



**Jim Lane & Laneline Yellow Creek Dingus  
Happyrun Calico Clem, Hills Shakerag  
Ozzie & Perry's Spot**

# Can I Get A Witness!

**Beagling is not just going out and running some dogs...**

**Jim Lane - Laneline Beagles**  
*"Written for Sportsman Magazine"*

I would like to give tribute, honor and respect to some people that have been a strong influence in my life of "beagling". I also want to express how having the common denominator of hunting and beagling between you and your children not only affects them at that moment, but certain things will stick with them for the rest of their lives. I have heard from many how they were introduced to the sport of beagling. Some met someone at work or school and were invited to a rabbit hunt. Others started out as avid coon, fox or bird hunters and then were introduced to the world of beagling and was thunder struck and fell in love with that sweet soothing music of a pack of beagles, hot on the trail of a good running buck rabbit and were without doubt, converted. For some it is a generational vocation that you enter in at birth, which was my case. My earliest childhood



memories include my Mom, Dad, beagles and church. From the time I was able to walk I remember going into our backyard to the beagle pen to feed dogs, caring heavy buckets of water to them in the hot summer or trying to lug a water hose all the way out to the pen. Putting straw in their houses in the winter, caring for and bringing {sneaking} pups into our house. The first two dogs that I can remember having were Blackie and Tiny. They however, were "our dogs" but neither "belonged" to me.

I remember in detail the circumstances involved in getting my first beagle. It was when I was five years old. Now before you dismiss me, I want to state that you would be surprised how early in life a child can hold memories and how much you can teach a child at a young age. As I said, I was five years old and my mother enrolled me in kindergarten. I on the other hand had different plans. I went on what I will call "kindergarten strike". My parents tried everything. They tried reasoning with me through means of talking and making me promises but I would not hear a word they said "concerning school". There was a language my Dad taught me and it didn't take long for me to catch on and learn. The language comes from "Switchouchland". It's a place where when the switch makes contact you say ouch and do as you're told. Another language I learned came from "Abeltgodhelpmeland". When you came in contact with the belt you were indeed asking God for help. I also had one of those moms that grab your hand and you would be running in circles like a merry-go-round with your feet "two feet" ahead of the rest of your body while Mom was trying to get a solid smack on your bottom. I don't ever remember running from Dad, it must have been those "language" lessons. It finally came to the point that the principal at the school contacted my parents and told them that all children are not ready to attend school at the age of five. He told them to consider taking me out and waiting until I was six. So my Dad came up with an idea. He came to me and told me that if I would go to school that he would get me my own beagle. Of course I said yes. That was the beginning and the conversion of me into the world of beagling. Unfortunately, I was not "as" converted to school. I ended up pouring paint on my teachers head after she misled me to believing that my mother was out in the hall outside the school room waiting for me to get done with school so she could take me home. The teacher had a pair of my mother's shoes sticking out of the doorway a few inches so it would appear she was sitting out there but when I tried to sneak over to the door to say hi to Mom, there was an empty pair of shoes. That's when the paint went flying, it was also my last day of school. However, I got to go home and spend all year with my beagle "Blue". Dad let me keep Blue regardless. Looking back I think he may have used me as an excuse to get another beagle, who knows.

Till this day I remember everything about Blue. I remember how he ran, his bark, conformation and what he looked like, down to his ticks up the side of his one white front leg while the other three were brown.

I remember being too small to get through the thick brush when I went rabbit chasing with Dad and he would put me on his shoulders and carry me.

I also remember the first time my Dad took me out to shoot a shotgun for the first time behind Charles Baker's house {a fellow church member and beagler}. He put a Pepsi can in a tree and instructed me what and how to do it.

I remember the first rabbit I shot at the age of nine. On Griswald Rd. in Elyria, Ohio our pack of beagles were running a rabbit and Dad saw a separate rabbit come out and go into a brush pile. At that time Dad always made me stand close to him. He put his gun down, told me where to stand and got on top of the brush pile and kicked the rabbit out to run right past me. I had a 20 gauge shotgun and barely got the rabbit in his back legs.



