



DOGMAN

A Brotherhood of All Combat Veteran Dog Handlers



VIETNAM DOG HANDLER ASSOCIATION

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Fun in the Sun at the San Diego Reunion

By Steve Lemish

This year's VDHA reunion was held in San Diego this last October. About 85 persons were in attendance. The reunion was held at the Holiday Inn near beautiful San Diego Bay. Attendees enjoyed perfect warm and sunny weather as they embarked on excursions to the many attractions, beaches and destinations San Diego had to offer.

Most members and their families also opted to participate in a tour of the city, on both land and sea. Guided tours of the city were provided on land by Old Town Trolley and on San Diego Bay onboard a large tour boat.

The trolley provided transportation to and from the hotel and the boat. It also included a guided tour of San Diego, a trip to Coronado across the Coronado Bridge, beach views, Balboa Park and many other sites.

The cruise explored about 27 miles of both the Northern and Southern parts of San Diego Bay's historical and military sights of San

Diego. You could see sea lions and Navy SEALs, the Navy submarine base, the view from underneath the spectacular Coronado Bridge, the famous Star of India, dry-docking and ship-building facilities, new stealth warships, aircraft carriers and the famous Hotel Del Coronado.

Meeting and reuniting with our brothers was the most fun. There was a large hospitality room which supplied drinks and snacks and lots of tables and chairs to visit with fellow dog handlers. The Bx was open and very successful in selling their merchandise.

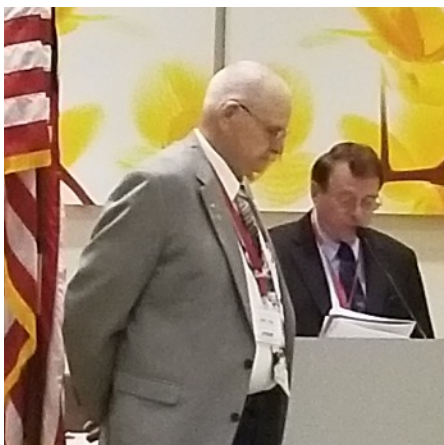
A general membership meeting was held on Saturday morning. Association business was discussed including a treasurer's report, secretary's report, comments about the next reunion site, and the filling of officer vacancies.

Saturday night there was a banquet for members and their families. The buffet food was actually quite good and the comradery was excellent. There was

a short program and a traditional medal ceremony. The Warriors Medal of Valor was presented to three VDHA Members. Presenting the medals was VDHA President John Harvey. The recipients were Vernon Anderson, Karl Gross, and posthumously, Perry Money. (See the three recipients pictured below.) There was a DJ after the dinner and everyone enjoyed a night of music and dancing.

Old friendships were renewed and new friendships were formed with both members and their spouses. Being able to share memories and thoughts with fellow dog handlers who served in Nam can have healing effects (see the article by Mike Hurder beginning in this issue on page 7 about the therapeutic value of attending the reunion).

All in all, the reunion was a success for the attendees. The next reunion will be held in October of 2020, the location will be announced soon, and it will be somewhere in the Eastern time zone.



FROM THE PRESIDENT

By John R. Harvey
VDHA President

As the year seems to race to a close and the hustle and bustle of the holidays pull us to and fro, we struggle between looking backward and looking forward. Our reunion in San Diego was fantastic. We had 50 dog handlers and 35 guests. The music at our banquet was provided by Albert Arbell, a retired naval officer and local San Diego DJ. It was wonderful to catch up with Col. Tim Hennessy USMC retired (Navy Sentry) and Major Bob Stockman USMC retired (USMC Scout) and their lovely wives. I was honored to present the Warriors Medal of Valor to Karl Gross (USMC Scout), Vernon Anderson (USAF Sentry), and posthumously for our past president Perry Money (USMC mine & booby trap) to his widow Josie Money. We shared a toast of rye whiskey to Perry, compliments of artist Renee Bemis and husband Brian (Driftless Glen Distillery). Renee was the sculptor of the war dog memorial located in Columbia, South Carolina.

