

My years with a dogman: Through personal recollections & letters

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This story, I am certain, will cause much controversy and disruption in the dog world. Nevertheless, it is a true account of a fateful meeting between two individuals who shared a deep love for dogs, the Work, and each other. I think also that the reader will begin to see the dog from a whole different perspective.

Mike McConnery

To my children, in whom my future is certain. May they enjoy this deeper look into how their father learned not only to accept his faults and shortcomings in life, but also to communicate in a deep understanding with a creature unique from all others.

Also, to the three Barneys and four Heidis, Larko, Bear, Chantele, Mugs, Antis, and last but not least, Cody, who had the heart to track when everyone said she did not.

Most of all I dedicate this book to Guenther, a true Dogman, by whose patience I was taught to accept those mysteries of life as the gifts they are meant to be. Through him I learned that with faith the size of a mustard seed, one will experience the best of both the physical and spiritual aspects of life.

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As the dog is the only creature that bonds with mankind in such a deep and giving manner, we too are the only creatures upon this earth that bond in such a way with the dog.

From this most unusual kinship flow many truths.

The Meeting

In the late 1960s, I was going to a party in Niagara-on-the-Lake with some friends. On our way to the place where the party was to be held, I noticed a house with two German Shepherd's Dogs on the front lawn. They were beautiful dogs. Little did I know at the time that this place I was passing would later play such a large role in my life.

The year was 1972. I was just married and driving taxi for a living. I was sitting alone, drinking, a habit that had become very much a part of my life. For whatever reason, I thought I should get a dog. Perhaps I thought it would keep me company in my miserable existence. Perhaps it was fate. What came to mind was the house with the dogs from those years past.

I was working afternoons, so I decided to go in the morning to see if they had dogs for sale. I drove out to the house I remembered from the past. Once again the dogs were there, only this time there were four of them. I pulled my old pickup into the driveway and got out. The dogs did not bark. In fact, they seemed to automatically separate and almost flank me. One of them went ahead to the door. The others moved with me, watching me as I walked. When I got to the door, three of the dogs sat behind me as if to block my retreat. The fourth sat to my right as I opened the

outside door and used the brass doorknocker to announce my arrival.

Within a minute, a tall, lean, older man with graying blonde hair and the bluest eyes I have ever seen answered the door. This was my first meeting with Guenther. He looked deep into my eyes and simply asked, "Yes?" I paused and told him I noticed he had dogs, and I was looking for a pup. I asked if he had any.

"Did I advertise pups for sale?"

"No," I answered.

"Did I ask you to come here?"

"No," I again answered.

"Then go away!"

Then he said something in German to his dogs and slammed the door in my face. The dogs escorted me back to my truck, and the embarrassment I felt soon turned into anger.

All that afternoon and night as I drove, I thought only about this arrogant man and how he had treated me. And I did what I always did; I drank. I drank and decided I would go back in the morning and punch this guy in the nose. Dogs or no dogs, I was going to teach him a lesson. It seemed I was always fighting back then. I was discontent with my life and very willing to take it out on anyone who got in my way.

The next morning I once again drove out to the red brick house with the gardens; once again the dogs met me, and once again they flanked me. Only this time the dog that went to the door barked, first at the door then at me. I noticed that the bark she gave me was a different tone. She seemed to be warning me to stay where I was. Soon the tall lean man came to the door.

"You!"

I was too far back to hit him, but I was open-mouthed and ready to tell him a thing or two when he abruptly stated, "If you want to learn about the dogs, be here in the morning." Before I could say a single word, he once more slammed the door in my face.

Damn, I thought, he's done it again. This time as the dogs escorted me, they seemed to almost want a piece of me. They were crowding me, leaving a pathway open only to my truck. I took the hint and left. To hell with him, I thought. I probably know more about dogs than he does.

Later that afternoon, as I drove in my taxi, I found that I could not get that place, the man, or the dogs off my mind. I would be stupid to return, I thought. The nut would just slam the door again. What, I wondered, did he mean when he asked if I wanted to learn about dogs? Was he offering me a job or was he trying to make a buck off me? No matter what, I was not going back.

I did not sleep much that night, but that was not unusual in those days. Sleep, it seemed, was an elusive ally and when I did find it, it was usually fevered and short. I tossed and turned with thoughts of that place, the man, and his dogs.

Early the next morning I was on my way back to see what punishment awaited me. As I pulled up, the man stood in front of a block building at the end of the driveway. Six German Shepherd's Dogs surrounded him. They did not run up to my truck. Instead, they stayed by his side. When I stopped

and opened my door, four of them approached me. Again I was outflanked. I was starting to get an uneasy feeling that there was more going on here than met the eye.

