



# *The Paw Print*

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



Volume 3 Issue 11

November 2023

## Special Points of Interest

- Honoring the Marine Corps Birthday.
- Celebrating Veterans Day.
- New Memorial Statue in Platteville, Colorado.

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## Marine Mine and Booby Trap Dog Handlers



Can you help with names? From sources, front row (l to r): Larry Casanova, Arnie Miller, Willie Hardwick, UNK, David Blevins (?),

Top Row, (l to r): Ron Post, "Quinnie", Richard Porter, UNK, UNK, UNK, UNK, Bob Cox, Mickey Davis.

From March 1970 through June 1971, the Mine and Booby trap detection dog teams served in Vietnam. That year, the unit had seven dogs KIA and six handlers KIA.

The US Government sent these teams into the worst of the worst areas to keep the unit members they were attached to safe, resulting

in the high rate of handlers and dogs killed and wounded in action. These brave men went where danger was imminent, and many paid the ultimate price.

If you have been with us a while, you will recognize the name Perry Money, and those who had the honor of meeting him will surely never forget the man.

Perry Money and Missy 7K37 were among these courageous men and their four-legged partners who were the tip of the spear. Imagine the story inside this newsletter, told by Perry as you gathered around on the porch of his 137-year-old cabin, facing a monument dedicated to the 29 dogs that gave their lives so that others could live.

## From the President's Desk



President, Albert Johnson



Hello to you all! I hope the month of October was good for you. As a Marine and veteran, I cannot wait for November. Not only is it cooler weather, but also, on November 11th is Veterans Day, when we thank all men and women who served selflessly in the line of duty to defend our great nation. Thank you to those of you reading this that served. Please take time this month to tell a veteran in your life how much their service means to you.

The day before, November 10th, is the Marine Corps birthday. Marines are heavily rooted in our history, and you won't see that more prevalent than in the weeks leading up to the Marine Corps' birthday. Marines pride themselves on their history; no Marine I know would ever forget the establishment of the Marine Corps on November 10th, 1775; they would also never forget its founding in Tun Tavern, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Or that a few of the most famous Marines were Dan Daily, Smedley Butler, Chesty Puller, and Opha Mae Johnson.

I may have gone off on a slight tangent there, but I'm back because I want to focus on what we are all here for – military working dog history. In that department, our newsletter team knocked it out of the park again, pulling some great stories out of the archives, blowing the dust off the rec-

ords, and giving new life to these historic dog teams of times gone by.

This month, we have a story I had the pleasure of writing based on a speech by Perry Money, a Marine Vietnam dog handler. It provides a little background on Vietnam's Mine and Booby Trap Dog Unit. I had to write this one in pieces as seeing the interview of my friend Perry at his happy place, giving history lessons to those in attendance, choked me up.

The second Marine story in this issue is about the passing of a dog named Nero and the unit that held a remembrance in his honor in September after his death. I am so happy that these units value these dogs' impact more now than ever. The third Marine story we have for you is one written by Miss Dixie about a dog named Otto and his time in Bougainville in 1943. As incredible as it is, I will let this article speak for itself.

A story about a handler reflecting on his time with a puppy program dog named Bbailey by Dan Jackson is next. This beautiful girl deserves all the love! Following that is a short article about the events of November 22nd, 1963, in the life of Airman Andrew Revering.

David Adams has a way of leaving us on a lighter note, and this time is no different with a story titled "A Gour-

met Sandwich." This one had me laughing out loud when I read it, and I have no doubt you will have the same response.

I want to call your attention to the Ad we placed in this month's newsletter about our cyber-Monday deal. You must trust us and know these two deals are worth your hard-earned money. We will not steer you wrong, I assure you. Only the finest dog handler and museum swag come out of our store to you.

We are approaching the end of the year. Hence, if you are considering donating to a cause before the end of the year, please view our organization's 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." The only way we can make the mobile and physical museum happen is through donations from our supporters—people who know that our mission is honorable and is more than a little overdue.