I will forever be inspired by the dedication and charity of our web master and BX manager Dave Broeker. The love exhibited by his son-in-law to insure that he made it to the reunion was wonderful to watch. After so many years apart, it was great to see Tom Mitchell and the many other dog handlers too numerous to mention. I also had the privilege to tour the Midway with my partner and point out the aircraft to her that I so fondly remembered providing close air support.

We also stopped by the Bob Hope memorial located at Seaport Village. Listening to his recorded jokes brought me back to Freedom Hill in Da Nang 1969. He referred to Da Nang as Dodge City. It was the last stop on his tour because he said that didn't want to get any closer to Hanoi. He said there was great news from the land of liberty. Everything was going up; prices, taxes and mini-skirts. He poked fun at the Marines lore of toughness. "A young Marine was talking to the doctor and says: "Don't worry Doc, just nail it back on." The show provided a much needed reprieve from the daily patrols in the bush. Bob gave us the message that we had not been forgotten and that the people back home still cared deeply about us.

I would like to send a message that you are not forgotten today during this holiday season. You are remembered as a fighter and survivor of the United States of America. Reach out to family and friends wishing them the best. Remember those who are only here in spirit. Celebrate our blessings. Enjoy the Holidays.

Semper Fi

Vietnam: a Time to Reflect

By Bob Dunn

It's the Christmas season, a time to reflect. Time to look back at the year gone by; both the good times, and the bad times.

While talking to veterans and veterans' families at the Wall, one question keeps coming up, "what has brought about the resurgence of the popularity, or the interest in Vietnam, and in particular, the veterans of that war?" Since September 11th I have noticed more Vietnam veterans getting the recognition they, we, deserve. We veterans have also been opening up more about our experiences. Why?

When we returned from Vietnam, we came back to people protesting an unpopular war. We kept our thoughts to ourselves. Besides, no one wanted to hear of our experiences in that far away place. But, since September 11th, when people began to "welcome us home," they wanted to hear our stories. And in return, we began to share our experiences. More Vietnam vets are writing books, or sharing their experiences with their families. More are getting involved with veteran web sites and reuniting with members of their old units.

However, we are becoming a diminishing breed. We aren't getting any younger. It is time to tell our stories to keep our legacy alive. And we are an elite group of men, soldiers. It is important for us to put our experiences on paper, so as not to be forgotten. Our four-legged partners deserve to be remembered.

Let us all do our part to educate the public on the impact war dogs had on the war effort in Vietnam. Volunteer and share your experiences. Joining groups like the Vietnam Dog Handler Association, or the United States War Dogs Association helps to spread the word about our legacy.

This past year has been very rewarding for me. I began volunteering at the Wall, I was interviewed by Japanese Public Television for a documentary about my work at the Wall as well as my experiences as a Sentry Dog handler in Vietnam. I also participated in a program at a local high school archiving veterans of Vietnam in which I was again able to talk about use of dogs in Vietnam.

Yes, it has been a good year and I look forward to doing much more next year to keep our legacy alive. What will you do?

VDHA Member Volunteering at the Wall

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

Many of you know that I am a volunteer at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the Wall. I am there every Sunday and Tuesday, rain or shine. Being at the Wall is a very rewarding experience for me, as I get to help the families and friends locate their loved ones on the Wall. I have been doing it since March 29th of this year, and would like to share with you some of the highlights of this past year.

My first day, March 29, was National Vietnam War Veterans Day. It was a busy day at the Wall, as there was a wreath laying ceremony and a presentation to the National Archives and the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund of two bricks from the Hanoi Hilton (*See photo below*). My first day was a hectic one, as well as a most rewarding one.

Every day at the Wall is different. Many are there to pay their respects to a loved one on the wall, or a fallen comrade. Some have no one on the Wall, but are there anyway to pay tribute to the 58,318 names on the black granite panels. Many tears are shed, along with the happy times remembering the good times had with their soldier. I helped one veteran locate the names of 24 of his fallen buddies. Another guy wept as he touched the name engraved of his partner who died next to him in the jungle. I helped a woman who lost her father when his plane was shot down in North Vietnam. His body was just recovered last year, and this was her first visit to the Wall since his status was changed from "unaccounted for" to body found, by changing the cross after his name to a diamond. I held the hand of a woman who was here to see her brother's name on the Wall for the first time.



