



DOGMAN

A Brotherhood of All Combat Veteran Dog Handlers



VIETNAM DOG HANDLER ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 29 - NUMBER 4 - DECEMBER 2022

The Toughest Little Guy I Ever Knew

By Bud Wilkey

In January of 1955, I enlisted in the Air Force six months after graduating from Notre Dame High School in Sherman Oaks, Calif. I signed-up for eight years, (4 active duty/4 inactive reserve). I joined because two of my pals from school were joining in order to take advantage of the soon-ending Korean GI Bill.

After Basic Training at Parks AFB in Northern California, I was given the choice of two duty jobs, Food Service or Air Police. Because of so many guys going in at the time to take advantage of the GI Bill expiring, there wasn't a lot of choice. I picked Air Police and was stationed at March Air Force Base in Riverside, California.

March, being a Strategic Air Command (SAC) base, had B-47 bombers and KC-97 refueling tankers. New, low-ranking Air Police OJT airmen had the pleasant duty of standing in front of an aircraft, day or night, with an M-1. It always seemed to be either too hot or too cold, but after a second stripe (several months), you were assigned to gate guard, base patrol, sensitive area monitoring, etc. Not very exciting, especially during the cold war, but I couldn't complain. It was Southern California and I was close to home and pretty much able to continue my civilian lifestyle on my days off.

One day in 1956, I saw a clerk post something on the squadron bulletin board offering sign-ups for dog school. I was the first to run in and sign-up. I couldn't resist the chance to get in on the ground floor of a new and exclusive section of the Air Police Squadron.

Sentry Dogs were starting to be used on SAC bases due to their ability to work at night and replace several airmen guarding the flight line perimeter. We covered areas in the dark surrounding a brightly lit flight line, or the bomb dump, which was about a mile off base in the hills. The newly built kennel area was just outside the gates to the bomb dump. Two shifts a night, swing and graveyard, with a dog for company. And we had great duty. Sometimes three nights on, and three off. A definite improvement to my military lifestyle.



SFC Jesse Mendez & Saba. Training Instructor, Ft. Carson, CO (1957)

So, off I went to dog training school at Fort Carson, Colorado for eight weeks of training with the U.S. Army. My training instructor was Sgt. Jesse Mendez (see recent article in Dogman). During obedience training, my newly acquired German Shepherd named Jug, attacked me twice because he would not go to the down position correctly. He would tuck one leg under and Sgt. Mendez would say, "straighten that dog out airman." Each time I tried, he would growl at me, and finally attacked my forearms with great vigor as I held him up and away from me with the leash close to the choke chain. I had trouble holding him up since he weighed over 90 lbs.

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From the president

By John R. Harvey
VDHA President

Getting older, at best, is synonymous with having a few more aches and pains and not being able to move quite as fast as one used to. At worst, it is waking up one day to find out that you have diabetes, or hypertension, or heart issues. Or maybe it is that old knee or back injury that has plagued you since boot camp or jumping off the back of a six-by as your convoy took incoming.

Whatever the issues, there comes a time when you finally decide that maybe you should reach out to the VA and ask for help. We start with a local VA hospital. We submit a copy of our DD-214, and after a period of time get our VA card. We find that our medical benefits are determined by whether our injuries are combat related, service connected, or just old age.

Somewhere along the line, it is suggested that we consider submitting a claim for monetary benefits. The go-to advisers are the DAV (Disabled American Veterans) and law firms which specialized in helping veterans. The DAV is predominately a volunteer organization. When I made the decision to apply for a modification to my compensation benefits this summer, I found that, unfortunately because of COVID, it was impossible here in southern Florida to get an appointment.

I considered hiring a law firm but was told by a confidential source that the way many law firms are compensated is by receiving a percentage of the arrearage which is ultimately paid. This creates a potential unconscious or conscious incentive to drag out the process in terms of providing information to the VA in order for them to decide. With this in mind, I decided to go it alone. Besides, how difficult could it be?

I had first submitted a claim for benefits back in 1970 for both a hearing loss and a malfunctioning kidney. Both claims were summarily denied by the VA. I was just happy to be home and able to pursue my life and education. Besides, I had medical insurance with my new employer. Screw it, who needed the government anyway.

In 2006 however, I found myself back in school with medical insurance costing me \$1,500 per month as a student.

I went to my local VA Hospital and hooked up with a local DAV volunteer who helped me navigate the system. I was eternally grateful. I applied for hearing loss. The VA provided me with brand new hearing aids and gave me 10% disability for tinnitus.