A few years later when I was 13 we had a beagle by the name of King. He was an absolute dominator. When we went rabbit chasing, if other people came to run their dogs they would ask, "Do you have King here?" and if the answer was yes, they didn't bother to turn loose. My Dad went and bought a really nice female named Lady. His plan was to breed King to Lady and give me a pup. King belonged to my brother Joe and Dad bought Lady but I wanted a male of my own. By then Old Blue was out of the picture.

My Dad roofed houses on the side and he would take me with him and I would set at the top of the roof and keep him in shingles as he nailed {or stapled} them to the roof. We were roofing a house and from the roof top I heard a group of kids making a racket and a dog whining and barking. I walked over to the edge of the roof and looked down, it was a beagle getting sprayed with a water hose and rocks thrown at him by the group of kids. I told Dad and he went and told the kids to leave the dog alone. Four more hours of roofing went by and during that time I somehow convinced Dad to go ask the owner of that beagle if they would part with him. They said yes. He was a male and his name was Kipper. He looked like he had not been fed in a couple weeks and he was so thirsty, when those kids were spraying him with the water hose he was at one moment shying away and the next turning towards them with his mouth open to get some water. After the kids left I went down there and gave him a big pan of water. So with no food in his belly and his belly bloated out double filled with water Dad and I put Kipper in the front seat of our old gold ford pickup truck and started to make our way home. We had a starved poor looking beagle with a belly full of water that had not been on a car ride sitting on my lap in the front seat of the truck. Yes, the worst thing that could happen did indeed happen. All that water that he had drank came back up and all over me and the front seat of our old ford. Dad could have thrown that dog out on the spot, but he didn't. He looked into my eyes and seen just "to me" how important that dog was and as I was trying to clean up as fast as possible, he just looked at me, shook his head and grinned out the one side of his mouth like he often did when he was left speechless. We took Kipper home and fed him and got him into shape and took him running for the first time. He did absolutely nothing! As a matter of fact he did absolute nothing the first month of taking him out. He also had a bad habit of eating tomatoes. I know, it sounds crazy but the dog loved tomatoes. He would literally get in my Dads garden and eat his tomatoes. He would also fetch a ball and bring it back to your feet every time.

It took some time but I finally got him started. We began to run him with Lady and King and he ended up a real nice dog. Hunting season came along and for opening day we only had King and Kipper because Lady had come into season. We always loved opening day of rabbit season along with Thanksgiving and New Years day. They were days set aside for our traditional ritual rabbit hunt.

Opening Day came and Dad had friends from church to come with us and was anxious to show off our dogs. Everybody already knew about King, but they wanted to see if Kipper was the dog that I bragged him up to be. King jumped the first rabbit and Kipper joined in and it was music to my ears until the second circle. Dad shot the rabbit and instead of hearing harmony in the hounds it went to hearing King solo. We didn't know it but Kipper was gun shy. At the sound of the gun Kipper took off and was never to be seen again. All that hard work, patience and not to mention trouble was all for nothing. Though it upset me and Dad, he tried to comfort me by saying we would breed King to Lady in the spring and I could have pick of the litter. But what he would soon find out, I thought would make him furious. I thought Kipper would do so well on opening day and the rest of the season, I didn't think Dad would mind if we bred Kipper to Lady instead of King. So, I just did it a little ahead of time. Dad worked 2<sup>nd</sup> shift at Ford Motor Company. One evening when he went to work I put Kipper in with Lady just a few days before opening day. Looking back, Dad more than likely thought that he was finally rid of Kipper but now he had a whole litter of pups on the way. I thought beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was going to "teach" me the remainder "languages" throughout the world over this but instead I got the shaking of his head and his crooked smile.

