

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by **LANS LANEVE**

This is the story of "Jerry," a small fox terrier. That is, the little tale is dedicated to "Jerry" the dog, but beneath the story there lies a human touch, pathos, heartache.

"Jerry" from puppyhood, until the time of his death was the constant companion of his mistress, Mrs. Mamie Kinnunen, of Coaledo. Wherever Mamie went little Jerry accompanied her. From Coaledo he accompanied her to Eden Ridge, where her husband is employed in the woods.

During the late spring and summer the Ridge is not a bad spot on which to live. Mamie, being a lover of the great out-of-doors, derived a lot of enjoyment out of feeding the birds and chipmunks during those months. And she enjoyed many a laugh at the expense of toothless old Jerry, for Jerry was at an advanced age for a dog; in fact, living on borrowed time, he being 16 years of age. But, as is the nature of the fox terrier, Jerry, was lively until his last hours on earth. Probably, he was jealous of the squirrels, for occasionally he would chase them to their nests; but the most comical stunt was when the old fellow sought to chase a big buck deer up the railroad track. And he did it too. Panting and puffing, his tongue hanging out, he returned to his mistress completely spent, but with a joyful light of triumph shining from his eyes.

During the bleak days of winter, with the snow drifting down, leaden skies and high winds, the Ridge was anything but a pleasant place to reside, especially within the walls of a crude log cabin. But with the faithful dog as a companion, Mamie didn't mind so much, for you who know dogs and have long associated with them are aware of the fact that a faithful dog is a swell companion, no matter what the surroundings may be. The animal seems to sense each mood of his master and a person falls into the habit of talking to his dog. And no matter how tough the going may be, how scarce the food, the dog minds it not. He is content just so long as he may be allowed to remain by the side of his beloved master. He would not desert him for the finest and warmest quarters, or the choicest of foods. His loyalty is never questioned. And it was thus with Mamie Kinnunen and her dog Jerry.

Jerry lived his span of life, plus another span, plus an additional two years beyond the average life of a canine. There wasn't a tooth in his head, but soft food was prepared for him and always accepted by a look of gratitude from soft brown eyes. But old age finally took its toll. Little Jerry became practically helpless. A suggestion that a rifle bullet be used to end the faithful life, was spurned by Mrs. Kinnunen. Tenderly, the little fellow was wrapped in a blanket and brought from the big hills—back to civilization. Mercifully, the veterinarian by the use of chloroform put the little fellow to sleep—his final sleep.

Jerry's life was devoted to that of his mistress, just as every dog's life is devoted to that of their mistress, master, be they man, woman or child.

An association of 16 long years with man's best friend, such as Mrs. Kinnunen's association with Jerry, creates a bond of love and understanding that could never be grasped in a thousand years except by those who really love dogs. For it does not take a dog long to worm his way into his master's heart, to become a part of the household, like one of a family.

Dogs are like kids, or regarded as such by owners. Each person believes that his own particular dog is endowed with far greater intelligence than that of most any other dog. It matters not whether a dog be a long blue blooded strain, or if he is merely a cross of several different breeds, he is usually regarded by his master as superior to the rest of the canine race. His good points are bragged up, just as parents are wont to brag concerning their own off-springs.

Yes, it takes a real lover of dogs to grasp the loss suffered by Mamie Kinnunen. Few persons are allowed the privilege of association with one dog over a period of 16 years, and especially the close association such as was theirs.

Knowing Mamie Kinnunen as we do, her tender nature, we know that all the love and the loyalty was not on Jerry's side of the fence. We can understand why she is broken hearted over her loss. It is too bad indeed that there are not more persons in this world to whom God's creatures of the woods mean so much as they do to Mamie Kinnunen and who are not afraid for the world to know of the tears that come at the loss of a four legged friend. For her grief is sincere. The old shack on the Ridge

Interesting Letter From Robt. Cornelius

Lifting the bans on censorship in the Mediterranean sector has brought an interesting letter from T/3 Robert Cornelius to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Cornelius. Sgt. Cornelius is completing his fourth year in service but writes that he lacks five points of having enough for demobilization. His letter follows:

Dear Mom:—The bars are finally down on censorship in the M.T.O., so now I can tell you what I've been doing since leaving New York along about the 5th of August 1942. My first station in England was just a few miles outside of Taunton, a small city south of Bristol. After working in the Ordnance Depot there for a few weeks I had the chance to go to Cheltenham as a driver for the S.O.S. headquarters there, conveying up by truck.

From there I volunteered as a clerk and soon found myself in Oran, on the 20th of Nov., 1942, where I stayed almost constantly until coming up here to Leghorn last February. I say almost constantly, because I spent six weeks in Algiers last summer, in May, June and July, going up by plane incidentally, which was a much more pleasant journey than the eight-hour trip back by train.

