

# THE TURNER TRIBUNE

VOLUME XVI

AND CONTINUATION OF THE AUMSVILLE STAR

THURSDAY; JULY 23, 1931

NO. 37

## But The Sign Says: "Hands Off"

The Nation today is paying, for its liquor, about a billion dollars a year MORE than it paid before prohibition.

It is spending—in hard times—a few million dollars short of three billion a year, for booze.

It is consuming wine at the rate of 118,320,000 gallons a year beer at the rate of 683,000,000 gallons; almost 40,000,000 gallons of alcohol—which means easily double that amount or "whiskey" and "gin."

These are not "wet" figures; they are department of justice figures.

In 1930 there were more than 15,000 cases of liquor poisonings. Monetary loss, \$50,000,000; authority, American Medical association.

Our murder rate steadily goes up. It is now 17 times that of "wet" England and Wales.

Our jails and penitentiaries are overcrowded with "felons" and we are shoveling in more at a tremendous rate. England is emptying her jails almost as fast as we are filling ours.

Nothing, however, must be done about prohibition. That's the order from above, where the Anti-Saloon league, the W. C. T. U. and various boards for regulating our morals sit in judgment upon us and tell us what's good for us.—Portland News-Telegram

Sunday July 19th, the annual home coming was held at the old Pleasant Grove church. Owing to a slight error in the dates it was not known until too late to change plans that this was the 75th anniversary of the organization of the church, but the building was not erected until 1858. So next year the 75th anniversary will be duly celebrated. Dr. Thomson of Portland, was the speaker for both the morning and afternoon services and Mr. McDonald of Salem, led the singing. Rev. Stewart, wife and daughter Claire, sang a special song in the afternoon service. A nice crowd was present and enjoyed the services and the beautiful picnic dinner that was served at noon. The day was unusually warm and the heat was noticeable in the shade of the old fir trees that make a dense shade over the church and grounds.

## Minnesota Picnic

The Minnesota Club will hold its annual summer picnic at the Legion park at Stayton, on Sunday, July 25th, opening with a picnic dinner at 1 p.m.

After the dinner there will be a short time for the renewing of acquaintances and for the making of new friends and later we have the promise of a program that will interest everyone.

Stayton orchestra and quartet will furnish several selections; Mr. Wm. A. Delzell will give the address of the day so we are assured of a message that will be worth hearing.

All Minnesotans are urged to come and make this picnic known to all former gophers.

## Yellowstone Park Trip Reported By Turner Folks

The hastily planned vacation trip that the Burgoyne and the Gunnings took came to a happy conclusion last Friday night about 10 o'clock. The reason so little was known about our going was because we were not at all sure of it ourselves till we were on our way and even then we had no time set for returning, only planning to do so just as soon as we possibly could and do all we had mapped out.

We started from Turner 7:40 a. m. Thursday, July 2nd, in a misty rain, before noon we were in sunshine and enjoying the hard to excel scenery of the Columbia highway. Later passing thru the country of bare hills, dust storms and occasional Indians. From Milton the country was rolling but hills no longer bare—instead the plowed fields, patches of ripening grain and green meadows spread over them reminding us of grandmother's patchwork quilt. Seven thirty that evening found us taking possession of a cabin in Tourist Park on the north side of Walla Walla.

Friday morning at 7:45 we were all packed up again and on our way. We stopped at Colfax long enough to look up Uncle Perry Cornelius, who seemed very happy to see us but has grown so hard of hearing it was difficult to talk much. That night we spent in a little red cabin nestled at the foot of a fir clad mountain in a little town called Mullen, the last town in Idaho. The next morning we arose at the usual time but were told our watches must be set ahead one hour—hence, it was nearly nine o'clock when we again got under way, but, as we only had about 250 miles to cover to reach Sternville, Mont., where we planned on spending the Lord's Day with Brother Burgoyne's Grandmother and other relatives. We had ample time at that, for instead of surprising her as planned, we were the ones surprised, to find the folks all gone to a family picnic in celebration of the Fourth, however a roomer admitted us and by the time we had removed the travel stains they returned and a heartier welcome, even to the Gunnings, who of course were total strangers, one would have to go far to find.

