

# THE TURNER TRIBUNE

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## HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Bits of Best News Items From Everywhere.

## PUT IN CONCISE FORM

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

Joseph Jefferson Holland, noted actor of a generation ago, died Saturday in New York. He was 66 years old, having been a semi-invalid since his retirement from the stage 23 years ago.

The league of nations assembly Friday night unanimously adopted a resolution that a general conference for the reduction of armaments shall be convened before next September unless material difficulties prevent.

What may prove to be the largest turtle of the miocene age has been uncovered near Cheyenne, Wyo. In the opinion of Professor Samuel H. Knight of the University of Wyoming it is between 1,000,000 and 4,000,000 years old.

Prince Nicolas will accompany Queen Marie on her visit to the United States. The royal party will number 20, including the servants. The queen will go direct to Washington for her visit of ceremony, not tarrying in New York on landing.

George P. Splaney, 74, onetime managing editor and later a publisher of the New York Times, died in Rockville Center, N. Y., Sunday. He resigned as publisher of the Times in 1896. In 1895 he became principal owner of the former St. Paul Globe.

The Livingston Enterprise Saturday carried a legal summons in which Walter J. Hill, son of the late "empire builder," James J. Hill, is the plaintiff in a divorce action against Pauline S. Hill, now residing in New York city. Cruelty was the ground set forth in the summons.

Predictions that the jazz era is due for an early end and declaration that such music "is the perfect expression of the present age," were laid before music lovers for consideration Sunday. It was Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," of Topeka, Kan., who saw the fate of jazz so near.

William Gibbs McAdoo, ex-secretary of the treasury, speaking on "nullification or preservation," defended the 18th amendment and the Volstead enforcement act in an address before delegates to the annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in session in Los Angeles Sunday night.

King George made his record bag of 12 grouse in one drive at Abbeystead with two pairs of old-fashioned double-barreled hammer guns manufactured 30-odd years ago. As a young man the king laid the foundation of his reputation as a shot with these guns and still clings to them for sentimental reasons.

The popularity of tennis in London and its environs is a boon for the children of London's thickly populated east side. Unbelievable numbers of them get many hours of enjoyment from the thousands of balls discarded every year from the hundreds of tennis courts of the city parks, suburban homes and those of the surrounding countryside.

Claude A. Conlin, known on the vaudeville stage as "Alexander, the Man Who Knows," and Christian C. Magonheim, head of two oil companies and an official of radio station KMTZ, were arrested in Los Angeles Saturday night on federal warrants charging an attempt to extort \$50,000 from G. Allan Hancock, Los Angeles millionaire.

Mme. Luiza Tetrazzini, the opera singer, has announced that her marriage to Pietro Vernati will take place on October 1 in Florence, Italy, where she was born 52 years ago. The prospective husband is 32 years old, a native of Rome. Tetrazzini says she will spend November in Rome in her own palace and later may go on a concert tour in the United States.

Regular Sabbath services, which took the form of funerals and requiem masses for the many storm victims buried without benefit of clergy, were attended by thousands in Miami, Fla., Sunday. Churchgoers flocked to places of worship spared by the hurricane of a week ago, as well as to temporary structures hastily erected on the sites of those destroyed. A union open-air service in Royal Palm park attracted hundreds.

## MISERY STALKS IN FLORIDA

Thirst Parches Throats and Wounds Are Unattended.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Hideous misery prevailed Monday night in stricken Miami, first direct reports reaching here revealed. Survivors were reported forming in bread lines to receive meager portions of food. Throats were parched from thirst, while hundreds of injured suffered from unattended wounds. Soldiers patrolled the ruins of the resort city, with orders to shoot looters on sight. Those attempting to profiteer on food are being dealt with sharply.

Children were reported searching the ruins of their homes for missing parents. The dead were being collected from the debris-strewn streets. Food, medicine and clothing were moving slowly to the wrecked area. Unavoidable transportation delays were increasing the frightful situation. Eyewitness told of roofs being peeled from buildings by the wind, and of hundreds of fleeing, terror-stricken people injured from flying wrecks.

