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Cornwall

In the early 1970's I was working for the Housatonic Valley Association and I frequently had to go to various Board Members' houses for meetings or planning sessions. One Board Member had a German Short-haired Pointer, a nice dog with whom I was fairly well acquainted. One summer day for a scheduled meeting, I knocked on their door and the dog leapt through and attacked me. She was aiming for my neck, but missed and got my left breast.

The homeowners pulled the dog off of me with profuse apologies and said that they had just gotten the dog out of the kennels as they had been away, and she was hyper from being confined. As the dog had not had a rabies shot and she had broken skin, I was advised to go see a doctor. I went to see Dr. Walker, who was known to put the fear of God in many a patient with his gruff manner and few words, but I found as I had gotten to know him, that there was always a savvy intelligence and wry sense of humor lurking behind that exterior.

After I recounted the event, Dr. Walker examined me and his only comment was, "Good Taste."