Memorial Day weekend was busy, what with the concert on the Mall, the wreath laying ceremony and guest speakers. The highlight of the weekend was being able to spend time with the 720th Military Police Battalion that was having their reunion that weekend. I was able to get their wreath included in the presentation on Memorial Day, where they were recognized. (*See photo above.*)

Then there was a Tuesday afternoon in early August when the rains were so bad that the Wall had to be closed due to flooding. It was a first. In September, the motorcade carrying the body of Senator John McCain stopped to lay a wreath at the Wall. The Secret Service was there earlier to sweep the area with bomb sniffing dogs, as many dignitaries attended the ceremony.

But the most rewarding aspect of being there is assisting the Honor Flights that arrive in the spring, early summer and fall. It is a true pleasure to assist these veterans from WWII, Korea and Vietnam, many in wheelchairs. They are gone now, but I can't wait for their return in the spring. (Winter is too hazardous for their visits.)

I look forward to Sundays and Tuesdays, as I know I will once again be at the Wall, helping visitors locate names on the panels, answering questions about the wall, and just sharing my experience as a Sentry Dog handler in Vietnam. If any of you get the chance to give back by volunteering, please jump at the opportunity as it is most rewarding.



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 two in the series.

By Albert Johnson

We were home not even four months when we volunteered to go back to the same area in Iraq with the Army engineer unit. This time was a little different as Johnny was starting to show his age. He was a little slower, starting to gray in the face and his bark was transforming into a crusty older dog bark. The flight to Iraq was pretty typical. We traveled with three other dog teams. The dogs all barked, growled, snarled and snapped at one another on the long flight. When the tail on that aircraft came down, we began walking down the ramp. He turned and looked at me as if to say you SOB, we're back here again! He looked like he was tired of these trips to a land he hated. He just wanted his toy, some food and to spend time wrestling with me. But alas, it wasn't time yet, so we put on our game faces and carried out the mission like professionals... well, as professional as a dog team can be!

It was another typical deployment; people shooting at us, us shooting back, Johnny trying to maul anyone shooting a weapon near him (including me). On Thanksgiving Day, Johnny and I were at a small outpost where a tank unit was staged. We were there to do walking patrols in an area where many patrols had been attacked. There were rumors of a few large caches of explosives and weapons. We never really got to do those patrols because on Thanksgiving Day 2008 the base was attacked with small arms fire and 6 RPG's. This rocked that small base and took out a few barriers in the wall.

I got my bag and Johnny ready and ran out the door as I heard the tanks begin to assemble to go out and defend the base. We had to run building-to-building sweeps to find the individuals that carried out this attack (no one got hurt but it really pissed us off). I kept trying to ride on different vehicles in the convoy. They told me no sir, no room for you, you and Johnny stay back in case things go wrong. I didn't like this answer at all, but finally I found a group going out on foot so I got the ok to join them. It was uneventful. We didn't see anyone and didn't find anything, so after a few hours we came back to base. Being it was Thanksgiving, the Command element told the patrol to wash up and that they saved us some hot chow. So I put Johnny up and washed up and got over to the chow line. Low and behold there was no turkey

dinner left.... They said sorry boss you took to long. I was more than a little upset after being told most of the guys had gotten seconds. Oh, the life of a dog handler.

I remember being at a staging area where we were to link up with an Iraqi police unit. There were "Hadji" dogs all over (scavengers running wild in packs as the locals didn't like dogs). One big white mutt with a curly tail saw Johnny and wanted a fight. Well, my orders were to keep the local dogs away from my dog as no one knew what kind of diseases these dogs possessed. The two guys with me tried tossing rocks at him to scare him away but nothing would stop him from trying to fight Johnny. I wasn't going to allow my partner to get bit, even though I knew Johnny was the baddest dog around.



Eventually, I had to shoot this dog from about five feet away because my two spotters froze up. The minute my Beretta M9 9mm service pistol went off, I watched as Johnny's eyes rolled to the back of his head and he went primal; growling, snapping and finally latching onto my left arm which held the pistol. He didn't thrash or anything. His eyes rolled back forward and a look of shame came across his face as he let go, pinned his ears back and cowered into the down position.

