



The Paw Print

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



Volume 2 Issue 4

April 2022

Special points of interest:

- Until the 26th moved to Fort Benning, it held the name of "Infantry Scout Dog Platoon."
- We are excited to share some of our early museum artifacts acquired by our Heritage Discovery Committee.

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Fort Riley's 26th ISDP Trained for Korea



Photo above of the 26th ISDP training at Fort Riley. Fort Riley was established in 1853 as a military post to protect the people and goods moving along the Oregon-California and Santa Fe trails. Fort Riley has always played an important role in the defense of our nation and the training of our Soldiers.

Source: DoD via Sandra Fickbohm.

When the United States entered the Korean conflict, only one Infantry Scout Dog Platoon was available at Fort Riley, Kansas, to deploy and assist combat patrols. Nevertheless, this Platoon, the 26th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon, conducted hundreds of combat operations and solidified the importance of Scout Dogs to senior military leaders.

The 26th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon was noted in Gen-

eral Orders, Department of the Army, No. 21, 27 February, 1953. An excerpt reads: "The 26th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon is cited for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services in direct support of combat operations in Korea from 12 June 1951 to 15 January 1953. During its service in Korea, the 26th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon has participated in hundreds of

combat patrol actions by supporting the patrols with the services of an expert scout dog handler and his highly trained scout dog." – (General Orders 114, Headquarters, Eighth United States Army, Korea, 18 January 1953). Since the Korean War, the Army's Military Working Dog (MWD) Program has evolved.

Source: Dogs and National Defense by Anna Waller, United States Army, Quartermaster Corps. 1958.

From the President's Desk



President, Albert Johnson



What a productive month we had at MWDHM in March! On the 11th of the month, we presented an exhibit sharing the importance of Military Working Dogs with the students and faculty of Maryville College, where I attend classes. During their busy day, students and faculty paused to inspect the artifacts and photos showcased and ask insightful questions. Talking dogs never gets old for me, especially when I can answer questions and share the narrative about how these excellent partners saved lives. Thank you to Maryville College Student Veterans Association for inviting us to share these amazing dogs and their stories with you all.

Planning continues for the Fort Benning Rededication and MWDHM Banquet event next month. Attendees may purchase tickets for the banquet on our website mwdheritagemuseum.org. If you plan to be at the rededication at the War Dog Monument, we ask that you go onto the website and follow the directions to enter pertinent info to ensure access to Fort Benning. Our volunteers have

worked tirelessly making phone calls, crafting emails, and even knocking on doors to make this the absolute best event we can. We look forward to seeing everyone face to face at the event. We are still taking donations and hunting for in-kind items for our auction and raffle and financial assistance towards the event itself. Our goal is to make it as financially friendly to all dog handlers as possible. We also have a few spots available for sponsorship. If you are interested in donating, please reach out to us at info@mwdhm.org, or you can mail to us at MWDHM PO Box 54 Newport TN 37821.

This month we have included a complex story, "A Bitter End," to present an honest look at every piece of the dog team experience: the good, bad, and ugly. This story needs telling, but it evokes strong emotions for everyone, and because of its content, we have included a warning label. It isn't easy to read - and challenged our writers and editors; however, I am grateful to David Adams for tackling the hard stuff. After reading the

article, please reflect on the losses. We invite you to continue through the issue, as we have more upbeat photos and stories following to balance this edition.

Our team of writers continues to pull from personal experiences, interviews, archived files, and stories near and dear to their hearts. In the files, Dixie came across an incredible archived photo of her friend, Vietnam Era Marine Dog Handler John Guerrero, that exemplifies the troop's desire to make a lasting impact on the lives of others. Unfortunately, the world lost this incredible man in May 2020.

Lastly, I wanted to highlight one of our newest shirt designs, titled **Rock, Paper, Scissors, Malinois**. If you buy one of these shirts in April, we will give you \$5 off if you use code: RPSM50OFF. Available at our [website store](http://website.store). We hope you enjoy this edition of The Paw Print and, as always,

K9 LEADS THE WAY!

