



# The Paw Print

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



## Event updates:

April 9-11, 2024  
Hold The Line K9  
Conference  
Myrtle Beach, SC

May 9-12, 2024  
Florida Vietnam and All  
Veterans Reunion  
Wickham Park,  
Melbourne, Florida

May 11-12, 2024  
Army MWD Symposium  
Alpena, Michigan

Volume 4 Issue 3

March 2024

## K9 Veterans Day: Honoring and Remembering All K9 Heroes



6 January 1954 in Korea: Lt. Frederick E. Boss, 40th Scout Dog Platoon, 45th US Infantry Division, demonstrates dog training procedure with Army Scout Dog "Paige von Kemmick" to (L to R) PFC John M. Temple, PFC Chaester Sprecher, and PFC Richard Thorn.

Photo: US Army Photo by SFC Hames Hewett 45th Signal Co.—National Archives via Sandra Fickbohm.

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National K9 Veterans Day recognizes military working dogs' remarkable grit and prowess. It offers an opportunity to remember those dogs who have fallen. K9 veterans have saved countless lives in combat over the years, and it's essential to recognize their contribution.

For decades, the role of military working dog teams

has been ignored or undervalued. Celebrating this unique holiday helps spotlight these hardworking animals and their indispensable place in our armed forces. It emphasizes the importance of providing for their physical needs and emotional support.

K9 veterans often have post-traumatic stress dis-

order (PTSD) or other ailments due to their service. With National K9 Veterans Day, we can honor these brave animals and push for the necessary care and support once their service has ended. Please join us in celebrating their spirit and sacrifices; we can show our respect while helping to ensure that their history will never be forgotten.

## From the Vice President's Desk



Lane Hagerdorn  
Vice President



Hi Friends!

March is always a month the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum looks forward to every year. March is the start of that winter thaw and the first hint at warmer temperatures, the beginning of event season where we will have the opportunity to share the mission of the museum and the treasure trove of working dog history with new and old friends at events like the "Hold The Line" conference we have highlighted on Page 5, and finally we love March because it brings us a couple of very important remembrances.

The first remembrance we are always excited about this time of year is K9 Veteran's Day on March 13. Never heard of it? No worries, we have you covered! On the cover is an introduction to the nationally recognized day dedicated to the war dogs of the past, today, and the future. Also, check out the article by our good friend and frequent contributor, Curtis Hendel, dedicated to fond memories we get to live with him on this special day.

March also brings you the month-long, incredibly important Women's History Month. Women's History Month originated as a

national celebration in 1981 when Congress passed Pub. L. 97-28, which authorized and requested the President to name the week beginning March 7, 1982, as "Women's History Week."

Over the next five years, Congress passed joint resolutions designating a week in March as "Women's History Week." In 1987, Congress passed Pub L. 100-9 after being petitioned by the National Women's History Project, which designated March 1987 as "Women's History Month." Between 1988 and 1994, Congress passed additional resolutions requesting and authorizing the President to proclaim March of each year as Women's History Month.

Since 1995, presidents have issued a series of annual proclamations designating the month of March as "Women's History Month." These proclamations celebrate women's contributions to the United States and recognize the specific achievements women have made throughout American history in various fields. Those of us who served in the Military Working Dog arena are acutely aware of the amazing contributions of our sisters-in-

arms, and the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum is proud to spotlight a few on page 11 of this newsletter.

A little while ago, we started a newsletter feature, and I want to ensure you aren't missing it. Monthly, we are featuring artifacts the museum has either been gifted or acquired. We invite you to check them out, and if you have any related stories or memories, please connect with us at <https://mwdheritagemuseum.org/> or our Facebook page, <https://www.facebook.com/mwdheritagemuseum>. You can also get in touch with us at these pages to share ideas and suggestions, sign up as a valued volunteer, learn more about the museum, and even buy unique Military Working Dog Heritage Museum swag, where all proceeds further 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.

**K9 Leads the Way!**  
*Lane Hagerdorn*

## K9 Veterans Day

"C'mon, dude, it's just a dog, right?"

Tell that to the grunt on Guam during World War II as they watched their brothers picked off day after day until a bunch of Dobermans showed up with their humans. The effect was immediate, and Americans stopped dying so quickly.

Tell that to the Soldier from the Korean War on a frigid winter night standing guard on a fence line with a furry partner who loved the cold.