The VA has changed a lot since 1970 and even 2006. I have suffered with hypothyroidism since I was 28 years old. Guess what? The VA recently characterized hypothyroidism as a presumptive effect of exposure to

agent orange. This along with hypertension and Parkinson-like symptoms among others.

As with everything having to do with the military, there is a form. You will need to get a copy of Form 21-526EZ: Application for Disability Compensation and Related Compensation Benefits, and instructions. The form itself is only five pages long. If you have been associated with a VA hospital for any length of time and have been treated for the disability for which you are turning in a claim, you are ahead of the process. If not, you will need to go back to your doctors and hospitals who have treated you and get copies of ALL of your medical records.

How many of us have had difficulty trying to explain to a wife or girlfriend why you are curled up in a fetal position in the living room at 3:30 in the morning? How many of us spent years denying that there was anything wrong? In our minds, there isn't anything wrong. Needing only three or four hours sleep a night was great. Besides, when we got up the explosions stopped. And of course, we didn't want to put at risk our concealed weapons permit.

If you decide to add PTSD (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder) you will need to complete VA Form 21 0781: Statement in Support of Claim for Service Connection for Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. You will need to provide some specificity as to what happened, how and why it is effecting your daily life.

Ultimately you will need to organize the information into a package and mail it to the Department of Veterans Affairs, Evidence Intake Center, P.O. Box 4444, Jamesville, WI. 53547-4444. Two months after you have submitted your information, the VA will contact you letting you know that they received it. Approximately two months after that, the VA will set up appointments with OptumServe, formerly known as LHI. The appointments will be with individuals who specialize in the medical areas relative to your claims. For the most part the specialists were professional, caring, and considerate. The PTSD interviewer I found to be disconnected. She had a Sgt Friday approach; just give me the facts. She spent an hour going thru a check list that was not relevant to the pain we feel.

Congress recently passed the PACT Act. There are a number of new benefits that have been made available. I would encourage you to look at it. I hope I have helped provide a fresh look at the VA and all of the great work they are trying to do.

Wishing you a wonderful and Happy Holidays and a great New Year!

The Toughest Little Guy I Ever Knew

Continued from Page 1.

After getting patched-up at the vet, Sgt. Mendez (who was much shorter than me), said, “let me show you how to deal with that, airman.”

He took Jug for a little walk, gave him the down command, with the same results I experienced. In less than a minute the dog was unconscious. He handed me the leash and said, “when he comes-to, I want him to hear you yelling heel as you drag him through the snow.” So off I went pulling an unconscious dog until he came-to. He never did do it right and the issue was dropped. We found out months later that Jug had a bad hip. Probably hit by a car before the Air Force acquired him.

Back at March we loved the new duty as sentry dog handlers; we worked only nights and nobody came near us. We used our days off to sleep or do something off-base at mountain lakes or whatever.

After a few months of this, Jug was accidentally killed in the kennel area. One of the dogmen locked him in his kennel house while he hosed down the run and forgot to let him out. It was a hot summer day and poor Jug suffocated. It was very sad and I still think about it over 60 years later.

So now, what to do with me? A dogman with no dog. Awaiting new orders to go back to Ft. Carson to get a new dog, I worked days at the kennel. After about two months, new orders arrived and off I went to Colorado for eight weeks of training a new dog.

Arriving at Ft. Carson, the captain in charge of the unit gave me three days to choose a dog since I had been through the program before. So I set out to find the best looking shepherd of the lot, with over two hundred to choose from.

At the end of day three I had it narrowed down to four dogs and was to tell the captain the following morning. I was having dinner in the chow hall when Sgt. Mendez sits down next to me and says, “I just got orders to ship out, how would you like to cut your time here in half?”

Of course that was a very attractive offer. He said you take my dog Saba, (the dog he used in training me and many others) months before. Saba was totally trained in obedience and that would cut four weeks off my stay. All I needed to do was train him in attack work and I’m out. Saba was the only collie in the Air Force. I couldn’t pass it up.

It took every bit of four weeks to get Saba to bite anyone. He was the wrong breed for the job. The captain told me I couldn’t leave until he “won’t let me in on him.” Well, it took a while but finally happened and off I went back to March AFB.

Saba was a great dog and I was called on to do many demonstrations when dignitaries came to the base. Jesse had taught him many tricks and he was a great performer. I tried to buy him when I was discharged in 1958, but it was denied. They just didn’t do that in those days.

