

PERSONAL NEWS NOTES

Both from Jacksonville and Over the Hill

Following the business meeting of the Applegate Grange Friday evening, a short time was devoted to the usual observance of birthday anniversaries of members. Refreshments, with a large birthday cake, were served by candle light in a room cozily decorated in autumn leaves and berries. Honor guests were Mrs. George Forrest, Mrs. Dave Courtney, Mrs. Jack O'Brien, Miss Leta Gilson, C. A. Franzen, C. U. Thomas and Edwin Taylor.

Mrs. Ben Moore and very young son, Wilford Leo, returned to their home on Big Applegate Sunday from Central Point. The young Mr. Moore arrived on Friday, November 17, and weighed nine pounds, which is a fair start to face the world's battles.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kubli spent Saturday evening in Medford as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Le Fevre. They attended a show, going to the Le Fevre home for lunch afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hukill left recently for Klamath river to spend the Thanksgiving week-end as guests of Mrs. Hukill's mother, Mrs. Mappleiden.

George R. Kirkpatrick of Pasadena, Calif., who recently completed a sneaking tour to points as far north as Canada, spoke at the Watkins school house Friday evening on social science. A large crowd listened to the speaker, including a representation from Camp Applegate. CCC boys who furnished music during the evening were Woodrow Murphy, Forrest Mathews and Mr. Bryant. Mr. Kirkpatrick is on his return trip to Pasadena, having spoken in Medford at the city hall three weeks ago. While on the Applegate he was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Harr.

Mrs. Will Copeland of Little Applegate underwent an appendicitis operation at the Community hospital Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Childers of Jacksonville spent Sunday with relatives on Applegate.

About 50 head of beef cattle, owned by C. W. Culy and Ed Finley of Upper Applegate, were delivered to George Nichols at Medford Wednesday.

Attorney and Mrs. Gus Newbury of Medford motored to the Applegate Sunday.

Roland Smith, ranch farmer, was a business visitor in Medford Wednesday.

John Harr, local Brush Marine, is taking a few days vacation as a result of sustaining a gash on his hand with a cross-cut saw a few days ago.

Tuesday afternoon Lewis Meek, 17-year-old son of W. Meek, had the misfortune to have his right eye

badly cut by a piece of flying nail. He was taken at once to Dr. Thayer in Medford who pronounced the wound serious and expressed doubt that the sight of the eye could be saved.

The third annual gathering of the Winingham clan was expected to be held in the Jacksonville Odd Fellows hall Thanksgiving day, dinner to be served about 1 p. m. The clan, headed by John Winingham of Applegate, has more than 100 members in and around this section, about half of whom are expected to be present. Last year Mark Winingham was the oldest member present, being 65 years of age. Following dinner there will be a dance held in the evening to which friends of the family will be invited. A four-piece orchestra from Medford has been engaged for the occasion. Among those expected to be present are the following: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scholer and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Winingham and two children, Polly Watkins and son and Mr. and Mrs. John Winingham and family of six of Jacksonville; Mr. and Mrs. Ed Russell and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Winingham of Applegate; Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pence and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Dawson of Trail.

Capt. O. L. Overmeyer and Earl Foy were in Jacksonville Sunday forenoon concerning Legion business. Their point of call was Punk Dunnigan's garage.

Those to attend the Medford Gun club turkey shoot last Sunday from this city included Mr. and Mrs. Ray Coleman, Fred Flick, Viv Beach and Dan'l (Boone) Shuss. Ray Coleman and Dan'l engaged in shooting, each winning a turkey, with Dan'l dragging home a hen and sack of sugar besides. Mr. and Mrs. Billan Coleman of Medford joined the local party and later in the day the two Coleman families and Dan'l (Boone) Shuss retired to a cafe for dinner. They migrated from there to view the wiles of one Mae West.

The Home Economics club of the Jacksonville Grange, headed by Mrs. E. S. Severance, opened its hall last Friday night with a combined bazaar and carnival with fortune telling, fish ponds and all the trimmings ready for business following dinner, which was well attended. Approximately \$100 was cleared from the event, proceeds of which are to be used in remodeling the Grange hall in the old courthouse. A three-year lease has been signed with the county court by the Grange, and plans are underway to take out several partitions, erect a stage and equip the room for the presentation of plays and dances. Word was received by the Jacksonville Grange from E. C. (Jerry) Gerome that the Medford Chamber of Commerce Diamond Jubilee representatives would like to meet with the local organization soon and formulate plans to bring some of the jubilee events to the historic courthouse.

The Medford Active club Saturday night entertained about 50 couples with a "hick" party in the courthouse Grange hall. The evening was featured with refreshments, dancing and stunts.

Among guests present at the buffet supper and kitchen shower given in honor of Winifred Warner Monday evening was Florence Sev-

erance of this city. The event was given at the Medford home of Miss Doris Bundy in recognition of the approaching marriage, January 1, of Miss Warner and Max Becker of Caldwell, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Severance and family expected to be guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Sweeney at their Medford home for Thanksgiving dinner. Two other families also will meet at the festive board.