Then there were the Vietnam handlers who, along with their dogs, saved countless lives walking point. Soldiers and Marines felt much safer when that four-legged warrior was out front.

During the Cold War, they served as perimeter rats around the world, hunting evil in the night, and morphed into the highly trained, finely tuned Military Working Dogs battling the War on Terror.

"So, they were more than just dogs; they were just effective pieces of equipment, right?"

Missed again. Take all those mentioned above and fill in thousands more that held the dumb end of the leash in between and to this day. Yes, a few Military Working Dog Handlers left the program the same way they came in, but most didn't-time in the program changed the rest forever. Those of us who had "that

dog," the one that broke our hearts forever, feel fortunate to have felt that connection with our partner.

It will be 36 years since I left Ero 245J in South Korea. He was a perimeter dog, just a Patrol Dog. But he was *my* Patrol Dog. I was his first field handler, and I miss and mourn him to this day.

As much as I felt like a freak for being like this, I learned more and more that so many others feel the same. For them, it could have been one dog or, if they had a longer career, many dogs who left a lifelong impression on them.

Then, there was the government and their handling of the program. At the end of World War II, the government returned many of the war dogs to the owners who donated them. Of course, the dogs had to be healthy and stable, but many went home to live out their lives.

With the program more firmly established before and during the Vietnam War, the accountants in DC were responsible for some of the worst treatment of our partners. When we left Vietnam, the military left some of the dogs as surplus equipment to South Vietnamese soldiers who were either poorly trained or untrained to handle them. The majority of the dogs, however, were euthanized. Very few of our K9 heroes ever left Vietnam.

Article by Curtis Hendel, Photo Collage by Airman 1st Class Kathryn Reaves



After that war, Military Working Dogs served until they were no longer able and then received euthanasia. - another program from the bean counters. This madness continued until November 2000, when President Clinton signed a bill allowing Military Working Dogs to have honorable retirements with former handlers and other qualified civilians.

Our Military Working Dogs earned their own holiday to be honored through their blood, fur, and tears left on the battlefield, perimeter posts, and patrol vehicles. I would love to know how many soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines were directly saved by our dogs' actions. Then, add in the dogs who were seriously wounded or killed in their service. Yeah, they definitely earned it!

As a human left behind, I fondly remember my two years at Osan. I spent more time with my dog than with humans; we liked it that

way. I learned more about others than anyone ever showed me by relying on my partner. I also learned more about myself through that unique connection.

In some freakish way, I am also thankful for the intense emotions I feel for my dogs from decades ago. Each left an impression on my soul, and I miss them - still. Yes, for all the times I remember them and feel a sense of loss, I am thankful for that, too. I know people love their pets, but we, as handlers, experienced a unique connection between humans and dogs that few could ever understand. I am thankful to have felt that connection every day.

On this K9 Veteran's Day, I fondly remember my time with Valley, Rex C058, Thor P247, Ero 245J, and many dogs in DTS Patrol.

I will raise my glass to toast all of our partners. Never forgotten, and certainly never just dogs!



## A Swell Dog

by Dixie Whitman

Liney bore an unyielding attitude, which made him a natural scrapper, a Marine's Marine. He swaggered through Camp Lejeune with the permanent boldness of a young, hormonal male. His intelligence, dazzling good looks, and physical fitness culminated in the perfect warrior, a Devil Dog bound for the assault on Bougainville, the largest of the Solomon Islands.

The objective of the Solomon Islands campaign was to interrupt Japan's primary forward air and naval base at Rabaul on the island of New Britain. Rabaul served as the nerve center for Japanese air power throughout the South Pacific. With a thick jungle canopy draped over its mountain spine, Bougainville would become the first Pacific Battle in which the Marines used K9s. Success at Bougainville would be a fundamental step in neutralizing Rabaul.

Liney began life destined to be a show dog. His lineage and conditioning made him sleek but substantial, covered with a glistening coat of midnight black with rust markings. His smooth, athletic gait gave him a look of nobility, but his temperament and

heart were those of a Marine.

His owner, Richard C. Webster of Baltimore, Maryland, bred and exhibited Doberman Pinchers so successfully that he served as the national procurement chairman when the Doberman Pincher Club of America partnered with the USMC to secure dogs for the Marine's new K9 program. Leading from the front, Richard Webster needed to make an early donation to his cause, and Liney's temperament made him the obvious choice for a recruit.

