

Three True Tales of Wild Dogs

The following are 3 different true stories of dog attacks. The first is with an armed man who stopped the attack with a .45 pistol and a walking stick.

Gee Honey, lets allow them to roam!!! .

Six Dogs and a .45

"Take one chow, a mixed shepherd, some kind of hound cross, the meanest beagle you have ever seen and two labs. Mix in snarling and circling and it is a major pucker!

"It's 1985 in the mountains above the San Fernando valley in California. I'm out for a little hike, some foraging and just being out. I have hiked these trails since the 60s . I am very familiar with the area. Armed with 1911 .45 , and a knife and a hiking staff that I made years ago.

"Much faster than I can type, these dogs were all around me . The beagle rushed in first, biting at my feet. I kicked at him and yelled, jabbing at him with the staff. I dropped the staff, drew my weapon and fired one round into the dirt. The six dogs ran a short distance away and started circling again. I retrieved my walking staff and tried to watch my back. I was really afraid of this pack.

"The chow, one of the labs and the beagle ran right at me. I would say that they were 7 to 10 feet apart. I fired 2 or 3 rounds at the lab he went down but not out. The beagle was on me and I hit him with the staff. He bit the hell out of it. The chow cut to the left in the brush, the whole time I was yelling and swearing. Now I was more angry than afraid!

"The lab got up and walked away. The other dogs kind of milled around and faded away . The damn beagle came at me again, and I beat him with the staff . The teeth marks are still there! I found the lab dead a week later, about a mile from where the attack took place, but on the trail. He had not been dead very long.

"Let me say that I have hunted with dogs, have always had dogs and love them, but this was beyond anything I had ever had to deal with! All I can say is it happens so fast and is so unexpected , I was shaking , sweating and afraid to run! What would be a fast hike back to my house took me an hour longer."

This is an perfect example of what I'm trying to say about dogs. All the dogs had collars and the owners had decided to allow the dogs to roam free. They form a pack. Even with warning shot the attack still happens. The lab took a .45 slug and still walked away! How many shots missed during the high stress? These were well fed dogs -- what would have happened if they were half starved?

I e-mail back with a couple of questions here is his response.

"The beagle, strange as it seems, was in charge, I think, and maybe the chow because when the chow veered away the others milled around. I think I fired 5 or 6 rounds -- I don't remember for sure. I had one in the chamber and was cocked locked. Maybe that's why I beat the beagle with the staff. The first round I fired into the dirt in front of the beagle, I think it just pissed him off. The lab was hit high in the left forward shoulder, looked to be mostly through the outer skin. The other round was in the middle of the chest, couldn't find an exit. I think these dogs were used to gun fire.

"As to shots going where ever, I know where at least two rounds went. I have had extensive training, I am a very good shot with a handgun. I am an ex-marine, have hunted most of my life. Like I said this was so fast -- the whole thing lasted about 40 seconds but I will never forget it. My friend thought he had seen the chow in the canyon where I live before.

"Does that make sense about beating the beagle with the staff ? I think I wasn't sure how many rounds I had left and wanted the option of shooting at the larger dogs if they came back at me! But the beagle was a handful!! So that's about it. I read the other dog stories, and a 22 ain't gonna cut it. Heck, jackrabbits won't go down sometimes. Walk softly.

My comments. I believe he made the correct move on the beagle. All dogs wild or domestic attack with the goal of getting you down off your feet. The larger dogs were the real threat. I'm in no way criticizing his decision. This was a high stress fight, and I will not sit here in my safe house judging others. This man is very well trained. I believe his training and firearm save his life. Can you or I shoot that accurate in the high stress? Let's hope so.

Don't worry the dogs won't bother me!

Not all dog attacks are what you imagine. Visions of slobbering wolf-like creatures might be what most envision, but reality can be a little stranger.....and more common. Here's a story Zog, a frequent contributor to [Captain Dave's Survival Talk bulletin board](#), submitted.

