



WOLFHOUND MEDALS OF HONOR

PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

1LT Charles G. Bickman
1 LT George G. Shaw

WORLD WAR II

CPT Charles W. Davis
SSG Raymond H. Cooley

KOREAN WAR

*CPL John W. Collier
*CPT Reginald B. Desiderio
CPT Lewis L. Millett
*2LT Jerome A. Sudut
Cpl Benito Martinez

VIETNAM WAR

SGT John F. Baker, Jr.
CPT Robert F. Foley
*SGT Charles C. Fleek
*CPT Riley L. Pitts
SSG Paul R. Lambers

* Posthumous award

OUR PAST IS PROLOGUE

The statement at the top of this page is a positive one. It's an important part of the newcomer's' briefing given by LTC Garrett, 1-27 commanding officer.

It accepts as fact the premise that even greater exploits are expected of a Regiment already awash with praise from Presidents, Congressmen, Governors, leaders of society in several countries, etc.

That premise imposes a challenge- -an awesome challenge- -on today's Wolfhounds. Out of the mists of time rise the memories of heroic struggles like Bayan, which drew the personal praise of Theodore Roosevelt; Guadacanal, which signaled the end of the Japanese Empire; the "Bowling Alley" immortalized by the Korean Military as saving its homeland; Attleboro, a savage rejection of defeat by overwhelming VC forces.

Striding staunchly through the ageless tales of Wolfhound history, calling for the same, or greater, courageous efforts than their own, men like Davis Millett, Foley, Meloy, Pitts, Solomon and scores more cry out, "Follow Me."

These men, and the host of great Wolfhounds of the past must be proud of their successors of today, waiting confidently to prove their worth. The toughest training in our history, the ceaseless, untiring effort to exceed yesterday's triumphs, all point to an even greater glory in the future.

The Wolfhounds are ready.

EAGLES AND ANGELS

Bracketed around the 1/27 Change of Command in June was a celebration unique in the annuals of this, or any other Army.

It's practically a given that American servicemen will go out of their way to render aid to the needy wherever they are stationed. This is particularly true with orphanages.

The Wolfhounds are no exception- - but with a difference. In June they celebrated the *fiftieth consecutive year* of their relationship with the children of the Holy Family Home in Osaka, Japan.

Long after the material needs of the children had been met, the self-appointed foster fathers... soldiers of the 27th Infantry regiment, have continued to maintain what has been call "A Bridge of Love Between East and West."

Separated at times by thousands of miles, burdened on occasion by involvement in wars and rumors of wars, the Wolfhounds have never allowed these or any other obstacles to intervene. The first children to meet the soldiers of the 27th back in the post-WWII years are now, many of them, grandparents.

And yet this epic tale goes on, a lasting testament to the compassion, love and decency of men accustomed to leading the way.

The celebration of this silver anniversary will be described on the pages that follow, but this is an appropriate time to recount first the tale of how it all began. As with all legends, various versions slip in from time to time, some even more interesting than the reality. Please bear with the real story.

RAGGED ANGELS

Winter of 1949, Osaka, Japan. The 25th Infantry Division, part of the Army of occupation following World War II, was headquartered in Osaka, capital city of the Prefecture of the same name. Units of the Division were stationed separately, some many miles from Division HQ.

The 27th Infantry, an under strength regiment, was located at Camp Sakai in an area called Sugimotocho, a fifteen minute train ride from the city.

In an ongoing program establishing and maintaining friendly relations with the civilian population, Division sent the name of a different orphanage to each unit, suggesting that the troops give Christmas parties for the children.

At the time, the three infantry regiments of the Division were the 24th, the 27th, and the 35th.

The Wolfhounds received the name of the Holy Family Home. Catholic sisters, who had been operating a hospital for the needy, founded the Home for children who had lost their parents during bombing raids on the city.

[It is necessary here to explain the writer's role at that time and subsequently. Please accept this explanation in the manner in which it is offered- - -without your understanding and acceptance the true felling of the entire fifty years loses much of the real impact.]

