

Her wards were the unwanted, unloved detritus of war--children. Underfed, barely clothed, lacking even the most rudimentary medical care. For the first time in her young life she saw babies suffering from rat bites, children ailing from all sorts of medical problems from cold sores to social diseases.

That cheerful smile of hers never seemed to leave her face, those sky-blue eyes never lost their sparkle. If her only gift all too often was love, she spent it lavishly on the children.

The first sign of what would become a change of fortune came in the person of an American Red Cross Director, Mr. Jack Smith, who came upon the home by chance.

The obvious personal daily sacrifices of Sister Genevieve must have been a great incentive, but the sight of the children, their mud-floored and leaky-roofed huts stirred him to efforts of Homeric proportions. Now that he's no longer among us, some of that tale may be told.

His own warehouse, filled with emergency supplies for soldiers, was soon emptied. Toothbrushes, toothpaste, sewing kits, bandages, everything. When his soap ran out the children learned to clean themselves with shaving cream!

Then came the Wolfhounds. What we saw, and the unfailing, untiring, love the good sister gave to the children simply overcame us. Her faith in God may best be described by the following:
(continued)

The sisters had engaged a contractor to build a new home for the children. The work had gone along so well that the children had moved into half of the building when the sisters ran out of money and the contractor evicted them all.

Not very good business sense, we told the sister. Oh, we prayed, she replied. That wasn't business-like either, said we.

Her answer was classic. It left us speechless.

"The Wolfhounds came, didn't they?"

We could go on and on with tales about this wonderful human being. Tales of her arrival in Osaka, totally unfamiliar with language, customs, and food- -but loaded down with so much love for those in need that only words yet uncoined could begin to truly describe her.

The Wolfhounds must never forget that Sister Genevieve not only gave so much of herself but that she changed the lives of every child, every Wolfhound who met her.

CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

Men of the 3rd Brigade paused briefly in mid-January of 1999 to compete in a segment of Hawaii's annual "Great Aloha Run." The military effort, dubbed "Sounds of Freedom," was held early to enable men of the 3rd Brigade to participate in the muscular dystrophy fund-raiser before their departure for Louisiana and the JRTC.

Bear with a list of units engaged in the competition so that you may understand what happened: 3rd Brigade Command Group, Brigade HQ., 2/27, 25th MP, A ½ Air Defense, 2/35, C/125 MI, 125 SIG, 3-7 FA, C/65 EN, 2/5, 2/25 AVN, DISCOM and 556 PSM.

After having swum through all those acronyms, you must have some idea of the sheer numbers the 2nd Bn faced. Perhaps that's why they didn't do so well.

Out of the six trophies presented by Division Commander MG Hill when all the dust had settled, LTC Smart's 2/27 Wolfhounds collected four!

We'd like to point out to readers not in the Wolfhounds during this period that, to paraphrase the words of a great Briton, success in battle comes from the training fields of Schofield.

One more thing. The Wolfhounds do not seek to embarrass other units- -their goals include the hope that others will profit from their example.

WOLFHOUND OSCAR?

During the mid-nineties, a Japanese television crew filmed a documentary about the Wolfhound- -Holy Family saga of the past fifty years. Half was done at Schofield Barracks, and half done at the Orphanage.

Some of the speech is in Japanese, some in English. Much of the Japanese has voice-over English, so the message comes across loud and clear.

We were delighted to hear that the film won a Japanese National award similar to our Oscars. So the public over there doesn't always hear bad things about our military.

Not bad propaganda for Uncle Sam!

TAKE A BOW

A famous Japanese TV and motion picture star, idol of teenagers in the Land of the Rising Sun, is the son of one of the original children at the Holy Family Home. Wolfhounds, do you know how many lives you have changed?

EYE OPENER

Slithering through the mud, every exposed part of your body stung by thorny bushes, relentless, incessant rain pouring down on you. The East Range. Another endless exercise against a mythical foe.

