

Oregon Senior News



Volume #7, Issue #9

October/November

www.OregonSeniorNews.com

DID YOU KNOW that Oregon Senior News has a website? oregonseniornews.com. Every past issue is posted there and can be read online so.... if you missed an episode of *Secret Agent X-9*, for example, you can catch up.

Do you own a business? If you're not in HERE, you're missing customers OUT THERE! See. p. 2 -

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SHELTER PICK

The Terrible Stinking Stinkbug



“Dinner!” Mother Stink Bug yelled. “Pizza crusts.”

“Yuck, pizza crusts,” Little Stinker mumbled. “Some-one always eats the soft, saucy parts. Then the crusts are hard as stone.”

Little Stinker was no ordinary stink bug. She came from a long line of Terrible Stinking Stink Bugs, and was the worst stinker of all. Phew! No one wanted to play with her. Yuck! No one wanted to be around her.

“I feel sad,” Little Stinker said to her mother. “I smell bad. I don’t wanna be a stink bug.”

“Once a stink bug, always a stink bug,” Mother said.

“Stink bug, ink bug! I wish I were a pink bug.” Little Stinker sang to herself and crawled under some fresh-mowed grass clippings. “Mmmm! I like this smell. I wish we could live in a grass pile.”

“Little Stinker!” Daddy yelled from the top of the trash pile. “Stop wishing. Get moving! The ‘Bug-Be-Gone’ (pg 2)

APPLEGATE INTERPRETIVE CENTER *by Jackie Deal*



Most people have dreams. Some people dream big. Betty Gaustad’s dream was 6,000 square feet. That’s a six thousand square foot interpretive museum of the Applegate Trail. Betty, with her 1940’s derby hat poised on the back of her head, nods and says “The museum is dedicated to the memory of Martha Leland Crowley; she’s a 16 year old girl who died and is buried here”. Martha was a member of the group of emigrants who in 1846 struggled over this new trail to reach Oregon. There were 13 in Martha’s family; only 5 survived the dangerous, treacherous trip by oxen-pulled wagons.

Martha died Oct. 18, 1846 after being sick for three weeks from typhoid fever. Her fiancée, David Guthrie, wrote in his journal “I made coffins for the members of our party who died. We had no boards left when Martha died, but I knocked some boxes to pieces and made her a coffin.” He and her family buried her and temporarily corralled cattle above her grave hoping to protect it from animals but animals found it anyway and two years later, miners discovered (p. 9)

Oregon Senior News, Who We Are

Oregon Senior News is a family-owned, growing Oregon based company. We were designed and created to serve the Senior Community. One of our goals is to reflect the individuality of all the different communities we serve.

Oregon Senior News is a Bi-monthly publication. Statistics show there are currently over **500,000** folks over the age of 50 living in our beautiful state. These are our folks, our readers. We are a very fast-growing publication. Between our newspaper and website, we have over **18,000** faithful followers every issue.

Our distribution covers the Oregon coast, from Florence to Bandon and inland as far as Myrtle Point. In the Rogue Valley we distribute to Sutherlin and Roseburg.

The Oregon Senior News is a commercial, tabloid (11" x 17") newspaper that features articles, advertising, and information of interest to people age 50+. Our website offers all the back issues from 2013 to present and is available in a PDF style flipbook and can also be downloaded directly to your computer. We work hard at finding interesting articles, local events and our editor is a wonder at finding stories from "yesteryear." Follow Dick Tracy, Bat Masterson, and Davy Crockett to name a few. We are creating an interesting paper to read, also filled with information to help you in your everyday living.

If you are giving any thought to using us as an advertising vehicle, ask yourself one question... **How does my business reach the Senior Market now?** The National Center for Policy Analysis in 2010 released the following information: In the State of Oregon seniors out-spend every other group of buyers. Seniors spend **\$133,486,000.00 every month** with local businesses throughout the state!

It may also interest you that The average net worth of Senior households is almost twice that of the total population and the average net worth for married seniors (\$173,950) is almost three times that of the total population.

We are working hard to earn your business and your trust... We are a **100% market hit** for your business to the Senior Marketplace. Our advertising and sales staff bring years of combined experience to the table to help you market your business, gain new customer base, and increase your profits. Call one of our sales staff today for a free quote.

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(Stink Bug - Cont. from page one)

men are coming today. We have to move."

"Here we go again," said Little Stinker, "always on the run."

Every time the exterminators came with their bug spray, the Terrible Stinking Stink Bug family had to scramble out from under their trash pile. Off the stink bugs went, searching for a new home. They crawled round and round and down and down and round and round some more. "I like traveling," Little Stinker said to her mother. "I like seeing new things and smelling new smells, but trash piles are all the same. Same old garbage. Same old stink. What if we moved to a grass pile or a wood pile?"

"Don't get any fancy ideas. Once a stink bug, always a stink bug," Mother warned. "The trash pile was good enough for your Great Grandma Phew. So it's good enough for you."

"Maybe, I could find my own trash pile to pick through," Little Stinker said half-aloud to herself. "But instead of a trash pile, maybe I'll find a sand pile or a pile of leaves to play in."

Following their leader, the Terrible Stinking Stink Bug family crawled and crawled, one after the other. (Turn to page 14)



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Home
Country
1947



NAKES!!

It is amazing to what lengths a man will go to make a living.....

Rudy Hale and his wife lived alone back of their little store fifty miles east of Yuma, and there was no one else for miles. Three steps from their door and you were ankle-deep in bare sand. The Hales caught live rattlesnake for a living. To me that would be ten-thousand times worse than death, but they enjoyed it.

The Arizona sands are filthy with rattlers. Rudy and his wife worked the desert for snakes as a farmer works his land for crops. Rattlers built them a place to live, rattlers kept them in food and clothing, rattlers provided the start for their little gas and grocery business. They loved rattlers.

Rudy Hale was born in Illinois of German parentage, and he still had an accent. He was brought up with the idea of being a surgeon. A relative sent him to school abroad and he studied medicine in Austria for years. When the relative died, his schooling stopped and his life turned.

He wound up in California, where he worked for twenty years as a master mechanic. Then carbon monoxide laid him out and he went to the Arizona desert for his health. It was after two years there that the Hales came right up against it and had to turn to snakes for a living.

They started out by advertising in a San Diego paper. Before they knew it, they were swamped with orders. They sold snakes to zoos all over the country, to private collectors, to medical centers for serum, to state reptile farms, to the Mayo brothers. They say there aren't any snakes in Ireland," said Mrs. Hale, "But I know there are, because we've shipped snakes to Ireland."

They didn't even use forked sticks to catch snakes - just picked them up with bare hands and put them in a box slung over the shoulder. They usually hunted snakes for an hour after daylight and an hour before dark. In eight years, they had caught approximately twenty-thousand rattlers. Rudy had caught as many as fifty sidewinders in one hour's hunting. They had the desert cleaned almost bare of snakes for twenty miles around.

There are twelve species of rattlers in that part of Arizona. The sidewinder is the most deadly, and the Hales specialized in sidewinders. They used to get fifty cents apiece for them. "I just wish I could get fifty cents again," Rudy said. "They're down to twenty cents now." The most he ever got for a snake was seven dollars; that was a rare Black Mountain rattler. He said the huge snakes didn't bring in as much as medium-sized ones. They were harder to keep in captivity, and zoos didn't



(page 5)

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THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

August 2, 1914
W. A. Pettit

FINAL INSTALLMENT



COW CREEK CANYON AN
IDEAL ROBBERS' RETREAT

According to The Oregonian in 1914, no more desolate spot existed in our country where, "under cover of darkness, desperadoes may operate and escape."

When we last visited this story, the Southern Pacific Railroad had been held up by a band of robbers. Local law enforcement was too far away to intervene. These robbers appeared to have some gentlemanly traits: - Refusing to take money from women or from men who appeared to be down on their luck, but John Case, and James and Albert Poole, were serious about their vocation....

Express Messenger Ralph Donahew hesitated a minute when the robber leveled his revolver and ordered the messenger to make haste. The robber took the contents of the safe, and later ordered the messenger to open the through box. The messenger bluffed the desperado by stating that he did not know the combination to the through safe and could not open it. After remaining in the express car for several minutes the messenger, engineer, fireman and a tramp were marched ahead to the mail car, which was opened by the mail clerk after he had been threatened with dynamite. After robbing the mail car, the convoy of trainmen was then marched to the next car, which was the day coach. The robber brought up the rear with a big revolver in hand. There were two day coaches, two tourist cars and two Pullman sleepers. As the trainmen preceded the robber into each car the bandit remarked:

"Now, gentlemen, come on and dig up. I haven't but a few minutes to be with you. We're just taking up a little collection."

At times the bandit seemed disgusted at the apparent poverty of the passengers and cursed. One had a watch which the bandit said he could not use and it was carelessly thrown on the floor. When the robbery was completed the robbers got together and made their escape.

(turn to page 4)

(Cow Creek - continued from page 3)



Sheriff Follows Horse Tracks

On the morning following the holdup and robbery, George K. Quine, the resent Sheriff of Douglas County, who at that time lived near Riddle, visited the scene of the robbery. Being of an observing nature he took particular notice of horse tracks which he found in the vicinity, later following them through fields, over hills and through valleys to the home of James Poole's father, then living on the South Umpqua River at a point about 37 miles from the scene of the robbery. Mr. Quine also found a part of a gunny sack near the scene of the hold-up, while the other part of the sack was found in an outbuilding on the Poole ranch. Other incriminating evidence against Poole was found through a careful examination of the tracks in the soft ground, which tallied accurately with those of John Case and James Poole. Much other evidence was found by Mr. Quine which satisfied him beyond a doubt that Poole and Case were the parties responsible for the robbery. They were seen leading a gray horse in the direction of the hold-up on the day previous, and were later seen making their way homeward.