I walked up to the fellow escorted by the dogs. When I was about three feet away, the two dogs that had remained by his side moved in front of him and growled at me showing their teeth to back up the threat. I stopped in my tracks. Once again I heard him speak to the dogs in German. And when he did, their mannerisms changed immediately and they relaxed. Now they appeared to be different dogs entirely. They did not approach me in any way. They did not sniff or touch their noses to me. They remained calm, elusive, but very aware of my being there.

"Your name?" His words were short and direct. It was as if he said only what was necessary and no more.

"Mike is my name," I replied. I was cautious and still unsure of what I was doing there.

"Do you train dogs?" I asked.

"I am Guenther," he said, totally ignoring my question. "You will not drink when you are here."

"I don't drink," I replied.

"You should not lie about your weaknesses. You should face them."

What a bastard, I thought.

"I do not mean you must not drink only here. You must not drink at all."

Who the hell was this guy?

"Now go take three days to think about what I have said."

This guy stunned me.

"Then come back and tell me your decision. Now go."

Guenther turned away with his four-legged bodyguards.

I stood alone once again, having been told to leave by a man I was convinced was quite mad. Three days, I thought. More like three years, asshole. That was it; I was out of there. No more for me. Who was this guy?

During the days that followed I was full of questions as to what this was really all about. Why would anyone think they could dictate my life to me? This guy says to stop drinking or I can't come there. Why would I want to go there in the first place? What's in it for me? What the hell does this guy want from me?

To this day, I do not fully understand what happened in those first meetings. I have often gone over them in my mind. It was something almost spiritual...like coming to a place you have never seen before, but knowing you are exactly where you are supposed to be. In fact, all other places seemed alien now.

By the second day I was fighting with myself not to go back early, but something told me I had to wait. I did not know why, but I knew I wanted to return because somehow I felt a part of that

place.

On the third day I returned. The same routine was followed with the dogs and Guenther meeting me in the driveway.

“So,” he said, “will you meet the terms?”

“Yes,” I said. “No drinking.”

“Good. Now you will be here every day for eight hours. This will be seven days a week. You must not fail in this. In return I will pay you not one dime. I will teach you about the dogs.” He pointed to the dogs sitting around him. “From this you will make a good living. I will not break my agreement to you once made, and you will not break your agreement with me once made. Go and think about these things and come back in three days.” Then he turned and walked away.

“What is going on here?” I thought. Come and go. Go and come. This is nuts.

I returned in three days to say I agreed with the deal.

However crazy this may sound, this is exactly how it went during those first few meetings with a man who would become my mentor. Little did it show in these first few encounters, but the knowledge he held was both fascinating and totally different from what the mainstream taught. If there is, in this world, a type of Ancient in whom trusted secrets are placed, then Guenther proved to be one such individual.

In the initial stages of our time together, it was very difficult for me to decide who disliked the other more. At times I thought Guenther hated me and every living thing except his beloved dogs. At other times, I thought I hated him more than he could have hated anything or anyone.

Directly from the start I was never asked to do anything. I was ordered. Cold abrupt orders. I was not used to being spoken to like that and could not think of anyone else who could have gotten away with it. The only way in which I can explain it is that in some strange way it all seemed natural. Even at the height of the most intense moments, it all seemed to be as it should be.

The one thing I shall always remember is how the dogs seemed to watch over this man. Like guardian angels, they moved around him. It was as if their every movement was a choreographed production number. It was an amazing sight to behold.

In the beginning, I was often confused by which dog was which. There seemed to be two main dogs: a male named Barney and a female called Heidi. These two dogs stood out more than the rest in all activities.

My main job was to clean up and to feed and water the dogs. Guenther had no kennels. All of his dogs were on chains beside low doghouses in a field. His pups were born in ingenious dens dug into the ground. I had never seen this manner of keeping dogs and was amazed at the health of his dogs and pups.

Guenther fed a total raw diet. It consisted mainly of whole chickens. By whole, I mean whole—feathers and all. The complete bird was fed to the dogs. Each week an old German lady came with a truck full of chickens. They were alive. It was my job to kill and feed them to the dogs. Guenther also made his dogs fast two days out of every week. Today we hear about feeding a raw diet to dogs. It in no way resembles the diet these dogs were fed.

"They are predators," Guenther would say. "They need the entire carcass. Old women have led the dogs to weakness in the world today. Have you ever seen a dog cook its food? When you throw them a chicken, do they skin it and debone it? They will tell you what is natural."

I said that I thought chicken bones were bad for dogs.

"Cooked bones, cooked meat, cooked anything," he said, "are bad for predators of any kind."

"The feathers don't hurt them?" I asked.

"They are like roughage," he explained. "They clean the gut. Look at them. Healthy. Alert. They speak to us about what they should eat. Each kill is opened differently. Some open the gut; some the crop; others the anus. It is what they need. That is where they go to eat first. Natural enzymes and food."

To look at his dogs was proof that something was right here.

