



The Paw Print

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



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Special points of interest:

- Read about parachuting military working dogs attached to their handlers.
- Before 2000, retired military war dogs were considered "surplus equipment".

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Remembering Navy CAD Remco



Photo of Remco. Courtesy Michael Toussaint.

His heroic life-saving actions were the culmination of the in-depth training, loyalty, focus, and bravery required of every Combat Assault Dog (CAD). CAD Remco had proved himself on and off the battlefield, whether excelling in locating a person in a dark building or honing in on lurking danger. He was intuitive and a "complete live-wire," as described by his handler, retired Senior

Chief Petty Officer Mike Toussaint.

On July 9, 2009, while on a hostage rescue mission in Afghanistan, Toussaint, Remco, and two others were attacked by two enemy fighters. Remco charged ahead and drew fire and attention away from the rest of his team. Sadly, Remco was killed in the gunfire, but his efforts saved the others. Toussaint received the Silver Star for "relentlessly engaging the

dug-in enemy until he finally eliminated the two fighters." Remco received the Silver Star for sacrificing himself as he aggressively engaged the enemy, drawing effective fire onto himself, and giving his teammates the split seconds needed to change the balance of the fight.

In this month's Navy-themed issue, we remember and honor Remco's life and his valiant service to his fellow Sailors.



Vice President, Lane Hagerdorn



From the President's Desk

What is a hero?

The Oxford Dictionary defines a hero as “a person admired or idealized for courage, outstanding achievements, or noble qualities.”

We in the K9 community know that four-legged heroes also walk among us. Some of those K9 heroes are CAD Remco and MWD Lobo featured in this month's Newsletter, the ever-famous Nemo, and countless other dogs who sacrificed themselves to save military men and women. Some of these K9 heroes are unsung – they made seemingly small actions that significantly impacted the outcomes of incidents, conflicts, and even wars.

These heroes are why the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum exists. When you visit the MWD Heritage Museum website, you will see it in bold print on the home page listed as our mission, “To discover, curate, preserve, and exhibit world-class displays of America's military working dog history and ensure that the legacy and heritage of America's dog teams inspire future generations.” This idea leads us to another kind of hero; a hero who isn't saving men and women from the dangers of combat and not one who is breaking all of the rules in the advancement of K9 team capabilities like our

well-respected and missed brother Jesse Mendez. Instead, these heroes are the unsung ones who keep pouring time, energy, and money into the causes the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum supports. People like Dixie Whitman truly keep the “train on the tracks” and helps us all stay in line. People like the board members who take time to collaborate, discuss, debate, and execute the projects that make it all come to life. And every single volunteer who, with no pay and too little recognition, gives their time and talents month in and month out! Everyone involved with the MWD Heritage Museum is a hero in their own right. This month I would like to highlight two heroes – one traditional and one not-so-traditional.

First, Mr. David Leitson. David is one of our newsletter volunteers. Newsletter volunteers are instrumental in developing, creating, proofreading, editing, revising, and delivering the monthly Newsletter. As a result, the Newsletter has consistently received positive feedback and continues to improve month after month. This month, David has taken on the challenge of editing the Newsletter and, if I can be frank about it, has absolutely nailed it! The organization, flow, and impact of the articles you have put together, David, are incredible, and we are

looking forward to watching everyone enjoy your masterpiece! No pressure, though; I'm sure the next one you edit will be even better!!

Now onto a more non-traditional hero – President Albert Johnson's beard! On September 3rd, National Beard Day, we put Albert's golden facial locks up on the chopping block to raise funds for the museum, and boy did you want to see what was hiding under a man-mane of a beard! We look forward to sharing our totals with you soon, once our goal is met. Donations can still be made [here](#).

When we do fundraisers or the sale of merchandise on [mwdheritagemuseum.org](#), all proceeds go back to the museum. These funds help us safeguard the artifacts that donors graciously gifted to the museum. The September fundraiser, as an example, was created to help us preserve the recent batch of World War II K9 artifacts. The sooner we can get those pieces into a state of preservation, the faster we slow the natural rate of deterioration that all museum artifacts experience.

So from Albert and I, we thank you for all the support. Please enjoy this month's newsletter and continue to reach out with your K9-related stories, pictures, and items!