I was able to find Sgt. Mendez a few years ago and we had a lengthy phone visit about Saba and the long service Jesse had in the Army. After spending eight weeks with him in Colorado, reading the Dogman article, and our latest conversation, I came to a conclusion. He was a great man, a credit to the dogman service, and the toughest little guy I ever knew.



A/IC Bud Wilkey & Saba. Sentry Dog Handler, March AFB, CA (1958)

VP Report: Do You Know Where All Your Buddies Are?

By Ernie Ayala

VDHA Vice President

There is one thing many of our members and non-members may not know. When any Vietnam Dog Handler, member or not, passes away, we will post it on our website. If he is not a member, he will automatically become one. I am editor of the Army Vietnam Sentry Dog Alumni newsletter called *The Sentry* and we report every passing with an obituary and photograph if we have one. (See Obit page of *The Sentry* to the right.)

Our administrator, Gary Smith, 981st MP Co. 71-72, has an application called Benified, which can locate a name by name, location and approximate year of birth. Our December issue reported 20 obituaries because Gary requested all those members whom we haven't heard from in years.

He started with the 212th MP Co. We got several responses from those still living and obituaries from those dead. This is a slow and tedious way of doing this, but Gary has dedicated himself to this assignment every quarter for the purposes of our website, Facebook page and newsletter.

The easiest way would really be if every member left instructions to his family upon his passing to contact the VDHA, so all his buddies would know. You can contact Dave Broeker at (309) 202-5542 or myself at (626) 862-2667 with as much of the following information as possible: name of our member, date of birth, date of death, branch of service and unit, plus these optional facts: name of widow and children, cause of death (agent orange related?), name of mortuary and burial site and an email photograph of their loved one either recent or in uniform.

We want to honor our members and hope to get all these obituaries listed in the coming issues of *Dogman*.

I think family members would be more apt to cooperate with the information we need knowing they would get a copy of *Dogman* showing their loved one's photo and obituary and knowing we cared enough to honor them. About two years ago, I heard from the VA that Vietnam veterans are dying at the rate of one per day. I think that number has risen and will continue to rise until it gets like the World War II veterans just 5 years ago when it was 100 WW II vets dying a day.

Sample Obituary Page of *The Sentry*



Steve Carson sitting with grandson, Colton in Las Vegas and with his MWD Rebel in Vietnam.

JON STEVEN CARSON, 212TH 67-68 died 8-13-22

It was a shame to finally connect with my friend after over 50 or so years since he lived in Las Vegas. He finally joined us and went to his first reunion ever in Durango, CO. last year. Unfortunately I was unable to attend because my wife had just gone through a cancer operation and I decided to care for her. We promised each other we would connect in Phoenix next year but that will not happen. Cancer (maybe AO connected) took him first. We went through Basic at Fort Ord. MP School at Fort Gordon, Dog Training in Okinawa, Vietnam then got assigned to Madigan General Hospital near Fort Lewis until he got out first. Jon leaves 2 sons, and one son, Christopher preceded him in death. Sons names are Jon and Brent. Carson had moved to Nixa, MO a few years ago to live out his years. I have a feeling he knew how sick he was and wanted to do a lot of living before he left. He did that.

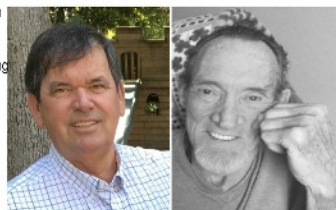
JOE CURRIER, BROTHER OF GORDON LEROY CURRIER.

To his dying day Joe did everything to keep his brother's legacy alive but cancer finally took him at the age of 71 in Lee's Summit, MO. He was born January 3, 1951 in Kansas City, MO. In high school he was involved with many clubs and in his later years was in the High School reunion committee and presided over the Gordon Leroy Currier Memorial Scholarship Committee. His brother, Gordon was killed in the Tet Offensive while as a dog handler guarding the world's largest ammo dump in Long Binh on January 31, 1968. He is survived by his wife of 51 years Jennie Markle Currier, two daughters Christina Campbell and Bekkie Currier and son, Ben. He will be missed at all our reunions as he was a regular.

TERRY WINSLOW, 212TH 66-69 (no photo available)
Died on July 26, 2014 (as discovered by Gary Smith) He was predeceased in death by his wife of 38 years Michele M. Winslow, who died in 2005. He is survived by his two daughters, Barbara H. LaBuff and husband Joseph with who he lived and Jennifer J. Winslow of Fairfield, ME.