Thank you all for reading our newsletter and supporting our cause. Semper Fi, and remember,

**K9 leads the way!**

**Albert Johnson**



## Marine Mine and Booby Trap Dogs

by Albert Johnson as Shared by Perry Money's family

In May of 2015, our friend Perry Money gave an important speech from the shadow of his Brushy Mountain cabin. He delivered these remarks in front of a group of fellow dog handlers and supporters. The presentation went something like this:

"In 1967, Field commanders in Vietnam reported to the Pentagon that 75% of the wartime casualties were due to mines, booby traps, and tripwires. These commanders asked the Pentagon for some method or mechanism to reduce those casualties. The Pentagon went to the United States Army's Limited War Laboratory and developed a program. The program they developed involved finding civilian contractors who came up with ideas. They took all the proposals, and they flushed out one to give it a try. The result was a company in Raleigh, NC, called Behavior Systems Incorporated (BSI).

"Two Ph.Ds. in experimental Behavior Psychology developed a method of training dogs that we still use today. They wrote the book on training dogs to detect explosives and trained 29 dogs. The training took place at Camp Butner, north of Raleigh, North Carolina. They sold the program to the United States Marine Corps. The Marine Corps deployed 15 dogs and 15 handlers to Vietnam. Six

weeks later, they deployed the remainder.

"Those of us who served with the Mine and Booby Trap unit were involved in a pilot project that was not called experimental; instead, it was called a feasibility study: Feasibility Study 67-1.

"We were to go to Vietnam for 265 days and be exposed to the most severe combat conditions in the country. We did not do routine patrols. If the Marine Corps unit knew they had to go through a minefield, or knew they had to go through the A Shaw Valley or across the Khe Sanh Plateau or up Charlie's Ridge or any of those other places, that unit with the highest risk of casualties got one of our dogs and one of our handlers. And it was our job when we got there to lead that Marine Corps unit to wherever they needed to go. When we were flown out to a unit, Bob Cox, Joe Fore, and I handed our orders to the commander and asked where we needed to go. He gave us a map, told us when he wanted us to be, told us to lead, and it was our job to get there personally.

"My dog's name was Missy 7K37. She participated in 17 combat commitments in Vietnam. That means we received assignments to 17 different units. I don't know how many total patrols Mine and Booby Trap teams led; I didn't keep count of them. I

don't know many people who did worry about keeping count because surviving one at a time was a big deal. But I estimate that we probably did 250 or 300 actual combat patrols. We never ever had a casualty behind us.

My dog never missed a mine. She never missed a tripwire or a booby trap, and they were there.

"25% of our handlers were Killed in Action. 25% of our dogs were Killed in Action.



Perry Money momentarily posed with his partner, Missy 7K37.

Photo courtesy of the Money family.



Perry Money giving this speech from his cabin in 2015. Here he stood in his yard near the memorial that he built himself to the dogs of the Mine and Booby Trap Teams.

Photo: Courtesy of Dixie Whitman.

15 to 20% of our handlers committed suicide when they returned to the United States. So, there's not a lot of us wandering around, are there?

"In June of 1971, they extended the program by about three months. It worked well. June 17th, 1971, the United States Marine Corps turned over control of our surviving dogs to the Quartermaster Corps, the United States Army. They boxed them up, put them on the truck, and turned them over to the South Vietnamese army. We assume they had them for supper the next night since dogs, especially large dogs, were a delicacy in Southeast Asia.

"Now, here is a bit of general history. For the rest of you guys, our military working dogs in Vietnam were part of an extensive program that was more than just a Mine and Booby Trap detection dogs; a total of about 4000 dogs served in Vietnam. A total of approximately 10,000 handlers served in Vietnam. Officially, 204 dogs returned to the United States out of the 4000. The remaining dogs were either euthanized, abandoned in their cage, allowed to starve to death, or given to the South Vietnamese Army.