Albert Johnson

Meet Former Marine SSD Handler, Chris Willingham, at Our May 13-15 Event



**Fort Benning
May 13-15, 2022**

Join our team at Fort Benning in May for opportunities to meet our great board members and volunteers. Chris Willingham, our USMC Coordinator will serve as the Keynote Speaker. But, we will also be blessed with speakers from the Vietnam Era, and others from the Global War on Terror. Come and show your support for a new museum that tells the stories and shares the heritage and history of military working dog teams. We look forward to seeing you there!

Korean-Era Handler, Carl Jacob Claus

by Dixie Whitman

In the northeast corner of Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, Carl Claus was born a week into the spring corn planting season, April 17, 1928. Iowans mark time by the seasons of the year: planting, growing, harvesting, and butt-deep snowdrifts. Small Iowa farms, like their soils, make for mellow, easy cultivation of corn, cows, and kids. In Cerro Gordo, the land is divinely rich and black - The Black Gold of Iowa, and with a plane so nearly perfectly level, a farmer can stand in the center of his land and survey every square inch of it. Carl's family farmed land two miles south of Plymouth, a hamlet that boasted a booming population north of 420 souls.

Carl flourished among the cornerstones of rural Iowa: family, faith, and farming. One cannot be a farmer without a deep and abiding faith. Carl enjoyed reading his Bible daily; he found great comfort in the wisdom and truths he found there.

His physical boundaries included the family's cattle pastures and the slow-moving Shell Rock River, which traces a ribbon of shallow water near enough to the family farm to run over for a swim or afternoon of fishing.

His intellectual boundaries, however, were limitless. True to Iowa's dedication to top-notch education, a community encouragement existed that inspired Carl to examine the world around him. With the typical enthusiasm of youth, the budding entomologist captured and cataloged all manner of insects, listing their common and scientific names.

His interests pulled him in a variety of directions. Like many young boys, he built model airplanes and daydreamed of his future while studying the aircraft suspended from his bedroom ceiling. A gifted student, Carl mastered school academics and especially excelled in music, sitting first chair clarinet in the school's band by the age of nine.

He likely received musical inspiration from the ranks of legendary clarinetists who visited the dazzling Surf Ballroom in nearby Clear Lake. It opened its doors on Carl's 7th birthday and is most famously known as the site of Buddy Holly's last gig on "The Day the Music Died."

Carl's appreciation and understanding of animals and farm life allowed his menagerie of critters to grow, including a pet dog



Carl Claus poses with another War Dog, Chris, in Korea.
Photo courtesy Iowa State Gold Star Hall Program.



Young Carl Claus holds the lead of his new bull Ayrshire calf, the first-place prize for a winning essay. This calf started the family's registered herd of dairy cattle.
Photo courtesy Iowa State Gold Star Hall Program.

and a favorite white rabbit received on Easter Sunday he named Hallelujah.

Farm kids meet the world head-on early in life and experience the natural world's rhythms by connecting with the Earth and its animals and crops. They become engaged with life: generally, they are given chores and expected to pitch in with daily farm life, learning responsibility, and their place in the world. Farms harvests also include great patriots

Around the age of ten, Carl won a contest with an essay entitled "Why My Father Should Raise Purebred Ayrshires." He received a registered Ayrshire bull calf as the grand prize, which began the family's purebred herd of milking cows. Quite a feat for someone so young. After school, he attended college and ended up at Ames' Iowa State University, focusing on Veterinary Sciences.

When the Korean War started, he put his education on hold, enlisted in the Army, and joined the 26th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon. His familiarity with dogs made his role as a Scout Dog Handler a natural and pragmatic job. He fit their needs: intelli-

gent and skilled at working with animals.

Training at Fort Riley, west of Kansas City, Carl counted his lucky stars to partner with his talented German shepherd dog, Rex. After training ended, the team of two shipped out in January 1952 for Korea: Corporal and K9.

Carl and Rex steamed their way across the Pacific via the Earlham-Victory with several other dog teams. By the time their transport arrived at Pusan, Korea, the fighting had intensified into an area known as the Iron Triangle, a region bordered by imaginary lines drawn between Cheorwon and Gimhwa-eup in the south and Pyonggang in the north. This distillation means that the fighting men, spread out across the 38th Parallel, moved into this battle space in increasing concentration.