JOSEPH ANTHONY FORSTNER, 981ST 67-68

Joe Forstner passed away peacefully after a long battle with Agent Orange related Cancer. A couple of months ago, I got a call from his loving wife telling me he wanted to donate to our Website/ Newsletter Fund but to be sure I sent him a Sentry Dog Pin so he can wear on his lapel when the day came to reunite with his dog, Ricki M230 again. He got his pin and she told me he loved it. Her husband of 55 years was stationed in Cam Ranh Bay. Joe was born March 30, 1947 in Baltimore, MD and died in his Ellicott City, MD home on August 13, 2022. He was 75 years old. Besides leaving his wife, Cathy, he also leaves a loving son Christopher Forstner and his wife, Whitney and his cherished grandsons Grayson and Palmer. Joe retired from the Social Security Administration after 32 years of devoted service



JOE FORSTNER JOSEPH JOHN CASSIDY, 212TH 1966-1967

Was born in Butte, Montana February 16, 1943. Passed away in Helena, Montana on September 9, 2021. He is survived by his wife, Joan Cassidy and three sons, Royal, John and Kevin. Joe was instrumental in the development and funding of the Religious Activities Center at Montana State Prison. He also was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He spent his days after the army as a carpenter and volunteer for all activities wherever he was needed.

GEORGE BUSOVICKI, 212TH 67-68 PHOTO PG 4

My name is Emily Cigan and I was George's only granddaughter. You had posted his passing on January of 2021 and wanted more information. He got COVID-19 and ended up passing away a few days later. His lungs and heart shut down incredibly fast, even though he was in previously good health. He died peacefully after being taken off the ventilator on January 3rd while watching the Browns game. It was very hard on our family. He was my only living grandfather and the man that helped raise me.

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, 105 W. "F" Street, Suite 206, San Diego, CA 92101 (include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want them returned).

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Dave Broeker - A Man Always on Point

By David Adams

Article reprinted courtesy of David Adams and The Paw Print.

Four days shy of his 20th birthday, not old enough to vote and too young to buy a beer in most states, Dave Broeker first set foot on the tarmac of his assigned combat support base in the Vietnam War's theater of operations. A1C (E-3)

Dave Broeker took pride in being a part of the K9 team. Like any Air Force dog handler, he saw it as a unique unit that happened to connect organizationally to the Air Force's Security Police.

His orders instructed him to report immediately to the 635th Security Police Squadron's K9 Section at U-Tapao Royal Thai Naval Air Base, Thailand. He had completed 12 months of K9 On-the-Job-Training at Westover AFB, MA. He was now ready and looking forward to meeting his new partner and putting his training to work where security threats were real.

He was, however, about to learn that the Air Force held a different view of a dog handler's "organizational connection." To the Air Force, dog handlers are Security Police trained to work with MWDs if the base happens to have MWDs and an open dog to handle.

Upon reporting to the 635th SP HQ on June 26, 1967, he heard, "Dogs? We don't have any dogs. We don't even have kennels to put them in if we had them." His anticipation and excitement of being teamed with a dog took a cold-water dousing. Instead, he took an assignment to flight line security.

The nine months following his arrival were pure hell waiting for the inevitable to happen. He got sick of writing in his daily diary, "K9 teams and dogs have still not arrived". He

said, "I hated the whole stinkin' idea of being sent over to 'God Knows Where,' and then having to wait for 'God Knows How Long' to connect up with the K9 Unit that I was so excited to be a part of."

Dave's daily journaling helped him keep his sanity while the encouragement of supervising TSgt. Ben Cox guided Dave to be the best he could be during the frustrating months of impatiently waiting for the K9 teams to arrive.

Shortly after returning from a leave, his TSgt received orders to

report to the base Civil Engineer to assist in constructing temporary kennels for the K9 unit scheduled to arrive in 30-days.

With great delight, A1C Broeker was relieved of flight line security and joined in building the temporary kennel to receive the first arriving K9 Teams.

Finally, Dave was able to make the journal entry he had been waiting to write: "March 25: 'Today we processed in 15 troops who had arrived at 2300 hours on March 24.'"

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Due to a death in his family, our BX manager, Mike Hurder, may not be able to fill your BX orders in time for Christmas.

vdha.us/merchandise

We are thinking of you, Shorty.

K9 **Woof, ya'll.** **K9 OUT FRONT** www.vdha.us

VIETNAM K-9 DOG HANDLER ASSOCIATION www.vdha.us

In Memory
Of the over 4,000 U.S. War Dogs that served in Vietnam. When the war was over these dogs were left behind in Vietnam. They were our buddies and we will never forget them. May they rest in peace.

