

Dane the Gypsy Dog

1992-2007

Deputy Don Boone remembers one of the Sheriff's Office's finest K-9 recruits

By Deputy Don Boone
Clackamas County Sheriff's Office

Dane was my first police canine. He worked for eight years at the Clackamas County Sheriff's Office, both as a patrol and narcotics-detection dog.

Dane was imported to the United States by Adlerhorst International in about 1996, after he was plucked from a Gypsy camp in the Czech Republic. He'd already attained the *Schutzund* Dog Sport Level Two (out of three possible). Adlerhorst owner David Reaver told me that purchasing dogs from the Gypsies could be challenging: He'd often pick out a dog and, while handing over the currency, the other Gypsies would try to load up his van with different dogs, hoping he wouldn't notice.

Dane was first purchased from Adlerhorst for about \$5,000 by a Wasco County Sheriff's Office Deputy, Mark Fowler, after assurances that Wasco's K9 Unit would be left intact for years to come. Deputy Fowler attended a training academy with the Springfield Police Department, certified Dane, and hit the road for less than six months ... when the Wasco County Sheriff eliminated all special units due to budget issues.

Deputy Fowler couldn't see the value of keeping a strong work dog in his backyard. He believed Dane had potential — and that it would be unfair to keep the dog from what he was destined to do.

Deputy Fowler contacted Adlerhorst to sell back Dane; at about the same time, in 1996, I was fortunate enough to be selected as a canine handler, and the Clackamas County Sheriff's Office was in search of a new police dog. When we called Adlerhorst, Reaver told us to contact Deputy Fowler. We met and did some tests — and quickly realized we had a dog with great potential. Dane became a part of CCSO.

In 1997, I attended the five-week basic patrol-dog school in Riverside, California. Upon our return to Clackamas, Dane quickly



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came to understand the wonder of catching bad guys.

I was interviewed by a local television station regarding police dogs. I had less than one year as a handler, and was nervous to say the least. After all the talk, we got down to business. The petite female news anchor donned a bite sleeve — and Dane proceeded to knock her onto her backside, all the while staying on the same bite. The anchor opted for a re-take, and was more prepared the second time around.

* * *

Around 1998, Dane and I spent another four weeks in Riverside training for narcotics detection. Dane became a solid narcotics dog with an incredible play drive. He had lots of success on the streets — and spent many hours helping us during search warrants, traffic stops, jail searches, work releases, and more.

Once, years ago, I was flagged down by a citizen at the end of Causey Avenue; she reported losing her single apartment key along the I-205 bike path within the last two hours. The area in question was about 250 yards long and as many as 20 yards wide. It was a slow day, and I saw an opportunity to get some exercise for the dog. After almost 30 minutes of article search, Dane found her key in some grass along the path.

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**At left:
Dane and
Bruno.**

**At right:
Bruno at
work.**

Photos courtesy
DON BOONE



Dane the Gypsy Dog

Continued

One of my favorite patrol deployments came on one of my favorite days as a canine handler. Early in the morning, Dane chased down a domestic abuser in Beavercreek. The abuser had been on the run for a couple of days; a tip took detectives to one location, but the fugitive had already fled into a field of Christmas trees. Dane listened intently during my canine announcement before taking off at a dead sprint. By the time I caught up to Dane, he was dragging the suspect around the base of a Christmas tree by the ankle.

But here's my very favorite Dane deployment story:

Near the end of the same shift, there was a bank robbery reported adjacent to Clackamas Town Center. About 45 minutes after the call, I spotted a vehicle that perfectly matched the suspect description. The suspect driver got out onto Sunnyside Road, which is about four of five lanes across in the eastbound lanes alone. He maneuvered his vehicle across all lanes of traffic in an attempt to get away before pinning his car against the curb. My patrol car was in the same position, blocking the other lanes, as the suspect bailed out and started to run south along 93rd Avenue.

By the time I finished my K9 announcement, I'd already released Dane from the back of my car and he was targeting the rob-

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ber. Said robber must have realized that the biological heat-seeking weapon had already been deployed — because he hit the first tree he came to and tried to shimmy up. Dane got to the robber's calf just in time to prevent such maneuvering, pulling the guy out of the tree and to the ground below.

The little old lady who parked her car in front of that same tree got quite a surprise.

As I walked Dane back to the patrol car all the traffic was still stopped. There were some guys watching from an open-top, Jeep-style

vehicle. One of them stood up on the seat and raised his arms at me as he yelled, "That was [expletive] awesome!" Just like watching an episode of "Cops," I suppose.

Dane spent a total of six years on full-time patrol before being replaced by K9 Bruno; he spent an additional two years as a drug dog after retiring from patrol. He enjoyed numerous days back in the saddle when Bruno was sick, injured, or recovering from surgery.