Ocean freighters were swept from the bay into the city streets, according to A. L. McNarthur of Nashville, Tenn., a refugee who reached here today.

Describing the hurricane, he said: "It moved, it seemed, as if in waves. After the first terrific wind hit there was a lull, followed by another wind more severe than the first. Then a second lull, followed by the most awful minutes I ever spent, when with a roar so great I could not hear myself speak, the third wind literally blasted the city from its foundations, sent sheet metal through the air like so much paper and toppled over skyscrapers.

"The sensation I felt was like that of being in a falling elevator." Not a house between Deerfield, 15 miles from Fort Lauderdale, and Miami, was left with a roof and scores were razed. L. B. McKay, Pullman conductor, stated on his arrival in Jacksonville from Miami.

Many people were without clothing and all were going about in bathing suits, he said. More than 1500 people were housed in the Masonic temple at Fort Lauderdale, McKay declared. Other refugees described Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale as matchwood and Miami Beach as a sandy waste littered with brick and mortar and broken boards.

Soldiers guard all roads from Del Ray to Key Largo, turning back crowds that swarm toward the scene of desolation in a search of relatives or friends or to satisfy curiosities, merely.

Citizens' committees formed and dealt death to looters of the dead, it is reported. Robert H. Wood of Hialeah, assistant chief of police, was killed in a gun battle with vandals.

## Radio Goes 1200 Miles.

Vancouver, B. C.—A 1200-mile radio telephone conversation in the Arctic, said to be the longest ever made in that section, was reported by the trading steamer Baychimo, which arrived Monday. The operator of the Baychimo said he established telephone communication with the steamship Bay Rupert on two nights in July. The Baychimo was in western Canadian Arctic, while the Bay Rupert was near the northern entrance of Hudson's bay.

## 50,000 Acres Inundated.

Chicago.—Property damage estimated at \$5,000,000 was reported Monday in Iowa, where flood waters have inundated more than 50,000 acres of land, with the heaviest losses in the vicinity of Sioux City and Des Moines. Railroads throughout the flood-stricken area are being rehabilitated.

## \$1,250,000 Job Awarded.

San Francisco, Cal.—The San Francisco board of supervisors Monday voted to award to A. Guthrie & Co. of Portland the contract to construct the Rock river to Okadale section of the great Hetch Hetchy foothill division water tunnel.

## Seven on Island Lose Lives.

Washington, D. C.—Seven lives were lost, all boats destroyed and two churches were blown down in Saturday's hurricane on Bimini island off the Florida coast.

A radiogram from the shipping board steamer West Ekonk Monday gave this information.

## Rich Art Find Reported.

Athens.—The newspapers announce the discovery of a magnificent collection of art objects, gold and silver treasures, in a tomb which has been discovered by a Swedish archaeological mission in Peloponnesus. The find is valued at \$25,000,000.

## Liberty's Foundation.

I disagree with what you say, but I will fight to the death for your right to say it.—Voltaire.

## COOLIDGE IN DOUBT ABOUT ARMS PARLY

America in General Accord, White House Intimates.

## PLAN IS UNCERTAIN

President Anxious to Assist in Effort of League; Early Results Disappoint.

Washington, D. C.—The United States is in sympathy with any effort to reduce armaments, but President Coolidge would like to know more about the exact nature of the conference proposed for that purpose by the league of nations assembly before considering American participation.

Experience at the Geneva preliminary arms conference, which endeavored to effect an agreement among representatives of only 18 or 20 nations, it was said at the White House, had not been such as to assure such agreements at an even wider discussion with all league members represented.

The resolution adopted unanimously by the assembly provides for the convocation of a general conference before next September unless material difficulties prevent.

Lord Cecil, pledging Great Britain to support the gathering, pictured the world as awaiting results anxiously from Geneva. He warned, however, that it would be fatal to call the meeting before all arrangements were complete, because its failure would be the greatest disaster to the cause of peace since the league's founding. M. Paul Boncour of France and Herr von Schubert for Germany also pledged the support of their respective nations to the conference.

