festival, sees the Wolfhounds constructing a maze.

Makes you proud doesn't it!

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## **SOMETHING TO LIVE UP TO**

The Wolfhounds were the first unit of the 25th Division to enter the Korean War. The 27th also earned the first presidential Unit Citation of the war less than two weeks after the regiment landed.

Under strength, and with only two battalions, the Wolfhounds fought four days of fierce, sustained attacks aimed at penetrating vital U. N. supply lines.

When the smoke cleared, the 27th had inflicted more than 3,000 casualties, destroyed enormous quantities of materiel, and captured much valuable enemy equipment.

Early in the following month, the second Battalion, under LTC Gilbert Check, drove 22 miles through North Korean buildups, reaching the heights overlooking Chinju before being recalled.

A retaliatory counter attack by the Reds was then smashed, leaving more than 500 bodies littering the area, some within 100 yards of the Regimental CP.

For these actions, the Wolfhounds received a second Presidential Unit Citation.

Some observers pointed out that a subsequent victory at the "Bowling Alley," was not recognized because of the humbling effect such recognition might have on other units.

It may also be interesting to note that both of the above citations were earned prior to the arrival in Korea of an organization that is fond of describing itself as "first to fight."

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## WHO CARES!

Perhaps it was the presence of LTG Foley and Colonel Millett during the Wolfhound Centennial celebration. Maybe it was hearing the words of LTC Buckner and LTC Chae during those days. Or it could have been the shock of the attack on New York on September 11, 2001.

Whatever the cause, we resumed an old habit. Looking around at other men, other men of all ranks, and wondering which of them had whatever it takes to rise to great heights in times of stress.

We've known several men who've earned the Medal of Honor. Some have been outgoing, self assertive. Then there were those who were quiet, unassuming. Others were off the cuff types and there were also the deep reflective sorts.

But almost without exception, they all had one thing in common. Even the dry, bureaucratic language of the citations can't conceal the fact that the men cared. They cared for the men with whom they served. The men who shared with them pride in the unit and pride in the country.

Take Robert Foley. Twice during the charge that brought him fame he paused to bring wounded men to safety. Or Riley Pitts, who threw himself on a VC grenade to save those around him. And Lewis Millett, who stranded himself behind enemy lines to save the life of a wounded pilot.

Perhaps there are other characteristics that mark these special people. But concern for others is a trait that every one of us can develop. It doesn't have to be a big, dramatic thing.. it's surprising how small gestures can , over a relatively brief period of time, develop strong bonds between people.

And aside from the pleasure such bonds create, they can be vital to the light infantry soldier. Success in a mission

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might well be gained by men who know and respect each other.

Try it, you'll like it. Greet the other guy with a smile. Say "Good Morning" or "Wolfhound" and say it with feeling. It'll not only make both of you feel good - it can be the beginning of a relationship that could save someone's life.

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Most people will tell you that being an Infantry soldier is a young man's job. The arduous training, sleepless nights and overall strength sapping demands of the life are just too much for older men.

There's a problem about that, however, in 2/27 of the Wolfhounds. Someone forgot to inform CSM Bert Bautista of that information. Almost every morning the highest ranking and oldest man in the battalion runs at least tree and as much as nine miles. Bautista is 48.

Let's not forget 1/27 CSM Jose Rangel. He too is nearing the half century mark, and looks years younger.

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## A HUMAN CORNUCOPIA

Another of the hundreds of people whose names are indelibly engraved on Wolfhound history is Akio Aoyama of Osaka, Japan.

As a youngster, the future Honorary Wolfhound endured the relentless W.W.II bombing of that industrial city. He was still a teenager when he was drafted into the Japanese army in the last year of the war.

Years later, now board chairman of a steel corporation, he was stunned to learn that a Regiment of American soldiers was supporting the orphaned children of their former enemies. He was seized with a yearning to be a part of this singular project. That opportunity came in 1981 with a book entitled "A Bridge of Love between East and West." Entirely financed by Mr. Aoyama, the book recounts the tale of friendship between the Wolfhounds and the children through letters written by many of the individuals involved.

He distributed the volume to schools and libraries in Japan free of charge. A decade later, he began to defray the costs of two projects the Wolfhounds had been conducting for several years. One is the annual summer visit of Holy Family Home children to Hawaii, the other a trip by two gift laden Wolfhounds to the Orphanage at Christmas. He has made these donations ever since. The total of his contributions now exceeds \$100,000.

Every decade brings another surprise from this most generous person. In 2001 he had one thousand six hundred commemorative clocks produced for the Wolfhound Centennial. They were distributed not only to today's Wolfhounds, but to many others through out the country.

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Many a Wolfhound who has been fortunate enough to visit the Orphanage has met this gracious gentleman. Despite the demands of controlling the operation of five plants scattered around his country, he always found time to meet and entertain members of the Regiment. To those of us who know him, his self sacrifice and generosity are a constant impetus to improve our own relations with others.

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I have three treasures that I keep and prize: one is kindness, the second is frugality, and the third is not presuming to take precedence over others.

Sun Tzu

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For all the Wolfhounds do in service to our nation and Hawaii, they deserve our respect, appreciation and support.

Daniel K. Inouye  
U.S. Senator, Hawaii  
April 26, 2001

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The battlefield is the scarred and lonely landscape of man's greatest failure.

But it is a place where heroes walk.

L. B. Johnson  
(May 1968)

