



The Paw Print

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



Volume 3 Issue 9

September 2023

Special points of interest:

- **Korat: Walking The Perimeter.**
- **Celebrating the Air Force K9 Heritage.**
- **Combat Trackers.**

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Lackland's Military Working Dog Teams National Monument Celebrates Its 10th Anniversary on October 27th.



The 10th Anniversary Committee, led by the Airman Heritage Foundation, is currently formulating final details so that anyone wishing to attend can make plans to be there. As this event will take place on an active military installation, security protocols require pre-registration of all non-ID cardholders no later than September 15, 2023. To add your name and information to the request for access, or if you have any questions about the event, please contact Christopher Dion at k9dion71@gmail.com

Photo courtesy: Will Jenkins of Upstyle Video.

On October 27, 2023, a celebration will occur at the Military Working Dog Teams National Monument. Join the K9 Community in honoring this magnificent monument between the hours of 10:00 AM to 2:00 PM. The event will feature several K9 organizations and Keynote Speaker, Mr. John Burnam.

JBSA-Lackland in San Antonio, Texas is a closed installation requiring approved military ID to gain installation access.

If you plan to attend but do not have the required military ID, please contact Christopher Dion at: k9dion71@gmail.com and provide the necessary information.

The deadline for this request is September 15, 2023.

We have plans to livestream this event (with fingers crossed the technology works with us.) Plan to attend if you can, but if you can't, plan to stop by our Facebook page and participate virtually.

From the Vice President's Desk



Lane Hagerdorn
Vice President



What is it about Military Working Dogs, Handlers, and their supporters? Why do we share the stories, relive the moments, and find ways to preserve and demonstrate all things K9?

In my soul, I feel it is in large part because we are uncommon.

A quick lookup of the word *uncommon* defines it as "out of ordinary or unusual," and boy, that describes most of us!

Take this month's newsletter as a case in point.

The first edition of David Adams' article centers around the *uncommon*. From the revised Rules of Engagement designed to keep him alive and the base protected, to unexpected (read *uncommon*) animal and insect threats, all the way up to a newly created rifle that was commonly *uncommon*.

On your journey through his tale, look for his other "uncommon" observations and experiences – you'll find them intriguing and insightful!

Challenge coins have been an "uncommon" military tradition for years. Like most military traditions, the history of their origin is murky, but WW1 is their commonly agreed origin. The story goes that a wealthy military officer struck bronze medallions with his flying squadron's insignia and gave the coins to each squadron member

before leaving for missions over Europe.

Today these coins are usually made with much less valuable metals but are rich in their *uncommon* stories, shapes, and depictions. And best of all, now you can be a part of their *uncommon* history with the "Coins for a Cause" MWD Heritage Museum Mobile Museum fundraiser.

Check it out and buy yours to help support our plans for a traveling museum dedicated to bringing our *uncommon* history to events near you!

One of the most uncommon things in this world of *uncommons* is the missions different dog teams specialize in. Throughout history, dog teams trained in search and rescue, crowd control, law enforcement patrol, public demonstrations, narcotic detection, mine detection, explosive detection (my specialty), and in modern combat, specialized search. Dog teams also have *uncommon* abilities in tracking humans and uncovering where they have been and where they are. During the Vietnam era, these *uncommon* skills were finely honed and deployed as Combat Trackers. To get a peek inside these teams' *uncommon* life, check out the reprint from the Sept-Oct 1969 Infantry Magazine article.

When I was a young and eager trainee dog handler in detection school (where

they taught us the art and science of explosive and narcotic detection as a dog team), the most fascinating thing I learned was how a dog uses its olfactory (smelling) system like we do our hearing. What is also *uncommon* is how keenly a dog can detect movement visually and alert a handler to a previously undetected threat. The article in this month's newsletter from McConnell AFB is another example of *uncommon* people doing *uncommon* things to keep those senses sharp and prepared to detect and eliminate threats to our men and women!

This edition has so much more to enjoy and appreciate, and the final *uncommonly* amazing thing I'd like to highlight is the men and women who make this all happen. Chief Calabro is highlighted in the Volunteer Shoutout this month. Check out Rob's story and all he has contributed in a very short time to 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.

