



The Paw Print

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



Volume 4 Issue 10

October 2024



Check out our
Fundraiser
Online!

Navy Dogs of Guam



Dogs and handlers from the Guam Kennel join us to honor Navy K9 teams on the 249th birthday of the US Navy. Featured in the photo, taken at the National War Dog Cemetery on Guam, are (L to R): Police Officer Torres and MWD Asko; MA3 Jones and MWD Acel; MA3 Lutes and MWD Puma; MAC Garcia and MWD Grim; Police Officer Tyquiengco and MWD Kely. This monument, spearheaded by Capt. William W. Putney, DVM, USMC (Retired), pays homage to the twenty-five military working dogs who lost their lives in the World War II retaking of the Island of Guam. (Photo courtesy of Fire K9s Photography)

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Guam, a key island in the Marines' WWII Pacific campaign, is 30-plus miles long and the largest island in the Marianas. During the Battle of Guam, which lasted from July 21 to August 10, 1944, American Marines recaptured the island from the Japanese forces. This decisive battle was part of a broader campaign to take control of strategic islands, which allowed the United States to establish

bases for a push toward Japan. Sadly, during the battle for Guam, twenty-five Marine dogs lost their lives.

The military dogs found on Guam are of the Navy and Air Force variety these days. They protect pivotal bases, guaranteeing their strength and assisting in maintaining America's sea and air power in the Western Pacific.

This month, we invite you to learn more about the dedicated men, women, and K9s who work tirelessly to protect Naval Base Guam.

With the immense help and coordination of the teams in Guam, we are excited to share their stories and some stunningly fantastic photos with you. We know you'll enjoy them all.

From the Vice President's Desk



Lane Hagerdorn
Vice President



Happy Halloween from all the volunteers at The Military Working Dog Heritage Museum!

It has been nice welcoming in the changing seasons as our thoughts turn to the upcoming busy holidays.

Before we get to tasty turkey and big guys in red suits, we have other celebrations to attend to, namely the 249th Birthday of the US Navy on October 13th.

But wait – did you know that the US Navy's birthday has been a source of contention throughout the years, and technically, our seafaring branch of service actually has two birthdays?

On October 13th, 1775, the Continental Congress established the Continental Navy, which grew into the modern US Navy. The US formed this new Navy of two armed vessels to disrupt munition ships supplying the British Army in America.

In 1922, however, the Navy League attempted to shift the observance of the birth of the US Navy to October 27th in honor of the birth of the US Navy's biggest supporter, President Theodore Roosevelt, who was born on the same day. October 27th is now

known as Navy Day, and we love celebrating with our US Navy brothers, sisters, and dogs the entire month!

Can I share that some incredible people are involved with The Military Working Dog Heritage Museum, including our Navy volunteer, Rob Calabro, and Rob Garcia, Navy KM, at US Naval Base, Guam? The Robs sourced and shared over 500 photos from Naval Base Guam, giving our highly dedicated editor, Dixie, plenty more work than she bargained for as she sorted and selected images for this month's articles. We hear her volunteer hours this month are off the charts – talk about a labor of love!

Are you an early shopper? Do you like getting those holiday gifts picked out and stashed away early? Well then, do we have a treat for you! Head over to the Museum's Online Store and snag some unique items for the dog and military lovers on your list. We frequently refresh the options available and place 100% of all profits from your purchase back to The Military Working Dog Heritage Museum. Check us out [here](#) or

mwdheritagemuseum.org/store

And finally, I'd like to reach out for three things.

As a start, a heartfelt thank you to each and every one of you who takes the time to enjoy the pictures, articles, and information in these newsletters. Knowing you are enjoying them fills the cups of the many volunteers who make them happen month after month.

Two, an even bigger Thank You to those volunteers. The crew behind the scenes dedicates an incredible number of hours fueled by the mission of discovering, curating, preserving, and exhibiting world-class displays of America's military working dog history and ensuring that the legacy and heritage of America's dog teams inspire future generations.

Finally, I would like to ask if it is in your heart to support The Military Working Dog Heritage Museum as a volunteer, donor, or purchaser of merchandise in our online store. The Museum thrives on passionate supporters like yourself, and everything you can and will give will allow it to live on for generations to come!

K9 Leads the Way!

