

Personal News Notes

Both from JACKSONVILLE and OVER the HILL

- Mr. and Mrs. Jans Edwardson of Klamath county spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Buck on Little Applegate. Mrs. Edwardson is employed at the Indian agency near Chiloquin.
- Dale McMullen of Glendale, Oregon, is spending the week with his aunt, Mrs. Fred Straube. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Newbury of Medford also were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Straube Sunday.
- James Watson, Roseburg attorney, has returned to his home after spending two weeks on the Applegate, which included a camping trip to Donamore.
- Col. Robert A. Miller, former resident of Jacksonville and uncle of Vivian Beach, appeared on the convention program of the League of Western Writers held in Portland last week. Colonel Miller talked Wednesday evening on "A Century of Education and Progress in Oregon." Colonel Miller, although somewhat deaf, still finds pleasure in meeting and talking with new friends, and many at convention were given a copy of his poem, "Rainier."
- The Nugget for magazines.
- Mrs. Earl Bostwick of Ashland vicinity visited Applegate friends a few days ago, and was a dinner guest of Mrs. Roy Offenbacher. Mr. Bostwick recently accepted employment with the Medford creamery, driving a truck covering the Applegate district.
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Vinton of Billings, Montana, are guests at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Helenbrook of Log Town mine, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Schumaker of Talent. This party, consisting of six people, motored to Crescent City Saturday and returned to Jacksonville Monday evening.
- Tom Ruddy of this city is in the hospital at Roseburg, being treated for a rupture which has bothered the war veteran for some time.
- Harland Clark, who is employed in Applegate CCC camp, spent the week-end at the home of his mother, Mrs. Jules Taylor, of this city.
- Mrs. Laura Taylor and daughter Lucille of Applegate visited Mrs. Ethyl Green of this city Saturday. Lucille took a music lesson during the afternoon.
- Stop at the Nugget.
- Among swimmers in the Applegate Sunday afternoon were Mrs. Mary Norvell and daughters Margaret and Barbara. Mrs. O. C. Lewis and Miss Alice Morgan of Jacksonville, Roy Jones and Junior Ayers of Central Point and Geraldine Jones of Medford.
- Miss Josephine Clute of Applegate left Saturday for Berkeley, Calif., where she will attend college.
- Roy Jones and Aaron Ayres of Central Point were Sunday visitors at the O. C. Lewis home in this city.
- Coke Brite of this city spent several weeks pocket hunting up Sterling mountain. He intends to return when he strikes it rich.
- Among Tuesday business callers in Medford were Mrs. Roy Bowman and daughter, Mary Brannan, of this city.
- Marion Smith and Doris and Jessie Clark made a business trip to Ashland Saturday. Doris plans to attend SONS there this fall.
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis of Butte Falls called on relatives here Monday afternoon.
- Mrs. Nettie Thompson and son Eugene of Medford spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Chris Keegan here.
- The Nugget for cold drinks.
- Them guys sure are fish fiends. Viv Beach, Ray Coleman, John Norris, Duke Lewis and Jim Little Jr. are at it again on the Rogue river. Bait, hook and land 'em is their motto. (Bill Johnson, reporter.)
- Bill (Screwball) Turner, who has been mining with Arthur Van Galder on the Jack Green place in this city, returned Monday evening from a trip to Denver, Colo. He was accompanied on the trip by his sister, Mrs. A. O. Van Galder.
- As told by Lee Kauffman, stock in the Bull Frog mine, owned and operated by Fred Combest and Charley Shannon, has went up \$10 a share. The shares are being sold by Harold Reed, local merchant in this city.
- The Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce had the town pump remodeled Tuesday afternoon, due to the fact that the pump handle has been removed from the much used Kenney well.
- R. C. Chappell is employed at the Chris Keegan home this week.
- Ralph Dustin, chief quartermaster of U. S. navy and friend of Shanghai, China, called on Ray Lewis of this city Wednesday forenoon. Mr. Dustin is a relative of Joe Busby, formerly of this city, now living in Burlington, Calif.

Misses Jessie and Doris Clark of Jacksonville returned Wednesday from a week's visit with Miss Josephine Clute of Applegate.

Western Union at the Nugget. Carroll Lewis of this city is spending his vacation with an uncle, Will Matney of Applegate. He will not return until beginning of school.