Thank you for *uncommonly* supporting your Military Working Dog Heritage Museum, and please enjoy!

K9 Leads the Way!
Lane Hagerdorn

Tales From the Perimeter

Southeast Asia – Korat RTAFB, Thailand – Part 1 Arrival

Upon arriving at the 388th Security Police Sq. in late October 1969, our 1st Sergeant welcomed us with his speech for new troops. "You all have been trained with the rules of engagement if someone comes across the fence."

Yep, knew it well, blow your whistle and holler "halt" three times, and if he doesn't stop, release your dog and/or shoot.

"Well," he continued, "look around. This isn't the States. You don't have idiot curiosity seekers here; I don't want to be writing letters to your mothers telling them you were killed because you were an idiot. If someone comes over the fence, you cut your dog loose, and while your dog is going after him, holler "halt" three times quickly. No one around here is going to say it happened any other way because they know they'll be dealing with me!"

At the kennels, I was introduced to my new partner, Rex 7A98. He was a slender dog that weighed in at about 75 lbs. After my prior dog, King 12M5, a huge German Shepherd that tipped the scales at 100, he looked petite.

Meeting King at Sentry Dog School was easy. I was his first handler, and he was ready to get out of that run with anyone willing to hook the leash to him. Rex had at least one previous handler and made his attitude clear. "Who are you? I dare you to open that door."

After talking to him for a few minutes that seemed like 30, I concluded the longer I waited, the more of an upper hand I gave him. I showed him the leash and choke chain, opened the door, slipped it over his head, and out we went. I briefly walked him around the training grounds, then slid my hand down his back. His muscles were taut, but he decided he would let me do that. Obviously, this would not be a 'love at first sight relationship.'

We were given a couple of days to work with our dogs to get acquainted and briefed on how things were done, as well as an explanation of the display in large formaldehyde jars in the kennel's vet clinic: a Banded Krait, Bamboo Pit Viper, three varieties of Cobras, a large black scorpion, and a huge foot long centipede, the likes of which I had never seen. All capable of a poisonous bite that would make us or our dogs sick or dead.

Story and photos by David Adams



Korat RTAFB Kennels Vet Clinic Display included all manner of things that crawled in the night. All of them could be deadly to dogs or handlers.

If our dog got bit, identifying the perpetrator was vital.

"Oh, you may encounter a Giant Python," the Kennel Master said. "They're not poisonous, but if they get a hold of your dog, you have a problem." And nobody ever mentioned the Bengal Tigers that could appear coming out of the jungle along the Munition Storage Area (MSA) perimeter.

I was assigned to "A" flight on the first shift rotation—another difference from stateside. Back home, the first shift was from dusk to midnight, and the second shift was from midnight to dawn, but here the first shift was from 1900 to 0200 hours, and the second shift was 2300 to

0700 hours. The second shift didn't replace the first shift. From 2300 to 0200 hours, we doubled up splitting posts during the "critical hours." The time a sapper attack was most likely to occur.

I drew my assigned weapon, a GAU 5A. I had not seen one before, but it was an M16 with a shorter barrel, round hand-guard, and expandable rear stock, so there was nothing new to learn. In addition, we carried extra ammo magazines, three slap flares, and an excellent Motorola radio. Compared to the junk at my prior base, this was superb equipment. It also told me that, unlike SAC 'War Games,' this was real here. This was why I

signed up for K9 and what we trained for in Sentry Dog School.

As I rode the posting truck around the perimeter that first night, waiting to be dropped at my assigned position, I saw very few posts of cleared 200 sq. yds. The dirt perimeter road followed the fence line of barbed wire, occasional tanglefoot, and sections with concertina wire. The dense jungle grew up close to the fence. Tall mangrove trees with thick undergrowth dominated the interior side of the road. No perimeter lighting illuminated the area beyond the fence as we had Stateside. To say it was dark was an understatement. The only 200 sq yd cleared posts I saw were ones on the edge of the runway across from the F-4 Phantoms and EC-121s.

The truck stopped at Kilo 21A/B, and my name was called out. I climbed down, lifted Rex to the ground, and walked up to the driver, who explained my post boundaries.