Wonder what the tourists are doing in Waikiki today? Slurping a Mai Tai, eyeing the bikinis (and what's in them!). What am I doing here?

You raise your head a bit, - - -not too high or a laser round might hit you- - -just to see who else is crawling through that lord-forsaken morass.

Guess who? It's the Old Man, LTC Garrett! Just as soaked and mud-stained as I am and right behind me. There's a message there....

We'll think about that later. But meanwhile it sure is great to be a Wolfhound!

TALENT

"From Here to Eternity" and "The Thin Red Line," both great motion pictures, were written by James Jones, a 2nd Battalion Wolfhound in the Forties.

WOLFHOUND HEROES- -

Along the wall on both sides of the doorway to the Honorary Sergeant Major's office are fourteen citations. Each describes the manner in which one of our fourteen Medal of Honor winners earned that one-of-a-kind distinction.

Each of these citations is couched in official language not necessarily intended to set a scene or inspire the reader. In the words of television's Sgt. Friday, they have "Just the Facts, Ma'am."

These Reflections try to instill into new Wolfhounds the emotions, the pride and the spirit which make the 27th and its members unique, so we're going to bring these stories a bit more down to earth.

We hope that you will appreciate the effort.

Wolfhound!

HOW FAR IS UP?

Lt. Col. John H. "Mike" Michells' first enlisted in the Army as a Private. He retired as a four star General.

D QUAD – FLEEK QUAD

Sergeant Fleek- - - Charles Clinton Fleek- - - was three months and one day short of his 20th birthday when he was faced, without a moment to lose, with a terrible decision.

Was he willing to give his life so that other Wolfhounds might live? Sacrifice all of his hopes and plans for the future on the altar of freedom?

The young squad leader of Charlie Company, 1st Battalion didn't hesitate.

The date, 27 May, 1967. The place, Binh Duang Province, republic of Vietnam.

Fleek's squad was deployed in an ambush operation when he spotted a large enemy force approaching. At that moment the foe sensed the Wolfhound presence and started to withdraw so Fleek and his men opened fire at once.

A Vietnamese grenade was flung straight into the squad's position and the heroic young squad leader flung himself onto it at once. His body absorbed the blast.

At least eight of his fellow Wolfhounds were saved from death or injury. How many more people were affected... fathers and mothers, wives and girl friends, children. The circle grows and grows.

That day in the life of Sergeant Fleek is a day to remember for each of us. The last day of a Wolfhound, the last day of an American.

1/27 AND THE OPFOR

The Box.

That's what they call the battle area where the combat skills of our Army units are tested. It was day five for the 1st Platoon of Bravo Company 1/27 and they had yet to make contact with the elusive OPFOR. They hadn't been idle, however, and boasted several captured caches of enemy materiel for their efforts.

That day, a platoon moved toward the Geronimo Flight Landing Strip to eliminate enemy troops who had been threatening the Tactical Operations Center and aircraft located there.

Later, SSG. Howard and two of his men manning a listening post heard suspicious noises from a nearby creek bed. In response, SSG Lawler and Hayes led a "rush in the brush," which resulted in five bad guy casualties- - - a company commander, a platoon leader, a mortar section noncom and two more soldiers.

S-2 was more than happy with the intelligence gleaned from the captured wounded and the Wolfhounds found delight in the moans and groans of the OPFOR captain who kept bewailing his bad luck.

WHAT GLITTERS HERE IS GOLD

Silva. Say the man's name and it sounds like "Silver." In most places, that is. At Ranger School in Fort Benning, Georgia it's different.

If you're talking about Wolfhound SFC Martin Silva, that is. He's pure gold there. From Alpha Company of the First Battalion, the soft-spoken noncom from San Antonio went through the 72 day Ranger course and scooped up a whole slew of awards while he was at it.

He garnered the NCOA Award and the William O. Darby Leadership Award (both Plaques) and a Certificate naming him the Distinguished Honor Graduate.

