



The Bark



2nd BN 27TH IN REGT WOLFHOUNDS

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Wolfhounds Arrive



We Arrive Like No Other Army

On the land our boots now tread once marched the armies of Alexander the Great, Genghis Kahn, the British Empire, and ever so briefly, the Soviet Union. These and others sought to conquer not liberate, to oppress but not lift up; they sought to stay, we seek to leave as soon as self-reliance is in place.

We come with the mightiest armed force the world known. Yet, we prefer to use knowledge, compassion, understanding and the extended hand of friendship to meet our objectives.

However, those who are our enemies and the enemies of the people of Afghanistan – they should make no mistake. We will not tolerate interference with Afghanistan’s march to a stable democracy; nor will we permit those who committed the mindless atrocities of 9/11 to walk free.

We have the tools to teach and assist, to guide and to help. But so too,

we have weapons: the best trained warriors who each possess an unconquerable will and iron resolve. The best equipment and the knowledge and willingness to use it to great effect. A clear-eyed determination coupled with bold innovation.

We will not be denied. ... You, the current generation of Wolfhounds cannot be denied! You have within you the steel of your brethren who marched ahead of you. You have their achievements as your guidon. You have the righteousness of a just cause and no superficial barriers can stand for long before this. – MH

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Commander's Forum:

9 April 2004

Dear Wolfhounds:

Our journey has begun. In the short weeks since we have left Hawaii our work has focused us and blurred our memory of home. This is normal—but we must take comfort in knowing that all at home support us. Stay focused on the mission; do your duty. Your loved ones are counting on you to do just that.

As I talked with an Afghan soldier I asked him his thoughts about the war. He told me that he is fighting for his village and for the children—if he does not fight, someone else will have to. He was full of pride to serve. He spoke of his vision of a free society inside Afghanistan, how his children's children will live free if he fights today. His life, he said, is not important but the future of his society is.

Some of us may question why we are here—I find great meaning in how my Afghan friend describes his reasons. We are fighting to preserve our liberty, but here in Afghanistan they are fighting for their very existence. I am honored to be a part of this historic event. I know you are too. We Wolfhounds can make a difference. We are right to be doing what we are doing. The children here will speak of our actions and their children will read about our actions as they go to school in a free Afghanistan.

No Fear 6

Command Sergeant Major's Notes

Thinking of what to write for this issue I'll cover three areas: movement, base support, and living conditions. Our movement from the island, even with the false starts, went well. I do not think anyone on my flight objected to another 12 hrs at home. Thirty hours of traveling will take a toll on anyone.

Arriving at Kandahar, zeroing weapons, and repacking for movement – I could not ask for better support from the NCOs of the BN. Well done! The conditioning of the soldiers makes this easier.

We made it with all our equipment. The only thing still missing is B Co's last milvan, which was last seen in Qatar. CPT Robins, the S-4, promised B Co he would find it before we left to go home. We have all the equipment needed to do the job. I know some soldiers are concerned about when they will get the remainder of the RFI issue to include the Advanced Combat Helmet. We will get them in time; the mission still goes on.

Living conditions at Orgun-E and Shkin were a surprise to everyone. There is plenty of hot water for showers, the barracks are new, and we have had steak, lobster, shrimp and crab legs no less than 3 times since we arrived. There has also been plenty of fruit flown in. We are in the process of building more barracks, more showers, and improving the MWR area with phones and computers. Rest assured our soldiers have everything they need to do the job.

Everyone should feel proud to serve his or her country in any capacity. Mechanics, cooks, artillerymen, signal,

medics, personnel, and infantrymen – listen. The enemies of our country are still here, and the more we do, the safer our children and grand children will be – and the safer the entire world will be.

No Fear 7



These guys sure look dangerous. SSG Munden leads a patrol to the ice cream parlor for a scoop of cherries jubilee. –RPM

For The Wives: Our Trip From Oahu to Afghanistan

By: PFC Wintergreen

This is what might be considered the abridged version of 2-27's trip to Afghanistan. For something like thirty hours we traveled the long way around the globe, crossing two oceans and stopping on three continents.