Lane Hagerdorn

Sentry Dogs Sniff Out Enemy At Remote Da Nang Outposts

Story and photos by PHC Ken Nickols

There are no quiet nights in Vietnam. Nearly always, there can be heard the sounds of artillery firing—sometimes friendly, sometimes not so friendly.

An occasional chatter of a machine gun or the thump of a grenade exploding is just as common as chirping crickets in any town, U.S. A.

The only time one can be sure the noises are friendly is when the healthy sounding whoomp of the B-52's bombs comes sifting out of the jungle. It's a reassuring sound to a man standing alone in the dark—alone, that is, but for a dog.

Silhouetted momentarily by a flare dancing under a parachute, the man and dog wait for darkness to descend once more before moving on.

They are members of the NSA (Naval Support Activity) Sentry Dog Unit in Da Nang.

Sniffing out intruders is what they're best at and what they are trained to do.

Patrolling lonely outposts from sunset to sunrise, sentry dogs and their handlers guard against infiltrators who attempt to

pierce the protective perimeters around various naval installations in the area.

But walking a six-hour post watch in the dark of night with a dog in Vietnam involves more than picking up Bowser's leash back home and taking the family pooch for a quick, constitutional around the block.

The sentry dog, as well as the handler, must do three things: train, train, and train.

Special Training

Prior to arriving in Vietnam, the handlers (all volunteers) attend an eight-week school at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. There they are trained in all phases of handling and working with dogs.

The dogs, on the other hand, have been carefully screened and selected for alertness, obedience, health, spirit, and willingness to work with a handler.

Before leaving the U. S., several weeks are devoted to training that will shape and develop the characteristics most desirable in a prime sentry dog.

Dog and handler meet for the first time when each



Lonely Post. From sunset to sunrise, the men and dogs of the Navy Sentry Dog Unit in Da Nang walk their posts, forming an integral part of the Navy's security system in Vietnam.

arrives in Vietnam. The key word to future success is togetherness.

In order for a dog to learn to obey and respect his master, many hours other than those walked on post must be spent together during the day.

It is important that the handler know every mannerism and personality trait of his dog—the man's life could well depend on such intimate knowledge.

As with humans, no two dogs are alike. Likewise, no two dogs will alert to danger in the same exact fashion, thus the importance of knowing just how the dog will react during various situations.

Extra Perceptive

Sentry dogs are used primarily to detect intruders by sight or sound and to alert their handlers so an alarm can be given to all posts on the perimeter.

In addition, however, as a result of rigorous training, a dog provides the handler with a veritable weapon capable of subduing an adversary in short time, if necessary.

Every day, the dogs are put through their training paces. Periods of agitation are given to keep the animal lively and aggressive.

Hours are spent teaching the dog to attack on command. And equally important is the learning of gen-

eral obedience—the ability to execute such commands as sit, stay, and heel.

All this training and exercise expends a great deal of energy, so the dogs must be fed adequate rations daily. Every dog is given a three-pound mixture of meal and horse-meat early in the morning as the last shift returns from their post watches.

Parasites and disease can easily get out of hand in the humid, tropical climate of Da Nang, so constant attention must be devoted by the handlers to cleanliness of the dogs and their runs.

Every time a dog is taken from his cage, the cage is hosed down with water and all wastes removed. Twice weekly, a strong disinfectant is used.

Careful Handling

Handlers must also groom, bathe, and dip their dogs when necessary. Dipping is occasionally required if ticks are detected. Each day an Army veterinarian visits the kennels to give routine examinations, administer inoculations, and treat ailing dogs.

Life at the Unit isn't all work and no play, however. The surf of the South China Sea is practically foaming at their doorstep, and only a few yards away, a handler can take his dog for a good splash at the beach.

With a lot of hard work, intensive training, and healthful relaxation, the men and dogs that make up the NSA Sentry Dog Unit form an integral part of the Navy's security system in Vietnam.



Intruders beware. Trained to detect intruders and alert their handlers to danger, the Navy Sentry Dog presents a fearsome picture. Shown here with teeth bared is Brandy with his handler, Seaman Harry L. Peterson. (Official Navy Photo.)

