



The Paw Print

The Voice of the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum
& Handler Center



Special points of interest:

- A Letter From Our President introducing our newsletter and welcoming our supporters.
- Female handlers make their marks.
- Retirement options under Robby's Law. We follow MWD (R) Sultan as he learns how to enjoy his retirement.
- Two By Four: A Column by Michael Hurder presents a team of one handler (two feet) and one dog (four feet).
- We take over the atrium at Maryville College
- The closing of the II MEF Ashley Kennels highlights the last dog to leave the kennel.

Volume 1 Issue 1

January 2021

Creation of Military Working Dog Heritage Museum Organization



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Military Working Dog Heritage Museum welcomes you to enjoy our new communication piece, *The Paw Print*. With our inaugural issue, our organization pays tribute to Mr. Perry Money.

Perry served as a Mine and Booby Trap Detection Dog Handler in the Marine Corps during the Vietnam war. His family, partner Missy 7K37, the Vietnam Dog Handler community,

and the Marine Corps were the stars by which he navigated his life. Honorable, thoughtful, and genuine, Perry commanded respect because of his flawless leadership. Perry balanced his profound intelligence and passion with facts and fairness.

Each year Perry hosted a weekend celebration for dog handlers at his western North Carolina moun-

tain cabin. In 2018, the year following his death, his family continued the tradition, including an invitation to Albert Johnson, a former USMC dog handler, and his wife, Kate.

As Albert lingered inside admiring the dog memorabilia, the extensive collection sparked an idea: a heritage museum. What we need is a museum to share our legacy. We invite you to join the journey.

From the President's Desk



President, Albert Johnson

Happy New Year!

I want to welcome you personally to our organization and thank you for your support of our cause.

The spark of conception for our organization came after the passing of Perry Money, a great dog handler, advocate, and Vietnam veteran. I was invited to an annual celebration at the Money cabin in North Carolina by his devoted wife, Josie. Perry passed the prior July, and as I would not know any other handlers, I was not sure that I belonged at this gathering of Vietnam dogmen.

Josie insisted that my wife, Kate, and I attend. Let me say when Josie Money tells you to jump, you say, "Yes, ma'am. How high?" Once we crossed a covered bridge spanning a creek at the bottom of the mountain and wound our way up towards the cabin, I felt a weight lift off my shoulders. The real magic was yet to come!

When we walked up the steps to the cabin, I met the most fantastic group of handlers and their families, who greeted us like we had known each other our whole lives. Attendees laughed, shared stories, and bragged about who handled the best dog. The camaraderie felt was infectious. Little did I know the conversation I had later that day with Dixie Whitman would form into something so significant, so needed, so critical: to create a space for handlers, their families, and the public to understand military working dog teams' history better.

This organization is still in its infancy, but we have already made great strides. We will continue to do so with the help of our volunteers, Board of Directors, and patriotic supporters. I want to call out a few of those supporters and volunteers now.

Thank you to Josie Money for the invitation and opening your cabin, and sharing Perry's precious memories with me. Thank you to Joel Burton for coming up with the name for this awesome newsletter. Thank you to Conrad Munro, a former Army dog handler, for his initial design of our organization's logo. Thank you to Tom George, a childhood friend, for being our middleman with the many renditions and

changes as the logo took shape. Thank you to Dixie for her diligence in making sure the logo was entirely representative of us. Finally, thank you to Johnathon Pierce, a Marine Corps dog handler, who got the logo into the proper format for us to use in all our applications moving forward.

Dog handlers started this organization, and dog handlers manage this organization for the military working dog community. I am looking forward to seeing this Museum and Handler Center become a reality and hope that you will stick around and enjoy this journey with us.

Thank you for your unwavering support and as always,

K-9 LEADS THE WAY!

Albert Johnson

Below: Images of the interior of Perry Money's cabin and the moments that sparked Military Working Dog Heritage Museum & Handler Center.



The Pledge

by Renae Johnson

A smile crept across my heart, and I can't say it didn't paste itself across my face, as well. I pulled in a breath and felt a bit taller, more vital. Today was a day for the record books.

Saturday, October 17, 2020, at The Women's Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, Susan Bahary's bronze masterpiece, "The Pledge," was unveiled. It serves as a tribute to all female handlers. And I was lucky enough to share in that achievement.