"Your post is that spur road. It dead ends about 400 yards from here. Walk the fence line to the end and check the trip flares to ensure none have been tripped or tampered with. Call it in if you

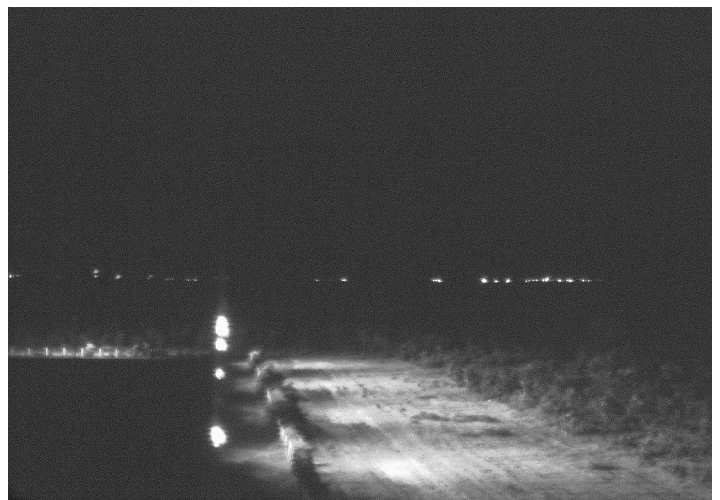
find any that need to be replaced. At 11, second shift will come on, and your post will be 21A from here for 200 yards. The second shift will cover the other 200. You'll be picked up around 2. Any questions?"

As I peered down the narrow single-track rutty road that disappeared into the darkness with thick jungle on both sides, I had questions. A lot of questions! But I wasn't going to ask this guy and let him know that my adrenalin had just shot up. "No, I got it," I told him as if I did this all the time, like a dog walk in the park. He turned the truck around and headed on his way, probably laughing because a new guy just got stuck on the post from hell.

I switched Rex's choke chain to a leather collar, staring down that road into the darkness. It was a real, *'Toto, I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore,'* moment. My mind started replaying the nightly news I'd been watching through much of my high school years, not all that far in the past, about fire-fights and body counts. I thought about the war games I played as a kid and realized Mom wasn't saving me by calling me home for dinner. Then it skipped to those formalde-



K9 Post Kilo 21 A/B 1970. This is the post that David Adams walked on his first night as Rex's handler at Korat Royal Thai AFB.



View of MSA fence line from 60ft high guard tower showing cleared area from fence to the jungle

hyde jars in the kennel vet clinic. I wasn't concerned about me getting bit. It was for Rex. Dogs are excellent at perceiving threats but not so good at assessing their danger level. He would likely not fare well in a fight with a snake.

I reached down for that security blanket and found the warm silky hair of my dog's coat. I stroked it and gave Rex words of encouragement. At that moment, I realized it wasn't encouragement for my dog. It was for me. Rex looked up at me, and I could read his eyes. *'What are you waiting for?'* That first 400-yard walk along the fence line was spent looking at a trip flare and then for things that crawled in the night until I got to the next flare, spaced about 20 yards apart. Given this was my first posting, I knew how far back the K9 teams were that were dropped off before I was, but I had no idea how far away the those yet to be posted were from me. I felt totally isolated. Rex and I still didn't know one another. It was just the two of us to face whatever the night brought us along that 400-yard stretch of perimeter fence line, at least until 11 PM when B Flight would join us.

On our second night, Rex and I were posted in the Munitions Storage Area (MSA) that was located five miles south of the base. Carved out of a jungle, it contained open three-sided earthen revetments about twenty-five feet high filled with 500 and 750 lb. bombs as well as napalm.

The revetments were to prevent chain-reaction explosions if one blew up. Here, however, we had our cleared area between the backside of the revetments to the perimeter fence. Perimeter lighting illuminated a 100-yard-wide area from the fence to the edge of the jungle that was free of vegetation of any kind. It was ideal for sentry dogs. With a five-foot-high wire fence the perimeter barrier was nearly nonexistent compared to the perimeter in the states where we had better odds of winning a lottery than experiencing a penetration.