Pueblos Fed New-Born Baby to Snake God

(Continued from page one)

right to the head of a shallow ravine from where I could see the river about three miles ahead of me. As I went down the ravine, I was congratulating myself on my good fortune in not meeting anyone, when all at once where the ravine turned a little, I saw an adobe house on a low hill not more than a stone's throw away. While I was looking at this house an Indian came out and of course saw me at once. So I thought I had better put on a bold front and go right up to the house, which I did. Addressing the Indian I wished him a pleasant day in Spanish, which by then I could speak very fairly and which all the Indian tribes in that section understood, and went on. Turning the corner of the house, I looked down and right there at my feet was spread out the plaza of Perwacky, the principal village of the Pueblos and the very identical place I had tried so hard to avoid. And furthermore, the sharp eyes of at least 200 Indians had spotted me the instant I stepped into sight. I was sure in for it. I could see half a dozen Mexicans down in the plaza with wagons full of fruit and vegetables which they had brought in to trade to the Indians. So I went down to them and started a conversation. After they had asked me all about myself, one of them said, "While you are here you better go over and have a look at the Rattlesnake God," and pointed out the adobe casa where he was kept.

They also told me all about the feast days and how they fed the snake on such occasions with the last new-born baby of the tribe and how the mothers considered it a great honor to be the one to contribute her youngster as a sacrifice. They told me the Catholic church had been trying to do something with these Indians and had succeeded in converting some of them, but that the lure of the Rattlesnake ceremonies on feast days was too strong to be resisted.

So, feeling that matters couldn't be much worse than they were, I went over and, finding the door open, walked right in. An aged Indian (nearly 90, he told me) was sitting on a kind of stool and to him I spoke in Spanish, telling him I was passing through the town and had stopped to pay my respects to the Rattlesnake God. He seemed to be pleased at that and opened up and told me a lot of things. Said he had had the guardianship of the snake for over 50 years, had inherited it from his father who had got it from his father. So I figured Mr. Snake must have been well over 150 years old, maybe 200, as they live a long time under favorable conditions.

While we were talking his snake-slipper slithered out from under a huge pile of sacks in a corner, all but his rattles. He must have been all of five feet long and about the size of a six-inch stovepipe. The old Indian told me he had 28 rattles, but that doesn't spell anything, as rattles often are broken off and one can't tell much about them.

Remembering the sad ending of numerous missionaries who have been killed and eaten and otherwise mistreated, while endeavoring to change the customs of various foreign people, I have never tried my hand at that line of industry, but have always followed the wise precept of Julius Caesar (wasn't it?) who remarked "when in Missouri do as the Missourians do," or words to that effect, which may help to explain why I am still alive.

So I took off my hat to Mr. Snake and assured him I was delighted to see him in such good health and hoped he would live a thousand years and never lack for fine, fat Indian babies to consume on his feast days, but threw in a word of caution against swallowing any white babies, which I de-

scribed as being exceedingly poisonous to rattlesnakes.

This tickled the old Indian tremendously, but the rattler seemed to be considerably bored and regarded me quite contemptuously with his black, beady eyes. Finally I left, after being invited to call again and managed to get away from that place all in one piece and without having to part with any of my possessions, but have neglected to call again during the last 50 years for various reasons.

To shorten my story, when I got to the Rio Grande I found the river had been on a big rampage and had washed out every bridge for 50 miles. And Espanola was on the other side. The water had receded some but the river was still a half mile wide and running very swift and muddy. I looked at it a long time and finally decided to swim it with my clothes on. It seemed to be either that or go back to Santa Fe, which I had not the slightest intention of doing.

I knew it would be a hard tussle, but I imagined I could make it all right by taking advantage of the current. The only thing that prevented me from trying it was the gluey, red mud as deep as my knees and a hundred yards wide that had been deposited by the river along its bank. I tried it several times, then gave it up as a bad job and went on up the river.

About two miles above I saw a couple of Mexicans on the other side with a boat. The river banks were higher there and no mud to speak of. After much yelling I attracted their attention and they came over. It always is dangerous in the Mexican country to admit having money. One must always be broke. He'll get what he wants anyway and won't be so liable to have his throat slit.

So I told these Brownies I had no money but would give them a razor to take me over. I had two straight-edge razors with me, one a good, plain razor I used myself, and the other a beautifully handled thing that wouldn't hold an edge. I offered them their choice, knowing they would select the pretty one, which they did. And so I landed safely in Espanola after all.

One-word description of Olin Miller: "Nefarious."—Weston Leader.

"Some people make their bed and then lie about it," says The Jacksonville Miner. And still are unable to keep under cover.—Weston Leader.

No doubt 1933 will go down in history as the year in which we plowed under cotton and the 15th amendment.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

Give the republicans credit for having the courage to undertake a big job. They're making plans to whitewash the elephant.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

"There's no money in heaven," asserts a minister. That's hell.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

It is to be wondered why the United States is attaching so much importance to the fact that Germany withdrew from something we refused to join.—Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

Weston weather this week is reminding of Olin Miller, it's so balmy.—Weston Leader.

Basic English, touted as a world language, consists of 850 of the simplest English words. We under-

stand that Olin Miller boasts of already knowing all but 800 of them.—Weston Leader.

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