



CONVERSATION ONE

Sporty Dog Joins the Ritter Family!



“So, Auntie Margaret, how did Sporty Dog become part of your family?”

“It was one sunny Saturday morning,” she began. “We had a long front hall, and Daddy came in, and he was half-way down the hallway when he called ‘Sissy!’” This was his pet name for Margaret. “I came out and there was this adorable little puppy in his hand, with a little red collar and a red leash. And that was Sporty Dog.”

“Where did he get the dog?”

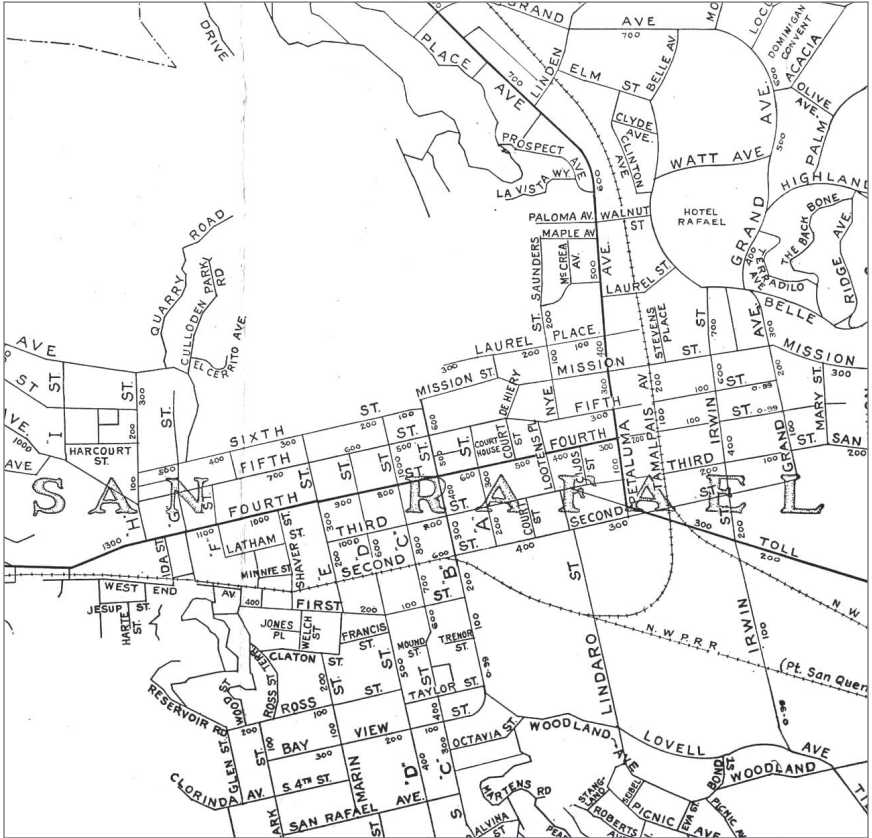
“He came from the feed store on Fourth Street, which had puppies in its front window. After seeing the little dog in the window, Daddy went in and bought him.”

“You had a brother, my father. So whose dog was it?”

“Well, actually it was mine. But, the way we saw dogs in the family—and I explained this to Kelly [her granddaughter]—it was given to me, but it really wasn’t my dog. It was the whole family’s dog. Of course! And that was as it should be,” Auntie Margaret said. “And that’s what I explained to Kelly. Her dog is hers, but it is really the whole family’s dog. I can’t imagine a dog or cat in a family being the pet of only one person.”



Margaret and Robert, 1937



1928 map of San Rafael, California
Courtesy of the Marin History Museum