

## DOG CARRIES MAIL

Metomah Saxon

I grew up on a small farm some two miles from Dublin, Ky. It was nine of us children of which seven lived to be adults. Today I'm the only one living and on July 26<sup>th</sup>, I'll be ninety-four.

Times have changed since 1917 and the 1930's. My dad was a very strict parent. When he spoke, we listened or when he told us to do something, "we did it"; if not, we knew the feel of an old razor strap or a switch. He had a strong hand! Mom's hand wasn't quite so strong. We didn't think so anyway. It seemed he always could find chores for us to do, such as cutting weeds out of the corn or scraping tobacco, milking cows, pumping water from the well that was in the field where the cows grazed. Therefore, growing up we didn't have much time to get into trouble.

There were not any yellow school buses back then. We got up early, went to milk the cows before breakfast, then got ready for school. We walked the two miles to school on a dirt road. Memories still linger of that old white house on the hill. I wish I could turn back the clock. I would tell my parents how much I loved them, that I did appreciate all the good values they taught me, such as, always tell the truth, always be honest, always pay your debts. Finally, I would thank them a million times for being my Mom and Dad. They are my heroes.

Now to my story: My dad loved dogs. He went hunting often. He had some good hunting dogs. We also had other dogs for us children to play

with. One was a beautiful shepherd that all loved. They named him Nero. I don't know why. I remember my parents sending letters and small packages, sometimes money, to his parents who lived a few miles from the old country farm near Mayfield. They would put the letter, money or whatever in a drawstring tobacco sack, tied it to the dog's collar and sent him on his way. Then his mother would send a letter back the same way. It was amazing how the dog knew where to go. Here is a copy of the clipping that was in the Mayfield Messenger some ninety years ago.

**Dog Carries Mail  
For Twelve Miles  
Twice Each Week**

One of the most remarkable dogs in the county is that owned by Watt Rohrer, who resides near the Graves and Hickman county lines, about half way between Dublin and Old Baltimore. The dog is a black shepherd.

Twice each week Mr. Rohrer sends the letters written by his family, together with an occasional package, by the dog, to the home of Watt Rohrer's father, Walter Rohrer, who resides about two miles south-west of town, near the county farm.

The dog makes the trip each time without any molestation, delivering his messages on time. The distance between the two homes is about twelve miles.

Sometimes money is sent from one of the homes to the other by the dog.

Also, here is a copy of a picture of my little brother Curtis with the dog, Nero. My brother Curtis passed away at age five.



I am the daughter of Walter C. Rohrer, Jr. and Lena D. Rohrer.

Metomah Rohrer Saxon currently lives in Mayfield, Kentucky, and is a first time contributor to the Journal. Her daughter, LaDonna Bobbitt, is a JPHS member.