



The Bark



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“Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear – not absence of fear”

-Mark Twain

A Season For Patriotism?

This might be considered the Season for Patriotism. In the past, the time between Memorial Day, through D-Day remembrances, and on to the 4th of July, was a time for parades, Bar-B-Ques and showing the flag at department store sales. When the season passed we put our flags away.

It's different now. We are at war. It is not just a time for hot dogs and burgers. The weight of these times was felt on this Memorial Day. The President marked Memorial Day at Arlington National Cemetery. He also inaugurated the long-overdue WW II Memorial in Washington DC. He went on to France to commemorate the 60th anniversary of D-Day. That most glorious day when, as the president said, "...the fate of millions turned on the courage of thousands". This 4th of July we will celebrate the 228th anniversary of our Declaration of Independence. We will do so in the same year that Afghanistan's people will declare their own freedom and independence. Their new constitution will take effect, their right to vote for their elected leadership will become a reality.

It was the Continental Army, through the skill of arms, and their courage and determination, who ensured our independence. It will be the successors of that army - you - who will give the rights of freedom to the Afghanistan nation. You are giving them their Independence Day. A day that they will celebrate for generations to come.

On Memorial Day the president said these words: "This weekend, we dedicated the World War II Memorial, which will stand forever as a tribute to the generation that fought that war and the more than 400,000 Americans who fell. Some here today can turn their minds back across 60 years and see the face of a buddy who never made it home. You are veterans who have not forgotten your comrades. And America will always honor the achievements and the character of your brave generation."

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He further said: "Through our history, America has gone to war reluctantly, because we have known the costs of war. And the war on terror we're fighting today has brought great costs of its own. Since the hour this nation was attacked, we have seen the character of the men and women who wear our country's uniform. In places like Kabul and Kandahar, in Mosul and Baghdad, we have seen their decency and their brave spirit. Because of their fierce courage, America is safer, two terror regimes are gone forever, and more than 50 million souls now live in freedom. "

On the second of June, speaking at the Air Force Academy Graduation the Commander-in-Chief said: "As your generation assumes its own duties during a global conflict... you will be called upon to take brave action and serve with honor. In some ways, this struggle we're in is unique. In other ways, it resembles the great clashes of the last century -- between those who put their trust in tyrants and those who put their trust in liberty. Our goal, **the goal of this generation**, is the same: We will secure our nation and defend the peace through the forward march of freedom. Like the Second World War, our present conflict began with a ruthless, surprise attack on the United States. We will not forget that treachery, and we will accept nothing less than victory over the enemy."

"Like the murderous ideologies of the 20th century, the ideology of terrorism reaches across borders, and seeks recruits in every country. So we're fighting these enemies wherever they hide across the earth. Like other totalitarian movements, the terrorists seek to impose a grim vision in which dissent is crushed, and every man and woman must think and live in colorless conformity"



"... the terrorists underestimate the strength of free peoples. The terrorists believe that free societies are essentially corrupt and decadent... Our enemies have clearly and proudly stated their intentions: Here are the words of al Qaeda's self-described military spokesman in Europe. ...He said, ' We choose death, while you choose life. If you do not stop your injustices, more and more blood will flow and these attacks will seem very small compared to what can occur in what you call terrorism.' Here are the words of another al Qaeda spokesman, Suleiman Abu Gheith. Last year, in an article published on an al Qaeda website, he said, "We have the right to kill four million Americans -- two million of them children -- and to exile twice as many and wound and cripple hundreds of thousands. Furthermore, it is our right to fight them with chemical and biological weapons."

President Bush went on to say: "In all these threats, we hear the echoes of other enemies in other times -- that same swagger and demented logic of the fanatic. Like their kind in the past, these murderers have left scars and suffering. And like their kind in the past, they will

flame and fail and suffer defeat by free men and women."

"We are now about three years into the war against terrorism. We have overcome great challenges, we face many today, and there are more ahead ...These times demand the kind of courage and confidence that Americans have shown before. Our enemy can only succeed if we lose our will and faith in our own values. And ladies and gentlemen, our will is strong. We know our duty. By keeping our word, and holding firm to our values, **this generation will show the world the power of liberty once again.**"

These days there is no Season of Patriotism. It is with us, and needed by us, year round, and will be for a long time to come. It is like oxygen, it is what sustains us. Like that earlier Great Generation the fate of millions rests with the thousands of us! We will not be found wanting.