On June 5, 1952, Carl and Rex took their turn on a night patrol to probe and push the Chinese west, across a valley, into an ambush set up by a neighboring unit. Rex alerted during the patrol, and Carl advised the team leader of the enemy's position, but the leader opted to move forward.



At Fort Riley, Kansas, west of Kansas City, Carl Claus met his partner, Rex. The two bonded and graduated from Scout Dog School together before shipping off for a tour in Korea. Photo credit: Clayton Haak

Sadly, the Chinese, located by Rex, opened up on the patrol, killing Rex immediately and severely wounding Carl. Evacuated to a MASH unit for medical care, he never recovered and died from his wounds on June 6, 1952. Two additional men died as a result of one deadly decision.

Maj. Gen. Lemnitzer, whom Carl had met the previous day, right before his last patrol, wrote a directive on June 16 that hints at the lack of understanding on utilization of Scout Dogs. "Once the dog has alerted, and the handler has interpreted the dog's actions to the patrol leader, then the mission for which they were attached to the patrol has been accomplished. They should at this time be

moved to the rear of the patrol and obtain maximum cover." (Lemnitzer, Maj. Gen. June 1952.)

Carl received the Silver Star and a Purple Heart posthumously. Sadly, the theme of patrol leaders not listening to handlers and not understanding the Scout Dog's full capabilities nor limitations continued. Hopefully, louder, more vital voices will ultimately make a difference and save even more lives.

Sources:

Ken Strawder and Clayton Haak, Dog Handlers of the 26th ISDP in Korea. Their writings and interviews via Sandra Fickbohm Granger.

Cold Noses, Brave Hearts, Fickbohm and Granger.

Iowa State University Gold Star Hall Program, November 11, 2009.

A Bitter End

As Told by James Hazelton to David Adams

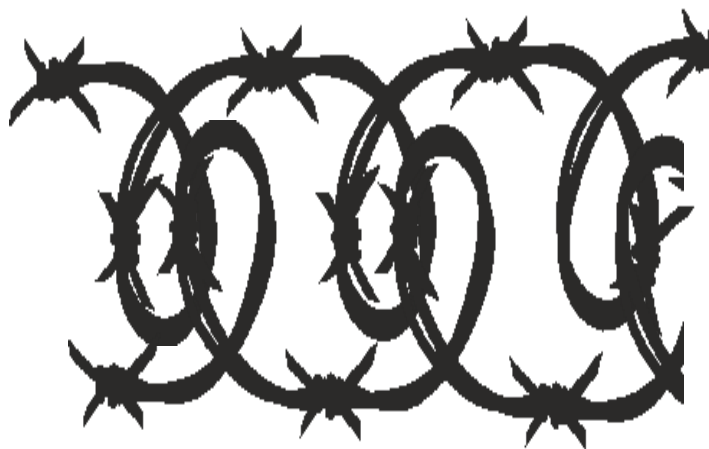
Advisement: Please be aware this article presents some disturbing truths; if you are easily distressed, we suggest you may not wish to read it.

~This article has been re-written from its first publication in a report to Congress by Thailand Dog Handlers regarding the use of Agent Orange in Thailand titled: "A Report to Congress – Inequities in Treatment of Vietnam Veterans – The Exclusion of Thailand Veterans," dated 27 April 2005.

After U.S. forces withdrew from South Vietnam in 1973, the U.S. maintained a presence in Thailand as a backup should military actions be required. In March 1975, North Vietnam launched a rapidly moving offensive, and on April 30th, the nation of South Vietnam ceased to exist. Once the conflict in Vietnam concluded, the U.S. began closing its operations on Thai air bases in stages. Air Force Security Police K9 units, which controlled perimeter security, were among the last contingents of U.S. personnel to depart. After Americans turned the perimeter control over to the Thai forces, the dog handlers boarded the Freedom Bird for home, but the dogs did not share in that ride.