Lane Hagerdorn

Meet Navy Dog Teams from Guam

by Dixie Whitman, All Photos by Fire K9s

Guam is a tropical island surrounded by the vast Pacific Ocean, moored somewhere between 3,300 miles west of Hawaii and the edge of the world. It enjoys a warm, humid climate with consistent year-round temperatures. Many flock to Guam for its sandy beaches and the opportunity to explore its spectacular snorkeling spots; it is truly a paradise on Earth.

The island territory boasts a northern limestone plateau and a southern district with volcanic hills covered in sword grasses. A little-known Guamanian fact is that the southwest quadrant of the island hosts the world's tallest mountain. Most of Mount Lamlam sits below water, but if you put it side-by-side with Everest, Mount Lamlam would tower 8,370 feet above its Himalayan counterpart. As a work location, finding one more isolated than Guam would be difficult.

The base's remoteness demands flexibility and teamwork from its personnel — including the K9 teams tasked with providing security for the Joint Region Marianas, centered in Guam. Thriving in this unique environment are exceptional dog handlers. The Guam Kennel is not just a workplace but a close-knit community of talented individuals who are always ready to take on more responsibility. These



MA3 Jones and MWD Acel sitting on the stairs obstacle posing for a photo. Painted onto the obstacle course stairs are names of dog handlers who were KIA in Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation Enduring Freedom. This ensures the teams honor and remember these brave men and dogs.

dog handlers are self-sufficient and quick thinkers, adapting to the demands of their work with ease and dedication.

Navy handlers come to Guam from massive, sprawling cities that ramble on for miles with barely a square inch of vacant space. They come from small American towns with wide main streets where everyone has eaten BBQ with the mayor and gets along because, you know, they're neighbors.

They come from farms, where they've been driving a John Deere since they were 10. The reasons they chose to join the Navy and become a K9 handler vary, but the general theme is to

see the world and work with dogs—precisely what they are doing.

Kennel Master Rob Garcia, who grew up in Chicago, wanted to travel and leave 'the city with big shoulders' in his rear-view mirror. MAC Garcia has been a steadfast presence in the Navy for sixteen years, serving as a Master-at-Arms. He has been involved in various duties in this role, including law enforcement, security, anti-terrorism, and Force Protection for the US Navy, however it was in the field of K9 that he indeed found his calling.

MAC Garcia cherishes the time he spends with his canine companions. Throughout his career,

he has trained and certified an impressive twenty-three different MWDs.

As a trainer and now a kennel master, Garcia's influence has been profound, touching the lives of numerous handlers and dogs from the Navy and beyond.

One of MAC Garcia's K9 partners in Guam is MWD Tery, a Jagdterrier. This is the first time the museum has encountered this breed. The Jagdterrier sports a short, hard, and wiry coat that sheds water and dirt. It was originally bred as a German hunting terrier, which accounts for its reputation as intelligent, courageous, and hard-working. The dog stands between 13-16" at the withers, making it the

perfect size to scout out Navy vessels.

At the other end of the timeline from MAC Garcia, we have MASN Gabriel Gonzalez, who has just begun his K9 journey in the Navy, marking the start of what promises to be a remarkable career. From North Las Vegas, Nevada, Gonzalez attended a dog demo with the Explorer's Program hosted by the local police department and fell in love with everything he saw. He joined the Navy to become a dog handler. His proudest career moment to date was graduating from the Handlers' Course at Lackland AFB and then certifying on his first dog in Guam. He notes that his partner, Dex, is a 6-year-old Belgian Malinois who attacks water hoses, loves riding in the car, long walks on the beach, and belly rubs—sounds like the perfect partner.

MA3 Eryal Martinez joined the Navy to earn her "free" college tuition but got sidetracked by the love of K9. While not yet a dog handler, MA3 Martinez is putting in the hours as Kennel Support – feeding, scooping poop, and giving belly rubs to Dex. By hanging around at the kennels in her free time, she is learning the ropes, witnessing firsthand what it means to be devoted to K9, and is working on a recommendation to go to the Handlers' Course at Lackland and grab a dog at her following command. We know she'll do great things and cannot wait to follow her to her next assignment.

Puma, a three-year-old Belgian Malinois, loves to work with his handler, MA3 Noelle Lutes, on patrol training. His enthusiasm for work is only surpassed by his exuberance during playtime when he jumps for joy—just because he can.

