The first memories I have of our family dog was a Shepherd, colored mostly brown, and to me he was rather large and heavily built. He probably was an ordinary dog as I was pretty small then. My family moved from Portis, Kansas to a farm in Cloud County, Kansas by covered wagon, when I was three years old, taking cattle, horses and Shep, the dog. The people who had lived on the farm had an old black and white dog which they did not wish to take with ahead of us them. When we moved in, the two dogs were not friendly and I can remember that they fought frequently. As Shep was young and strong he had no trouble dominating the premises and I felt sorry for old Ring, the other dog. Old Ring died not long shortly after we moved there.

There were jack rabbits and coyotes in Kansas. We had to keep the door to the chicken house closed every night. Sometimes the coyotes would come close to the chickenhouse and fight with Shep. I can remember my mother telling about taking a bucket of water out and throwing on them to stop the fight. At other times Shep would be gone for a day or two and come back with cuts and scratches. My brothers thought he had been fighting coyotes. He must have been gentle with children though because once when he aggravated my sister Pansy she struck him with her doll and broke the dolls head off.

I have a fairly vivid memory of sportsmen from Clyde bringing their hounds out to the country to chase jack rabbits. I think there were five or six hounds in the group. I suppose now when thinking back that they were greyhounds. I remember them off in the distance on a hillside. And next I remember them rushing through our back yard, following a fleeing rabbit. There was a plum thicket on the edge of the orchard and as the rabbit passed it he made a right angle turn causing confusion and a cloud of

dust as the hounds tried to change direction also. I don't know if the hounds were ever fast enough to catch rabbits or not. In later years hounds were used to run down coyotes. However, they tell me that grey hounds would only grab the coyote by the leg and throw it down. They would not kill it. The owners of the dogs would have in the pack to include a dog of another breed, called a killer dog, to dispatch the catch. The grey hounds would catch and throw a coyote as many as three times, after that, if the killer dog had n't arrived, the hounds would quit the chase.

At another time a group of dogs seemed to be running around the country. We would put Shep in the granary at nights to keep him at home. When we got up one morning we could see about six or eight dogs sitting in a kind of a circle in the field a quarter of a mile away. My brother opened the door and let Shep out of the granary, he immediately proceeded to join the group in the field. However, his presence was not welcome and what appeared to me was a large ball made up of legs, tails and twisting bodies. My brother ran to the house, grabbed a gun and fired into the air. This broke up the fight and dogs ran in every direction.

When we moved to Iowa in 1914, Shep was given to one of our Kansas neighbors. He was very unwilling to leave the farm. They loaded him in a wagon box where they fastened wire from his collar to each side of the wagon box. I often wondered if he was happy in his new home.