Our work in the regiment consists of supervising the work of Italian service units, my own particular job being general clerical duties, typing letters, reports, etc., and keeping files of credits, materials, claims and investigations of vehicular accidents, injuries, etc.

As you know the Judge Advocate Department is the legal division of the Army and in the six months I've been with this section, I've really learned quite a lot about this particular branch of the service. Although it's a line of work I'd never given much thought to before, I really find it most interesting and like it a lot. The captain—my boss—is a lawyer from Grand Rapids and the chief clerk—a technical sergeant—is also a lawyer in civilian life. The other man in our section is a former Ordnance man like myself and, since he's been transferred to an inspection team, I've taken over his former duties here in the office.

Last Sunday our regiment was awarded the plaque for meritorious service for our work in handling all the Italian service units in North Africa and here in Italy. This entitles us to wear a gold wreath on our right sleeve. Pictures were taken of the ceremony and I'll try to get hold of some to send you.

Our living conditions are very good. I've never known anything like it in the army before. We're billeted in an apartment building about three blocks from our office here in downtown Leghorn and within easy distance also of the post exchange and a couple of theatres. The best thing, though, is the mess hall. Just walk in and sit down and waiters bring in the food. We have Italian cooks and waiters. Tonight's dinner included fried chicken and french-fried potatoes unusual for a week-day.

Wednesday being a holiday over here, eight of us went over to Florence, sixty miles from here. It's a big city and a nice place to spend a holiday but it would take a week or more to really "do" the town right. The shops seem to be pretty well stocked but prices are sky high. Except for the blown bridges, the town hasn't been damaged much, in great contrast to Leghorn and Pisa, will never be the same again, for Jerry is gone.

We have never read anything concerning the presence of dogs in Heaven, but when the Pearly Gates are swung wide to admit a departed soul it seems but fitting that they should be greeted by the joyful welcoming bark of a departed four-legged pal. Surely there should be a place at man's side in the hereafter created for his proved and sincere friend on earth—his dog.

Weekly Letter From Washington, D. C.

BY CONGRESSMAN HARRIS ELLSWORTH

Reciprocal Trade Agreements. My office, and I assume the offices of all Members of Congress, have been flooded these last two weeks with letters and printed material having to do with the problem of whether or not to extend the Reciprocal Trade Treaties Act, which is now before us. It is impossible, of course, for a Member to read even a small fraction of this mass of data. All of it is slanted toward the views held by its authors, and is therefore of small value.

In considering a complicated problem, of this kind, the best source of information for a Member is the printed hearings on the bill, and the printed report made by the Ways and Means Committee. In both the hearings and in the report, facts having a bearing either for or against the legislation are presented.

As has been the case with numerous other important but complicated laws passed by recent sessions of Congress, the administration of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act has been more to blame, and will be more to blame in the future, for trade and economic difficulties than the broad principles of the Act itself. Congress cannot write administrative details into legislation, but both Congress and the people have the right to expect that the executive branch of the government will endeavor to administer the law in accordance with the intent of Congress.

Unreasonable Delay. I have recently learned of two cases wherein there has been an unusually long delay in beginning the payment of insurance benefits due on War Risk insurance. These may, or may not, have been exceptional cases. I am wondering if insurance claims are being paid promptly to the people in my Congressional District. One of

where the destruction is quite extensive.

May put in for a furlough to Rome in the next few days as the captain just asked me if I'd be interested in going. It's a 12-hour trip by train and, by no stretch of the imagination, could you call these troop trains luxurious.

If I've missed anything or there's something else you'd like to know, just ask, as I can answer practically anything now. Will sign off and get along home to bed. Love, Bob.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and many floral offerings during the illness and after the death of our beloved wife and mother.

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Myrtle Point And Bandon Lead In Safety Contests

At the end of the first quarter of 1945, Klamath Falls, Grants Pass, Dallas and Myrtle Point stood at the head of their respective divisions in the 1945 Oregon Cities Traffic Safety contest, according to Secretary of State Robert F. Farrell, sponsor of the contest.

First place winners in the four population groups were as follows:

First division (10,000 and over): Klamath Falls, first; Medford, second;

Astoria, third.
 Second division (5000 - 10,000): Grants Pass, first; La Grande, second; Coos Bay, third.
 Third division (2500-5,000): Dallas, first; Toledo, second; Tillamook, third.
 Fourth division (1,000-2,000): Myrtle Point, first; Bandon, second; Union, third.

Cities are ranked according to the current accident experience of each city, compared to its own previous three-year average experience.

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