As a four-year Navy veteran, MA3 Lutes is already fulfilling her goal of traveling the world. She has been on trips with the Secret Service, completed a mission in Ghana, and assisted during Operation Allies Refuge—an evacuation effort carried out by the United States during the 2021 Taliban offensive. This operation took place in the final weeks of the War in Afghanistan. It involved the airlifting of at-risk Afghan civilians, especially coalition-allied interpreters, employees of the American embassy in Kabul, and other prospective applicants for the US Special Immigrant Visa (SIV). What an incredible story MA3 Lutes is writing for herself.

These are just a few bios from the Navy kennels at Guam. These Sailors represent the best that Navy K9 has to offer.

The island of Guam continues to inspire and invite K9 cops from across the Navy spectrum. Here, they will find a tiny island filled to the brim with history and hope, talent and trust, courage and compassion. Here, they will forge their futures.

K9 Leads the Way!



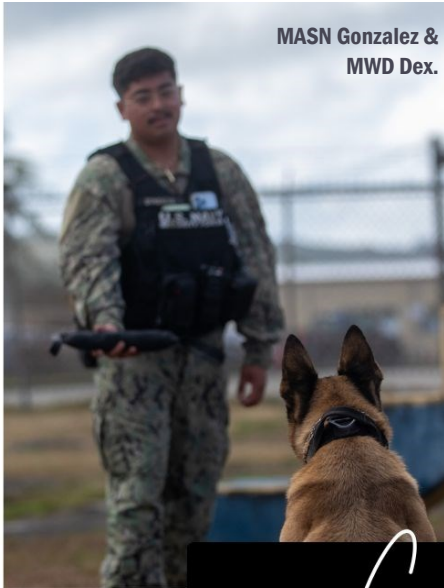
MASN Gabriel Gonzalez and partner, Dex, pose on Naval Base Guam.



MWD Dex, at the direction of his off-camera handler, MASN Gonzalez, conduct detection training in a vehicle lot.



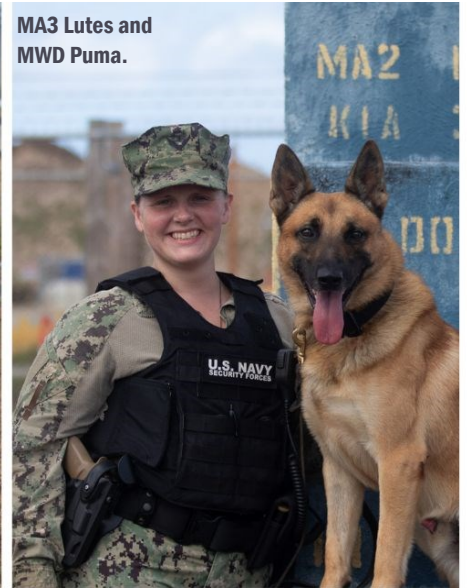
MA3 Jones and MWD Bart spend some time playing and bonding on the Obstacle Course.



MASN Gonzalez & MWD Dex.