I was 18 years old the first time I saw an MWD team. I was in Panama's rain forests conducting jungle surveillance as a Private First Class in the Missouri National Guard. From that moment, I knew there was nothing else in this world I wanted to be. From that first meeting, my life and goals changed trajectory.

My K9 sisters, regardless of their branch of service, take the job for the same reasons as our male counterparts. We do it because it is our passion. We want to be the best Dog Handler and Team that we can be. Female handlers don't always make it easy on each other. We put every new female we meet through a gauntlet to see if she is worthy of the title "Dog Handler."

Because female handlers are in a definite minority,

our entire handler experiences have pretty much been unisex. For example, the National MWD Monument represents all MWD handlers, and everyone I've ever met thinks it is a magnificent memorial. However, a special significance is inherent with having a female MWD handler monument. Its meaning to the women who have served in that capacity is profound.

When I say I had to pay my dues to get to go K9, I mean it. My Army had many more plans for me before I could get to K-9 School. My assignment arrived, and I left for the 571st Military Police Company, Ft. Ord, CA (7th Infantry Division). Upon arrival, we immediately deployed to Mogadishu, Somalia.

I would later look back on this and understand how these experiences made me a better dog handler. I learned how I would react under real pressure when it was life or death.

After that deployment, our unit moved to Ft. Lewis, WA, to a platoon of fellow "Light Fighters/Dragon Slayers." Once again, my platoon deployed to Mogadishu.

After seven years, five PCSs, and two combat tours, I was finally allowed to go to the Military Working Dog Handler Course!

There's not a day that goes



Female handlers pose with "The Pledge." Author Renae Johnson is front row on the left. Tammy Quirin is front row on the right. This photo courtesy of Renae Johnson.

by, that I think I would change anything about my journey.

I was lucky enough to be stationed at Ft. Hood, which fell under the FORCSOM Program. Ft. Hood is one of the few places that you learn to be a Military Policeperson in a Law Enforcement capacity.

When I came into the Army K9 Program, there were only five SFC's (E-7). The only female, SFC Tammy Quirin, was tough but fair and served as the FORSCOM MWD Program Manager (U.S. Army Forces Command).

In the over 20 years since her retirement, there's never been another female in either of those critical positions.

How inspirational that first encounter with a dog team was for me! Now, with "The

Pledge," young girls don't have to travel to the jungles of Panama to become encouraged. They can see unlimited options and learn that they don't have to fit in a box from a very young age. Now, when daughters, granddaughters, or nieces view "The Pledge" for the first time, they can dream of a boundless future, unrestricted and unfettered.

At that golden Saturday afternoon dedication, the gathering of female K9 warriors was stirring. The decades of experience sitting to my left and right felt incredible. Among them rested ladies who paved the way for me and the current generation of female handlers. Each of them had made their promise, their pledge with a sweet K9 soul who walked by their side as Guardians of the Night. Thankfully, we now have an eloquent expression of those moments, in bronze.

If Looks Could Kill

After nineteen tedious hours of connecting flights, the ramp finally rumbled earthward from the C-5 cargo plane's bloated belly, freeing its captive passengers. Excited for a chance to pee, Johnny bounded out with Albert, his handler, attached to the leash. As they moved out, Albert adjusted his eyes to the blinding sunlight and noticed, for the very first time, the lines in Johnny's face and the grayness creeping into his chin and chest.

A blistering heat, nearly 150 degrees on the tarmac, assaulted them with parched waves so intense that eyes and noses screamed for protection and superfine moon-like dust dried into the corners of their mouths. It was always so darned dry here. Amid the distant stench of burn pits, toxic ash flitting



Above: Albert Johnson, founder of Military Working Dog Heritage Museum, with his partner, Johnny, F728, in Iraq.

down like snowflakes from the communal cremation of worn tires, plastics, and jet-fuel.

Welcome to Baghdad! Within the first few moments of freedom, Johnny realized that he was back in Iraq. One could hardly blame him for the dirty look thrown Albert's direction. "You have got to be kidding me, man. Not Iraq again."

Albert, eyes closed, pulled Johnny closer to his chest and whispered that he was a good boy. There was a lot of work to do again in this place they both hated and loved. For here, amid the deserts, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, the war waged on, and life schlepped forward. Marines tempted fate and dogs became paladins.

by Dixie Whitman

"Albert, eyes closed, pulled Johnny closer to his chest and whispered that he was a good boy."



