

Farm life taught you personal responsibility

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 fifth 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.

If the reader should be a visitor from the city, I just might be your own country cousin in Northern Vermont. You people who have never lived on a



farm, no doubt during some periods of your life have had a relative who did, and whom you used to visit. If so, you will recall that it was quite a different life than the one you had.

You folks who live on a farm will remember those visits from city relatives. How much fun it was to see the reaction of the children and the scrapes they got into.

If they stayed for a long time, they usually left with a much stronger sense of personal responsibility than when they came. That, to my mind, is the biggest lesson a farm teaches — responsibility. My dad always taught me if you took on a job it must be completed, whether it was work or caring for animals.

We had an example of this on our farm. Years ago my husband went to shoot a crow to hang in the corn field as a warning to other crows what might happen to them if they did not leave the corn alone. He came back looking rather sheepish, but I did not think much about it until later when he came in.

“Haven’t you got a medicine dropper?” he inquired.

I got one and asked, “What’s wrong?”
 “Oh, nothing much — I found a baby crow on the ground almost dead. Its mother was gone and the nest was scattered about. I thought I would see if I could feed it.”

I was disgusted and would not visit the little orphan.

“The idea,” I said, “of going to shoot a crow and bringing back a live one instead.”

“Well,” said Jim sheepishly, “I couldn’t stand the idea of its starving to death. I’ll almost guarantee it won’t live a week.”

I didn’t say anything more for I can’t bear to see anything hungry either, as he well knew. Nothing more was said about it for some time. One day my hubby came in grinning.

“You’ve never seen my crow yet...”

I gaped at him in consternation. “Don’t tell me that crow lived?”

“Just you come out and see,” he replied.

I did, and there was the most obnoxious looking little bird hopping around in a big cage in the barn window. At first sight of me, it screamed hoarsely, but it soon became friendly. It would do all kinds of little dances to get my attention. We never tried very hard to teach it to say words as some people do.

However, it did do a few things we liked to hear. It was a born imitator and picked up things it heard. No doubt they were not really words, but they sometimes sounded like them. It mocked the hens so well that they would answer from downstairs. It

yak-ity-yaked so much that Jim was sure it was a female. She made loud noises all day long when she was happy, little demented songs, loud strident calls to passersby, and once in a while she would put her beak down between her feet and let go with cooing noises.

She seldom sounded like a crow, except an occasional hoarse “Caw!”

She called to the wild crows when she saw them from her window. There were one or two that used to hang around. I wondered if they were romantically interested.

She was a better watchdog than our canine, shouting lustily at any strangers who came along. She did innumerable funny and entertaining things as time went by.

Summer people who came after maple syrup and eggs would hear her calling and go out to see her. Children were fascinated. Not long after we got her a young neighbor inquired as to her name.

“No name,” I said, meaning she had none.

“What a funny name for a little crow,” giggled the child. And so “No Name” was it ever after.

When the crows gathered to go South in the fall, she did a lot of extra talking back and forth with them from the open window. I often wondered if she knew they were going away and wanted to go with them.

She was never able to fly much as her wings were injured when the nest was destroyed. She could glide the length of the stable from her cage, but would have soon died if she were on her own. So, while the other crows went to a warmer climate, she



sudoku solution

6	5	3	9	7	4	8	2	1
9	2	7	8	3	1	4	6	5
4	8	1	2	6	5	7	3	9
2	6	8	5	4	3	1	9	7
3	7	4	6	1	9	2	5	8
5	1	9	7	8	2	6	4	3
8	4	6	3	5	7	9	1	2
7	3	2	1	9	6	5	8	4
1	9	5	4	2	8	3	7	6

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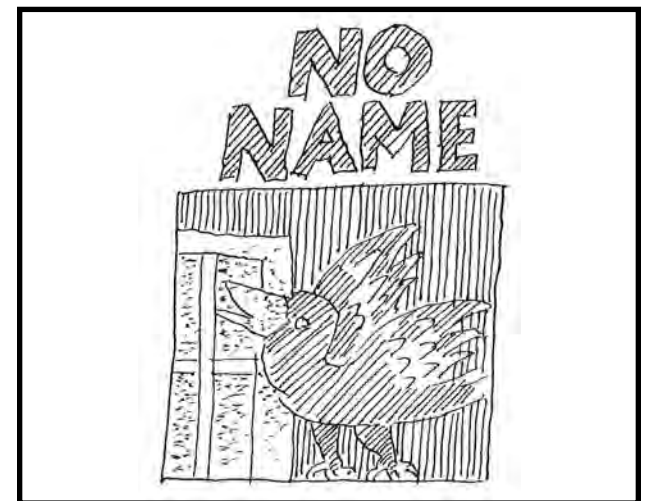
YOGA in Westmore

Two opportunities to join the Westmore Association for Yoga this summer!

Yoga & Movement Class: Mondays 5-6 PM from June 6th- August 1 (NO class July 4th). Classes will run for an 8-week period for \$10 a class or 8 for \$70. Classes are led by Sarah Elliott (200RYT). Please contact Sarah for more information or to pre-register at fiercewonder.vt@gmail.com or 802-624-0352 .

Vinyasa Flow Class: Thursdays 9-10 AM from July 7th-August 11. Classes will run for a 6-week period for \$10 a class or 6 for \$50. Classes are led by Emmi Chapdelaine (RYT 500) of Pure Energy Massage and Yoga. Please contact Irene for more information or to pre-register at treasurer@westmoreassociation.org.

All classes will be held at the Westmore Fellowship Hall-across from the Town Clerks office. Drop-ins welcome, but we encourage people to pre-register. Individuals of all levels and abilities are invited. Please bring a mat or let us know in advance if you will need one. Please visit our website for full details: [/www.westmoreassociation.org](http://www.westmoreassociation.org).



had to stay in Vermont.

Late in March she would begin to perk up and do a lot of calling and generally showing off. We knew then it would not be long before we would see a black friend of hers in the tree in front of the window.

Whether it was an old chum or a new acquaintance we would never know, but we liked to think it was an old friend.

After my first visit with No Name, it was not long before most of her care rested on my shoulders. Each morning she had a handful of grain, and some water.

Each night a slice of bread soaked in warm milk with several snacks in between.

Speaking of responsibility on a farm — how long do you think we cared for that little homely crow?

She was with us 15 years, and I doubt if any other crow ever had her name and picture in the *Farm Journal*.

July 16, 1972

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