

## **LURP, THE WONDER DOG STORIES**

### **FROM Ron CHRISTOPHER:**

Lurp, the dog, was brought to me by Mike Hammer. He got Lurp down in Ankhe. Lurp looked like a miniature Shepard and is seen in most of those LRRP photos. Lurp made his day review on Lurp Hill in Dec '66. Lurp is the taller one of the two seen in the earlier photos. It is a fact that Lurp chased rats. I then picked them off with my Air Force survival rifle which was a 410/.22 (jet round) over and under.

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### **FROM Jim REGAN:**

I can't remember exactly when, but sometime in '69, a real lazy "dog day afternoon", things were exceptionally quiet around the compound. As we all know, Lurp would not allow certain folks and other dogs in our AO. I was goofing off, as most Platoon Sergeants did when they had a chance.

Can't remember who else was in the area, but we all looked up and saw that Lurp's back was raised up and bristling. A dog from the neighboring area, Charlie Troop or some other area, had wandered into the Company area.

Well, the teeth were bared back. As I recall, this other dog was dark or black and a "Heinz 57" just like Lurp. The other dog challenged Lurp and we backed off to see a good dog fight.

It didn't happen. Lurp made a couple of feints and turned around to run. The other dog set after him in a chase. Lurp ran through the area and crossed into the motor pool adjacent to our AO. He ducked under the barbed wire fence and took off thru the motor pool. The other dog was in hot pursuit.

We all got up on sandbags and watched the chase. If you recall, perimeter road ran alongside that motor pool. Well, Lurp got under the fence on the other side and stopped. He looked left and right as if he was watching for trucks/traffic. Needless to say, the black dog caught up with Lurp. Lurp looked once again and took off across the road with the other dog right behind him. At the same time here comes a GI, traveling at more than the appropriate speed, in a 2 ½ ton. The outcome was unbelievable. The black dog got run over by the 2 ½.

The dust cleared, Lurp, on the other side of the road, looked both ways, recrossed the road and I swear that he had a smile on his face. I know that this is thirty years ago, but I still remember Lurp's smile/smirk/ look of joy for "baiting" that dog.

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### **FROM Pete "Dutch" EISENTRAGER:**

Strange isn't it, that a lot of us guys can't remember names or missions, but we all remember that strange looking dog.

My fondest memory of "LURP" was when I was an "old" guy. While the rest of the guy's at Camp Evens were in bunkers, "LURP" and I would sit and watch the airfield being mortared in the early evening.

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Another Lurp story is that he could tell when a team was "in contact". He would become very nervous, often even before radio contact was made with the team. Lurp would then go down to the helipad and wait until the team was safe on the ground in base camp.

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Lurp served with the 1<sup>st</sup> Cav LRRP/Rangers from the beginning until the colors were folded in June 1972. He was never promoted, he did not receive any metals. What he got was a lot of rats to kill.

There is an unsubstantiated story that when the unit was packing to come home, a group of MPs were going from one company area to another, shooting all the dogs. When they showed up in the Ranger area, an unknown number of Rangers met them, locked and loaded. The MPs were informed that if they shot Lurp, the second shot would not be aimed at a dog.

The end of this unsubstantiated story is that in some unknown way, Lurp ended up on an Air Force transport and spend his final days on a ranch in California.