Under Air Force policy, base records listed dogs as equipment. With no need for that many dogs at bases stateside or elsewhere, the rear echelon bean counters wrote them off as surplus equipment. The Air Force followed the same script in Thailand used in closing installations in Vietnam. For those not returned to the U.S., transferred to other U.S. installations, or turned over to local forces, policy dictated destruction by lethal injection. One cannot call it euthanasia, a term for mercy killing of a terminally ill animal. The dogs were healthy. The dogs that served selflessly and were credited with saving more than 10,000 American lives had no further purpose; they became excess equipment to be written off the inventory as scrapped material.

The U.S. closed operations systematically in Thailand, with the northern bases nearest the Laotian and Cambodian borders closing first. The Air Force moved the dogs from the installations closed first to those scheduled to wind down last. One of the last bases to close, Korat, operated with approximately 85 dogs but had a little over 100 dogs at its kennels when operations there ceased. The process



of shuttering a K9 unit in Southeast Asia is no better exemplified than the closure of the 388th SPS K9 Section at Korat Royal Thai Air Force Base.

James Hazelton was one of a couple dog handlers designated to assist Veterinarian Dr. Wilson to put the dogs down, conduct the required necropsy on each dog, and close the kennels. James shared the following story of this dark and bitter end to the K9 story in Thailand.

When America turned over perimeter security to the Thai military, the K9 handlers kenneled their dogs for the last time. They moved from their quarters near the base perimeter to the former officers' quarters located near the center of the base, awaiting air transport to the U.S. Dr. Wilson, with the aid of Hazelton and a couple of other handlers, began the

gut-wrenching process of putting the dogs down.

The handlers would bring in a dog, and Dr. Wilson would administer the lethal injection. The team put down five or six dogs in the morning; then, they began the process of conducting the necropsies on an assembly line basis. Due to the detailed nature of the postmortem, it took the remainder of the day to complete them for those five or six dogs. Finally, with the findings recorded and fluid and tissue samples taken, the team placed the dogs in a common grave. At the end of the first day, having no appetite to take in the evening meal, Dr. Wilson took his aides to the officers' club for drinks to dull their senses from the day's grizzly task.

Returning the following day to continue their assigned duty, they found the grave

that was to be the dogs' final resting place had been opened during the night, and the carcasses were taken. Sitting within 100 yards of the perimeter fence separating the base and a small village combined with little or no perimeter security, locals easily breached the barrier. They removed the dogs from their grave to take back to their town. The dogs' remains were most likely sold for consumption by Cambodian refugees.

The team proceeded through the same process as the day before, destroying another five dogs, completing the postmortems, and placing the animals in the common resting place. The thieves had once again raided the graves. The closing team attempted to thwart the

grave robbers by digging false graves, but it was pointless; they knew exactly in which grave the dogs lay. This process continued each day for four weeks until they had euthanized and necropsied 100 plus dogs.

Postscript:

To understand the tragic end to the Southeast Asia K9 story, one must view it in full context. How the Southeast Asia (SEA) K9 story ended was predetermined by how it began. As K9 teams deployed, first to Vietnam, then to Thailand, the dogs were removed from the installation inventory and added to the stock of the newly assigned installation. Handlers sent with their dogs completed their tour and returned, but the dog remained, with a replace-

ment handler teaming with the dog. Attrition and demand required periodic increases in K9 resources, but once a dog received an assignment to a base, it was a permanent fixture. This cycle continued from the initial introduction of dogs into the theater of operations until final withdrawal.

At the time of closure and withdrawal, there were very few shortages in K9 allocations and needs at installations outside Southeast Asia and state-side. Essentially, the Department of Defense possessed a surplus of 4,000 dogs with no place to reassign them. An adoption program for MWDs did not exist, and it would require an act of Congress to create one. The Robby Act providing for the adoption of MWDs finally happened

in November 2000, 25 years after the withdrawal from Southeast Asia.

Following the outrage by handlers that brought the issue into the public eye, the DoD vowed never to allow such a disgraceful situation to recur. To date, they've kept that promise. When K9 teams deploy today, they are sent and returned as a team. No dog is left behind. This policy has the advantage of extending the time handlers and dogs are paired, strengthening that vital relationship.