Our very first steps were the same as for any deployment – we all hurried onto blue busses packed in tight with our weapons and bags, only to sit at the airstrip for a few hours waiting for the plane. But, it was all right. We were given pizza, pretzels and drinks. While waiting in line, the guy making the pizza greeted us – I think he was from New

York or something. He made sure to ask of us each where we were from so he could pretend that he knew something about our hometown and in that way make us feel more accommodated. Funny guy.

In the holding area along the flight line soldiers watched TV, talked smack, and played their Gameboys. Then, before we got on the plane, box lunches were handed out. There was no lack of food on the plane trip – that much is true. They gave us food on the plane, off the plane, food when the plane was hitting turbulence – it was great. I don't think a single Joe threw up the whole way.

From Hawaii we flew to Minneapolis. Now, these planes we took might as well be considered commercial jets. The seats were regular cushioned airline seats – complete with fold-down trays and seat pockets. The Airline staff even gave us the whole spiel about floatation devices and how the “oxygen masks may not inflate” even though there is air flowing. They showed us movies – I think we saw Master and Commander about three times. Man, that's a swell movie.

So, it was much better than I think many of us expected. It sure beats the heck out of sitting shoulder to shoulder in cargo nets for hours on end until your tail end feels like a waffle. But, I have to say, and I think the other troops will agree, having flown on so many civilian flights with all their security gates and random searches - it was kinda funny in uniform. I mean, you can't even *say* the word “weapon” on a civilian plane, but when we landed in Minnesota, the very civilian looking flight attendant got on the horn and said, without skipping a beat, “please leave all

your weapons on board during the deplaning.” What a trip!

In Minnesota we had a chance to get out and stretch our legs for about an hour before getting back on the plane to make our next hop. This time we would be stopping in Germany.

Germany was more accommodating than Minnesota – though I don’t think that’s Minnesota’s fault. We were herded into some sort of military waiting area. Of course, they had snacks, but there was also a little shopette open and clean bathrooms for us to use. I think some of the guys used the phones there. (So yes, Joe really was in Germany when he called and told you he missed you already.)

Back on the plane, we flew out of Germany and into Turkey. And, guess what – there were snacks there... and a television too! What a surprise. I had never been to Turkey so I expected the toilets to be kinda weird or something, but they really weren’t. The authorities must have brought in American style restroom fixtures just for the Air Force people that are stationed there. English was obviously not the first language of the locals who worked at this Air Force facility. So, Turkey was like our introduction into the exotic Arab Middle East. But, we didn’t stay there long.

Our last stop, at least for a couple of days, was Kyrgyzstan: a former province of the Soviet Union. Most of us stayed there long enough to become acquainted with the Air Force post and area surrounding the airstrip. As an Air Force base, it had all the facilities one would expect. Chow hall, internet/ phone room, massage parlor, PX/BX – the works. And, there was a local presence on the base, some of the friendliest people a soldier ever met on deployment. Being a former part of

Cold War Russia this was not a place we learned about back in junior high history class. The ethnicity of the people seemed to be half Genghis Khan, half Alexander the Great.

The locals had shops set up inside the base where they were selling everything from T-shirts to old cameras to cigarette cases with a raised profile of Lenin on the cover. They had all kinds of junk. I think if I had really pressed them about it they might have let me in the back where I could have purchased a brand new Rolex or some gold hood ornaments. (All Russian made, of course.) If this wasn’t enough, they also had an Internet café. It seems either the Air Force or the locals did their best to make the place look like a Starbucks, complete with flavored coffee drinks and a dark wood counter.

Kyrgyzstan was an interesting place to visit. The area surrounding the airstrip was littered with old Soviet military relics. Dilapidated hangers and neglected antenna towers stood next to pieces of old Soviet planes and rusted construction equipment. This junk stood in stark contrast to the enormous and picturesque mountains in the distance. I’m not sure but someone told me they were the Himalayas.

