

GUILDS OF DEER CAUSE 'TRAGEDY' IN IDAHO WOODS

By J. C. REYNOLDS

After working behind a drilling machine in a mine in eastern Oregon for nearly eight months, I began to cough and, fearing I had contracted miner's consumption, went to Baker and took the lung test. My lungs were pronounced all right, but I was advised to get away from machines for awhile, as I had been inhaling too much arsenic dust. So I took a prospecting trip to Idaho that summer, 1910, and was all o-k again in a couple of months.

Whenever I had a chance to go somewhere I always thought of Idaho first, for be it known that Idaho's placers, though shallow, were far richer while they lasted than anything California has ever produced. And whenever I went over there I was pretty sure to pick up a few hundred dollars the old miners had overlooked.

I went up on a little stream that empties into the Salmon river (never mind the name of it), which little stream had contributed 60,000,000 in gold in the old days. And it was only one of many such streams.

I had a hunting and fishing license as per usual, but it was closed season on most of the wild game and I had no intention of violating the game laws. There were rabbits and squirrels and if a man got too hungry for fresh meat, there were fool hens which could be knocked over with a club. Oodles of deer, too, but I had made up my mind to let the deer strictly alone. But the bears were numerous and bad that year. Several sheep herds had to be moved away from that district on account of their depredations and the herders swore that even the black bears were on the prowl and ready to put up a scrap if disturbed, something never heard of before.

So I thought it was good policy to carry my rifle along on prospecting trips. All my life I have carried a rifle on a strap slung over my shoulder, which leaves both hands free and I have surprised a lot of people here in the west with the celerity with which I can slip it off my shoulder and into action when necessary. And as to the sights, I never use them except for very long shots. I have often been criticized for my method of hunting, but what difference does the method amount to just so one brings home the meat. And I always got my share of that, generally more.

One morning after I had been in the hills a couple of months I started out for a trip into the higher mountains. About a quarter of a mile from camp I ran onto a yearling doe, 50 feet or so from the trail. She raised up her head and looked at me. So I stopped and began to talk to her.

"Look here, young lady," I said, "Don't you know you are doing a very foolish thing to be feeding so close to the trail? Why don't you run when you see a man coming with a gun? What kind of a mama did you have to not teach you better than that?"

She just stood and listened for probably five minutes while I talked, then moved slowly across the trail and vanished into a ravine which ran parallel. During this time I had not even touched my rifle.

I had gone maybe a quarter of a mile farther when she came up out of the ravine, stopped and stood looking at me as before. I sat down on a fallen tree beside the trail and gave her quite a lecture. "I have seen quite a few nitwits," I told her, "but you seem to be the head crackpot of the whole bunch. Why don't you behave yourself and run away somewhere and play? It's a good thing for you I am not feeling bloodthirsty today or you would be on the way to my frying pan right now."

She listened soberly for a few minutes, then trotted off in the direction I was going and disappeared for the second time and I was glad of it as she had begun to get on my nerves a trifle.

I had gone on some distance when I saw her again. She had made a revolution through the woods and now stood squarely facing me in the trail a hundred yards away. Again I stopped and this time I bawled her out proper. "You darned little fool," I exploded, "are you trying to flirt with me? Do you think because of your sex you can get away with all this rough stuff? Not one man in a hundred would take what I have taken from you this morning. Just to show you how close you have been to cashing in your chips in the last half hour, I will take this rifle off my shoulder and point it at you. I am in no hurry and you have plenty of time to beat it. Now very slowly I will take a bead just between your eyes and a little above.

"Does that spell anything to you? It don't? Well, I will pull back the hammer to show you what a dangerous spot you are in. What, are you still there? Well, I will give you a good break. I will count twenty slowly and while I am doing that you had better scam. So I counted twenty and some way my finger took a sudden cramp from holding the rifle so long in a strained position and touched the hair trigger and the doe fell with a bullet in her brain."

Which only goes to show how it is possible for even a well-intentioned man to finally succumb to the wiles of the female sex.

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DEATHS

MRS. FLORENCE CAMPBELL

Mrs. Florence Campbell died at the Community hospital Tuesday following the effects of a recent operation. She was 50 years of age. Mrs. Campbell is survived by her husband, E. D. Campbell of Route 1, one son, Sam Shunk, of Ceiling, Oklahoma.

Funeral services will be conducted from the Stock-Litwiller chapel Friday at 11 a.m., with interment in the Mountain View cemetery.

ERNEST ARTHUR PURVE

Death came as a shock to family of Ernest Arthur Purves, well-known resident of Ashland for many years, on Tuesday, July 2, at Jacksonville. He was born on March 8, 1870, near Ashland on Jenny creek and had lived in or near Ashland all his life.

He is survived by his wife, Carrie E., four daughter, Wanda and Geraldine of Ashland, Mrs. Grace Suich of Anacortes, Wash., and Mrs. Marica Hanna of Los Angeles. Three sisters, Nell Purves of North Dakota, Mrs. Gertrude Twogood of Idaho, who was here for some time before his death, Mrs. Maude Murphy, Susanville, Calif., and one brother, Roy Purves of Berkeley, Calif. mother, Mrs. Arminta Pur Ashland, also survives.

Services will be held at the Stock-Litwiller chapel on Friday at 2 p.m., with Reverend Dunham officiating. Interment will be at Talent.

HAROLD WILLIAM BOSTWICK

The death of Harold William Bostwick, resident of Valley View for a number of years, came as a surprise to friends and relatives July 1, at 3:30 in the morning.

Harold Bostwick was born on May 15, 1901, in Jacksonville, where he met Keturah Garle, who, on October 28, 1930, became his wife.

He is survived by his wife Keturah, his father, W. T. Bostwick, Everett and Earl Bostwick, a brother, Henry Bostwick of Medford, a sister, Josephine Brown.

Funeral services were conducted from the Stock-Litwiller chapel on Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. with the Rev. Sydney Hall officiating. Interment was at the Mountain View cemetery.

DR. MARCUS WOODS TO OPEN DENTAL OFFICE IN ASHLAND

Dr. Marcus B. Woods, recent graduate of the Pacific Dental college, Portland, will open a new dental office in the Swedenberg building the latter part of this month.

Dr. Woods graduated from the University of Oregon in 1930, and took graduate work at Berkeley, and then four years at Pacific college. He will spend a short time in Vancouver barracks as reserve officer, following which he will return to Ashland to open his new dental office.

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