Doris Clark of Jacksonville, Mr. and Mrs. Ike Dunford and son Le Von of Griffin creek and Mrs. Pearl Dunford and children of Applegate will journey to Crescent City Sunday.

Ed Coffman, formerly of Jacksonville now residing in Medford, was a Jacksonville visitor Wednesday afternoon.

Julia Osborne of this city is being employed by Lewis Ulrich of Medford.

Miss Doris Clark called on Medford friends Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crump of Applegate were Medford and Jacksonville business visitors Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ethyl Jones and Ernest Price of Medford were guests at the O. C. Lewis home Wednesday evening. The party was entertained at pinocle.

Mrs. Alfred S. V. Carpenter of Old Stage road, who recently suffered a fractured leg, is improving.

Marian Smith, whose profession keeps him busy traveling, made a business trip to Butte Falls Wednesday.

The Rev. S. H. Jones, pastor of Jacksonville Presbyterian church, accompanied by Mrs. Jones, left recently for a short vacation trip.

Mrs. T. J. Kenney of Medford and daughter, Mrs. Kenter of Santa Barbara, Calif., were calling on relatives here recently.

Mrs. Alice Ulrich is visiting at the home of Mrs. H. Luy in Medford.

T. A. Burnfiel and family and Frank Hammond and family are spending the week at Diamond lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis of near Butte Falls called on relatives and friends here Saturday.

Albert Olsen, Pete Norman and a friend made a trip to Oregon Caves Sunday.

Elizabeth Anthrem of Pennsylvania, an aunt of Chester Purcell, was a recent visitor at the Purcell home here. She enjoyed a trip to Crater Lake and Oregon Caves during her stay.

Mrs. Evelyn Combs of Medford visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Childers, here Wednesday.

Mrs. Clyde Fields and sons Kenneth and Clayton planned to move to Medford Saturday.

Mrs. I. A. Dewes, who has been ill at her home here, is reported improving nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ike Coffman and children left Monday for Star gulch, where they planned to spend the week.

Courteous service at the Nugget. Judge Frank Tou Velle, Ernest and Albert Olsen of Jacksonville and Elmer Ross and Ray Potter of the Tou Velle ranch left Friday morning for Midville, Idaho, where they will be gone on a five-day business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Smith were among those attending the picnic at Helman baths in Ashland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Niedermeyer attended a Sunday school class party of the Christian church in Medford at Jackson hot springs Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McIntyre are the parents of a baby girl born August 13.

Mrs. L. C. Cady spent several days visiting her grandmother, Mrs. J. R. Hill, and other relatives in Eugene. She returned Monday evening.

Dr. L. C. Cady and wife and son Theodore, who have been visiting the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Cady of Jacksonville, are leaving Thursday morning for Crescent City. They will visit the Oregon Caves and Crescent City, then travel north on the coast highway to Seattle, then by way of Spokane, Wash., home to Moscow, Idaho, where Dr. Cady is due to take up his work again as a member of the faculty of the University of Idaho. Dr. Cady is returning from a year's post-graduate study at the University of Wisconsin, for which he was granted a year leave of absence from Uoof.

The Life of Reilly

By REILLY HIMSELF

A prospector's life can hardly be described as short and merry. But it is at least busy, with very few dull moments in it, especially in the summertime.

Take the average prospector, for example.

He needs no alarm clock. Shortly after daylight each morning he is rudely awakened by some early rising, hunger-ridden mosquito, who shoves about half an inch of case-hardened proboscis into some place in his anatomy. No more sleep after that, so he rises and starts dressing but discovers he has had a visit from a porcupine during the night, that has eaten the entire side out of one of his shoes. Nothing can be done about it, so he swallows his wrath and goes to the spring for a bucket of water, but backs up when he sees an immense, obscene, filthy toad calmly soaking his warts in the cool drinking water. So he drags the toad out, kills him and gets his water from another source farther away. Breakfast over, dishes washed, he hikes out to find some firewood. Returning with a large armful, he steps on a fat, sluggish bull snake too lazy to get out of the path. This causes him to lose his balance as well as the firewood and roll down a bank into a cluster of blackberry bushes, whose many thorn-loaded stems receive him gratefully and enfold him with such fervor that by the time he gets loose his clothes are in rags, his face and hands scratched and his body resembles a pincushion. The snake meanwhile has escaped.