After our time was up in Kyrgyzstan we proceeded to Afghanistan. The military post itself is not actually in the city of Kandahar but at the nearby airfield, usually referred to as KAF (Kandahar Air Field). This is a strange place. The Army has built a trendy coffee house there, too. But, unlike Kyrgyzstan there is also a gym with a climbing wall and more than just one MWR facility. For most of us this will not be our permanent home. Eventually we would be shipped to Orgun-E on choppers. Some of us

stayed in Kandahar for two days, some of us for two weeks.

It was in Kandahar that the soldiers realized just how slow the Internet connection would be and just how bad the delay would be on the phones. Yet, we all have to admit, it's nice that such services are available at all.

Bit by bit everyone was flown to Orgun-E. It's not too bad out here. We have hot food and showers, a decent gym with a fridge, and power outlets in the barracks. There is Internet and phone use too as I implied earlier. But, what the troops say over those phones is limited. So, please don't pressure the men to say anything about what they are actually doing (their missions, etc.) If soldiers break this rule these services will be suspended as they were for a couple of days last week.

All in all, it's not so bad here. Yes, a year is a long time but as long as we stay busy it won't seem nearly as long. Plus, something that really helps the moral is mail, so please keep those letters and packages coming. (Note: the mail does not always come in order and sometimes several letters will arrive all at once.) Mail means more to us than you ladies might realize. Thank you. ⚡



“MAJ Whitehurst, sir, the rocket attack is over. They missed us by two clicks.”
-RPM

Chaplains Corner

It has been a month since we left Schofield Barracks. The journey was a long one, but everyone arrived safely. The relief-in-place (RIP) with our counterpart from the 10th Mountain went very well. We hit the ground running and all the Wolfhound soldiers did and are doing a tremendous job.

I believe that our safety and success here in Afghanistan is directed and controlled by God. It is very easy to get into the mindset that we are in control and it is our effort and talent that will get us through this deployment. I would like to encourage you to pray for us that all of us here would work with God and not against Him. My first prayer every day is that every soldier will come home safely. My next prayer is that every leader will make wise decisions and will be full of humility and not pride. I know many of you are praying very hard for us. Please keep it up. Prayer really does make a difference.

The Wolfhounds have been conducting operations for a month now, and I can honestly say that we are making a real difference here in Afghanistan. As you have seen in the pictures that were sent a couple of weeks ago, the Wolfhound soldiers are not just conducting combat operations but are meeting with local elders, and building rapport with the local people in order to win their hearts and minds. We are doing a good job, and when it is our time to return home, I believe all our soldiers will be able to look back and see that they made a real difference in the world. I know it's hard to be separated from our families, but it is very rewarding to be involved in something bigger than

ourselves. Life involves taking risks, and it is those who take those risks that have learned how to really live.

I want to personally thank you for your sacrifices. I know how hard it is on families during times of separation, but I want you all to know that what we do here in Afghanistan would simply not be possible without your hard work and support on the home front. From talking with many of your husbands, I can tell that their hearts are deeply troubled by being separated from their wives and children. They try to stay strong and focused, but I know that all I have to do is start a conversation about home and their eyes begin to water. Homecoming will sure be sweet.

We don't have many MWR phones and computers right now, but this place is continually improving. Please write letters. This is probably the best way to stay in contact for the time being.

If you have any concerns or questions, please let LT Benson or Chaplain Meade know. Until next month, please keep us in your prayers. Your prayers really do make a difference.

- Chaplain Welch

Wolfhound Legends

April 2004

By: SPC Martin

Here is another story to make you choke on your food in the chow hall. And, hopefully I won't get beaten too badly in my sleep for revealing this one. I'm not going to mention any names so long as the guilty party decides to keep his mouth shut too. I guess the two of us and his old roommate can just laugh about it between the three of us.

We'll call the main character Alistair – cause I doubt anyone in 2-27 actually has that for a first name. (Well, I suppose it's a possibility; I mean, who would have expected someone in 2-27 to have the first name King. Here's to you 1SG Parks – you are not a character in this story.) Anyway, Alistair had been in the field for ten days and he was eagerly awaiting the return to Schofield because he had a hot date set for when he got back and no way to contact his date to inform her if his platoon was going to be late. Luckily the soldiers were taken back to post the scheduled day – which was the same day he had set his date. The unfortunate thing about this is that they got back at noon and still had to clean weapons and all that business we all have to do when coming back from the field.