"Sorry, that's regrettable, but that's what happened due to the folks in the Pentagon who ran numbers

down.

"Our job was to prevent casualties. The Pentagon estimates that the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington DC would have to be 200 feet longer to put all the service members' names on it that would have been killed in action had the dogs not served in Vietnam. A conservative estimate is that military working dogs in Vietnam prevented 20,000 US service members from being KIA. It was unbelievable what they were capable of doing. Some days, we wonder, did we really do that? Twenty-nine dogs served with us (The Marine Corps Mine and Booby Trap Dog Teams) in Vietnam."

Please read the names of these brave dogs to honor their sacrifice as Perry Money would if he were still with us: Adrain 7K66, Alice 7K35 KIA, Blackey KIA, Country Joe 7K31 KIA, Devil KIA, Duke KIA, Jerry 7K57, Kaiser, Krinkle 7K63, Lucky 7K58, Luke 7K56, Michelle 7K25 KIA, Missy 7K37, Napoleon, Ozley 7K53, Pandora 7K29, Pigeon 7K60, Prissy 7K36, Rennie 7K61, Ricochet 5M51 KIA, ROTC Died from unknown causes, Rusty 7K33, Samantha 7K54, Sinbad 7K32, Sweet Thing, 7K27, Timber 7K52, Voodoo 7K59, Winnie, Zeke MIA.

Please honor the men lost from the Mine and Booby Trap dog teams: Joseph A



**Above: Handlers, Veterans, and an Eagle Scout gathered at the Memorial with Perry in May 2015 after he gave his presentation.**

**Below: Handlers, such as Johnny Mayo with his pal Kelly, still attend the K9 Reunions at Perry's special mountain retreat.**

**Photos courtesy of Dixie Whitman.**



Carinci, Eligah Lamar Davis, Robert William Elliott, Richard Charles Porter, Dennis Robert Schossow, and Michael Joseph Yeager.

Our original intention was to bring you the history of the Marine Corps Mine and Booby Trap dog teams. I realized quickly that this would take much longer and be much more work than I initially thought. This is mainly because the military never formally recognized the unit as its own entity. Second,

much of the information on the unit was classified, and we are now in the process of gathering this information.

We plan on doing the research necessary to bring you a complete history of this unique group of incredible dog teams in the near future. If you are reading this and you were a mine and booby trap dog handler, please reach out to us, or if you know a mine and booby trap dog handler, send them our way.



## Happy Veterans Day: Kids Talk About Veterans



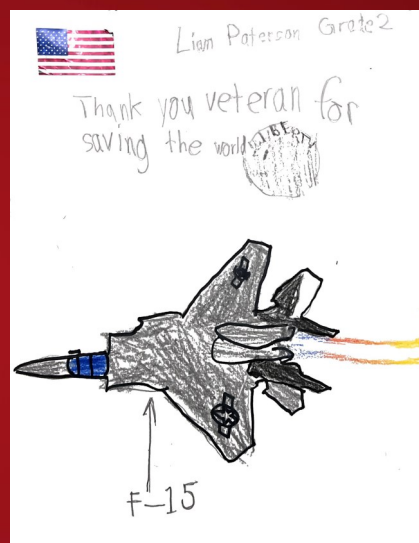
### WE ASKED KIDS WHAT DOES A VETERAN MEAN TO ME?

- Veterans are cool! Without them we wouldn't be free, and we'd probably be speaking German.  
Will Lyons. 7th grade

Kaliese—Grade 2



Liam Paterson—Grade 2



- To me a veteran means freedom, not like being able to play games with different kids whenever you want. It means being able to wake up every morning and not worrying about if I'm safe to ride my bike or if it's safe to go to the park with my friends. Veterans risked their lives so we can live our life without any troubles. Thank You.  
Gavin Avila. 8th grade



Check our Social Media on Veterans Day to see more.