MH 



Commander's Forum:

June 2004

On a cold night in March a young soldier readied himself for his guard shift. He was a new soldier but quickly becoming hard to the stress of

the two year long deployment. Life was getting better—living conditions were bearable and the duties becoming routine. He had started thinking about home more and the possibility of returning in the upcoming summer.

...but for tonight he would have to dress warm—winter was still in the air. He assumed his duties at his post; he felt the all too familiar loneliness that every soldier feels while on watch. His pride in his country and his family was not keeping him warm. So, his posture began to slide, his bearing quickly leaving him. His discipline slid into the darkness of a boy's desire to make it through another night – the all too familiar struggle between a soldier's individual discipline and the powerful force of nature. Until tonight, nature was the only enemy the young soldier faced.

Another enemy was about to vote. A young civilian approached and began calling the soldier names. Confusion fell onto the soldier—he was not trained for this. How does one suppress a boy? A civilian? He warned the young man to clear the area but he approached closer. The soldier pushed the young man back with his rifle knocking him down on the snow-covered street. The boy fled. The soldier felt warm with pride—the concurring hero—the pride of his country. His first real action as a soldier and it appeared he had passed the test. The very first test since his unit was deployed here two years ago with the vague orders to keep the peace.

The boy soon returned—this time with more people. The boy now became belligerent, yelling loud insults to the crowd he brought with him. "This is the man who beat me!" he shouted. The

crowd began to shout insults at the soldier.

All he could feel now was fear. His weapon would not be enough to repel the crowd in front of him. He sounded his alarm and called for the Sergeant of the Guard. Soon six men arrived led by an NCO. The leader instructed his force to fix bayonets. Perhaps a show of force would subdue the crowd—but they grew louder and stronger.

Soon an officer came to the scene and assumed command. Sensing that he could not calm the crowd, he began to look for ways to protect his small force from the very angry and dangerous crowd. His orders were clear: protect the building—not fight with civilians who now numbered over 400. He quickly made a plan in his head; he would consolidate his men inside the building that they had been sent here to protect. But the crowd kept pushing; they were throwing snowballs at the soldiers and soon began throwing small pieces of wood. The soldiers were getting mad and this was feeding the crowd's rage. The officer would have to act quickly to defuse the scene, but it was too late. Shots were fired, though no order was given. The officer could see what appeared to be civilians lying on the ground. More shots sounded and more civilians went down. The officer quickly called cease-fire and regained control of his force. But, it was too late; the damage was done. Four lay dead and many more wounded.

The date was 5 March 1770 when soldiers of the 29th Regiment of the British Army fired on civilians. This incident ignited the spark, which led to the fire of the American Revolution. This incident went down in history as the Boston Massacre.

The officer was CPT John Preston—he was arrested that night but later acquitted after being defended by none other than John Adams.

I do not have to tell anyone here the seriousness of the present situation. But, I think it is important to reflect on actions of one's soldiers while deployed in harm's way. Your actions will have strategic impact—make sure they have the desired impact.

Leaders are asked to make tough decisions every day with only a split second to think about it. The correct answer is not always apparent, but the difference between right and wrong is always clear. War is ugly and brutal—and often brings out the worst in humans. We will see bad things that will perhaps scare us emotionally and force us to doubt why we are here and why we must do what we are doing.

Do not worry. You are right to be here and you are right to be doing what you are doing. Fighting for our country is the very fabric of our freedom.

- NF6
No Fear!



CPT Atienza's "You Know You're in Afghanistan When..."

10. You pee in a tube, defecate in a 50-gallon drum but never vice versa.
9. You have more malaria pills than ammo.
8. Breakfast is at 0200, lunch is at 0800, and dinner is 1300.
7. A good portion of your carbohydrate intake comes from a rice/noodles/macaroni/scalloped potato concoction.
6. Your bedroom is decorated with lawn furniture and "magic carpets".
5. It's only 365 more days until the weekend.
4. The conversion rate is \$1:1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Afghani.
3. You have a prison haircut.
2. The staff doesn't work past 2000.
1. Camel shears also serve as haircut clippers.

- RA

So You Think You Know Everything?

Another dose of useless information...

- On a Canadian two-dollar bill, the flag flying over the Parliament Building is an American Flag.