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Accompanied by several men from B Company of the First Battalion, the writer decided to look the place over.

The picture that unfolded was a shock- - truly a shock. Scores of children obviously dressed in hand-me-downs, malnourished, bearing cold sores. Words to describe their condition don't come easily- -or at all. How does one detail the sight of rat bites and it's effect?

You had heard of things like this before. But now you're looking at it, having it sink in, twisting and turning in your innards.

You feel a sense of guilt, strangely enough. Not that there's a reason to, but somehow you're a little ashamed of being well fed, warmly dressed.

Your military trench coat had deep pockets. Pockets filled with bubble gum. Hastily, awkwardly, you handed it out, foolishly trying to banish the sadness that threatened to engulf you.

Little almond shaped eyes began to sparkle, faint titters broke out when you tried to demonstrate bubble making and the gum began to cling to your mustache, then finally peals of laughter seemed to erase the last lingering signs of doubt and distrust.

(Reader, do try to fill out this inept tale from your own imagination- -half a century has passed since that cold, uninviting day and still a complete description remains
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formless, blanketed by emotions just as powerful today as they were then.)

One thing more. That day we met the lady in charge of the children's care, Sister Genevieve McBride. As we discovered later, her day began at four a.m., and ended at eleven p.m. In the years that followed never did we see her without a smile on her face and the love of all God's creatures shining out of the bluest eyes you'd ever seen.

Yet when she passed, the eyes of the children bespoke so much love. She was more than another human being to them. They held her in awe, yet never held back- -they each wore her love as if it were a warming, all encompassing cloak.

Reader, try to see past these poor words. You are learning why the Wolfhounds and the children are a family, held together by a humble, yet towering personality.

Sister Genevieve, without whom there could never have been this great "Bridge of Love Between the East and West" is no longer with us physically. She went to her reward on July 28, 1998.

Yet somehow she is still with us- -and if we welcome her thoughts into our being, we are better for it.

So we planned the party.

CHRISTMAS DAY

What a party it was!

Santa was there, of course. And the food . . . some of it was new to them, some they'd only dreamed of. Turkey and yams and stuffing and peas and carrots and cranberry sauce. And mountains of ice cream and chocolate layer cake.

And there were Wolfhounds singing country and western to the sounds of their "geetars." And confetti and whistles and streams of paper of all kinds of colors.

And in the childrens' eyes wonder and joy and love for their Wolfhounds.

Then the short walk to the Post Exchange- - -the Wolfhounds had their own exchange. With smiling gestures, each child was given to understand- - -one present each.

Despite their real need for decent clothes, the boys made a beeline for bats and baseballs, basketballs, catcher's mitts, all the sports paraphernalia they could find.

Not so the girls shyly, joyously, they posed in front of mirrors, holding dresses of all colors and kinds in front of them. It took them a much longer time to choose.

But finally it was over. Tired, happy, stuffed to the gills and clutching their gifts to their chests, they piled into Army trucks and headed for home.

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Exhausted, proud, the Wolfhounds dispersed.

What a day! A day to remember.

Over, yes. But the deep, deep sense of frustration with the ways of the world, the awareness that there was little or nothing you could do about it, ate away at you like a hungry cancer.



Hello, Wolfhounds!

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

So the kids had their Christmas party. But that quiet, devouring cancer still ate away inside you and now it was even more ravenous. Now there was real guilt.

What had we really done? Oh, it was a wonderful day for the children, a Christmas party to end all Christmas parties. Right- - - and then we sent them back to the miserable, hopeless existence that was their life.

A glimpse of heaven, if you will, then back to hell.

Maybe we got more out of it than they did. Could we have been fattening our own egos at their expense? Telling ourselves what great guys we were. What would the days and weeks ahead for them be like now that they knew that there were other things, other ways?

Payday was only three or four days off. We knew what we had to do. There were 143 men in your old company and you got \$143 from them. On New Year's Day you handed it over to Sister Genevieve, neither of us dreaming that we had set foot on a path that would change our lives and those of many, many others.