I was not mad at all. I was bleeding pretty good but wasn't mad. I understood my partner, my lifeline, my sole reason for being in Iraq. Keeping our troops safe was dealing with all these deployments; a hell of a life for a dog. We didn't ask him if he wanted to do this, to risk his life for us. We made him do these things. But the toll it took on him was hard to watch.

After that deployment, I had to leave the Marine Corps, but Johnny was staying in. I was heartbroken. Fortunately, the kennel master agreed to let me find a replacement handler for my dog. There was only one choice in my book, and that was a young marine named Stice. He took the time to listen to me as I helped him bond well with Johnny. I told him all of Johnny quirks and reassured him that Johnny would keep him and all the people in his patrols alive. I told him to keep Johnny safe because I wanted to take him home when he retired as he will always be my dog.

Continued in the next issue.

TRACKER REPORT

By John Dupla

Mark Bowen had a medical procedure done at the Houston VA Hospital and is recovering nicely at home. I mention it because Mark went to the VA about a different condition. However, upon examination, they found a more serious problem unrelated to the one he was experiencing. They scheduled surgery to address this, and now he is recovering from that. The bottom line: too many of my veteran friends have health issues they ignore or tend to put off. Take time to look after yourself and remember, dealing with the VA may be a hassle, but it's even harder for your widow/family to do so.

FYI, I will post any updates and details for the 2019 tracker reunion planned for Dallas/Ft. Worth as they develop.

The Christmas holidays are just down the road and I was recently asked about my most memorable Christmas experience. The one that came to mind was the Christmas in Vietnam in December of 1967. I had to pull perimeter guard duty in the bunker at LZ 2Bits, along the Bong Son River plains in II Corps. The trackers were responsible for our section of the perimeter. It was Christmas Eve, and as I sat alone reflecting on where I was and thinking of what my family was doing back home, a Huey helicopter flew overhead playing Christmas music over the loud speakers. How odd it was to hear "Noel" over the grass hooches of the nearby village.

Today, I reflect on how alone I felt that night and now how I get to share Christmas with so many veteran friends and family. Hoping everybody has a safe and happy holiday season and may good things come your way. SEEK ON



Walt Parsons and Duke A378, pictured at an old abandoned French bunker perimeter post near Tan Son Nhut AB, RVN, just prior to Tet in 1967. Duke was an experienced vet by this time. He was left behind when we eventually left Vietnam. They were assigned to the 377th SPS K9.

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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 are good for one year, but please use it at your earliest convenience!

Also, there will be a new BX order form soon.

The Road from Ban Be Thuot to Cam Rahn

By Ken Claflin, 981st M.P. Co. 1970-71

The road from Ban Me Thuot to Cam Rahn has been on my mind quite often lately. This is a story about the second time that I made the trip through the Duc Me (Zuc Me) Pass and lived to tell about it. The time line is fuzzy, but if I had to guess, this happened in mid-to-late Spring of 1971 and it was a two-day excursion. It seems that Larry Green's sentry dog was ill and required hospitalization. I was informed by our Team Leader, Sgt. Jerry Griffis, that Al German and I would be accompanying him on the journey. Now, Jerry and Al had been up and down this road a number of times and they kept track, so it seemed to be a big deal. Soon, we had our recently-acquired 3/4-ton loaded with weapons and the sick dog and we were on our way to Cam Rahn.

Our first stop was at the Engineers Outpost at the top of the pass. We dropped off a mini-gun for their tower as Jerry had been unsuccessful in his attempt to mount it in the 3/4-ton. After a brief stop, we got on the road again heading towards Cam Rahn. Al and I were in the truck bed manning the M-60 and the M-79 as we started down the road. All of a sudden Jerry yelled "Ken, get your butt up front," and had me crawl through the back window opening. He said "take the wheel, we're running point for a convoy forming up behind us!" At that point, he opened the driver's door and started to slide out as I slid into the drivers seat.