President Coolidge is anxious to assist the Geneva effort. It was emphasized at the White House, but there can be no question of his disappointment over the results of the preliminary arms conference, especially the treatment of naval matters at the hands of the expert committees. Representatives of countries which do not possess navies took part in these technical discussions, and this point has been remarked upon by United States delegates and others during the expert committee sessions.

There is grave doubt whether America would participate in the general conference if it will include the discussion of purely naval affairs by representatives of non-navy nations.

The United States would not be likely to regard such a general conference of all powers on navy matters, regardless of whether their naval forces were substantial or small, as calculated to obtain the desired results, the White House made clear, and the answer of the American government in any invitation to participate in such a gathering undoubtedly would be affected by this consideration.

## Lief Makes Page One.

Oslo, Norway.—Lief Erickson's discovery of America was being played up in all the Norwegian papers Sunday. The government has decided that school children will be taught hereafter that Erickson, instead of Columbus, was the first to land in America. A monument to the ancient Viking may be erected in Oslo shortly. Interest in Erickson's journey has been raised by President Coolidge's speech of last year, when he mentioned the Norseman's discovery of America.

## Chicken Thief, 74, Held.

Phoenixville, Pa.—Forty years spent behind the bars for stealing chickens, has fallen to reform 74-year-old Abe Buzard. With two companions, the notorious chicken thief was arrested Sunday in North Coventry township with a wagonload of chickens which the authorities alleged represented a night's raid. Six months ago Buzard was freed of a charge of stealing chickens, after he had promised to "turn over a new leaf."

## "Tom Thumb" Mourned.

Los Angeles.—Veteran circus folk mourned Sunday the passing of Darius Abner Alden, 84, who, as "Tom Thumb," a 42-inch midget, for 40 years amused thousands of circus goers with his humor and prowess as a glassblower in a side show attraction. Funeral services were held Monday for the diminutive octogenarian who died last Friday at his home here.

## Important Swiss Industry.

Scroll or fret sawing of fancy articles originated in Switzerland, where, to this day in many hamlets, it is their sole support.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Hood River.—The season's first frost prevailed over orchards of Dee flat and the upper valley Friday night.

Independence.—At a special meeting of voters of school district No. 29 Friday night, the district voted to issue warrants for a \$12,000 combination play shed and gymnasium.

Sweet Home.—String beans grown down by the river this year, despite the dry season, measured over 13 inches long and 3 inches in circumference. They were grown on the Mrs. Meller farm.

Myrtle Point.—Ben Shull, 82, who came here in 1872, died Thursday of burns he sustained when a gasoline stove exploded. His daughter, Mrs. Jennie Dement and little child also were badly burned.

Sweet Home.—The people in the mountains are getting better roads now as well as those in Sweet Home and Greenville. Trucks were hauling the gravel up there this last week and the farmers in that vicinity are rejoicing over road betterments.

Salem.—There was one fatality in Oregon due to industrial accidents during the week ending September 16, according to a report prepared here by the state industrial accident commission. The victim was Charles Coleman, sawmill operator of Brighton.

Salem.—William P. Ellis, attorney for the public service commission here for more than 12 years, has resigned, effective October 1. Prior to his appointment as attorney for the commission Mr. Ellis served as reporter and assistant reporter for the department.

Medford.—The Jackson county fair of four days, which closed here at 11 o'clock Saturday night, due to favorable weather and sunshine, was one of the most successful in years, with attendance above normal, the exhibits over average and enjoyable races and other entertainment.

Albany.—Announcement was made Friday that a group of men well known in the timber industry of Oregon had taken an option on the Alco Wood Products company plant here and will start operation within a few days. The new concern will be known as the Albany Door company.

Newberg.—The John Herring prune drier at Dundee was destroyed by fire Thursday night. The fire started in the kiln and when discovered flames were shooting up through the ventilator at the top. This was one of the largest driers in this section and had a capacity of 400 boxes of prunes a day.

La Grande.—Mining excitement is running high in Wallowa county this week following the discovery of a vein containing gold, silver and copper on Lick creek, near Enterprise, which rough assays indicate will run \$100 to the ton. The strike was made in an old tunnel of the Wallowa County Mining and Development company.