* Story archived from Viet Nam era

Museum Artifact



"I bought this ... from a local Da Nang tailor shop," retired Navy GMG3 Al Dodds commented on this rugged-looking, beautiful hand-embroidered jacket. "Sailors back then (maybe they still do?) would have jackets embroidered with a map of the cruise they were on, showing all the

ports they visited. Maybe some patches ... were added. Usually, they were shiny satin-type material. So, I had this one made to bring home as a gift for my younger brother 'Danny.' He wore it with pride because his big brother was a Nam vet."

by David Leitson



Best Friend

by Dixie Whitman

Lucca found adventure and contentment in the territory where she sensed that her men felt fear and trepidation. Fate herded everything and everyone necessary into one lovely spot: Iraq.

Best Friend, a gregarious fellow, served as the only other dog at their post. Together, he and Lucca ciphered the innate secrets of their species, communicated with the raising of an eyebrow or a flick of a tail, and hearkened the same distant wolves' howl through their pedigree.

Because only two K9s roamed this little Forward Operating Base, they enjoyed much flexibility and avoided the usual kennel confinement. Lucca especially loved the freedom of racing in the dimming lights of early summer, full-blast frolicking with Best Friend, each hell-bent on retrieving the deflated football tossed by Her Marine or His Soldier. They cavorted with reckless abandon, body-checking one another as they slammed full-bore into each other's side.

Wham.

"Tag, you're it."

At night, hours after the sun crashed behind the hot-orange horizon and the moonglades hopscotched through the reed-flanked marshes along Gentle River, Lucca could hear the jackals and hyenas lurking on the nearby banks. Her instinct whispered that the night belonged to the Hunters. She smelled their presence, along with every sinew of what they'd killed to eat and the hares and squirrels who'd escaped their jaws for one more night. Even as Her Marine slept, Lucca's brain continued to process scents and sounds with the same effortless as breathing.

Her Marine didn't let her kill anything; he fed her from a secure food source. She knew he must have been a great hunter! Among the regular kibble, tasty treats made their way into her mouth. They appeared out of packages received from Other Friends. People loved her; she needed nothing.

Her Marine gripped the leash when he led her out on a mission, his other hand gently stroking her chest during transport.



Once they arrived at work, she ran untethered, seeking odors she mastered during her youth. Lucca reveled in the sheer joy of performance, feeling the surge of life and excitement pulse through her body: steadily inhaling, examining, and exhaling each sniff. She loved recognizing a whiff of explosive bouquets because Her Marine showered her with admiration each time she found one.

"Good girl, Mama Lucca." He even used that octave-higher voice he reserved for her praise. "What a good guuuur!" Belly rubs and playtime with her fa-

vorite, irresistible Red Rubber Toy followed.

Today it was Best Friend's turn to search for explosive smells and play deflated football with His Soldier. They disappeared into the desert behind a curtain of dust, shaken awake by their Humvee's tires. Lucca stayed at the base to wait with Her Marine.

As the yellow sunrise beckoned her from sleep, Lucca searched for Best Friend, but he was gone. She wondered how Best Friend could ever forget to say goodbye and why Her Marine cried.

Paws In the Air

Witness the scenes that have captured the attention of the American public – pictures and videos of military working dogs parachuting from planes, attached to their handlers. For most folks watching and even for many involved in these endeavors, this is truly a 21st-century technological marvel – a collaboration of modern equipment and American know-how involving man's best friend. But hold on tight to those risers, because past and present are about to collide as we discover this activity started a long, long time ago during a conflict we now call World War II. Mark this story under “P” for para-dogs.

Night of 5th/6th June 1941.

France. Operation Tonga. Six Halifax planes towing Horsa gliders are approaching their drop zones and release points as part of the D-Day invasion. The elite British 6th Airborne will jump with the mission of protecting the east flank of the Allied assault at Sword Beach. Among the British paratroopers are five scout dogs – believed to be the first canines ever to parachute into battle. Only one exited without “encouragement.”

One of the dogs jumping that night was named Bing (at that time called Brian) and would eventually accompany the Red Berets of the British 13th Battalion and cross the Rhine as they

advanced against German forces. Bing was a two-year-old Alsatian-Collie cross donated by his family as part of the war effort. Credited with saving many lives from ambushes, he survived the war and was returned to his donor family. In 1946 he was awarded the PSDA's Dicken Medal, which is the equivalent of the British Victoria Cross. The canine hero passed from natural causes in 1955.