Dane slowly phased into the job of "lap dog"; however, he wasn't really into receiving human affection. Dane would be your best friend all day if there was a toy involved, but otherwise he was somewhat aloof. He survived a bad heart problem in 2006, but it took a toll on him physically. On Thursday, Feb. 1st, while we were worrying about the degenerative back disease that ended the career of Bruno, another of our K9 dogs, Dane suffered an intestinal twist late at night. He passed away at an emergency vet clinic in Clackamas. He was 14-1/2.

Dane was responsible for numerous captures, including one as far away as Hood River. He was responsible for many drug and money seizures, and was a department mainstay when it came to public demonstrations. He enjoyed the last four years of his life as an indoor dog.

Dane is now wherever retired canines go — likely chasing some guy into a canyon or alerting on a car load of dope, waiting for his next Code Run. ♦

Bruno Malosevic

1995-2007

Deputy Don Boone fondly remembers one of CCSO's more ... colorful canines.

By Deputy Don Boone
Clackamas County Sheriff's Office

Dolt (noun) - A dull, stupid person; blockhead

Imbecile (adj.) — Mentally feeble, Stupid, silly, absurd

Clumsy (adj.) — Awkward in movement or action; without skill or grace

Loving (adj.) — Feeling or showing love; warmly affectionate; fond

Dumb as a bag of hammers. Several biscuits shy of a dozen. Just a couple of the phrases used to describe Bruno as he lumbered through life as a member of the Clackamas County Sheriff's Office K9 Unit from about 1999 to 2007.

Bruno was commonly described as the dog that made all other dogs look way smarter. He was surely behind the curve in brain power, but was a successful police dog nonetheless — and, for the most part, a joy to work with.

Bruno began his life as many other Belgian Malanois, living the sporting life in Holland. At about four years old, he was selected by Clackamas County as the newest dog for K9 Handler Dave Byrne. Bruno was somewhat conflicted as a new dog. We teased Dave because Bruno had the weakest and least-intimidating bark of any dog to pass through our program. He did have a very nice snarl in between those barks, and he rocked the entire Tahoe when he jumped around, which gave him a little bit of street cred. However, Bruno made up for that bark with one of the best jaws we've seen! Anyone who ever met or worked with Bruno knew that he never gave much thought to anything. Had Bruno been required to think about breathing, he wouldn't have made it to the ripe ol' age of 12! Bruno was even mixed up when it came to one big



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decision: Do I bite bad guys or my handler?

Within his first two months of service with Deputy Byrne, Bruno was working the scent nicely after a pursuit and crash of a mobile methamphetamine lab in the Redland area outside of Oregon City. After about 45 minutes of searching, Bruno was getting frustrated, as most new police dogs will. At some point, he opted to bite Dave on the forearm rather than continue the search. Dave was unable to get Bruno off his arm.

If not for the brave and heroic actions of

then-K9 Sergeant Pete Tutmark, Dave and Bruno would likely have spent the night in the woods. Pete essentially choked Bruno off the bite using a control technique taught at the basic police dog school in California. Bruno got a couple bites in on Pete while he fought off the perceived attack by the sergeant. When Bruno awakened, he was back on Dave's leash and ready to call it a night. Dave returned to work about one month later.

Bruno was equipped with the normal 10 x 10 cyclone fence enclosure at Dave's house. Bruno made a habit of chewing his way out and circling the house. This was back in the day when Bruno was considered kind of dangerous, having already bitten his handler. He lacked the brain power, but had all the Malanois prey drive. Dave

ran hotwire around the base of the kennel but Bruno still chewed out. I'm not sure how many times Dave's family called other handlers to retrieve Bruno as he stalked around the house looking for his family. As a result, the department purchased a really cool self-contained all-aluminum enclosure with jail bars, and the problem was solved. That kennel is still called "The Velociraptor Cage."

Bruno was likely the clumsiest dog ever. He had a weird gait when he trotted, moving both legs on the same side of the body at the same time. He had a hard time navigating stairs, and plate-glass windows were surely the cause of many a K9 headache. Bruno was virtually unable to catch anything with his mouth. Whether it was a toy or a treat, he would jump up to make the catch, and, unless I perfectly aimed the reward, he would miss by a foot or so. I think Bruno's eyesight started to

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The Clackamas County Sheriff's Office Community Report

Bruno

Continued

give way years ago.

