

Winkie Day - is a former pupil. We think you'll all agree that Winkie is a budding writer. We hope to publish more of Winkie's stories.

Bobby - Dog.

Part 1

The friendship between a child and his small pet is something very special and precious.

It is an unspoken allegiance of loyalty between two living creatures, who do not even speak the same language or have the same living habits. This loyalty is very precious in the sense that a dog will always stand by his friend as much as possible, sharing all the joys and activities of childhood play and the carefree life that can never be replaced in later years of adulthood.

A boy should have a dog as a playmate to love and care for, and in return, he will receive a loyal defender, never to be replaced.

Bobby was born on a tobacco farm. He was black and white, longhaired spaniel. When I first saw him, he was just a fat, furry ball, that wiggled continuously. There were about three or four other fat puppies too, but somehow, Bobby was always the special one.

Each harvest season, we moved to a certain farm, sometimes living in part of a large barn where one had to come into our "kitchen" to turn on the water for the horse troughs outside.

My sisters and brothers slept in one corner of the room, with blankets hung up as a partition, separating the kitchen and dining area.

During the day, when everyone else was harvesting the tobacco, we would sit in the sunshine by the little dog house and tumble with the puppies.

Once, there was an argument about who would keep the pup at the termination of the harvest season - us, or another man who needed a watch-dog. But one little child who couldn't wait until the argument was settled, went to the head boss and asked him if we could have the dog when we returned home.

When we were all packed and ready to travel, our last stop before the journey began, was at the doghouse to pick up Bobby. The first thing he did when we reached our destination was to chew up the long braids of the girls' hair that had been cut earlier in the summer and was being saved in a box under the bed. Bobby then received his first spanking.

Most of the time he took a very active and useful part in the family, from baby-sitting to hunting. One winter, a delivery truck brought wallboard to the house. While everyone was busy with the building supplies, the baby sat on the bed crying for attention. She seemed disturbed at all the commotion. Bobby knew he wasn't allowed in the house, nevertheless, in he scampered and jumped in front of the baby, laying there contentedly, while she laughed, pulled at his ears, and patted him on the head. Who could be so heartless as to send him back out into the cold?

- continued next week -

F R I E N D S

I think that God will never send
A gift as precious as a friend -
A friend who always understands
And fills each need as it demands.

Who does far more than creed can do
To make us good - to make us true;
Earth's gifts a sweet contentment lends,
But only God can give a friend.

- Annie L. King