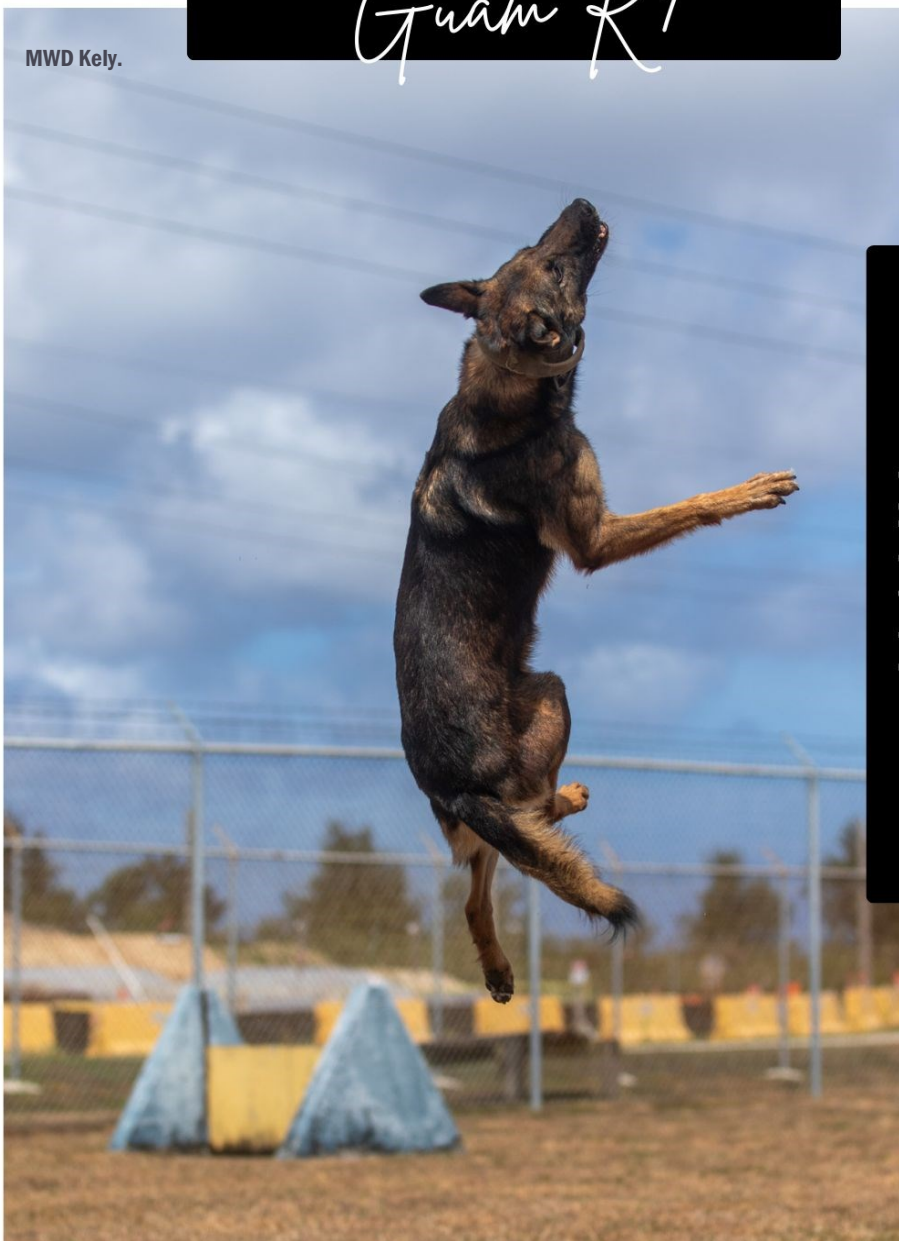


MA3 Lutes and MWD Puma.

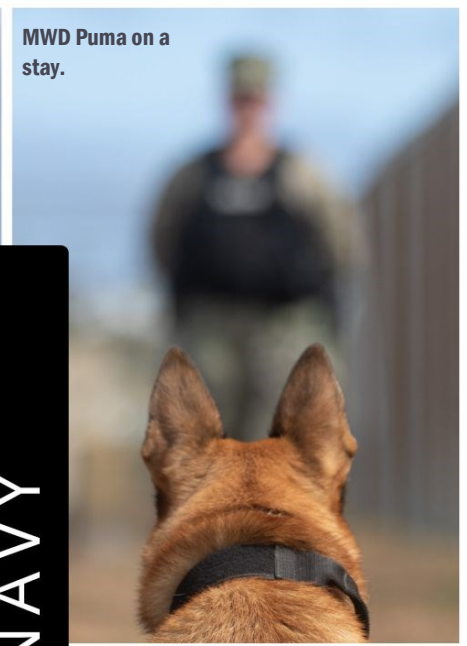


MA3 Lutes and MWD Puma.

Guam K9



MWD Kely.



MWD Puma on a stay.

NAVY



Police Officer Torres and MWD Asko.

Studio Portraits of Military Working Dogs

by Dixie Whitman with Michael Hurder

Nothing connects to our readers like images, especially pictures of dogs. Images are powerful tools for freezing time, evoking emotions, and telling stories without words.

Studio photography lets a photographer control and plan for the elements that create a captivating portrait. Most notably, the photographer's paintbrush - light - can be easily manipulated and directed inside a studio. Additionally, the photographer can stage the desired setting with props and attractive backgrounds. However, the introduction of a rambunctious military dog can add an element of unpredictability and excitement to the process.