Bro. Burgoyne's relatives had a family reunion after church Sunday, again counting the Gunnings in like own folk. Eighteen sat around a table fairly groaning with all the good things to eat you could think of. Bro. Burgoyne was given the pulpit that evening and he gave a heart searching discourse on, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Mrs. Leonard Burgoyne (by the way she is homesick to come back to West Salem) said afterwards "Husband whispered to me 'He isn't hitting me this time for I quit smoking two weeks ago.'"

Very reluctantly they let us go on directly after lunch Monday. It was a bit less than a hundred miles to Mrs Burgoyne's mother's home and could you have seen the meeting of mother and daughter you would have realized as otherwise you could not how homesick they were for each other. However, Bro. Burgoyne felt he should get back to his work here as soon as possible so we were only there two days and three nights. Two married sisters were there much of that time and lots of visiting was crowded into that short while.

7 a. m. Thursday, July 9th saw us headed for Yellowstone Park. Just before entering Butte we could see off to our right the highest smokestack in the world built for the Anaconda smelter. As we stopped in front of Mrs. Burgoyne's brother-in-laws we discovered we had a flat so that gave us a nice visit with her cousin and a waffle dinner. From there we had beautiful mountain scenery. At Whitehall the Burgoyne's started to say Hello to other relatives and at Manhattan the Gunnings tried to look in on Mrs. Peck. Not finding her at home we stopped at the depot and her son said she had gone to a picnic but was just on the point of coming to Hoodriver so we are hoping she will get up to Turner some time this summer.

We stayed in camp on the southern edge of Lewiston that night but by 11 a. m. we were entering the park.

The first point of interest was Eagle Nest rock which has been the nesting place for ospreys since the park was first discovered. Bears throughout the park are very friendly and roam in and out of the woods at their own sweet will. Friday afternoon we visited Liberty cap—an extinct hot spring cave—the terraces formed by the outflow of warm springs, Jupiter being the largest hot spring terrace in the world, but the Angel terrace, is the most beautiful, tho they all are too beautiful for words.

Saturday we drove to the next camp making several side trips to view the wonders of boiling springs and beautiful pools, so clear and sparkly like gems—opal, emerald, rainbow and what not.

We also noted the Obsidian Cliff—a black volcanic glass; roaring mountain and Twin lakes, one blue the other green. We stayed over Sunday in Old Faithful camp, named for the geyser which erupts about every 63 minutes, throwing water and steam 120 to 170 feet high for 4 to 5 minutes at a time. Saturday evening we watched the bears come out of the woods to their feeding ground, "garbage dump table/lunch counter for bears only" A Ranger sitting astride his horse lectured on Bears for an hour, keeping a watchful eye on them all the while. An illus-

trated lecture on the beauties of the park and Old Faithful by moonlight with a spotlight thrown on its eruption from the top of the hotel, finished a wonderful day of sightseeing.

Monday we moved to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and here words fail me again, the coloring is so beautiful—the one blending into the next and the canyon which is 1200 ft. deep and 2000 ft. wide is so crooked it's impossible to get it all in one picture unless taken with a moving picture machine. There are two large falls in this canyon, the lower falls 308 feet. We went down a stair of nearly 500 steps to get a view of these falls and canyon as a whole and it was a sight which well paid us for the big climb. Inspiration point is where one gets still a grander view of the canyon and is true to its name. Next morning on our way out we passed Glacial Boulder, a high one—big as a house resting in the edge of a forest. We were fortunate enough, too, to see two more in a marshy place not far from the road; a doe and fawn leaped across our path; later we sighted a coyote and as we were nearly to the top of Mt. Washburn we could see across on another mountain peak 5 or 6 mountain sheep feeding. From the top of this mountain nearly 11000 ft. high can be seen Yellowstone lake. This lake though they figure it is only one third its former size, is large enough yet so tourists drive along the lake shore for miles and miles watching people fishing and rowing.

