



The Paw Print

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



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Upcoming Events:

**September 14-21—
Kokomo, IN.
All Veterans Reunion**

**October 17—
San Antonio, TX. US
War Dogs 25th Anniversary Celebration**

Retirement: A Ruff Job



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US Air Force Tech. Sgt. Albert Middleton, 99th Security Forces Squadron kennel master, sits with MWD Ivan during Ivan's retirement ceremony at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada, May 23, 2024. The poem *Guardians of the Night* was read during the ceremony and serves as an oath for both the dogs and handlers to keep each other safe. (US Air Force photo by Senior Airman Megan Estrada)

"Trust in me, my friend, for I am your comrade. I will protect you with my last breath... Together we will conquer all obstacles, and search out those who might wish harm to others..."

Those words talk about the brotherhood, the relationship between handler and K9 as comrades, each bringing a skillset to the partnership.

"...It is for you that I will unselfishly give my life and spend my nights unrested..."

Dogs would sacrifice and do anything for their handler. They are fearless and devoted partners, caring first and foremost for their person, above themselves.

"...Together you and I shall experience a bond only others like us will understand..."

The unwavering devotion between military working dogs and handlers doesn't stop at the end of the day—the bond within this team transcends others. At the

end of their time working together, handlers want to adopt their partners and give them a great retirement. Join us inside to learn about a few retired K9s.

"...If we should meet again on another street I will gladly take up your fight, I am a Military Working Dog and together we are guardians of the night."

Excerpts from *Guardians of the Night*.

From the Vice President's Desk



Vice President
Scott Daubert

Military Working Dog Heritage Museum volunteers and friends, please let me introduce myself. My name is Scott Daubert, and I'm the new Military Working Dog Heritage Museum Vice President. I was born in Ipswich, England, to James and Elizabeth Daubert, and I have two older brothers. I'm married to Stephanie Daubert and have two children: a 19-year-old son and an 18-year-old daughter. I grew up as an Air Force brat and traveled extensively as a child, finally settling in Omro, Wisconsin.



I received my BA from the University of Washington in American History, Museum studies, Public History, with a Non-profit management certificate. I've attended Seminary and am currently

(well, off and on) pursuing a Master of Museum Studies from Harvard. I am a former K9 Handler in the US Air Force from 1996-2001. I continued my military service in the US Army National Guard from 2003-2012 in Washington state, Hawaii, New York, and Georgia.

I started working in museums at the Karpeles Manuscript Museum and Library from 2001-2005, Tacoma Art Museum 2003-2005, Fort Lewis Army Museum 2004-2005, Washington State Capital Visitor Service Office 2003-2005, 25th Infantry Division Museum 2005-2007, West Point Museum 2007-2008, 3rd Infantry Division Museum 2008-2012, 4th Infantry Division Museum 2012-2016 back to 3rd Infantry Division Museum 2016-2018 and then on to the National Infantry Museum June 2018-present. I served as an Army Museum Enterprise inspection team member and team lead for about eight years, so I've seen it all from the good to the bad and everything in between.

I've completely redesigned and installed two museums for the Army in the last 10 years, the 4th Infantry Division Museum in 2016 and the 3rd Infantry Division Museum in 2017. I have redesigned and installed two galleries at the National Infantry Museum since 2018 and have installed

numerous temporary exhibitions. The National Infantry Museum has won Best Free Museum since 2018 and Best History Museum in 2021 and 2022.

I enjoy the challenges presented by small museums and growing non-profits. Stephanie and I live on five acres in Seale, AL. Where we (well, she really) breed and show our eight German shepherds. We raise chickens and a couple of goats. As we enter July, I wanted to start my bi-monthly submission with a little K9 history.

In July 1942, Headquarters, US Army Ground Forces announced plans to utilize 100 Messenger and Scout Dogs and 100 Sled Dogs with a new Mountain Division and submitted a request for eleven dogs in November for a test at Camp Hale in Colorado. This requisition was followed by another made by US Army Ground Forces a short time later for specially selected animals for experimental training of message-carrying wire-laying, pack-carrying, first-aid, scout, attack, and trail work.

Formal recognition of the government's value of dogs came on 16 July 1942, when the Secretary of War directed The Quartermaster General to broaden the scope of the War Dog Program to include training for roving patrols, messenger, and sled work in addition to fixed sentry duty. The Army

pointed out that this sentry instruction should be modified to meet the needs of the US Army Air Force in guarding airfields and possible uses by other agencies. This directive also ordered the US Army Ground Forces, the US Army Air Force, and Commanders in theaters of operations "to explore the possibilities of using dogs advantageously in the various activities under their control."



The Quartermaster General was also ordered to conduct dog training in these four categories, train handlers, develop training techniques, and establish schools capable of rapid expansion, assuming that these animals would most likely be utilized generally for a wide variety of tactical purposes by other branches and services.

I look forward to working with you to build the world's best Military Working Dog Heritage Museum.