In this fantastic image on the right of MWD Frank, a Navy dog from Yokosuka, Japan, we find all of the elements of a terrific studio photograph. The image is sharp, the lighting is good, the background is perfect, and the subject is engaged and showing a bit of individual personality.

Below this image, you find a photo of what the "behind-the-scenes" scenario might have looked like—the photographer crouching down to gain an eye-level perspective while the handler engages and directs his partner.

Join our volunteer, Michael Hurder, for his five critical settings for indoor animal photography and start your MWD photography journey.

Best Indoor Animal Photo Practices:

Start with an indoor-friendly setup. A wide open aperture lets in more light, but too wide leaves a narrow depth of field - the entire pet may not be in focus. A fast shutter speed freezes motion but might be too short a duration for indoor lighting. A high ISO increases the sensor's sensitivity to light but leaves the photo noisy. Depending on how good a camera/lens you have, you may or may not be able to shoot without artificial light. Most commercial cameras will need a flash. For example, lenses that are 15mm and less are wide-angle lenses, and $f:1.4 =$ very wide aperture.

I would start with ISO800, allowing me to use a longer shutter speed-1/100s and as narrow an aperture as possible while ensuring the animal is entirely in focus; anything over $f:2.8$ will probably need a flash. I set White Balance to "flash" mode if I'm using a flash. If you don't need a flash, use Fluorescent or Tungsten WB, depending on your lighting type. Test everything before you decide you're good to go.

Considerations:

Aperture: Use a wide aperture, especially if you have low light or want to create a shallow depth of field. If you can't get the whole animal in focus, step down your aperture until you are in focus.

Right: Portrait of Frank by Taylor Ardito.

Below: Behind the scenes photo by MCS 1st Class Delaney Jensen.

Both DoD photos.



Portrait studio

Shutter Speed: Use the fastest shutter speed you can, especially if your subject is moving or jumping. A fast shutter speed can freeze the action and capture sharp details. However, you must extend the shutter speed if it's too dark.

ISO: Use the lowest ISO possible (which will be relatively high) to avoid noise and preserve quality.

Focus: Use a focus mode and technique that can track your subject's movement and keep it in focus. You also want to use a focus point that can lock on your subject's eyes, as they are the most expressive and important part of your subject. NOTE: for a stationary subject, Just focus on the eye.

White Balance: use a white balance setting that match-

es the light in your environment or creates the mood or effect you want.

Animal photography can be fun and rewarding but requires some skills and knowledge. By mastering the five most important settings for indoor animal photography, you can improve your photos and capture the beauty and personality of your animal friends. Remember to balance your aperture, shutter speed, ISO, focus, and White Balance, check your results, and adjust as needed. You can create amazing indoor animal photos that you and your audience will love with practice and patience.



Navy Dogs—My Personal K9 Journey: Part I

Story by Stephen Kinne

The muddy waters of the Sông Cửa Lớn (Cua Lon River) flow in two directions, with an estuary on both sides of the Vietnamese Peninsula. On the south side, the river empties into the Gulf of Thailand for roughly eight hours, then pauses its rush to go placid before reversing and flowing north into the South China Sea. The currents slice across the tiniest corner of the southern tip of Vietnam. The nearby Mekong River, over 3000 miles in length, dwarfs the puny Cua Lon, but it is on the Cua Lon where I start my story.

On August 15, 1970, my partner, Bear, and I patrolled the Cua Lon River from a small Navy boat, zig-zagging diagonally across the night water. We adjusted our patrol area to remain upstream of a jumbled flotilla of barges known as SeaFloat. SeaFloat, short for Operation SeaFloat, consisted of several 90-foot pontoon barges fastened together to create a floating naval tactical support base moored in the center of the river. From this base, more than one hundred fifty Americans and Vietnamese could fight the war using watercraft and helicopters. Swift Boats, various SEAL Teams' boats, and Seawolf helicopters were all tethered to this floating Navy structure. With nearby forests being home to a sizeable Viet Cong population, SeaFloat remained a visible and attractive tar-

get for sappers. By night and day, Bear and I scouted the river to protect SeaFloat against the enemy.