Putting together the pieces of information about para-dogs is a historical jigsaw puzzle. They were so few in numbers that their activity has become a footnote to history. Who thought up the idea and when it was first implemented is still an open question. Bits of information are scattered around, but much still needs to be discovered. This lack of information becomes apparent when we talk about two American dogs, a Doberman Pinscher and a German shepherd jumping as part of the airborne invasion of Europe in 1944.

William Kummerer was a paratrooper with the 463rd Parachute Field Artillery and recalls making a jump on August 14, 1944, in southern France. Along with the 14 men was a Doberman Pinscher pushed out the door on a static line deployment.

Kummerer stated, “About three hours after we landed,

he [the dog] turned to the left a little bit and growled. The men quickly cranked around their fifty-caliber machine gun. Sure as hell, over the rise came four Krauts in a wagon. We cut loose with everything, and they never got back to the Rhineland, don't you know.” In a spirit of thanks, Kummerer went to pat the dog and nearly lost his hand as the Doberman bared all its teeth. After that day, he never saw the dog or handler again.

What is truly frustrating for both this writer and military dog historian is a dog named “Jaint de Mortimorney.” The only information I can find is the caption attached to the photo.

The caption states that the dog is with Lt. Peter Baranowski and has made more jumps than any paratrooper. Also, note the Airborne insignia that the German shepherd sports. But that's it! The trail goes cold,

Reprint courtesy of Michael Lemish



Above: Lt. Peter Baranowski, an officer with the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, and his dog, Jaint de Mortimorney, who is the only dog known to have jumped into a war zone in World War II. Photo: National Archives

and what this dog did and what name they called him in the field is still a mystery. What is Baranowski doing with the dog? As a lieutenant, he surely wasn't the handler. Perhaps in time, we'll learn the story behind this German shepherd named “Jaint de Mortimorney.”

Mysteries are not held by time – this same story will play out years later in Vietnam.

By far, most dogs that made jumps during WWII were sled dogs. Before the advent of the helicopter, rescue missions of downed pilots from airplane crashes in northern locales were difficult affairs. Often the terrain did not permit the landing of a plane equipped with skis. The Army Air Transport Command decided the best method was to drop dogs and the sled in the vicinity of the down airman, who

could then extricate themselves from the area.

It is interesting to note that not all para-dogs were military working dogs. Witness a Fox Terrier named Salvo, who often accompanied pilot Second Lieutenant Hugh Fletcher on liaison flights in a Piper L-3. With the help of his mechanic, the two were able to rig a small parachute for the unsuspecting dog.

On a calm day in 1942, the pair took off from Andrews Field in England and climbed to 1,500 feet. Fletcher motioned for Salvo to jump, and the diminutive dog launched himself from the plane. A static line pulled the canopy from the pack, and Salvo made a leisurely descent back to the field. Just how many more jumps the dog made is not known.

Now, fast forward to August 1968 with the United States in the midst of the Vietnam War and another para-dog mystery. Over Da Nang, Marine SGT Frank Spano and Lobo, a German shepherd, make the first known "tandem" jump of a man and military dog. What little is known is culled from just a handful of photographs at the Marine Corps Archives.

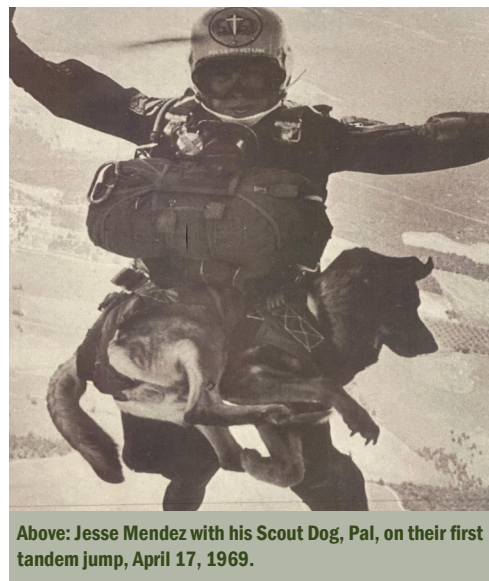
It was a static line jump from an unknown altitude. During the descent, Spano lowered Lobo on a 50-foot tether, with the dog landing first and Spano following

right behind. Although not a combat situation, it reinforced just what a K9 team could do. It appears that this was a one-time event, but details surrounding it have yet to see the light of day. A few months later, another man would take a scout dog on an endeavor never done before.