The floodgates were opened. By the time the next payday rolled around, every Wolfhound had heard the story. The donations poured in, company after company, each trying to out do the other.

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And it didn't stop there. Mess sergeants and supply sergeants were quick to supply the results of what they called "moonlight requisitions." (No blot on the Sister's pristine soul. She had no idea of how the goodies were obtained.)

Not to be outdone, Wolfhound wives rallied to the cause. Some visited the children often, bearing canned goods, outgrown clothing, toys and even newly purchased items from the PX.

The Regimental Surgeon even saw to it that medicines of all kinds found their way to the Home.

What a joy it was to visit the Home then! Hope revived, health renewed, a vision for the future. The following paydays saw an increase in donations, renewal of construction on the new Home, halted before by lack of funds.

Then a shattering blow struck- - - war!

North Korea invaded the South, and the Wolfhounds were the first 25th Division troops to be ordered into the fray.

Not for the first time (or the last!) you underestimated the Wolfhounds. Certainly, you reasoned, they wouldn't want to be supporting Oriental kids while fighting other Orientals. So you didn't ask for collections.

But the donations not only came in, they increased. No matter how serious the situation- - - the Wolfhounds were used as the 8th Army's "Fire Brigade"- - - the children were never forgotten.

CHANGE OF SCENE

The Wolfhounds eventually returned to Schofield Barracks.

Competition soon developed. Without any kind of pressure except pride, one company would vie with another- - who could raise the most money. We remember two First Sergeants in particular, George Dizon and John Chan.

They'd go up to HQ, to check on how much money the other had turned in, and if it was more than they had collected, they'd go back for more. The real winners were the children, for it was not unusual for a company to donate a thousand dollars or more.

Chan and Dizon kept up the rivalry for several years. The latter was the man who began the tradition of bringing orphans to Hawaii to visit the Wolfhounds each year.

Inevitably, the Wolfhounds went into battle again, this time in Vietnam. The annual visits stopped, but after hostilities ceased the 27th returned to D Quad.

The Japanese by now were financially able to support the Holy Family, but two traditions continued- -two Wolfhound Santas visited the children each year, and trips to Hawaii by the children resumed.

Another remarkable change in this highly unusual story took place a few years later. Akio Aoyama, Japanese steel
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manufacturer and a soldier for his country in WW II, heard about the Wolfhounds and the orphans.

Aoyama-san was stunned! Here were American soldiers actually caring for the children of people who had been their enemies.

How he wanted to meet them! How he wanted to participate without in any way detracting from their efforts. Finally he hit upon a means- -he now, and has for some time, contributes \$10,000 a year to Wolfhound- -Holy Family expenses. Annual visits, toys for the children, etc.

He hasn't stopped there. He published a hard cover book reciting the whole story of the relationship, and distributed it free to schools and libraries in Japan so that young people could learn the story.

He had a stainless steel Wolfhound made and presented it to the 27th. His personal gifts and entertainments of Wolfhounds have become legendary.

There are many, many tales about this truly remarkable story, but we're afraid that if we go on, the reader could become bored. So let's finish here, only saying that the legend continues.

BAPTISM

Private Jeremy Moen of Alpha Co 1st Battalion hasn't been in the Wolfhounds very long. Long enough though, to have Ltc Garrett pin an Army Achievement Medal on his chest.

The initial phase of the battle was drawing to a close, and Opfor troops knew that the Wolfhounds would have to be coming with the trucks they'd need later on. So they laid an ambush.

Easy pickins. They'd done it before and they'd do it again. Same old routine.

But Alpha had a couple of surprises for them. Only one platoon went directly to the trucks. Captain Hodne smelled a rat and had the other two platoons approach from diverging directions.

The big vehicles rumbled into position just about dawn and Moen's unit jumped aboard their truck. The enemy opened fire, slaying all of them. All except Moen, that is. He slipped behind a tree and opened fire, steadily decimating the ambushers.