The Navy modified a 16-foot Boston Whaler by adding carpeting for added traction in the bow, where Bear often perched. The boat's manufacturer crafted a unique hull construction and advertised its products as unsinkable. Our team consisted of the boat driver throttling up the 75 HP Johnson Outboard, myself, and my partner, a new type of K9 known as a Water Dog. While we had a boat driver, we let the dog steer the boat. Bear would push forward into the scent from the craft's bow, scanning for any hint of breath exhaled by a submerged sapper.

During training, if we passed a smell, he scrambled towards the back of the boat, indicating that we needed to circle back towards the scent cone cocktail he'd smelled. That mixture included the gases in a human exhalation, volatile organic compounds, and even the sapper's oral hygiene or diet, creating an invisible trail to a human hidden underwater. As we continued searching our area of responsibility, I thought about how I had ended up in Vietnam in a small boat on a tiny river, hunting submerged enemies at night with my best pal, Bear.

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Above: Bear, my Water Dog, standing alert in the bow of our Boston Whaler Boat as he scans the area for the smell of breath surfacing from any unknown swimmer/sapper in the deep water.

Both photos courtesy of Stephen Kinne.

Below: The Boston Whaler boat from which we patrolled. The manufacturer advertised this unique hull construction as "unsinkable." The Navy added some carpeting in the bow area, where you see Bear above, to offer him added traction and reduce the risk of injury.

This photo edited to remove unrelated object in foreground.



I enlisted in the Navy's delayed entry program during the Vietnam era. This choice honored my family's military heritage, with my father and grandfather serving in the US Navy, and kept me from being drafted into the Army. I just couldn't see myself as a ground-pounder.

On March 12, 1969, I entered active service at the Recruit Training Center in San Diego, California. While there, I volunteered to work for the Navy K9 Corps, believing it a great alternative to general sea duty aboard an aircraft carrier. Following Boot Camp, I moved up the beach a bit to the Naval Amphibious School at Coronado, where I quickly realized, as I learned command phrases in Vietnamese, that my ultimate duty would be in Vietnam. Additional classes in disarming booby traps, simulated combat, and weapons training at the Camp Pendleton Marine Base in San Diego confirmed my suspicion.

Once I had the basic framework of a Sailor, they sent me to Lackland for K9 training. Following completion of my training as a dog handler, I arrived in Da Nang, Vietnam, in mid-October of 1969 and met my new partner, a sentry dog named Tip. I joined Tip at the large Navy kennel at the edge of the South China Sea. We rotated guarding the communications station, the hospital, the supply depot, and the beachfront. As a sentry dog, Tip's job involved aggression towards anyone other than

me. My job as Tip's handler was to deal with the situations he found.

Tip, however, sometimes surprised me. One time, on my hospital patrol, I encountered a gorgeous nurse who wanted to pet Tip. He allowed her to get close to him for a few pats without the usual growls and belligerence. Brownie points for Tip! Did he want to get a whiff of the nurse, or was he being a good "wingman?" His intelligence demonstrated itself again when a returning patrol cleared their weapons as they entered through the base's gate. Tip turned towards me and pushed me back with both feet on my chest. He didn't want me walking towards the sounds of weapons being locked and loaded.

The hospital wasn't all about beautiful nurses. One night, while we were on post, I heard the distinct bursts from our M16s responding to enemy AK47s. Calling the guard tower, I learned that a firefight was headed toward us. Tip and I ran for a bunker midway between the two corners of my post. Inside the bunker, I braced for battle, chambering my shotgun and fixing an extra shell in the magazine. I repeated with my 45-caliber pistol and readied two hand grenades. Tip, beside me, acted as a second set of eyes and ears. We were as prepared as possible. Fortunately, the fighting stopped before arriving on our wood and sandbag doorstep, but I



Above: Navy Sentry Dog Handler, Stephen Kinne, and his partner K9 Tip on the beachfront of the South China Sea.

Both photos courtesy of Stephen Kinne.



Above: The sentry dog and his handler walk their lonely post day and night, forming an integral part of NSA's Security System. (Naval Support Activity Security System.)

Photo courtesy of DoD.

understand the visceral meaning of the idiom, "I broke out in a cold sweat."

Handlers and dogs don't match up 100% of the time in a kennel. Handlers sometimes rotate out, leaving their dogs behind and trusting the kennel care of that dog to another handler.

