

One 'Ting After An Udder



By Max McKay

Howdy folks! Well another week and nothing of importance has happened except the legislators are working for themselves instead of the state and we might also add, the Turner high school lost another game of basketball.

We might suggest that the high school quintet and the state solons get together for a big celebration in honor of what they have accomplished this year.

In regard to H. P. Jensen's Austin automobile we'll bet he ordered a Ford and for some reason or other the Ford plant had to cut down his order to one-half.

That reminds us of the time the young fellow took his girl out riding in one of those Austins. They parked, as usual, and low and behold in the middle of the necking party the darn car started moving toward a large mountain. Upon investigation, a large red ant was seen pushing it toward his hill, for his next meal.

H. P. you want to be careful, something of this sort don't happen to you. Also beware of tall grass as you might get lost.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Fight promoters take notice! We went up to the cannery meeting last evening and got in on some real "co-operative spirit."

The meeting at beginning was very calm and peaceful but as the evening grew old the tempers began to rise and blast forth. You know if the meeting would have been all night we'll bet there would have only been one person there able to carry on, —the rest all knocked out.

We came down town and listened to a fight over the radio which proved to be nearly as good.

Just the same a couple of committees were elected and we will hear from them in the near future. Go to it boys, let's have the cannery.

ACCOMPLISHED

By golly, Don Riches has sprouted out with a brand new pair of pants. We knew if we kept after him something was bound to happen. We feel greatly recompensed.

By the way we'd sure like to know who the Jane is who leaves the lipstick marks on the boys cheeks. It is causing much gossip and excitement. If the girl will please report to us we'll see what can be done.

Here lies the body of Johnny Doe, He bumped the cashier and swiped the dough.

Poor Johnny.

We have been requested to announce that there will be "no" admission charge at the next community club meeting as was announced at the last meeting. Remember "no admission" charge. Thank you.

dog. He knew by his growl whether it was a friend or a band of Indians. He had his cabin door fixed so that his dog could go in or out at his pleasure. His cabin was of a log structure with split logs for a door. A small hole just large enough for his dog to go in and out easily. He made a small door to fit this hole in the door and swung it by leather hinges so it would swing in or out. The windows in this old trapper's cabin were only port holes, which he and his trapper friends could shoot through when the Indian started their war against them. His cook stove was a structure of stone with some iron bars across. The smoke escaped thru a stone chimney plastered with mud. His chairs were split blocks with two small poles at either end for legs. His table was of the same structure. He had a large fireplace at one end of his cabin to furnish his heat in the winter time, where he and Budge would sit at night and Timberlick would smoke his pipe and talk to his best friend, his dog, Budge.

Once in a while all the old trappers would get together and play checkers. They lived so far apart that their visits were not very often. There were no roads, only trails and a very wild country. Not many white men but lots of Indians or savages as they were called.

One night a neighbor trapper named Hunky Jim came to visit him. Hunky Jim got his name by his chunky build. He was short and fat with grizzly colored hair which was also long and shabby. As he came up to the cabin it was very dark. He did not dare to carry a light on account of the Indians.

Budge growled. Timberlick spoke to himself and said: "That's a friendly growl." Someone wrapped on the door.

"Come in," said Timberlick. (Continued)

THEY HAVE

"A donkey discovered a mine that has paid \$43,000,000." And other donkeys have put ten times as much into mines that have paid nothing.—Weston Leader.

Dr. B. F. Pound practice limited to removal of teeth, gas or local, and dental X-ray. New location 303 First National Bank Bldg., Salem, Oregon.

WEST STAYTON

Mrs. H. White is making a business and pleasure trip to Salem, Tuesday.

Earl Van Nuys was a caller at the Chamberlin home Monday evening.

Frank Van Nuys of Dallas spent Monday with his parents.

Mrs. T. Y. McClellan was a caller at the Van Nuys home Munday.

A number of school children and quite a few pre-school age took the toxin anti-toxin last Thursday.

Mrs. T. Y. McClellan and Mrs. H. J. Little were dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Hankel last Friday.

Mrs. O. A. Lacy and her sister, Mrs. Wes Lacy were visitors at the Tigon and Bone home Sunday.

Mrs. W. W. Bone helped Mrs. Chamberlin with her washing Monday, Mrs. Chamberlin having the misfortune of falling Saturday and hurting her left arm quite badly.

Little Joyce McClendon, who has been having a siege with the measles, is reported as very much better. She is at the home of Mrs. Blakely in Stayton.

Olive Saere and family of Salem and Carmen Dumond and family of West Stayton spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crane.