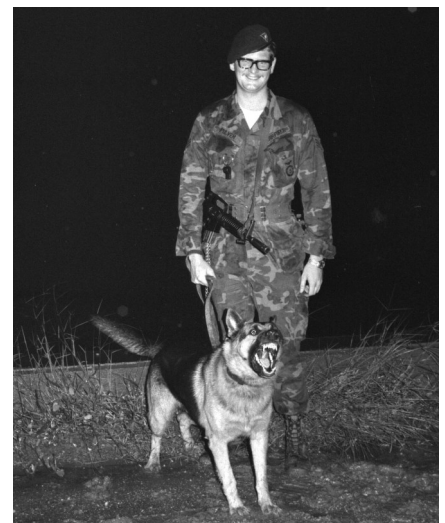
And, we honor the dogs of Korat with photos taken by the author. All photos below: *"Image courtesy the David Adams collection (AR.2011.037) via the National Museum of the United States Air Force."*



D. Scotty Carlson & Bullet 0M24



Mike Corley & Sam 46M4



Dale Pulver & Cedric 27M9

Praise and Play: The Sweet Rewards in Life

Photos by DoD photographers



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

Rex C058: The Old Dawg That Broke Me In

by Curtis Hendel

Making my second pass down the center aisle of a new kennel, my first kennel out in the field, the dogs met me at the gates to their enclosures, barking and snarling. This kennel was all indoors, unlike the facilities back at Lackland, and each kennel door sported a blue nameplate affixed to it. I was in "A" kennel at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea, and the name I sought was Rex C058, my new patrol partner.

Rex, an old black and tan German Shepherd, served all his years on Osan's perimeter. As he partnered with previous handlers, he gained a reputation as a fantastic dog. But, unfortunately, by the time I met him, his service on the perimeter was coming to an end. The years had worn him down physically and left him just plain tired.

As my first field dog, Rex would not present many challenges. He completed his assignments in training proficiently; he just couldn't do too many tasks. His hips were obviously bothering him, but he still enjoyed biting and putting everything he had into it, but what he had left in his tank permitted

only a few bites per session. As far as training went, there was not much I could do to improve his work except for caring for the old man and respecting his limitations.

Going to work with Rex was a similar situation. Once we were on post, I knew not to push him too hard. We took breaks so that he didn't get too sore during the shift, and I learned to respect his years of protecting the base's perimeter. Even though he was limited in his performance, I treated the Old Dawg very well; he had certainly earned it!

Looking at things from that perspective, one might conjecture that Rex would make you nervous when you were patrolling in the dark of night. His physical situation could certainly plant doubt in your mind and leave you wondering if he would allow someone to walk right up and slit your throat, a valid fear that close to North Korea. But, as much as the thoughts could come into your mind, Rex let me know that he was holding one Ace up his sleeve. You see, Rex hated the locals. I'm not talking about a



severe dislike or everyday hatred. No, Rex hated them with a passion.

You have to wonder if it was just a learned behavior or if one or more of the South Korean kennel attendants throughout his life had tormented him in his kennel with a water hose. When we were on the perimeter at night, there were several places where ROK soldiers could enter our area, as they often did. When this happened, Rex would go absolutely ballistic, lunging at them and hitting the end of the leash hard and, on occasion, even rearing up on his hind legs to snap and snarl at them.

Now I must admit that this fury only lasted for about thirty seconds be-

fore the Old Dawg had to stop to take a breath, but it would certainly have had been more than enough to let me know that bad guys were coming. Nevertheless, Rex would still protect me, and I believed in him.

Our time as a team didn't last long. My assistant squad leader returned to the States, which opened up the dog assigned to him. This newer, younger dog proved to be physically in much better shape. He would need some work and was not as proficient as Rex, but I was looking forward to the challenge.

As I moved to a younger dog and left the old man behind, I realized that Rex had taught me much, even though I didn't have

to do much training with him. Just as Valley, my first cream-pull girl, trained me to be soft with dogs that needed it back in Patrol Dog School, Rex taught me to respect that Old Dawg that had humped countless shifts and miles in the dark, protecting his handler and home.

