

# Sentry Walks Post Barefoot - - Even in Snow

My job is one of the roughest in the Air Force.

I have to pull guard duty barefoot, even when snow's on the ground.

I have to walk for hours in the rain. I get to eat only once a day, and of all things, cold food.

My name is Rex. I'm a sentry dog with the Air Force stationed at Sembach AB, Germany.

When I first came into the Air Force, I was sent to a six-week basic training school at Wiesbaden AB, Germany. There I learned how to march, how to guard, and how to obey.

My boss is always with me when I'm on guard — AIC Phil Gotterbarm stays with me whenever I go. Although he's my boss we work together as a team, since I can do many things so much better than he can.

I can, for example, smell four

times as well, hear three times as well, and recognize movements twice as well as he can.

This all sounds like bragging, but then, I really am proud of what I am.

Phil gives me a complete check-up every day, and then comes the

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good part — I get a fingertip massage and a complete brushing ... and even a pedicure if I need it.

Phil and I work at night. We usually go out when it gets dark and stay until midnight. Most of the time out there is spent in walking along the fences, but we are very careful to stay where we can see, hear and smell to our best advantage.

Our job is to prevent anyone from entering our area without going through the proper gate. We very seldom see anyone, but maybe that's because would-be intruders know we're here. I have a pretty good set of teeth, and I'm not afraid of anything or anybody.

When Phil takes me out to our patrol area and puts the collar on my neck, I know it's time to work.

That collar is something special to me. The only time I wear it is when we are on patrol or when we have patrol training exercises — and that is work.

We stay on patrol until our relief comes out at midnight, and then ride back to the dog house.

If only other dogs had a house like mine: clean, finished wood floors, two bedrooms, air conditioning and a sun porch.

They call it a dog's life, but I really have it pretty good. There is always someone there to take care of me, and if I get sick I have the best possible medical care.

To keep me in good shape, they make sure I have plenty of exercise. They run me through the obstacle course, marching practice.

◆  
**NIGHT DUTY** — A sentry dog and his master walk into the dusk with their mission of guarding the perimeter of Sembach Air Base very much on their minds.

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**ATTACK** — Rex lunges with fangs bared and ears laid back at an intruder on command from his security policeman handler as part of his daily training exercise.

and then they fire guns to try to scare me.

About once a week they let me attack a man. He's protected so I can't hurt him, but it's fun because I can smell the fear as I charge and tear into him with my teeth.

My boss and I don't always speak the same language, but he's the best friend I've ever had. I know I can trust him, and he knows that he can trust me.

I am a sentry dog — and proud of it.

