



# DOGMAN

A Brotherhood of All Combat Veteran Dog Handlers



VIETNAM DOG HANDLER ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 26 - NUMBER 1 - MARCH 2019

## New Stamps Honor War Dogs

The Postal Service honors the nation's brave and loyal military working dogs with this new booklet of 20 stamps. Each block of four stamps features one stamp of each of four breeds: German Shepherd, Labrador Retriever, Belgian Malinois and Dutch Shepherd. Each have commonly served in America's armed forces.

The background of each stamp features a detail of a white star. A small star appears in the center of each block. The stylized digital illustrations are in red, white, blue and gold to represent the American flag and patriotism. The dogs all look alert with a directed gaze at something in the distance. They are wearing harnesses typical of working dogs.

The art was created by DKNK Studios, a Los Angeles studio with a focus on the music and entertainment industries. The stamp designs were inspired by the war dog displays that VDHA associate member, James Mellick, of Milford Ctr, Ohio has created. Mr. Mellick has won many awards for his artwork. At the Nashville VDHA reunion, Mr. Mellick displayed several of his war dog static displays.

The new Forever stamps are set to be released in 2019. The USPS is expected to announce the release date of the Military Working Dogs stamp set soon. It is estimated that there are approximately 2300 dogs currently serving in the military.



## 377<sup>th</sup> SPS K9 Buddies Meet in Florida

On February 12 Ron Gillespie, Brian Treadwell, Jim Stewart and their wives met for dinner in Clearwater, FL. Ron, Brian and Jim were stationed together during Tet '68 at Tan Son Nhut AB in the 377 SPS K9. Jim presented the two guys with their lapel pin commemorating the 50th anniversary of the Vietnam War.



## FROM THE PRESIDENT

*By John R. Harvey*  
VDHA President

What do you do when you combine procrastination with writer's block? Sometime our minds become so cluttered with stuff that we tend to lose our focus. I have been struggling since New Years to come up with a President's Letter for our March edition that would have meaning and relevance to our members. Each time I sit down and begin my mind wanders, my email beeps, and or my cell phone rings. Somehow it just gets pushed forward for another time.

It is not for lack of subject matter. With all of the things happening in our country and around the world, there are many things to rejoice about and many things to become depressed over. I struggle with trying to maintain a non-political position, but with today's 24/7 news cycle of pundits posing as journalists it is very difficult to not develop some opinions.

Who could have imagined 45 years ago that the President of the United States would be having a summit with the leader of North Korea in Hanoi, Vietnam? I don't believe that Bob Hope could have even imagined it. I applaud everyone and anyone who attempts to bring peace and prosperity to any part of the world. My wish is that my children and grandchildren will be the benefactors. So, I wish them well in Hanoi. We need to be thankful for the privilege it is to live in America. We need to remember all of the positive reasons we had when we answered our country's call to arms 50 plus years ago. I wish God speed to all of our political leaders.

Your board of Directors is still diligently examining the various venues for our 2020 reunion. We respectfully request your patience. An announcement should be made on our web page in the next few weeks.

In closing, our sincerest condolences go out to Steve Janke (our Chaplain) and his family. Steve's wife Linda suddenly passed away the day after Christmas. They had been married for 48 years. Her passing leaves a large void in the lives of her family.

## Remembering My 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday

*By Bob Dunn, Unit Director*  
212th MP Co. Sentry Dogs

The day is Monday, January 29th, 1968. It is mid afternoon, a hot sweltering day in Vung Tau, in the Mekong Delta and we were getting ready to put the cases of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer on ice. We were in the barracks that we shared with the 560th MP Co., preparing to celebrate my 21st birthday! Seeing as I was a "short timer," I was going to be off duty on my birthday, as it was tradition not to go on patrol with my dog Duke when I had only a few days left in country. It was a night of celebration!

But, it was not meant to be. We had just popped open the first of the many beers we had planned to consume that fateful day, when we were informed by our vet tech to report to the orderly room, where Sergeant Gromley was waiting for us. He informed us that the North Vietnamese military were staging a massive buildup of troops throughout South Vietnam. Even though a temporary cease fire had been put in place the day before to honor the TET holiday, the U.S. suspected a major offensive might be in the works, and to be prepared by going on full alert. So much for a birthday bash!