Interviews: Conversations Saved for Museum

We have completed a small number of dog handler interviews—some punctuated with laughter, some with tears.

One of our goals at the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum is to preserve handlers' words and stories. There is no

better way to keep that treasured history than through a conversation.

Our interviews are led by the individual experiences of the subject. During these discussions, we can share stories of partnership, pain, and patriotism.

The intent is to ultimately

get these digital interviews posted to our Website's Digital Museum and eventually house them in a brick and mortar building.

What an honor it is to listen to histories told by the dogmen and dogwomen themselves! Thank you, all.



Kent Farrell, I MEF Marine Dog Handler, talks about his military experiences.

A Portrait of Jessica Newton

by Michael Hurder



Jessica and Rose K466 in full battle rattle on Bagram AFB, Afghanistan. All photos courtesy Jessica Newton.

Former Air Force SSGT Jessica Newton served with distinction in the US Air Force. She was born in Southern California to a Naval Family. Like most military families, they moved around the country from SoCal to Maine, settling in Washington when Jessica was five years old. She best remembers Oak Harbor as her home town.

Reaching adulthood during the 2008 economic slump and realizing she needed an extra boost to get a career in motion, she conferred with her father about a next step and finally made that trip to the recruiter.

She joined the United States Air Force in March of 2009. Early on, advisors told Jessica that she should be leaning towards electronics, which seemed to be the high-water mark in her aptitude tests. Her true desires steered her in another direction, though.

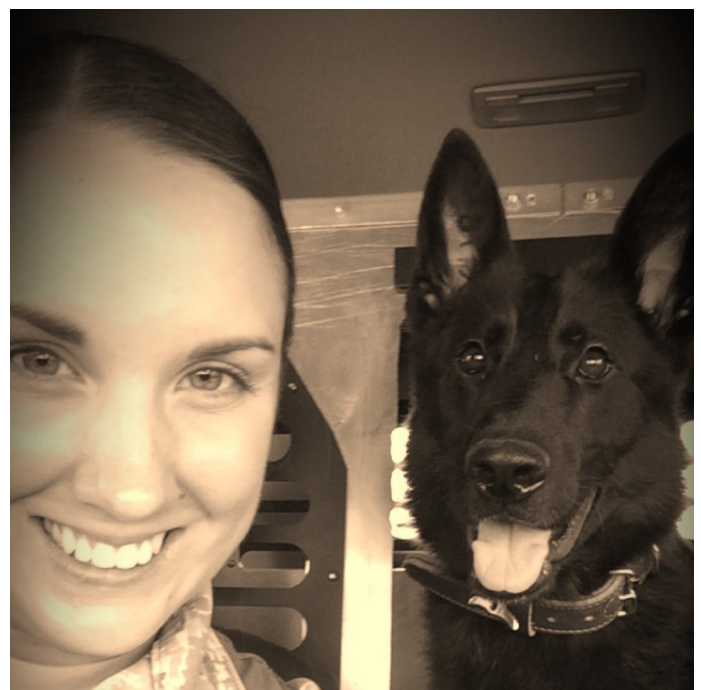
She first deployed to Iraq. While there, she pursued her desire to be in the K9 program. She met with some resistance, but her determination helped her fulfill her dream. In 2012 after attending Dog Handler School, she met her first K9 partner, Diyi

R150 (DEE-Y), a Patrol Explosives Detection Dog (PEDD) on Moody AFB in GA.

Diyi was just the first of five partners Jessica worked and was the perfect partner to get her feet wet. Diyi was already well versed in his duties, so Jessica built her confidence with a well-prepared partner. Her time with Diyi was short as she deployed to Ramstein Air Base in Germany after just three months. Here she was paired up with Rose K466, a Patrol Narcotics Detection Dog (PNDD). As with all her partners, Jessica and Rose melded into a finely-

honed team with a successful record. The two were deployed together to Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan from February to August of 2013.

What stands out most about this young lady was her determination to succeed, her devotion and love for all her partners, and the brilliance with which she applied her trade. These qualities shine through as you listen to her exploits with each of these animals. Jessica understood that she had to grow with these K9s and help guide them along the path of duty and learn from them.