Liney kept up his quarrelsome ways at Camp Lejeune, sparring as often as possible with an equally feisty Doberman named Otto. During Scout Dog Training in early 1943, Liney partnered with two handlers: PFC Robert Forsyth (20) and 17-year-old Pvt. Raymond Genay, both of the First Marine Dog Platoon. These individuals made history by becoming some of the first K9 handlers to fight in the Pacific.

Genay adored his Doberman and, in a letter sent home to his parents in June of 1943, wrote, "I am going to try to get a picture of my dog. His



Above: PFC Robert Forsyth of Greenwich, Connecticut served as one of Liney's two handlers.

Official USMC photograph.

name is Liney. He is two years old and weighs eighty pounds. He gained a pound. He sure is a swell dog."<sup>1</sup>

As part of the 3d Marine Division, Liney and his handlers took part in the Invasion of Bougainville, home of 40,000 Japanese soldiers. Bougainville was a nightmare of terrain, with impenetrable swamps and a jungle of barbed vines. With a clear field of vision impossible just 30 yards inland, all organization disappeared into a virtually impassable

morass, and the dogs, with their acute senses, became invaluable.

Liney, with both of his handlers, created an excellent scouting team. Pushing inland from the beachhead of Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville, they were attached to a combat patrol probing where reports had noted Japanese activity. Six hundred yards from the mouth of the Torokina River, the unit came up behind an enemy position. Liney alerted his handlers to a group of

Japanese soldiers sitting in the open. The handlers both dropped and started firing. The surviving Japanese took cover and returned fire. After an intense three-hour firefight, American Marines poked at the Japanese foothold, killed eighteen enemies, and blew up six of their pillboxes, a type of dug-in guard post.

Assembling a more potent force of Marines, the scout dog team led a probe deeper into Japanese-held territory, meeting stronger resistance. Yet, Liney alerted his handlers and the US Marines following them that the Japanese were ahead and again surprised the enemy without being detected.

After two triumphant clashes, Liney led his Marines back through the jungles to the safety of their own lines. And, as

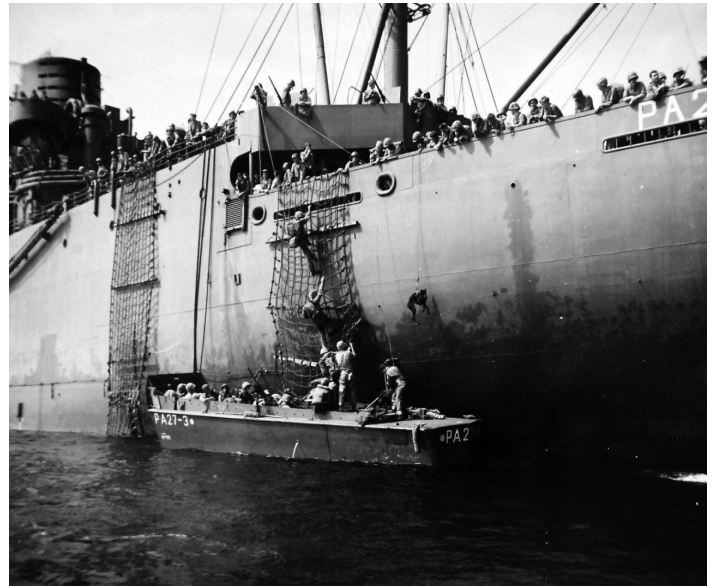
the light faded, the Doberman trotted ahead with an almost human expression of self-satisfaction after a day of successful fighting.

The trio received commendations for their work. Bougainville proved the worth of the Marines' new War Dog plans and paved the way for today's K9s.

Later in life, Robert Forsyth recalls Liney as being "rather hard to handle," a nod to his reputation for biting both man and beast, but boasted that "he was an extremely good scout dog."<sup>2</sup>

Geney went on to lead a successful family life and worked both in management and transportation.

Robert "Bob" Forsyth returned to his show dog family roots and later became a respected



Above: Marines dog handlers disembark from the attack transport, USS George Clymer, onto a Higgins boat for the Bougainville landing. On the right of the men descending, a Doberman member of the First Marine War Dog Platoon makes his solo descent. A handler waits at the bottom with another dog. Photo: National Archives.

show dog handler and judge. In 1964, he handled the Westminster Kennel Club Show winner, Ch. Courtenay Fleetfoot of Pennyworth, a whippet.