Three Are Arrested

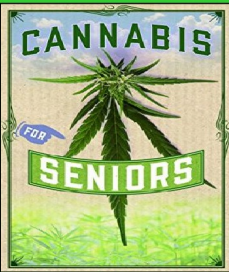
Acting on all the information and evidence at hand George Quine placed John Case and James and Albert Poole under arrest on July 4, or just three days after the robbery was committed. They were taken to Portland and, after a trial, John Case and James Poole were convicted. Albert Poole was acquitted. The jury was out in 45 minutes, and only one ballot was taken. In all, 60 witnesses were examined on behalf of the state.

A few days later, the attorneys for the defense moved for a new trial on the grounds that the evidence adduced during the hearing did not warrant the verdict returned by the jury. Judge Bellinger, then sitting in the Federal Court, set aside the verdict and the case passed into history.

At the time of the trial, rewards totaling \$16,000 had been posted for the arrest and conviction of the robbers. This sum would have been claimed by Quine had not the verdict been set aside. Case, one of the men convicted in connection with the train hold-up and later released by the decision, was recently killed while attempting to hold up a streetcar in Tacoma, Washington. The Poole (p. 5)



Charles Bellinger



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At Rooted Coast, you will find a very welcoming, relaxed environment. We have personal medical Marijuana experience and we opened our shop to help other people understand how Cannabis is an essential part of a healthful life. To continue our dedication to healthy living and Cannabis education, we have a Wellness Room where we currently offer FREE Beginner's Yoga classes on Saturday mornings and Wednesday evenings. Our yoga instructor is highly qualified and creates a very accepting, relaxing environment. No experience needed and our instructor has years of experience teaching yoga to people with limited mobility. Starting this fall, we will also be offering FREE Cannabis education classes! Classes being offered will range from an Introduction to Cannabis class to how to use Cannabis for various ailments.

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and perseverance.

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Operation Coos County

(Cow Creek, Continued from p. 4)

and Case boys always bore a shady reputation and prior to their arrest on a charge of holding up the train, had been convicted of minor crimes. Two of their number had served terms in the state penitentiary.

George Quine says the evidence against Poole and Case was conclusive and that the jury made no mistake when they returned a verdict of guilty against them. It was said at the time that loot to the value of \$15,000 was secured by the bandits. (end) (Poole and Case)



(Snakes! - continued from page 3)

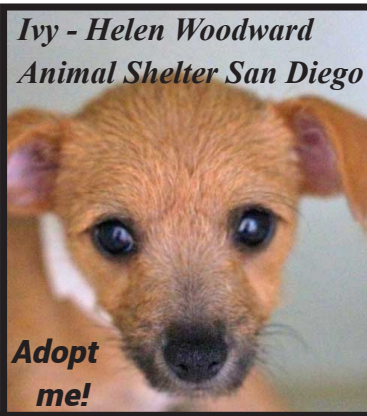


want them. Hale had caught rattlers as big around as his leg. He had caught them so big that they'd overpower him and pull his arms together, and he's have to throw them away from him and then pick them up and try again. "I'm careful not to hurt a snake," he said. "Any snake I ship is a good healthy snake."

Both Hale and his wife would let rattlers crawl all over them. She even carried them around in her pockets. Neither of them had ever been bitten, but her brother had. He was bitten five times, quick as a flash, by a nest of sidewinders. He didn't say a word - just went and laid down in the sand, flat on his back, stretched out his arms, shut his eyes, and lay there still-as-death for half an hour, then he went back to work. Nothing ever happened. The Hales said that most people who died of snakebite really did of fright. Mrs. Hale's brother sat down on a rattler once. One time Rudy himself stepped right into the middle of a huge coiled rattler; his foot slipped and he fell down among the coils, but for some reason he wasn't bitten.

"There's no danger if you watch your business," Hale said. "You mustn't be thinking about anything else when you're picking up a sidewinder." He said the hand was quicker than a snake's strike, and if you missed him the first grab, you could jerk back in time. Lots of times when they saw a rattler coiled they would just ease up and slide a hand through the sand under it, and lift it up right in the palm of the hand, still coiled.

Rudy had only one sidewinder on hand the day I was there. It was in a roofless concrete tank behind the house. He took me out for a look after dark and turned on a dim little electric light. He took a stick with a nail in it and got the sidewinder hooked over the nail, and had it lifted almost to the top of the tank. Just then his little red dog stuck its cold nose up my pants leg. I let out a yell and landed somewhere way over the other side of Gila Bend, and never did go back after the car.



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SECRET AGENT X-9 and
the MAD ASSASSIN

Robert Storm

King Features Syndicate, Inc.
New York NY
1937

Part III



Big Little books were first published by Western Publishing in the 1930's and were 10 cents. They were popular during the age of the Great Depression and cheap to print. The original books had hardboard covers and were illustrated on every other page. Most had about 300 pages. In this issue of OSN, we feature the third installment of Secret Agent X-9 and the Mad Assassin.

Evil comes in all forms, and X-9 is up to the task - even for the job of tracking down an evil scientist whose weapon of choice is to inject his enemies with the deadly malaria virus! Now X-9 has a lead. The notorious Fats Moller and his companions in crime have been trapped at the front door of the gangster's own home!

"There ain't nothin' to see in this house!" objected Moller.

"Well, we'll just walk through for the exercise," retorted Secret Agent X-9. "Get going!"

He poked his gun between the shoulder blades of the gangster and together they set out on a tour of inspection. Room-after-room they went through. X-9 found nothing suspicious. Finally the search led them to the attic. "Here," Moller barked.

"I can't open this door," he told X-9 gruffly.

"You'll open it or somebody'll open you for a bullet," said the secret agent, and jabbed his automatic into the other's back.

The next instant the door shot open. Moller darted inside, whirled, and snatched a revolver that was lying on a table.

X-9 was taken off guard.



Inside the attic, chained to a chair, sat Susan Lamarr.

"Hands up, G-Man!" roared Moller. "Kinda surprised, ain't ya! Awright, drop that gun!"

X-9 tossed his automatic to the floor.

"What are you doing here?" he asked the girl, stepping toward her.

Before she could answer, Fats Moller swung his clubbed revolver into the secret agent's temple. As X-9 fell the gangster drove a couple of vicious punches at him, and then kicked his prostrate body.

THE FOOTPRINT

When X-9 came to his senses he found himself in the attic tied to a chair. Beside him, also a prisoner, sat Susan Lamarr.

"Why are you here?" he asked the girl.

"My brother," she replied, -- he doesn't trust me."

"Then that maniac really is your brother?"

She nodded, and seemed about to speak further when there was the clicking of a key in the lock of the door.



The next moment the door opened and Fats Moller waddles into the attic. He glanced contemptuously at X-9. Then he turned and spoke to somebody behind him.

"Here's the Fed, boss."

"Fix the door," said a harsh voice outside in the hall.

Moller opened a small sliding panel in the center of the door. Then he stepped to one side, closing the door as he did so. Immediately a pair of slaring eyes appeared at the slit. For an instant they blazed at X-9. Then the same harsh voice spoke beyond the door.

"X-9, you've interfered too often in my business!"

"Is that so?" said the secret agent calmly.

"Cut the funny stuff, G-Man!" snapped Fats Moller.

"Should I bump him off, boss?"

"Come here, Fats!" ordered the voice behind the door.

When Moller stood beside the open panel the man outside spoke softly:

"We can't take any chance on killing a G-man right now, Fats. Drug the fed. Then take Susan with you. Watch her! I don't trust the girl, and we can't afford to have her get away!"

Moller nodded. The eyes at the door vanished.



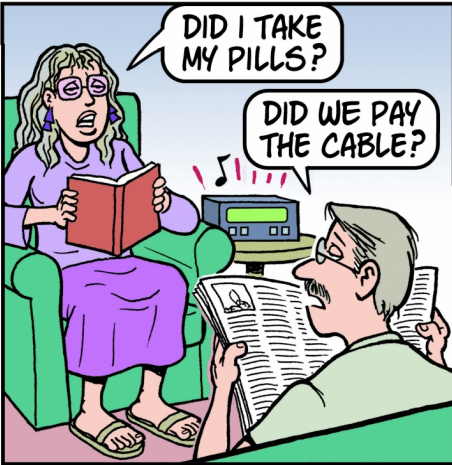
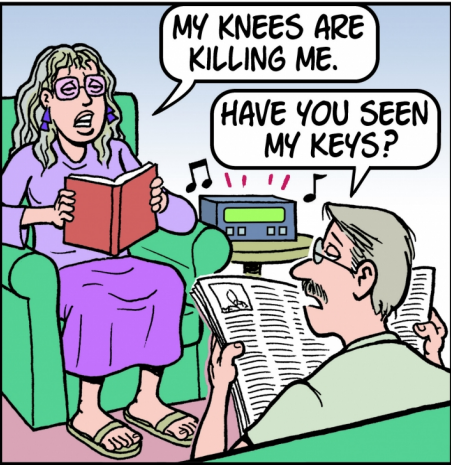
"You're going with me, Susan," said the gangster, as he unlocked the girl's chains.

