



Tall Tales from the Editor

Losing a best friend or Puppy garble

This past October was a very, very sad time around our old homestead here in the Applegate. Our Border Collie, "Little Miss Tuesday," died.

It all happened so fast. On a Wednesday afternoon, Tuesday and I were playing her favorite game of catch the ball. She had spent many years training me how to play this game to her standards. I might add that I had become quite proficient at throwing her ball to her. But when evening came along, she wasn't interested in anything—cookies included. My "Bride" Sioux was out of town and that made everything worse. I called her and told her how Tuesday was acting. My nurse-bride said it sounded like kidney failure.

Early next morning I took her to the veterinarian. Indeed, her blood test showed she was in kidney failure. I asked the vet, "How could this be? She showed no signs of being sick until last night." He had no answers for me, but said he would start her on IV fluids immediately and see if her condition would improve. I called Sioux and all she could do was hold my hand over the phone and cry. She could not get home fast enough—she was waiting to have a visit with her 98-year-old uncle, perhaps the last visit she would have with him. She cried again. By Saturday morning, all hope was gone and Tuesday died.

When one of my dogs dies, it's like losing a best friend, maybe even worse. No matter how disgusting my habits or how many stupid things I've done, my dogs have never held it against me. But a friend, well, they just might give up on me after a while.

Over the years I've written many stories about Miss Tuesday. She was a very entertaining and loyal friend. Sioux and I miss her immensely, but she leaves us with many great memories, laughs and that special unconditional doggie love.

Old Utah has been staying very close to us since Tuesday died. He even comes back from herding his personal flock of chickens and turkeys before the sun has set. Is it just to make sure we're still here? He used to give up herding birds only when he needed a nap, but I guess he's feeling a little insecure these days.

A few weeks later our good friend Janeen Sathre was over visiting and picking up several pounds of Arkansas Black and King David apples. Her husband Dan was planning to make them into sauce (not Jim Beam) and apple butter. Janeen brought over some of their already made apple butter. I polished off the entire jar in no time, just me and a large spoon. What a luxury that was!

Janeen, Sioux and I were sitting

around our kitchen table talking when Janeen said some neighbors were going to be moving to town after the first of the year and they need to find homes for their two five-month-old Border Collie/McNab-mix puppies. Maybe you want one? We didn't think so, or I didn't, but Janeen kept telling us, "Oh, but they are soooo cute and such great little guys." So we said, "Well, maybe just a little peek."

At that time, our nephew Jim Bloom (not Jim Beam) from Boston was visiting our paradise here in Applegate. He and Sioux (notice the absence of my name here) had been dancing across southern Oregon. The dance floor included our kitchen, living room and any music clubs they could find. When they finally took a break from dancing, we all decided to go visit the puppies and took Utah with us.

Of course, the puppies were cute, but not cuter than two twenty-one-year-old babes sunbathing on a hot sandy beach in Brazil. They were cuter than most anything else I could think of. But now I can't get that Brazilian beach scene out of my head!

While all of us stood around talking "puppy garble," Utah disappeared. He had found some new chickens to herd and the puppies were showing him their herding instincts.

Now as any good salesperson knows, you never just "peek" at puppies. Thank you, Janeen. We were hooked and I wanted both of them. But my bride laid down the law and said I had to decide between the two. Was she referring to the puppies or the Brazilian beach babes?

We went home to decide which puppy we wanted—a difficult decision. Sioux had already made up her mind, but I wanted to ponder the merits of each puppy. One looked like the "son of Utah," a McNab. Hmm, I wonder where Mr. Utah has been roaming—no, wait; we had him fixed years ago. The other one looked very much like a Border Collie and that is the puppy we chose. I had no idea that Sioux had decided on a name even before she ever saw either puppy. She had dubbed whomever "McGee." As usual, I am the last to know these things. Anyway, so much for "just looking."

So as one adventure ends with the grievous loss of Little Miss Tuesday, another one begins with Mr. McGee.

I'm taught once again that with every tear there is a smile, with every cloud there is sun, and with every yesterday, there is today. And life's adventures roll on.



The Editor,
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Opinion Pieces and Letters to the Editor represent the opinion of the author, not that of the *Applegater* or the Applegate Valley Community Newspaper. We are a community-based newspaper that receives diverse opinions on different topics. Letters should be no longer than 450 words, and may be edited for grammar and length. Opinion Pieces should be no longer than 600 words. All Letters and Opinion Pieces must be signed, with a full street address or P.O. Box and phone number. Individual Letters may or may not be published in consecutive issues.

Address Opinion Pieces and Letters to the Editor to:

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Dear Editor:

Thank you for Rauno Perttu's succinct, informative and balanced essay on the economics of energy policy. It was refreshingly free of the usual hyperbole and tendentiousness with which we find ourselves saturated. It should be required reading.

Can you recommend any books on the subject written in a similar vein?

Craig Faulkner,

Dear Editor,

Just had to drop you a note to tell you how much I love your "Dirty Finger Nails and All" column in the *Applegater*. I especially loved the one about the turkeys, although I must admit I almost didn't read it because I was afraid of how it would end. (Being a veggie, you know, I was rooting for the turkey.) I LOVED the ending. You have such a way with a phrase and you are such a great story teller. I am surprised that some big time magazine hasn't snapped you up yet.

Jan Cody, Applegate, OR

Dear Editor:

I wanted to thank you for an article that was written by Barbara Holiday. She did an outstanding job and was very professional and accurate. After twenty years of articles, hers was the best.

Please thank her for me again.

Michael Klein, Murphy, OR

Proceeds to benefit the Gater

The book you have been waiting for!

"Here in all their homely and self-deprecating humor is a basketful of writings by the lanky and outrageous J.D. Rogers, a modern-day Mark Twain in green high-top sneakers, and a personal storyteller in the style of Robert Fulghum and Dave Barry.

His often hilarious editorials from the *Applegater*, a community newspaper in Oregon's Applegate Valley, range from tongue-in-cheek stories about his days in Moab, Utah as a self-styled Rock Star to tender and uproarious episodes from his current life in the Oregon log cabin where he lives with two irrepressible dogs and his wife, my bride Sioux.

Mixed in with the fun is an appreciation of and commitment to preserving the forest of Oregon and the deserts of Utah in the form of some almost-serious rants about the injustices and absurdities of our American life.

In these pages are doggie tales (and much more) to enjoy and laugh with, as well as ramblin' rants to share and ponder." Odyssey Press

"In fact, if you don't laugh out loud at the acknowledgements alone..., you are severely humor challenged." Paul Fattig, *Medford Mail Tribune*, November 30, 2008.

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