About midway into the shift, Rex alerted. He stood erect, focused, staring into the jungle. I looked but couldn't see anything. Then I heard it. A squeaking/creaking sound. Then it emerged from the dense foliage on a narrow-rutted pathway into the lighted area—a water buffalo-drawn cart filled with char-



David Adams & Rex 7A98 Image courtesy the David Adams collection (AR.2011.037) via the National Museum of the United States Air Force.

coal guided by a man on foot. I felt like I had just traveled back to the Middle Ages. Once in the clearing, the man stopped his buffalo, built a campfire, and fell asleep.

I called it in. After all, he was camped in my security zone, and I was guarding several revetments filled with stuff that didn't react well to fire.

"10-4 MSA 5. Keep the fire under observation and keep this station advised," was the response.

As the days and weeks of my 12-month tour passed, I felt more comfortable on the base perimeter posts. The heavy vegetation that separated our posts from the flight line kept its bright lights from silhouetting us. Our dogs would alert us to anyone approaching, but we would blend in with heavy foliage behind us. It felt like crawling under a nice warm blanket on a cold evening.

K9 owned the night.

Next Month: Part II

Clear Vision, Wet Noses

Story and photos by Airman Gavin Hameed, 22nd Air Refueling Wing Public Affairs

MCCONNELL AIR FORCE BASE, Kan. – A team of ophthalmologists from Kansas State University's Veterinary Health Center visited McConnell Air Force Base, where they provided free eye exams for military working dogs.

Dr. Jessica Meekins, an associate professor of ophthalmology at KSU Veterinary Health Center, Manhattan, Kan., explained that the exams involve dilating the dogs' eyes and screening for abnormalities on the surface of the eye, cataracts, retina problems and issues with optic nerves deep within the eye.

"We really emphasize eye health," said Meekins. "Not only because vision is important to the jobs that service animals perform, but because some of the diseases that we screen for could potentially be impactful from a quality-of-life standpoint."

Each year, board-certified veterinary ophthalmologists across the U.S. and other countries and collectively provide more than 7,500 free eye exams as part of the American College of Veterinary Ophthalmologists/Epicur Pharma's National Ser-

vice Animal Eye Exam campaign. Since its establishment in 2008, the event has provided over 76,000 eye exams to service and working animals. The Veterinary Health Center at KSU has been participating in the event since 2013.

"The working dogs at McConnell responded remarkably well to these exams," said Meekins. "They all were extremely cooperative and that's all thanks to their handlers who work with them on a daily basis, there's a lot of trust in that relationship."

In addition to McConnell, the KSU team is conducting eye exams at other locations, including Kansas Specialty Dog Service (KSDS) Assistance Dogs Inc., a nonprofit organization providing guide dogs for the visually impaired, service dogs and police dogs.

"It's really an honor to be able to care for these dogs for all that they do for our country," said Meekins. "It's just been an amazing experience to get to work with them and get to know them, just do a little bit to help with their health care."



MWD Sani awaits her eye exam at the McConnell AFB Veterinary Clinic.



Dr. Jessica Meekins, an ophthalmology professor, gives MWD Sani an exam.



MWD Sani and SrA Joseph Fox stand outside the McConnell vet clinic.

Combat Trackers

by SP5 Tom P. Gable and SP4 James W. Brown



From 54 years ago, please enjoy this reprint from the Sept-Oct 1969 Infantry Magazine. No info available on photos.

A Labrador Retriever expertly leads a group of men through the dense jungle, sniffing the ground as he moves. Suddenly, he stops, and those with him are on the alert. The enemy is nearby.

This combination of dog and man is not the well-known Scout Dog team. It is the highly trained and effective Combat Tracker team. Its mission is to track the enemy for the infantry.

The British in Malaysia were the first to combine the Labrador Retriever's ability to follow a scent with man's ability to visually follow a trail, and it was from the British that the Army secured its first Combat Trackers. Both the dog and his human companions initially were trained by the British. The program was so success-

ful that the Army has now established a tracker school at Fort Gordon, Georgia.