SFC Jesse Mendez spent three years in-country as a MAAGV advisor developing the ARVN scout dog program. Upon his return, he became chief instructor of the scout dog school at Fort Benning. His advancements and techniques help broaden the scope and capabilities of scout dog teams in Vietnam.

"I thought the handlers should be able to jump with their scout dogs when needed," he later related. "This way, they wouldn't have to rappel the dog from a chopper or take a long hike through the jungle." The innovative instructor believed it was safer than rappelling since the handler would have complete control of his dog during their descent and upon landing.

Mendez went ahead with his plan and had a parachute rigger make a harness that could support a medium-sized German shepherd. Base commanders at Benning were not enamored of the idea and quickly shot it down.



Above: Jesse Mendez with his Scout Dog, Pal, on their first tandem jump, April 17, 1969.

Mendez, never known to back down, went to a local parachuting club to conduct his experiment.

On April 17, 1969, Mendez and scout dog Pal (X296) climbed aboard a Cessna 175 and took off. This would be Mendez's 238th jump, but the first time a dog was attached to him. The pair climbed to 3,400 feet and departed the plane together. Mendez delayed opening the chute and recorded the first HALO (high altitude-low opening) jump with an Army scout dog.

The results were almost anticlimactic as Pal did not struggle during the descent, and the pair landed together, just 200 feet off target. Several more jumps were made during the next six months, including one at an airshow. But the Army never ran with this idea, and the possibility of scout dog

teams jumping into combat never materialized.

In the decades following these events, tremendous improvements in materials and parachute design have made both military and sport parachuting safer and broadened the capabilities that surround these activities. A tip of the hat has to go to those pioneers who were willing to advance the idea of sending military working dogs to places where they are needed. For thousands of years, dogs have always followed man – even if it means jumping from a perfectly good airplane.



Lobo — Portrait Of A Canine Hero

by David Leitson

What might have been a routine patrol outing almost turned deadly for A1C Tim Sparks, a member of the 388th Security Police's Canine Section, and his dog Lobo. On this winter 1969 night, while patrolling the southern perimeter of Thailand's Korat Royal Thai Air Force Base, Lobo started pulling to the ground, alerting Airman Sparks to potential danger. He shined his light into the dark and saw a Banded Krait coming at him. A snake whose venom is several times more deadly than that of the infamous Cobra, identified by alternating black and yellow cross bands and permanently erect fangs at the front of the mouth, the Banded Krait is indigenous to this area.

Airman Sparks quickly pulled Lobo aside and struck the over four-foot-long snake with the butt of his M-16.

"The snake raised his head about two feet off the ground and struck at me," said Airman Sparks. "I blocked it with my foot, kicking it aside, pinned it down with my M-16 and cut its head almost clear off."

One deadly snake attack

was plenty - but it didn't end there. About a half-hour later, almost 50 yards from the first snake encounter, Lobo began pulling on his leash again. Shining his flashlight again into the dark, Airman Sparks spotted another Banded Krait, equal in size to the first. This snake tried to escape, but with the help of a nearby Thai guard, Airman Sparks pinned and killed it.

"Without my dog's warning, I would have stepped right on both of them," Airman Sparks added.

In the ensuing weeks, Airman Sparks contacted Lobo's original owners to let them know about the dog's well-being and accomplishments. To his surprise and delight, he received a lengthy, warm response from Antoinette J. Hermann, who raised Lobo as a pup along with her Air Force husband and four children. Her letter provided cherished and detailed info into Lobo's past and offered insights into what it's like to raise a German Shepherd.

There were the basic details, such as Lobo (originally named "Lucky") being born in Phoenix,



AFTER THE KILL - A1C Tim Sparks shows Lobo the Banded Kraits that Lobo spotted and Tim destroyed one night while out on patrol. The two deadly snakes were found within 50 yards of each other on this night patrol. (U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO BY AMN. TONY PACHECO)

Arizona, and that his mother and father had been owned by the brother of his original owner, Sergeant Hammons.

But there was much more, such as the humorous stories of how Lobo thought of himself as a lap dog and would bowl over folks as he lovingly jumped on them, his eight offspring, and his first in-training experience.