At Da Nang, I had that experience once where I needed to feed, water, and clean up behind another Sentry Dog. Our K9s were one-person dogs, so caring for a canine that didn't belong to you came with unique challenges. You don't know their quirks, they don't know you, they don't like anybody, even the man that feeds them. As I opened the kennel of the new-to-me K9, he charged past, bursting into the open area; he raced towards the OB yard, with

me screaming, "Loose dog," and high-tailing after him.

I finally caught him at the gate into the training area and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Big mistake! Big, big mistake! He came unglued and grabbed my left hand. I got my hand out and offered him my arm instead, which had minor protection due to my foul-weather jacket. Another handler grabbed a leash and muzzle, which we fitted over his nose and mouth. The other handler took the dog, and I visited the doctor, receiving multiple stitches in my hand. My arm, even padded, received significant bites, which broadened into crimson bruises. I still have Sentry Dog scars on my left hand.



Above: At night, on post, on the perimeter of their Da Nang base. "When I first arrived, I was issued an M16. A short time later, it was decided that the shotgun would be more effective, so we were issued a Remington 12 gauge with an 18-inch barrel. The rounds were both 00 buckshot and flechette. I usually alternated my rounds when I loaded the weapon."

Photo courtesy of Stephen Kinne.

Note: This story will continue with next month's Paw Print.

A promotional poster for the "Battle of The Beards" fundraiser. On the left is a stylized, high-contrast illustration of a man's face with a thick beard and sunglasses. In the top right corner is a QR code. The title "Battle of The Beards" is written in a mix of black and gold fonts. Below the title is a quote: "I'm Sorry, I Can't Hear You Over My Awesome Beard." At the bottom left is a circular logo for the "Military Working Dog Heritage Museum" featuring a silhouette of a dog. A red button with the text "Visit Now" is positioned below the quote. At the very bottom, the website URL "mwdheritagemuseum.org/2024-beard-battle/" is displayed.

Support our Furry Fundraiser!

Visit

Battle of the Beards [Here](#)

And make a donation in Support of your favorite Bearded Handler!

Phantom Hoofbeats

This is a personal account of WWII Handler, Richard Zika. His skill at storytelling sizzles, even 80 years later. In this article, he shares a personal insight of his time guarding the perimeter as a dog handler in the China-Burma-India campaign.

Where is the boundary line drawn between the natural and the supernatural, or between fact and fantasy?

Is a sharp delineation always possible?

It was April 1944, and our company, Causal Dog Detachment, US Army K9 Corps, was on its way to its first overseas stop, Kanchrapara, a debarkation area approximately thirty-five miles northeast of Calcutta, India.

Our camp itself was situated roughly a mile and a half east of the main north-south road and was reached by a dirt track that had been hacked through jungle-growth. The track was adequate enough for military vehicle traffic, but the luxuriant foliage canopy about it prevented much sunlight from reaching it, much less the feeble rays of the moon at night.

Along this track, about one-quarter mile west of our assigned space, lay

the ruins of an ancient temple, a foreboding jumble of fallen stones and crumbling masonry ensnared by vegetation, inhabited now only by the inevitable snakes and the large black lizards of the region.

Our tent area lay to the north of this track in a clearing roughly fifty yards wide, hemmed in on two sides by dense jungle growth. Farther to the north, the terrain drifted into scattered rice paddies, alternating with the stands of dense scrub.

On the south side of the track was the dog space, situated in a bamboo grove cleared enough to permit light and air to get in but sufficiently thick to block out the blistering rays of the tropical sun.

It was our second night ashore, and I, along with another member of our company, had drawn the 2400 to 0600 guard duty. Two men, each with a trained dog, were certainly sufficient to watch over our small encampment of 100 dogs and 108 people. My post was the front half of the camp, and on my rounds, I could check the dirt track

and peer into the mottled shadows of the dog area.

The night could only be described as something out of Kipling.

From the nearest village drifted the sounds of tunes in a minor key played by lutes, high-pitched pipes, and muted drums and cymbals, giving proof to the adage that "India is the land that never sleeps." The moon was the stuff of legends, so full and bright you could count every blade of grass. My dog's coat gleamed with burnished shades of black and tan, and the white-capped tents took on the aspect of gigantic toadstools.

