

Horse and henfruit

by Daisy Dopp

Daisy Dopp lived most of her life on the Glover farm that is now home to the Bread and Puppet Theater. When her husband, Jim, died in 1970, Daisy Dopp moved to a home in the village, and spent some of her time writing articles recalling life on the farm. Most were published first in the Newport Daily Express. Elka Schumann befriended Daisy Dopp and, in cooperation with the Old Stone House Museum, collected and edited a collection of her columns. This is the third of a series of these columns with illustrations by Peter Schumann and photographs provided by the Glover Historical Society, the Chronicle will publish from time to time.

One Saturday night during the first sugar season after our marriage, my husband, and the hired man wanted to drive to town. The big team had been working hard all day in the woods so I reluctantly offered them my horse if they would take my eggs to the store at the same time. I should have known better.

I put 12 dozen in a wooden crate with cardboard fillers, and ten dozen in a large milk pail carefully packed in bran. In those days roads were rolled not plowed. Logs were delivered to the mill on sleds drawn by two or four horses.

Where these teams stopped to rest were deep depressions caused by the difficult starting of the heavy loads. Quite often there were several of these in a row. The hole

was called a "cradle hole" a "cahooshtt or a "Kiss me — Ma'am." I never knew how the last one got its name, but I always thought it had interesting possibilities.

My mare was a western bronco, broom-tailed and a strawberry roan color. She never trotted under harness but traveled at a long easy lope which made people stare at us and laugh.

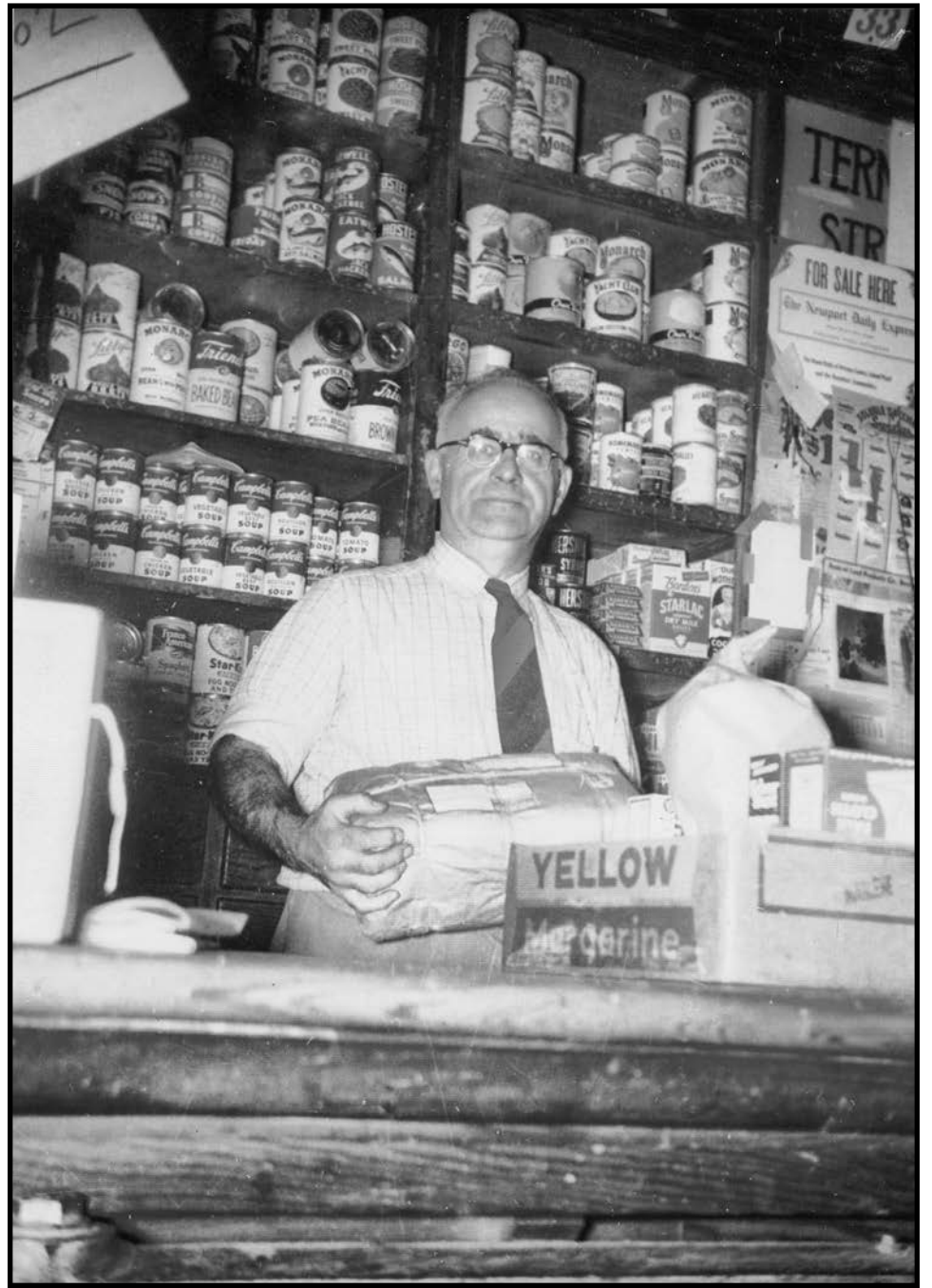
After many triumphant brush-up's along the road, my husband had taught many of the townspeople respect for Topsy's speed. Most of them avoided a contest with her, but a few diehards still tried to out-run her.