**MWDHERITAGEMUSEUM.ORG**



## Nero: A Guardian In The Night

Marines with somber faces saluted from formation as TAPS played, and the American flag was lowered to half-mast to remember and honor Military Working Dog Nero Y235, Sept. 18, 2023. Leaders from the Depot and Headquarters and Service Battalion stood at attention with a sharp salute in support of the Marines and civilian workers of the Depot Provost Marshall Office who took part in the ceremony.

Nero, a military working dog with the PMO at the Depot, died last week.

"We wanted to remember the life of MWD Nero; he was a Marine," said Sgt. Ulixes Hernandez, from Hawaiian Gardens, Calif., MCRD San Diego Kennel Master.

During the ceremony, Nero's crate sat empty, with his food and water dishes propped up against the front and his military picture atop with his leash and collar. Adjacent to Nero's belongings, three military working dogs with their handlers paid their respects by standing in the ceremony.

"Nero has been the primary dog for sweeping buildings and searching for explosives; there is no telling how many lives were saved by Nero," said Maj. Wayne Williams, Provost Marshall Office Officer.

Nero served honorably for six years as a military working dog in the Marine Corps.

Specifically, Nero served as a patrol explosive detector dog. He served four years at 1st Law Enforcement Battalion, I Marine Expeditionary Force, Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton before being transferred to the Depot, where he honorably served two more years. While at the Depot, Nero conducted eight missions in support of the United States Secret Service, 92 military working dog demonstrations, 2,422 hours of law enforcement at the Depot, and searched more than 15,217 items, including buildings, open areas, and vehicles.

"This is one of the members of our unit. It is important to pause and recognize what [military working dogs] mean to us," said Col. Jason Freeby, commanding officer Headquarters and Service Battalion. "I'm glad we did this."

This was the first known time a ceremony for a military working dog took place at the Depot.

"It is important for me to remember him for closure," said Cpl. Malachi Groff, from Woodbridge, Va., Nero's main dog handler. "Work revolves around your dog."

During the ceremony, the flag at half-mast was lowered completely, folded, saluted, and presented to Groff. Hernandez read the Military Working Dog Guardian of the Night tribute ex-

Story by Staff Sgt. Melissa Karnath; Photos by Sgt. Yvonna Guyette



**Above:** US Marine Corps Cpl. Malachi Groff, a military police officer with Headquarters and Service Battalion, Marine Corps Recruit Depot San Diego, receives the American flag in honor of his Military Working Dog Nero, during a memorial ceremony at MCRD San Diego, Sept. 18, 2023. **Below:** Cpl. Groff honors Nero, who showed great dedication and courage while working on MCRD San Diego from June 11, 2021 through September 9, 2023.

Photos courtesy of DoD



pressing the deep bond between an MWD and his handler, "Together you and I shall experience a bond only others like us will understand...I am a military working dog and together we are guardians of the night."

"It was just me and him on the road; we grew a bond," Groff said. "You must trust your dog. When you know

your dog, you understand his behavior. He knew something was wrong before me."

Nero's remains will be divided between three of his main handlers, including Groff.

When asked what Groff will remember most about Nero he said, "He was a goofy dog with a lot of quirks."



## Otto: November 2, 1943—D+1 on Bougainville

By Dixie Whitman

On the morning of November 1, 1943, boats and transports carrying men and machines charged their way through Empress Augusta Bay on the western side of Bougainville. The largest of the Solomon Islands, with a thick jungle canopy draped over its mountain spine, Bougainville that day would become the first Pacific Battle in which the Marines used K9s.

Disembarking the George Clymer in the third wave of boats, the dog teams advanced through the waters of Empress Augusta Bay towards the island of Bougainville. As the awakened Japanese began firing, plumes of water shot up in the Bay—the projectiles narrowly missed the landing craft. The dog teams made landfall an hour after the initial beach invasion. While nobody knew for sure what lay ahead, Pfc. Henry L. Demault and Pvt. Martin R. Troup put their faith in the third member of their team, a thin, well-trained Doberman pincher named Otto.