Two units in Vietnam which still have British-trained teams are the 63rd Infantry Platoon-Combat Tracker (IPCT), Americal Division, and the 65th IPCT, 9th Infantry Division. The platoon is organized into three teams of five men and one tracker dog. Each team consists of a dog, his handler, a visual tracker, the team leader, and two cover men.

First Lieutenant Bradley N. Mercer of the 65th IPCT is quick to point out the difference between scout and tracker teams. "A lot of people confuse us with scout dogs. Scout dogs are trained to alert on any foreign smell in the area. Trackers follow one scent. They must have something to start with, like a footprint or blood trail. This puts a 'scent picture' in their mind, and they can follow it almost anywhere."

Once in the field, the visual tracker scrutinizes the area, looking for footprints, blood, bent grass, broken twigs, or anything else that indicates the direction of the enemy's flight. The tracker will follow the trail as far as he can, then he puts the dog to work.

"The trail can be 24 hours old, and the dogs can still follow it," says Sergeant Samuel A. Blile, a team leader with the 65th IPCT. "The fresher the trail, the easier it is to follow. If the trail isn't too old, we can track in water or just the scent in the air."

The dogs have a greater success in dense vegetation than in open areas because the human scent lingers longer in thick undergrowth. If the dog loses the scent, one of two things happens, either the animal is given its leash and allowed to "cast," sniffing the general area where the scent was lost, or the visual tracker takes over to detect any footprints, broken branches, or other indicators left by the fleeing enemy.

Not barking while on a track is one important quality of the talented Labradors; another is the ability to notify his handler when the enemy is near.

"It is a subtle sign, and the handler must know his dog well." Lieutenant Mercer said, "If the scent becomes particularly strong, the dog might just raise his head, wag his tail, twitch his ear, or stop completely. The handlers are trained to watch for these signs."

The team is effective when promptly brought to the field after a contact, according to Platoon Sergeant Gary L. Loquist of the 65th IPCT. "One time, we were called in to check out a trail that, at the outset, showed just three enemy soldiers. As we progressed on the track, we soon discovered that over 100 Viet Cong had been in the area.



A battalion reacted to our information and wiped them out."

In another instance, a tracker team followed a trail from a battle site and soon found a cache of AK-47 rifles, rocket-propelled

launchers, ammunition, and medical supplies.

Thus the use of man's best friend in a rather unique role has added a new dimension to the fighting in Vietnam.



Volunteer Shoutout



We are excited to have this former Navy handler and avid K9 enthusiast on our team. Chief Robert "Rob" Calabro puts the fun into "fun"draising—and pretty much anything else he touches. He supported his suggestion to hold a Challenge Coin Fundraiser by donating a fistful of first-rate coins, which was crucial to starting our collection,

(Have a look at page 9 and order your tickets!)

In addition to supporting the Fundraising Team, Rob is working on the Social Media Team, making connections for the Newsletter Team, and in general, keeping busy and keeping Navy K9 on target.

Rob, thanks for all that you do. Working with you on projects is always a pleasure, and we know you will leverage your K9 expertise into an eloquent voice for the museum.

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THE DOG GROUP

Mud!

By Michael Hurder

There was mud dripping from my chin and nose. I was prone in a fighting position alongside the northern berm. Prince was even more of a mess – and he loved it. I was still learning the ropes with Prince, and it was two days before we graduated from Patrol Dog School at the Dog Training Detachment on Bien Hoa - February 12, 1972.

Santi was in a tower, Rex in his kennel. I could see him snickering at my mud-crusted self, but maybe he was cold and wet like me and shivering. Diaz was on the other side of the tower with his K9, about 50 meters away from me. Both K9s alerted to sound, rotating their ears to isolate a direction, seemingly just outside the wire. SHIT! Both teams hit the mud at the closest fighting positions. Santi was cursing the StarLight scope while trying to locate the threat. While dryer than us up in the tower, I'm sure Santi would rather not be in the apparent target his position represented. The sooner we found the threat, the better.

This was our first night pulling guard duty on the berm. We'd spent the pre-

vious two weeks bonding with our new partners and learning our new role as Patrol Dog Handlers. This night's duty was to help acclimate us to working in the dark, as that would be our regular operating time. The rain was a bonus.