Alistair managed to convince his squad leader to let him go before everyone else, which was about 0630. He was supposed to pick the girl up at 0730 in Waikiki. No problem; he's an infantry soldier – a master of the quick and ready. Well, almost no problem. You see, Alistair was born with incredibly sensitive skin. And, he had just finished a seven-mile road march, during which he discovered he had developed a certain itching sensation on a certain portion of his anatomy. In the heat of the moment he ignored what seemed to be a minor inconvenience in order to pick up his date on time.

The date's name...let's just call her Julie, was a student at UH from Malibu, California. Her family was loaded. And, man - was she a looker! Alistair had taken her out numerous times and things seemed to be headed in a positive direction. Plus, he really liked this girl. He liked her so much that he refused to take her back to the barracks;

he wasn't gonna screw this one up. Two months had passed since they started dating – it was time for the two of them to take their relationship to next level.

Well, Alistair fixed himself up in a flash, drove down to Waikiki, and parked his car at a metered spot outside her apartment at 0725. Perfect timing. He knocked on the door; she greeted him with a kiss on the cheek. He opened the door for her; she reached over and unlocked the driver's side door. I mean, it must have been the same for June and Ward Cleaver when they were dating. Everything was swell, except that itch he got on the road march. But, nothing was going to spoil this night. Alistair kept ignoring it and drove on.

They arrived at the Kobe Steak House just in time to be seated at the table Alistair had reserved. They ordered their food and were sipping on sake (pronounced Sock-ee for those of you who did not go on the Japan deployment) when it hit him. This itch was not going away; it was getting worse. And, those of you who frequent the Kobe Steak House know that some of the seating areas are set out in a bar like fashion. Often times you end up sitting next to other people you don't know. Usually, it's a tourist family or a couple of suits who are attending a business convention. As it turns out, that is exactly what happened. Alistair was seated alongside Julie, not across from her, and there were strangers on either side of them.

Alistair was not about to reach down and scratch the irritation. The risk of her seeing him was too high. So, he excused himself and went to the bathroom. Yet, when he got to there what he discovered was that the more he scratched it – the more it itched. Something had to be done. He thought

about it for a minute – trying to quell the creeping sensation so he could concentrate. And, then it came to him. He had some TA-50 in the trunk.

Among the TA-50 was bound to be some foot powder. As other soldiers had told him in the past, his particular kind of problem can easily be fixed with foot powder. That is, many soldiers have utilized foot powder in the past for other nagging ailments and had great success.

Quickly he rushed to the valet, located his car, retrieved the foot powder, and was back in the bathroom. He went into a stall and applied the powder – certain that the itching would cease, and it did. He went back to the table and sat down. The food was waiting for him when he arrived. So, Julie and Alistair drank and ate, and everything seemed like it was going to be ok. He had sidestepped a possible disaster and it was back to the perfect evening. Almost.

As he was eating he began to feel a cool sensation where the itch had been before. He thought, "Wow, that feels good." But, the cool feeling was shortly followed by a burning like he had never felt before. The mistake Alistair had made was not a common one but still one made by infantry soldiers from time to time. He had erroneously assumed that all foot powders are alike. But, they aren't. Beware of the blue bottle. It's medicated and only for use on the feet.

Alistair was dying. He could not concentrate on conversation with Julie because the burn was so strong. He kept fidgeting. He could tell she noticed something was wrong. His eyes began to water. This was the worst time for something like this to happen. If he had just thought to do something about it before he left the barracks.

He went to the bathroom again taking a glass with him. He poured water in the glass, locked himself in a stall and proceeded to splash himself profusely in a desperate attempt to put out the fire. But, the damage was done; the burn would not stop. There was only one thing left to do.

Alistair went back to the table in a knot of seething pain. He thought to himself, "Sake... sake is the answer." If he could just bear the burn long enough, he might numb himself sufficiently to pull this night off without Julie discovering his little problem. He ordered unprecedented amounts of sake.