As they came onto the road from the farm, one of these fellows pulled out with a jeering insult and started to pass. Never averse to a good horse race, Jim slapped the bronco, and they were off with the hired man hanging onto his hat. Rounding the curve, they went through a deep cradle hole and the sleigh hit the mare's heels.

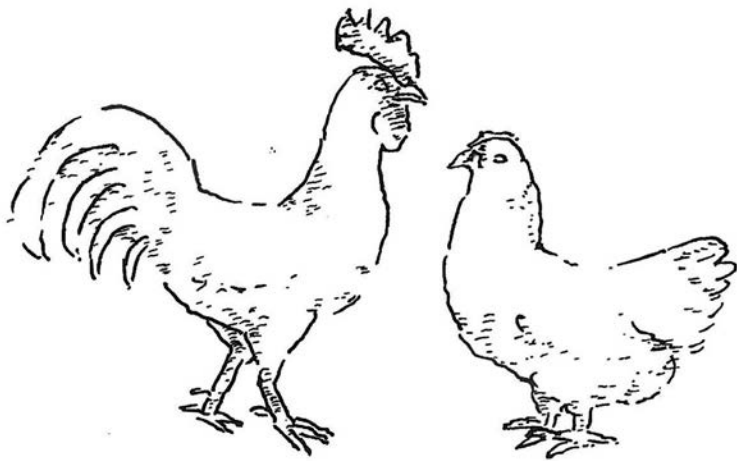
Gripping the bit in her teeth, Topsy bolted and the cutter went through a series of them fairly leaping from one to another. The hired man yelloed, while trying to dodge the flying snowballs from the mare's feet.

"Jim! Remember your wife's eggs!"

My husband groaned and tried to pull her back, but it was no use. The strawberry roan was really running blindly away, once in a while sharply hitting her heels on the runners. The two men took hold of the reins together and pulled.



Glover grocery Dale Walcott stands behind the counter of his store. He helped cover up the great henfruit massacre. Photo courtesy of Joan Alexander



The challenger was left behind, but they could not stop her until they reached the country store where she turned in with a flourish and stopped suddenly at the hitching rail. The two boys threw a blanket over the steaming Topsy, and they unhappily inspected the disaster area.

There were scrambled eggs galore, well-mixed in bran, all over the robes and sleigh.

The storekeeper fell back in horror when he opened the case. Salvage was very small. Interested spectators in the store crowded

around as Jim bought new cardboard fillers and cleaned up the case. Much free advice was offered about what my husband could tell me.

They decided to give me the egg money as usual and hoped the story would not reach my ears.

"How nice of Dale to put all new fillers in the egg case," I said to the boys the next morning.

"Yep," said Jim.

"You don't know the half of it," said the grinning hired man, and it was some time before I did.

September 23, 1975

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