"What about him?" demanded Susan (p. 7)

BOOMERISH by Steve Greenberg

www.boomerish.com

steve@greenberg-art.com



(X-9, continued from page 6)

indicating X-9.
"Him?" chuckled Moller. "He's going to take a little nap!"

He went to a corner of the room, poured some foul-smelling liquid on a dirty rag, flung the rag over the G-Man's face and held it there.

In a few minutes X-9's head dropped limply forward.
"That takes care of him," leered Moller. "He won't wake up for hours. Come on, Susan!"

He shoved the girl roughly ahead of him and together they left the prison attic.

It was the middle of the night when X-9 woke up from his drugged sleep. For half an hour he struggled with his bonds. When he had at last worked free he switched on a light.

The first thing he saw was a note pinned to the wall.
"This time you're free," ran the words. "But interfere again and you're a dead G-man!"

The secret agent's eyes narrowed as he read this threat, and a look of determination came over his lean face.

He hurried downstairs and telephoned the F.B.I. office. Ten minutes later F-21 and a couple of other federal men arrived at the house.

Under X-9's directions they searched the lawn and curb for footprints. Dozens were found, but most were badly blurred. One, however, stood out clearly. "Get our moulage expert to take a plaster cast of this," ordered X-9. "Now let's look over the house for fingerprints." But after a long search of the house the G-Men succeeded only in finding prints which turned out to be Fats Moller's. There were no traces of the mysterious man whose eyes had glared at X-9 through the slit in the door.

But the next day in the F.B.I. laboratory the moulage expert handed X-9 a plaster cast of the footprint found on the lawn.

"The sole is a little blurred, but the heel marks are a hundred percent clear," explained the laboratory man.

"Good!" said X-9. "Let's check it with all the manufacturers' designs we have on file."

The clerk revealed that this particular heel was Design 437-B, used by the Morton Manufacturing Company, of Boston.

"I'll talk to the Morton people by long distance," said X-9.

He spent a few minutes at the telephone. The Morton Company was unable to give him immediately the information he was asking for, but promised to call him back within an hour.

Forty minutes later X-9 was summoned to the phone.
"According to our records the shoe you're inquiring about was sold to only one store in Washington," reported the manufacturer. "That store is Melwell's."

"Thanks a lot!" said the secret agent.

He and F-21 went directly to Melwell's. Again there was some delay as the manager of the store checked up on purchasers of the particular shoe. After poring over his records the manager gave the G-Men a list of ninety-three customers.

"All of these men bought shoes of that serial number," he

said. "I hope this helps you to get your man!"
"We hope so too!" smiled X-9.
For the next three days the G-Men checked on the purchasers of the shoes. Many of the men they checked on were well known. None were in any way suspicious characters.

"Well, we've got three names left on our list," said X-9 at last. "Who's next, F-21?"

"Fellow named Talcott Weymour," said the other agent. "Stocks and bonds."

"We'll drive around and see him right now," decided X-9. He got Weymour's address from the list, and swung the roadster speedily out into the passing traffic.

As he drove up in front of the building in which Weymour had his office, a black sedan stopped at the curb across the street.

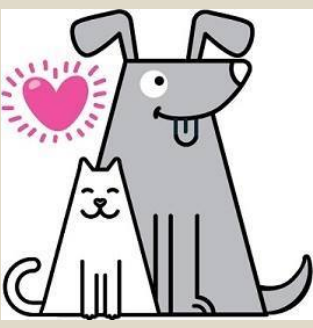
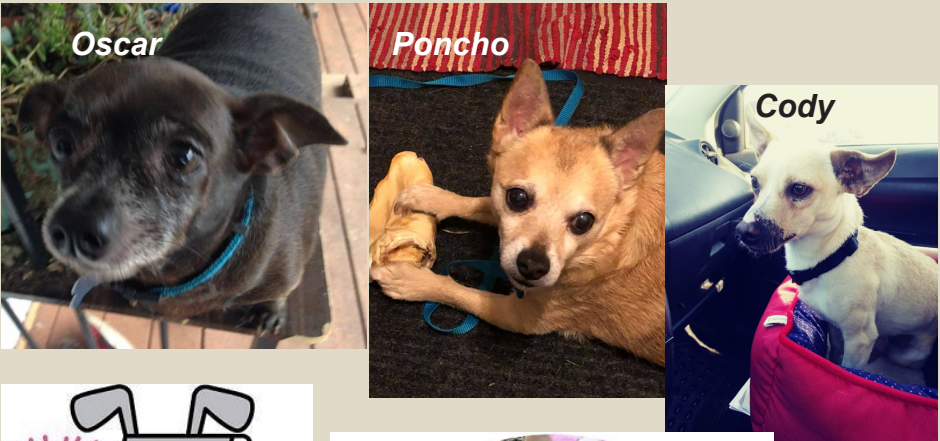
"Look there!" cried X-9. "The man in that sedan is Joe Lamarr!"

A MIDNIGHT VISIT

"Wait here!" X-9 told F-21. "I'm going to follow him!" (p. 9)

*Children are
the living
messages we
send to a time
we will not see.*

John W. Whitehead



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MY FIRST CIGAR

BY ROBERT J.
BURDETTE



'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day,
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun
Pursued his westward way;
And in my safe seclusion
Removed from all the jar
And din of earth's confusion
I smoked my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
It was the worst cigar!
Raw, green and dank, hide-bound and rank
It was my first cigar!

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the smoke-wreaths blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew!
Dark night closed in around me—
Black night, without a star—
Grim death methought had found me
And spoiled my first cigar.

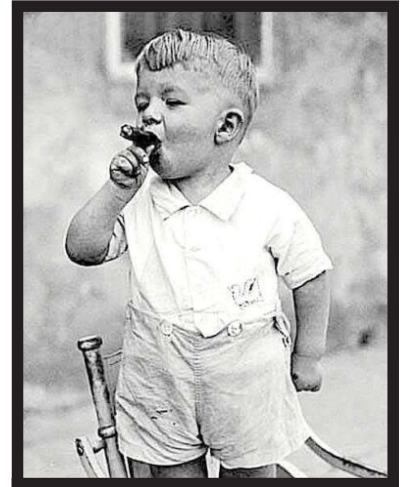
It was my first cigar!
A six-for-five cigar!
No viler torch the air could scorch—
It was my first cigar!

All pallid was my beaded brow,
The reeling night was late,
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"
I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far,
I knew he knew I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar!

It was my first cigar!
A give-away cigar!
I could not die—I knew not why—
It was my first cigar!

Since then I've stood in reckless ways,
I've dared what men can dare,
I've mocked at danger, walked with death,
I've laughed at pain and care.
I do not dread what may befall
'Neath my malignant star,
No frowning fate again can make
Me smoke my first cigar.

I've smoked my first cigar!
My first and worst cigar!
Fate has no terrors for the man
Who's smoked his first cigar!



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(X-9 - Continued from page 7)

He jumped out of the roadster and ran across the street. Already the man he had recognized as Lamarr had disappeared into the be double doorway of the office building.

X-9 reached the building just as the other man was getting into the elevator. He heard the elevator operator say, "Yes, sir, second floor," and then the door lid shut. X-9 dashed up the stairs. On the way he heard the elevator door clang open at the floor above. When the secret agent reached the second floor hall, he saw a man ducking into an office.

The sign on the office door read: "Talcott Weymour - Stocks and Bonds."

Inside that office Joe Lamarr was excitedly whispering to a man at a desk:

"There's somebody following me, Jake! Stall him here if he comes in!"

Hastily he entered an inner room and began ripping off his coat and shirt.

When X-9 entered the office, the man at the desk told him that at the moment Mr. Weymour was busy. The secret agent insisted on seeing Mr. Weymour at once. For a few moments, he argued with the other. Meanwhile, in the inner room, Lamarr was hastily disguising himself.

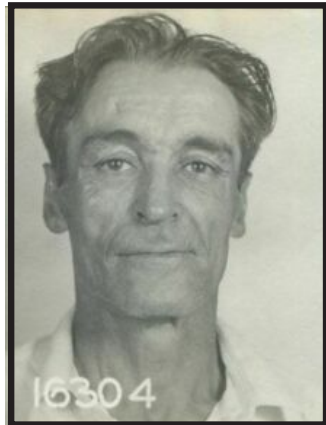
Finally, X-9 shoved past the man at the desk and burst into the other room. Seated at the desk was a kind-looking white-haired old gentleman with a neatly waxed mustache.

"Good day, suh," said this person, in a drawling Southern accent. "What can I do foh you, suh!"

"Are you Talcott Weymour?" demanded X-9.

The other nodded.

"Didn't somebody else come into this office (p. 14)



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Applegate - Continued from page 1)

her bones and reburied them.

Betty says the museum "was built out of love, honor and respect" for her.

The grave is lovingly tended by Betty and Phil Moore, the museum's faithful volunteer. This year Phil weeded it and mended the fence protecting it from marauding animals and added a little black and white teddy bear.

Martha's grave gives Grave Creek and the Grave Creek Covered Bridge their names. Originally the area was called Graves Creek but the State (p 19)



Betty Gaustad, developer, owner of Applegate Trail museum

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Mary Smith

by Eugene Field 1896

Away down East where I was reared amongst my Yankee kith,
There used to live a pretty girl whose name was Mary Smith;
And though it's many years since last I saw that pretty girl,
And though I feel I'm sadly worn by Western strife and whirl;
Still, oftentimes, I think about the old familiar place,
Which, someway, seemed the brighter for Miss Mary's pretty face,
And in my heart I feel once more revived the glow
I used to feel in those old times when I was Mary's beau.