Before becoming a Marine, Otto, an elegant dog with a black coat as shiny as a midnight gem, had lived a pampered life with his well-connected mistress, a Connecticut widow named Rose Wakelee. For five years, Otto had lazed his afternoons in the carefully tended gardens, enjoying ear scratches as Rose entertained friends

from her complex social and community network.

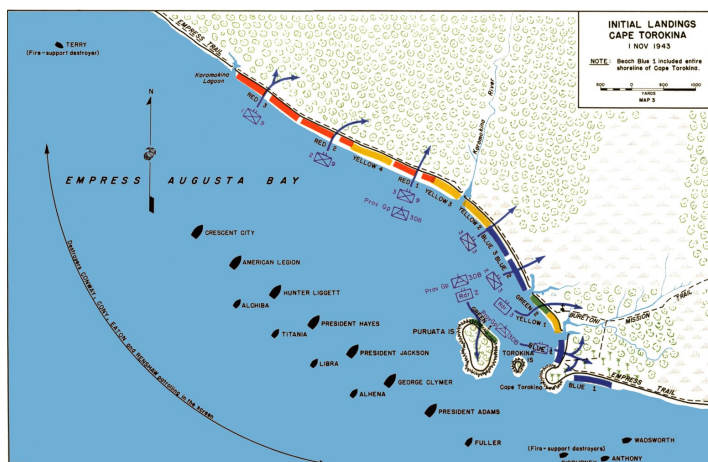
Few areas hummed as patriotically as Connecticut, 'The Provisions State.' The state nickname originated from early Continental Army support during the Revolutionary War as Connecticuters generously supplied men, food, and cannons to defeat the British. WWII would be no different. Connecticut inhaled patriotism and exhaled military might. Along with weapons, Connecticut factories supplied the warehouses of World War II with thousands of pounds of ammunition, mess kits, and parachutes, all manufactured within a short drive of Otto's hometown of Wolcott.

Equally importantly, Connecticut citizens volunteered for service at a percentage higher than all but one other state - Nevada. With everyone and everything around her focused on winning the war against Hitler and the Japanese, it wasn't long before Rose took a longer look at the faithful friend at the end of her fingertips. Rose Wakelee adored Otto, but with a bark like bottled thunder and his penchant for scrapping, she couldn't shake the Marine Corps' plea for Doberman pinchers. Grasping the urgency of the request and unable to banish the insistent thoughts of American boys fighting without a dog by their sides, she reluc-



Early in the morning of 1 November, 1943, the Marine invasion of Bougainville began. These boats were among the first invasion wave. The dog teams landed approximately an hour later on the shores of Empress Augusta Bay. The invasion craft were manned by Coast Guardsmen and a US Navy task force supported the landing.

Official US Coast Guard photo. National Archives: 026-g-063-061



Among the ships lined up in the Empress Augusta Bay, the George Clymer transported the new K9 Corps. See the actual footage of the Bougainville invasion here: [Ctrl + click Marine Landing](#).

tantly offered Otto to become a Devil Dog.

Had he known about boot camp and war, Otto might have protested even more

vehemently. One day, he sprawled across plush rugs enjoying caresses, and the next, a latch sprung tightly, encasing him in a shipping crate with a destination of

Camp Lejeune, New River—a Connecticut Yankee in North Carolina's piney swamps.

For the first two weeks, Otto learned to play in new surroundings. The Marines evaluated all dogs to determine if they would receive training as Scout Dogs or Messenger Dogs. Messenger dogs clocked lightning-fast speeds but also required certainty of performance. They were diligent dogs bent on completing their tasks. The rest of the dogs accepted as Marine war dogs were to become Scout Dogs, having the same combat countenance as the Marines themselves, the kind of dog you'd find in a bar-room brawl if dogs were prone to such pastimes.