Roseburg.—Douglas county's claim for \$1,504,672.82 under the terms of the Oregon and California grant land tax refund bill, passed by the last congress was forwarded to Washington, D. C., Saturday. Approximately \$1,045,000 of the total amount claimed by the county will go to the general fund, while the remainder is to be distributed to the districts which voted special school, road or port taxes.

St. Helens.—The St. Helens receiving station for the Allen & Hendrickson cannery closed its doors for the season Friday night after having been in operation since May 15. The total volume of beans received was around 150,000 pounds and 6500 pounds of evergreen blackberries were bought from the farmers. Receipts of strawberries, loganberries and cherries earlier in the season were approximately 130,000 pounds.

Salem.—Four persons were killed and 331 persons were injured in 2395 traffic accidents in the state of Oregon during the month of August, according to a report prepared here Saturday by T. A. Rafferty, chief inspector for the state motor vehicle department. Of this total number of accidents reported, 1881 were in the city of Portland. There was one death resulting from motor vehicle accidents in Portland, while 214 persons were injured.

Eugene.—First passenger trains over the new Cascade line of the Southern Pacific between Eugene and Klamath Falls were well patronized Sunday. The one that left Eugene at 7:30 A. M. carried 16 through passengers to Klamath Falls and 40 or 50 for way points, while the train that arrived from Klamath Falls at 3:30 P. M. carried more than 100 passengers, many of them being students of the University of Oregon and Oregon Agricultural college.



## CHAPTER XII—Continued

"What would he be doing at Walling River?" But Steele already half guessed.

"He cum over een de summer—he cum wid 'noder man to tak' her to Ogoke."

"What? You mean to say that Lafamme was crazy enough to try to take her by force? Nonsense, Michel! St. Onge would have had the police at Ogoke within a month."

"Eet was crazee ting to try—but he try eet."

"St. Onge never told me this," said the provoked American. "It explains her fear when she saw me that day."

"She nevair know Beeg Antoine try to get her, but she have fear."

"So you have always taken care of her since the visit of Big Antoine? Tell me about it."

"Eet was last June, after dat indian carry letter from Lafamme. He tell me Lafamme was goin' to get mad'm'selle, sometim So de nex' tam she go to play at de rapide, Michel sees dere. After long tam I hear somethin' move een de bush. I wait an' see dis Beeg Antoine—he watch her but she don' know; she play de feedle. I don' wan' to scare her so I walk on de portage wid de beeg whistle so dey hear me an' get out. I follow dem tru' de bush an' een Little tam on de riviere 'bove de post, see Beeg Antoine talk to 'noder feller."

Michel stopped, relit his pipe, and smiled tantalizingly at the interested Steele.

"For heaven's sake, go on! What did you do? Wasn't you drill both of them?"

Michel blew a cloud of smoke before he said:

"You see dis Beeg Antoine at Ogoke?"

"Yes."

"Wal, he move hees head when I shoot. Eet was bad shot."

"So it was you who gave him that scar?"

"Ah-hah!"

"What happened to the other man?"

"He did not move," said the Iroquois, grimly.

"You hit him?"

"Beeg Antoine go back to Ogoke alone."

"And they never came again?"

"No, but we had fear."

There was a hard glint in the eyes of Steele as he turned to David.

"David," he said, "I owe you an apology. When we had that snake in our hands we should have finished the job. It would have been held self-defense by any decent jury."

David lifted his wide shoulders. "We feenish dat job sometim, boss."

As Steele had foreseen, the running down of a beast patrolling a country of the size of the Walling River valley was clearly a matter of chance.

It was decided that Steele and David, with the bloodhound, which they were anxious to test on the snow at once, should work over to the Medicine hills and Phantom lakes district with the purpose of quieting the Indians, if possible, and holding them in the country, as well as of waiting the possible reappearance of the night wailer. Michel, with Little Jacques, a French-Cree, sent from Albany to work at the post after the loss of the fur canoe, and the sole Indian to volunteer for such dread duty, were to patrol the Portage Lake country as far as the traplines on the Little Current and the Drowning. Both parties were to report back at Walling River in two weeks. In the meantime, a Jack pine at the junction of the Stopping with the main stream was chosen as the message center to which a man from each party was to return in a week for news of the other, and whither St. Onge would send any information from the post down river. In this manner they could cover a great area of the lower Walling.