I saw her home from singing school--she warbled like a bird.
A sweeter voice than hers for song or speech I never heard.
She was soprano in the choir, and I a solemn bass,
And when we unisoned our voices filled that holy place;
The tenor and the alto never had the slightest chance,
For Mary's upper register made every heart-string dance;
And, as for me, I shall not brag, and yet I'd have you know
I sung a very likely bass when I was Mary's beau.

On Friday nights I'd drop around to make my weekly call,
And though I came to visit her, I'd have to see 'em all.
With Mary's mother sitting here and Mary's father there,
The conversation never flagged so far as I'm aware;
Sometimes I'd hold her worsted, sometimes we'd play at games,
Sometimes dissect the apples which we'd named each other's names.
Oh how I loathed the shrill-toned clock that told me when to go--
'Twas ten o'clock at half-past eight when I was Mary's beau.

Now there was Luther Baker--because he'd come of age
And thought himself some pumpkins because he drove the stage--
He fancied he could cut me out; but Mary was my friend--
Elsewise I'm sure the issue had had a tragic end.
For Luther Baker was a man I never could abide,
And, when it came to Mary, either he or I had died.
I merely cite this instance incidentally to show
That I was quite in earnest when I was Mary's beau.

How often now those sights, those pleasant sights, recur again:
The little township that was all the world I knew of then--
The meeting-house upon the hill, the tavern just beyond,
Old deacon Packard's general store, the sawmill by the pond,
The village elms I vainly sought to conquer in my quest
Of that surpassing trophy, the golden oriole's nest.
And, last of all those visions that come back from long ago,
The pretty face that thrilled my soul when I was Mary's beau.

Hush, gentle wife, there is no need a pang should vex your heart--
'T is many years since fate ordained that she and I should part;
To each a true, maturer love came in good time, and yet
It brought not with its nobler grace the power to forget.
And would you fain begrudge me now the sentimental joy
That comes of recollections of my sparkings when a boy?
I warrant me that, were your heart put to the rack, t'would show
That it had predilections when I was Mary's beau.



And, Mary, should these lines of mine seek out your biding place,
God grant they bring the old sweet smile back to your pretty face--

God grant they bring you thoughts of me, not as I am to-day,
With faltering step and brimming eyes and aspect grimly gray;
But thoughts that picture me as fair and full of life and glee
As we were in the olden times--as you shall always be.
Think of me ever, Mary, as the boy you used to know
When time was fleet, and life was sweet, and I was Mary's beau.



It's not all bad, this getting old, ripening.
After the fruit has got its growth, it should
juice up and mellow. God forbid I should
live long enough to ferment and rot and fall
to the ground in a squash.

Josh Billings



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JUNGLE NIGHTS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

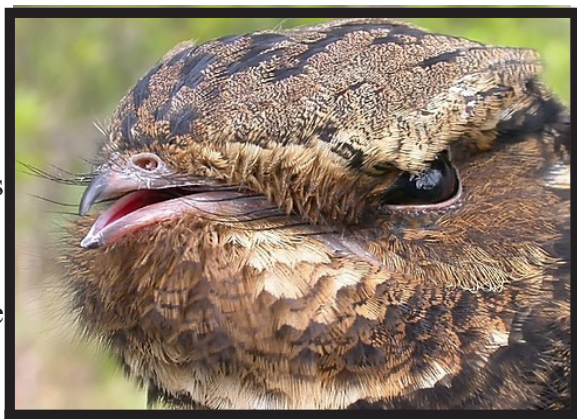


William Beebe (1877-1962) was a naturalist, an adventurer, and a prolific writer. He was the first to use the deep sea bathysphere. Here is one of his stories about the jungles of British Guiana, near Brazil, in South America.

It was nearly midnight. We traversed a broad trail of white sand, between lines of saplings of pale-barked rubber trees, flooded, saturated, with milky-gray light. Not a star appeared in the cloudless sky, which, in contrast to the great silver moon-plaque, was blue-black. These open sandy stretches, so recently etched into what had been primitive jungle, were too glowing with light for most of the nocturnal creatures who, in darkness, flew and ran and hunted about in them. And the lovers of twilight were already come and gone. The stage was vacant save for one actor—the nighthawk of the silvery collar, whose eerie wheeeo! or more leisurely and articulate who-are-you? was queried from stump and log. There was in it the same liquid tang, the virile ringing of skates on ice, which enriches the cry of the whip-poor-will in our country lanes.

Where the open trail skirted a hillside we came suddenly upon a great gathering of these goat-suckers, engaged in some strange midnight revel. Usually they roost and hunt and call in solitude, but here at least forty were collected on the white sand within an area of a few yards. We stopped and watched. They were dancing—or, rather, popping, as corn pops in a hopper. One after another, or a half dozen at a time, they bounced up a foot or two from the ground and flopped back, at the instant of leaving and returning uttering a sudden, explosive wop! This they kept up unceasingly for the five minutes we gave to them, and our passage interrupted them for only a moment. Later we passed single birds which popped and wopped in solitary state; whether practicing, or snobbishly refusing to perform in public, only they could tell. It was a scene not soon forgotten.

Suddenly before us rose the jungle, raw-edged, with border zone of bleached, ashamed trunks and lofty branches white as chalk, of dead and dying trees. For no jungle tree, however hardy, can withstand the blasting of



violent sun after the foliage is torn away. As the diver plunges beneath the waves, so, after one glance backward over the silvered landscape, I passed at a single stride into what seemed by contrast inky blackness, relieved by the trail ahead, which showed as does a ray of light through closed eyelids. As the chirruping rails climbed among the roots of the tall cat-tails out yonder, so we now crept far beneath the level of the moonlit foliage. The silvery landscape had been shifted one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth. We had become lords of creation in name alone, threading our way humbly among the fungi and toad-stools, able only to look aloft and wonder what it was like. And for a long time no voice answered to tell us whether any creature lived and moved in the tree-tops.

The tropical jungle by day is the most wonderful place in the world. At night I am sure it is the most weirdly beautiful of all places outside the world. For it is primarily unearthly, unreal; and at last I came to know why. In the light of the full moon it was rejuvenated. The simile of theatrical scenery was always present to the mind, the illusion lying especially in the completeness of transformation from the jungle by daylight. The theatrical effect was heightened by the sense of being in some vast building. This was due to the complete absence of any breath of air. Not a leaf moved; even the pendulous air-roots reaching down their seventy-foot plummets for the touch of soil did not sway a hair's breadth. The throb of the pulse set the rhythm for one's steps. The silence, for a time, was as perfect as the breathlessness. It was a wonderfully ventilated amphitheatre; the air was as free from any feeling of tropical heat, as it lacked all crispness of the north. It was exactly the temperature of one's skin. Heat and cold were for the moment as unthinkable as wind.

One's body seemed wholly negligible. In soft padding moccasins and easy swinging gait, close behind my Indian hunter, and in such khaki browns that my body was almost invisible to my own downward glance, I was conscious only of the play of my senses: of two at first, sight and smell; later, of hearing. The others did not exist. We two were unattached, impersonal, moving without effort or exertion. It was magic, and I was glad that I had only my Akawai for companion, for it was magic that a word would have shattered. Yet there was this wonderfully satisfying thing about it, that most magic lacks: it exists at present, to-day, perhaps, at least once a month, and I know that I shall experience it again. When I go to the window and look out upon the city night, I find all extraneous light emaciated and shattered by the blare of gas and electricity, but from one upreaching tower I can see reflected a sheen which is not generated in any power-house of earth. Then I know that within the twenty-four hours the terai jungles of Garhwal, the tree-ferns of Pahang, and the mighty moras which now surround us, were standing in silvery silence and in the peace which only the wilderness knows.

I soon took the lead and slackened the pace to a slow walk. Every few minutes we stood motionless, listening with mouth as well as ears. For no one who has not listened in such silence can realize how important the mouth is. Like the gill of old which gave it origin, our ear has still an entrance inward as well as outward, and the sweep of breath and throb of the blood are louder than we ever suspect. When at an opera or concert I see some one sitting rapt, listening with open mouth, I do not think of it as ill-bred. I know it for unconscious and sincere absorption based on an excellent physical reason.

It was early spring in the tropics; insect life was still in the gourmand stage, or that of pupal sleep. The final period of pipe and fiddle had not yet arrived, so that there was no hum from the underworld. The flow of sap and the spread of petals were no less silent than the myriad creatures which, I knew, slumbered or hunted on every side. It was as if I had slipped back one dimension in space and walked in a shadow world. But these shadows were not all colorless. Although the light was strained almost barren by the moon mountains, yet the glow from the distant lava and craters still kept something of color, and the green of the leaves, great and small, showed as a rich dark olive. The afternoon's rain had left each one filmed with clear water, and this struck back the light as polished silver. There was no tempered illumination. The trail ahead was either black, or a solid sheet of light. Here and there in the jungle on each side, where a tree had fallen, or a flue of clear space led moonwards, the effect was of cold electric light seen through trees in city parks. When such a shaft struck down upon us, it surpassed simile. I have seen old paintings in Belgian cathedrals of celestial light which now seems less imaginary.

