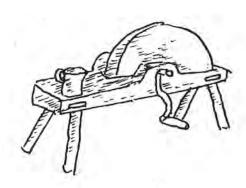
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## How dad got a collie dog unexpectedly

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 her columns. This is the ninth of a series of these columns, with illustrations by Peter Schumann and photographs provided by the Glover Historical Society, that the Chronicle will publish from time to time.



When I was a child my brother and his wife lived on the farm about a quarter mile away. He had two dogs, Prince, a black and tan foxhound, and Skip, a sable and white collie. He hoped the latter would become a good cow dog. She was very shy and sensitive and seldom made friends with anyone outside the family except my father. She always rushed to welcome him when he came calling. She would come and rest her head across his knees, giving him a gentle poke with her paw now and then to get more attention. However, she never came down to the farmhouse.

The hound and the collie were excellent woodchuck exterminators. They hunted beautifully as a team.

Prince would advance on Mr. Woodchuck from the front, lie down and then move a little nearer from time to time, thus, keeping his attention. Skip would make a wide circle to the back. Like a shadow she would slink gradually closer from the rear. While Prince kept the little animal busy watching him, Skip would leap to the kill, grasping the ground hog by the back of the neck and breaking it. They worked the farms nearby while the neighbors observed their efficient work with approval.

One day my brother remarked to Dad, "Skip will never make a cow dog and much as I dislike to do it, I'm afraid I'll have to shoot her. Too bad she won't stay with you but you know she never goes into another house."

Dad bent beside him. "You hear that girl?" he said, "you'd just better come down and be my dog. Your master is going to shoot you unless you do."

The next morning when Dad went out to get the cows, we heard him exclaim, "Well, I never! Mother, come here quick!"

We both ran out. There on our porch sat the sable collie gazing anxiously into my father's face as if uncertain of her welcome. He stroked her gently, "So you decided to be my dog. I can't understand it, but I'm glad you're here. Come on, let's get the cows."

He started down the lane and Skip followed at his heels.

She never made a cow dog. She tolerated Mother and me but she was his faithful companion as long as she lived.

Prince would come down and get her and they would hunt woodchucks the same as they always had, but there was a difference. When they came





Photo courtesy of Glover Historical Society.

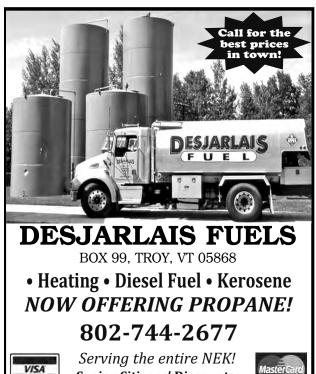
back to the old home the hound stopped, but Skip never turned in. She trotted soberly down the road to the next farm and her new master.

She always welcomed my brother warmly when he came to the house but it was plain to see she was Dad's dog. This bothered my brother for he loved his animals and was always very kind to them. We never could figure it out to our satisfaction. Did the sable collie just happen to find a new home or did she sense what was said?

Who knows?

August 3, 1973





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