- All 50 states are listed across the top of the Lincoln Memorial on the back of a \$5 bill.
- A dime has 118 ridges around the edge.
- Al Capone's business card said he was a used furniture dealer.
- "Stewardesses" is the longest word typed with only the left hand and "lollipop" with your right.
- The sentence "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." uses every letter of the alphabet.
- There are only four words in the English language that end in "dous" – tremendous, horrendous, stupendous and hazardous.
- The words "facetious" and "abstemious" are the only words in the English language that contain all five vowels in order.
- There is no Betty Rubble in the Flintstones chewable vitamins.
- There are 293 ways to make change for a dollar.
- The cruise liner, QE2, moves only six inches for each gallon of diesel that it burns.

-MH 

Wolfhound Legends

June 2004

This month's legend is a story of wild circumstance and poor decision-making skills by a soldier who, at the time, was not yet in the Army. (We'll call him Robert.) For some reason the recruiter that had been assigned to Robert's high school, SGT Conn, got it in his head that Robert was a great army

prospect. So, he called Robert about once a month over the span of Robert's senior year. Of course, Robert was annoyed by this and took to hanging up on the SGT Conn whenever he called. Eventually, SGT Conn stopped calling, and Robert graduated from high school. But, that was not the last time Robert would be in contact with SGT Conn. Here is our story:

Robert graduated young; he was still seventeen when he finished high school. He was also the youngest in his family. And, being the youngest, Rob strove to gain acceptance among the older males in his family. He would pull off all kinds of insane stunts just to prove he was hard. At the time when our story takes place, one of his favorite former-thug cousins, Bill, was in town from New York. Naturally, Rob felt compelled to impress his older cousin.

One day as Rob and Bill were walking to Rob's house from the local corner store, they saw a police car

suddenly swerve into the parking lot and pull up on the curb. The cop jumped out and took off running after a burglary suspect. Now, a few years earlier the movie *New Jersey Drive* had come out, and in case you haven't seen *New Jersey Drive*, it's about car thieves in New Jersey who, at one point in the movie, steal a cop car and go on a long drive terrorizing rich people. Well, let's just say both of these young men were real impressed by that movie.

Bill, reverting back to his old ways, asked Robert if he wanted to go for a little spin, and Robert agreed. The keys were still in the ignition, and the engine was running. So, the cousins jumped into the patrol car and drove off. They knew that once they got out of their neighborhood – so long as they stayed inside the vehicle – it would be hard for others to distinguish them from real cops. At first they didn't know where they were going, and they had a little trouble getting used to the controls.



Eventually they decided to just keep driving until they were out of the state. Sitting in the passenger's seat, Rob soon mastered use of the loud speaker, the siren, and the floodlight. As they crossed the state line, Bill remembered a particular neighborhood where, he figured, they might find the highest number of potential victims. Driving through this upper-class borough, Robert and Bill initiated an endless stream of pranks. Taking advantage of this symbol of civil authority, they used the patrol car to manipulate pedestrians into putting their hands up in the air, laying prone in a pile of dog feces, pulling their pants down, and singing the national anthem in falsetto. At one point they were cruising through residential streets announcing a bomb threat while throwing flares in residential flowerbeds.

Nightfall came and the cover of darkness allowed the dysfunctional duo to exaggerate their antics. Robert, in the passenger's seat, had on a black hoody, and in the dark, there was no real way to distinguish it from a police officer's uniform. And, so long as he put some bass and commanding emphasis in his voice no one would question him. He took advantage of this when the two of them discovered an old lady walking her dog. Bill slowed the patrol car down to her pace, creeping along the sidewalk.

"Excuse me. Ma'am," Robert asked her over the loudspeaker, "Have you been drinking this evening?"

The lady paused and froze staring into the searchlight Rob was shining in her face. She responded, "Um, no I haven't. I'm just walking little Tootsie here."

"Ma'am, when we turned on this street we noticed you stumbling around, and for the safety of the dog and the rest of the neighborhood - we're going to

have to ask you to stop so we can give you a sobriety test."

"We'll ok. But, officer I don't drink except on special occasions and this isn't one of them." She responded.

"Ma'am, this will only take a minute or two, and if you pass the test, we will certainly let you finish walking Tootsie. Here, hand me the leash so your dog doesn't run away." Robert said.

"Ok, here you go."

"Now, do you know how to do the Macarena?"

"The what?"

"The Macarena, ma'am. It's a popular dance. Maybe you've seen it on TV."

