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My name is Ed Nicks; I am a retired Police Sergeant (Tango and I retired March 31, 2003) with 33 years in Law Enforcement, 22 years in the Canine Section. During my career, I handled 4 GSD. Three of which were crossed trained. My last K-9 was Tango.

I first met Tango a GSD, DOB 5-27-95 at Frankford Airport Germany. I accompanied the importer, David Reaver of Adlerhorst International, Riverside, CA to Europe to select dogs to become prospective Police K-9's, and to get a new dog for myself.

I was helping place dogs into air crates to be shipped to the US and David told me to go to a small K-9 trailer and get three dogs from the Czech man there. That one of the dogs name was Tango, and he felt that would be a great dog for me. The man took the first dog out and handed me the leash. I asked, Tango, and he did not say anything he just smiled. I got the second and again asked Tango? He again smiled and handed me the leash, I through even if this guy does not speak English, he should know the dogs name. I went back for the third one, and when this almost all black dog came out he tried to bite the Czech guy and he handed me the leash when the dog attached his mouth to my leg. He looked at me and said, "TANGO". I took him back to where David was and he said you might give him this ball, he is a little slow on his Pust (Czech for OUT)

Back in Midland, Texas, Tango joined the Midland Police Department in September 1997. He quickly became my best friend and the best K-9 I have ever worked. He had great drives and was always ready to work. At home he just kind of lied around, did not do much of anything, did not play much, but put him into the police car and he was a different dog. It was like he was born to be a Police K-9. He quickly picked up narcotic detection and had well over 100 finds in his career.

He was always all business and about a year after he went to work, we were called to a four story vacant office building, after a break, in to search for suspects that were possible still in the building. They had broken into the building several times before and had done well over \$200,000.00 damage to the building, breaking class, emptying the fire extinguishers and spray painting the walls. The power was off in the building and there were two elevators on the ground floor. One had the door open and the other door was closed. As we searched the building, off lead as we always did, I always looked at the elevator doors as I got to the next floor after exiting the stairs. All the doors were closed. On the fourth floor, we completed our search and did not go down a hall way as it was full of broken glass. I retracted my steps and

we were going to the stairs, Tango was about 6 feet in front of me, he turned the corner and the last thing I saw was his tail as he was going down the elevator shaft. The suspects had pried the elevator door open at the bottom about a foot and I missed seeing it in the dark. My heart sunk as I knew Tango had fallen to his death, going four floors down the elevator shaft. I ran down the four flights of steps and tried to pry the doors there open. I was only able to get them open about 6 inches. I just knew I was going to see my dead partner there. I called his name over and over, Tango, Tango, Tango, and to my surprise, he came into my view looked up at me and then disappeared. I called the fire department to bring the tool that opened the elevator doors and about 30 minutes later, I dropped down in the pit (about 8 feet) and picked him up and laid him on the floor, carried him to the police car and raced to the Vet hospital. There after x-rays, Tango was alive, in pretty good shape for falling four stories, except his pelvis was broken in three spots. Because it was still attached to his spine, the decision was made not to operate, but to just let it heal. I was told he held the record for the longest K-9 fall and to live. I stayed with him, every minute at the vet's office and never left his side. We spent the night together on the floor and three days later when we were released to come home, we came home together. I would help him out side by putting a small blanket under his stomach and holding his back legs off the ground when he needed to go outside. About three weeks later, he was walking slowly on his own. About a month after his fall, he was going to work with me in the car (I would help him in and out of the car). We would go to the office and do paper work, hide dope around the office and find it. We would get to a small pond and swim to help him build strength in his legs, and go for slow walks. Six months after his fall he was released to go back to full duty and served until March 2003 when he and I retired together.

Being with him during his rehab, we became very close. He had several felony apprehensions during his career. He was a little slower than he had been, walked with a limp, but his drive to work and please me never slowed. He never told me where to go eat, how bad I was driving, he never had family problems, never drank or smoked, never talked my ear off, he was just a GREAT Partner and a true friend.

Tango is now over 10 years old and lives at my home with me. We both walk a little slower, he still likes to go for rides in my car, each day, and he must get his walks in twice a day. During our careers, we had been through a lot, but we are now just taking it easy at home. I love this dog and it will be a very sad day in my life when I lose him. What keeps me trying to do the right things in life is that hopefully some day, if I am good, I will get to be with him and my other 3 K-9s in Heaven.

TANGO PASSED AWAY ON FEBRUARY 21, 2007 AT THE AGE OF 12, I WILL MISS HIM FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE