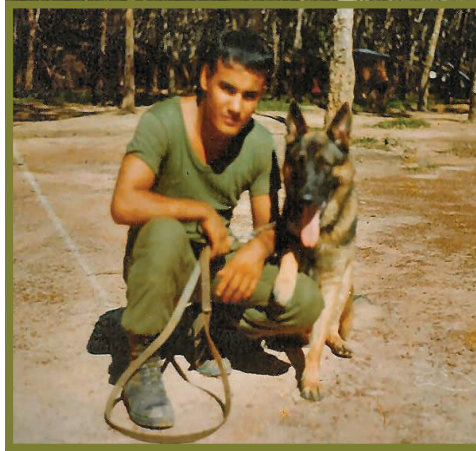


Clipper

“The Scout Dog”



**A young scout dog handler named John Burnam,
Left home to serve his country in steamy Vietnam.**

**Clipper-his scout dog-and he walked point on combat patrols;
They perform as one on their humid jungle strolls.**

**Down trails laden with booby traps and sniper bullets galore;
On they went, never knowing what was in store, or the gore.**

**Forward in fear and care, a punji trap here and a tripwire there;
From the shimmering shadows unseen enemy lays and stare.**

**There goes that damn scout dog team to Charlie's dismay;
That dog spotted the taunt tripwire strung across their way.**

**Stopping, Clipper gives a alert, that silent life-saving alarm,
Good boy, good boy; another patrol kept from certain harm.**

**At dangerous day's end, in safety, weary soldiers retire to base;
Each knowing sunrise brings yet another combat patrol to face.**

**This heroic scout dog team is just one of many;
America's mothers owe them plenty.**

By John O'Malley