I am but a servant to God, my Country, and you!

K9 Leads the Way!

Scott Daubert

If you know a Veteran in Crisis, the VA Veteran's Crisis Line is: Dial 988, Then Press 1.

A Hero's Retirement: Military Working Dog Bob

KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE, N.M. - After nearly a decade of unwavering service, Military Working Dog (MWD) Bob embarked on a new chapter of life, one filled with well-earned relaxation, love, and family. But make no mistake—Bob's legacy as a vital service member will not be forgotten.



Military Working Dog Bob on patrol with his Handler SSgt Brandon Soto, 377th Security Forces Group. Photo: Britanie Tetson

Bob, a 10-year-old Belgian Malinois, dedicated nine years of his life to military service before retiring in February 2024. Over the course of his career, he deployed to Ali Al Salem Air Base in Kuwait in 2021 and participated in more than 20 United States Secret Service missions, ensuring the safety of the president, vice president, first lady, and presidential candidates. He also played a crucial role in the security of the United Nations General Assembly, providing protection for 197

world leaders. When not on high-profile missions, Bob supported Security Forces operations at Kirtland Air Force Base, upholding the safety and integrity of the installation.

Staff Sgt. Brandon Soto, Bob's final handler, had the honor of adopting him after his retirement. "I worked with him for about two years," Soto said. "He started showing pain in his hind legs, and after some medical evaluations, the vet determined it was time for him to retire. After a long process of paperwork and approval, I was able to bring him home."

Adjusting to Civilian Life

Transitioning from a mission-driven career to civilian life wasn't easy for Bob. "He was always looking for something to do," Soto explained. "For the first six months, he was constantly pacing, looking for a task. It took him a while to realize he could just relax."

Although Bob has settled into a more peaceful routine, some of his military instincts remain intact. "He still gets a little anxious, especially if he doesn't have a toy in his mouth. It's like his security blanket," Soto said. "If you suddenly take it away, he does these little alligator chops, which is how he copes."



Retired Military Working Dog Bob enjoys the day at the park. Photo: Britanie Tetson

Despite his military training, Bob has adjusted remarkably well to his new family, which includes two other dogs, a cat, and even a horse. "We had to make sure he wasn't dog aggressive before bringing him home since MWDs aren't typically socialized with other animals," Soto said. "But Bob is completely sweet. He's even afraid of our cat!"

A Life of Love and Honor

These days, Bob enjoys the simple pleasures of family life, like morning walks, playtime with Soto's Border Collie, and belly rubs by the fireplace. His bed is his most prized possession. "He has a huge mattress, a donut bed, a heated blanket, and another blanket we lay on top of him," Soto said with a smile. "If he sees anyone heading upstairs, he races to his bed. It's his favorite part of the day."

Story and photos by Britanie Tetson

For Soto, the bond with Bob goes beyond just owning a pet. "He was the first and last face I saw every day at work," he reflected. "There's something special about that bond and connection—especially after everything we go through every day at work, Bob was in that car, going through it with me. If I could leave here with anything, it means the world to me that it is Bob."

Bob is the second retired MWD Soto has adopted. His first, Kali, sadly passed away just a few months after adoption due to cancer. Losing Kali made Soto even more determined to ensure Bob experienced a well-deserved retirement filled with comfort and joy.



Retired Military Working Dog shows off a new toy. Photo: Britanie Tetson

The Legacy of MWDs

MWDs like Bob are invaluable assets to the military. Their intense training, heightened instincts, and unwavering loyalty make



Military Working Dog Bob on patrol with his Handler SSgt Brandon Soto, 377th Security Forces Group. Photo: Britanie Tetson

them invaluable to national security. “The standards for MWDs are incredibly high,” Soto said. “Even the smallest details in their training set them apart from civilian dogs. Their precision, obedience, and ability to detect threats make them one of the most powerful tools in the military.”

While their military careers are demanding, their retirement is just as significant. “These dogs spend years in kennels, working long shifts, always on alert,” Soto said. “To see Bob now—getting pup cups from Starbucks, sleeping in a warm bed, playing with our family—it’s the best way to honor his service.”

Supporting Retired MWDs

For those considering adopting a retired MWD, Soto offers advice: “It’s a lot of work. You can’t just do it for the ‘cool factor’ of having a former MWD. It takes patience, training, and understanding. These dogs have to unlearn years of military conditioning, from potty training to socialization.”

Thankfully, programs exist to support retired MWDs and their owners. The Army Veterinary Corps at Kirtland continues to provide medical care for Bob, ensuring his health needs are met. “They still take care of us, even though he’s retired. That means the world to us.”

As for how the community can support MWDs, Soto encourages engagement. “Show them love. Don’t be afraid to interact with them—unless the owner says otherwise. For Halloween, we dressed Bob up in my old ABU jacket and let people stop by for pictures. Everyone loved it.”

For Bob, every day is now an opportunity to enjoy the life he fought to protect.



