

As I have said all along, these men and women are the true heroes. I was thrown into my situation, and I had to react. These guys knew what they were getting into. They're the ones who put their bodies on the line to go in there and rescue me."

The Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Charles C. Krulak, was also on hand. "I'm glad to be here to welcome back this great Marine expeditionary unit."

Putting the O'Grady rescue into per-

spective and citing exercises in Albania, Spain, Italy and from ship to ship, Gen Krulak said: "A lot has been said about four hours out of that entire float. I just wanted to make one point clear—they [the entire MEU] have been out there for six months. They're trained, and their presence has had a major impact in what's going on in the Adriatic. Too often, we focus on one thing and fail to realize the totality of what these Marines have done on a day-in and day-out basis."

But for 3,700 Marines and sailors attached to the USS *Kearsarge* Amphibious Ready Group (which included the 3d Battalion Landing Team, Eighth Marine Regiment, MEU Service Support Group 24 and Marine Medium Helicopter Squadron (Reinforced) 263, home-based at Marine Corps Air Station, New River, N.C.) in similar homecomings from Lejeune to Norfolk, Va., it was loved ones such as Lance Corporal Ilin Martinez' wife, Alicia, and daughter, Christian, they wanted to see. It was Lisa and 11-month-old Ashley whom LCpl Dwaine Jones sought.

It was Kailey, the daughter born while Corporal Kelly Loudenburg was in the Adriatic, and mother, Joy, about whom that Marine cared.

For the women who waited, it had been a "roller coaster at times." Lisa Jones told reporters, "There are no ribbons or medals on our chests for having to endure stress every day. Our loved ones are far away from home, and you have to just smile and grin and bear it."

To older Marines of another era, they seem all too young for such family burdens and such responsibilities.

The Marines, however, are too happy to be with families and friends to concern themselves with such thoughts. They know they need to make the most of the time they have together. The 24th MEU will set sail on another six-month deployment early next summer.



Above: Leathernecks, family members and friends gathered to catch up on old times at Camp Lejeune, N.C., when the 24th MEU returned.

Below: Twelve-year-old Kathleen Walsh spotted her dad, 1stSgt Jim Walsh, and broke away from waiting relatives to welcome him back. Her sister, Shannon, 10 (second from left), was second, but no less eager to say, "Welcome home, Dad."



For some, such as Cpl Thomas Cush, the end of one deployment meant moving into the barracks to prepare for another deployment in six months.



Marine War Dogs

Story by Cyril J. O'Brien • Photos courtesy of the author



PFC Vincent W. Salvaggio with Tubby in an attack mode. Tubby was killed in action on Guam in 1944.

Part I

It took little persuasion in 1942 to bring such Marine Corps leaders, planners and policy makers as Colonels Keller E. Rockey and Clifton B. Cates and the Commandant, Thomas B. Holcomb, around to enlisting war dogs into the Marine Corps.

Banana Wars veterans well knew Nicaragua, Haiti and terrain where trail-wise banditos could put the Japanese jungle fighters to shame. Perimeters ringed with barking sentries ensured the insurgents that stealthy Marine patrols would come upon no more valuable prizes than abandoned campfires and warm pinto beans.

It followed then that jungle scouting and perimeter watch would be prime skills honed in the the War Dog Training Center that Gen Holcomb approved and announced on Nov. 24, 1942. It was to be established at Hadnot Point on the bustling encampment known to every old Corps Marine as Marine Barracks,

New River, later, Camp Lejeune, N.C. In the same breath, the Commandant asked for Marine volunteers, appealing directly to the Corps' dog-friendly farm boys who could help train dogs and go to war with them.