Running out of ammo, he leaped aboard another truck and seized a 50 caliber. He wasn't sure how it worked, but in the end it didn't matter - -it was out of ammo. Next he tried a SAW, but finally found more ammo.

Meanwhile, the two Alpha groups charged onto the scene and opened fire. Startled, dismayed, Opfor troops forgot Moen, who then proceeded to have a field day. He mowed them down.

LET'S TALK STORY!

The orphanage story occupies much of the space in this booklet. So many versions of the tale have circulated that it's about to put the real story on paper.

We have also tried to infuse more life into the epic tales of the Regiment's heroes, and will continue to do so in future articles.

As usual, your memories of people and events are more than welcome. So are your article comments. If you're an old Wolfhound, you owe it to younger 'Hounds to know the things which have made the 27th great.

You newer members of the Regiment owe it to the old-timers to let them know what you're doing.

Wolfhounds!

"D" FOR DEPARTURE

The Wolfhounds will be moving out of D Quad, their home since the 1920s, as part of a Schofield Barracks- wide renovation. Members of the 27th, past and present, hope that one day the Regiment will return to its traditional home.

WHAT A YEAR

1998- - triumphs in the field, changes in command, historical events- - they followed each other in bewildering profusion.

A banner year.

It was the time when the Wolfhounds celebrated an anniversary unique in the U.S. Army, or any other army. Half a century, fifty full years, of a heart-warming relationship with the children of Osaka's Holy Family Home.

And in the midst of that celebration, an event that is common in the service yet evokes many emotions. This time, a change of command in the First Battalion. Hail and farewell...

1/27 lost LTC Bernard Champoux and gained LTC William B. Garrett III. There are always mixed emotions, both personal and professional at such times. Personalities and capabilities are discussed and assessed, sometimes by whispers from averted heads and shielding hands, sometimes openly.

As is almost always the case, the Wolfhounds lost nothing in the exchange and again as usual go on scaling higher mountains.

The 50th anniversary celebration was a fortnight of joy for the Wolfhounds and two visiting children from the orphanage. Before, the arrival of the youngsters in Hawaii, Senator Akaka read a lengthy paean of praise of the
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Wolfhounds from the floor of the U.S. Senate in Washington, and Hawaii Governor Benjamin Cayetano proclaimed June 18.

“Wolfhound Day” in Hawaii

2/27 Command Sgt Major Ronald Chang and Major Loomis planned- -and implemented- -a fortnight of entertainment for the two Japanese sub-teens that we’re sure they’ll never forget. A Hawaiian luau and a hula troupe kicked off the visit.

The children themselves performed a pair of Japanese dances. This was followed by visits to many of Oahu’s pleasure spots, each day escorted by men from one of the companies in both battalions.

When our little guests left for home they bravely, but not quite completely, shielded their tears. We must admit that many a Wolfhound followed their example.

FIRE IN THE BELLY

When you've been an Opposing Force trooper for a while, you begin to get just a bit arrogant. You'd worked against the Army's best- -and taught them a thing or two.

You know every clump of grass, every tree, every bush, every dip in the ground.

Poison ivy, temperature that never dropped below a hundred, raging Louisiana thunderstorms. Opfor had learned to live with them, learned to use them.

So here came the Wolfhounds, and their reputation preceded them. Too bad, thought the Opfors, only the 1st Battalion. We'd like to teach the whole Regiment a thing or two.

The first faint stirrings of doubt came when the 27th, supported by armor, artillery, and air, demonstrated surprise expertise in a live fire exercise. But the real tests were still to come.

Meanwhile, unaccustomed weather conditions impelled other units in the Brigade to forgo taking as much material- - - vehicles, wire, sandbags, ect.- - -to which they were entitled. The Wolfhounds happily "adopted" as much as they could find.

One observer remarked that it was all "gobbled up by rabid dogs."

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That equipment played a large part in the dramatic events which followed. The Opfor "metal Monsters," (tanks to the uninitiated) failed in their attempt to break through Wolfhound defenses, first such drawback in the history of the Training Center.

