

# The Love Affair of a Duck and a Dog.

(THE DUCK AND THE DOG)

by

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Elopement of Dog and Duck

*just south  
warm*  
*in the*  
Late one season a friend brought us a little wild duckling. *that* He had found ~~it~~ in a marsh in eastern Oregon. We put him in a small box in the study as the weather was *getting* cold. A reading lamp leaned over him night and day and he cuddled under it and talked to it as if it was a mother. This memory never left him and when he was a grown bird, the sight of the old reading lamp brought forth an excited low quacking of appreciation for warmth and comfort in his orphaned baby days.

Our police dog never lost his curiosity and wonderment about this waif in feathers that had found its way to our winter hearth. Almost any time one could find the dog leaning over the ~~lighted~~ box, his nose sniffing the small fluffy ball with the bright eyes and long flat snout. He would stand perfectly quiet for minutes at a time gazing into the ~~box~~ *little lighted room*. What was this bit of life and why was it kept in a box under a light? Why didn't it get scared and try to run away? All the birds he had ever seen before ran for their lives when they saw him coming. Things were very mixed up in his mind.

*the PHI DELT*  
The police dog had lived for three years at a fraternity house at the ~~state~~ *of Oregon* university where he took his rough-and-tumble part with the noisy, exuberant frat boys. Every day began with some excitement. He always attended the baseball games, sitting at the foot of the bleachers with the rest of the fellows, sometimes joining in the clapping and shouting with his own little sharp yips. He didn't know exactly why, but he couldn't help ~~it~~ *joining in*. When the football squad went out for practice he was right there, because there were three or four big huskies from his own house square in the middle of the melee. When one of them got knocked out, he was for rushing out ~~to the middle of the~~ *on* field and throttle the offending puncher. Those were wild joyous days.

His education was rapid and thrilling if not orthodox. There was very little in the line of devilment that his fraternity brothers couldn't



*This pet annoyance,*  
hatch up. <sup>that</sup> smug pussy cat of the Pi Phis' usually showed up on the back porch across the street about the time the milkman arrived. He had been coached to get that cat by hook or by crook. If he had been sleeping on the steps in the rain and had gone to bed cold and supperless - which was not infrequent - his feeling of loyalty to his house was a burning fire. But the smart feline always out-foxed him and got away, much to the glee of the girls <sup>sorority</sup> ~~of the sorority~~.

Then there were the robins that persisted in pulling long slinky angle-worms out of the lawn after it had been watered, which wasn't any too frequent. One would plump down on the grass almost under his nose, cock <sup>his</sup> head as if ~~he was~~ listening to something, suddenly jab <sup>her</sup> bill into the sward, sit back on <sup>her</sup> haunches and pull the wiggling thing out. ~~She~~ moved a few feet and did this several times until she had collected a bill full and flew off somewhere to stuff the mess into a gaping mouth. Sometimes there were half a dozen of these feathered poachers on the dog's lawn. He would lie flat on the ground apparently oblivious, then of a sudden lurch forward as if sky-rocketed on springs and land in the midst of them. But they were too quick on the wing. He never even got a feather. And how the boys derided him from the open windows.

~~But~~ this bird in the box where he had recently come to live was a new one to him. There were no fraternity boys here to tell him what to do. This mite of a bird showed no fear of him, even pecked at his nose, when it wasn't picking up crumbs of hard boiled egg or snipping lettuce. The situation was queer, but it fascinated him. His new mistress had cautioned him to be quiet and watch, and he must not chase birds. <sup>any more.</sup> ~~This went on for~~ several months ~~and~~ he saw the duckling grow from an insignificant puff of yellow down to a plump, sleek mallard with a glossy-green head, bright wing feathers and provoking curls at his tail that wiggled in friendship and admiration. He could hardly believe it, but he had come to like the bird.

Spring came and the ~~mistress~~ of the house, whom he had learned to



adore, let both him and the duck out of doors. They wandered over the lawns together, slopping about in the mild rain. He had come to understand that he was to protect his bird friend that had *had such a queer bringing-up.* ~~grown up in the box under the reading lamp.~~ This was the debt he owed to the one who had been kind to him, always fed him, and furnished him a ~~good~~ warm bed. He liked to do what she wanted him to.

Everywhere he went he was followed by his waddling shadow. The duck, with no companion of his own race, was in love with him. He was aware of it and became a little shame-faced as time went on. It was nothing to be proud of for a dignified police dog to be vamped by a goofy duck. ~~And it be-~~ came so bad that he had no peace. Many a time he was embarrassed and tried to sneak off, but that belligerent bird caught up with him, cuddled down beside him, cooed in his ear, and even pulled it, nibbled at his nose- in fact, nibbled him shamelessly all over and said as plain as day that it was time they got married.

The <sup>2</sup>gardiner furnished his only relief from mad love. When it was spring time and the man had to dig around the plants, the duck's inherent appetite for worms got the better of his amorousness. He would stop in his headlong chase of the dog, poke his head into a muddy hole under the shovel, even stepping on the <sup>2</sup>gardiner's knee, and gobble up the juicy harvest, bobbing and gurgling with delight. Satisfied, he would return to his main business in life, making love to the dog.

When a hen mallard was provided as a mate for the drake, he made plain the change that had taken place in his whole nature. He trounced her roundly when she approached him and waddled off to his first love, the dog. The bewildered, friendless hen wandered about alone. When her first clutch of eggs came, she sat faithfully on them through their allotted time. But no soap. They were infertile and a dead loss to the race.

Something had to be done. Life and duck decency had been twisted out of shape. The duck and drake were shut up in a pen with a comfortable place for brooding. The second clutch of eggs fared better, and there was a