Liney remained forever a vital piece of their life story

- 1 Goings, Clayton G. *Dogs At War.* (New York: The MacMillan Company.) 116-117.
- 2 Murphy, Mary Kate. (Sep 30, 2016.) *Bob Forsyth: A Dog's Best Friend In and Out of the Show Ring.* www.thepilot.com



The Museum invites the K9 community to  
**Complete An Interview With Us**  
 Interviews will be maintained in our archives.

Email: [info@mwdhm.org](mailto:info@mwdhm.org)





## The New Guy Learns His Place

by Curtis Hendel

Get 'im, Bear!"

Those three simple words struck immediate fear into my very soul. Not only was this during my first week at the Osan AB Korea kennels, but it was also my first permanent party base. I turned 19 about two weeks earlier and had transitioned from rural Southwest Minnesota to South Korea in just over six months. My situational awareness was trying its best to kick in, but it was in its infancy.

Those three words...

I noticed the handler and dog for a fleeting moment as I walked across the kennel parking lot. I knew that this team of highly efficient Military Working Dog power was a long way from the safety of the training area, and there was no fence between this pair of warriors and me. I also realized that I was absolutely defenseless; no wrap, no nothing between me and those teeth. Certainly, a dog named Bear had to be, well, a bear, right?

Did he really say, "Get 'im Bear?"

My situational awareness may not have been on point, but my thought process lurched into overdrive. I had three options:

1. Freeze and hope for the best. This option made sense, but waiting to be hit didn't seem fun.

2. Run for the office door that I knew darned good and well was too far to reach from a charging Military Working Dog looking to get some.

3. Face my tormentor and see who would win this battle between man and dog.

How in the heck did I end up with these three alternatives? Oh, I forgot the fourth option. That one involved going into panic mode, screaming as if covered in fire ants, and praying to wake up from this nightmare.

One last time, really? "Get 'im, Bear?" Did I hear that right?

As you read this, you must think Bear was about three miles from my position. Far from the truth, Bear was maybe 75 yards from me and scared the living heck out of me for a moment. Before I could freak out for the audience that was watching from concealed locations at the kennels, my farm boy common sense kicked in, and I realized (hoped to high heaven) that there was no handler in his right mind that would send a highly trained Military Working Dog to attack a new handler recently assigned to the section, especially if his name was Bear!

I performed a combination move that would make Olympic athletes proud just



**Above photos: On the left is the real Bear who was running me down. On the right is what my brain was telling me was running me down.**

**Both dogs from the 51st Security Police Squadron, Osan AB, Korea.**

before the tyrant Bear would hit me. Turns out, I saw the handler, whose name was shortened to "Ski," laughing his butt off at the thought of this "fresh meat" handler messing his pants as the fierce "Bear" bore down on this attack run. When my frightened gaze locked onto the Military Working Dog, closing the gap between us, the puzzle pieces continued to show themselves, as Bear didn't seem very vicious. I certainly wouldn't have considered this attack run to be awe-inspiring. What my new kennel mates were testing was my response. The more extreme the reaction, the better the story for later!

Fortunately, Bear was a Rottweiler/Lab mix who loved the world around him. He was a contraband dog who worked customs with

his handler and didn't have an ounce of aggression in him. Yes, my new coworkers knew I wanted to panic, but they respected that I didn't.

Such was the first experience of a new handler in a new kennel. It seemed to me that the bigger the kennel, the more creative the "welcome" experience was.

In today's world, we call it hazing and outlaw it at every turn. But "back in the day," it was a light-hearted introduction to a new kennel. Handlers didn't initiate hazing actions out of hatred or ill will for the new guy. They created these baptisms by fire as a joke, something we could all use a little more of these days. I wonder if the fact that I was one of the handlers who went straight from dog school to the

perimeter may have had something to do with a more enthusiastic "Welcome to Osan!"

I got the old "fake attack run" welcome. I knew of another handler handcuffed and chained to the training area fence with a leather collar and six-foot stake-out chain. I don't remember anyone complaining about the welcome committee as each new troop came in. It

was just a harmless tradition.

Another old tradition at Osan was when you received your assignment to one of three perimeter squads, you were only allowed to talk if it was work-oriented. This probationary period lasted until the next new troop showed up. I tend to be "chatty," so I was in luck as the next new guy showed up pretty quickly.

This hazing may sound like an odd tradition, but it showed respect to the handlers who had been there longer and forced new handlers to pay attention to their squad mates and learn about them.