At last the silence was broken, and like the first breath of the trade-wind which clouds the Mazaruni surface, the mirror of silence was never quite clear again—or so it seemed. My northern mind, with sounds of memory, never instinctively accepted a new voice (page 12)

(Jungle - cont. from page 11)

of the jungle for what it was. Each had to go through a reference clearing-house of sorts. It was like the psychological reaction to words or phrases. Any strange wail or scream striking suddenly upon my ear instantly crystallized some vision of the past—some circumstance or adventure fraught with similar sound. Then, appreciably as a second thought, came the keen concentration of every sense to identify this new sound, to hear it again, to fix it in mind with its character and its meaning. Perhaps at some distant place and time, in utterly incongruous surroundings, it may in turn flash into consciousness—a memory-simile stimulated by some sound of the future.

I stood in a patch of moonlight listening to the baying of a hound— or so I thought: that musical ululation which links man's companion wolf-wards. Then I thought of the packs of wild hunting dogs, the dreaded 'warracabra tigers,' and I turned to the Indian at my elbow, full of hopeful expectation. With his quiet smile he whispered, 'Kunama,' and I knew I had heard the giant tree-frog of Guiana—a frog of size and voice well in keeping with these mighty jungles. I knew these were powerful beenas with the Indians, tokens of good hunting, and every fortunate benab would have its dried mummy frog hung up with the tail of the giant armadillo and other charms. Well might these batrachians arouse profound emotions among the Indians, familiar as they are with the strange beings of the forest. I could imagine the great goggle-eyed fellow sprawled high near the roof of the jungle, clutching the leaves with his vacuum-cupped toes. The moonlight would make him ghostly—a pastel frog; but in the day he flaunted splashes of azure and green on his scarlet body.

At a turn in the trail we squatted and waited for what the jungle might send of sight or sound. And in whispers Nupee told me of the big frog kunama, and its ways. It never came to the ground, or even descended part way down the trees; and by some unknown method of distillation it made little pools of its own in deep hollows, and there lived. And this water was thick like honey and white like milk, and when stirred became reddish. Besides which, it was very bitter. If a man drank of it, forever after he hopped each night and clasped all the trees which he encountered, endlessly endeavoring to ascend them and always failing. And yet, if he could once manage to reach a pool of kunama water in an uncut tree and drink, his manhood would return and his mind be healed.

When the Indians desired this beena, they marked a tree whence a frog called at night, and in the daytime cut it down. Forming a big circle, they searched and found the frog, and forthwith smoked it and rubbed it on arrows and bow before they went out. I listened gravely and found that it all fitted in with the magic of the night. If an Indian had appeared down the trail, hopping endlessly and gripping the trunks, gazing upward with staring eyes, I should not have thought it more strange than the next thing that really happened.

We had settled on our toes in another squatting-place—a dark aisle with only scattered flecks of light. The silence and breathlessness of the moon-craters could have been no more complete than that which enveloped us. My eye wandered from spot to spot, when suddenly I began to think of that great owl-like goatsucker, the 'poor-me-one.' We had shot one at Kalacoon a month before and no others had called since, and I had not thought of the species again. Quite without reason I began to think of the bird, of its wonderful markings, of the eyes which years ago in Trinidad I had made to glow like iridescent globes in the light of a flash—and then a poor-me-one called behind us, not fifty feet away. Even this did not seem strange among these surroundings. It was an interesting happening, one which I have experienced many times in my life. It may have been just another coincidence. I am quite certain it was not. In any event it was a Dantesque touch, emphasized by the character of the call—the wail of a lost soul being as good a simile as any other. It started as a high, trembling wail, the final cry being lost in the depths of whispered woe:—

Oo—————ooh!
oh!
oh!
oh!
oh!
oh!



Nupee never moved; only his lips formed the name by which he knew it—kalawoe. Whatever else characterized the sounds of the jungle at night, none became monotonous or common. Five minutes later the great bird called to us from far, far away, as if from another round of purgatory—an eerie lure to enter still deeper into the jungle depths. We never heard it again.

Nature seems to have apportioned the voices of many of her creatures with sensitive regard for their environment. Sombre voices seem fittingly to be associated with subdued light, and joyous notes with the blaze of sunlit twigs and open meadows. A bobolink's bubbling carol is unthinkable in a jungle, and the strain of a wood pewee on a sunny hillside would be like an organ playing dance-music.

This is even more pronounced in the tropics, where, quite aside from any mental association on my part, the voices and calls of the jungle reflect the qualities of that twilight world. The poor-me-one proves too much. He is the very essence of night, his wings edged with velvet silence, his plumage the mingled concentration of moss and lichens and dead wood.

I was about to rise and lead Nupee still farther into the gloom when the jungle showed another mood—a silent whimsy, the humor of which I could not share with the little red man. Close to my face, so near that it startled me for a moment, over the curved length of a long, narrow caladium leaf, there came suddenly two brilliant lights. Steadily they moved onward, coming up into view for all the world like two tiny headlights of a motor-car. They passed, and the broadside view of this great elater was still absurdly like the profile of a miniature tonneau with the top down. I laughingly thought to myself how perfect the illusion would be if a red tail-light should be shown, when to my amazement a rosy red light flashed out behind, and my bewildered eyes all but distinguished a number! Naught but a tropical forest could present such contrasts in such rapid succession as the poor-me-one and this parody of man's invention.

I captured the big beetle and slid him into a vial, where in his disgust he clicked sharply against the glass. The vial went into my pocket and we picked up our guns and crept on. As we traversed a dark patch, dull gleams like heat lightning flashed over the leaves, and, looking down, I saw that my khaki was aglow from the illuminated insect within. (turn to page 13)



(Jungle - continued from page 12)

This betrayed every motion, so I wrapped the vial in several sheets of paper and rolled it up in my handkerchief. The glow was duller but almost as penetrating. At one time or another I have had to make use of all my garments, from topee to moccasins, in order to confine captives armed with stings, beaks, teeth, or fangs, but now I was at a complete loss. I tried a gun-barrel with a handkerchief stopper, and found that I now carried an excellent, long-handled flashlight. Besides, I might have sudden use for the normal function of the gun. I had nothing sufficiently opaque to quench those flaring headlights, and I had to own myself beaten and release him. He spread his wings and flew swiftly away, his red light glowing derisively; and even in the flood of pure moonlight he moved within an aura which carried far through the jungle. I knew that killing him was of no use, for a week after death from chloroform I have seen the entire interior of a large insect box brilliantly lighted by the glow of these wonderful candles, still burning on the dead shoulders of the same kind of insect.

Twice, deeper in the jungle, we squatted and listened, and twice the silence remained unbroken and the air unmoved. Happening to look up through a lofty, narrow canyon of dark foliage, I was startled as by some sudden sound by seeing a pure white cloud, moon-lit, low down, pass rapidly across. It was first astounding, then unreal: a bit of exceedingly poor work on the part of the property man, who had mixed the hurricane scenery with that of the dog-days. Even the elements seemed to have been laved with magic. The zone of high wind, with its swift-flying clouds, must have been flowing like a river just above the motionless foliage of the tree-tops.

This piece of ultra-unnaturalism seemed to break part of the spell and the magic silence was lifted. Two frogs boomed again, close at hand, and now all the hound similitude was gone, and in its place another, still more strange, when we think of the goggle-eyed author far up in the trees. The sound now was identical with the short cough or growl of a hungry lion, and though I have heard the frogs many times since that night, this resemblance never changed or weakened. It seemed as if the volume, the roaring outburst, could come only from the throat of some large, full-lunged mammal.



Poison Dart Frog

A sudden tearing rush from the trail-side, and ripping of vines and shrubs, was mingled with deep, hoarse snorts, and we knew that we had disturbed one of the big red deer—big only in comparison with the common tiny brown brockets. A few yards farther the leaves rustled high overhead, although no breath of wind had as yet touched the jungle. I began a slow, careful search with my flashlight, and, mingled with the splotches and specks of moonlight high overhead, I seemed to see scores of little eyes peering down. But at last my faint electric beam found its mark and evolved the first bit of real color which the jungle had shown—always excepting the ruby tail-light. Two tiny red globes gleamed down at us, and as they gleamed, moved without a sound, apparently unattached, slowly through the foliage.



Hoatzin - National Bird of Guyana

Then came a voice, as wandering, as impersonal as the eyes—a sharp, incisive wheeeeee! with a cat-like timbre; and from the eyes and voice I reconstructed a night monkey—a kinkajou.

Then another notch was slipped and the jungle for a time showed something of the exuberance of its life. A paca leaped from its meal of nuts and bounced away with quick, repeated pats; a beetle with wings tuned to the bass clef droned by; some giant tree-cricket tore the remaining intervals of silence to shreds with unmuted wing-fiddles, *cricks* so shrill and high that

they well-nigh passed beyond the upper register of my ear out into silence again. The roar of another frog was comforting to my ear-drum.



Kinkajou

Then silence descended again, and hours passed in our search for sound or smell of the animal we wished chiefest to find—the giant armadillo. These rare beings have a distinct odor. Months of work in the open had sharpened my nostrils so that on such a tramp as this they were not much inferior to those of Nupee. This sense gave me as keen pleasure as eye or ear, and furnished quite as much information. The odors of city and civilization seemed very far away: gasoline, paint, smoke, perfumery, leather—all these could hardly be recalled. And how absurd seemed society's unwritten taboo on discussion of this admirable but pitifully degenerate sense! Why may you look at your friend's books, touch his collection of netsukés, listen to his music, yet dare sniff at naught but his blossoms!