For the next six weeks, dogs responded to "Come," "Sit," and "Heel" and learned how to work with their new partners. During this time, enhanced communication developed. Without regimentation and almost by nuance, Scout Dog teams gelled, and handlers learned to read their dogs and get a sense of an enemy unit's direction, distance, and size from their alerts.

For the last six weeks, dogs trained to bite and hold, allowing their handler to gain the upper hand on an enemy combatant. While the dog is not used as a weapon, it is clear that he is used to help protect his

flock of Marines, and sometimes he is lost in the process. The "Watch" command used by Marines on WWII Bougainville meant that Scout Dogs should anticipate something wicked and remain vigilant.

Otto's handlers wrote letter upon letter praising their Doberman. To Otto's former mistress, Mrs. Wakelee, PFC Denault wrote, "wonderful dog" and "the best in the Corps."

Those sentiments echoed through Pvt. Troup's letter from New Caledonia to his parents, "This outfit is given a lot of attention, particularly by officers and inspection officials, etc., because it is so different."

"Otto is swell. He is about the best dog in the outfit (and that isn't only my opinion either.)"

"The dogs are trained to go where sometimes Marines themselves can't go and are specially trained to accompany Marines in landing operations, sentry, and message duty. The dogs are taught to charge side by side with their masters through the smoke and noise of battle and to obey orders just like the Marines."

On D-Day, November 1, 1943, Otto used his Marine education. After landing, Otto pointed out a Japanese machine gun nest and his handler, Pvt. Troup noted, "He constantly aided us in



**The official US Marine Corps photo featured Otto flanked by his two handlers, Pvt. Marvin Troup (Missouri), and PFC Henry Denault (New Hampshire). Scout Dogs served with two handlers as part of the First Marine War Dog Platoon. Official DoD photo.**

this way all the way through. Everything was water-soaked. It rained constantly, and the mud just clung to us and the dogs."

On D+1, with Marine nerves in overdrive, Otto, working point, stopped, his muscles rigid, and his nose lifted. "Enemy ahead." He had given enough of an early warning for the platoon following behind to dive for cover. From an exquisitely camouflaged ambush, a machine gun's "tat, tat, tat" filled the air with hot lead, but none hit the Marines. Otto had saved his entire platoon.

In another instance, a sniper bullet hit Otto's rear end while he walked point. But it didn't stop him from glancing up at the offender: his

handler, Pvt. Troup quickly returned fire and removed the enemy from his tree perch.

Otto continued to walk point, alerting on Japanese snipers and gun nests, allowing his Marines to fight another day.

The wear and tear on Otto's body and mind from heavy combat conditions caused him to develop battle fatigue. Where he had been a swaggering fighter when he joined the Marines, he developed a nervous condition. Sadly, this hero of Bougainville was euthanized at Camp Lejeune on July 20, 1944.

Please say his name with us in remembrance. Thank you, Otto.



## A Look Into the Life of a True American Heroine

by Dan Jackson

At my first duty station, I met Bbailey, a whirling dynamo of an MWD. We bonded like a baseball and glove. When I launched Bbailey with a command, she responded like a line drive; we easily qualified. From then on, we worked at a dynamite tempo, doing base patrols, Secret Service missions, and anything else the Army asked of us. Bbailey, a resourceful K9, had a wide independent streak and an intense drive to work. She especially loved being off-leash and searching from 50-100 yards ahead of me.

The Army sent us to Yuma Proving Grounds (YPG), where we joined other dog teams preparing for deployment. We qualified to deploy and returned to Fort Benning as Top Dog. One of the best memories of our time at YPG was while searching a compound. Bbailey alerted on a doorway that, had we gone through, would have set off a trip wire and failed us for that event. In the back of the building were several hundred pounds of explosives that she caught wind of and saved us from failure.