The Corps would get help and dog recruits from the Doberman Pinscher Club of America, including Roslyn Terhune, Baltimore doberman fancier and columnist who brought in 20 dogs and was so enthusiastic that she was retained by the Corps to help initiate dog training part time. The Doberman Pinscher Club of America began a national dog recruiting effort. Captain Samuel L. Brick, another Baltimore doberman pinscher fancier, coming late in December 1942, helped set the elementary training format. The Army would train the Marine nucleus in dog basics and even supply 42 dogs. Counsel, assistance and other dogs came from the American Kennel

Club, The Professional Handlers' Association, Dogs for Defense and individuals. The dog community, like Lucky Strike's green cigarette package, had gone to war.

Of course, the Navy and Coast Guard were already into guard dog use, but the Marines would demand heavier duty than what were their routines. In finding ex-Army World War I artilleryman Jackson H. Boyd, the Corps lucked out. He was also from blueblood dog show country around Southern Pines, N.C., and was a trainer, breeder, master of hounds and owner of 70 foxhounds.

It was Capt Boyd who would go with 19 enlisted men for five weeks of Army dog basics at Fort Robinson, Neb. Just after Christmas 1942, Boyd was back at Camp Lejeune as the first CO of the equally new dog detachment. He'd stay until the end of the war.

They needed a veterinarian, and out of Baltimore they got Dr. James A. B.

Stewart from the Baltimore Humane Society. Louis W. Davis, another doberman fancier, in early 1943 took an officer's indoctrination course, was commissioned as a first lieutenant and designated training officer. Tom Gately, named to technical sergeant as kennelman, came from Connecticut. Then came salty and lean "Old Corps" First Sergeant David J. Satanowski, who'd help the Marine image, Marine Sergeant "Rip" Jackson (who'd become permanent kennelman), Gunnery Sergeant Dan M. Crosno, Platoon Sergeant Charles D. Perry, Corporal Leo Crismore, Privates First Class Raymond J. Considine and James K. Robertson, Privates Robert Forsyth, Arthur E. Spielman, Dale M. Quillen, Raymond L. Tomaszewski, Bill and Douglas Oglivie, John Dicks and others, some right out of boot camp or who were transfers, at their own request, from other outfits.

It was all put together quickly, but there'd be time to firm up what Col Rockey was seeing as a whole new Marine Corps fighting arm. But the hour was late. The First Marine Division was already months into Guadalcanal where green jungle walls were alive with Japanese snipers, and ambushes were as common as papaya. The dogs were already too late for there.

Capt Boyd's center was on paper in late 1942, but it was early 1943 before it was with curricula, developed largely as training progressed. Its strength was some 50 men and a few less dogs, mostly doberman pinschers and German shepherds, but there was never an official Marine Corps breed nor birth. Doberman pinschers had the temperament, were short-haired, aggressive but controlled and were offered quite readily by their owners.

Enlisted in much lesser numbers were Belgian sheepdogs, Eskimos, malamutes, Siberian huskies, terriers, collies, labradors, bouviers, mastiffs, rottweilers and retrievers. No boxers or pugs. Their noses are too short. There were no pets or mascots. Nationality didn't matter either. A few dogs taken from the Japanese turned coat on their old masters. There was also Hilda von Ludwig, who had served with the Nazis, and Mike Pappas' shepherd, Herman, who'd respond to Greek or English. Mike often spoke to him privately in Greek.

Recruits had to measure at least 25 inches at the shoulder and weigh at least 50 pounds. Inconspicuous color helped. Mixed parentage was acceptable. Females as a rule lost weight. Some got pregnant. The Corps didn't take every applicant. It rejected 295 dogs.



Above: Pvt Ruth H. Whiteman greeted her doberman pinscher Pvt Eram von Luteneimer at Camp Lejeune, N.C. Pvt Whiteman was undergoing training with the Women's Reserve and von Luteneimer with the Dog Detachment. This photo appeared in *Leatherneck* many years ago.



Left: Tubby on Guam with his other handler, PFC Guy Mason Wachtstetter.

It was a big thing, sending Fido off to war. The Corps made use of the publicity and with flashbulbs popping conducted a dog induction on the steps of the federal building in New York mid-January 1943.