I was not happy that I lost my spot in the back with the weapons, but I figured at least I could drive fast enough not to make us sitting ducks. If you have ever driven a 3/4-ton, you know they are not made for hair-pin curves and have no power steering. As we picked up speed rolling down hill I heard Jerry shouting from the back "slow down. you're gonna get us all killed" every time we went around a corner. Now I know that they like to shoot RPG's at the vehicles traversing the pass, so I pushed my speed to the limit and my scrawny arms had all they could do to make it around each curve. After we made it to the bottom of the pass and the road straightened out, I heard an order from the back, "pull over." It seemed my driving days were over that day.

The rest of the trip to Cam Rahn went without incident and we delivered our patient to the Vet Hospital then drove to the 981st Co. Hqts. to pickup Arthur Carroll, a replacement dog handler to take back with us. Jerry wanted to get out of Cam Rahn and get back to Nha Trang before it got dark. We were spending the night at Speiths Villa, so we dropped off Arthur's sentry dog at the Team G Kennels for an over-night stay. Now, Speith is a former 981st sentry dog handler who has returned to Vietnam as a civilian selling new cars to servicemen and women through the PX. We proceeded to a Korean restaurant in downtown Nha Trang for dinner and drinks. We were joined by some of Team G's members, one of which Jerry knew and another I just met on the FB yesterday. After a few Korean Crown beers, Jerry and Al exact their revenge on me for the ride down the mountain. It seems that they ordered a traditional Korean delicacy and had me try BBQ dog meat.

The next day was rough to say the least, but we were traveling back with a convoy and our brother from the 630th MP Co. Convoy Escort Platoon. As we started up the Pass, a civilian that worked for P,A&E needed company, so Jerry had me ride with him in a stake-bed Ford medium-size truck. I remember following a fuel tanker all the way up at what seemed like a snail's pace. All the while, two gunships were passing back and forth overhead to provide air cover. Luckily, there were no incidents on this particular passage.

I have left out a few of the other details but it is a story that I remember fondly and can honestly say is etched in my memory until the day I die.

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 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. This is the first installment of his story.

By Mike Hurder

What if you woke up three days in a row, rested, feeling unfettered and at ease, for the first time in too many years to count. What if it just kept getting better? What if you not only saw that light at the end of the tunnel, but you drove right on through to it?

The road there...

On 19APR72 I started a two-week journey home from RVN. I had been knocked silly three times in two weeks (two on duty, once drunk as a skunk), and had also dislocated my left shoulder twice in the same time span (leash arm-130 lb k9/128 lb handler...but I wouldn't have traded Prince for anything). At first, I think, it was to be a 30-day recovery then back to the 34th Scout Dog Platoon. It soon morphed into a trip home as I guess I got worse the further away from Nam I got. I think there might have been a little favoritism involved as the Navy doctor on Guam, who was deciding my fate, was from Beverly, MA, a mere stone's throw from my home in Boston. Either that, or they were convinced I was really nutso...that's what the discharge says anyway, NUTS in ARMY jargon along with relevant references to rules and regs, etc.

The most concerning problem they identified on Guam (and on the Philippines at Clark AFB, though I don't remember being there) was that I couldn't remember a thing from April Fool's Day to my wake up on a C5A headed for Guam on April 23, when I was strapped to a gurney looking up at the bulkhead.

April 1, 1972 was the date of the first head knock...the drunken one. Yeah, yeah...I know, April Fool's Day. OOF! I functioned for another two weeks, but the last one on April 17 knocked the two previous weeks right out of my head...completely...that plus I kept waking up every time I did go to sleep screaming first for Prince, then my .45...and I had a habit of attacking orderlies. I kept telling them to throw something at me before approaching, but nooooo.

I would remember bits and pieces of those two-plus weeks over the next 45 years, but never the whole package. In fact, with the addition of drugs, more head knocks and heavy drinking, an additional five or six

months would disappear from my journal too, though temporarily. My story was incomplete, and I couldn't remember or get it straight in my head, even with the help of the DoD, Army records, VA records, etc...it just wasn't all there. You see, I never got official orders assigning me to the 34th. Two months and nineteen days wasn't enough time for the Army to cut us orders...ahem.