We went on her second deployment, my first, to Afghanistan in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. We conducted over 50 missions in our year tour and had two explosive finds. Our second find was one of the largest in the area at the

time, totaling 200 lbs of dynamite, 3,000 blasting caps, and 50 lbs of ammonium nitrate. We trained relentlessly to save lives, and that find demonstrated the skill and worth of a well-trained dog team in preventing death and destruction.

Shortly after our return home, we participated in several Secret Service missions for President Obama and Vice President Biden. We also did security searches for the Army chief of staff, General Raymond Odierno, Secretary of State Chuck Hagel, and many others.

In 2015, at one of our last events, Bbailey and I flew to Hawaii to participate in the Hawaiian Islands Military Working Dog Skills competition. In this competition, we faced off against other handlers from every other branch of service. We completed physical agility courses, worked through live fire exercises, and searched compounds with different distractions (trip wires, gunfire, and smells) to make it a tough but realistic competition. One of the coolest places we searched was a naval vessel, where we searched numerous cubbyhole rooms and on the ship's deck. It was a great experience, one where we made new friends and Bbailey and I came out #1 in the Tactical Detection Portion and overall Top Dog.



Above: Bbailey posed with Dan at an event with the Georgia Governor.  
Photo courtesy of Dixie Whitman.



Dan readies "fur-missile" Bbailey in Hawaii.  
DoD photo.

I readied to change duty stations soon after the Hawaii trip, so I had to get Bbailey ready to be passed off to her new handler, Jay Espinosa, who joined the Fort Benning Kennels. I knew they would accomplish great things together and felt reassured to leave her in such good hands.

Bbailey was the best MWD I could have had, and she taught me so much.

Everyone who knew this skilled and noble Military Working Dog will greatly miss her, but heroes and heroines live on forever!

'Til Valhalla.

## November 22, 1963

On November 22nd, 1963, I was asleep in my room in the barracks after working the 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. shift the night before. A staff sergeant from the orderly room came by, knocked on my door to wake me up, and said President Kennedy had been shot, and we were to get into our duty uniform and report to guard mount.

We were told the president had been assassinated at Guard Mount, and we were immediately taken out to the sentry dog section. At the dog section, a sergeant advised us to leash and muzzle our dogs as we were being taken out to distant posts to protect the base. Once again, it was unusual,

as we normally didn't go on post until dark, and in addition to our usual posts, we were assigned posts around the entire base.

All the alert pad B-52 Bombers left the base. The Military was not taking any chances. Early in the assassination investigation, there was a perception that the Russians may have been involved.

We stayed on alert status once again for 30 days—twelve hours on and twelve hours off.

We returned to our regular duties when it became clear that the assassination was not a Russian plot.

Story and photo courtesy Andrew Revering



Airman 1st Class Andrew C. Revering and Sentry Dog Duke II at the entrance to the 97th Combat Defense Squadron, Sentry Dog Section, Blytheville AFB (SAC), Arkansas, 1962.

## Snag Some Swag –The K9 Savings Are Off The Chain



The Military Working Dog Heritage Museum Sales Team is excited to announce unique Cyber Monday savings on two exciting bundles.

The first, a “Mystery Bundle,” includes two randomly selected T-shirts from our inventory, a patch, a sticker, and a bracelet. You choose the shirt size—and if it's unavailable, we'll send the next size up.

We are selling this bundle for \$40—a whopping 45% discount. This bundle provides an excellent opportunity to snag some swag and allow us to add new

designs to our inventory in the future.

The “MWDHM Support Bundle” will sell for \$30 and includes a Challenge Coin, patch, sticker, collapsible bowl, and bracelet. The regular value for these items separately is \$50, so this is a 40% price reduction. These have a limited quantity, so order early.

At these prices, the bundles will move quickly, so please hop on over to our website store on Cyber Monday, November 27th, and get your shopping done.

Click [Here to Shop](https://mwdheritagemuseum.org/store/) !



