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CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Man's Best Friend

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Over the years I've found that people enjoy stories of human interest. Well, today I'm going to relate some stories handed down in my family of canine interest. No doubt a lot of folks have stories or experiences relating to man's best friend, the loyal dog. Dogs have appeared in artistic representations since the dawn of history often showing their interactions with humans.

Back in the 1920's my grandfather Nahum Lattin and my father Cary went to Will and Neil Wilson's home on East County House Road to hunt with my dad's cousin Neal Wilson. This was sometime in the fall during hunting season for pheasants which all these men were into.

Naturally they took my grandfather's hunting dog. My grandmother Soph stayed home. After a day in the field of hunting pheasants they all sat around the kitchen table in the evening chatting. My grandfather just happened to remark in the conversation "I wonder how Soph is doing". Within a few minutes the dog wanted to go outside. No one gave it a thought and let the dog out. After about 20 minutes someone went to the door to let the dog in. The dog was not in sight and after whistling for the dog, he did not come.

The family gathering was perplexed. An hour or so passed and the dog did not return. Then the telephone rang. It was Soph. She said "What's happened out at Wilsons? The dog just came home." Those of us that are familiar with dogs know

heard what Nahum had questioned and went home to see how Soph was doing.

On a similar hunting excursion to their cottage at Lakeside in the 1920's the same hunting dog went along. On a cold night sitting around the kitchen stove the dog wanted to go out. Within two minutes the dog barked to come in. He had done what he wanted to do outside.

On this occasion the hired man was part of the hunting party. He had been the one to get up and open the door for the dog. He was annoyed to have to get up again so soon to let the dog in. Consequently he shouted some expletives through the door ending by saying ... "You just went out". The dog then got annoyed himself. After fifteen minutes the hired man got up to let the dog in but no dog. He was mad and went all the way back home to Gaines Basin Road.

The picture shown with this article is a painting of a Springer Spaniel by local professional animal painter Peter B. West dated 1886. In the late 1950's my father acquired this from a distant cousin. It shows a prize dog once owned by my great-grandfather Francis Harling. He and Peter B. West were neighbors. Therefore knowing each other and Francis being proud of this dog, got him immortalized by the painter. I believe it was this dog who sometimes had a very high pitched bark that would put out a flame in a kerosene lamp. Consequently they