The Distinguished Honor Graduate is chosen from between those selected as the top officer and top noncom in the class.

Of particular note is the William O. Darby leadership Award, which is not routinely presented to a person in every class. As a matter of fact, Silva is the first recipient in about two years.

Alpha Company is proud of SFC Silva. The Wolfhounds are proud of SFC Silva . . . and so are the children of the Holy Family Home. But more about that later!

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

Sometime in 1961, the Fuji television network based in Tokyo created a one-hour show about the Wolfhound support of the Holy Family Home. Ten Wolfhounds were brought from Hawaii to participate along with a large group of children from the Orphanage.

After all these years, two special incidents connected with the trip still come to mind.

The first concerned Japanese infatuation with the music of Stephen Foster. In an effort to create a nostalgic mood, the director asked that the Wolfhounds harmonize "My Old Kentucky Home."

After several dismal attempts, the TV people played a group recording while the Wolfhounds lip-synced the song. So much for our musical talent!

The second incident occurred in a cabaret. In those establishments, it was the custom for each hostess to seat herself with a customer and flatter him into feeling extremely handsome-- and generous.

Back in the occupation days, they would exclaim that their customer (read target) bore a striking resemblance to General MacArthur. Times change. A tiny hostess, fawning on one of the Wolfhounds said, "My, you look like Gary Cooper!"

The veteran Wolfhound, recalling the old days, replied "No-- General MacArthur."

Puzzled, she asked, "Who's that?"

SWINGIN' SISTERS

Ever see a nun dance the Macarena? SFC Martin Siliva (1/27) and Cpl Ricardo Dixon (2/27) did. As a matter of fact, those two Wolfhounds taught the sisters at the Holy family Home how to do it.

They even had the children and the staff at the orphanage gesticulating and gyrating wildly to the Latin music before they were done. Never had the walls of the Orphanage witnessed such a cacophony of foot-stomping, hand-clapping, "ole"-yelling echoes in its existence.

And never had the love of those children for their foster-fathers been so gleefully expressed.

These guys were supposed to be there as 1998's Santas? They did play that role to the max, but they let their Latin blood take over in a free-swinging demonstration which will never be forgotten by those who were there.

* * * * *

"Put the welfare of the nation, the Army and your subordinates before your own."

Col. Lewis L. Millett (Ret.)

NUMBER ONE

The 27th Infantry was hardly a year old when the first member of the Regiment was awarded the Medal of Honor.

He was 1st Lt. Charles G. Bickam.

The language of his citation was probably typical of the time. It contained a single sentence: "crossed a fire swept field in close range of the enemy and brought a wounded soldier to a place of shelter."

Certainly there was more to the story than that, and excerpts from a history of the Regiment published in 1931 can at least furnish a picture of the obstacles faced by the 27th.

A typical Moro fort was about ten feet high, six feet thick and riveted with bamboo.

The Moros who in this case were the troops who had defeated Spanish Army troops just a couple of years before, were no "pushovers." They fought from carefully selected fields of fire and we're sure that Lt. Bickam had to overcome many an unmentioned difficulty.

The Moros always cleared wide spaces around their forts and Bickham's survival must have been close to a miracle.

LIFE OF RILEY?

Riley Pitts... man among men. Don't look any farther for an individual who fits that description. Riley's your man.

Commanding Charlie Company of the Second Battalion, Captain Pitts' moment in time, the day when his intrepid heroism became yet another clarion call in the annals of Wolfhound battle, was on October 31, 1969. Just two weeks, alas, before his 30th birthday.

On that day he led an air assault on Viet Cong positions outside a Vietnamese village called Ap Dong. The company had barely touched ground when the VC opened up with automatic weapons but the Charlie Wolfhounds quickly overran their foe.

The last round had barely been fired when the company was ordered to come to the aid of another unit. Charging through dense underbrush, they came under fire from three directions.