"Once, I was dating a lady, a real "Earth-Mother" type -- beautiful, quiet and wild -- who lived in a remote cabin in the Berkshires in Western Massachusetts. We would correspond by mail, and I would come and visit occasionally, on my travels. She had written me about some troubles she was having with some dogs, and, I admit, at first I didn't take it as serious as I should have.

"It turned out, that the dogs in question had turned into quite a problem, for all the folks in the area.

"The next time I came to visit, she outlined the situation. It seems that the three dogs in question were owned by the lady who owned the land where her cabin was. These dogs were Pure bred Weimerainers, but they had been abandoned-turned loose by a drunk who bought them to impress her rich friends, and forgotten about.

"They had begun terrorizing the countryside around there, and my friend literally had to stay in her cabin if the dogs were around. She kept her car parked right next to her door, so she could dash to it and not get attacked.

"Well, I finally came down, and walked into her area, and up to her cabin. Didn't see the dogs then, but we stayed up late while she filled me in on all the "skinny". The rich lady had the local sheriff (the only law) pretty much paid off, the exact reason I'll won't go into, but the effect was that her dogs, even though wild, were left alone.

"The next day, I wanted to go explore. I had seen on the topo map a large area labeled a marsh by the symbols, and decided to go see it. I took my recurve bow, and some snorkeling equipment and cob-job underwater camera to get some pix.

"The way into the marsh was incredibly dense, and I wound up swimming in, in a large creek. The "marsh" turned out to be about a 20 acre beaver pond, and I had a good time swimming with the virtually tame beavers. Most likely, because of the impenetrability of the area, I guessed that no human had been back there for at least a generation. There was no way in other than the route I took, or a helicopter with pontoons--it was that rough.

"The day was getting late, and I started back out. I was about 1/2 way back, when I noticed a flash of dark gray, very close. I soon saw that it was a dog, and then I saw the others. They were circling around me, trying to get in close. Not trying to be friendly or anything -- it was obvious that this was business for them.

"Food. Me. All this went through my brain in a second, and I was SCARED. I could only face one at a time, and now they were growling -- I knew one or the other was going to make it's play. To this day, I don't know why, but I didn't want to kill them. I can't explain that feeling. But I knew I had to do SOMETHING. I unscrewed a broadhead off a shaft of one of my arrows, drew and took aim on what I thought was the most aggressive dog. By this time, they were only about 20 feet away and getting closer -- no fear on their part. Shot one right in the chest. The arrow didn't penetrate much, but must have done damage, because that dog rolled over and got up pretty hurt and shaking. The other dogs stayed a small distance away, but didn't leave -- just kept snarling, no barking at all.



"I finished walking out, trying to always keep facing the dogs. They followed me all the way back out. Right at dusk I made it out to the dirt road. The dogs took off then, I don't know why, maybe they didn't like the road, or something.

"To say I was shook up was an understatement. My friend decided to move after that night. We couldn't get any help from the old sheriff. He didn't like 'our kind' anyway.

"I guess I'm lucky I took that bow, even though I wasn't hunting. Also, that the pack was that small. I don't go into the woods anymore without at least a heavy pistol now. And my friend changed her opinion on firearms and self protection, too. You have to be able to rely on yourself. Not to luck, and certainly not on the police, in most circumstances. In a lot of circumstances, there's no second chance. Today, I would shoot the dogs without hesitation. Even a minor bite could be fatal in a survival situation. Live and Learn."

Good thing Zog had a bow with him. This was obvious in the summer months. If it would have been in late fall or winter things could have been different. Remember this is with dogs that are just starting to go wild. Image a half starved pack of 20 to 30 dogs coming at you.

In both of these stories, the lead dog was target by the person. This is important! Always shot the most aggressive dog first. Remember the goal of the dogs is to get you down on the ground. Once on the ground, then the attack turns into a feeding frenzy until you're dead. Shoot the lead dog and stand your ground. If you run, you're dead unless there is a tree you can climb.