Before war's end more than 1,000

dogs would be enlisted, nearly all by their owners. The right stuff was determined in a 14-week course, and it was there that the bonding took place between dog and handler—much like marriage. Most matches were for life.

Only handlers fed their dogs and were at their charge's side through the roughest of ordeals. Generally, one handler was assigned to each scout dog. Two men were standard with messenger dogs, on either end of the dispatch. Man and dog ate together, slept together, played together and prepared to die together. Words praised, stroked and corrected. Fulfilled dogs wiggled their hinds in



Lt William W. Putney, a veterinary surgeon as well as platoon leader, worked on a wounded dog on Guam in 1944. The dog recovered and returned to duty.

pride and licked extended hands. There was no physical punishment.

In four months (May '43) Capt Boyd was shipping the First Platoon under First Lieutenant Clyde O. Henderson, a former Brecksville, Ohio, high school chemistry teacher, to Camp Pendleton, Calif., for harder polishing under Carl Spitz, who had trained dogs for the movies and was a former World War I German enlisted man. Actual tooth and fang combat was never a major forte of the dogs, although such training was given in the early weeks at Hadnot Point, and some were taught attack later in connection with sentry skills at Whidbey Island, Wash.

Lt Henderson's was the first of seven war dog platoons averaging 36 dogs and 55 men each. They would see combat on Bougainville, Guam, Saipan, Peleliu, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Dogs and handlers would also be among the first to occupy Japan, as World War II ended.

Every division would eventually have war dogs, and they would save innumerable Marine lives by thwarting am-



War dogs took part in this training exercise at Camp Lejeune prior to deploying to combat in the Pacific.

bushes, detecting snipers, machine-gun positions, mines and booby traps, by carrying messages and blood plasma and warning of attacks. Also very important to Marines on the line, the presence of a dog assured a few winks of sleep.

"A lot of times they were killed instead of us," said former Lieutenant William W. Putney, now a Woodland Hills, Calif., veterinarian. He planned the advanced realistic combat training, executed much of it and headed the 3d Plt. Second Lieutenant William T. Taylor, on board in September 1943, ran the 2d.

"We were prepared for harm's way," recalled Lt Taylor. "We had the best of training and the best NCOs in the Marine Corps."

Almost as the 1st Plt left for Camp Pendleton, Capt Boyd was allocated a new training area, barracks and mess hall on the site of an old Civilian Conversation Corps (Depression youth employment station) near Camp Lejeune. Now Boyd would accelerate training. The 1st Plt had been rushed through in short order without a full course. The 2d and 3d Platoons would face a tougher combat-oriented curriculum, strengthened by bringing in a line officer and other combat experienced NCOs.

Capt Boyd's call for a line officer came as 2dLt Putney was finishing basic school at Quantico, Va. Already a licensed veterinarian, he was also an artilleryman via ROTC at Auburn University, Auburn, Ala. Col Clifton B. Cates, at Quantico, convinced Lt Putney to forego that MOS, and about June 1 he joined the dogs. So did hardy new line-duty NCOs, including GySgt Lawrence H. Holdren, and Sergeants Lawrence A. Dipietroantonio and Frank Sutton, both veterans of Guadalcanal. Holdren had piled up a whole attack force of Japanese in front of his machine gun, earning him the Navy Cross.

Dogs under the intensified training were soon tearing at their restraints, some frothing at the mouth. Fury could be quickly summoned, yet dogs also could be commanded to freeze "like a board." Padded enemies attacked from off the trail in North Carolina's proxy jungle, and composure of dog and trainer was maintained behind ground-rocking blasts of dynamite. Most dogs persevered, some cringed, some howled, some ran away, some hid, some were cowards, some were surveyed. A few shaken dogs would bite anything around them, but not twice. Lt Putney wanted stress at a minimum. Most finely honed was awareness. Lt Henderson called



Bill Obourn (Pal), Ben Black (Butch), Mike Lyons (Nick) and Pete Louquet (Christy) posed at the Dog Training Center at Camp Lejeune in 1944.

them living radar. Lt Putney described the dogs as an extension of the handler's senses. In exercises at Camp Pendleton, dogs detected the presence of troops a full quarter mile away.