A savage, wild melee ensued. The heavy tropical foliage made rifle fire almost useless, and hand grenades came into play from both sides. Ever in the midst of the furious turmoil, Pitts picked up and threw a VC grenade in the direction of the enemy.

As luck would have it, the grenade bounced off a palm frond and caromed back almost at his feet. Closely followed by his men, he knew at once that death or serious injury would be
(continued)

their fate. He instantly threw himself atop the deadly explosive.

Try to share his thoughts, as each second seemed an eternity. What thoughts raced and crowded, tumbled and fought for precedence in his mind?

He waited...and waited...and waited.

It was a dud! Here now came what may well have been an even greater act of bravery. Undaunted, he leaped to his feet, repositioned his men and called in artillery fire. When the artillery mission was completed, he led C Company on another charge, continuing the assault until he was mortally wounded.

Brave? Obviously! Cool-headed? You got it! A role model for every one who wears the Wolfhound crest.

SGT NADEAU'S DAY AT OPFOR

NCO in charge of nuclear, biological and chemical defense in Charlie Company of the 1st Battalion, Sgt. Nadeau spent nearly one whole day of the JRTC on a hilltop overlooking the platoon defense position.

That night, about 2330, OPFOR slipped stealthily into the area and wiped out 90% of the platoon. Only one "bad guy" got away, but they'd done damage. The firing stopped an hour or so after a bitter, brutal battle and all was quiet until 0600 when another C Company platoon moved in to strengthen the fortification.

Another surprise attack followed, keeping the pressure on the Wolfhounds.

Casualties mounted on both sides of the vicious struggle. Nadeau lost count on the OPFOR he hit, and he and the remaining four Wolfhounds were forced to slide, creep and jump under a veritable hail of enemy fire, searching for ammunition.

The five Wolfhounds, Nadeau, SFC's Brown and Lewis, SSG Coarse and one other soldier knew they were gone if they couldn't get a supply of ammo. Nadeau went right to the top man by radio.

"Col. Garrett, we've knocked out a tank, they haven't gotten through our wire, but we need more ammo if we're gonna kick their --."

Indomitable!

WE'LL LET YOU KNOW...

Young Wolfhounds from time to time hear some old-timer start his reminiscences with the phrase, "Now in the old days..." The tale maybe interminable and often less than entertaining.

Nevertheless, we'll risk this excerpt from the memories of General George C. Shaw about his days as a Wolfhound during the Philippine Insurrection.

"One large fort was flying war flags and men were sent forward to find out the intentions of the Moros. It was found that Sultan had just died and they were burying him. They advised that they were going to elect a new Sultan and in a couple of weeks they would be able to let Americans know whether or not the Moros wanted to fight.

Does this come under the general category of "chivalry?" And was it a better way to do things?

* * * * *

WOLFHOUND VISION (Ltc Wm. B. Garrett III 1-27)

The best infantry battalion in the Army...a disciplined, combat-ready team...setting the standard in all things.

ROAD TO GLORY

The 2nd Medal of Honor in our history was awarded to 1st Lt. George C. Shaw. For his bravery on May 4, 1904. Like Lt. Bickham's the citation for his heroism was painfully brief.

Again, a Moro fort was involved in the story, and again the citation consisted of only one sentence.

Try to picture the scene: once more, the Moros fought from a ten foot high, six foot wide barrier, and again they far outnumbered the men of the 27th. The only way our troops could win was to sweep the parapet clear of enemy troops clearing the area for the final assault.

Three men preceded Shaw. All were wounded or killed. He made it to the top and gallantly fought off the defenders until joined by his men.

The story may be short, but the inspiring achievement was the second of fourteen Medals of Honor of which the Wolfhounds will always be proud.

Shaw, by the way, retired as a Major General.

ROCKY AND LUCY

Memory plays tricks on us as time goes by. Sometimes we plan to do something, allow the months to pass, and then believe we'd already accomplished what we planned.