Don't worry, Mom I have my pellet gun.

The next story happened this summer in Texas. I have rewritten it to protect the young teenager's identity and with permission from his parents, here is his story.

"I now realize what you are talking about on the dogs. The other day I was walking to the bayou by my house and there were these two dogs. A dark one and a light one. I have seen them in the area before and even at the bayou. Every other time the black dog would spot me, stand up and howl and both of them would walk off. Well this time was different. The light one spotted me, looked down at the ground, growled and came for me.

"They would always be on the other side of the bayou. He ran straight across. I dropped all of my stuff and started running in the opposite direction. I ran about 50 feet away, and spun around with my knife gleaming out in front. The dog stopped at the lip of the bayou. He eventually went back across and while him and his friend were walking off, I shot a pellet across his backside and he ran off. I'll teach them to fear me. But man that was a rush."

A minor attack? Maybe or the beginning of the change from domestic back to wild dogs. When the young teenager stopped and turned to fight, the attack stopped. He was lucky, if there had been more than two dogs, I don't think the attack would have stopped so easily. That was quick thinking on his part and it took courage to stand his ground. But remember the first story, the numbers of the dogs caused the attack to go on even after warning shots.

Of all my articles posted here, I have received far and away the most comments from my dog articles. So here is more information to pass to help you and your love ones survive if TEOTWAWKI happens. The biggest reason I'm writing part three is I was on the chat again and the discussion was about the .22 caliber stinger round. These guys think a little .22 round could kill anything up to and including deer. The overall thinking was the .22 stinger could easily handle any dog. You see, I live my life based on facts and good hands-on practical experience. What I'm about to write is not something I'm proud of but it is something that happen to me concerning a dog.

Buckshot's Story

Years ago a friend of mine owned a Doberman pincher. I at first thought the dog was a lot of fun and when I was over would wrestle with the dog. When the dog reach around 18 months something happen to it. His behavior change and would sometime just flip out and attack people.

One day I was over the friend house and was wrestling with the dog. The owner say I'm going to the store be right back. So I kept playing with the dog like I had for the pass 15 months, when the dog snaps. You could see it in his eyes -- something wasn't right and the dog pinned me in the corner, all teeth in my face. All I could do was wait for the owner to return.

When the owner returned the dog returned to normal. We both thought maybe it was sort of protection behavior. I just stop wresting with the dog after that. Then the dog did it again, but this time the person just walked into the room. The dog attacked and cornered this guy and the owner was right there.

Then the dog attacked a 14 year old boy and the owner took it in to the vet. The vet said the skull hadn't grown properly and the brain was pushing against it, this was causing the abnormal behavior and that the dog would get worst as time goes by. The vet recommend the dog be put down. The guy couldn't afford it. So, the owner asked me to do it.

One night we took the dog for a ride and with a 22 rifle and 3 bullets, I took the dog for a walk, it was in March and there was some ice on the ponds and a few snow patches here and there. I didn't have a flashlight but I remember it was bright from the full moon. The owner stay in the car and I walk the dog out into the woods. I stuck the barrel in the ear and shot him. Then one of the scarier things in my life happen. The dog didn't fall over dead as expected. No, he went charging off into the woods. I could see blood coming out of his mouth, so I knew it hit him solid. The dog at first howled in pain then it change into a menacing snarled. The dog turn back toward me and charged. He was 150 yards away and I knew I could never run back to the car in time. I couldn't see him but I could hear the attack sounds.

The only choice I had was to stand and fight. Because of no flashlight I sat down on the ground and pointed the gun with my last two bullets at the on coming charge. The reason I sat down was to be at the same height as the dog and to ensure I would get the last two bullets in him before I had to resort to using the rifle as a club. The howling snarl of an enraged Doberman pincher is something I never want to hear again. This all happen in seconds but it seem like 20 minutes going by waiting for the attack. All my senses were on acute alert and time slowed down to nothing, dumb ideas flooded my head Why did I every agree to this to begin with, why did I only have a .22, why did I only have 3 bullets, all these thought and more flash though my head.