If I told you all about my homecoming, this would take many more words...way too many and most would be cuss words, so, briefly: From being accosted as we got off a Medivac flight by hateful longhairs, to eight of us ending up in civilian jail wearing good old Army blue PJs and bathrobes, slings, head wraps, casts, crutches, and catheters, all freezing our nuggets off and laughing like loons at the cops, daring them to come in the cell with us. Couple that with complete rejection by my own family, including my first wife, and just about all my friends. I don't do remembering that part of my life well, so let's move on. OOF!

One of the first things I did when I got home and got lucid...and that took a while, was to dig up the last set of orders I had from stateside, sending us to Nam. Those orders listed all the guys I knew from my graduating 34th IPSD class at Benning, including their last known home addresses and phone numbers. I called them all, several times to no avail. I wrote and got no responses. Eventually, I gave up trying to find out what had become of my buddies and our partners.

I did get a call from a guy who was in Scout Dog School but did not graduate with us, Jimbo Castro. He was from Arizona somewhere. He got my number the same way I got the other guys'...only I answered the phone. He somehow got the word and passed it on to me and others that Santiago Herrera Escobar had fallen in Nam on May 19, 1972. Santi was my mentor, my friend, and my brother handler in the 34th IPSD. I wasn't there!

I'm certain that I turned it in at that point. I drugged and drank until I couldn't anymore. I couldn't seem to do enough to end it, though. I tried, oh hell, I tried. I did a homeless stint until someone turned me in for being passed out three days in a row on the same park bench. I got into the VA and they nursed me back from about 90 lbs or so. I started to get along with my folks out of necessity and 'sort of' recovered a bit while living back at their house; enough to 'sort of' function, as long as no one messed with me. It was an iffy thing.

Continued in the next issue.

VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

By Ernie Ayala

The reunion in San Diego is behind us. Members who came from the cold parts of our country got to thaw out in the California sun. The weather was as I had anticipated. Clear, warm, breezy and picture-postcard perfect. Our guests rode up and down the harbor on a two-hour cruise that showed off the Navy's finest ships at sea including aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers, freighters and even a large vintage ship, the USS Midway.

Afterward, we took another two hour sightseeing tour on land to take in the sights and sounds of San Diego. Our next reunion has not been decided yet as it is the East Coast's turn to host us. There was much talk of D.C. or areas near there. No final decision has been seriously discussed just yet, but stay tuned. Our next board meeting is in January, so we will probably come up with a winner by then.

Hope you all had a wonderful Thanksgiving, 2018. I was blessed to have a very enjoyable one although many who live in my state did not. The killings in Thousand Oaks and subsequent fires around there and up in the northern part of our state made Thanksgiving very hard for those victims. Prayers to all. I did not hear of any of our members suffering from those catastrophes and pray I don't.

I served in the Army for three years and I tried to reflect on the Thanksgiving Days of the times. It took a while, but my recollection is as dusty as my old uniform in the garage. I finally remembered I enjoyed Thanksgiving 1966, on the day before I reported to the induction center for my little ride up to Fort Ord. By the time the next Thanksgiving came around I was in Long Binh, and have no memory what I did that day or what was served. It must have been pretty low key because there was nothing coming up in my memory bank.



**LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR**

**We love letters.
The deadline for
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articles is
February 23**

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Thanksgiving 1968 - I was stationed at Madigan General Hospital in Tacoma, WA and again I come up empty that there was anything for us at the mess hall. Then I remembered I was living off base and all our buddies had Thanksgiving in our apartment in Lakewood, WA. There were plenty of beverages involved and everyone left (or stayed over) very happy. I do remember 1969 as Thanksgiving fell days before I exited the Army. Our buddies duplicated the holiday just as we had the previous year, except we had more girls join us. I had so much to be thankful for that weekend. Dropping my title from Sergeant to Mister was one of the many things on my list to be thankful for.

This year, there is a long list of things for which I am thankful. I am very thankful for having so many friends in the VDHA that shared the same experiences as me. We share a common bond that can never be taken away from us. When we lose a member, we lose a part of our family, a brother, we mourn.

Happy Thanksgiving, gentlemen.

TREASURER'S REPORT

By Bob Palochik

Reunion:	85 people attended the 2018 reunion
	\$1,784.00 In BX Sales
	\$320.00 Received in donations
	\$335.00 Raffle sales
Checking:	\$30,252.37
Savings	\$5,075.20