The men who would be the handlers endured an equal gauntlet of training to become expert scouts and advanced infantry. Some pondered if the real thing could be as tough.

The men and dogs in the 1st Plt finished as one at Camp Pendleton and were then off to New Caledonia. Next came Guadalcanal to see the first strands of Pacific jungle and hole up at the Corps' traditional habitat, the coconut grove at Teter Beach, where comely doberman Ruff had nine pups.

BOUGAINVILLE

Combat first came at 0830, Nov. 1, 1943, at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, for the 1st Dog Plt. Dogs and handlers would be right up there on the cutting edge of Col Alan Shapley's Second Marine Raider Regiment (Provisional) with the Third Marine Division, its baptism of fire.

Largest of the Solomon Islands, Bougainville was home away from home for 40,000 Japanese soldiers. It harbored four bustling airfields and was the protector of the Japanese bastion of Rabaul, a barrier to any Allied advance across the South Pacific. With assault waves, recalled 1stLt Henderson, the dog platoon set foot in the most miserable, impenetrable, sniper-impregnated rain forest in the world. Here was jungle so dense you could not see, smell or hear a man five feet away. Dogs were the eyes and ears of the troops.

There were not three jungle tracks off the beach across a 7,300-yard front. The swamp was impassable 30 yards off the ocean. An ambush could coil anywhere,

and if you left the trail you could be up to your waist or neck in water. Green jungle walls barred or garbled walkie-talkie radios. Japanese riflemen could look like thorn bushes, but hadn't learned to camouflage the scent of a man.

Fifty-two years later, Gunny Crismore could recall some of that avant-garde as Forsyth, Considine, Robertson, Rufus Mayo, John Lyon, John Mahoney, Robert Lansley, Nick Barach Jr., Johnnie Kleeman, Maxwell Hahn and John L. Robinson. Many would be with the platoons until the end of the war.

Andy, Lt Henderson said, proved his worth right off the beach. Bounding to his job, the 65-pound doberman detected one Japanese position after another (75 and 100 yards away, long before fire contact) and cleared the way for the Raiders to reach and maintain the critical roadblock. That block was 1,500 yards inland on the Piva Trail, the Japanese approach to the invasion beach.

Otto, another doberman, handled by Marvin T. Troup, St. Louis, Mo., and Henry L. Denault, Hudson, N.H., spotted for elimination a machine-gun position 100 yards uptrail. It was a similar role for Fritz on the Piva Trail with PFCs Maxwell Hahn and Norris Cato. Across the Torokina River, PFC Robert Forsyth, Pinehurst, N.C., and Pvt Raymond E. Genay, Philadelphia, with Liney, a fiesty doberman, smelled out a redoubt, eliminated surprise by the enemy and gave the Marines the option to start the firefight that lasted three hours. Forsyth earned the Bronze Star for these and other actions.

It was also around the Torokina swamp that Caesar, a German shepherd, handled by PFCs John Kleeman and Rufus Mayo, on D+2 bounded a total of

31 miles with critical information and orders between Company M and the battalion CP. He saved the day, the battle and many lives. Big enough at 87 pounds to make his own trail, he was soon the target of Japanese infantrymen who waited to nail him, which they did eventually. The docs pulled him through, and Caesar was promoted to corporal ahead of Rufus, went Stateside, sold war bonds and got kissed by Hedy Lamarr, a famous movie actress of the time.

In such company of heroes were also Torri, Rolo, Duke, Fritz, Prince, Topper and Freida von Brickley.

Cpl Paul J. Castracane of Cohoes, N.Y., recommended the highest of honors for his German shepherd, Jack. Severely wounded in the back, Jack was still the only chance of getting word to battalion to save a cut-off company and rescue its wounded. These included Jack's master, PFC Gordon Wortman, Davis Junction, Ill. When Jack reached Castracane at the other end of the messenger route, the gutsy carrier was still heavily bleeding and dropped exhausted at his handler's feet.