All days off were canceled. It was "all hands on deck." Chaos erupted in the orderly room as our weapons were issued and ammunition was distributed, everyone grabbing what they could, as much as they could, as we did not know what to expect. We were, after all, in Vung Tau, a relatively safe location in Vietnam, if there was such a place. Unlike where I spent the last six months at Long Binh, not too much happened in Vung Tau. Oh, an occasional animal would breach our perimeter giving us a thrill, but that was about it.

Just before dark, the dogs and their handlers were loaded up on the truck and motored out to the ammunitions dump, to secure the area. All handlers and their dogs were dispatched—except for me, the short timer. No, I was left behind to man a newly-constructed sandbag bunker, between the orderly room and the kennels, armed with a 60 caliber machine gun; a weapon I never before fired! But hey, someone had to do it.

Darkness fell, and it was eerily quiet in the bunker. I peered out through the perimeter wire, out into the jungle. Eventually, night turned to day. The time went by quickly, with nothing but a few aerial flares going off occasionally, illuminating the jungle in front of me. The next few nights would be a different story, as the TET offensive was launched with full force the following night, lasting for weeks with no let up.

Because of TET, I was kept in country for an extra two and a half weeks. Every time they tried to get me out. The enemy would bomb Bien Hoa Air Base. I was to leave Vietnam on February 1st, but finally lifted off on February 15th, 1968. On the plus side, I got to spend a couple of extra weeks with my four legged partner, Duke. Yes, my 21st birthday was one I will never forget



### 2018 VDHA Deaths (26)

Starting in 2013, and continuing every year thereafter, it is the intent of the VDHA to publish a list on the VDHA website, of names, unit's, and dates of death, that were reported during the previous year. A second list has been created, combining all names on all lists, and sorted alphabetically by last name. That list can be found on the VDHA website.

Anyone reporting a death or modification should contact the Webmaster by e-mailing info to [deaths@vdha.us](mailto:deaths@vdha.us). Any name not found previously in our database will be added posthumously, in an effort to honor and track the status of our K-9 brothers.

|                      |              |          |
|----------------------|--------------|----------|
| Bennett, Roger       | 37th SPS     | 2017     |
| Bokor, John          | 981st MP Co  | 12/06/16 |
| Brown, McArthur      | 212th MP Co  | 08/25/18 |
| Collins, Michael E.  | 12th SPS     | 10/21/18 |
| Crowner, Dan R.      | 212th MP Co  | 03/01/18 |
| Dickmeyer, Robert    | 981st MP Co  | 07/06/18 |
| Dodge, Warren B.     | 981st MP Co  | 09/26/18 |
| Frantz, Carl Robert  | 34th IPSD    | 01/26/18 |
| Guzak, Charlie       | 981st MP Co  | 09/23/17 |
| Hughes, 'Rob' E.     | 212th MP Co  | 03/17/18 |
| Hunstiger, Tim       | 35th SPS     | 05/09/18 |
| Jackson, 'Jimmy'     | Marine Scout | 01/19/18 |
| Klett, Richard G.    | 12th SPS     | 09/18/16 |
| Knutson, Gary        | 366th SPS    | 08/17/18 |
| McKinley, Bill       | 212th MP Co  | 02/09/09 |
| Moffat, John A.      | 34th IPSD    | 02/03/17 |
| Morton, Thomas       | 35th SPS     | 08/25/17 |
| Nero, Donald         | 35th SPS     | 07/01/17 |
| Nutter, Raymond      | 377th SPS    | 08/14/18 |
| Pendergast, Kevin J. | 37th SPS     | 12/30/05 |
| Picken, Fred 'Fritz' | 981st MP Co  | 03/16/17 |
| Polivka, Robert A.   | 981st MP Co  | 06/27/18 |
| Richmond, Gary L.    | 981st MP Co  | 10/27/18 |
| Suiter, Jerry        | 25th IPSD    | 01/19/18 |
| Therolf, Don         | 212th MP Co  | 09/20/09 |

## "In Memory" at the Wall

*By Bob Dunn Unit Director  
212th M.P. Co. Sentry Dogs*

For those of you who have visited the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the Wall, in Washington, D.C., it is a very special place. It is a place where one goes to honor those who gave the ultimate price for freedom, their lives. In addition, the Three Soldiers statue and the Nurses Memorial, also on the same grounds, round out this wonderful memorial.

