The comment is present we see a survey as

Lancaster Farming, Saturday, March 19, 1977-51

On being a farm wife - and other hazards

By Joyce Bupp

The pitter-patter of little feet has become prominent n our household again. Oh, no! Not that kind of feet. These feet came in a set of four, attached to a wriggling uttle black and tan body complete with the accessories of one constantly

little bark. Yep - we've got a new pup.

Fritz is a five month German Shepherd bundle of boundless energy. He formerly belonged to an elderly business associate who felt he did not have the proper



wagging tail and a yapping facilities for the pup and wanted to find him a home on a farm. Since we were looking for a young Shepherd for the children, the offer came at a perfect time.

We've never had dogs in the house; but the pup was strange, and we were became a lighted firecracker

afaraid he might run off the first night. So, our basement became a giant - sized dog house. Fritz loves it. He runs to the top of the steps. and Patty and Rich invariably invite him into the kitchen for a bowl of milk. It's a real dog's life.

Someone told us that the name Fritz, in German, means "killer." That tickled Richard's fancy, and the lovable mutt has becaome known half the time by that handle. Besides, warning "Down, Killer!" might serve to slow down a few of the door-to-door salesmen that find us.

The only family member that Fritz found less than overjoyed with his presence was our house cat, Whiskers. She took one look at the over - friendly puppy and immediately underwent a drastic personality change. The sleek, purring body

of arching, spitting black fur with a stiff bottlebrush tail. We may have to send in Henry Henry Kissinger to negotiate a peace truce before the two enemies turn the house upside down.

Although Fritz is supposed to be pure German Shepherd stock, we guess that somewhere in the lower limbs of his family tree, an ancestor got a little over-friendly with a roving collie. When he sits perfectly alert with his ears up, the tips of the ears flop forward. And there's just a faint tract of collie gentleness about his young face. But basically he's an intelligent, well behaved animal for his age, and we have great hopes for his future as a farm dog.

So, on his way to claiming the living room, he's won all our hearts along the way.