## A Gourmet Sandwich

By David Adams

Anyone who has walked a K9 perimeter post will tell you the experience is like a sandwich with extra thick bread and very little meat between the slices of bread. There can be moments of an adrenalin rush stuck between long periods of sheer boredom. However, there are rare moments experienced by only a few that can only be described as the choicest of meats, making the metaphorical sandwich the most memorable ever.

Such was one evening in 1970 for Leon Padia and his dog Brandy X422 patrolling K9 Kilo 1 Alfa off the 06 (west) end of Korat RTAFB's runway. The post paralleled Friendship Highway, a major north-south artery, with a concertina barbed wire fence for the base boundary. Fifteen yards inside the concertina fencing was a barbed wire tangle-foot barrier about four feet high at the peak.

After midnight, Leon and Brandy spotted a taxi stopping on Friendship Highway, letting its passenger out, who began staggering towards the fence line. Padia called in the approaching subject.

"Kilo 1 Alpha to Control. I have an individual approaching the fence."

"10-4 Kilo 1 Alpha. Keep the subject under observa-

tion and keep this stationed advised," came the response.

"10-4, he appears to be an American."

"Say, what?"

Padia responded, "He looks like an American wearing a Hawaiian shirt and Bermuda shorts. Be advised he is starting to crawl through the concertina wire."

"10-4 Kilo 1 Alpha, SAT [Security Alert Team, a 6-man quick response team in an M113 Armored Personnel Carrier (APC)] is being dispatched.

As the man worked through the concertina wire, Padia and Brandy moved closer to the tangle-foot for the intercept. Getting through, leaving fragments of his Hawaiian shirt, shorts, and no doubt skin on the sharp barbs, he staggered to the tangle-foot, oblivious to the presence of the sentry and his dog, and began the awkward climb over the top.

Leon seized the moment just as the subject got one leg over the top wire and held on with both hands as the fencing wobbled under his weight.

"Halt! Get your hands up!"

The subject froze on the verge of falling into barbed wire and shouted, "I'm a 2nd Lt in the U.S. Army!"



At this moment, Leon Padia realized his evening sandwich had just become a gourmet meal that few ever get served and commenced enjoying its consumption.

"Shut the (expletive) up and get your hands up (expletive)!"

"I can't, or I'll fall into the barbwire."

"It's the barbed wire or my dog's teeth in your ass!"

At this moment, the SAT team arrived, not realizing that their mission had just changed from defense of the perimeter to the rescue of an Army 2nd Lt.

As the SAT assisted the inebriated 2nd Lt off the tangle-foot, the shift NCOIC arrived in his jeep and began getting his story. He got drunk downtown and realized it was past curfew; he took a cab back to neighboring Camp Friendship rather

than get a hotel room. He figured he could slip through the fence with no one being the wiser. In his drunken state, he got out of his cab at the Air Force's perimeter rather than the Army's.

The NCOIC stuffed the loaded Lieutenant in his jeep for delivery to the Army MPs, where, no doubt, the feasting on the leftovers commenced. When the posting truck arrived for the end of the shift pick-up, Leon Padia was still grinning over his gourmet sandwich, served on the hindside of a blitzed Army 2nd Lt. He told all of us that the 2nd Lt's shirt and shorts were a total loss, and he looked like someone shaved his body with a razor blade that was well past prime.

Brandy's disappointment and not getting a fair share of the evening's sandwich was immeasurable.



*Military Working Dog  
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From the Team at MWDHM...

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## Memorial Hunt with Trooper and Scout



This statue of MWD Kolbi was installed at the  
Platteville Veterans' Memorial in Platteville,  
Colorado on July 4th. See our Social Media  
posting of October 30th with more info.  
Artist: Stacy Hendershott.



## Historic Pooch Pic of the Month



Member of "C" Company,  
1st Platoon, 1st Squad,  
gather around Cpl. Donald  
West, and his dog, Sarge,  
while taking a break during  
a patrol south of Hill 55.

1st Marine Division  
Vietnam  
January 1970  
Photographer: Cpl Zimmerman

Photo courtesy National Archives

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