

Supplement To The Turner Tribune

Aumsville News

Mrs. Gallagar of Salem assisted them in organizing.

E. Warne Empey is quite ill at his home. He is suffering from flu, following an operation two weeks ago. His mother, Mrs. W. B. Empey, came from Junction City and is assisting in caring for him.

The Aumsville postoffice which has been under the supervision of Mrs. Elsie Lewis since the death of T. W. Johnson over a year ago, will be in the hands of Selmer Brown after the first of April, Selmer's appointment having been confirmed this week. He has been getting the low down on the work this week so as to be ready to be

sworn in on the first. Selmer has been assistant carrier on the route for some time and is somewhat familiar with the work.

The Aumsville P. T. A. will meet and a group of young people from Turner will present a 25 minute playlet: "Madam DePortment School." There will be no charges. Come out and give the visitors a hand.

The Stayton Hotel, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lesley, suffered a \$900 fire the first of the week.

The Jas. Breitenstien family of Sublimity are under quarantine for scarlet fever.



By Max McKay

Cherro, people! Here we are again trying to please, but we find it kinda difficult as no one has committed any great crime or started any gossip of any value. But what the heck do we care, maybe we can start sumpin' ourselves.

Well, as we've been anticipating for some time, "Spring Opening," is here and gone again. We guess spring is officially here, even if it does continue to rain.

We didn't get a chance to go, but we'll bet they had a great time in Salem opening spring and various other things, yes, sir!

FOR SALE

A large modern well kept house by a man, with large opening in front of bay window, a large dining room, and spacious back yard. Inquire the mistic man, Mr. Bungstarter.

Again we'll do our stuff as a poet so here goes:

A couple of boys were sittin' around,
In a certain grocery store;
The kid that was playin' the radio,
Isn't there any more.

The boy that's takin' his umble place,
Was perched upon a table;
And back of the stove with glowing face,

Was the lady known as ———
When lo and behold as if a ghost,
A man stepped in thru the door;
Wasting no time he took his post,
As keeper of the store.

To a buyer or two he showed his ware,
And a sale or two did promote;
Back to the stove he came with a "stare,"

And the discussion seemed to float.
He opened his mouth in a kinda sneer,
And said with much disdain;
"You boys wanta buy somethin' here,
Or are you just bummin' again."
Then the argument completely stopped,

And the silence was greater than ever;
As a couple boys were makin' the door,

With a fond farewell to the store.
A remark of this kind is kinda funny,
But it always will remind;
There's many a place in this old world
To go and spend your money.

Yes, sir, we're not much of a poet
but we sure like to say what we think.

We notice that Officer Givens hasn't been presented with that new uniform that we have been suggesting. Just keep a stiff upper lip and we think things will turn out all right.

Officer's sure doin' his stuff these days. He even run us and party off the sidewalk because we had our car under us.

He said the city ordinance told him to keep all cars offa the sidewalk. Good work old ordinance, speak on old boy and we'll have a well regulated town yet.

Our old friend, Walt Miller, was telling us the other day of the time that several of the young bucks of the town borrowed the little meat wagon owned at the time by a well known relative of ours and went to Shaw to a dance. It seemed the boys got too much Xmas cheer under their belts and had to be carried out and put in the meat wagon feet first and head hanging out over the tail gate to prevent anything getting on the floor. The ride home was a rough one but they never knew it.

Just imagine those boys ridin' all the way home with their heads hanging out the back and bobbin' up and down whenever the driver hit a bump. It is said the owner of the hack had to scrub about two hours before he could put any meat in it.

We went over to Monmouth last Sunday and say we sure are convinced that that place is O.K. Those girls' family trees must have all been peaches, yes, sir!

Mable Tucker has a sore throat. Ah, ha, we'll bet that you have been exposed to the cold air somehow. Maybe she had to ahem er, we'll call it a thoughtlessness.

Good bye till next week.

TELEPHONE 3441
Globe Body & Fender Works
Bill Durkee
Bear System of Wheel Alignment
Frame and Axle Straightening
444 Ferry St., Salem, Oregon

Timberlick Or The Two Girl Hunters

Chapter IV

Timberlick watched for Budge to come in. As he didn't, he went to the door.

He went around the house where Budge was and saw a big black bear. He shot it and brought it in and made a rug of its hide.

The next morning Timberlick went out as unusual for his fresh meat.

That was the custom of all the trappers to have fresh meat for breakfast.

He had not gone far when Budge growled. He said to himself, that's Injuns. So he got to a hollow in the hills to watch for their coming, for it was a little dark yet, so he had the advantage of the Indians.

He laid there under the shadow of a tree and watched every direction for the approach of his enemies. He finely sent Budge to the top to see about the Indians. Budge looked back from the top and wagged his tail, which was a signal that everything was clear.

Timberlick knew all of his old dog's signals and he climbed out of the hollow.

He said to Budge, "We had better go back to our shack for fear them Injun savages might do something to our home."

They started for the shack and as they came over a ridge they saw a bunch of Indians gathering some dry sticks to burn the house down.

Timberlick started shooting, and being a good shot soon started them on the run. Then he went into the house and stationed himself at a port hole to watch, but they did not return. After he had watched for an hour or two, he sent Budge out, as was his way of being sure everything was O.K. The grass so high and thick they couldn't see Budge.

Then he started out around his trap line. He didn't go only about a mile when he saw three or four Indians. He raised Old Calamity to shoot. Just then an arrow knocked his hat off. He turned his head and saw an Indian ready to shoot another arrow. He jumped behind a tree and took a shot at the Indian which was a good shot. But the other Indians heard the shot and began to come down that way, keeping behind trees and logs and to separate so as to view everything around them and also to protect themselves from the white man's gun.

Timberlick couldn't get sight of them, for he didn't dare to stand. Budge crept close to the log that his master was sheltered by. Every little while he would growl.

Timberlick knew the Indians were coming closer. He didn't know what he was to do. He was thinking very fast when he heard a shot, then another, and another.

He raised up, then to himself and Budge he said, "Who could that of been?"

Some one hollowed, "Hello, uncle!"

(Continued)

W. T. Rigdon & Son

UNDERTAKERS

LLOYD T. RIGDON
County Coroner

Salem Oregon