So, were these "welcome parties" warranted or for the common good?

I would say a resounding "yes"! The reason is straightforward. Once a new guy/girl

made it through the gauntlet of tests for new handlers, it was easy to see. The perimeter rats were a strange family and had a unique job. The welcomes we received were the work of our brothers and sisters, and we loved our family there!

"Get 'im, Bear!" I knew all along it was a joke. Sure I did, really I did...

## A Grunt's Best Friend

"We crawled down the hill, stopped, and looked around. I saw a trail where this enemy person snuck up on us and threw the grenade. That's how he got there so quietly because there was a trail there...I saw places where a couple of enemy could have sat...It looked like the enemy could have had a position there because there were holes every 5-10 feet.

"We try not to make contact with the enemy, but we couldn't help it at times. We wanted to get out of the area before we got hit with a grenade. We started to move when the enemy threw the grenade. See, our purpose is not to make contact; it's to check out and see what the enemy's doing and to get out of the area. When the grenade was thrown, PFC Cummings pushed PFC Beauclair out of the way, and that's how he got most of the shrapnel."

"The other team with us had a scout dog with them, and I gotta say it was the best scout dog I've ever seen. Right before that grenade was thrown, I saw him raise up on his back legs; he was going 'spaz.' He wasn't barking because they're trained not to. He was lurching toward the front. When the grenade was thrown, we got light fire from the front; you could tell it by the way the grass in front was getting cut down. As the grenade was thrown, we opened up on the front, the sides, and the rear. And this scout dog obeyed us; he got down. After that, he lay down quietly, and any time we thought we heard something, this dog was alert. We got four confirmed, and this dog helped us get two of them. This dog would alert us, and then we'd hear movement. These scout dogs are outstanding."

Story and photo Sgt. Johnny P. Lee



A first hand account from a grunt gives accolades to the team's Scout Dog.

Photo and article from DoD publication.



## Search Everyone

by David Adams

About midway through my tour at Korat, I took the opportunity to work with Blackie X850, a patrol dog. I hated giving up Rex, but I accepted it so I could have patrol dog experience when I returned to the States. This assignment meant I would work five nights on the perimeter and one night riding in a jeep with a member of the Security Police law enforcement section.

Blackie and I were partnered with the same patrolman each night we were on patrol duty, and we developed a good relationship.



I found, on multiple occasions, that the law enforcement training I received at Security Police School was useful. One of those lessons remains as vivid to me as the day it occurred. While teaching us how to search an arrestee for weapons, the instructor reiterated the importance of doing a thorough search every

time. The demonstrator related an example of when he hauled in a guy he knew well; therefore, he felt no need to search the suspect. Then he lifted his shirt and showed us a huge scar that started close to his naval and ran up to the bottom of his rib cage. "Search EVERYONE," were his words as he displayed the scar.

### Arrest At the Gate

Curfew rules were in effect at Korat for civilians working on the base and GIs downtown. Unless there were special circumstances, civilians would be off base by 10:00 PM. GIs were not permitted to be on the town streets after 11:00 PM. Anyone E3 and below was required to be back on base before curfew. E4 and above could stay in town so long as they were off the streets. Part of our patrol function included being at either the main gate or Gate 2 near the curfew hour to help check civilians for contraband leaving the base and pick up GIs returning after the curfew.

The gate guard checking the last bus from town after a curfew came out with a rather pudgy Airman 2nd (E3). If his glasses were any thicker, they would have been Coke

bottles. My partner, Bob, got his name and to which unit he was assigned, which happened to be the Personnel Sq. Bob told the clerk to get into the jeep for a ride to the Security Police HQ. From there, his squadron XO or 1st Sgt would have to come and pick him up. It was the Air Force's version of Daddy coming to get a wayward son from the police station.

As Bob dragged him by the arm to the jeep, my mind immediately went to an instructor's memorable scar, one he had received while trying to put an acquaintance into a patrol car. The lesson he shared from receiving that scar reminded us to "Check everybody."

"Wait, Bob," I said. "We need to search him."

"Na, look at the guy, Adams. He is an admin dork!"

"You're not putting him in the jeep with my dog until he has been searched and cuffed; I don't care who he is."

Bob grumbled, spread-eagled the guy, and patted him down as Blackie and I watched. Finally, I saw him reach into the guy's pocket and pull out a switchblade. He handed it to me. When I pressed



the button on its handle, a 6" blade popped out. Bob looked at me sheepishly as I scoffed, "Na, we don't need to search him!"