Retired Military Working Dog Bob enjoys cuddles with his new cat sibling at his adopted home. Photo: Britanie Tetson

While his warfighting days are behind him, his legacy of service, dedication, and excellence continues to inspire those around him. A hero in every sense of the word, MWD Bob has earned his place among the finest defenders of freedom.



K9 Section Gets New Insignia

Reprint from Fort Snelling Bulletin January 1, 1944



The famous K9 section of the 710th MP Bn. Takes great pleasure in presenting its new insignia. Due to the shortage of critical war material, the insignia will not be manufactured until the conclusion of the war and the customary six month, however, after that period, they will be furnished gratis to everyone of the section’s ferocious enlisted men, and each of the timid canines.

The K9 Section would like to take this opportunity to thank S/Sgt “Pluto”

Tootikian for daily giving up his time for two weeks to complete the drawing. In commenting on his masterpiece, “Pluto” says, “If I were a dog, I’d prefer hydrants to trees.” The crossed hydrants symbolize power with justice, and also something useful.



Fort Snelling Bulletin, January 1, 1944.

Image provided by: Minnesota Historical Society; Saint Paul, MN

<https://www.loc.gov/resource/2023271006/1944-01-01/ed-1/?sp=3>

The Legacy of the Devil Dog of San Diego

Krystal Tronboll steadied herself and reached cautiously for the safety clasp on Ddamien D214's kennel gate. On the other side of the fence, the infamous Devil Dog of San Diego lurked in the dark corners. A bead of sweat trickled down Krystal's back.

Never let them see you sweat; it was almost an impossible task when you've just lost a round of "Rock, Paper, Scissors, K9." Especially when the dog in question, MWD Ddamien, was the Navy's legendary killer dog from San Diego. With titanium canine teeth, a history of biting every handler who'd ever held the end of his leash, and a growing graveyard of sacrificial squeegees used to keep him at arm's length, Ddamien had just returned to the San Diego kennel from his recent deployment.

Danger

Before his handler took leave, he warned everyone about the dangers of entering the kennel with Ddamien. He knew that others would use the guillotine doors for feeding and cleaning. However, the flaw in this plan was that the kennel staff could not apply Frontline and Heartgard from a distance. Sooner or later, "some poor idiot" would have to handle that challenging dog.

The three sailors who worked in kennel care that fateful Sunday morning studied each other carefully

before the "Rock, Paper, Scissors" game, guessing which sign each would throw. When Krystal lost, the other two handlers fled, hollering behind them, "Call out if you need us," and disappeared around the corner.

"I thought I was going to die," said Krystal.

Shaking badly and nearly in tears, Krystal commanded Ddamien to sit, opened the gate, dispensed the medication, successfully closed the gate, and didn't die. She blinked in disbelief.

Ddamien's handler was leaving the Navy. Damien hadn't been re-certified, and his future remained uncertain.

Cookie Monster

Just walking by Ddamien's kennel caused him to "lose the plot." He'd spin, lunge, bark, and spit foam. Krystal began a campaign of dropping dog cookies as she passed Ddamien's kennel, asking nothing from him, carefully avoiding eye contact but just showing kindness. He continued his demonic ways but, after a week of devouring dropped cookies, paused to see who was coming. Was it the cookie whisperer? The Devil Dog didn't let Krystal linger at his door before becoming aggressive, but gradually modified his behavior. Later, he even wagged his stub of a tail when he heard her approaching.

by Dixie Gilmore Whitman



Above: Krystal Tronboll with Ddamien D214, the Devil Dog of San Diego—the dog who started it all.

Photo courtesy Krystal Tronboll

Unprecedented retirement

In the fall of 2010, Krystal received an unexpected phone call. Ddamien's retirement time had arrived, but with an extensive bite history, the military considered him unadoptable to the public. It would take a special place and a special person to manage this prince of darkness.

Knowing how much the Military Working Dog program meant to Krystal, the powers-that-be knew she would avoid stupid moves. Ddamien wouldn't be visiting Petco and wouldn't have the opportunity to go to dog parks, but he would retire to a sanctuary home where he received daily handling, watched his own TV, and relished a full-to-the-brim cookie jar.

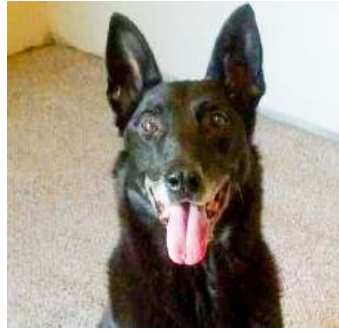
Ddamien enjoyed an incident-free two-year retirement before his final roll call. For two years, this dog had bitten no one, had not embarrassed the K9 world, and had veterinarians and staff successfully treat him. A collective scratching of heads took place behind the scenes. Was this a fluke? Could this success be repeated with other dangerous dogs?