I was Rex's last active handler, and I loved that Old Dawg. I could have passed on that younger dog and spent more time with Rex and would have been perfectly happy. The problem was that I had a responsibility to my base, squadron, and my fellow handlers to take on a younger dog that

had the physical capability to do more than Rex could.

Rex would also be the first dog to truly break my heart and take part of it with him. It was nothing that the Old Dawg had done wrong but rather how the next several months would play out for him. He would go on as a squad leader dog for several months, but when the new, young replacement dogs came out of quarantine, fates sealed his future. No matter how much we loved and cherished these old warriors, they didn't get to retire in 1986. They were euthanized. Euthanasia be-

came a cold, hard truth, a bitter pill for all of us.

Rex and the dog that I would handle next were escorted to the rainbow bridge during the summer of 1986, along with several other old dogs. Part of me felt fortunate that I didn't have to take on this task; part of me wishes I could have loved on him for just a little longer that day. I guess I feel like I should have been there with him that last day on earth, falsely reassuring him that he was going to be alright and that this was just another trip to the vet.

As I finish this piece, I realize that I have been

holding back some profound feelings for 35 years about that time in my career. As handlers, it wasn't our choice to finish the careers of our four-legged partners this way; it was the bean counters that made these decisions. Putting it on them doesn't make me feel any better, though.

This was a tragic ending to a long and honorable career. I just hope that Rex is waiting for me someday, along with a few other great Military Working Dogs with whom I was privileged to work.

Rest in Peace Patrol Dog Rex C058.

Our Treasure: A Message In A Collar

Our Heritage Discovery Team located a rare treasure. This stunning piece of War Dog history now belongs to Military Working Dog Heritage Museum, as part of our collection.

Thanks to a team volunteer with a keen eye for MWD memorabilia, we acquired this rare WWII military K9 collectible. It belonged to an Army dog and arrived with its hydrophobic oil cloth insert to protect messages against monsoons or streams.

We've also included a reference photo so you can see exactly how the collar worked. Before modern communication, a messenger dog worked with two handlers: one in the field and one at base, carrying life-saving messages between them.

If you have supported us through a donation or purchase, we thank you for making acquisitions possible. Please come and see it at our Fort Benning event!



Your donations make the difference. [Donate now.](#)

Right: DoD WWII Army photo



Break Time

by Michael Hurder

The heat is always oppressive this time of year. The moisture rolls out of my mouth like a font. My coat seemed so damp and heavy I thought it was slowing my pace and wished there was a way to shed it faster. Brushing every day, sometimes twice a day, didn't always help.

The Alpha insisted regardless.

"Get it, Prince. Find it. Go on. You can do it." His voice is my command, and I go.

The target has gone deep into the elephant grass. I'm not too fond of that stuff. If I make one wrong move, that stiff, slender blade will slash my eye or the corner of my mouth. So I carefully wind my way through the wide patch of green. The

target is here. I know it is. I can smell it; it's not far now.

FREEZE! A green wiggly, one of those pesky ones that make your face swell when you try to bite it. Over to the left, one of those crawly things with too many legs. They wrap around my muzzle when I grab them - too many legs. Hunter and prey are within feet of each other and don't seem to know it. Both move out of my path.

Small and furry, a creature moves past quickly. I have no time for it now. I recall - "Get it. Find it now," and move on again.

Aha! The sphere we sought last time lies to my right. It barely holds his scent now. Here it is, though. Is that

command more critical? "Come on, Boy. Get it" His call prods me onward. At last, there it is; I grip it tightly and make my way to the Alpha, marking the sphere's location. He'll be proud that I finally found it. He will love me.

I break free of the weeds and prance to him. He is showing his teeth. A sign of his pleasure, I know. Indeed I will be treated. He takes the disc from my mouth, and sure enough, there is the meat cube.

"Good boy, Prince. You found that pesky Frisbee. Good boy."

He's delighted I turn and scramble through the dense undergrowth and return shortly with the sphere.



Alpha is beside himself with joy. Then, more treats, and best of all, he envelops me with his arms.

This place and time I share with Alpha are the best of all, and I tell him. "WOOF!"

"WOOF," he responds. I know he means, "I love you, Prince."