In the open spaces of the earth, and more than anywhere in this conservatory of unblown odors, we come more and more to appreciate and envy a dog's sensitive muzzle. Here we sniffed as naturally as we turned ear, and were able to recognize many of our nasal impressions, and even to follow a particularly strong scent to its source. Few yards of trail but had their distinguishable scent, whether violent, acrid smell or delectable fragrance. Long after a crab-jackal had passed, we noted the stinging, bitter taint in the air; and now and then the pungent wake of some big jungle-bug struck us like a tangible barrier.

The most tantalizing odors were the wonderfully delicate and penetrating ones from some great burst of blossoms, odors heavy with sweetness, which seeped down from vine or tree high overhead, wholly invisible from below even in broad daylight. These odors remained longest in memory, perhaps because they were so completely the product of a single sense. My mind returned to the white light of the glade. I watched the motionless leaves about me, many of them drooping and rich maroon by daylight, for they were just unbudded. Reaching far into the dark mystery of the upper jungle stretched the air-roots, held so straight by gravity, so unheeding of the whirling of the planet through space. Only one mighty liana—a monkey-ladder—had revolted against this dominance of the earth's pull and writhed and looped upon itself in fantastic whorls, while along its length rippled ever the undulations which mark this uneasy growth, this crystallized Saint Vitus plant.

A momentary shiver of leaves drew our eyes to the left, and we began to destroy the optical images evolved by the moon-shadows and to seek the small reality which we knew lived and breathed somewhere on that long branch. Then a sharp crack like a rifle lost whatever it was to us forever, and we half leaped to our feet as something swept downward through the air and crashed length after length among the plants and fallen logs. The branches overhead rocked to and fro, and for many minutes, like the aftermath of a volcanic eruption, came a shower, first of twigs and swirling leaves, then of finer particles, and lastly of motes which gleamed like silver dust as they sifted down to the trail. When the air cleared I saw that the monkey-ladder had vanished (page 14)

(X-9 - Continued from page 9)

a few minutes ago?" asked the secret agent.

"Why, no, suh! I haven't had a client in heah foh an hour!"

X-9 gazed keenly at the gentleman with white hair. Then he smiled.

"Sorry," he said. "My mistake!"

He turned and left the office.

The white-haired man rose, stripped the false mustache from his lip, tore off the white wig, and revealed the features of Joe Lamarr.

The man who had been sitting in the outer office came in.

"He's gone, boss!" he reported.

"Whew!" sighed Lamarr. "That was a narrow escape!"

(Continued Next Issue of OSN)

(Stink Bug - Continued from page 3)

Finally, down the road and around the corner they found their way to a dumpster.

Then, Little Stinker had a new idea. "Maybe I'll find my own wood pile. And maybe, just maybe, I'll find a place where I can be an ink bug or a pink bug instead of a stinking, stink bug." Little Stinker crawled away. "Stink bug, ink bug, I'm going to be a pink bug," she sang.

"Dinner!" Mother yelled. "Cracked chicken bones!"

"Oh. Yum! Cracked chicken bones with rosy pink marrow, are my favorite." Scrambling back to the dumpster, Little Stinker enjoyed a meal with her family. But that night Little Stinker had a bad dream about rotting flowers.

"Phew! Time to move on," she said to herself.

The following morning Little Stinker crawled away again. Glancing back at her mother, father and the long line of stink bugs, her heart twanged. "I'll miss them," she said. "But sometimes you have to leave the past behind. There's more to life than picking through trash piles, and running from the



‘Bug-Be-Gone’ men. There’s got to be something better, something more. I feel it in my antennae.”

That day, Little Stinker took a different path. The new path had soft green moss. “I know I’m moving in the right direction because this moss smells clean and tastes sweet. And, Great Grandma Phew (15)

GRIN

by Robert Service

If you're up against a bruiser and you're getting knocked about
Grin.

If you're feeling pretty groggy, and you're licked beyond a
doubt —

Grin.

Rise up in the morning with the will that, smooth or rough,

You'll grin.

Sink to sleep at midnight, and although you're feeling tough,

Yet grin.

There's nothing gained by whining, and you're not that kind of
stuff;

You're a fighter from away back, and you WON'T take a rebuff;

Your trouble is that you don't know when you have had
enough —

(Jungle - continued from page 13)

and I knew that its yards upon yards of length lay coiled and crushed among the ferns and sprouting palms of the jungle floor. It seemed most fitting that the vegetable kingdom, whose silence and majesty gave to the jungle night its magic qualities, should have contributed this memorable climax.

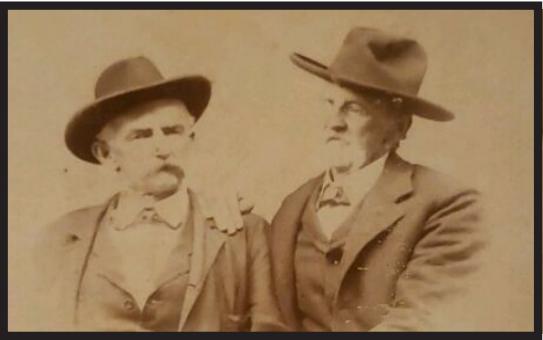
Long before the first Spaniard sailed up the neighboring river, the monkey-ladder had thrown its spirals aloft, and through all the centuries, all the years, it had seen no change wrought beneath it. The animal trail was trod now and then by Indian hunters, and lately we had passed several times. The sound of our guns was less than the crashing fall of an occasional forest tree. Now, with not a leaf moved by the air, with only the two of us squatting in the moonlight for audience, the last cell had given way. The sap could no longer fight the decay which had entered its heart; and at the appointed moment, the moment set by the culmination of a greater nexus of forces than our human mind could ever hope to grasp, the last fibre parted and the massive growth fell.



In the last few minutes, as it hung suspended, gracefully spiraled in the moonlight, it had seemed as perfect as the new-sprouted moras at my feet. As I slowly walked out of the jungle I saw in this the explanation of the simile of artificial scenery, of all the strange magic which had come to me as I entered. The alchemy of moonlight turned all the jungle to perfect growth, growth at rest. In the silvery light was no trace of gnawing worm, of ravening ant, or corroding fungus. The jungle was rejuvenated and made a place more wonderful than any fairyland of which I have read or which I have conceived. The jungle by day, as I have said—that, too, is wonderful. We may have two friends, quite unlike in character, whom we love each for his own personality, and yet it would be a hideous, an unthinkable thing to see one transformed into the other.

So, with the mist settling down and tarnishing the great plaque of silver, I left the jungle, glad that I could be far away before the first hint of dawn came to mar the magic. Thus in memory I can keep the dawn away until I return.

And sometime in the future, when the lure of the full moon comes, and I answer, I shall be certain of finding the same silence, the same wonderful light, and the waiting trees and the magic. But Nupee may not be there. He will perhaps have slipped into memory, with Drojak and Aladdin. And if I find no one as silently friendly as Nupee, I shall have to watch alone through my jungle night. (end)



(Stink Bug, continued from page 14)

once told me, 'Every heart beat nudges you toward a happier place.'"

Little Stinker saw a bright yellow dandelion and then an orange butterfly—things she'd never noticed before. She looked up and up, and saw a clear blue sky with puffy white clouds floating by. "No more trash. My antennae tell me what's best for me."

After a while, Little Stinker plopped down to enjoy fresh air, sunshine, and flowers. "Mmm. What could those purple flowers be? And that green, green plant with a square stem?" Smelling fresh mint and lavender made her feel happy.

"I think I'll rest near this warm stone. With all her crawling, she fell asleep.

Little stinker awoke to an unusual smell. "Follow your inklings," she reminded herself. The scent came from a small, dark opening near the edge of a sandy path.



"It looks like a round, brown rock," said Little Stinker as she crawled closer. Nearby, a curious sign said, "STORYTELLING CONVENTION."

"When I get settled in my new place, I'll learn to read. I love stories, and Grandma Phew said, 'everyone needs their own story,'" she reminded herself.

Then, tapping with her antennae, she made her way to what looked like a stone. "Hmm. This feels soft like a mushroom."

She crawled close. Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. Crawling into the tiny dark cave, she discovered a soft, odd-smelling something. "This isn't dirt." She tapped with her antennae. "This isn't sand." Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. "This smells like grass and earth together. I like it. What could it be?" Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. "Duck food?" Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. "Gerbil pellets?" Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. "Kitty Treats." Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. "If I could read these letters, B - L - U - S - H, then I'd know."

Tap. Tap. Sniff. Sniff. "It feels good. It smells good. And my antennae tell me it is good." Little Stinker danced her front feet into the powder. "What?!!! My feet are pink! My feet are pink!" she squealed.

Little Stinker rolled around in the pink, beet-root powder. Then she no longer looked like a stink bug. She no longer smelled like a stink bug. "Stink bug, ink bug, I've become a pink bug," she laughed.

Just then a gentle human picked her up. "What's this in the bottom of my purse? Why, it looks like Grandma's special scarab. How'd it get there? I don't know." The kind woman placed Little Stinker on her sweater.

"Grandma always said, 'What's mine will come to me. There're no missed opportunities.'"

Perched on the woman's shoulder, Little Stinker wondered, "Did wishing and hoping guide me to this feel good place?" Finally she realized, Stink bug, ink bug or pink bug, it's not how I look on the outside that's important; it's how I feel on the inside that matters.