A few months passed and I already picked my pup, his name was Copper. Dad let me keep one pup and he started at a very early age. I continued to run Copper and one day I came home and told Dad that Copper could jump, start and line a rabbit out on his own and gave good mouth on it the whole time. Dad in disbelief looked at me and said tomorrow after church we will take him out and see what he can do. Dad was not only a church member but he also was the Sunday School Superintendent and a Sunday School teacher. That particular Sunday the Sunday School books did not arrive. The pastor called my Dad and asked him if he could research and write his own lesson to teach that morning since they did not have any manuals. That Saturday night my Dad turn to the Scripture Matthew 24:44 *"Therefore be ye ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."* He taught this lesson that Sunday morning with the thought being, be prepared to meet God at any time because for some it may be 20 years or 20 minutes. It could be at the stop light on your way home from church today or it could be the rapture possibly years from now, one never knows when their time comes so to be on the safe side, be ready at all times. After church we went out to eat then Dad took me to a batting cage {baseball} and then we went home. My brother Joe had a baseball game that day and Dad promised me we would go see what Copper could do. So away we went. We were fortunate enough to have a nice field {full of rabbits} and some woods within walking distance of our house. We went to the center of the field by the wood line where there was some brush. Dad jumped on the brush pile and a rabbit shot out. I put Copper on the rabbit and away he went, music to my ears. I wanted to prove that breeding Kipper to Lady was not a mistake. Even if it was, Dad was not going to bust my bubble, he looked at me and one last time gave me a crooked smile and shook his head and said *"He'll make a good one"*.



It was 5:00 in the afternoon, two hours before church. On our way walking home was a lake. It had intertubes from the people that swam there earlier had left. Dad and I had the whole lake to ourselves so to cool off we went for a swim. My Dad got about 20 yards from shore and took a massive heart attack. I ended up hauling him into shore and getting help but he was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital June 26, 1983 at the age of 45. Though I was only with for 14 short years, the life lessons and memories of my Dad will never be forgotten. Lessons of compassion, patience, responsibility, caring, forgiveness and discipline.

My Dad was born and raised a few miles outside Charleston, WV in a little town called Shrewsbury and my mother was from about a mile from him in Cedar Grove. When they were married at the age of 19 & 21, after working in the coal mines a while they moved to Ohio. While providing for and raising four children, Dad worked 2<sup>nd</sup> shift at Ford Motor Company, he roofed during the day, he took the whole family to church every Sunday morning, Sunday night, Wednesday night and Friday night. He still managed to do what he loved to do, run beagles. Looking back, I don't know if it was the running of beagles or the package deal that came with it. Hunting, running dogs, time together in the outdoors, the responsibility of raising and caring for our beagles, this all opened up doors of opportunity for these "life lessons" to be taught and learned. Most of all, it opened up the opportunity for an unbreakable bond to be formed between my Dad and me. I would like to encourage you the reader, to take the time and look at the opportunities before you through beagling. I know today's world is a different world. Due to finances, work schedules, actual time spent with children, especially with all the activities for kids to get into these days including video games which I believe is the leading cause of "brain rot" in our kids today. Then factor in the 65% divorce rate in our country and the conclusion is, it's difficult to have the time and influence that you desire to have, so it is that more important to do the best with what you have and make the most out of the opportunities that come your way. I have witnessed people using beagling as a source of camaraderie to form friendships that last for a life time and to bond with their children. I have attended field trials in Tennessee with Kenneth Hill of Shake Rag Kennels and his two boys Nick and Brad. They enjoy what they do and are a close. Nick and Brad are lucky and if you're around their beagle club at a trial and see them interact with their Dad, you would witness that they both know it.



There are others too, I grew up rabbit hunting with "The Bakers". A family who originated from Kentucky that migrated to Ohio for work. Like my Dad, Charles Baker worked at Ford Motor and attended the same church as our family. Charles {the father} had three sons Jerry, Steve and Terry. Charles along with my Dad took advantage of Opening Day, Thanksgiving, New Years Day and many other days in between to rabbit hunt and spend time in the outdoors with his sons.

I have an uncle, Roy Martin. He is a retired minister in Tennessee. His boys RC and Kevin also had the privilege of having a great mentor like my uncle. They too were in on many of those hunting trips.