There was another Andy, a doberman, who with handlers PFC Robert Lansley, Syracuse, N.Y., and PFC John V. Mahoney, Clinton, Conn., found the body of a bayoneted Marine on the Piva Trail. Andy then immediately led them to the Japanese in two machine-gun positions which, at high risk, the two Marine handlers destroyed with small arms.

War dog fire teams were assigned as needed or on request. Never on Bougainville was a dog patrol ambushed. Fourteen dogs merited citations.

"In every campaign," added Forsyth, "the Japanese soon caught on, and dog casualties increased." Their dread of the dogs was clear in the body of Missy (later on Guam) found riddled by Japanese gunfire. Handlers lost on Bougainville were PFC Russell T. Frederich and PFC William N. Hendrickson.

Bougainville was a limited arena of principally jungle warfare, but the Marine Corps had gleaned through the rigorous hands-on experience enough to further augment and evaluate the training at Camp Lejeune in light of actual combat. Sent back to meld their experience with theory at Camp Lejeune were Lt Henderson and Corporals Considine and Robertson. PFC Forsyth recalled

that some dogs were sent back home as well. "They just couldn't accept the gunfire."

PFC Forsyth returned to Guadalcanal to clean off mud, sleep under a tent and train again. The short-lived but memorable Raider outfits were disbanded. The 1st War Dog Plt entered a new regiment, the 4th Marines, which now included the Raiders, under Col Alan Shapley. The 4th with the 22d Marines then became the infantry regiments of the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade.



Lt Putney at his field veterinary hospital on Guam

GUAM

At virtually the same instant at 0830, July 21, 1944, the brigade and the 3dMarDiv struck 15 miles apart on the west side of Guam to invade and recapture (with the 77th Army Division) the first American territory taken by the enemy in WW II.

Guam would be the first mission for the 2d War Dog Plt (Lt Taylor) and 3d (Lt Putney) with the Third Division. There would be 60 dogs and 110 handlers, plus 11 NCOs and service personnel landing between Asan and Adelup points. South at Agat, the battle-trying 1st Plt under GySgt Crismore with Sergeants Charles D. Perry and Forsyth

would bring ashore 20 dogs and 30 men. These two platoons had left the States in November 1943, when the 1st was already on Bougainville. Prepped in jungle war on Guadalcanal, men and dogs would face 15 heated and hostile combat days and then months of mopping up of an unbelievable 10,000 leaderless and marauding Japanese stragglers.

"Guam," recalled Dr. Putney, "ensured a place for war dogs in the Marine Corps. The 1st Platoon had been experimental and did very well, and its training had been limited, sometimes improvised and rushed." But the 2d and 3d came to the Guam assault after intensive training. Sergeant Raymond C. Barnowsky was first sergeant of the 2d Platoon, and his counterpart in the 3d Platoon was Ivan Hamilton.

Guam was the extreme test: towns, fields, jungle, cliffs, civilians. The situations demanded the widest use of the dogs.

When the Third Marine Division broke the Japanese mountain line at Asan and pressed into open terrain, the dogs were in their best environment and demonstrated how they were necessary. On Chonito Ridge, PFC John V. Rich's doberman, Fritz, with stiffened ears and raised nostrils warned of the big Japanese *banzai* attack. Of course, that attack was expected at some time, but only a dog could sniff the immediate, last minute approaching live enemy. Gunny Holdren had said: "Get a dog to warn you before all hell breaks loose!"

Five thousand Japanese inundated the American lines, many dying as they ran. They struck the brigade, too, flooding on to the 4th and 22d Marines, the 77th Army Division and the 1st Dog Plt.

