22 Winter 2009 Applegater



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APPLEGATE OUTBACK: MY OPINION In life a little rain must fall BY BOB FISCHER



How does the saying go? "If I didn't have bad luck, I wouldn't have any luck at all!" I have lived next to the editor of this newspaper for about 15 years now, and I have been privy to some of the

things that go on in our editor's life. I remember the time he, at great expense, brought home thousands of lady bugs to munch on the itty-bitty nasty bugs in his garden. After release, they all flew south to my farm and covered our place like a needlepoint patchwork quilt. Our garden was free of what lady bugs dine on for a couple of years.

J.D. and I had a large red-tailed hawk hanging around between our two farms. As he was looking for a meal, our hens always hung around me in the fields or hid out in our barn while the raptor dined on J.D.'s hens like little feathered Big Mac's with feet.

Remember the flood of 1997? Thompson Creek cut a new path towards J.D.'s house, lapping at his back door and flooding his barn.

Then there was the time he came over to our house to attend an adult Easter egg hunt. He found the only Easter egg that had been half-eaten by a blue jay.

He said, "With a little salt and pepper, it wasn't too bad."

Boogie, Bentley and Tuesday, three great dogs in J.D.'s life, were well-mannered, well-trained and almost human. Sometimes I think they were human. They would open cabinets and play with the master's pots and pans, and when they were upset with J.D., they would spread food around to punish him for some transgression. One time, the dogs made a mistake and accidently cracked the lid on J.D.'s cowboy cookie jar. Little did J.D. know, the dogs had been munching on J.D.'s favorite cookies for over six months. One day J.D. brought home a new 27-inch TV. He hadn't had a TV for years. He and Sioux wanted to be able to watch some rented movies. He set this new beauty up and borrowed our VCR, which had worked perfectly until he put this rented tape into it. It ate the tape. The problem was solved by him buying a new VCR. This home viewing center was strategically placed at the foot of the bed so they could relax and watch re-runs of old John Wayne movies between their feet.

One day, J.D. came home all heated up to watch a movie he had just rented and found the door to his bedroom locked. None of his pooches could be found, but J.D. said he could hear the TV on in his bedroom. Yips, yowls and puppy laughter could be heard coming from his bedroom. No amount of door pounding could get Boogie, Bentley or Tuesday to open the door. About one hour later, the dogs came out with smiles on their faces talking among themselves. Just another day in the life of our editor.

NOTES:

This story was written about ten years ago when J.D. Rogers had three dogs: Boogie, Bentley and Tuesday.

To learn more about J.D.'s dogs, check out his book: Ramblin' Rants and Doggie Tales.

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"I think we are drawn to dogs because they are the uninhibited creatures we might be if we weren't certain we knew better. They fight for honor at the first challenge, make love with no moral restraint, and they do not for all their marvelous instincts appear to know about death. Being such wonderfully uncomplicated beings, they need us to do their worrying."

-George Bird Evans, Troubles with Bird Dogs





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