

(90)

Carol Mc Mary

Good composition

December 5, 1958

When I opened the kitchen door a blur of white tumbled across my boots, skittered across the icy porch, and - flop - fell onto the walk. As it unscrewed itself, I realized that the white thing was my ten-year old toy terrier out for his first look at this winter. He took a few prancing steps through the snow, which on him was elbow deep, then stood like a statue, nose up, ears pricked forward, stump of tail erect, and one forefoot held daintily out of the wet.

sniff, sniff, sniff.

Arf.

Interesting

I could tell by the doubtful expressions on his face that this winter was exactly like every winter during the past ten years had been.

Quickly he turned, lept to the porch and slid across it into the house. Then he regained his footing and made a headlong dash for his favorite lounging place in front of the heater.

I put Lucky's photo here with the story about moving, which we did just near the end of school in May 1952. The house had been emptied and Dad told how Lucky cried real dog tears on the truck ride to the farm, a ride he had made many times.



Danny + Lucky see at Rolling Hills Elementary School (Dewalt) about 1930 - this seems to be my only photo of Lucky. The dog in the story

composition

December 5

narrative

Surely when Gary Cooper got in Jessamyn West's car, leaned back, found himself lying on the floor, no more surprised than I was when arriving home from school one day discovered that my family no longer lived there. It was hard to realize the house was really empty because it seemed impossible that we could have moved into our rebuilt farmhouse which at that time had no inside.

Father has always been partial to doing things in an unconventional manner, however, and I was soon to find that this was no exception; we really had moved into a house which over a period of years has been built around us.