The monsoon season was technically over. This storm was a fluke. One day it was dry and dusty. The next day, Bien Hoa was transformed into a river of mud with some buildings (seemingly) floating around in it. Looking off into the distance before night fell, I could see the Elephant Grass swaying with the waves of drenching rain as the wind whipped across the terrain.

Before I was completely drenched and hating the RVN later that night, I was once again mesmerized by its beauty and cowed by its ability to reduce man to his baser instincts simply by turning on the faucet. All I wanted was for the night to be over. All Prince wanted was to roll in the mud.

Directing us to prosecute our alerts, Santi remained vigilant in the tower using just the Mark-one eyeball.



In a comedy of Keystone Cop slips and falls, both teams worked further away from the tower on either side, then back towards it again. I was appalled at the condition of my weapon. Both K9s intermittently alerted to sounds and perhaps sights from beyond the berm. Neither dog aggressively tried to get to the source of the alerts but instead just showed a curious interest, as if they may have found a plaything. Prince's nose fluttered, trying to sort smells from all that moisture. I was terrified, and since moods travel up and down the leash, I'm sure I was adding to Prince's angst. I wanted to peer over the top of the berm, which was

pretty low here compared to the rest of the Base Camp. Prudence won out, and I stayed as low as possible – down with the damn mud.

All we knew was that something was outside the wire in our AO, and none of us could see it. The shivers increased tenfold. In a few heartbeats, I loosed a litany of needs; I prayed for light and that my weapon wouldn't jam. I prayed Prince didn't get hurt and Santi would be safe in the damn tower.

I thought that maybe Diaz would save us since I couldn't see a thing. I thought how wonderful it would be to sit with Mom and Pop in the living room, bored to death

watching reruns of Bonanza. I shook some more.

Santi had the Radio in the tower. With no joy coming from our efforts to fix and prosecute the source of the alerts, he called CQ. In moments, the berm was swarming with seasoned vets from the platoon who soon discovered the source of the problem. An NCO pointed his red-shielded flashlight into the inch-deep river of mud on the other side of the berm, illuminating a mass exodus of rats from in and around the once-dry shacks and hooches they called home.

With murmurs of "F'n newbies" trailing in their wake, our cadre slogged back to dryer climes. For our part, we three resolute defenders of freedom were nearly in tears. I can't speak for the oth-

ers, but mine weren't tears of laughter at our foolishness.

I was casting forward in time and trying desperately to find a warrior somewhere in my immediate future. If I was going to piss my pants over rats, what would happen when the stuff hit the fan for real.

We all went through these doubts, and fortunately, the cadre had these actual evolutions, like pulling guard on the berm, scheduled into our retraining while with the Detachment and within spitting distance of an entire platoon of shooters if needed. The metered baptism into what to expect in-country was another of the many benefits of being a newbie handler working out of a base camp in 1972 Vietnam. Aside from the

NVA's Spring offensive, crushed again by B-52, there weren't many American combat ops in WarZone D for most of 1972. On Bien Hoa, we had the luxury of relative safety to learn in. Most other 11-B newbies in-country had a far more terrifying introduction to the Nam, inserted to the jungle and combat patrols right off the plane.

Meanwhile, back on Bien Hoa, it wasn't long before we fell into a comfortable yet guarded routine.

My confidence grew after more stints on the berm and other exposed areas. This sense of security came with the knowledge that I was paired up with one of the baddest soldiers in Vietnam, Prince-16x5.

Being scared in Vietnam was nothing to be

ashamed of. The caution gained from these early experiences might get you back home.

Training does work with willing students. The Cadre at the Dog Training Detachment were exemplary teachers and far more supportive mentors than disciplinarians. Back stateside, everyone just yelled a lot.

Thinking back on that night in the mud, a smile slides onto my face. How one place could be so different from another, even in the same conditions, makes me pause. After all, didn't we used to love rolling in the mud as kids? We might even have been pretending to be *Army Men* not too many years before then.

Go figure!

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Who said you can't buy happiness?