Laser shots by Wolfhounds, seeking out their targets like flies in a slaughterhouse, caused utter confusion in the enemy ranks.

The urban warfare exercise was to be the final test. We would like to say the Wolfhounds sacked the enemy area, but "sacking" implies looting, beneath the ethical standards of our heroes.

(Besides, the buildings were empty.)

In every phase of this realistic exercise the Wolfhounds revealed that quality which, in addition to leadership, fitness, training and motivation has always been their unique attribute: FIRE IN THE BELLY.

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NOTE: LTC Pellazon, commander of the Opposing Force, notified LTC Garrett that because of the Wolfhounds' demonstrated tactics the OPFOR programs will be revised.

IT TAKES TIME- - -SOMETIMES

Sgt Paul G. Wyatt was a Wolfhound for only four days when, blasted unconscious by a North Korean mortar, he was dragged off to a POW camp. Those four days were spent in the frenzied confines of Sandbag Castle, dodging unceasing small arms fire, grenades and mortar shells and returning better than he got.

Wounded and only half conscious, he was bound tightly with baling wire and hauled off to imprisonment before his fellow defenders on the shell-torn eminence even learned his name. The reds told him later that all the other Wolfhounds had been wiped out.

But time and the Army brought him his due. Forty-six years later he joined a reunion of the unit and was presented with his long overdue Purple Heart. And at the same time his fellow Wolfhounds finally learned his name.

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THE WAY IT IS

As long ago as 1925, the Wolfhounds were recognized by the highest echelons in the U.S. Army as more than outstanding. In his report for 1925, MG Eli Helmick, Inspector General of the Army, wrote "The 27th infantry sets the standard for the Hawaiian Division."

We don't acknowledge this as something to brag about. We merely accept it as fact and conduct ourselves accordingly.

TAKE SIDES

During the 1930's mules provided the major means of hauling supplies, etc. on maneuvers, particularly in areas where the ancient WWI Liberty trucks couldn't venture.

Many were the arguments between supporters and detractors of these four-legged creatures, mainly centering on their efficacy in relation to the trucks and the value of the animals' intelligence.

Pros and cons about the latter factor reached a peak after an incident on the Pupukes Trail, an occurrence which provided ammunition for both sides.

Constructed in advance by Wolfhound working parties, the Trail was a narrow shelf around the steep mountain, bordered on the other side by perception drops into deep, deep, gulches. The Wolfhounds constructed flat-bottomed sleds bearing needed supplies and hauled by the mules over the muddy, slippery track.

On the day in question, one crafty old mule waited until the sled he hauled reached a spot in the Trail alongside a truly vertical drop into a gulch. He then backed up and kicked the sled off the track.

The sled, of course plummeted down the side of the gulch, tossing equipment left and right as it went. A great idea, and concrete proof of the mule's intelligence, claimed its admirers.

Those on the other side of the dispute, however, pointed out that the mule forgot that it was attached to the sled!

Who's right?

BRIDGE BUILDER

A eulogy of a female to be included among tales of heroism and unmatched valor by individuals and units of a famed band of soldiers? Why not?

Why not, if that female, over a full half century, has been the inspiration behind an unforgettable saga of international compassion? A tale which has been called, "A Bridge of Love Between East and West."

What a story! What a woman! Sister Genevieve McBride, Honorary Wolfhound, who passed away in June, 1998 after a life given unreservedly to others.

Jeannie McBride was born in 1907 in the tiny town of Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland. 1907, just six years after the founding of the 27th Infantry Regiment, with which her life was to be so closely entwined.

When she was 21, she joined an order of Catholic nuns called the Daughters of Charity. A move which no doubt caused heartbreak and dismay among the male Scots of the area.

The Daughters of Charity operate homes and hospitals, orphanages and hospices in many countries.

So it was not suprising that shortly after World War II she found herself in the Holy Family Home, a makeshift huddle of shacks in the Japanese city of Osaka.

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