But, next time you visit, please ask a volunteer, or park ranger, to lead you over to the "In Memory" plaque, located just to the left of the Three Soldiers statue. Not too many visitors are aware of this wonderful addition to Memorial. This plaque, dedicated in 2004, honors those who have returned home from Vietnam and later died as a result of their service, either from diseases presumed associated with Agent Orange, PTSD or suicide, and don't meet the criteria to be inscribed on the Wall by the Department of Defense.

The plaque reads: In memory of the men and women who served in the Vietnam War and later died as a result of their service. We honor and remember their service.

Since it's dedication, more than 3,600 veterans have been added to the In memory honor roll. Every year, the Saturday before Father's Day, the names of all honorees are read out loud at a ceremony and wreath laying at the Wall. Those who have loved ones are invited to attend and read aloud their loved one's name.



# Albert and Johnny; a Generational Tale

*While we all know the joy of “going back to the world,” we also know the heartbreak of leaving our best friend and protector behind. This is a multi-part series written for us by a more-recent dog handler whose story ends a bit ... differently. This is part three in the series. In the last part, Albert left the Marine Corps and had to leave Johnny with Stice, a new handler. But he vowed to get him back.*

*By Albert Johnson*

I told Stice to keep Johnny safe because come time I'm going to take him home when he retires as he will always be my dog. They left on deployment before I got out. I went back to New Hampshire for a few months while waiting for the Camp Pendleton Police Departments job offer to come in. I once again moved back to California awaiting the return of my partner.

On the day they returned, Stice was met at the kennels by his wife and me. As I helped them unload their gear from the bus, I turned to Stice and said, “buddy go with your wife, I'll put Johnny away and put your gear up.” He was excited to see his wife and understood I needed a few minutes with my pal.

Johnny was happy to see me but looked worn down; he just seemed tired of doing the work, like it didn't seem to come natural anymore, like wasn't fun and he actually had to work at it. I would visit him every time I was on shift even though I wasn't supposed to.

I kept hearing rumors of the kennel master wanting to retire a bunch of the older dogs and get some new blood for these young kids to train and grow with.

I went and had a meeting with the kennel master whom I had spoken to a few times about random nonsense but never a serious matter. I told him that if he was adopting dogs out I would like him to consider Johnny and that I intend on adopting him. I told him of the house I was renting with a fenced back yard and how I planned on caring for him.

He took it all in and pulled Johnny's record out. He stated that Johnny had a lot of records of bites on handlers, veterinary staff and other service members and said he was warned by the last kennel master about Johnny. He said Johnny wasn't a candidate for adoption due to aggression and that he would personally see to it that Johnny would get the pink needle (euthanization).

This upset me and sent me into a rage. I stood up beat my fist on the table and said, “you listen here, that dog is my partner and he saved my life more times than I can count and I would not stand by if they planned on

putting him to sleep. The kennel master tipped back in his chair and began to laugh, which made me even more upset. I asked what the F was so funny. He said, “I wish you could see your face right now, you're so upset over a damn dog. I told him, “he isn't a dog, he is my life!” He then said he was only kidding and that he would do the evaluation on Johnny himself and determine how to move forward. He promised that if there was any way I could adopt him, he would let me know.

It took about eight months, but we finally got to bring him home. It was a shock for him at first because I hadn't told him he would have a brother... a 110 pound Great Pyrenees rescue named Monster. They were both confused at first never growling or aggressive just feeling it out. It wasn't two days later they were playing tug of war in the back yard. They wrestled, they shared toys, and they snuggled (well, not if they thought we were watching as they were only secret friends).

Johnny adjusted well to most things; he liked eating more, playing more, and cuddling more. That once-ferocious war dog was no more. Now only the soft loving chow hound remained.



*Johnny and Monster in a tug of war.*

On New Year's Eve I was in bed early as I had to get up at 3 a.m. for another 12-hour shift at the police department. My wife and the two dogs were in the living room. Johnny was laying, sprawled out, on our sectional couch next to my wife. When all of a sudden the neighbors set off their fireworks. Johnny woke up in a flash and his eyes rolled in the back of his head. He sat up and tried to bite my wife.

Well, she saw this coming so she grabbed him up and tossed him. He seemed to snap out of it but took off running to the sliding glass door chasing the sounds of the fireworks. Only the door was closed and he ran square into it at full speed.

