



THE PIONEER

RURAL & RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY

My Dog Tippy

I remember when...I was about four years old and a friend of my Dad's arrived from Telegraph Point with this lovely little golden haired pup. He had one white foot and a white tip on his tail. After a discussion, he got the name of Tippy. My Dad wasn't a bit happy with his friend bringing a pup for us children. He was afraid of germs. We persuaded father to let us keep Tippy, which we all grew to love as he was so faithful.

As Tippy got older and I started school, Tippy always took us to school, by going through a bush track we were three and a half miles from school. One part in the heavy scrub we used to get a lot of leeches on us. Didn't matter how fast we ran through this stretch, we never got through without leeches. When my brother was nice, he would take them off us, or we would have to get them off with sticks. Some of the leeches were big and fat, some skinny, long ones and short ones, all sizes. I don't know how they got on us, when we ran so fast.

In the next part of our walk we had to cross fields where there were a lot of Cobblers Pegs – well over our heads. On this stretch of our walk, Tippy always led the way. Certain times of the year we often came in contact with a lot of snakes. If there was a snake in our path, Tippy would come back, barking and wagging his tail, until we stood still. And he would go forward and kill the snake. He would take it in his mouth and shake it, until it died. He didn't get bitten, I don't know how! Once the snake was dead he would come back and bark again and look up at us, as good as to say "It's alright now" – and turn and lead the way once more.

Once we were at school, my Dad was the teacher and seeing dogs weren't allowed on the playground, he would tell Tippy to go home and wave him off with his hand to say "go home."

When he returned home, our maid used to open the gate and let him in. At 3 o'clock she would tell Tippy to go and bring us home. And to my Dad's amazement as well as us children, Tippy arrived back at school and took us home.

Mr. Mac built the house we lived in, on his property and he was the man who gave us the pup. As Tippy grew he guarded us children so faithfully that our dad had to have a six foot paling fence put around the orchard and our home.

In those days, lots of men used to tramp the road with swags on their backs. Tippy wouldn't let any of them come inside that gate, not even put his hand on it. The tramps used to call to get food. We used to give the men a substantial sandwich. Two thick slices of bread, meat, and we grew our own vegies and would put tomato and cucumber on, when we had that. We had Tippy for about 15 years. He developed a growth and had to be destroyed. By this time we were all adults, but it broke our hearts.

Our Dad burnt Tippy, after he died, because of his disease and because in those days there were so many dingoes. They would have dug up the corpse.

We didn't know dad was going to destroy Tippy the day he did, but he was suffering and had to be put to rest. We didn't have vets in those days or anything like that.

It was amazing I couldn't believe all the things that dog did, he never let us go anywhere, unless he was with us. I still remember and can see Tippy taking us to school and being outside the school waiting to take us home.



This article was donated anonymously to R & R Rural and Residential Property by a local Resident.