Jessica and Tomi X178



Jessica and Rose K466

Her talk about her time in the K9 program brought back many beautiful memories for this old handler. The bond one makes with these incredible furry soldiers is a lifelong commitment, even if you never get to be with those souls again. Jessica talks of the most disheartening aspect of this career choice, having to leave them behind as you move on to other jobs, and not being with your partner at the end of their time, and how heartbreaking that is. Jessica finished her military career at Grand Forks

AFB in North Dakota. She was paired up with three different K9s here until her separation in February of 2018. Her partners on Grand Forks AFB were T-Rex M698 (PEDD), Tomi X178 (PEDD), and Dex V424, a Narcotics Detection Dog (NDD). Jessica's incredible capacity for diversity shone throughout her military career, but none more so than at Grand Forks AFB.

She worked successfully with many different animals. This capability was a boon to the Air Force and the USA. She recog-

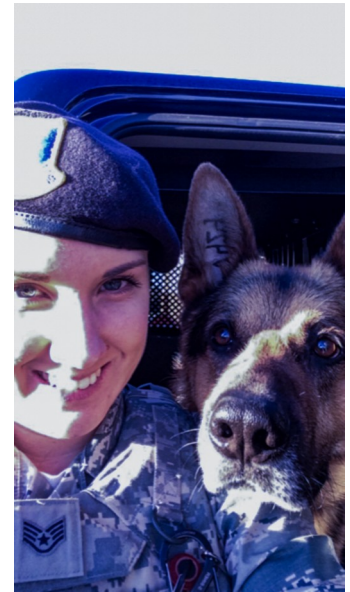
nized each of her partners' limitations and abilities and used them professionally to great benefit, all while continuing to learn from her experience.

Her record in the Air force speaks for itself:

- 1) Air Force Achievement Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster (each Oak Leaf stands for an additional award)
- 2) Meritorious Unit Award
- 3) Outstanding Unit Award with Oak Leaf Cluster
- 4) Air Force Good Conduct Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster
- 5) National Defense Service Medal
- 6) Afghanistan Campaign Medal with Service Star

These are the marks of self-sacrifice and service to our nation which this old soldier much appreciates. As if having a full-time job in the Air Force wasn't enough, Jessica still made time to volunteer with the MWDTSA (Military Working Dog Team Support Association) after meeting co-founder Dixie Whitman at Moody AFB in 2012.

Jessica's devotion to the Military Working Dog program did not end with her separation from the Air Force. She continues to



Jessica and Dex V424

volunteer with MWDTSA, coordinating two care package events, among other selfless acts. She continues to be an excellent resource for the K9 world.

Jessica is presently attending the natural resources program at college, pursuing a career in water quality, silviculture, or wildlife ecology. She is still giving back to the earth. We can all be proud of this warrior, Jessica Newton.



Retirement for MWDs: A New Beginning Thanks to Robby's Law

by Dixie Whitman

"So you're one of those guys that left your dog behind in Vietnam." An uneducated man walked up to our display tent one Saturday morning and said those words to a former handler.

That handler later confessed to "thinking I might deck him." The physical change in him was immediate. My friend, usually a low-key, amiable man, looked stunned. As the color drained from his face, I stepped in to get between them and drew the guest away. Knowing that anger must be boiling up, I wanted to allow my friend time to recover.

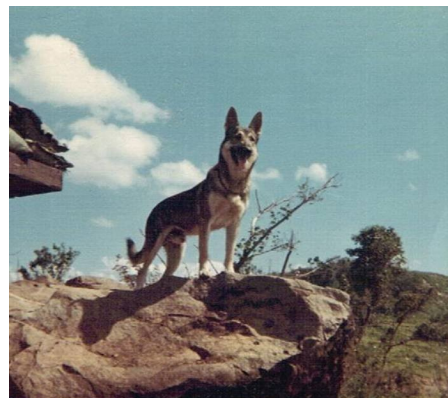
Anyone who knows what the Vietnam handlers went through knows that they spent years honoring, remembering, and mourning their dogs. Most did not know what happened after they left, and they certainly had no say in the disposition of their treasured partners.

In Vietnam, about 4,200 dogs served, yet we repatriated only 204 after their service, a horrific fact that served no purpose other than to save dollars from being spent to bring them home.