I want to take this opportunity to make a tribute to RC Martin, my cousin. There was a tragedy in my family this past year and RC lost his life. I have many memories of RC but a few I reflect on the most. After my Dad had passed on, RC who was a lot older than me would occasionally stop by and take me rabbit chasing or gun hunting. RC was one of those people that was absolutely "wide open". He took hunting very seriously and when the dogs were loose and the hunt was on, play time was over and he was all business. He would run through the woods and position himself to where the rabbit would come through with 99.9% accuracy. When he shot I would always know if he got the rabbit because he would yell out *"I got groceries"* I would then walk over and he would have a grin from ear to ear and say *"hey Red Dog, now then!"* RC called me Red Dog because I have red hair and he often used nicknames. He would then whistle for the dogs and immediately put them in the brush to get another rabbit. No break times when you hunted with RC, he came to hunt.

I remember after running dogs I went with RC to one of his friend's house. They were all talking and throwing darts in the garage. As a curious 15 year old kid, I opened up the refrigerator and saw beer. With the surroundings that I grew up in and especially with the "languages" that I have been taught, I never really had any interaction with beer at all. Nobody was around so I decided I was going to take a beer out and try one. I got the beer out of the fridge and started to open it up, suddenly I was up against the wall and had RC up in my face and his nose was about two inches from my nose and he just stared into my eyes for about 20 seconds and then said *"don't start it and you won't have to stop it"*. At that particular time I could have sworn my Dad was speaking right through RC's mouth. RC is gone now but will never be forgotten. Those expressions of his *"got groceries"* and *"now then"* will always ring in my ears when I reflect upon him along with him showing me compassion and giving attention to me after my Dad's passing.

There was another man by the name of Hobart Irvin. He was a man in his late 60's early 70's when my father passed away. He took it upon himself to come by and pick up my brother Joe and myself to go running dogs. He would always buy us two Big Mac's apiece before we ran dogs. Hobart taught us a lot and introduced us to a whole new concept of beagling. Hobart's first love was running fox. This was the first time I experienced 15 or 20 dogs loose at one time on one rabbit. He loved to run at night which was also a new experience. I remember a man that traded, swapped, bought and sold beagles for a living {a dog jockey} used to run beagles occasionally where my brother and I did. We had six of the nicest "King" pups. This guy talked two teenagers into trading 6 nice young pups for one small "running" female that we ended up giving away. They say presentation is everything in sales? Well, to two teenagers he was good and he really took it to us. We met him in a field a few months after the {big trade} and Hobart was with us. Without any warning to us Hobart walked up to him and said "I hope you feel good about yourself taking advantage of two young boys like you did, and I see your still selling milk from another man's cow". Hobart has long passed on but I will always remember the kindness that he put forth to my brother and me, and all those Big Macs.

Some of the most positive influences in my life were linked to people through beagling. Some of the greatest memories in my life are linked to experiences through beagling. Some of my best friends I met at a field trial or is linked to me through beagling in some way. Beagling is not just going out and running some dogs. Beagling can be a tool or instrument to open up doors of opportunity for lessons to be taught and learned and to build character, principals and values. As friends or family we can't control where people go and what people do. We can't control what path in life people choose to take. We can only do our best, be our best and do what we can with what we have. Growing up in northeast Ohio we often went to West Virginia to visit family. There are two ways to get there. You can take the 4 lane highway the whole way and get there in about five hours. However you could also take a two lane road for about 1/3 of the trip and go through the country {Amish Country} and have a great view. The only problem is, you add about 1 1/2 hour to your trip. Some of our family and friends or even ourselves may not take the road that we should have taken in life, but I am a firm believer if you teach and attempt to show others what is right, it may take longer to get to that destination because the long road was chosen but remember this, with enough positive influence in a person's life, a person never gets so far away that he forgets his way back home. I have been privileged, blessed and honored to have had the influences in my life through beagling. I not only want to witness what the sport of beagling can do for you, but also what you can do for others in return. I want to encourage you, take time to reflect and give honor to those who have been an influence in your life. I also want to encourage you to pass it on and be that positive influence to those around you. For those of you that don't know and have a hard time understanding what beagling is all about, just remember you read it here today, Beagling is not just going out and running some dogs, it is much much more! God Bless & Good Beagling, Jim Lane - Laneline Beagles



## *Laneline Beagles*

[www.lanelinebeagles.zoomshare.com](http://www.lanelinebeagles.zoomshare.com)