The Berry Boys

In 2012, while working at the veterinary clinic on Miramar Base, Krystal received a call from San Diego. Two dogs with bite histories, Brown Berry and Black-Berry, needed to retire. Would she be willing to take them in and provide a sanctuary for their retirement? Having lost Ddamien earlier



**MWD Barri F388, USN
Patrol/ Explosive Detector
Dog. Commander Navy Region
Southwest.
MAR 2002 - 10 MAY 2016
Belgian Malinois.**



**MWD Barry F055, USN,
Patrol/ Drug Detector Dog,
Commander Navy Region
Southwest.
MAR 2001 - 09 AUG 2014
Belgian Malinois .**

in the year, Krystal had room. She knew both dogs from her time at the San Diego Kennels and, after consulting with her husband, Matt, welcomed them home.

Brown Berry, officially known as MWD Barri F388, had a reputation as a "shady dog." He would feign friendliness, solicit petting, and then nail the poor fool who believed him.

Black Berry, MWD Barry F055, notoriously hated everyone except his handler. Veterinarians repeatedly documented his honest animosity toward humans in his official record: "Aggressive." "Biter."

Also following closely behind in 2012, Krystal's own dog, Kira J080 from Bahrain, retired without a home to call her own. There was no doubt that girl was coming home.

Whispers and Rumors

The MWD community is tightly connected. Whispers

circulated. "Hey, did you hear? Someone is able to get dogs out with a bite history and without an incident and is crazy enough to do something that stupid."

More dogs arrived. One of Krystal's horseback riding friends asked, "If you had financial backing, how many more dogs could you help?"

Unbeknownst to Krystal, her friend had hired an attorney and submitted the necessary paperwork to establish a nonprofit organization called The Ddamien Project.

While Krystal was in Philadelphia, PA, receiving radiation treatment for MWD Doky M145, her friend called to share the exciting news that she had received the IRS letter confirming they were now an official 501(c)(3) organization. That same day, Krystal went to a bookstore and bought a copy of Nonprofit Kit for Dummies.

Because of their extensive behavior and/or health is-

sues, none of the dogs at The Ddamien Project are suitable for adoption. This is a sanctuary and hospice home; it's not a stop on the way to a permanent home but the final home for all these dogs.

Continues to Advocate

Krystal's situation is tenuous. Because of their aggression, only Krystal and her husband, Matt, work to keep the dogs fed, exercised, vetted, and socialized 24/7/365. The couple hasn't been off their property together since 2017.

Other talented handlers have offered to come in, volunteer, and give her and Matt a break. Due to the dogs' reactions to strangers, even gifted ones, Krystal feels it would be difficult without guillotine doors and a massive financial influx to change their kennel setup.

In addition, Krystal says that everything on her property wants to kill visitors when they come: the dogs, the horses, the emus, and an ungodly aggressive rooster named Alfredo. Hiring or having help is not currently an option.

Statistics

Nearly 30 working dogs are retired on her northeast Texas property, requiring massive amounts of food, toys, treats, and vet bills.

The Ddamien Project feeds Purina Pro Plan Sport as its routine food but has multiple dogs on \$120 per bag prescription foods for skin, liver, kidney, and urinary

tract issues. The food bill alone is nearly \$2600 per month.

She orders prescription medication in bulk, averaging around \$6000 per year.

All dogs get a complete annual vetting, including bloodwork, vaccines, and ultrasounds, because they have earned it. The cost averages \$560 per dog.

Emergency surgeries and cancer dogs get the funding they need. If realistic opportunities for quality of life exist, The Ddamien Project will treat the dog.

How You Can Help

We all have a responsibility to care for these deserving dogs in retirement. The Ddamien Project offers many meaningful ways for supporters to assist these geriatric working dogs, who have devoted so much of their lives to safeguarding our nation. Your role in this is crucial. We invite you to join us in showing kindness.

Visit The Ddamien Project's website to learn more about the dogs in their care and the legacy of the Devil Dog from San Diego.

<https://www.ddamienproject.org/> or click [here](#).

Consider making a financial donation. Donate [here](#).

Amazon Wish List [here](#).

Chewy Wish List [here](#).



Did you know Great Danes Trained?

by Dixie Gilmore Whitman

Imagine, if you can, a time in the distant past when Army generals of antiquity unleashed massive war dogs of gigantic proportions on opposing armies. These Molossian hounds of ancient Greece, with spiked collars and metal plate armor, were a fearsome sight on the battlefield. Their wild anticipation, palpable in the air, was a sign of the impending chaos these armies were about to release. "Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war."¹

Unsurprisingly, the primal concepts of size, force, and bloodlust in the Molossian hounds, significantly modified, have made their way through the ages into several modern-day breeds, including the Great Dane. During the early years of World War II, as America's Military established its Working Dog program, dog trainers were impressed by the Great Dane's stature and identified it as a suitable breed candidate. Due to their size and weight, the United States Military saw great potential in the Great Danes and hoped to train them to replicate the successful German shepherds.