The government claimed that the dogs were too aggressive, too disease-ridden, too unpredictable. We know that military working dogs were returned home from conflicts before and after the Vietnam War with few problems.

In 2000, a new law was crafted after a handler's tenacious pursuit to adopt his MWD, Robby. The resulting "Robby's Law", passed in his honor. It has saved thousands of MWDS, yet it passed too late to save Robby. He is buried in Hartsdale Cemetery, NY with the simple inscription, "The Inspiration for America's first War Dog retirement law."

Now, when a working dog retires, if he is healthy and not dangerously aggressive, qualified people can adopt him because of Robby's Law. The first adoption priority is to previous handlers and second to a local law enforcement organization, if appropriate.



A Vietnam-era Scout Dog

Failing those two options, retired dogs are available to qualified members of the general public. Seeing these war-weary veterans turn into loveable house companions, spoiled beyond measure, puts a smile on even the most doubting of faces.

A recent adoptee, Sultan W034, had a much better retirement plan than the Vietnam-era generation of dogs.

When age slowed his abilities and the time to retire approached, Sultan moved to a new location, a new house, with a new family, all without so much as a whimper of unease.

Sultan bounded into the back of the adopters' white SUV, sniffed out a huge stash of premium dog treats, and smiled his approval. He has now hiked some, swam some, and is

learning the skill of being a paddleboard co-pilot.

There's quite a difference between Sultan's fairytale retirement and the sad fate that awaited most Vietnam War Dogs.

Thinking back to that weekend festival and the blows nearly exchanged, we realize that education is key to everything. That same uneducated visitor returned on Sunday to our tent. This time with a more contrite countenance. Spending some time unearthing the facts, he realized his errors. He apologized.

On this second visit, the Vietnam Dog Handler escorted him around the display to learn hard truths. Sharing these truths about our military working dog history is critical to our mission.



MWD Sultan W034 Retires



Left: Sultan W034 jumped into the back seat of the car, found a huge box of dog treats, and smiled for the camera. Goodbye Kennel, Hello Fort Living Room!



Above: MWD(R) Sultan on his first day in his new backyard, complete with water safety vest.



Above: MWD(R) Sultan goes out with his mom on his initial lesson to learn stand up paddle board co-piloting. Reports are that he took to it like a GSD to water.

Happy Retirement



Two by Four: A Column by Michael Hurder



ROBERT W HARTSOCK

Many heroic K9 teams have gone beyond the call to serve the United States. They gave their efforts, their skills, and even their lives over there so that we may live free over here.

We proudly dedicate this first 2x4 to our only MOH recipient,



SSGT Robert W. Hartsock
44th IPSD, 3rd Bde.

25th Infantry Division

United States Army

Directly from the citation:"

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. S/Sgt. Hartsock distinguished himself in action while serving as section leader with the 44th Infantry Platoon. When the Dầu Tiếng Base Camp

came under a heavy enemy rocket and mortar attack, S/Sgt. Hartsock and his platoon commander spotted an enemy sapper squad which had infiltrated the camp undetected.

Realizing the enemy squad was heading for the brigade tactical operations center and nearby prisoner compound, they concealed themselves and, although heavily outnumbered, awaited the approach of the hostile soldiers.

When the enemy was almost upon them, S/Sgt. Hartsock and his platoon commander opened fire on the squad.

As a wounded enemy soldier fell, he managed to detonate a satchel charge he was carrying. S/Sgt. Hartsock, with complete disregard for his life, threw himself on the charge and was gravely wounded.

In spite of his wounds, S/Sgt. Hartsock crawled about 5 meters to a ditch and provided heavy suppressive fire, completely pinning down the enemy and allowing his commander to seek shelter.



S/Sgt. Hartsock continued his deadly stream of fire until he succumbed to his wounds. S/Sgt. Hartsock's extraordinary heroism and profound concern for the lives of his fellow soldiers were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit on him, his unit, and the U.S. Army."

Note from the author:

Over the years, I have had the privilege of meeting a few of our nation's greats, from politicians, to sportsmen and women, to teachers and speakers, doctors, nurses, scientists, engineers, and of course, the best of our best - our Military Heroes. I have stood beside them. I have felt their presence

from across the room. From them, I have learned the meaning of sacrifice, service, and honor. Their stories have humbled me. I have also missed the chance to learn from these heroes too. I would give much to spend just a minute with one such hero, SSGT Hartsock.