The plan of campaign settled with the happy approval of St. Onge, the traps were divided between the sleds, loaded with supplies for two weeks. If the beast, imitating that terror of the northern trapper, the wolverine, continued robbing the trap-lines, some light-reless Jack would yank under the snow for his unwary feet—jaws, which, if once shut, would hold their victim in grip of steel until the freezing death brought swift relief.

Before he started, Steele returned to the house. At breakfast Denise had been gracious, affable, but impersonal, and Steele felt that the mood of the previous evening still possessed her. So, justly hurt, he made no attempt to plead his case or correct the impression she had patently suffered herself to nourish—the belief that he had lighted some from her revelation of the secret places of her heart, that day on the beach, to a low intrigue at

Ogoke; under the pretense of seeking information, had met Rose Lafamme secretly, only to escape surprise and detection by the alertness of his watch-dog, David. Thus the situation shaped itself in the mind of the smarting Steele; and, as it is ever with the unjustly suspected, he had, with a brave show of indifference, hardened his sore heart to the suffering girl whose turban was already sufficiently great.

But her welfare demanded his early departure from the post and the man whose thoughts she filled, left her that morning without an attempt at defense or explanation.

"We were going up the river at once, mademoiselle. I want you to know—in case anything happens—and trouble, that I have done what I could."

The sober eyes of the girl grew wistful. She started as if to speak, then turned her head, while he watched the blood surge to her throat, her face, then fade. Never had she seemed more lovely—more exquisite. A mad desire urged him to take her in his arms—to make her see how deeply her self-inflicted hurt wronged his love for her; to tell her that it was all so futile—so useless, this suspicion of hers, which walled them off from each other. Then she said:

"You have been so good to us—are doing so much. We can never repay you. I wish you all success, monsieur, and a safe return."

That was all. Sick at heart he turned away to the waiting dog-teams, which, followed by the blanketed bloodhound, jingled out of the clearing and down to the river ice on their



"If the Old Boy Is Loose Now, He'll Appear and Sing Again Somewhere."

strange quest. And, until the bend shut them from sight, a knot of post Indians in awed wonder watched the sleds speeding south. For that men should thus calmly set out in search of a horrible death was a matter beyond their ken.

One morning, a week later, Steele was frying moose steak in his camp in the spruce, on the Little Medicine river. Three days before, David had started with the dogs for the Stopping river where (from Portage lake) word would be left on a piece of birch bark by the partner of Michel. In the Medicine hills the friends had found most of the Indians back on their trap-lines, but uneasy and fearful of the early return of the Windigo, and the conditions along the Phantom chain of lakes were similar.

As Steele sat by his fire eating his breakfast of moose, bannock and tea, the nose of Windigo, the hound, lying at his side, lifted to sniff the air. Then a low rumble swelled his black throat.

"What's the matter, old boy? Smell something?" And Steele patted the dog's wrinkled forehead.

The wind blowing upstream again brought the message, and springing to his feet, the bloodhound ran toward the river, sucking in the biting air through quivering nostrils, then raised his head in a deep-throated bay.

Curious, Steele left his breakfast to follow the dog to the river ice, where already his heavy voice boomed out under the silence of the frozen forest.

For a space he gazed downstream at a dark object moving up the white trail, then exclaimed:

"That's David! And he's pushing the dogs for all there's in 'em! News! He's heard from Michel!"

Running to the tent, Steele hastily got his bag ready for a swift return downriver, then returned to the ice.

In a matter of minutes, David, with face circled by the frost from his hot

breath, drove his light sled up to Steele, the noses of his dogs white with rime.

"Get de stuff on de sled, queek!" cried the excited Oldboy. "Here es de word from Michel!" And he thrust into Steele's hands a roll of birch bark on which, in the syllabic writing of the woods Indian, was burned the message from Michel, in Oldboy, left at the Jack pine by Little Jacques.