The detainee complained when we confiscated his knife. "I just bought that as a souvenir! I'm not going to do anything with it!"

Bob rolled his eyes, "It's an illegal weapon, you idiot." You cannot have it on the base, and it's cause for your arrest for carrying it."

So the 'waiting at the Security Patrol HQ for daddy' just became a booking. We put him in the jeep, Blackie hopped in beside him, and the guy turned white, protesting, "Hey, he'll bite me!"

"Na, just sit very still and don't do anything stupid, and you'll be fine." When we arrived at the HQ, I couldn't tell if he had wet himself or if Blackie's tongue, dripping in the hot, heavy humidity, had soaked his pants.



## Ero: Part III

By Curtis Hendel

This article is the last of a three-part series about Ero, one of Curtis Hendel's partners in South Korea.

I wanted to watch Ero bond with his new handler and get the chance to rough him up once in a while. The problem was that Ero was confused about me not being on the end of his leash. He still saw me at the kennels, but I wasn't taking him out. This swap was his first change to a new long-term handler in the field, and he didn't understand it. It proved challenging.

I knew what had to happen, but I still waited to be told. I had to back off from my ex-partner. I could only let him see me or watch him in training if it was through the office window. It would have been so much easier to have been gone from the kennels altogether than to be within arm's reach of "my dog" and unable to spend time with him.

Looking back on my tours in Korea, I was fortunate to have struggled with two less-than-capable dogs. I learned a lot working with them, especially Thor, the partner who taught me the frustration of having a dog that re-

sisted training and did not like to work. Rex taught me patience and respect for a dog that had served his time on the hump and deserved to be taken care of in the twilight of his career. Both of them would stick with me for a very long time.

Ero was different from the two of them. He was the clumsy puppy, almost afraid of his shadow, whimpering at the chain around his leg. He was the young dog with an open mind and a love of attention and praise. He became a top-notch Military Working Dog that every handler could trust with their life.

About two and half years after my return to the States, I was the team trainer in the Dog Training Section, Patrol Dog, at the Department of Defense Military Working Dog School. I was an E-4 Sergeant and was very comfortable in my surroundings, probably more cocky than comfortable.

I met an E-5 Staff Sergeant, currently stationed at Osan, who was back at Lackland for the Military Working Dog Supervisor's Course. Once I found that out, I had to



Photo courtesy of Curtis Hendel showing Ero in aggression with one of Curtis' squad mates.

ask him about Ero 245J. The response I got was painful. He told me that Ero was overweight and useless. He said that Osan was cutting back on perimeter handlers and that Ero was a Squad Leader dog.

Usually, the older dogs, like Rex or Thor, would have been assigned to a Squad Leader because they didn't get utilized much. I continued pushing the SSgt to find out why Ero was so bad and how worthless his handler must have been. It turned out he was the person letting Ero's talents go to waste. He told me that he never took that (insert insulting profanities here) dog out because he was too busy for a dog. He

was happy to let Ero rot in the kennels and hoped he would get a new handler someday so he wouldn't bother with him.

I told the SSgt that Ero was my old dog and that I was not happy he was being wasted. I told him how great a dog he was and how hard we had worked to get him there. The SSgt told me he couldn't care less about a dog at that point in his career and was worried more about his leisure time. That comment set me off. I advised the SSgt that he was incompetent and should be removed from the MWD program altogether.

Then, I went overboard and exhibited a downright

belligerent and threatening attitude. Honestly, I would have done something stupid quickly that day. The only thing that saved me was a section head who knew me and understood that a proper handler would have cared for a dog assigned to him. I still had to stay away from the SSgt for the rest of his time at Lackland, but I got to keep my stripes.

It has been over thirty years since I left The Republic of Korea and my dog. I know he has long since passed and is probably in the cemetery at the back of the kennel area at Osan. I can still see his nameplate on his kennel door and the big, Baby Huey puppy jumping

up and down on his pallet, just waiting for that door to open and the day to officially begin. Ero 245J was so much more than a piece of government equipment. He was a trained and silent sentinel on the perimeter of an Air Force base on the other side of the world and the best friend a handler could have.

Most people could never understand the bond between a handler and his dog. It is more intense than an owner and a pet because the handler trusts his life to that dog, and the dog trusts his existence to his handler. We were codependent on each other, and we liked it that way.