The dog was down to 50 yard away and moved over a little to be directly in line with him. When do you start shooting? Will I be able to see him in the moon lit night? I pick a tiny opening 20 feet in front of me. That is the spot to start shooting. The spot was next to a small pond and as I sat there, scared out of my mind, listening to the enraged snarling coming closer. I say a quick prayed, steady the gun on my knee and waited for the first glance of the black dog. He was running across the pond now and his snarling sound like pure hate, the kind of snarl growl that says "I'm going to ripped you up into little tiny pieces." I could heard the sloshing of the ice, 30 yds, 20 yds, 10 yds, then a big splash. The dog howl once and disappear under the ice. I ran to the edge, looking for him, I was going to finish this. But the dog never came back to the surface. Thank God.

I stood on the shore shaking like a leaf, asking God to forgive me. I wait for 5 minutes to make sure it was truly over. I went back to car and the friend said I look white as a ghost. I told him I would never do that again. Never will I shoot someone dog for them. Some may criticized what I had done but the pass is over and all I can say is let us all learn from it.

The lesson I learn was a .22 will not stop a dog. I received e-mail from different people and some were posted on Captain Dave's. Rifles should be used to stop wild or feral dogs. One e-mail I received from a rancher out west told of a problem with dogs nowadays. They use high capacity clips and centerfire rifles. The rancher end the letter by saying "I dread the day when there numbers are overwhelming." The rancher also stated that snares and leg-hold are used to protect his livestock and the ranch from dogs. Next is answer from the rancher when I ask him what he thought about using a .22 on dogs. These are his words unchanged.

"I normally use a .223 as predator repellent around our place. I use 00 or 0 in 12 gauge when problems arise in our corrals. I used #4 Buck for along time, but many of the problem dogs around here are part pitbull. They are hard to stop and #4 Buck just doesn't seem to drop them as fast as the larger shot. I don't know about "Stingers" for dogs. They would work, but some dogs would undoubtedly run away before they dropped. I would not choose .22 rimfire if there was a pack involved. I would only use the .22 if I had to, and my .45 would be in my waistband."

My whole point is that there are 100 million dogs in America. I'm sure a high percentage of them won't make it but the ones that return to the pack instinct even if is only 10% that is 10 million dogs to deal with. Divide that number into 50 states and that's 200,000 dogs per state. I think the number will be higher, but anyway you look at it -- that is a lot of dogs. How much of your ammo are you willing to use up shooting dogs. It is a very distasteful thought to have to kill that many dogs. But it will come down to us versus them, and I can't follow the animal rights people thinking that the animal has more right to life then humans do. I just can't get the thoughts out of my mind of the packs.

One thought that comes to mind is for the people who haven't prepared. What level of jungle instinct will they fall to? Because I have studied animals my whole life, I understand them. I have watched hawks catch rabbits. The hawk has no remorse in his eyes. The rabbit is still alive as the hawk rips into it's body. There is no remorse, no "this is cruel," no humanity. Will man once again return to this Jungle instincts of no remorse? Will a percentage of the unprepared fall back into the wild inhuman stage of early man? Will killing you to take your food for his or her own survival overcome our civilized veneer? I don't know, but I do know one thing: I pray to God we never have to find out. I hope we are all just being eccentric and playing at survival, but deep in my gut I feel there is a lot more to Y2K and the coming collapse and we may all find out how low people will sink to preserve themselves.

This dog book I seem to be writing may be more on people as much as dogs. Remember, in more ways then one, you will have to be the top predator in your area. Is America safe? Will the Government somehow pull this off and save the day? I don't believe so, but only time will tell the true story.