The AKC's blueprint for the perfect Great Dane includes impressive words like strength, power, and massive. Unfortunately, it also includes words like friendly, never aggressive, and drool. Even though they are gentle, affectionate, and come from the working group, very few

of these giants make their way towards obedience titles, and fewer still work with their noses. It was not exactly what the military needed!

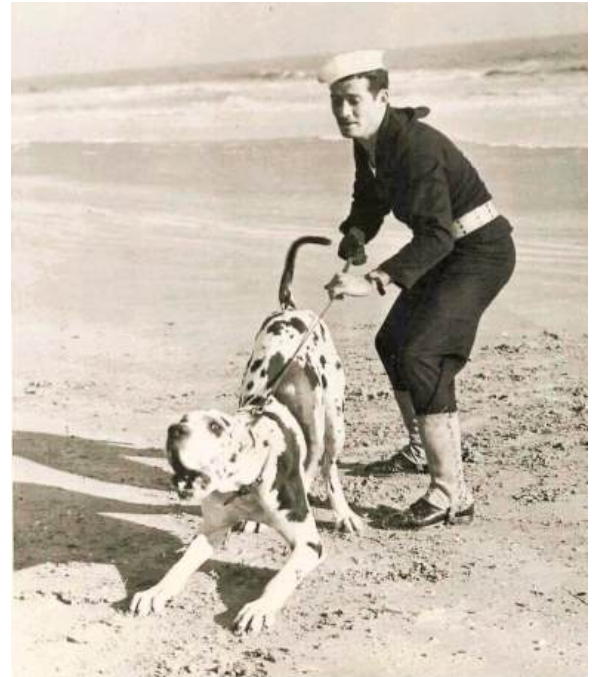
Modern warfighters generally understand that the most successful military working dogs possess sleekness, speed, and athletic prowess. This understanding took some time, along with trial and error, to develop.

At Fort Robinson, Nebraska, one of the WWII K9 training facilities, Great Danes and Great Dane-mixes took the fields, heeling beside their partners. Handlers poured the same love and time into training the Great Danes, but the Danes' gregarious nature did not produce the same results.

"Due to the size and weight of a Great Dane the United States Military wanted to train them as working dogs in World War II.

"The training program was so unsuccessful that it drove a dog training Sergeant to tears when he repeatedly tried to get a Great Dane to jump over an obstacle: the playful Great Dane would run up to the obstacle, grab the entire structure in his teeth and then bring it back to the Sergeant and place it at his feet wanting to play.

"It was shortly after that the United States Military gave up training Great Danes for war."²



Above left: WWII Coast Guard handler with a Great Dane on the beach. Photo courtesy: The Coast Guard.³

Below: Photo of WWII dog handlers training at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. The military had interest in utilizing the Great Danes due to their size and heft. Photo from the Nebraska State Historical Society Photography Collection.⁴



Endnotes:

¹Shakespeare, William (1996). *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. Wordsworth Editions. p. 597

² Facebook status update. Coast Guard. 1941 - Coast Guard "training" a Great Dane. <https://www.facebook.com/photo?fbid=10157456293432679&set=a.480337427678>

³ Ibid. Facebook status update. Coast Guard.

⁴ Nebraska State Historical Society Photography Collection. NSHS image: RG2731.PH:000006-000026.

Blackie Got the Brass- Part II

by Greg Dunlap

This article is another gem from a suite of articles by Greg Dunlap about his time serving as a USAF Sentry Dog handler with the 366th SPS during the Vietnam War.

This month continues a story about an eventful inspection by a newly-minted lieutenant.

If you didn't catch Part I of this story from last month, check it out in our newsletter archives at:

<https://mwdheritagemuseum.org/newsletters/>

The lieutenant sealed his fate. I had been letting out Blackie's leash, bit by bit, as I endured the officer's verbal abuse, and Blackie had taken advantage of the slack, bit by bit. Whenever we talked to anyone, I watched Blackie because he would scoot backward, trying to get some slack on the leash. Suddenly, he would shoot forward, letting the person know he was there. Blackie scared many a Marine - and me a few times - until I caught on to what he was doing. Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt was about 5 feet away, and Blackie now had about 3 1/2 feet of leash between him and my hand. I took a twist of the leash tightly around my hand, and, snapping to attention, I said, "Yes, sir!"

Somehow. I swear I don't know how it happened, but, golly, in the act of snapping to attention, having the Lieutenant yelling and me, starting my salute and all, I accidentally kicked

Blackie. I must have been distraught. Normally, it would never have happened. Honest.

Blackie was like a rocket leaving the tube. Tan and Black, and all teeth. The lieutenant was in his cross-hairs, locked and loaded with orders to strike. He lunged with a fury I hadn't seen since the first time he chased me out of his kennel.

Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt stood there, reveling in his glory. He had caught a discretion and relished correcting it. But my dog's response wasn't how things were supposed to go. The banty rooster was finding out that he was now not at the top of the food chain and was scared.

I watched his face blanch and go chalky. I don't know what kept him upright other than stark terror, but Blackie was making an impression - an attitude adjustment.

