

1941 and I was a land girl. Spot the collie followed me around whenever he could escape from his duties. He was not a family pet, he slept in the barn and jumped to attention when the farmer called. He was a working dog. In summer time the cows were out all day and night except for milking times. However they were brought down from the hill in the evening to the field near the stading. To be handy for morning milking. One day the job was delegated to me. Accompanied by my faithful? canine pal, I set off. Leaning on the gate as I had seen the boss do, I pointed yonder, and said, way back! Spot gave me a sly look and lay down at my feet. After several unsuccessful attempts to get the 'skiving , rotten, ' dog to move, I started the run. He ran along beside me, stopped when I did, thus we reached the top of the grassy hill and drove the herd down before us. Young and fit the run was no bother to me. I patted his silky head and said I was sorry for calling him names. The trouble was I knew we were being watched! The observation post, manned in shifts by men too old to go to war, were supposed to be looking out to sea lest the enemy sneaked up on us. They also observed all the goings on in the surrounding countryside. I later heard our farmer neighbour remark to the boss. Your wee landgirl runs like a whitrock! loud guffaws. A lot of old sweetie wives! To give Spot his due he worked for us land girls when the situation was critical. Like when we had to walk a dozen stirks [half grown cattle] to a place a few miles away. Our boss and this shepherd had an agreement that we took some of his sheep in winter and in summer our young beasts would go to his hill. Leaving more grass for the milk cows. Part of our journey was along the main road. Thankfully not a lot of traffic in these days. The animals panicked at one point when a bus full of air men came towards us . We were near the airport. Some of the herd turned and ran back towards home. Spot soon rounded his charges into a bunch and thankfully the driver had the sense to stop till we got past. We walked on to the tune of whistles and vocal encouragement from the amused occupants of the bus. I hope we made their day! They used to swoop over the fields, dip their wings and wave to us. The farmer's wife once managed to get a spool for her camera. Everything was in short supply during the war. We took lots of snaps and it was not till later we noticed that Spot had managed to appear in almost every one. The old poser!