Out in front of the 21st Marines, 3dMarDiv, a 65-pound pinch-faced doberman named Kurt and handler PFC Allen S. "Jake" Jacobson, Livingston, N.J., blunted the same Japanese surprise. Kurt's back was scraped to the white spinal cord by a mortar sliver, and Jacobson was seriously mauled by a rifle grenade. The PFC refused medical aid or evacuation until his Kurt was carried to the rear.

"Kurt alerted to danger like the true purebred he was," recalled Jacobson. "Being the point on the patrol, I informed the lieutenant. I guess the Japanese [point] waited for the main body of the Marines to enter the ravine, but they



Above: Cpl Kurt, a doberman, was wounded with his partner on Guam. He made his way to an aid station on his own after his partner was treated by a corpsman. Lt Putney worked throughout the night, but the heroic dog died in his arms before dawn.



Left: Dr. Putney was awarded the Silver Star for heroism on Guam during WW II at V-J Day ceremonies in Honolulu this September. On the left is BrigGen E. R. "Buck" Bedard, Deputy Commander, MarForPac, and on the right is Gen L. H. Wilson, the 26th Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Nancy Meier White

panicked. I was afraid of being cut off from the main body."

Surgeon-veterinarian Lt Putney had returned from his own patrol as the bearers brought Kurt down. With scalpel and plasma he worked in a makeshift operating room into the morning hours.

"I soon saw it was no use, but at least I could ease the pain and cradled him in my arms in the foxhole to absorb the jolts all night of those 14-inch shells. Kurt died

before dawn, and we buried him with the other Marines. I was so tired I put my head on him and went to sleep."

Before the campaign had ended, veterinarian Putney had set up a dog field hospital, with help of the U.S. Navy and captured Japanese medical equipment.

But handlers primarily were infantrymen and specially trained at that. In the same great Japanese *banzai*, war dogs and handlers attached to the 3dMarDiv

were called to repel a sizeable force of Japanese who had broken through Marine lines and headed for the division hospital. Some got through to kill doctors, corpsmen and bayonet wounded Marines on their stretchers. Lt Putney and his men scaled a cliff to block part of this incursion. The approaching enemy were in plain view. No need of dogs for that. So the handlers tied their dogs and formed a skirmish line, shielding the hospital 200 yards away. A Japanese machine gun came up, and the only way to see and nail it was to stand. Lt Putney did that, got his shots off first and killed the two machine-gunners. For that and



War dogs, working with the Raiders, moved up a jungle trail past a light machine-gun crew at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville, Solomon Islands.

other bravery he was recommended for the Silver Star. It was presented 51 years later on Sept. 2, 1995, by retired Gen Louis H. Wilson, 26th Commandant of the Marine Corps, who had been awarded the Medal of Honor for Guam.

Sgt William S. Baldwin, Findley, Ohio, was on a patrol on Mount Barrigada when machine-gun and rifle fire cut down one of the Marines. Baldwin was wounded attempting to save the man and was later awarded the Bronze Star Medal.

Then there was the twin Rick dog-and-handler team of PFC Richard "Rick" Reinauer of Chicago and his midnight-black male shepherd also named Rick. On Guam and Saipan they accounted for more Japanese than people have fingers and toes. But that's only where the story begins. The shepherd Rick came home with Reinauer, became a famous show dog, won best of show and top ribbon after top ribbon in major dog shows and then handily sired many litters to perpetuate the right stuff of the old war dog right up to today.

Reinauer was to go on in the entertainment world to produce the nation's long-lived family television animal show "Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom."

Cpl Marvin M. "Snuffy" Corff, today a veterinarian in McMinnville, Ore., received a Silver Star medal. On a Guam trail while the patrol was taking a break, Corff noticed that Rocky, a doberman, was uneasy, so he and the dog ventured beyond the main body. Fifty yards up the trail was a pair of eyeglasses hanging on a limb, and they were surrounded by Japanese. Corff killed a few until a Japanese officer attacked with a sword. The corporal parried with his rifle, which at the same time jammed. The Marines were there soon enough "to get me out of that mess." But Corff and Rocky did foil a likely ambush. A very old vet, Rocky racked up "half a hundred combat patrols, broke up five ambushes and foiled a suicide attack."