Blackie's feet raked and dug across his chest. Blackie's teeth, which must have looked two feet long to the lieutenant, snapped violently, burning close to his face and splattered him with his saliva.

I pulled Blackie backward. "Damn it, Lieutenant, I told you that I wasn't supposed to salute you!!! Calm down, dog!!!!" I constructed a masquerade response.

As I reeled Blackie in, on the other side, where Lieuten-

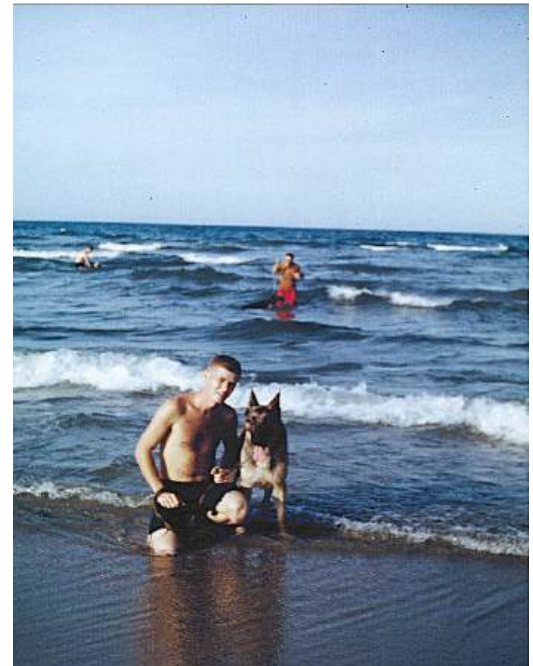
ant Pain-in-the-Butt couldn't see, I encouraged my dog to remain aggressive. The Flight Sergeant, meanwhile, straddled between backing me up and wanting to totally bust up laughing. Knowing what to look for, he caught me manipulating Blackie, but was telling Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt that I had tried to warn him. All the while Blackie continued to lunge at Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt, and I continued to pull him back and finally just had to take a walk with him to get him to calm down.

It was a strange scene. Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt stood there, trying to maintain some semblance of dignity. But only his laundry lady knew how scared he got.

The Flight Sergeant ensured the lieutenant was all right

and told me to control that SOB (everyone called Blackie that), all while not laughing out loud and giving away the whole situation. Blackie struggled and pulled against the collar, still wanting a little taste of officer fanny. I told him that he should behave and mind his manners. I calmed Blackie down and, standing about 15 feet away from them, apologized and repeated that my post was secure. Again, I avoided a salute.

It was the first breath that Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt had taken since the entire episode began. A little color seemed to appear in his cheeks; his gaze, however, was locked on Blackie. We stood there for what must have been a minute, nobody saying anything. What was



**Greg Dunlap and Blackie X129 on the beach at the South China Sea, Da Nang, Vietnam.
Photo courtesy of Greg Dunlap.**

going to happen next? Did I overstep my bounds and now would find myself in sandbag hell? Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt broke the silence by squeaking something and then, turning, began walking along the perimeter toward the next post. The Sergeant gave me a wink and turned to follow him. I gave Blackie another encouragement which sent him charging out to the end of his leash, barking madly.

He did make an impression when he wanted. I watched Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt flinch with each bark until they rounded the bend and went out of sight. Blackie turned to look back at me with that "Did I do good, Boss?" look on his face. Kneeling, I put my arms around him and told him he did great!

Afterward, the rest of the evening drifted uneventfully. We chatted with a few of the marines in Alpha Company and spent time with our-

selves in case Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt decided to return. Occasionally, the radio would go Psst-Psst-Psst, Psst-Psst, Psst, so we knew they were still on the prowl, but eventually, that ended.

The sun came up, and we got the call to come in. Gathering my gear, I walked over to the perimeter road and waited for the rest of the guys to join me. We grouped up and started the bull session for the walk back to the kennel. Everyone said Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt wasn't as bad as Cobra and Tiger flights had made him out to be. They'd challenge him; he'd stop and watch as they reported their posts, ask a few questions, and then move on. Hell, the chaplain had been a bigger pain than the lieutenant. I quietly listened until I couldn't control my curiosity any longer.

Tell me, guys, did he make any of you salute when you reported your post?"

"Salute?? Nobody makes you salute!! Damn dog would attack them if we did that!! No, why? Did he make you salute?"

Downplaying the incident, I said that yes, he had asked for a salute and just said that Blackie had gone nuts when I did it. I didn't want to replay the entire episode because some details might escape, and then I'd be in hot water with Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt. I also learned that the lieutenant stayed about 10 feet from everyone else while asking for their reports. It crossed my mind that he didn't want them to see the stains, but who knows? Reaching the kennels, I put Blackie away, and instead of catching the truck back to the chow hall, I went into the office. The Flight Sergeant was in there filling out paperwork, and he and I looked at each other.

"What are you doing, Dunlap?"