*Continued in the next issue. . .*

# TRACKER REPORT



*By John Dupla*

The 2019 tracker reunion is planned for June 6-8 in Rapid City, SD. Originally it was planned for Ft. Worth, TX but that wasn't feasible and another site was sought. During this phase of planning, sad news reached us that one of our close trackers passed away. It was Doug Enders, a dog handler trained at BJWS. He served with the 1st Cavalry CTT team 7, and later the 62nd IPCT. (FYI) I served with Doug on many missions and he was highly respected by his team mates. Upon learning that no current site was available for this year's reunion, Doug's wife Ester offered to combine our reunion with a dedication ceremony in honor of her husband in South Dakota.

Doug and his wife, Ester, met in Wall, SD and she and Doug's family wanted to share his life with trackers that meant a lot to them. When we heard that a service could be coordinated with our reunion, it was decided to hold this year's reunion in nearby Rapid City. We plan to celebrate Doug's life along with all fallen trackers there. This will be the first time the trackers have traveled to that part of the country. With a bit of sadness that Doug couldn't be there to show off his world, we will be there for him.

On another note, for the last couple of tracker reunions, a gentleman named Patrick Ryan has attended our tracker reunions. At the last tracker reunion in St. Augustine, FL, I had a chance to talk with Patrick and was curious about his "English" accent. It turns out that Patrick is originally from South Africa where he was in the South Africa military and was a tracker. Note that the tracker program in Vietnam

was first developed by British Commonwealth countries, i.e., Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, etc. The American military troops trained at the British Jungle Warfare School (BJWS), Malaysia before going to Vietnam. I'm one that trained at BJWS.

How he got involved with the American trackers is interesting. It seems he married an American lady and moved to Wisconsin because of his business. His wife was friends with a lady in town and she made the comment that her husband was going out of town for a military reunion. Asked what he did, she replied that her husband was a combat tracker in Vietnam. Patrick's wife stated that's what her husband did in South Africa. That's how Don Campbell and Patrick were introduced, by their wives. Now Don and Patrick both attend our reunions.

One last note. I've have always been interested in using dogs for tracking and have followed related programs for years. This past month I attended a seminar here in Texas that is promoting the use of dogs to track and recover deer that have been shot during hunting season. The concept is not new but it was the first time I got involved in any type of tracking activities. Watching handlers and their dogs tracking in the field was something I hadn't experienced since Vietnam. Yes, it was different. But standing there observing the interactions and similarities brought back many memories, especially the closeness of the handler and his K-9 team member. I had taken over Lucky as my dog, and thought how I miss him. To all trackers and their K-9 team members, SEEK ON.

## Current VDHA Officers **BX NEWS**

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*By Dave Broeker*

If you received a BX Gift Certificate during the raffle at the 2018 VDHA Reunion in San Diego, please disregard the deadline of October 31st. These Gift Certificates, lost or not, are good for one year, but please use it at your earliest convenience!

# VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

By Ernie Ayala

One of the toughest tasks any overseas dog handler had was having to say good bye to his four-legged friend. Mine was Heidi X676 and I saved her from being washed out of the program because she wasn't aggressive enough. In return, she saved me in Vietnam three times. Twice from those yellow-bellied Two-Step Charlies waiting for me on the trail and once when she alerted me to an oncoming black panther that had caught her eye before the perimeter lights saw it.

We all had those count down calendars when we were getting short and colored them in as the days got shorter and shorter. It was bitter sweet though, knowing on one hand you were going home, but on the other you were going to have to bid your dog goodbye. It wasn't fair, Heidi put in as much time as I did, worked just as hard and had no free time to enjoy the company of her buddies over some beer and chit chat. She was handed off and I never heard of her again. It wasn't until I joined the VDHA that I found out she died a year and a half after I left due to the Red Tongue disease and was put down in Vung Tau.

All those memories returned to me as I had to put my Jack Russell Terrier down. Jackie-O (Onassis) was my dog for 14 years. I got her as a two-month-old puppy and selected her from a litter. She surprised us when we picked her up. It was Valentine's Day, 2005 and we saw her running around with her siblings. When I picked her up I noticed the brown spot on her back was in the shape of a heart. I thought this was a gift Fran would never forget.

We were in heaven with our new puppy as she played, ran around the house, slowly learning how to poop and pee on the training pad and she loved to rip into our furniture. We found out one day when we both went to work and came home to find our sofa and a couple of pillows ripped and torn. We realized then she was a Jack Russell Terrorist and belonged outside where she could frolic and do more damage to flowers and plants than our household furniture.