"Officer, I don't know how old you think I am, but the only thing I watch on television is Murder She Wrote."

"Ok, I want you to do your best chicken imitation."

"Officer..."

"If you can't imitate a chicken, lady, then we know you must be drunk."

"Ok,...(* continuous clucking noise*)"

"Don't forget to flap your arms."

"Ok...(*clucking noise & the sound of polyester rubbing together*)"

Eventually, Robert and Bill gave the old lady her dog back and let her go about her business, but not without taking some pictures first, using a Polaroid camera they found under the seat. They spent all the remaining film in the camera on pictures of themselves and the chicken-lady. At one point they had her dance the waltz with Tootsie in some unsuspecting neighbors yard.

After driving around all night causing similar displays of domestic interference - as well as attempting to get free food from a Burger King drive thru - they decided it was time to return

the vehicle. Bill told Robert he had the perfect spot in mind to dump the car. It was just inside the city limits behind a grocery store.

On their way to this perfect spot, just as they came back inside the city limits, Robert and Bill found themselves at an intersection, surrounded by about fifteen other patrol cars. Needless to say, they were cuffed and sent to the station. The police confiscated their photographs, and after the suppressing their laughter, the cousins were assured that the pictures would add time to their prison sentence. Robert, because he was slightly underage, got out on bail after his mother let him stay in a cell for a couple of days. His court date was set to take place in a few months. Bill, on the other hand, was sentenced to three years in jail.

Robert knew he was going to get a jail sentence too. So, he spent the next few months trying to figure out how he could sidestep prison. One day he decided to take a chance and call SGT Conn. The first time he called, SGT Conn promptly hung up on him, returning the favor from high school. Robert called back and convinced SGT Conn that it wasn't a prank; he really was interested in the Army. Robert met SGT Conn down at the recruiter's station and picked out an MOS.

When his court date arrived, SGT Conn attended the hearing with Robert. And, that was all it took. Robert was off the hook and on his way to basic training the very next week. Needless to say, Robert made a wise choice by achieving the highly respected role of a soldier in the United States Army.... which is to say, assuming a much better position than the one he might have assumed in prison.

RPM ✎

Exercise for the Brain

Congratulations to Sgt. Stonerod, HHC, who was first to solve the puzzle below that was printed in the May issue of 'The Bark'. He figured out the answer the same day it was published. The following day Lt. Curtis, Medics Platoon Leader, solved it as well.

- You have 10 stacks of coins.
- Each stack contains 10 coins.
- 1 complete stack (10 coins) is counterfeit.
- The other 9 stacks (90 coins) are genuine.
- Each counterfeit coin weighs 2 grams.
- Each genuine coin weighs 1 gram.
- You have a pointer scale to use.

Question: How would you determine which stack of coins is counterfeit using the scale just one time?

Answer: Take 1 coin from the first stack, 2 from the second, 3 from the third and so on up to all 10 coins from stack ten. Put all those coins on the scale together. If the excess weight is 2 grams then you know stack two is the counterfeit stack. If the excess weight is 7 grams then stack 7 is counterfeit and so on.

Here are a couple new ones:

1. You are riding in the passenger seat of a vehicle traveling down the highway. There is minimal traffic and the vehicle you're in is moving at a constant speed. Along the way you notice newly constructed billboards advertising your favorite beer. You're thirsty and can't keep your eyes off those passing signs that seem to be evenly spaced along the road. Anxiousness sets in and, to pass time, you begin to count how many signs you pass in one minute. After doing so you multiply the number of signs counted by ten. To your amazement you realize the number of signs you passed in one minute multiplied by ten equals

the exact speed the vehicle is traveling in miles per hour. Assuming the vehicle's speed is constant, that the signs are equally spaced and that your minute began and ended with the vehicle midway between two signs, how far is the distance between one sign and the next?

2. Friday rolls around and you decide to go down to the local bazaar here at O-E. You only have a check and you know you'll need cash to make a purchase. You find another soldier who agrees to cash it for you. However, this

soldier is not too good with numbers and reads the check wrong. He gives you dollars instead of cents and cents instead of dollars. You're in a rush and don't notice. At the bazaar the only thing that you buy is a small stone for 5 cents. After returning to your hooch you count your remaining money and discover that you now have exactly twice as much as the amount of the check you cashed. What was the amount of the check?

- MH 



Bark Staff:

PFC Hennigan - MH 

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