Today, L.S. (Little Stinker) sees new sights and meets new people. L. S. and the storyteller travel around the world sharing stories like this one. And everyone tells the storyteller, "That's a beautiful pink scarab."

Thinking and stinking, searching and hoping, crawling and stepping forward helped Little Stinker's dream come true.

What's your special dream?

Story and illustrations © Shinan Barclay (shaNON barrKlay)
Shinan's stories have been translated into six languages; connect.

www.facebook.com/shinanbarclay or shibar2020@gmail.com



*No distance of
place or lapse of
time can lessen the
friendship of those
who are thoroughly
persuaded of each
other's worth -*

Robert Southey

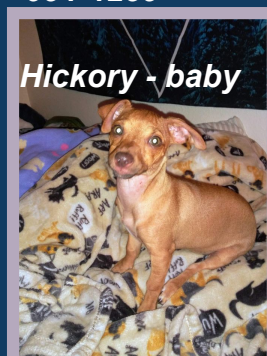


*Somebody
asked me if I
knew you.
A million
memories
flashed
through my
mind, but I
just smiled
and said I
used to.*

Khalifa



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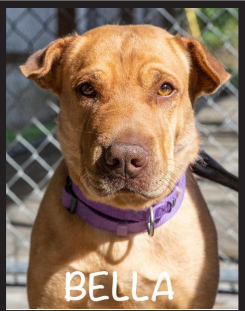
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Albus -
I'm an
Affenpinscher



Jack



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"I love people. I love walks. I love treats. And I'd love to have you rub my sweet, soft belly when I do my "Jelly roll" in the grass!"
"Loves being with her human friends, tail and ear scratches."
"She loves pets and kisses. Jelly is so sweet, when you sit with her in the yard she puts her front feet on your knees and looks in your eyes with her happy face."



SHELTER PICK



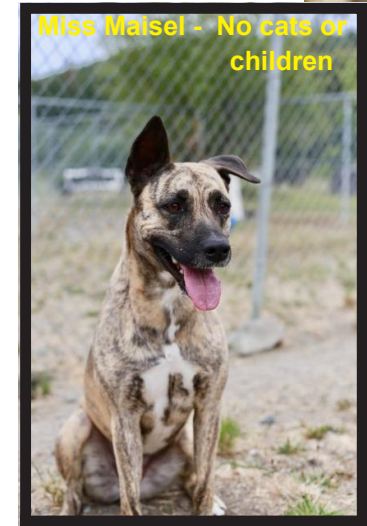
Call (541-479-5154/429 NW Scenic Drive/Grants Pass



Miranda - Senior



Jericho - baby



Miss Maisel - No cats or children



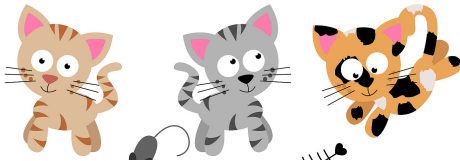
Dakota I'm a girl
Rescued from puppy mill



Flossy



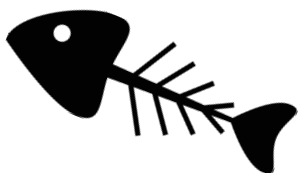
Junior - young dog



If you cannot adopt, consider sponsoring a pet or donating to the shelter at Rogue Valley Humane Society - 429 NW Scenic Drive Grants Pass, Oregon 541-479-5154



Herb





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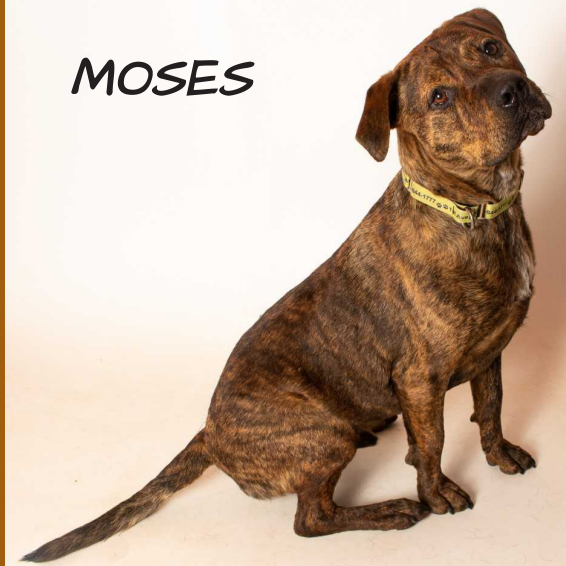


PH: 541-689-1503 Eugene, Oregon

Greenhill
Humane Society

Moses is a 2 year old Pitbull Rottweiler mix with beautiful brindle markings. He loves going on walks and hanging out with his friends. He is looking for his forever family to throw the ball to him until he can't run anymore! He has lots of favorite

MOSES



toys and great enthusiasm. Volunteers say "he's a sweet, cuddly and beautiful pup. He's a gentleman, plays nicely, and loves people and attention."

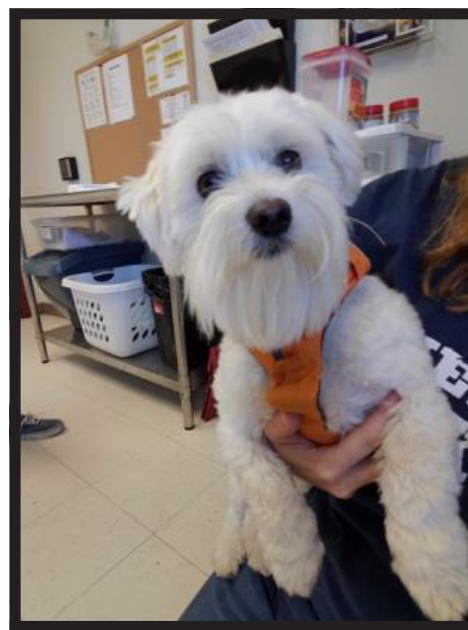
Moses needs to go to a cat and dog free home. He is a very sweet boy but doesn't like to share his food so he should be with kids that are gentle and will treat him with respect. This lovable guy would make the perfect addition to any family!

We would be so excited to see this sweet guy go to his forever home! Take a chance on love!!!



Willamette Humane Society

Shelter: 503.585.5900 - In Salem



**Willamette
Humane Society
allows opportunity
for sponsorship of
pets while they
await their forever
home. Gio does
not yet have a
sponsor!**

Hey all! It's me, Gio. I'm a boy! I weigh about 12.8 and I am looking for a family who wants a life of the party kind of dog. I love being around people and making them happy is what I love to do best. I am pretty active so I will need plenty of exercise and mental stimulation (which is fine since that means we can spend more time together!). I will be a breeze to train and am excited to learn more tricks! It is super fun and I get plenty of cookies. I bet I would love the training classes here, I keep hearing from the other dogs they are really fun. I bet we will make a great team! See you soon!

Adoption fee: \$190

****Gio is not recommended for a cat household.**

**"YOU THINK THOSE DOGS WILL NOT BE IN
HEAVEN! I TELL YOU THEY WILL BE THERE LONG
BEFORE ANY OF US." --**

Robert Louis Stevenson



Mufasa

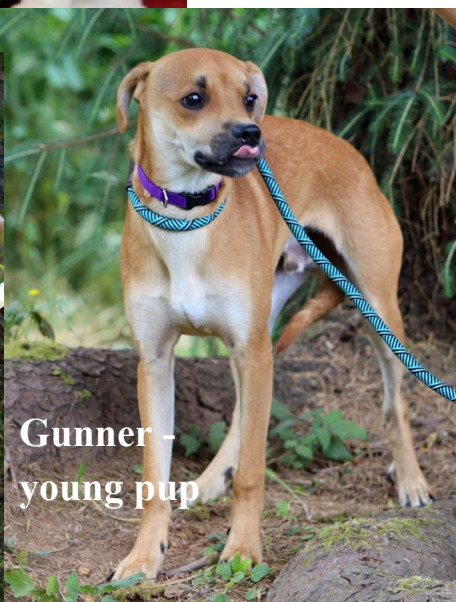


Daisy - Puppy

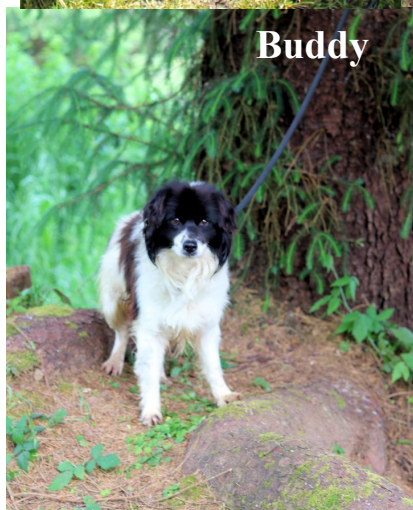
**Adoption fees for
most dogs is \$100,
Adult cats \$65.**



Rocky



**Gunner -
young pup**



Buddy



Cybil - kitten



PHANTOM QUARTZ



Also known as "ghost quartz"



What is phantom quartz, otherwise known as "ghost quartz"? First, quartz is a very common mineral, in fact the most abundant mineral on the Earth. Phantom quartz usually occurs in rock crystal, but is also found in smoky quartz, citrine and amethyst. The name quartz comes from the Saxon word *querklufferz* which meant cross vein ore.