Dave Broeker - A Man Always on Point

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Kennel Master TSgt Tom Swartz, arriving with the initial 15 handlers and 20 dogs, designated A1C Broeker the 635th SPS Kennel Clerk. Dave's organizational skills were critical to getting the new K9 section off on a sound footing. His natural passion for helping others made the new handlers' transition much easier. Dave briefed them on Thai customs, calculating money exchange, and essential Thai words. He also captured photos of the newly arriving handlers and their assigned dogs - a practice that he continued as teams rotated in and out.

The five additional dogs that arrived with the 15 handlers were designated breeding stock as a gift to the King of Thailand to start the Royal Thai Military Working Dog Kennels.

Dave finally felt complete when he grasped the lead of Ara 9M72, one of the female dogs designated to be the beginning of the Royal Thai K9 program. He fondly remembers her as a playful dog and quick to obey hand and verbal commands. She knew the difference between training and playtime. "It was always a pleasure to play with

her because this was a time when I could forget about the stress and the tremendous heat and the loneliness for my family," he recalls.

With its 11,500-foot runway to support B-52 bomber and KC-135 tanker missions, U-Tapao was one of Southeast Asia's largest combat support air bases during the Vietnam War. Its size required a significant K9 presence to secure the perimeter. From the arrival of the first K9 teams on March 24, 1968, to its return to Thai control on June 13, 1976, 463 handlers, including Thai Guards, teamed with 114 dogs to protect the base, vital assets, and personnel. Of those, A1C Dave Broeker was the first handler to put boots on the ground. While his time with the dogs at U-Tapao was short due to delays in getting resources in place, he was a key in building the foundation of an outstanding K9 unit.

Any historian will tell you the most valuable information is from original sources. Air Force handlers who had served in Thailand were trying to build a database of handlers and dogs before losing their history to time. Many of Dave's photographs with names of handlers and dogs, along with his journals, comprised

resources that are so hard to find. Dave's journals and photos became vital. As the Thai dog handlers tracked down others, those men helped contact even more handlers. The Air Force's K9 teams secured their history in Thailand during the war in Southeast Asia.

With websites becoming one of the most valuable resources for organizations, Dave accepted the responsibility for creating and maintaining the website for the Vietnam Dog Handler Association (VDHA) during the organization's 2001 reunion in St. Louis. Dave undertook the challenge and serves in that capacity to this day. He also created the Thailand Dog Handlers and Nemo's Heroes War Dog Memorial websites in tandem with the VDHA website. In 2010 Dave Broeker added the VDHA BX store, a significant source of income and developing camaraderie, to his workload.

In recognition of his tireless efforts, VDHA awarded Dave Broeker its highest honor, the Warrior's Medal of Valor, at its 2013 reunion in Las Vegas. The medal was created in 2002 by Vietnam

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Vietnam Dog Handler Association Officers

President:	John R. Harvey	3000 Holiday Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33316	860-796-7813
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V.P. Units	Vacant		
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The Tip of the Sword; A War Dog Story

Editor's Note: This is the sixth installment of a multi-part story. It details his journey from college to Vietnam and his dog Skipper (X268). In this episode, he describes living in his Scout Dog unit.

By Vernon J. Roman

Scout Dog Handler

The health of the dog was a big factor in dictating our mission time. Every dog had to have its blood drawn once a week to be checked for a disease called IHS. As such, the maximum stay in the field should not have been more than a week.

If a dog contracted IHS, the dog would begin bleeding from all its open areas and die. There was also fear of contamination. We were told that the dogs could not go home for fear of spreading the disease in the USA. Some of that was true, but as we found out much later, that was not the main reason that the dogs did not make it back to the US.

Our maximum mission time was generally five days. Then we hopped on a helicopter and got delivered back to our platoon. We had our own helicopter landing pad and dog teams were consistently coming and going.

When you were in camp, your dog team was placed on a big eraser board. As each dog team went out in the field, your team moved up on the list until it was your turn to hit the field. So, where you ended up in the field and what type of mission you worked on, was pure random luck.

Looking at the clubhouse, and panning toward your left, were about four nice-sized hooches, all built out of plywood. There was a set of steps to get up into them, and they served as our general barracks. You could have a no-door room or be out in the general area.

The upper part of the hooch had screens, and we did have electricity. I chose to sleep on a single bunk bed close to the entry door. It would be very easy to get out and get in the bunker that was located between the club house and the first hooch. I was in the third hooch.