The death of PFC Leon Ashton still lingers with Putney, whose experience told him that the enemy would again be back to a critical brushstop cleaned off in the morning. Putney had warned the returning patrol and a fresh Stateside lieutenant: If the dog balks, don't move out! A more secure force could be brought up to do the fighting. The new patrol leader didn't heed the warning, and Ashton was killed.

The Japanese stragglers on Guam

posed almost the force of another campaign. With ample supplies and automatic weapons, the Japanese working as individuals or in groups attacked, raped, tortured and even beheaded outlying farmers. Even an islandwide sweep didn't work. It was a situation made for scout dogs.

In the south of Guam, the 1st Plt with elements of the brigade and the 77th Army Division did the clearing so Chamorros could return to their farms. Cpl Forsyth recalled how company patrols were out for days and were supplied from aircraft with rations that often smashed on the rocks.

It was on one of these patrols that Sgt Perry, on patrol with Pvt Raymond Genay, was killed by a sniper. The 1st Plt lost only Sgt Perry and no dogs.

One band of Japanese stragglers kidnapped 16-year-old Rosa, a Chamorro girl, for their pleasure after they had beheaded her parents. A patrol led by PFC Benjamin Dickerson III with a lean, mean shepherd named Pal and a patrol blew them to pieces with grenades in their jungle hut. The rescued girl tried to kill the already dismembered Japanese officer with his own sword.

Then, as in a Sherlock Holmes story,

there was the dog that didn't bark. He was Hobo, who led a single-file patrol, Putney in charge, along a precarious foot ledge that abruptly opened upon a big shelf and a force of heavily armed Japanese. Just paces away from the enemy, Hobo didn't bark. It was a tight one until a corporal murmured: "Them Japs is dead!" Corsair strafing had caught them in the morning.

A group of Marines wandered up to the dog platoon one day with a collie-shepherd they'd found. PFC Carl Bliss, East Syracuse, N.Y., spotted him immediately as a cut above island dogs they'd seen. "Hey, he'd be great!"—and he was. The dog caught on to the military way immediately, learned in a flash patrolling and watch. Language was no barrier, Japanese or English. The miracle was soon clear. Boy, his new name, had been a Japanese scout dog.

Dr. Putney said a doberman named Cappy saved his life. It was on a risky mission assigned by Third Division operations officer Lieutenant Colonel Bob Kriendler. The assignment: clear out a squad of Japanese who got back on Cabras Island, which was attached to Guam by a causeway. Well-concealed and behind giant boulders, the occupants could have pulled a high-casualty ambush, but Putney sent out the dogs virtually as skirmishers. Lt Putney recalled how PFC Stanley Terrell gave Cappy a hug and directed him with the other dogs, then saw Cappy leap with the impact of a round and fall back motionless. Handler Terrell (later killed on Iwo Jima) cradled his buddy in his arms and cried.

Dogs cried, too. When on the morning of D+1 they found PFC Edward H. Topka, Canonsburg, Pa., in a ditch with a half-dozen dead Japanese around him, his doberman, Lucky, would let nobody near the handler's body, not even Marines. Another doberman, Seig, pined so that he lost 20 pounds when his handler PFC Raymond I. Rosinski, Green Bay, Wis., was killed on Guam.

Peppy, the female doberman of PFC Benton B. Goldblatt, Cumberland, R.I., shot through the ear, developed such a hatred of the enemy she even snarled at their dead. Missy, of Cpl Earl Wright, North Platt, Neb., was a smooth, pleasant messenger dog, who chanced on vengeful enemy soldiers who filled her body full of rounds.

PFC Harold A. Tesch, Greeley, Colo., wasn't sure if Tippy, an Alaskan malamute, was a dog at all. "In my heart, I'll always believe that God sent Tippy to protect me," recalled Tesch.