Seth Downer returned home Sunday. He has spent the winter in California with his brother, Harvey, and sister, Daisy. He will be busy getting the berry patch in shape for the picking season.

Mrs. Nipple, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Ashe, Mrs. Royse and Mrs. Edith Stewart, Friday afternoon, helped finish Mrs. Forrett's quilt. Mrs. Forrett was very proud of it as it was the first quilt she had ever had quilt-

ed for herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ashe and family went to Lebanon, Saturday morning, where Mr. Ashe has been taking treatments for some time. From there they went to Monroe and spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Edes. They returned home Sunday after a very pleasant visit.

The West Stayton Birthday Club met at the home of Mrs. Martha Belden, Wednesday afternoon. Owing to the stormy weather several members were unable to attend. As usual the quilt blocks were very much in evidence and after a short business session Mrs. Belden served fig bars, fruit and coffee. Those attending were Mesdames Hankel, Stewart, Woosley, Comstock, Allen, Goss, Dickman,

White, Johnson, Royse and the hostess, Mrs. Belden. Mrs. Seymour Stewart and little Alice Dickman were guests of the club.

The West Stayton school had a very interesting program Monday in honor of George Washington's birthday. After the songs and short plays in the school, everybody went out on the play grounds where a beautiful red hawthorne tree was planted by the members of the eighth grade class. Mr. McClendon read a very interesting article and Lois and Marvin Lacy sang a song suitable for the occasion. Each pupil of the 8th grade helped fill in the dirt around the tree. A large and appreciative crowd of mothers left the Monday wash and came out to help observe Washington's birthday.

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The Big Fire

The following theme was chosen as the best from among the freshman English class of the Turner schools, Mrs. May Hadley, teacher:

We were having class in the school house one afternoon in March when the teacher suddenly cried, "look!" Of course we all looked but none of us looked in the right direction. Some of the pupils thought the school house was on fire and I thought the plaster was coming off of the ceiling as it was cracked in several places. When the teacher recovered from the first shock, he told us the Boys Training School was on fire.

When he said that, we all became excited and the teacher seeing that none of us would study while the fire lasted, dismissed school and let us go to the fire. No sooner said than done, we made a dash for the cloak room. The larger ones, being stronger, got to their wraps first and started for the fire. We arrived at the fire in about fifteen minutes; the smoke was pouring from the dormitory windows and the cupalo was a mass of blaze. The first thing our school boys did was to find two full gasoline drums and roll them away from the fire and sit down on them; they probably wouldn't have set there long if a spark had lit on the drums. In about an hour all of the main building had burned down, the first story and basement were not blazing yet but were full of smoke.

One of the officers had some valuable papers and things but could not get them as he had to watch the boys from the training school so they would not run away. Jim and Clayton, who were eager to become heroes, offered to get the paper for the officer. He gave his consent but told them to be careful. They went to the basement and from there to the first floor but they had a hard time locating the box and when they did find it things were beginning to get hot.

When the boys got the officer's things and came out of the burning building, the officer was glad to get his belongings and the boys were glad to get out of the hot building. While all of this was going on the firemen

were using the fire hose and putting on chemicals to put the fire out. It was of no use as the building was about gone but they did save most of the buildings around the main one. We stayed until about five o'clock and then started home. We had not gone far when we saw one of women, who was working there, running up and down the road crying. We thought that she was hurt but we finally found out she was doing all the crying for a cat that she thought had burned to death.

The cat was found a few days later running around in the woods as alive as ever.

The results of the fire were not a bit pleasant. We all coughed several days after and didn't feel very well. The smoke from the hospital where all of the medicines, including ether, were burned, made us sick or that is the only reason we could find. Maybe sitting on the damp ground made us sick but none of us said anything about that. Many people came for weeks afterwards to see the fire and the ruins.

STELLA MASON,
Age 15
Turner, Oregon.

Timberlick Or The Two Girl Hunters

Many, many years ago in Utah when the Indians and the white were in their battling mood, this old trapper and hunter and many others lived in the mountains and did nothing but trap and hunt for their living, which was not a wealthy or prosperous living but they had plenty.

Our old trapper, Timberlick, was not such an old man. He was about 40 years of age, tall and lean, with long whiskers and long hair, only a rink at the crown of his head.

Timberlick had everything named, his dog's name was Budge, his rifle he called "Calamity." He was a sure and straight shot, for he had plenty of practice. He would go around his trap line and get his varmints out and sell the pelts for his groceries, which was not much, only just the necessities of life which included a few clothes and shoes.

He was very fond of Budge, his