"This place is one of the last strongholds of the Working Dog. While I am alive it will stay that way. Together we protect this place. We stand up for that which is real. *Real* frightens many people. It makes them squirm and face their dragons. People have forgotten to be people. This is why they try to make dogs into people. It gives them excuses for their stupidity. They deny the weakness and sickness they have caused the dog. They compensate with medication, which is alien to the dog. It makes them weaker and sicker. This is the medicine which builds the dog; natural food."

"Yes," I agreed, "but I can't see people accepting this too well."

"Then they should leave it alone," he replied. "That is why we have budgies and fish. Those people can have them as pets. Even then they require bowls and cages to hold them. If you are not willing to treat a dog with the dignity he requires, you should not own a dog."

This, I was to quickly learn, was the simple and direct philosophy of Guenther. What some may have called arrogance was anything but. He simply knew of what he was speaking, and he made no apologies for the truth. In the same way, he made no excuses for weakness in people and those who hid behind it.

Hector's Dogs

During my years with Guenther I had the opportunity to meet some of his friends from the war years. Even though they had proven themselves in battle many times, I found most of them to be very well educated and of gentle nature.

One such person was Hector. I first met him in the early spring of 1978 when he came to visit Guenther on his farm. Hector had come from South America where he had lived for many years. Even though it was a long flight, he had brought his dog with him. She was a medium-sized German Shepherd's Dog, black and tan in color and very much in tune with her handler and her surroundings.

The one thing that was constant with all the people I met in this manner was that their dogs were not the least bit shy or disturbed by the new or unfamiliar surroundings.

Hector had come all this way for one reason. He wanted to show Guenther his dog and to get advice on some things of which he was uncertain. Even though this type of travel was unheard of

to most dog owners, it was not unusual for people who knew Guenther to come in this fashion.

Guenther denied many who wanted to see and speak with him. He was a master trainer. Unlike those who self-title themselves today, he was deemed this by both his peers and by rite of passage. Guenther had been responsible for the breeding, keeping, and training of the elite war dogs in Germany. In fact he was the only Dogman granted access to Hitler's personal dogs and to Hitler himself. The most secretive training and breeding program in Germany was located in Baden Baden. It was here that the entire program was concealed in a code that was protected by those most dedicated to the Ancient form.

I was meeting, seeing, and hearing the very men who had made K9 history. This fact was always paramount in my mind during that time and remains so to this day. Being with these people, I found that history from those who had lived it was very different from what one reads in books. In fact, I learned that much of what was written was written to hide the truth more than to reveal it.

As I write this book chronicling my life with Guenther, I am certain that when it is completed it will cause a very large outcry and commotion in the dog world. That is often what the truth does.

Hector's dog sat at his side while he spoke in German to Guenther. Guenther looked at me and told Hector to speak in English. He allowed me this courtesy whenever I was present. (In my earlier days with Guenther he would never have corrected Hector for speaking in German. In fact, German would have been purposefully spoken, as I was not yet deemed worthy enough to hear what these people had to say.)

During this interaction between Guenther and Hector I observed that both men studied the bitch that Hector had brought with him. Hector looked at me and smiled.

"Of course," he said, "English."

These were days of growth for me. I was being taught about the Work at a different level. I was still the student who, from time to time, felt the correction from the teacher but was now at a level of trust.

Guenther opened the door to his office and we walked in. The bitch kept to Hector's side and did not rush or balk at the door. Once in the office, Hector and I sat in chairs in front of Guenther's desk. He sat in his place of authority behind it. Even this office had the feeling of another time. The chairs were leather and fan-backed. The desk had leather inlay on the top. Guenther's chair was large and made of soft black leather. It was stuffed, he told me, with horsehair. A brass lamp sat to the side of the desk. A large bust of an eagle sat to the other side. Guenther peered through between the two.

Guenther asked Hector about the bitch. He asked about her habits. Then he spoke of the dogs in her line. This is how it was. The pedigrees were in his head. Not just a few, but many, from a long time ago.

Hector smiled at me and said, "You are surprised at what is hidden behind those eyes. This is how it is done. You must learn this. These are historical matings, important to our Work."

"He will learn, won't you Michleen?" asked Guenther. He called me this name, he said, because I was Irish and should be called as such.

"I will try," I answered.

“No,” he said. “Try is a word to excuse failure. You will learn.”

“Yes, I will learn,” I answered.

After about twenty minutes of conversation, I realized Hector had come all this way to get Guenther’s approval on breeding this bitch. To think that this man at his age had come all this way just to let Guenther see and judge the breeding potential of his bitch was mind-boggling. This was respect and discipline that I had not seen anywhere in the world. It made me wonder what had created this type of faith in another man. I wanted so much to ask Hector, “If he said no, would you not breed the bitch?” I knew better, of course. I only talked when spoken to at these meetings. To do anything else would not have been tolerated by Guenther.

