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FRONTIER DAY STUNT PULLED AT AUMSVILLE. RECORDER HIGHBERGER HOLDS MIDNIGHT COURT

Quite a bit of excitement was caused at the close of the annual bazaar, Friday evening, while the house was full of people when Holly Lewis, who has from time to time given the authorities of Aumsville more or less trouble by his brazen antics, walked into the cafeteria and picked up two kettles, one containing mashed potatoes and the other gravy, which he took out to the curb and put into a car belonging to Austin Stoddart, unknown to Stoddart. This act was witnessed by a number of people—who were sober—and when he returned shortly afterwards and asked what he had done it for, he said he didn't and everybody who said so were liars and he peddled his usual flow of language unbecoming to a gentleman.

During this time Stoddart found the kettles in his car and not knowing what was going on took the kettles out of the car and placed them alongside of the school house—not wanting them in his car.

Marshal Parsons appeared about that time and Mr. Holly was taken before Recorder Ed Highberger where he still maintained he was innocent—still trying to bull his way out of the predicament by using profane language before ladies and in a private house, but his bluff didn't go and he

was given an opportunity to either produce the kettles or go to the county jail. Holly has been there before and the idea didn't appear to please him, so he said that Stoddart and a man named Sheppard had the kettles. Stoddart was looked up and then the fireworks started, but finally Stoddart and his friends were turned loose and Holly said the kettles were under the Garbe bridge, Marshal Parsons, Chas. Martin and Holly went to the bridge but the kettles were not there and then it was decided to take Holly to the county jail, but on passing the school house the kettles were seen sitting in front of the door, having been put there by Stoddart while the officers and Holly were on the fictitious trip to the bridge.

Holly was then turned loose and the matter was at rest for a few days.

Monday feeling was running high and the school board and citizens held practically an all day session, cussing and discussing the deal but no definite action was taken, as they were all afraid to take the responsibility of swearing out a warrant for Lewis—which looks like Lewis has it over the whole town. It's all right with us "if the people of Aumsville like it" and we hope Lewis pulls another stunt at the next meeting.

THE HOME TOWN PRESS

When we read the larger dailies 'bout all we see is crime. It's jest the same all over, in any state or clime. But when we want to get right down to business, let's confess, it takes the country paper, that little home-town press. Jest think when it's a snow'n, on a blow'n, en' yer blue. Jest pick up that piece of sunshine, en' you scan its pages through. It makes you feel lots different; kinda pinks you up a bit. Cuz you've look't the paper over, en absorbed the most of it. There

ain't so much excitement, when you read the news that's there. But it make's us feel lots close'er, it's a neighborhood affair. Then think about the feel'n, when some love'd one's left to roam. En they get that home town paper, new! of folks back there at home. Kinda, start's their blood a move'n bring's back memories of yore. En before they really know it, their at home again, once more.—Frank Bush in "Uncle Cy's Talk on Current Topics," in the Watseka (Ill.) Republican.

FAMILY REUNION AT THE WALLACE RICHES HOME SUNDAY

A family reunion was held last Sunday at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Riches in welcoming the arrival of little eleven years old Ruth Riches Robinson of San Francisco, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Riches, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robinson of Mill City, who arrived here unescorted after an absence of three years.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with varied colored chrysanthemums and a bounteous dinner was served by the hostess. Covers were laid for the honor guest, Ruth R. Robinson, Jane Robinson of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Riches, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robinson of Mill City, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Riches and daughter, Rachel, Grandma Haslett, the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Riches and son, Gordon Riches. Waldo Riches, who is attending school at Monmouth, was unable to attend.

The day was pleasantly spent in visiting.

METHODIST CHURCH

The opening night of volleyball season proved very popular. Room for playing was at a premium. Let us take this opportunity to cordially invite all to worship with us at the regular services of the church.

Morning service was especially good with the orchestra playing a special number as well as helping in the congregational singing, the choir's anthem and a male quartet. The pastor used Jno. 7:46 as the text for his sermon on "The Perfect Savior": "His character was flawless, His teaching unique, His work powerful." And He's living today! His teaching and work are in force now and all at our disposal. But mere belief about Jesus is not enough—we must believe in Him to the extent we let the searchlight of His truth flood our hearts and then let His character take possession of us.

Rev. Burgoyne touched on the race question. He said races should not be classified but individuals should. The way our immigration laws are now, if Jesus were here in bodily form as 1900 years ago, he could not get into the United States because he was an oriental. Why could not a certain amount of culture be the requirement for admission into our country. That way the low classes of all foreign races would be kept out and no unjust race distinction as now.