SSGT Hartsock's story presents itself in a 2019 movie by New Shepherd Films. The DVD called "Forgotten Heroes: The Robert Hartsock Story" can be ordered online.

The inspiration for the "2X4" column of **The Paw Print** newsletter comes from the image of greatness these men and women have displayed: two feet human and four feet K9.

I salute you, Brothers and Sisters. You are all that is great in the United States of America.

Shorty sends

Military Working Dog History Takes Over Atrium at Maryville College

by Albert Johnson

November 11th, a beautiful fall day, found veterans front and center at Tennessee's Maryville College. Despite periodic suspensions of in-person classes, Maryville College's faculty and staff did not want Veterans' Day to slip by without honoring those who served.

Due to pandemic concerns, the college feared it would have to forgo the customary ceremony honoring veterans. Jim Humphrey, the Veterans Coordinator for the college, mentioned to veteran-student Albert Johnson that the event would likely be virtual, unlike any previous ceremony.

Albert Mentioned that Military Working Dog Heritage Museum (MWDHM) had previously presented static displays and could provide an in-person experience. After some discussion among the college administrators, the

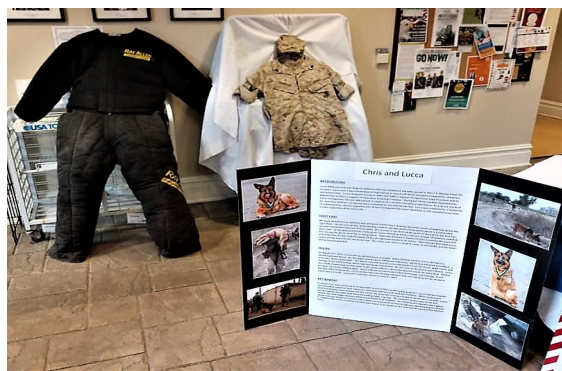
Student Veterans Association, and Albert Johnson, MWDHM got the go-ahead to display items on one six-foot table. The theme was, "What it means to be a military working dog handler."

"One table just was not going to cut it," Albert said. After removing touchable artifacts to reduce the COVID-19 factor, the array spanned most of the atrium. Visitors marveled at the display items, including everything from bite suits to tri-fold panels with informational text.

Even with the pandemic protocols, Albert Johnson shared the story of military working dogs and handlers with students and college staff alike. All walked away with a new understanding about what Albert knows is "the best job I ever had."



"Oops! I brought the armed version," joked Albert. That would make quite the exciting display!



A display of Military Working Dog and Military artifacts.

Spotlight on Volunteer, Robert Schnell



Robert Schnell's heart beats for military working dogs and volunteering. He currently handles daily postings to our Facebook Page. The Social Media Team is delighted to have him on board.

Our Committee Chair, Melody Kyle, says, "It is a huge honor to have Robert on our team. He's jumped in feet first with no hesitation. And, he's a great asset to have."

Thank you, Robert, for all of your hard work.

Thank you, Robert,
from the MWD
Heritage Museum Team



The Last Working Dog at Ashley Kennels

by Sara Gregrow

MWD Kahn, the last 2nd Law Enforcement Battalion Dog retired.

When Kahn B066 arrived at my kennels, I assigned him to a handler most deserving of a green dog. This handler had tragically lost his dog on deployment and needed healing.

When Kahn and some other K9s arrived, I was there patiently waiting to watch my handlers' first-time reactions while meeting their dogs. I always enjoyed this moment — the unknown. It's similar to Christmas morning as a child when you unwrap a new gift.

As an adult, these handlers get, "Here is the name and breed," but they don't know what a dog looks like or anything about its personality, until the dog's arrival.

It's a fantastic experience to watch a handler's eyes light up with the potential of what they hope to accomplish with that particular dog. Pulling Kahn out of the kennel, his beautiful face, dark and mysterious, was the first thing I noticed. He charged out of the kennel, healthy and excited!

Next, all the handlers immediately noticed his lack of a tail! His handler couldn't care less and loved him instantly.

As the days passed, my trainer approached me, concerned about a potential problem with Kahn's hips. Our new dog was walking funny, so I sought out the vet's advice. She screened Kahn and asked for a second opinion. I began the disposition process, as he couldn't work for more than thirteen minutes at one time.