That must have happened with "Rocky's" story. We call him Rocky because that wasn't his name. A fascinating guy, but like the rest of us he had his faults- -one of which was to look forward to duty as K.P. That's because during his era, the vanilla extract contained a large measure of alcohol.

Also during his era, each company had a bugler. That's what Rocky was- -a bugler. Although he had been in the service for many years, he rarely rose above the rank of PFC. That fact had something to do with his unquenchable attraction to the aforesaid extract.

No one in his right mind would even think of mustering him out of the service, however, for Rocky was a virtuoso with the bugle. The bugle? Indeed.

Each company in Rocky's day had a bugler, but there was only one Rocky at Schofield. He played the routine calls with such purity of sound that as the notes of old "Lucy" (that's what he called his instrument) rose over the quad all activity just came to a halt. It was beautiful music.

But all his efforts paled before his Taps each year on Christmas Eve. Long before 11 p.m. people streamed into the
(continued)

Quad from their quarters and from other units, some carrying folding chairs or stools, all bent on listening to Rocky's Taps.

On about 10:55 he'd stroll from the company area, carefully wiping his instrument with a Khaki handkerchief. A hush would fall over the assembled hundreds- -not a sound could be heard. It was downright eerie.

Then he would raise the instrument to his lips, the battered brass giving off a glint or two as it moved in his hands, and began to play.

The beauty of that clear, sad sound! Each haunting note conjuring up thoughts of other friends, other places, other times; gently the magical music tip-toed through the channels of each person's mind, then wafted softly over the roofs and trees on it's way through Kole Kole Pass.

Rocky, we're sure, is long gone. But wherever he is, we hope that the old reprobate and his beloved "Lucy" are still arousing pure, sweet thoughts in the minds of others.

Why did the Army dispose of bugles? And why did we forget to tell this tale until now?

FRUITS OF VICTORY

Excerpts from a Commendation to the Wolfhounds signed on August 7, 1950 by MG W.B. Kean, Commander of the 25th infantry Division:

- - -From 24 July 1950 to 6 August 1950 you have been continuously in heavy combat. During this period you have inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy, including tanks, equipment and personnel. There is no doubt that the enemy has every reason to fear the name of the 27th Infantry Regimental Combat Team.

- - -You have added another brilliant page to the long record of accomplishments of your unit and of the 25th Infantry Division.

W.B. Kean
Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

Although he was not a member of the 27th Infantry when he earned them, the first commander of the Regiment was one of the very few Americans ever to be awarded two Medals of Honor.

The first award was won at the Battle of Peachtree Creek near Atlanta on July 24, 1964; the second on November 8, 1974 at McClellan's Creek, Texas.

He was the first commander of the 27th, Frank D. Baldwin, who was promoted to BG after the Regiment's smashing victory at the Battle of Bayan, June 9, 1902.

Was his presence as our first commander an augury of things to come?

WHAT IT MEANS

A literal translation of "Nec Aspera Terrent" is "Nor Dangers (Hardships) Do They Fear." Thus, you might say "fearless." It is a quote from Virgil, who in his classic the "Aenied" was writing about Greek Soldiers.

TALES WITHOUT END

This issue of Reflections has its being through the efforts of quite a few Wolfhounds who forwarded information to us. We're grateful.

Putting the material together after typing draft upon draft and then completing the final copy was the work of Specialist Dennis J. Showers of S-2, 1-27. Thanks Wolfhound!

The fact that the pages are unnumbered and the articles short and not in sequence is intentional. The reader can pick a copy of Reflections any old time, read a page or two and lay it down again without "losing his place."

For the new Wolfhound, we hope you'll be proud of the 27th, for those who've been around a while, you've got the bragging rights!

Wolfhound!

* * * * *

"In actual combat I've never been scared. I've been frightened ahead of time that I wouldn't do a good job. But one a fight started I felt no fear."

Col. Lewis L. Millett (Ret.)