Yet, in the jungle, the night was absolutely black, impenetrable to

the eye of either man or dog. From its lightless womb, uncountable species of insects added their nightly symphony to the stars to the never-ending howls of the jackals and the occasional cursing of a monkey disturbed in its sleep.

Abruptly, as though directed by the wave of conductor's baton, the night noises in the direction of the temple ceased, and, simultaneously, my dog alerted with a low, menacing, belly-deep growl, his hackles rising to the perpendicular. Then, the whole dog area became strangely restive, with growls, whimpers, snuffling, and much movement.

Then I heard it - the unmistakable sound of an

Courtesy article by WWII Handler, Richard Zika



Phantom hoofbeats courtesy Firefly.

unshod horse galloping along the dirt track. Coming from the direction of the temple ruins, it was approaching fast. Just as fast, I unslung my carbine and strained my eyes, trying to see into the inky black. Nothing could be seen. My own hackles began rising under my helmet as I prepared to challenge. Closer and closer came the pounding hooves until, abruptly, the sound broke into the revealing light of the moon. *Nothing!*

I couldn't sound an alarm: there was nothing there. Yet the hoofbeats passed within a few feet of me on my right, causing my dog to alternately snarl and lunge, pulling against his leash. At the same time, I felt a rush of air—not cool but cold and clammy air.

As abruptly as it began, the incident ended. The hoofbeats were cut off as though in midstride, and shortly thereafter, one by one, the night noises resumed. To say I was unnerved would be an understatement, but what was I to do? Sound an alarm about being run down by nothing and becoming the laughingstock of the camp? No, this had to be thought out carefully and played the same way.

When next our rounds crossed, I asked my sentry partner whether he'd noticed anything unusual. Oh, sure. He had noticed the unrest in the dog area; as a matter of fact, his own dog had briefly alerted. But he himself had seen or heard nothing.

He peered into my face, "Hey, what's the matter, Zeke?" he asked. "How come you look so pale?"

"D'ja see a ghost or something?"

I could only manage a weak smile and shake my head. There are times when it's best to keep one's mouth shut.

Much as I tried, I couldn't help but wrestle with the matter over and over in my mind. Was it only a case of jitters? Did the full tropical moon and the strangeness of it all play tricks on my mind? Many, I was sure, would think this. Maybe I should accept it myself.

But, if this were true, why did two fully trained dogs come to alert?

And why did ninety-eight other trained dogs pay witness to their alert? And last but far from least, what was that clammy cold of the grave that had rushed past me?

Three days later, while I was still trying to convince myself that the incident hadn't – couldn't have – happened, I came across information that gave me a chilling pause for thought.

Natives of the region shunned the temple ruins. Local legend had it that in its day, the temple had been the scene of bizarre and violent happenings.

It was still thought to be a place of evil, complete with strange apparitions and manifestations.

Ignorant superstition you say? Perhaps. In turn, I must ask again: Where is that nebulous boundary line that marks where the natural leaves off and the supernatural begins?

MWD Dresses Up for Halloween



Yorktown, Va. (October 27, 2023) Members of a Military Working Dog team participate in an annual Halloween Fall Festival and Resource Fair while dressed in their Halloween costumes. The annual event, hosted by the Morale, Welfare and Recreation team at Naval Weapons Station Yorktown, allowed participants to engage in family friendly ac-

US Navy photo by Max Lonzanida

tivities at NWS Yorktown's Sports Zone gym.

Additionally, a host of organizations that serve the servicemembers and civilians at the installation were also on-hand at various outreach booths; the annual event attracted scores of visitors for an evening filled with Halloween and fall activities.



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From the Team at MWDHM...
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Always on Point**

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Military Working Dog Heritage Museum

Recycle, please.



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

Artifacts of the Month

SPIKE JONES
• RED DOG •
KIA DEC 23 2006

This month's artifact commemorated the loss of the Navy SEAL dog (Combat Assault Dog) Spike. This donated plaque was reverently removed from a Navy Seal compound/kennel demolition in Iraq. Spike was lost during combat.

Historic Pooch Pic of the Month



**Left: Navy Sentry
Dog Handlers at
Da Nang
practice line
aggression
drills.**

**Photo courtesy
Al Dodds,
Navy K9 Handler,
Da Nang,
Vietnam.**