It is now time to resume his unfinished work of yesterday in the placer claim. Presently, reaching his hand under a boulder to turn it over, he receives a painful sting from the tail of a black scorpion that has been waiting there patiently all its life for such a favorable opportunity. This is all in the day's work, so he goes ahead digging and uncovers a deep pot-hole that by all the rules of placer mining should contain a nice deposit of the precious metal. Cleaning this out carefully, he pans it and is rewarded by the sight of one lonely little color the size of a gnat's toe-nail. This is rather poor remuneration for the labor and sweat expended during a hard morning's digging but a prospector never allows himself to become discouraged. If he did he wouldn't be a prospector.

An uneasy sensation on his back between his shoulders, in a spot he can neither see nor reach, causes him to request the assistance of a friend. Removing his

shirt, a wood tick is disclosed which has bored deep into the flesh until it is almost buried from sight. The friend attempts to remove it but only succeeds in pulling away the tick's body, leaving the head imbedded in the flesh, which means several days of intense itching, if nothing worse.

Arriving home, he discovers a gray-digger has carried away most of his potatoes, little black ants have bored a hole into his sugar sack and are swarming all through the sweet stuff, and a small piece of fresh meat that he intended to have for dinner has been ruined by blow flies. He picks up a tomato to slice it but finds the whole interior has been homesteaded by a big, white, nasty looking worm. Noticing a mud-dauber wasp coming out of his best hat, which is hanging on a nail, he takes a look-see and is amazed to see the whole interior of his hat is a mass of sticky clay, glued tightly to the lining. It will take two hours of hard work to clean up that mess.

After a bite of dinner he sits down to rest a few minutes and, becoming drowsy, drops off to sleep. But his nap is cut short by a few thousand houseflies who start a game of golf on his bald head. Oh well, he ought to be at work anyhow so out he goes and encounters a hornet, that makes a swipe at his face. He succeeds in dodging this, but the hornet, not to be cheated out of its fun, makes a swift revolution and, coming back, hits him a foul rabbit-punch on the back of his neck which makes him say "OUCH!"

During his afternoon's work he has to clear away some roots from his diggings and they turn out to be poison oak and he gets well salivated. Ruminating quietly in his camp after supper, he catches a glimpse of a rattlesnake slipping under a piece of board not far away, with the intention evidently of bumming a night's lodging on the premises. This calls for immediate action. He puts off making a light as long as possible to avoid the swarms of moths who will be attracted and which are a great nuisance. Some flutter around the light as a camouflage for the rest, who search diligently for woolen clothes in which they lay their eggs, which in time develop into young moths, which in turn eat holes in said woolen clothes, which when discovered by the prospector cause him to use up a lot of profanity.

Bedtime comes at last and the prospector drops upon his caloused knees as all pious prospectors do, to thank the Lord for having preserved him through the daylight hours and to request that half a dozen of the most experienced angels be appointed to guard him while he slumbers. But before he has finished, a sharp twinge of rheumatism gets in its dirty work and involuntarily he exclaims, "Damn that rheumatism anyway," which puts the kibosh

on everything. The Angel Gabriel just makes a black mark in his book and turns away with a scowl. The prospector has barely closed his eyes in sleep when a noisy rattling arouses him. Just some nice playing tag in a lot of old papers. He sets the mouse trap and goes to sleep again, when a tremendous clatter brings him wide awake again. He snaps on his flash and sees a big black and white skunk making himself at home by knocking the dishes around and rummaging for something to eat. There is nothing can be done about it only cover up head and all and let him have his fun.

Finally, having explored every part of the camp, the skunk gets on the bed and prowls around for a while but, finding nothing there, goes away and the prospector is not molested further, except by a spider that crawls under the blankets and hands the sleeper a bite that raises a welt as large as a pigeon egg. However, a little thing like that doesn't count, so the prospector slumbers deeply until comes the old familiar daylight and the old familiar mosquito slams the old case-hardened proboscis into the old aforesaid anatomy, as per schedule, and it is time to get up and do it all over again as on yesterday.

It sure is a great life if one doesn't weaker.—J. C. Reynolds.

Not questioning the Lord's wisdom in any way, but we would still like to know what is the big idea of dumping all that rain out in the Pacific ocean, when the farmers of the middle states have been praying their heads off for water to relieve the drought?

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