Volunteer Spotlight on Albert Bretado



The team at MWDHM is pleased to shine the Volunteer Spotlight on our website designer, Albert Bretado,

If you haven't had an opportunity to investigate our new website, we encourage you to do so. Its fabulous user experience and well-designed functionality offer fresh, quality content.

Albert's former 11 Bravo MOS shouldn't come as a surprise as he's proven himself an enterprising, natural

leader. His Army career included two combat deployments to Baghdad and Ramadi in Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Currently, he works as a web developer in southern California, where he lives with his wife and family. We appreciate his time and talent.

Please take a moment to visit us at and see Albert's work:

mwdheritagemuseum.org



MILITARY WORKING DOG HERITAGE MUSEUM FORT BENNING WAR DOG MEMORIAL REDEDICATION



WHEN

May 13-15, 2022

WHERE

**Fort Benning &
The National Infantry Museum**

FEATURING War Dog Memorial Rededication • Army MWD Program K9 Demonstration • Fort Benning K9 Walk Through (Exclusive for former Military Working Dog Handlers) • Hospitality Room • Tours of National Infantry Museum • Meet and Greet with Handlers from Various Eras and Branches of Service • Banquet and Fundraising Auction • Military Working Dog Heritage Store

SIGN UP AT

**[HTTPS://MWDHERITAGEMUSEUM.ORG/
EVENT/2022-FORT-BENNING-REDEDICATION/](https://mwdheritagemuseum.org/event/2022-fort-benning-reedication/)**



**Military Working Dog
Heritage Museum.**

MILITARY WORKING DOG
MEMORIAL REDEDICATION



SCAN ME

**SCAN THIS CODE FOR
BASE ACCESS**



JOIN US

**TO HONOR OUR PAST, PRESENT,
AND FUTURE WAR DOG TEAMS
WHO SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES
PROTECTING OUR GREAT NATION.**

MWDHM'S MISSION

**THIS EVENT IS TO SUPPORT OUR
WAR DOGS (PAST, PRESENT AND
FUTURE). THE MWDHM IS
DEDICATED TO PRESERVING OUR
K9 HISTORY. TOGETHER WE ARE
COMMITTED TO LEADING WITH
INTEGRITY AND OPERATIONAL
EXCELLENCE. WITH A SPIRIT OF
COLLABORATION AND A PLEDGE OF
INCLUSIVENESS AND COMPAS-
SION, WE HAVE ACCEPTED THE
TASK OF CREATING A WORLD
CLASS MUSEUM. OUR PROMISE IS
TO HONOR OUR AMERICAN MILI-
TARY K9 FAMILY AND TELL ITS
STORY IN A RESPECTFUL MANNER.**

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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

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Military Working Dog Heritage Museum



Recycle, please.

Share your story.

Share your vision.

Share your voice.

Share your copy of
our newsletter.

Important dates with Trooper and Scout

May 13-15 2022 Events at Fort Benning. Hospitality room, War Dog Memorial Rededication, K9 Demonstration, Tours of the National Infantry Museum, Banquet, Auction, and more. Find details on our website under the Events tab.

May 16, 2022— 3 PM– 7PM MWDHM Fundraiser at Semper Fi Bar and Grille, 9770 Main St, Woodstock, GA 30188 with former War Dog Handlers. \$15 Italian meal. Tickets sold at cost—all monies in excess go towards the Museum's missions.

**July 17, 2023 – 25th
Rededication of the War
Dog Memorial at the
University of Tennessee in
Knoxville .**



Historic Pooch Pic of the Month



**John Guerrero Presents a
Check to Nurse's Aide, 1967.**

Good Shepherd: Marine Corporal John J. Guerrero (Topeka, Kansas) presents a \$100 check to nurse's aide Nguyen Le Thi Chi at Hoa Khanh Children's Hospital near Da Nang. Guerrero and his dog, Wolf 150X, are members of the Scout Dog Platoon, 3d Military Police Battalion, whose members donated the money (official USMC photo by Sergeant Andrew M. Chambers).

From the Jonathan Abel Collection (COLL/3611), Marine Corps Archives & Special Collections.

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