

## ***I WAS HITLER'S DOG***

By clandestine means I recently gained access to the diaries of Hitler's German shepherd dog, Wulf. The thirty-nine notebooks have been minutely scrutinised by eminent historians and graphologists and have been pronounced genuine. It is not known whether and to what extent their publication breaches the Official Secrets Act. But I sincerely hope that the newspaper will go ahead and publish without regard to the consequences. There is little doubt that these diaries will attract an enormous amount of interest among academics as well as the general public. They reveal far more about Hitler than any other known source, because it is well known that a man will confide more to his dog than he will to any human being.

Rebutting in advance the charge of forgery, it has now been unquestionably established that Wulf's words were faithfully committed to paper by Hitler's personal dog retainer, whose name appears in official German War Records as Kennelunterstormfuehrer Albert Spittel. He committed suicide on the same day as Hitler and Eva Braun died in the Berlin Chancellery Bunker. The diaries, wrapped in cellophane, were found in a shallow grave in a turnip field in Westphalia, alongside the bones of an alsation dog. Dental records from the Wehrmacht Veterinary Record office proved indubitably that they were those of Wulf, the

alsation who was Hitler's constant companion from the time of his rise to power to the day of his death.

The key question is: how was Spittel able to read the dog's mind and record his thoughts with such uncanny accuracy. It has been suggested that the thoughts recorded were those of Spittel rather than those of Wulf. However, several eminent historians have set aside their doubts, after having interviewed survivors of the period who gave sworn evidence regarding the exceptional relationship that existed between the dog known as Wulf and the dog-keeper, often referred to affectionately by Hitler as Dumkopf.

One such historian, who attended the Nuremburg Trials, was informed by Goering that Spittel had been specially recommended to Hitler by his astrologer because of his remarkable insight into the canine mind. His meticulous recordings of Wulf's thoughts demonstrate that the dog was by no means an uncritical Nazi sympathiser and his comments on those epoch-making years show a remarkable capacity for making independent judgements. Repeated references to faeces and fleas and other canine pre-occupations confirm absolutely the accuracy of the text. The reader, however, should concentrate on the remarkable historical revelations.

Because of their immense historical importance they are at present lying in a vault, the keys of which are held separately by three internationally famous veterinary surgeons.

I should add that, apart from shedding fresh light on international relations during that turbulent period, these canine reminiscences provide fascinating and sometimes shocking glimpses of Hitler's private life.

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### FIRST MEMORIES

I was barely six weeks old when, on July 23rd 1932, I was presented to the Fuehrer wrapped in a Nazi flag. Herr Hitler removed the flag and with a dubious smile set me down on the carpet. Stricken with awe, I momentarily forgot my house training. This had a terrifying consequence. He kicked my rump ferociously, and picked me up, his forelock dangling over me like the fringe of a thundercloud. Eyes bulging, he threw me unceremoniously onto the stairs outside the apartment and bellowed intemperately: 'Wulf, you *verflucht hundert*, go do your business on someone else's doorstep.'

I mention this apparently trivial incident, because later this became the cornerstone of his foreign policy.

Afterwards, repenting his display of ill temper, he took me back into the kitchen and poured out some sour milk. Years later, I learned that his irrational anger stemmed from his memory of an occasion during the First World War. when his proudest moment was ruined by horse dung—or possibly mule dung.

An investiture of medals was taking place on the cobbled square of the recently-captured picturesque village of Froissy-sur-Bouse, Hundreds of soldiers in spiked helmets and field grey uniform surrounded the square to witness the award of medals by General Packzemin. My master was naturally bursting with pride. In preparation for his moment of glory, he had polished his army boots until they had an unearthly refulgence. However, when his turn, came and the word of command *Forwart!* rang out, he trod incautiously on the turd-bespattered cobblestones.

General Packzemin, with the medal dangling from his fingers, observing the offensive object on Hitler's highly-polished boot, remarked facetiously: 'In future, Corporal, try and stay out of the scheiss.'

Hitler never forgot that humiliating remark. His adroit, fast-stepping diplomatic manoeuvres prior to the Second World War prove that he took the advice seriously. But from then on he profoundly mistrusted the military caste, reserving for the generals his bitterest wrath when the tide of battle turned against him.

HITLER AND THE NAZI SALUTE

This may seem a rather far-fetched claim, but I played a significant part in the invention of the Nazi salute. Incidentally, I have always been punctilious in respecting the *lebensraum* of poodles, terriers and other lesser breeds, although had I ever encountered Rufus, Churchill's poodle there is no doubt that I would have mercilessly turned him into mincemeat.

The lady who presented me to the Fuehrer was Renata Pistoli. Titian-haired, generously-endowed, she had been sent to Germany by Benito Mussolini to spy on the Nazis. At the time it was anybody's guess who would prevail in the contest for the leadership of the National Socialist Party. Renata had waggled her opulent hips at Hitler during a beer feste at Nuremburg. but later at a political meeting in a beer kellar, she sat on Roehm's lap and played ostentatiously with his swastika. There was a roar of applause from the assembly of beer-guzzling Nazis, which evoked a sullen glare from Hitler, who would have liked her to play with his swastika.

Two days later there came the famous Night of the Long Knives, when Roehm was assassinated. Renata now seriously set about cultivating the favour of the new leader: she went to a dog breeder and asked for a perfect specimen of an aryan dog. I was chosen from several hundred puppies for my pure aryan characteristics- I was paunchy like Goering, snappy like Goebbels and black-haired like Hitler. Renata wrapped me

in a Swastika flag and carried me to the party headquarters, then a small flat above the local co-op. Hitler, jubilantly celebrating his recent victory, entertained Renata with delicious Trockenbeerenauslese Reisling, fascinating extracts from Mein Kampf, as well as occasional digressions about his amorous conquests during the FWW. Renata listened intently, wriggling her enchanting hips and interjecting occasional noises of admiration. Sickened by the overpowering perfume she was wearing, and guessing that she was a spy, I signalled to the Fuehrer with my right paw.

Renata said indulgently: 'Look, he's saluting you, darling.' At the moment there was a flash of lightning and Hitler seized the excuse to take Renata into his bedroom, where she obtained advance information about the impending fire in the Reichstag.

When he emerged from the bedroom, Hitler in an unusual fit of euphoria patted me on the head and announced that he intended to adopt the gesture I had made with my paw as the official Nazi salute.

Hitler invented two brilliant concepts that night- Blitzkrieg and Blitzleibe. Only the former achieved outstanding success. He offered to let Renata live in his famous Eagle's Nest in Berschtesgarten and, as he put it delicately, 'lay eggs', but she refused.

Further instalments of the "Wulf Diaries" deal with the Nazi-Soviet Pact; the invention of the all-purpose ersatz bone on which Wulf subsisted

during five years of war; his relationship with Eva Braun; how he contributed to the new rocket fuels for the V-2 rockets; and his own personal quarrel with Churchill's poodle. The convulsions of World War Two as witnessed by a dog right at the centre of power in the Third Reich unfold at a breathtaking pace, providing glimpses of those epoch-making events from an unusual angle.

Comments from the press.

"Wulf had a capacity unusual in dogs to extract the very marrow of the drama going on all around him." Times Lit. Sup.

"Wulf deserved to have a better master. His nobility shines through the wretchedness of the shoddy villains who exploited his noble doggy nature" The Daily Mirror,

"Bow wow" The Guardian