When she was six months old, we encountered a white German Shepherd running around loose on the street. He was coming after me but Jackie got between us and that dog picked her up like a rag doll. Just as the Shepherd was about to do the death shake on her, I put my hand in it's mouth. Then a neighbor hit it with a rubber hose and I got my dog to a 24-hour emergency vet. She was able to save her but Jackie hated Shepherds after that.

About a year later we walked in a Riverside, CA parade for veterans representing military working dogs. Since I didn't have a Shepherd, I walked Jackie. She saw my friend's military-trained German Shepherd and she blew it. She got away from me and immediately attacked the Shepherd who was sitting at attention. She bit into him but the Shepherd stood at attention and didn't move; he was so well trained. I took her away and there were no hard feelings from my friend. Jackie was elated and thought she was a German Shepherd after that. She never showed fear of anything or anyone after that day.

Around Christmas of 2017, I noticed a small lump on Jackie's left arm. I took her into the vet a couple days later and he told me it was a tumor. I was referred to a specialized surgeon. My options were to give her the operation but she had to be caged up and not move for six months or more. Option two was amputation of her leg, noting she would get adjusted in time to walking on three legs instead of four. My third option was to let her live out her life as she only had about two years left. The tumor would continue to grow. We chose the third option because Jackie seemed fine and never showed any signs of pain, limping or suffering.

She made it into February before her tumor got too big. It was time to call it an end. The American Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals assisted us with euthanasia. We came at our appointed time and waited outside a mobile vehicle used as a rolling veterinarian

*Continued on page 8 . . .*

## DOGMAN

DOGMAN is published quarterly by the Vietnam Dog Handler Association, Inc. Members and their families are encouraged to submit articles, letters, photos, etc.

Letters and stories are subject to editing. Email all submissions to [Dogman@VDHA.us](mailto:Dogman@VDHA.us) or mail to Steve Lemish, Dogman Editor, 152 W. Park Avenue, Suite 150, El Cajon, CA 92020 (include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want them returned).

VDHA is a nonprofit corporation exempt from federal income tax under section 501(c) 19(a). Contributions are tax deductible. IRS tax ID number #33-0690480.

# Brotherhood and Reunion: A Story of Healing

*This is a long story; but a good story. It speaks of the damage war can inflict and the lasting affects of that damage. It's a story that played out in different degrees, for thousands of veterans over the last 50 years. It is devastating... and hopeful. In the first installment of his story, Mike recounted leaving Vietnam after two serious head traumas. He got back to the states, had a very rocky welcome, and didn't know why he had huge gaps in his memories. This is the second part of his story.*

*By Mike Hurder*

I hung on for four years before despair started to set in. I couldn't shake the booze or drugs and I couldn't hold a job. If not for the \$250 a month in disability checks from the VA, I'd have surely starved. I stole drugs and mooched booze.

I even tried to go to school. Now, we're talking "joke" time. I was too angry to fit in with hard hats on a construction site; how the hell was I supposed to fit in with longhairs? By the summer of '76, I was done for.

Then I met an angel. I imagine a lot of us are still here only because God sent us those angels. Am I right? Her name is Donna and I have no idea where she found the strength. I will forever be thankful that she was strong enough and I am equally ashamed of the pains I put her through. Hell, I even fooled her into thinking I was going to be an accountant. I was fooling myself too.

Regardless, without Donna, I simply would not have survived 1976. We married on October 1, 1977, and I have been recovering since. I want to say that I'm not very good at this recovery thing, but, I am still here. She has faithfully and courageously been there to bring me back from the brink so many, many times. There simply aren't enough ways to say, "thank you, I love you."

Through the years I would occasionally get the 'wild hair' thing going on, and I would try to dig out my history again. My thought process was "somewhere, somehow, somebody is sitting on my GD records. I'm gonna bust beans til someone pops.

Of course, the result was always the same. No records. The only thing proving I was even in Nam were my orders to the USARV Dog Training Detachment on Bien Hoa to retrain in patrol work, my graduation certificate, and the hand receipt I signed for "amount one, Prince, SN-16x5, Dog, Scout."