Not a week, or most times even a day, goes by that something doesn't trigger a memory of eighteen months on the perimeter with a big, sometimes goofy, sometimes intense Military Working Dog named Ero. I am glad I have numer-

ous pictures of him and me, looking young and tough, armed to the teeth and ready to rumble.

Just me and Ero. No serial number is needed, just my boy Ero.

## Hold The Line K9 Conference For Military and Police K9



Meet us at a seaside K9 conference at the Sheraton Convention Center in stunning Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Along miles of South Carolina's grand strand and only blocks from the beaches and boardwalk, K9 handlers will learn from the best through dozens of scheduled classes.

These will include numerous handling topics, from decoy training and tracking to tangential subjects,

such as K9 nutrition and K9 legal updates.

Our team members will staff an educational booth with a few of our unique MWD artifacts, the newest swag, challenge coins, and donation raffles.

We look forward to meeting military and police handlers there as we begin our in-person educational efforts for 2024!

More details [here](https://www.htlk9.com/): <https://www.htlk9.com/>.



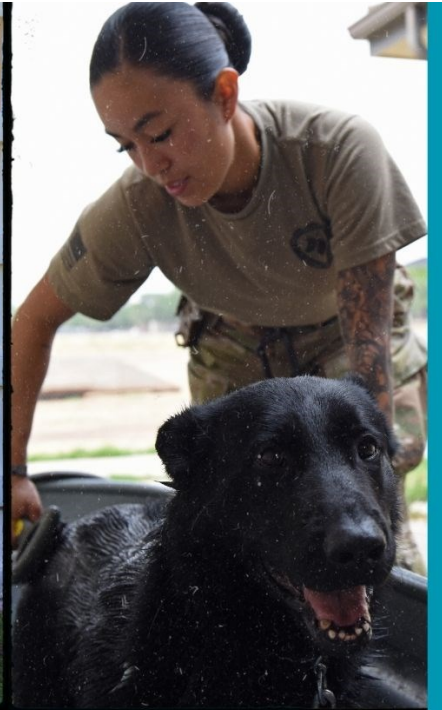
## Women's History Month—A Collage Celebrating Female K9 Personnel



U.S. Navy Master-at-Arms 2nd Class Kymberlie Kenagy



U.S. Marine Corps Cpl. Makayla A. Wedge

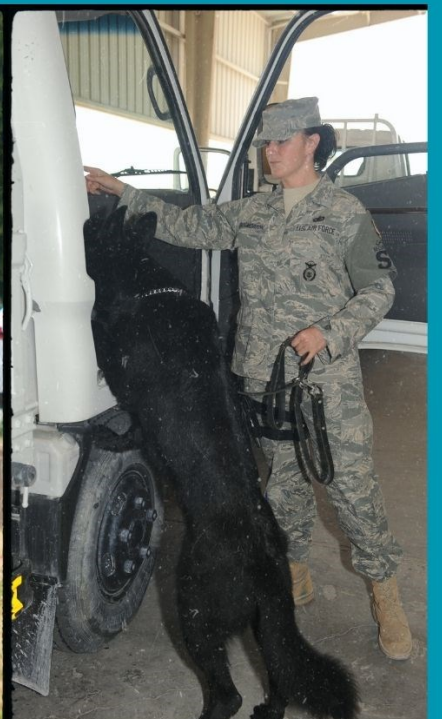


U.S. Air Force Senior Airman Georgina Silva

U.S. Army Sgt. Holly M. Moore

U.S. Army SGM Viridiana Lavalle

U.S. Air Force Staff Sgt. Brandi Throgmorton







Military Working Dog  
Heritage Museum &  
Handler Center  
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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.  
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**Military Working Dog Heritage:  
Always on Point**

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Military Working Dog Heritage Museum



- Share your story.
- Share your vision.
- Share your voice.
- Share your copy of our newsletter.

## Artifacts of the Month



These two artifacts are from our Richard Ayers Collection. They include a dog tag from the US Coast Guard Reserves and a Draft Registration Card signed by Richard Ayers, a Coast Guard dog handler.

## Historic Pooch Pic of the Month



Photo: National Archives  
via Sandra Fickbohm

37th Scout Dog Platoon,  
25th US Infantry Division  
in Korea. These dogs are  
wearing their new dog  
jackets.

US Army Photo by  
CPL Charles Stremus  
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