Ms. Hermann recalled acquiring Lobo: "The first morning we looked out into the backyard, we noticed a few changes right

away. For one thing, the three lines of laundry I had left out were in shreds. I would see that I would have to buy new brooms and mops, mine were now shredded all over the back yard. The flowers would have to go as well. My children be-



Portrait of Lobo. Courtesy Tim Sparks.

came unpopular too. Nobody would come and play with them anymore. For that matter, even they didn't want to go in the back yard. "Lobo" (as we re-named him), loved everybody and to show his love, he would leap on you, lay you flat out and slobber all over you. Not too many people were ready for all this love. "

Lobo's boundless energy became hard to contain. It proved a daunting task to provide him with enough exercise: "So, finally, we devised a system -- we tied him to a long rope which my son would hold in the back of the pick up truck while Lobo ran one mile one way and one mile the other way doing 10 miles

an hour; at 10 miles an hour, he was pulling the truck. Anyway, we thought this would tire him out. We drove back home, untied the rope and with a skip and a jump, Lobo was gone again while I sat in the driveway and cried. So we started doing two miles in the morning and two miles at night. I never saw Lobo tired."

In February 1968, Ms. Hermann's husband received orders to re-station to Iran as part of the ARMISH MAAG (Advising the Imperial Iranian Air Force on Manpower Techniques) group. Taking Lobo with them would not be workable because of the high costs. Plus, at the time, Iran "was overrun with dogs which carry



Lobo with different handler Mike Balash at Korat Royal Thai Air Force Base, Thailand. Image courtesy the David Adams collection (AR.2011.037) via the National Museum of the United States Air Force.

every disease under the sun. Dogs are poisoned regularly or tortured". Heartbroken, the family inquired at the Lackland Airforce Base Canine Training Facility about giving Lobo a suitable home. Lobo "went through all the tests at the vets on the base with flying colors. Then we received the word from Lackland that he had been accepted."

Lackland's acceptance cheered the family, as it seemed to be the only viable option for placing such an energetic and caring dog. Parting with a cherished pet would not

be easy, so receiving Airman Spark's update and good news report on Lobo brought great pleasure to the Hermann family.

Ms. Hermann noted at the end of her letter: "It is wonderful that a dog that can be trained to be so violent can also sit in a car and watch over two little kids. When we return to the States, we hope to have another Shepherd. However, there will never be another Lobo. "

To view the entire letter from Lobo's previous dog owner Antoinette J. Hermann, please [click here](#).



Airman Tim Sparks with Lobo in Texas. Courtesy Tim Sparks.

Adopting A Retired Military Working Dog

by David Leitson

Rossi's new life as a retired military NCO began as his airplane circled Chicago's Midway International Airport. 800 days across two deployments in Iraq and Afghanistan went by quickly for this Navy veteran, 'just doing his job' to lead men past danger through enemy fire. Credited for his heroic efforts, he began the transition to the calmer days of civilian life. But he didn't know about the surprise just ahead.

Rossi is not the usual soldier - as a Military Working Dog (MWD), Rossi served alongside fellow soldiers on and off the battlefield. The U.S. military uses dogs in all branches of the service. Dogs perform specific jobs, including tracking, explosive detection, patrol, search and rescue, and attack. Rossi will be surprised but happy to learn he is reuniting with his former handler, Chris Spears, waiting for him at the airport concourse.

Owning a retired military dog is open to non-veterans as well. There are various ways that non-military, non-veteran folks can own one, whether it be a German Shepherd Dog, Labrador Retriever,

Belgian Malinois, or other similar breeds.

Why own a retired military dog? Military dogs receive excellent training and care throughout their entire career in the service. Dogs adopted from field kennels may range from 8 to 12 years old and have typically served at least one active-duty deployment in some capacity. Dogs adopted from the training program may be as young as 2 to 4 years old. These dogs did not satisfy the strict training criteria for deployment.

A bit of history: before 2000, retired military war dogs were considered "surplus equipment" and either euthanized or given to an allied army. That changed when President Clinton signed Robby's Law into effect in 2000, which requires a report to Congress showing the numbers of military working dogs adopted, transferred, and euthanized during that year. In 2015, Congress passed a new law deeming Military Working Dogs no longer equipment. Former dog handlers receive priority for ownership, but about 15% of retired military dogs are available for adoption.



Owning a military dog isn't for everyone. Prospective owners must pass:

- Suitability testing
- Veterinary screening
- Eligible home environment criteria
- Completion of required paperwork

You may also want to consider learning about the skills and abilities needed to handle specially trained animals and the financial resources to provide adequate shelter, care, and medical attention. Ownership applicants must take part in an interview to determine the living environment for the dog and the expectations and experience of the prospective adopting family.