I never was able to find anyone in my unit so the chances of corroborating anything were nil. I began to doubt I ever served in the 34th. Maybe I was making the whole thing up? Maybe I was a malingerer? Oh yeah, a different doc on Guam kept hammering me for that. I couldn't even remember the unit number for sure. I thought

16th, 36th or 34th and I always believed it was XXth Patrol Dog Platoon, not the XXth IPSD. My shoulder patch, as I remembered it said, "Patrol Dog Platoon."

Life went on...we had kids. I found computers and field service work. I found that autonomy suited me. The fewer folks I had to answer to, or even talk to, the better. Field service was perfect for me. Things changed a little. I functioned. We sort of thrived. I did keep attacking my history on the peripheral. A thing called the Internet happened in the meantime and I learned how to search. I dug up what I could. There started to be a shape to my past.

I did realize by this time that I had a problem. Far more than drugs and alcohol, which I'd quit years before, I was angry...all the time. I had dietary issues, nervous issues, I was afraid to do anything new. I hated change. I wasn't just uncomfortable, I hated it and raged against it. I had headaches all the time and fearful fits of rage and depression, and God, I hurt everywhere. I got some help...just a little at first but I started to buy into the whole 'recovery' thing, again with Donna's gentle but firm prodding.

One major factor during this time was a Marine; damn jarheads are always getting in my head. This one hypnotized me, several times. He recorded it and we went over it together. The sessions answered some questions, but not all, and to be honest, several of those "suppressed memories" we thought we'd uncovered have since turned out to be mostly of my own creation. Some truth some fiction.

Despite those few discrepancies, that was the first time I felt 'real' or better said, genuine. I'll never forget that Marine. He had me promise to never make my story about him, so he will remain anonymous and loved just the same. What I do remember of those two-plus weeks, is strictly due to those sessions and the medical records he helped me dig up and review.

I was injured on the job in 2013 and tweaked my already-tweaked back for the last time. I had to retire. I also started getting help through the VA and my rating was eventually upgraded from 80% to 100% Service Connected in 2014. Along with the shoulder injuries, and what they originally called "nervousness", I was also diagnosed with BTI, PTSD and AO induced heart disease for the first time, also in 2013. Being totally disabled and having worked my whole adult life, I was eligible for SSI also at 62 years old. We at least were able to hold on financially and still are.

In the middle of all this healing, I found this website called the VDHA and I was thrilled. I joined up and for a year I sort of watched in the background.

*Continued in the next issue. . .*

# 366<sup>th</sup> SPS Reunion

The 366th SPS K-9 unit met in October of 2018 for their annual reunion in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Although, we had a small group, thanks to the reunion organizers, Mac and Vickie McDonough, we had a memorable time together.

The 2019 K-9 Reunion will be held in Memphis, TN during the first week of October.



Top: Harold Manning (TX), Doug Greenough (La), David Sligh (NY), Ron Welford (PA) and Everett Tremblay (MA); Bottom: Steven Luz (ID), Bruce Zewe (PA), Mac McDonough (MA) and Barry Sperber (WA)

## Mike Rice, 42<sup>nd</sup> IPSD, Remembered

By Randy Kimler

Mike Rice passed away on January 11. Mike was a scout dog handler in the 42nd IPSD, 101st Airborne Division, 3/71-12/71. Mike's dog Brandy was the last KIA dog from the 42nd. Mike passed away from cancer caused by Agent Orange.



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## ... Vice President's Report

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office. Even on her last day on earth, Jackie saw a German Shepherd bark at us in the park as we walked to our appointment. She still was protective of us and barked back at that dog.

The vet tech explained to us everything we needed to know and invited us to witness the end. I said I would, but my wife didn't want to see it. She relented later and joined me. When they called us in we knew this was it. The doctor was so nice and understanding. She explained to us the first shot was a relaxant to calm her down. Then, a second shot was a muscle relaxer and Jackie never resisted any of the shots.

She seemed to know what was going on and accepted it. We said our goodbyes tearfully and had memories of her frolicking around my big back yard chasing birds and barking. The third shot was the one that would stop her heart. It was given and all at once I realized I no longer had a pet, a friend, a savior. All I had were memories as she moved from this life into history.

Rest In Peace, Jackie-O.

## TREASURER'S REPORT

By Bob Palochik

|              |                    |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Checking     | \$30,654.70        |
| Savings      | 5,075.20           |
| <b>Total</b> | <b>\$35,729.90</b> |