Rock crystal is transparent and colorless. Phantom quartz is composed of crystalline shapes within the quartz, usually other minerals such as hematite or chlorite or even amethyst. This represents an earlier stage of the crystal's formation. Phantom quartz is said to have healing

properties. It is considered to be a gemstone, and is formed into jewelry or carved crystalline shapes.

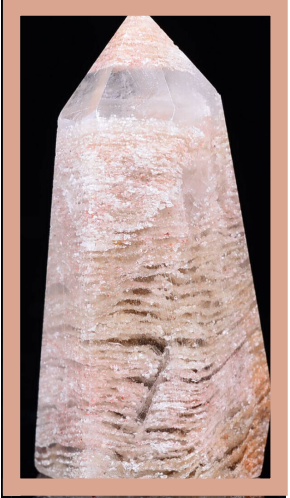
Quartz crystals occur in about 80 different crystallographic forms in nature. They can be found individually, or in clusters or aggregates. Quartz crystals are chemically very pure, and color is added when trace elements build into the crystal lattice. Quartz is one of the crystal forms of silica. It is



hard and glassy in appearance, yet can be brittle. Quartz crystals can be color-enhanced through heat treatment. "Inclusions", or materials trapped inside a mineral during its formation, can affect the value of the piece as a gemstone. Inclusions can be solid or liquid (water or saline).

Some inclusions are formed of gas such as carbon dioxide or other compounds.

Quartz is widely distributed. The white sand of beaches is usually formed of quartz. The United States (particularly Arkansas) and Brazil are major producers of natural quartz crystals. Quartz is useful in electronics because when pressure is applied to it, a positive electrical charge occurs at one end and a negative charge at the other. (End)



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Socializing for Life

What do dogs, young children, teenagers, young parents, middle-aged people and elders have in common? We all need socialization! Social engagement is one of four protective factors in brain health later in life. The Alzheimer's Association provides the following facts:

- Social engagement is associated with living longer with fewer disabilities
- Staying engaged in the community offers you an opportunity to maintain your skills
- Remaining both socially and mentally active may support brain health and possibly delay the onset of dementia.

Healthline adds, "Compelling research suggest seniors who spend most of their time in their immediate home environment are almost twice as likely to develop Alzheimer's disease compared to those who travel more."

While socializing is important, it's not always easy to do. Changing abilities are a reality; however, everyone can stay engaged in meaningful activities with appropriate supports. The National Institute on Aging provides a few ideas to get you started:

- Cultivate your social network (partner, children, friends), interacting with them daily to weekly. Go to visit friends or family.
- Participate in social groups or any organization weekly
- Visit a senior center and take part in its events and activities
- Attend local events, such as the theater, concerts.
- Visit local museums. Many offer free group tours.
- Play cards or other games with friends.

Even as abilities change, everyone can engage in meaningful activities. Address barriers to participation. Is a care partner needed? Modifications to previously enjoyed activities might make them doable again. People who stay engaged experience a happier life! *Article Courtesy of United Homecare*

Jacqui Van DeWalker, Betty's daughter and Dennis Gaustad, her brother, who helped build the museum



shame there was no tribute to the Applegate trail builders and the young girl who lies buried here. Betty refinanced her ranch and home to build her dream.

Betty's brother, Dennis and her friend Darrell Bell helped acquire many of the larger pieces. Her daughter, Jacqui designed many of the exhibits. The building's false front (designed to look like a stage coach stop) gives a "false" idea of the size of the museum. It's stupendous! The large reception area is surmounted by a huge antique bar: monstrous mirror, shelves for glasses and bottles and shiny bar top. It stretches practically the length of the room. The supporting posts are tree sized and polished to a faretheewell. This was an actual bar from the Winema Hotel in Klamath Falls. The room is filled with antique pieces, most of them for sale.

Phil Moore who volunteers Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday to keep the museum open is a fountain of information. And not only that, he takes out his guitar and plays and sings his original songs about the Applegate Trail and the pioneers.

The early trail to Oregon splits in Southern Idaho. The northern, and oldest part, goes north and includes a dangerous stretch where wagons and people had to float on the turbulent Columbia River. It was here that Jesse Applegate and his brother Lindsay each lost a seven year old son to the raging river. Jesse was determined that a safer route must be found to bring the clamoring pioneers West.

And so the Applegate, actually Scott-Applegate, Trail was born. It was a trail conceived under stress and used far before it was really ready. The first pioneers found it almost impossible: not clearly marked, uncleared debris, logs, rocks and unfordable creeks. Possessions, wagons and lives were lost. In 1852 thousands still used the Northern route; but by 1853 it is estimated that 3,500 used the Applegate Trail. Today Interstate 5 follows the route of the Applegate Trail.

In 1976 Betty staged a reenactment of the Applegate Trail journey with all original equipment; it took two weeks to cover 100 miles. Think about it: how long does it take you today to travel 100 miles on Interstate 5? The last reenactment was done in 2002. It seems all the volunteers have grown too old for the hardships involved. The woman wagon master (probably the only

Applegate- Cont. from page 1)
(perhaps "political correctness") renamed the area Sunny Valley. However, in Martha's memory the creek and covered bridge still retain the Grave Creek name.

The Applegate Trail Museum and Betty's property are on the original land grant, the first in Josephine County. Betty's Mother, Irene, a "history buff" began a family tradition of collecting antiques and memorabilia and urged Betty to found a museum of the Applegate Trail. She and Betty felt it was a

shame there was no tribute to the Applegate trail builders and the young girl who lies buried here. Betty refinanced her ranch and home to build her dream.

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Reenactment stage coach ready to leave Kalifornia

wagon master who is a woman) is now 92. Betty smiles dreamily, yes, she'd like to do it again someday.

Now if you'll hop off Interstate 5 at Exit 71 and join me at the museum we'll look at some of the displays. First though you must see the museum's movie. This movie, directed by Betty, acted by "real people" not actors, depicts the extreme hardships encountered by the pioneers. You see them pushing and pulling wagons helping the weary oxen, through creeks over rocks almost larger than the wooden wheels that creak and groan. At night you watch them eating their meager rations and then singing around the campfire all the while watching for hostile Indians. You're there as young Martha Crowley slowly fades and draws her last breath. It is a gripping and realistic story.

When you tear yourself free to enter the museum, you're almost knocked over by an upright, full size bear roaring defiantly at you. Just beyond him you hear the mooing of cows and the grinding of wagon wheels. The museum is a delight of sound as well as sight. The numerous displays are realistic and narrated or well signed. Actual diaries and newspaper clippings help tell the stories. Just to mention a few: the pioneer wagons, called "light wagons", hauled about ¾ ton. Pioneers needed supplies for a year and they were instructed not to bring anything unnecessary. Yet the route was littered with cast-off treasures: furniture, organs, pianos, beds: all too heavy for the long trip. The wagons averaged only 14 grinding miles a day.

The mining display of large beautiful sepia pictures includes hydraulic equipment and actual hoses. The most productive mine in the area was "The Greenback" located about 6 miles east of Sunny Valley.

The stagecoach display celebrates 23 years of travel. Until the Railroad came in 1883 the stage coach was the only way to go. It took 53 hours to travel from Graves Creek to Portland by stagecoach, but only 16 hours in the "Pullman Palace".

The "Iron Horse" railroad display is complete with authentic train sounds. Chinese labor was cheap and essential to the building of the railroad. "White men" were paid \$2 a day working on the railroad and the Chinese got 56 cents a day.

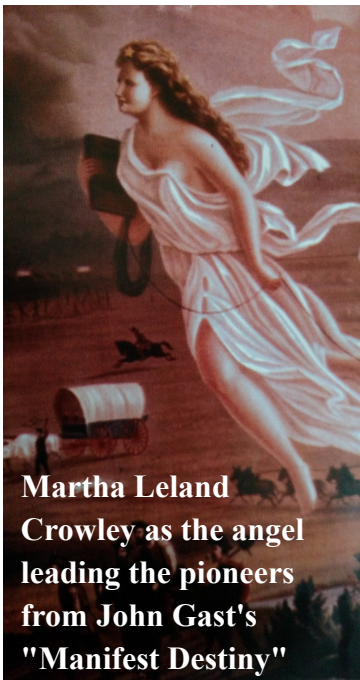
There's a display of the Pettingill store with its large counter and actual merchandise. 1879 diaries and receipt books show the provisions sold there. There's an 1873 printing press and an 1878 child's rocking horse.

And then there's a room- sized replica of the hotel room where President Rutherford B. Hayes stayed at The Grave Creek House Sept 28, 1880. A full sized bed and a closet full of vintage clothes give it an authentic look.

Perhaps Betty's favorite is the huge oil painting, an enlargement of John Gast's "Manifest Destiny". It depicts an angel (Betty calls her the spirit of Martha Crowley) guiding the pioneers westward. Betty moans, "I sold four of my pet cows to pay for that painting but I had to have it."

Maybe that tells the story of the Applegate Trail Interpretive Museum best. Betty and her family "had to do it". No one else had paid tribute to the Applegates who built the trail and the valiant pioneers who dared to make it succeed. This part of history is now preserved and busloads of children flock through the museum, telling Betty as they leave, "Gee, I guess I don't have it so bad."

You can visit Betty's dream, The Applegate Interpretive Museum at Exit 71 off Interstate Valley Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30-4:30. The Covered Bridge Store (well worth a visit) is open 9-6 seven days a week.



Martha Leland Crowley as the angel leading the pioneers from John Gast's "Manifest Destiny"

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