At this point Julie was thoroughly confused. Alistair had hardly been at the table longer than twenty minutes – the rest of the time he had been in the bathroom. You see, she was just as crazy about Alistair as he was about her. And, with fondness comes paranoia. She was afraid he was going off to the bathroom to make plans with others on his cell phone. (Cellular phones – remember those. Weren't they great! Anyway...) This put her in an uncomfortable state of depression. So, when Alistair had the sake brought in, she was only too obliged to enjoy it with him. The result was that both of them were left feeling pretty toasty at the end of the night.

An hour later Alistair paid the bill, and the now jovial couple left the restaurant laughing. Alistair's burn was not bothering him quite as much as it had earlier, but not because it had gone away. He was just too relaxed to care about it anymore. So, the valet brought out his car and they both got in. Being a responsible Wolfhound, Alistair thought it best to park somewhere close and drive Julie home after some time had passed. So, he proceeded carefully to

the Fort Derrusy parking lot and found a space in a dark corner.

They sat in the car and talked for a while. And, well, one thing led to another and they began to show each other what one might call "a little physical affection." There is no need to go into detail about that – we can all use our imagination. Anyway, time passed and they both saw it was getting late. Alistair realized that miraculously the burning had ceased. He was happy about that, and as they readjusted their seats, Alistair realized he felt safe to drive. So he started off to take Julie home. But, Julie didn't want to go home just yet. She kept begging Alistair to take her to see the barracks. She kept saying, "I want to see where the soldiers live." Evidently, Julie was still feeling a little warm inside from the evening's festivities. After continued pleading she finally convinced Alistair to take her to see his barracks. But, he told her that he absolutely refused to sneak her in for the whole night.

When they got to the barracks his buddies were all still awake, blasting their music, and running through the halls. Alistair was embarrassed; he didn't want his Malibu princess to see the life he led. But, they were already there, he couldn't turn back now. They walked up the stairs and down his hall. His room was the last one before the back lanai – which meant Julie would have the pleasure of witnessing the whole spectrum of primitive behavior exhibited by young wolfhounds in their natural habitat. But, little did Alistair know, this was only a minor concern in comparison with what was about to happen in the next few minutes.

Alistair still had some hope left because his room, unlike the rest in his hall, was divided in the middle by

shelves and wall lockers. He and his roommate had arranged the room so that it would be the closest thing to having two separate rooms. He figured if he could just get her into the room and into his area they could have some privacy for awhile before he took her home.

Alistair unlocked the door with his keycard and welcomed Julie into his humble abode. Suddenly a voice called out from inside the bathroom at the back. It was his roommate, Jack. "Hey Alistair, what's up." Jack shouted. Alistair answered "Not much man. Hey, I have someone..." But, before Alistair could tell Jack that he had brought his girlfriend along Jack blurted out. "Did you manage to get rid of that jock itch man, cause if you did I need to know how....I got it too and it's killing me."

Alistair looked back at Julie. Both of them turned bright red. Julie chose to take a cab home. ⚡



Ask Martin

Not usually written

By: SPC Martin

Q: Is it true that LTC Piatt's favorite pop star is Ricky Martin?

A: Yes, it's true. In fact, he has a Ricky Martin screen saver on his laptop.

Q: Is there really a secret room in the TOC?

A: Roger, there's a trap door beneath SGM Marrero's (The Ops. SGM) desk that leads to a stairway. At the bottom of the stairs you'll find a Starbucks, a Subway, and a Kyrgyzstani massage parlor.

Q: Is it true that 1SG Parks, the camp "Mayor" is secretly building an empire in the middle of the desert?

A: I think it must be true. Someone said the Afghan elder's took it literally when he told them his name was King. And, yesterday I walked into the barbershop and there he was with what appeared to be some kind of blue prints laid out on the table. He kept repeating to this local guy, I want my palace here, overlooking the town square."

Q: Why did it seem like MAJ Whitehurst was sick the other day?

A: Oh, he picked up what I guess he thought was his Mountain Dew. After he took a good swig off of it, he discovered it was a mixture of Mountain Dew and Skoal. Mmm Mmm good!