"Come to Portage lak', fas'," read David over Steele's shoulder. "Pleentee work for de dog! Miché. Through in his delight, Steele slapped his heavy caribou skin capote of his friend.

"The Windigo's loose over in the valley!" he cried. "When can we get there, if the snow holds off?"

"We camp at Portage lak' een tree sleep—mebbe two. De dogs es tired. I levee Wallin' Riviere once one sleep back," replied the Oldboy, making the bags fast with the sled lashings.

Through the day the team hurried past the silent spruce-clad hills of the valley of the Little Medicine. Through the day the men cast anxious looks at the black cloud-banks hovering in the north, for no snow had fallen in a week and it was overdue. To his delight, Steele had already learned that the dog could easily hold to a fresh trail over the ice or hard snow, packed by the wind. But a fall of new snow on a trail was another matter, and the Windigo might not stay in the country.

That night they camped on the Walling, and in the morning pushed on up the Stopping river trail to Portage lake, following the sled tracks of Little Jacques. Still the snow held off, but Portage lake and Michel were fifty miles away.

In the early afternoon of the second day from the Walling, when the narrowing of the river and the break in the hills ahead indicated their nearness to their goal, the snow they feared began to fall. Shortly Little Jacques' sled trail grew fainter and fainter on the wind-packed snow, and vanished. And by the time the team turned into Portage lake and sought a camping place in the thick scrub back from the shore, men and dogs were sheeted in white.

"Well, we've lost again!" said Steele, bitter with disappointment.

"We know better w'en we see Michel," replied the philosophic Indian.

Soon, as the early November night shut down, like a blanket, on the white lake, the birch logs blazed high before the shed-tent and the tea pall and the kettle of moose stew were shimmering over red coals.

"If the old boy is loose now, he'll appear an' sing again somewhere. There's some consolation in that," dropped Steele, as he filled his pipe.

"We strike here, trail yet, you say, alre—" David broke short off, to rise and peer suddenly into the wall of murk hemming in the fire in the scrub, then walked swiftly into the blackness beyond the circle of light from the fire.

"What is it, David?" called the man at the fire. But there was no response from the other who had faded into the night.

The excited dogs broke into a chorus of howls to the accompaniment of the hiss of the wind. There was something out there in the snow-curtained gloom. Steele rose to his feet. Then a voice called: "Bo-jo! David!" And he knew that Michel had found them.

"Hello, Michel!" he cried, shaking the hand of the Iroquois, who preceded David to the camp-fire. "We did our best to beat the snow here, but it was no use. Now tell us about it!"

Seated with his friends by the flaming birch logs, the headman told his story.

When he and Jacques reached the Little Current, he had found all but a few of the most timid hunters on their trap-lines. There had been rumors about in the valley of the howling of the beast at Big Feather, but the Portage lake hunters had refused to listen to an Indian who claimed that he had heard the Windigo, in September, on the ridge across from Walling River post.

"Dat Pierre, he try do good job."

"Yes, he try hard to scare dem on de Little Current, too."

But to the surprise of Michel, he returned to Portage lake to find a camp of hunters he had left but two days before, wild with fear and preparing to leave the country. For, in his absence, the Windigo had filled the night with horror from a neighboring ridge. Michel had lost no time in finding the trail and following it down to a creek where he lost it on the ice, and although he followed the stream for miles, failed again to pick it up. Then he sent Little Jacques with the message which David found at the rendezvous.

"Well, he's in this country and we'll keep after him," said Steele, when the headman had finished his story.

There was nothing to do but patrol the country, following the trappers' camps, in the hope that some night luck would strike them, and they should wake from their warm robes to hear the voice.

As Steele rolled himself in his blankets under the shed-tent by the fire he wondered if the girl at Walling River, who had so lightly weighed him and found him wanting, had paused to consider whether the choice of a winter of toil with the dogs, on the snow of the Hudson's Bay watershed, rather than the alternative of the soft life of the city, bore any indication of the singleness of his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

China has an area of 4,225,000 square miles and a population of 450,000,000.