

# Things in Motion ...

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest...you cannot go into the same (river) twice. --Heraclitus (540?-480?)B.C.



“MAN” at 7 years of age, 1949

## *A TRUE FRIEND*

**A**LTHOUGH I try to avoid trite methods of description, it would be difficult to find a better way of describing the friend I called “Man” than to say he was a “faithful companion.” He came into our life in the summer of 1943 as a flea-challenged puppy of two months of age—full of life and ready to make his mark. In short order, my mother had rid him of the fleas and the somewhat “doggie” odor and was well on the way to teaching him proper bathroom habits for all “house dogs.” Well before my twelfth birthday, Man was trained in gentle behavior and

was as welcome in other's homes as was I. We played together and learned from each other—one lesson being difficult for Man and heartbreaking for me; he helped another dog chase a car and wound up with a broken leg. Needless to say, his car-chasing days were over by the time his leg healed. Soon afterward we relocated to farm country and a huge area of woods, which he was eager to help me patrol everyday, summer, winter, hot weather or cold—Man was always ready for a jaunt in the woods. He learned that if I picked up my rifle, he was in for a treat, and he showed his enthusiasm by bouncing until we went through the gate into the woods. As a teenager, I sometimes fooled him by picking up my folding telescope and looking through it—Man never could distinguish between the rifle and the telescope. He had been taught that if he would go around and around, he'd be rewarded with a cookie, and he was always alert to such a possibility. On many occasions when Man would be asleep within earshot, I have mentioned to someone present (in a quite normal tone of voice) “If I saw Man going around, I'd give him a cookie.” and almost as soon as I said it, he would be in front of me going around and around. I always had to be on the lookout for strange dogs, because he would quickly and without regard for relative size, challenge any dog who entered his “territory.” When he was seven years old we moved away from the country and I moved on to things that separated me from my dog. He spent his last years with a loving Uncle of mine who spoiled Man more than I did—and when he was almost seventeen he died quietly of old age, having immeasurably enriched the lives of two families—and one boy.

Number 41, Summer 2008  
Published for AAPA by Hugh  
Singleton at 102 Azalea Trail,  
Leesburg, FL 34748