

CRAZY OTTO

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OTTO was my first dog in Texas.
He was an old sentry dog and very restless.
The Air Force wanted him to change...
From *Sentry* to *Patrol* dog in spite of his age.

Obedience, voice commands, attacking...
Obstacle course, hand gestures, and tracking.
Doing them all off leash was another story.
His restlessness and age was a source of worry.

He got so he could do it on a long leash for me.
But each time I unhooked him he knew he was free.
When free he had a mind of his own.
The more I yelled the further he'd roam.

DOG LOOSE, I yelled quite frequently.
OTTO could get set back, OTTO and me.
Evaluation day at last had come.
Would OTTO obey or simply run.
Half way around the obstacle course he was great...
But across the bridge he ran and didn't wait.

Off he went toward the reviewing stand.
Looks like he's gonna attack that officer-- the man.
As he leaps at him and a SGT. nearby...
I'm thinking of my score and start to sigh.

The SGT. always had a cup of hot coffee in his hand, but hardly ever drank it. This day I learned why. Just before Otto reached the officer he got hit in the face with that hot coffee.

Otto gave the best body block by a dog on an officer I ever saw then, and since then. They both hit the ground and Otto took off.

Loose dog, loose dog... this troop informed once more.
For OTTO the Sentry Dog could not be reformed.

OTTO got set back. I finished dog school in time, in spite of the dog bite on my leg from catching dogs on the wrap, in spite of OTTO's problems. I got married to my girlfriend from high school on the day she planned.

Guess it was meant to be. This year (2000) will be our 30th year together.