"Getting Blackie a treat," I replied as I pulled out two cans of dog food. Typically, day workers fed the dogs while we "slept," and unless the veterinarian had placed our dogs on a special diet, they only got dry food mixed with water. "I figure he's earned a little treat for himself."

Nothing more was said about the incident, but the two of us knew. As for Lieutenant Pain-in-the-Butt, he continued to harass Cobra and Tiger flights but, for some reason, never again checked the K9 posts. And Blackie? It took him four or five bites to wolf down the two cans of dog food I placed in his dish. You should have seen his eyes bulge out of his head as he watched me put them in his dish and then slide the bowl over to him. Almost as good as officer fanny, we agreed.



Dog of the Week—Henry

"He is not famous like Little Henry or O. Henry, but he's doing his bit in the K9 section.

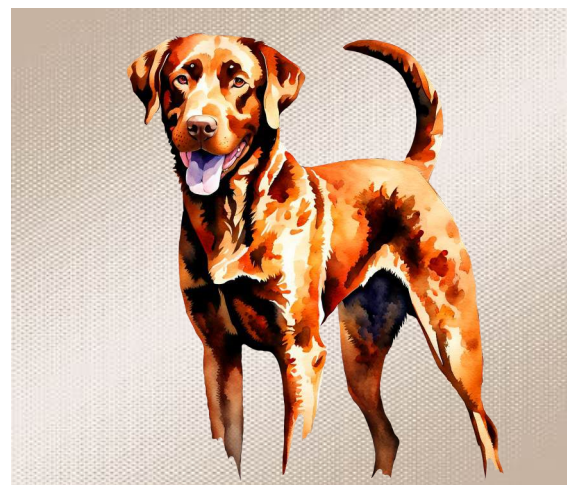
"Henry is a big, burly Chesapeake, as full of fun as any dog can be. In private life, he was a playboy; after being inducted into the Army, he couldn't get over his playful habits—and was a failure as a War Dog.

Then he was spied by the K9 surgery staff.

"Now Henry is a first class blood donor, and is cheerfully giving his blood for his country. If you chance to pass his kennel, he will still want to romp and play—but when he is wanted to save the life of one of his buddies, Henry is always right there, on the ball."



Article from Fort Robinson Hoofbeats and Barks dated 28 May 1943



Don't Touch My Job

People often say there is no shame in failure, only in quitting. For one US Navy Sailor, quitting was never an option.

Master-at-Arms 2nd Class Angelique Fulton, a military working dog (MWD) handler assigned to Commander, Fleet Activities Sasebo (CFAS), refused to let obstacles—big or small—hold her back throughout her time in service. Fulton enlisted in September 2020, expressing a strong interest in the dog handler field. She was immediately met with resistance.

"The recruiter told me I had better odds of becoming an officer before I got to touch dogs," said Fulton through a subtle smirk.

Undeterred by opposition, she used the discouragement to fuel her drive for getting the job she wanted. After a stringent interview process, she officially became an MWD handler. This career choice took her half-way across the world. Her first permanent duty station was CFAS where she quickly acclimated to the high-intensity nature of the job. Two months into her dream job, disaster struck while training a canine.

"I got the leash caught [around] my leg," recalled Fulton. "I got my left leg out; I didn't get my right leg out in time, and she threw me on my back."

As a former roller derby enthusiast, Fulton was

accustomed to a harsh fall. She and her coworkers laughed at first, not realizing the severity of the situation. A few moments later, the pain began.

"I had never had pain like it before," she said. "It took the breath right out of me."

Months after the incident, the pain refused to subside.

"I could feel it from my tailbone slicing through all the way down to my ankle," she said.

"There would be times where from my pinky toe up, I would lose sensation."

Additionally, Fulton suffered from "drop foot" where the front part of the foot loses function while walking. She walked constantly with a hunch. Even a simple sneeze caused immobilizing pain.

For the next three years, she did physical therapy twice a week. She also received a spinal injection in hopes of alleviating pressure on her sciatic nerve. While these treatments brought some relief, it did little to cure her condition.

Eventually, she was placed on a limited duty status with an ultimatum: get surgery and get better or get out of the Navy. So, she underwent two spinal surgeries, one following complications after the first. This multidisciplinary approach to the injury allowed her to continue working as a MWD handler.

"Don't touch my job," she said, recalling the hurdles

Article and photo by Petty Officer 1st Class Kristen Yarber



Master-at-Arms 2nd Class Angelique Fulton poses for a photo with MWD Nevil at the CFAS Maebata Ordnance Facility in Sasebo, Japan.

she overcame to keep her career.

Despite treatment and surgeries, she still deals with side effects from the injury including losing nerve sensation, mobility issues, and periodic pain. She also endured ridicule from former coworkers. In response to her injury, one expressed, "that's why women don't belong in the Navy."

Nevertheless, Fulton continues to excel in her career.

"She's a phenomenal Sailor," said Master-at-Arms 1st Class Brian Mitchell, the MWD kennel master at CFAS. "She sets the bar."