I knew the perfect candidate for adoption; he had lost his retired working dog and had never quite gotten over the loss. That ideal candidate was my brother.

The vet couldn't find the problem with poor Kahn. Weeks turned into months. At this point, we had received the unfortunate news that the 2nd Law Enforcement Battalion would be disbanding.

I was heartbroken. What would happen to all of my handlers and my dogs?!?!? I did my best to balance my job, the stress of the unknown, and my apprehensive handlers.

Kahn's fate was undetermined. His superiors assigned his handler a new dog because Kahn was physically unable to perform a Military Working Dog's duties.

As all of this piled up, COVID-19 struck. We could not get Kahn out to get the



much needed MRI to determine what was going on with his hips.

When it was determined to be safe to travel, we transported Kahn to Lackland Air Force Base to receive medical treatment and an actual diagnosis. Honestly, I didn't think I would ever see him again and worried about what fate awaited him. Life went on; I focused on disbanding my section.

It was the most challenging thing I've ever done. Each day I came home in tears as I ripped teams apart and watched my dogs go to their new duty stations.

In September, I inquired about Kahn and received word that he was medically

retired. I called my brother with the good news!

We prepared for his arrival. I finally picked him up! He was so excited to jump in the car. Each first for him was a moment I cherished, knowing that these experiences would be my last remembrances of K9.

When my brother arrived, Kahn immediately clicked with him. Within hours, the two were inseparable. I'm proud to report that Kahn is experiencing life as a retired working dog, never letting go of his Kong. I will never let go of the memory that I got to save the last 2nd Law Enforcement Battalion dog!



*Military Working Dog
Heritage Museum
& Handler Center*

From the Team at MWDHM,
We invite you to join the museum's journey
by signing up for a free *Paw Print* subscription.
Email: info@mwdhm.org

**Military Working Dog Heritage:
Always on Point**

We're on the Web
mwdhm.org
We're on Facebook
Military Working Dog Heritage Museum



Recycle, please.
Share your story.
Share your vision.
Share your voice.
Share your copy of
our newsletter.

Pooch Pic of the month

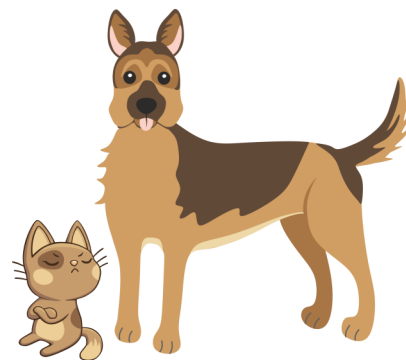


U.S. Navy Military Working Dog (MWD) Boy, a Jack Russell terrier assigned to Naval Support Activity (NSA) Naples, Italy, waits for a ball to be thrown. NSA Naples is an operational ashore base that enables U.S., allied and partner nation forces to be where they are needed, when they are needed to ensure security and stability in Europe, Africa, and Southwest Asia. Thanks to the U.S. Navy for this photo by Mass Communication Specialist 3rd Class Damon Grosvenor.

On the Road with Trooper and Scout




Each month we invite you to join our military working dog, Trooper, along with his reluctant and exceedingly grumpy travel partner, Scout the Cat. They sniff out some of the creative and varied monuments and locations that honor military working dogs.




depicts a Vietnam-era Scout Dog handler and his partner. The tattoo inside the ear tells us this dog honors Kelly 819A, one of the two dogs that served alongside Johnny Mayo.

Ratings:

Trooper: 5/5 Bones 

"Great. A must see and worth the drive."

Scout: 1/5 Mice. 
"It's a damn dog."

The dedication of this memorial, the vision of Johnny Mayo, a Vietnam-era Scout Dog Handler from the 39th IPSD, occurred on Veterans' Day in 2015. The location is Memorial Park, 700 Hampton Street in downtown Columbia, South Carolina.

Other military monuments nestle along winding paths in this seven-acre park. The grounds are bordered by Hampton, Gadsden, Washington, and Wayne Streets, with ample free parking found off of Washington.

Smack dab in the heart of the city; the sculpture is just blocks from the State Capitol, several museums, other monuments, the riverfront, and the shops and restaurants on Gervais St.

Created by renowned sculptor Renee Bemis, the statue