NOTICE TO WATER USERS

Water users will confer a favor if they will look over their piping and repair all leaks and notify any member of the council or myself of any leaks that may be noticed in the system.

F. P. ROWLEY.

J. E. Whitehead, the efficient postmaster of Turner, has a warm spot in his heart for editors. While looking over his paper Wednesday morning he found the following piece of poetry and he passed it on to us, knowing that the life of an editor is not always rosy. It makes us feel good, as we consider our chances in the hereafter are pretty good:

Appreciation

The Editor stood at the pearly gate,
His face looked worn and old;
He meekly asked the man of fate
For admission to the fold.
"What have you done?" asked Peter,
"To ask admission here?"
"Oh, I used to run a printing plant
On earth for many a year."

The gate swung open sharply,
As Peter touched the bell.
"Come in, my lad, and take a harp;
You've had enough of h—."
—Redmond A. Bolton.
Jamestown, N. D.

Thanksgiving

For a considerable number of years America has been the storm center of an annual orgy staged as a gentle reminder to the outside world that during the past year we'd done—well, not so badly—even if we did have to admit it ourselves! This year, for once, he who can inject any considerable modicum of zest or complacency into the construction of this smug achievement consciousness must needs be either a colossal optimist—or a democrat.

However, since it is our patriotic duty to be thankful, we'd better grub around a bit and see just what we have on tap to use as grist for the thank-you mill, anyway.

Of course, the republicans go in. For that it is possible they may be half-heartedly thankful. To unbiased onlookers it appears a dubious blessing, but to those mounted on the band wagon it may seem unadulterated. The democrats didn't get in and are, therefore, in the lugubriously enviable position of the "But-we're-not-to-blame-for-it." For this they should be and probably are breathlessly grateful.

The farmers throughout the nation have a bumper crop, for which logically they ought to be vociferously appreciative. Since the crop is so bumper that prices are shot those who consume but do not produce such agricultural commodities are probably pleased.

Then there's the tariff. Half the people want it. Half didn't. The winners are satisfied and the havoc it has

wrecked since its adoption is highly gratifying to the told-you-sos. More reason for double-barreled gratitude.

Winter is coming. They who are ready for it had better be thankful. Those who aren't may thank their lucky stars that it will not be the length of that in Siberia.

No one really likes to work. Ergo—roughly some 6,000,000 souls of us at the present writing may be grimly thankful that our worries on that score are practically nil.

We could go on and on enumerating ad infinitum causes for jubilant thanksgiving on the part of this or that cross section of our national hodge podge. Everywhere there are reasons for continuing to perpetuate the laudable custom started by our sturdy forebears three hundred years ago. If there is a slight pinching in sundry quarters, compensation wafts in on the wind that blows from the opposite direction. Definite causes for thanksgiving may seem obscure at first glance, but a conscientious and painstaking inventory of affairs both national and personal will bring one to light eventually in greater or lesser degree.

Any grim visaged pessimist inclined to doubt the truth of that assertion will find food for thought in the reflection that next month comes Christmas—thank goodness! And if that doesn't please him, let him sigh gratefully and remember that it will then be over for another twelve months. There, at least, is something for which he can be thankful.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

There will be chorus singing at the morning services led by Dr. Epley.

Mrs. Lyman and her Stayton folk were welcome guests Sunday evening.

The ladies annual bazaar is dated for December 10. It promises to be good.

The anthem, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," was rendered by the choir to the pleasure of all.

A very interesting meeting is scheduled for Sunday evening when Rev. Gilstrap will speak, taking for his subject, "Old Bachelor's Love Letters."

A concert of home and Salem talent will be given Sunday night, December 8, which will be in the nature of a community sing.

Dr. Epley was greatly encouraged

by the large choir at both Sunday services. He announces an evening concert for the near future.

A record attendance was a feature of the Christian Endeavor. There were more present than could be seated in the room.

All the morning services were enjoyable. A large spirit-filled Bible school was followed by a beautiful communion service and an excellent spiritual sermon by the pastor.

Bro. Bates announced that an excellent Christmas program is being prepared by the Bible school. Mrs. Delzell has been selected to direct it. It will be Tuesday evening, December 23.

Sunday evening the program was attended by a large audience. Everyone was delighted with the presentation of the poems taken from Bro. Gilstrap's gift book, "Round the Fireplace."

The Elsinore SATURDAY SUNDAY

HOLIDAY

with Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Edward Everett Horton, Robert Ames, Hedda Hopper




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