On that day I was to witness a most remarkable test. I had, over the years, been amazed countless times by what Guenther would reveal to me, but this was a test that had a definite history behind it.

Guenther got up from his chair and told Hector to leave the room and place his hat on the chair. Hector did as he was told. Guenther spoke in German now to the dog. She was aware of him but not concerned with him. He walked over and called her. She did not move. He changed his vocals to entice her. She ignored him. Guenther then went to pick up the hat. She rose and showed her teeth. He then turned and went to his bookshelf. He opened a large gray-bound book. From between the pages he took what appeared to be a red and white ribbon. He placed this ribbon on his left arm. Again he spoke to the dog in German. This time she rose without hesitation and came to him. He sent her back to her place by command. Then he went and picked up the hat.

I was totally amazed. The wearing of that simple ribbon gave the dog a whole different attitude. Guenther looked at me and with a very serious tone he said, “There are some things that defy words to explain. These are the things that you should not try to explain.”

During that day and the next we did many different exercises with Hector’s dog. He stayed two weeks. Then he returned to South America leaving the bitch behind to be bred to Klaus, a dog belonging to Guenther. Once the bitch was bred, we placed her on a plane and returned her to Hector. I have often wondered what people like these had seen and done with dogs in other times. The degree of trust that was so obvious between them added to the effect.

“We are blinded by our own acceptance,” Guenther would say. “That fact is the only edge a professional needs.”

A Painful Lesson

Guenther was serious about his dogs and his beliefs. There was no doubt about these things. I learned many things each day I spent with him. He taught me some lessons that I would rather not have had to learn. Yet they were necessary to ensure the future of the Working Dog.

One morning, while watering the dogs, I noticed a young pup of about four weeks of age stumbling around outside of the nesting den. I continued doing what I was doing and then checked back to see if the pup was all right. It was further away from the opening and whining. I walked up and picked up the pup and placed it back into the den with the bitch and its littermates.

As soon as I had done this, I heard Guenther’s thundering voice demanding to know, “What did you just do?”

"I put a pup back into the nest," I said. I was sweating as I always did when Guenther used this tone.

"Which pup?" he demanded. I bent over and pulled out a pup.

"This one," I said. He asked how I knew. I had to admit I was not sure if it was that one.

"Kill them all," he ordered. I went numb.

"Your weakness will not enter into my dogs," he said. "Did the bitch push the pup out?" he continued. "Did it wander out? Why did she not come to it? Would it have found its own way back? Was nature culling it? We do not know, do we? We will never know because you intervened. If it is weak and lives to breed, you will be responsible for hundreds of weak dogs. Now you are responsible for just eight. Kill them."

I felt sick. He saw this immediately.

"Accept that for which you are responsible," he said, "or leave now and never come back."

I did as I was told. Here was a man who was most sincere and serious. His lines were as mysterious as he was. They were also as strong as he was. Later when it was done, I must have been feeling sorry for myself because Guenther came up to me.

"Never feel bad about doing right. It is never easy to take responsibility when you accept weakness as right."

Never again did I interfere with pups in any way. It was a tough lesson, but it was one I had to internalize. Through all of the dogs that are bred today, simply out of convenience or by pedigree, on paper, I see the outcome of weakness.

Whatâ€™s in a Name?

Guenther had two main dogs: a male called Barney and a bitch called Heidi. One day a friend of his wife's asked him which the best dog he ever owned was. I could see that half-annoyed, half "who are you," look come over Guenther's face. He replied that Barney was the best dog he had ever had owned.

The woman was so pleased to get an answer that she then asked, "Which was the best bitch you ever owned?"

"Heidi," he answered.

Then Guenther half smiled and walked away toward his office. People feared Guenther. To even get him to answer a question that he considered you had no business in asking in the first place was an unusual occasion. And I, for one, was surprised that he had answered. I followed him into his office. I knew he wanted me to follow by the look he had given.

When we entered his office and I had closed the door, he opened the large drawer on his desk. From it he pulled a large photograph album. He opened the first page. There was a group of photographs showing him in uniform with a dog at his side.

"Look," he said pointing to the dog, "this was Barney." He then pointed at another dog. "Here is

Heidi." He flipped the pages and the years passed. "Barney," he said, pointing to a different dog. "Heidi," he said, pointing to yet again another dog. He continued on... "Barney, Heidi." *

This book is a personal recollection and account of letters written and meetings held between a young man and a remarkable individual who identified himself as a "Dogman". It has been described as both philosophical and prophetic in its nature. The book seeks to reveal the truth about the unique relationship between man and dog.

The facts in this book are said to be handed down by those known as the "Ancients". As the reader will discover, there is much more to this book than the title suggests. It offers the opportunity for spiritual growth, a deeper understanding of human nature and insight into communication with the dog.

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