I liked my set up. In addition to being open air, I placed a mosquito net over the whole bed and used a small fan from the PX placed at the foot of my bed so that the air could blow over me. It was great. I slept well enough, and the occasional rat running across the rafters did not cause me any concern.

Across from my hooch, on the other side of the compound, in line with the office, was a makeshift shower. It was made of corrugated steel and could hold three guys, at max. There was a big water barrel with

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Dave Broeker: A Man Always on Point

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veteran and Native American Marshall Tall Eagle Serna of Woodburn, OR. The medal is awarded for actions of valor in Southeast Asia that went unrecognized by the military. It also recognizes outstanding service to the VDHA, exceptional and consistent or ongoing service to or for deployed troops or veterans, and exceptional and consistent or ongoing service to or for Military Working Dogs past or present.

The websites Dave Broeker created are vaults of information that have preserved so much invaluable MWD history in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam War. It is information that will be vital to helping build the Southeast Asia story for the Military Working Dog Heritage Museum.

Dave Broeker is a true Dog Man, Always On Point.

Treasurer's Report

CHECKING	\$34,070.24
SAVINGS	<u>5,075.70</u>
TOTAL	\$39,145.94

REMINDERS and INFORMATION:

Checks are always to be made payable to VDHA no matter if the funds are for dues or merchandise. Our bank will not accept third party checks.

PayPal payments for dues and/or merchandise purchases must be made from your personal PayPal account. Dues: PayPal payments are to be sent to vdhapaypal@vdha.us. Merchandise: PayPal payments are to be sent to merchandisepaypal@vdha.us.

ATTENTION – BX Merchandise orders are temporarily suspended. Mike Hurder has had a death in his family.

The Tip of the Sword; A War Dog Story

Continued from Page 7.

an oil heater in it warming up the water. You just turned on the little spigot and voila. Yes! Even though it could be 100 degrees outside, you could still get cold at night. I cannot remember the placement, but, I think the latrines were located over by the veterinarian's hooch and our dogs. It was a four seater. Here is where you could earn a patch called a Shit Stirrer. Every few days, someone got the dubious honor of pulling out those containers, dumping kerosene on them, stirring them up, and burning it all up. Then they were replaced back in their spots. It was the Army's version of a bidet...warm up your tush... what a luxury! For food, we walked up to the end of our road to a mess hall. For the next nine months, it only served roast beef in some shape or form...but always roast beef. Interestingly, I never developed a dislike of it. It was better than the C rations and Lurps, but not by much. In the same area of the mess hall, you could go to big open areas in the evening and watch a movie; the Army's version of a drive-in. I did go see a few of those movies while waiting for my next assignment.

For nine months this was home sweet home.

Continued in the next issue.

Upcoming Events

- March 12, 2023: K9 Veterans Day Ceremony
American Legion Post #166,
201 S. Water Street East,
Fort Atkinson, WI 53538
1:30-3:00 PM
- March 13, 2023: Dedication of the Coast Guard
K9 Memorial
Coast Guard Base Alameda.
California. Open to the public.
For more information, click
[here](#).
- July 17, 2023: 25th Anniversary
Dedication of the War Dog
Memorial at the University of
Tennessee in Knoxville.

Courtesy of *The Paw Print*

Vietnam Dog Handler Assoc.
c/o Randy Kimler
2225 Merriman St.
Port Neches, TX 77651-4302

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Pekin, IL
61554

Do You Know Where All Your Buddies Are?

Continued from Page 4.

Unit Directors actually have the responsibility to stay in touch with your group and keep track of the passings of the group and also be the first person their families should contact in case of a death. That also goes for a serious accident or illness that has affected our member's physical and/or mental capacity.

All members, please copy or cut out the following card to keep on your refrigerator or with your important papers so your family can call us upon your passing.

AT MY TIME OF DEATH CALL THE VIETNAM DOG HANDLER ASSOCIATION

DAVE BROEKER (309) 202-5542
or ERNIE AYALA (626) 862-2667

IF NO ANSWER, LEAVE A MESSAGE TO CALL
BACK OR INFORM THEM WHO DIED.

GIVE THIS INFO TO THEM:

NAME OF DECEASED, DATE OF BIRTH,
DATE OF DEATH; UNIT HE SERVED;
NAME OF WIFE AND CHILDREN;
CAUSE OF DEATH

(WAS IT AGENT ORANGE RELATED?)
NAME OF MORTUARY AND BURIAL SITE,
DATES OF SERVICES; and

PERSON REPORTING THIS TO THE VDHA.