Mitchell said Fulton was awarded "Top Dog" during the most recent biannual regional assessment, earning a perfect score on a 182-line-item inspection. During the first quarter of fiscal year 2025, she won junior Sailor of the quarter for CFAS. She also recently excelled as the primary drug custodian.

"[The Armed Forces Medical Examiner System] AFMES, which is the overall governing authority for the narcotics program in the entire DoD, came out and took some of her work to use as examples because her program was run so efficiently," Mitchell said.

Fulton's career has taken her on several high-profile jobs including deployments for the Secret Service and protections for the secretary of state and the president.

"This is the coolest part about our job," she said about being a master-at-arms who also works as a MWD handler.

Fulton's resilience and perseverance embody not only the Navy core values, but the CFAS guiding tenets of integrity and ownership. Her dedication serves as an example to all Sailors to keep pushing forward, no matter what.



Retirement Faces

BELOW: MILITARY WORKING DOG, DARYL, WITH HIS HANDLER, MASTER AT ARMS 3RD CLASS ANTHONY BARRETTA. (US NAVY PHOTO BY MASS COMMUNICATION SPECIALIST 2ND CLASS MOLLY TICE)



BELOW: TECH. SGT. TYLER GEORGE PRAISES MWD BETYAR AFTER HIS RETIREMENT CEREMONY AT KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE, N.M. (USAF PHOTO BY SENIOR AIRMAN KARISSA DICK)



ABOVE: US ARMY SGT. JOANNA BERNARD, AN ANIMAL CARE SPECIALIST AT MISAWA VETERINARY TREATMENT FACILITY AND VETERINARY READINESS ACTIVITY, JAPAN NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER MISAWA BRANCH, POSES FOR A PHOTO WITH HER HUSBAND MARCO, SON, AND MILITARY WORKING DOG (RETIRED) CENTO AT MISAWA AIR BASE FEB. 22, 2024. (US ARMY PHOTO BY SGT. YAMIL JORGE)



ABOVE: US MARINE CORPS CPL. JOHN HESS, A MILITARY POLICE OFFICER, AND HIS CANINE, ARPY, POSE FOR A PHOTO DURING A CANINE RETIREMENT CEREMONY AT MARINE CORPS AIR STATION IWAKUNI, JAPAN, JAN. 31, 2025. (US MARINE CORPS PHOTO BY LANCE CPL. SIWAN LEWIS)



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From the Team at MWDHM...

We invite you to join the museum's journey
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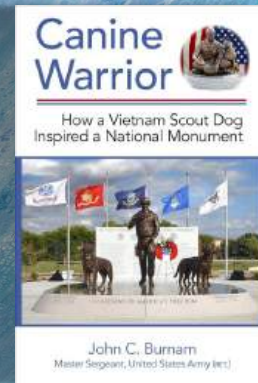
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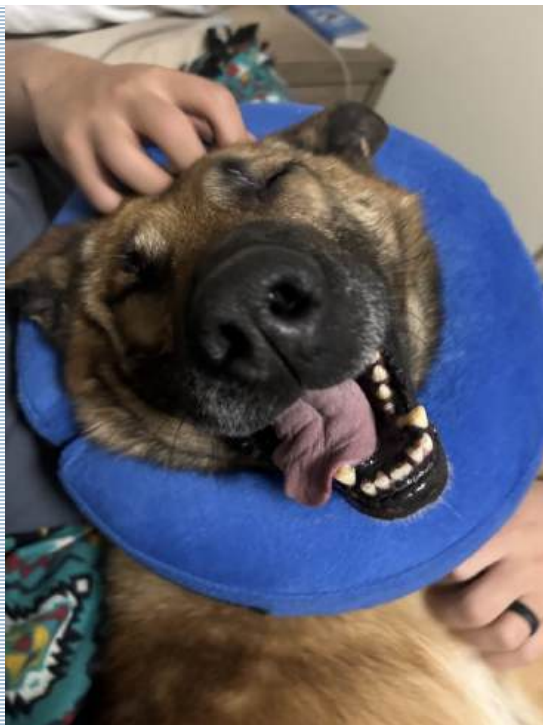
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Book of the Month



Canine Warrior: How a Vietnam Scout Dog Inspired a National Monument is John C. Burnam's third book. Why did I pick this one? While it does cover his path to becoming a canine handler and his Vietnam experience, the last seven chapters expand to his life post-Vietnam and his hurdles to bring forth the Military Working Dog Teams National Monument. A status equivalent to Mount Rushmore. This aspect of the process through the completion of this historic monument needs to be spread far and wide. This book is readily available and deserves a place on your bookshelf or electronic device!
Review by Joel Burton.

Photo of the Month



Retired Military Working Dog Bob enjoys head scratches by his former Handler. Since retiring, Bob enjoys the simple pleasures of family life, like morning walks, play-time, and belly rubs by the fireplace.

Photo: By Britainie Teston (Courtesy asset).