Tuesday night July 14th, we camped just outside the park in West Yellowstone City, starting for home early the next morning our road soon took a southerly direction going by way of Poacello and Twin Falls; camped here that night. Taking up the journey next morning we passed thru Boise and Nampa, entering Oregon at Ontario—Ruthie sighed as soon as we crossed the line, Oh! this is better! At Vale we failed to notice the turn sign and the road was so good or never mistrusted we were off the John Day High way till we had gone 25 long miles. Reluctantly we turned ourselves about and trotted back and that is why we drove 384 miles that day and then stopped at Prarie City instead of making John Day as we had planned. Auto Prarie Camp had the best accommodations of any cabin we found on the whole trip. Friday morning as we drove thru the rolling country dotted with prosperous looking farm homes, we couldn't help but contract it with the miles and miles of straight roads thru sage brush land in Idaho. To be sure there are many spots of green cultivated land but it's where they irrigate. True, too, the section of eastern Oregon we passed thru depends largely on irrigation. Did you ever see those mountains that look like layer cake? We counted seven layers in one with the cream(?) heaped up on top. We passed thru Ochoco National Forest and at 11:55 a. m., we were at the summit of the Blue mountains 5289 ft. elevation. Here amid

(continued on inside page)

## TURNER WINS SUNDAY FROM THE LUMBER JACKS 7 TO 3

The game Sunday between Mill City and Turner on the Cloverdale diamond, was rather slow, but the fans got their money's worth in seeing the home boys win.

At no time during the game was Turner in danger of losing out. Art Spellbrink, who has not been in action with the home team this summer, pitched a good brand of ball and fanned seven men. He was relieved in the seventh inning by Russell who fanned three.

Mill City made all her runs in the fourth inning when she crassed the plate four times, from then on it was one, two, three.

Next Sunday Hill's candy bunch comes. This aggregation has been playing good ball lately, and while Turner licked them earlier in the season, they will have to step some if they win next Sunday's game.

In the second game last Friday afternoon between the Marion Club and the Turner-Cloverdale bunch of young ball tossers, the game went ten innings. At the end of the ninth both teams were tied, and in the tenth frame Turner won by a home run.

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.

Say folks the schools will soon open again so why not have your kiddies shoes overhauled and repaired at Robison's shoe shop, next door to the Tribune Office. Also furniture, tinware enamelware repaired. Work guaranteed.

## Attractive Tea

Mrs. Ivan Hadley and Mrs. R. Lee Thiessen were joint hostesses for the M. E. Silver Tea, last Thursday.

Scripture devotions led by Mrs. Hadley of Salem.

A very pleasant program consisted of a reading by Mrs. Roy Witzel and Mrs. L. Rowley; Mrs. C. A. Bear conducting a contest of much interest. Mrs. Hadley played a piano solo and accompanied Mrs. Thiessen in two songs.

The house was beautifully decorated with various boquets about the rooms. Dainty refreshments were served with Edwin Thiessen assisting the hostess. The guests included Mrs. Ted Whitehead, Mrs. Lovette Rowley, Mrs. Gayette Barnett, Mrs. Alice Asquith, Mrs. D. B. Parkes, Mrs. Arthur Kunkle and daughter Ann Mrs. Hadley of Salem, Mrs. J. W. Ransom, Mrs. I. H. Small, Mrs. Betty Leggett, Mrs. A. D. Hale, Mrs. C. A. Bear, Mrs. E. J. Harrison and children Ira Neal and Eugene, Mrs. M. Pearson, Mrs. Irvin Putnam, Mrs. Lowrence Roberts, Mrs. G. W. Farris, R. O. Witzell, Mrs. Ivan Hadley and children Lowell, Homer, Norval Mrs. Thiessen and children, Gordon, Ellis and Edwin.

# "Big Carnival Dance" Turner, Saturday Night, Cornhuskers Playing