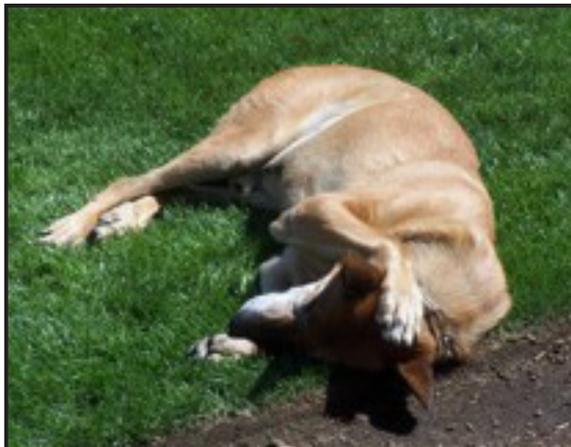
In 2002, Deputy Byrne retired from CCSO — and that put Bruno's options up in the air. I was preparing to retire my Shepherd, and was given the opportunity to take over care of Bruno and train with him as a replacement. Once Bruno and I bonded, things went very well (except for one bite on the hand). After about six months on the road, Bruno became acclimated to my way of work: traffic stops, subject checks and generally high activity levels. He started barking at everyone nearby, and on those stops.

For about two years, Bruno was a very good police dog — and then his age started to catch up with him, and he started the downward turn many dogs do around eight or nine years of age.

One of my favorite canine deployments with Bruno involved a short vehicle pursuit near Gladstone. I was not immediately involved, but rolled that way in case the dog was needed at the termination of the chase. The bad guy — later determined to be a drunk driver — pulled into a parking lot, driving into the hedge at the other end of the property. He didn't realize, however, that there was a house on the other side, and his car slammed to a stop. We pulled up in high-risk stop fashion with many other patrol cars.

While the commands were being issued by other deputies, the suspect was spinning the tires backward in an attempt to back out of his precarious situation. Fortunately for me — or, should I say, Bruno — the suspect was holding his driver's door open to see where he was going. His outstretched arm was holding the interior door handle, just like in a training scenario! Fearing the guy would get the car out and ram patrol cars, I sent Bruno on a bite command from about 20 yards away. Bruno spotted the available piece of meat and bit the guy on the arm — eventually pulling him out and onto the asphalt while other officers secured the mini-van.

Another nice capture occurred in 2006 late



Bruno's kennel is still called "The Velociraptor Cage."

at night, when the Canby Police Department tried to pull over one of the locals driving a stolen car. They didn't know who the driver was at the time. The pursuit took them all the way through Clackamas up SE 82nd Avenue and into the City of Portland. The bad guy was blowing through intersections with no regard for the well-being of anyone. Around SE 82nd and Foster, he plowed into a small sedan carrying a husband, wife and their toddler. The bad guy totaled his car as well, but thanks to that wonder drug methamphetamine, he then ran into the blocks, hopping some six-foot-tall fences. The Portland Police Bureau and all the tagalong agencies did an excellent job of setting up containment. Within several minutes, Bruno located the suspect hiding under a porch and pulled him out by the leg. The citizens were all transported by ambulance,

but with non-life threatening injuries.

Bruno was very affectionate in his later years, and enjoyed meeting other personnel as well as performing many public demonstrations. I think his favorite place was the Oak Grove reporting precinct, with the carpeted floor for snoozing and the assortment of Buddy Bears for the taking. Bruno hated those stuffed animals.

Bruno was diagnosed with spondylosis in his spine about two years ago — a condition where the vertebrae essentially start fusing together and eventually eliminate the flexibility of the spine. He never showed any effects of the disease until January 31, 2007. Having worked the day before, Bruno went through his routine of food and rest. I woke him in the morning for my shift and he was unable to walk or keep his balance, falling over every few feet. I carried him to the patrol car and called the vet. I felt Bruno would not come home that night, but the vet opted for a steroid regimen that lasted for over 30 days and gave Bruno a chance. He never worked the street again.

Bruno resorted to the activities that fill the lives of so many retired police dogs: playing ball, walking in circles, staring in windows and waiting by the back garage door where the patrol car waits. (Bruno would have lived in the back of the patrol car if given the chance. I remember Dave Byrne telling me that Bruno would be out on his rural property and would follow him around non-stop, constantly underfoot; he would open the door of his Tahoe, and Bruno would sit there, content, all day long.)

In late December 2007, Bruno took a turn for the worse. He apparently gave up the fight. Dr. Pugsley at the Canby Vet Clinic, who has taken care of all Clackamas County SO police dogs since 1994, told me that he never ceases to be amazed at how hard these police dogs fight, and how they work through the pain of serious medical conditions — the type that would put a normal dog under long before.

Bruno called out 10-7 on December 28th — and if he's lucky, his place in Doggie Heaven comes not only with bad guys, but with lots of affection. ♦