Some military working dogs need rehabilitation for Post-Traumatic Stress

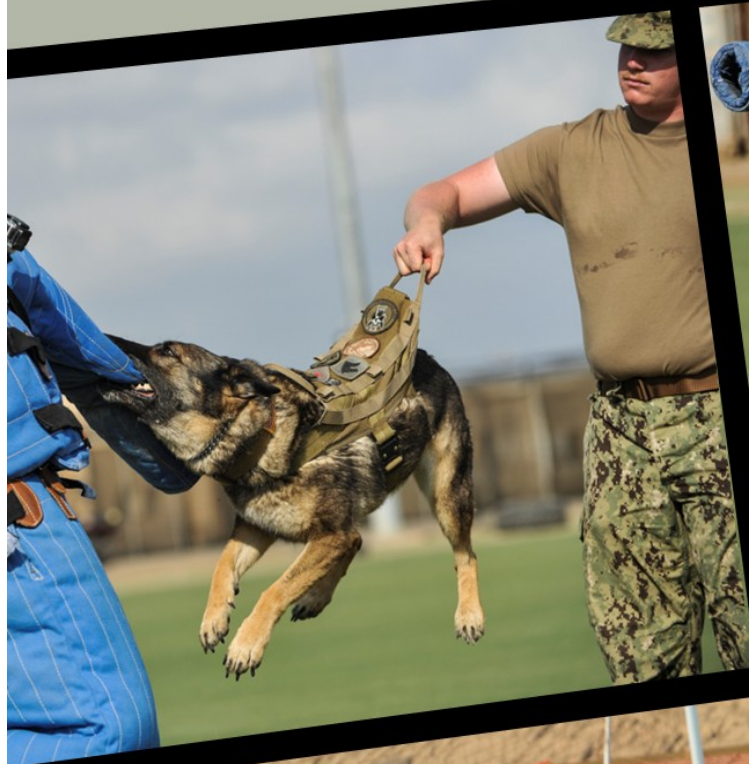
Disorder (PTSD) to help them recover before joining a new household.

To learn more about adopting a military dog, please visit the following websites:

- [Mal-FFunctions Disqualified Military Working Dog Rescue](#)
- [K9 Hero Haven](#)
- [Project K9 Hero](#)
- [DoD Military Working Dog Adoption Program](#)
- ["MWD Adoptions" Facebook page](#)

If you cannot adopt a dog but still want to give back to retired military working dogs, please consider donating to [The Ddamien Project](#) or to its extensive [Amazon Wish List](#).

Please enjoy a few
photos of the wonderful
US Navy dogs and
Handlers





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From the Team at MWDHM...

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Share your vision.

Share your voice.

Share your copy of
our newsletter.

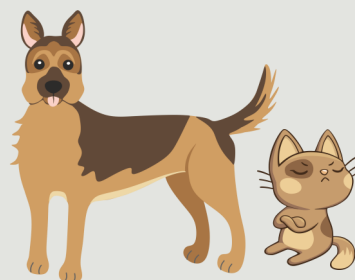
Important dates with Trooper and Scout

November 12, 2022 War Dog March Knoxville, TN

March 12, 2023 K9 Veterans Day Ceremony
American Legion Post #166, 201 S. Water Street East,
Fort Atkinson, WI 53538 1:30-3:00 PM

March 13, 2023— Dedication of the Coast Guard K9
Memorial— Coast Guard Base Alameda. California. Open
to the public. For more information, click [here](#)

July 17, 2023 - 25th
Anniversary Dedication
of the War Dog Memo-
rial at the University of
Tennessee in Knoxville.



Historic Pooch Pic of the Month



Master-at-Arms 1st Class Kenneth Lazorchak, left, and Master-at-Arms 1st Class George Blankenship lead military working dogs Marco and Donar over an obstacle during a training session. The dogs, part of NAS Pensacola's K9 Corps, are trained in drug interdiction and many secondary duties ranging from assisting officers on patrol to finding lost children.

Photo from 1991 courtesy of the National Archives (NARA.)

"The appearance of U.S. Department of Defense (DoD) visual information does not imply or constitute DoD endorsement."