Tippy was mean, labeled incorrigible,



PFC Harold A. Tesch and Tippy, an Alaskan malamute, trained on Guadalcanal before deploying to Guam. Both survived the war and became inseparable companions until Tippy's death.

and a candidate for destruction. He was even hostile to Marines, who would give him a wide berth, until he chanced upon Harold Tesch. That's when the malamute threw his paws in warm embrace on the young Marine, and a bond was made for life. A great scout, he'd bristle in harm's way and growl with a cough in his throat, but he never barked.

"I'd crouch and aim down his muzzle like a rifle to line up his nose at what he was looking at. Invariably it was the enemy. Tippy was never wrong. He even smelled a sniper in a tree. How many Marines owe their lives to Tippy I cannot tell."

Once, when mortar fragments tore into Tesch and the blast blew Tippy 20 feet, the dog, hind legs paralyzed, crawled back to put his head on his bleeding master.

Tippy was released to Tesch on permission of owner Victor Lunardini, Chicago, after the war. Neighbors in Rochester, N.Y., saw them as inseparable. But coming home from perhaps a courting, Tippy was run down by a motorist who swerved deliberately off the

road to hit him. The sheriff called it murder and hit and run. Tesch buried him by the river on a back 40 which he cares for.

Dr. Putney's dog command was cut short when the division assigned him to serve the severely neglected Chamorro population emerging from caves, dug-outs and from under corrugated sheets of steel. He delivered babies, helped stem contagion and patched bodies. Then Dr. Putney became severely ill and was hospitalized Stateside. The command of the 3d Plt was taken by Lt Robert N. Dowell Jr., former Raider and from the 21st Marines.

Of 60 dogs that landed with the 2d and 3d Platoons on Guam, only 15 survived unhurt. Not one dog patrol was caught by ambush. Killed were PFCs Raymond I. Rosinski, Edward H. Topka and Leon M. Ashton Jr. and 25 war dogs.

(to be continued)



Landing On Tunisia

Story and photos by
GySgt Tim Shearer
Correspondent, 26th MEU

Nearly 1,000 Marines and sailors of the 26th Marine Expeditionary Unit landed in late September to conduct a combined exercise with the Tunisian military.

Tunisia provided a good initial test of the MEU's ability to work with a platoon of eight M-1A1 main battle tanks.

"We demonstrated that the tank is an integral part of the forward deployed MEU," said Colonel James Battaglini, MEU commander. "From the time they crossed the beach they were a viable part of our combat team, a force multiplier for the commander."

From the amphibious landing to the follow-on force-on-force exercise through cross training in military specialties, the MEU gained valuable training while ashore.

"It is very important to get Marines off the ship and out in the field," said Lieutenant Colonel John Allen, who commands 2d Battalion Landing Team,

Sixth Marine Regiment. "Taking the tanks ashore was new and presented a logistics challenge."

The challenge centered around moving the massive 67-ton tanks across the beach into the area of operations.

Allen feels fortunate to have the power of M-1A1 tanks at his disposal. "As a commander, it gives me peace of mind to know that there is really no enemy capability, other than sheer numbers, that can be thrown at us which we can't handle."

The 26th MEU is outfitted with a variety of new, innovative equipment. Take the new night sight for the M16A2 service rifle called the PAC-4 Charlie. It has revolutionized the way leathernecks shoot at night.

"It isn't as obvious as the tank," said Allen, "but the PAC-4 Charlie allows us to truly own the night."

"We have gone from firing weapons in the dark to truly engaging targets at night. I have Marines who can get a first round head shot on a moving target at 100 meters in complete darkness."

Also topping the new equipment is the Avenger anti-aircraft weapons system. This is the first time the Avenger has deployed with a MEU, and it has exponentially expanded the MEU's capability of controlling air space over a battlefield.



Above: Wherever the Avenger went, Marine curiosity was aroused.

Right: A CH-53 of HMM-264 delivered 6,000 pounds of fuel to Marines in the field.