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10th Anniversary Monument Rededication in San Antonio, Texas

by Christopher Dion

October 28, 2013, saw the culmination of over ten years of effort, sacrifice, and commitment to making the dream of thousands of Military Working Dog handlers from WW2 till today a reality. On this day, the John Burnam Monument Foundation unveiled the one-of-a-kind US Military Working Dog Teams National Monument. This monument is the first National Monument dedicated to a single joint service career field and to the dogs that have served our nation's military since WW2.

Following its unveiling, the non-profit Airman Heritage Foundation (AHF) accepted financial responsibility for the care, maintenance, and promotion of this national treasure on behalf of the USAF and the American people. They did this because the USAF primarily leads the DoD Canine Program, headquartered at JBSA-Lackland, TX. This leadership role is significant to the history and heritage of the USAF and is a point of pride to the Airman Heritage Foundation.

As this year marks the tenth anniversary of this historic monument, it was decided by the AHF Board of Directors to coordinate a commemoration ceremony to celebrate this anniversary. Toward this goal, the AHF put together a committee that consists of members of the 502 ABW Wing Staff Agencies, 37th TRW Wing Staff Agencies, 341st Training Squadron, Holland Military Working Dog Hospital, USAF Security Forces Center, 802nd Security Forces Squadron, and the TSA Canine Training Center to plan, coordinate, and conduct this event. This celebration will be on Friday, October 27, 2023, from 10 AM – 2 PM at San Antonio's JBSA-Lackland AFB.

If you are interested in attending this historic event but do not have a military or retired ID, please get in touch with Mr. Christopher Dion at k9dion71@gmail.com before September 15, 2023, so that you can be added to the Entry Authority List by the 802nd Security Forces Squadron.



OCTOBER 27, 2023
TIMELINE OF EVENTS
US Military Working Dog Teams National Monument

1000-1100
EVENT 1
Canine demo, meet and greet, information tables

Ceremony **1100-1200**
EVENT 2

1200-1300
EVENT 3
Reception hosted by Rocky Mountain Dawgs Project "Feed the Dawgs."

CEREMONY:
WELCOME

PRESENTATION OF COLORS BY 341 TRS JOINT SERVICE HONOR GUARD

NATIONAL ANTHEM BY MR. DAVID MAIN

INVOCATION BY MR. PATRICK YEOMAN (TSA)

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION OF DVS/VIPS

COMMENTS BY 502 ABW CC

COMMENTS FROM CHIEF US ARMY VETERINARY CORPS

"GUARDIANS OF THE NIGHT" READ BY KM/TRAINER STUDENT

KEYNOTE SPEAKER, MSGT JOHN BURNAM, US ARMY (RETIRED)

CUTTING OF THE ANNIVERSARY CAKE (JOHN BURNAM & HC STUDENT)

PLAYING OF SERVICE MEDLEY BY BAND OF THE WEST

Honoring Air Force K9





*Military Working Dog
Heritage Museum &
Handler Center
P.O. Box 54
Newport, TN 37822
Phone: 865-507-8903*

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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Share your voice.
Share your copy of
our newsletter.

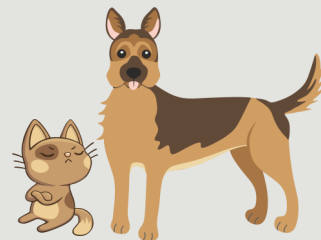
Important dates with Trooper and Scout

Sept 10-16, 2023 — 41st Vietnam and All Veterans Reunion
Howard County Healing Field 8313 East 400, South Greentown, IN

Sept 28- Oct 1, 2023 Great Smoky Mountain Cluster Dog Show
Jacob Building—3301 E. Magnolia, Knoxville, TN

October 4-8, 2023 Vietnam Security Police Assoc. 28th Reunion
Joint Base Charleston, SC [VSPA 2023 Reunion](#)

October 27, 2023— A commemoration of the 10th Anniversary of the Military Working Dog Teams National Monument— Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, TX . Deadline for registration to attend: September 15.



Historic Pooch Pic of the Month



In this photo Fairchild AFB handler, Melissa Schmalhorst, worked with MWD Bety R204 on controlled aggression. Bety was very green in this photo. Melissa was teaching her to cap her drive during the standoff.