

**Grass Valley**

(By Mrs. A. F. Balzer)

Lowell Smith celebrated his seventh birthday Tuesday August 11, when his mother, Mrs. Myrtle Smith, invited his friends in for the afternoon. The children played in a tank and plastic pool on the lawn for several hours before coming in to watch Lowell open his gifts and be served ice cream, birthday cake and punch. The guests included Gene David and Louise Eakin, Terry, Ray and Susan Eakin, Joy and Cathy von Borstel, Ardine Todd, Julie Reynolds and Kenneth, Curt and Sharyl Blagg, the honor guest, Lowell, and his baby brother, Gordon. Also present were Mrs. Bill Todd, Mrs. Ivan Blagg, Mrs. Owen Eakin, Mrs. Bill Pausch and Mrs. Vernon Eakin, who was also honored with a birthday cake and received some gifts. The ladies enjoyed coffee with their cake and ice cream.

Mrs. Alfred Kock entertained her bridge club at her home Thursday afternoon. Bridge was in play at two tables, with Mrs. Arzell Lemley holding high score and Mrs. J. S. Newcomb low score for the afternoon. Refreshments were served by the hostess. Other members present were Mrs. Glenn Perry, Mrs. A. F. Balzer, Mrs. Max Brown, Mrs. Donald Clodfelter and Mrs. Art Bibby and Mrs. Gordon Lemley as guest.

About thirty people attended the demonstration party held at the home of Mrs. Harry Justesen at Kent Wednesday afternoon. The room was decorated with sweet peas. After games were played refreshments of iced tea, limeade and cookies were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Blagg were hosts Saturday evening when a buffet supper was served to Mrs. Zola Blackwell and daughter, Beverly, of Lebanon, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Blagg and daughter, Sandra of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blagg, Mr. and Mrs. Clair Balzer and Howard Miller. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blagg had the same group in for dinner Sunday.

Miss Martha Bardenhagen and her cousin, Miss Sylvester left Saturday for Portland where they took a plane for New York to the home of Miss Sylvester. Miss Bardenhagen stayed with her cousin and left the next day for John Hopkins hospital in Baltimore where she is a student nurse. The girls spent a month here with Miss Bardenhagen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claus Bardenhagen.

Mrs. George Bash and Mrs. Frank von Borstel were callers Friday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Bardenhagen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace May were in Portland Sunday to visit their daughter in law, Mr. C. W. May and son and to attend the

Edgar-Coffey wedding. Miss Coffey is a cousin of Wallace May. Milo Elliott and daughter, Pauline and Mr. and Mrs. Vance Elliott and daughters of Sheridan spent the weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Bayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Olds and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox went to Sandy Sunday to attend the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Huhman.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Bayer and family of Enterprise were week end guests at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Bayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Roberts and family of Corvallis were visitors from Thursday until Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox. Ronald and Redney Roberts stayed for a longer visit with their grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Davis and daughters Louise and Ellen of Condon, spent Sunday visiting at the home of his brother and sister in law, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Davis. The girls stayed for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Bayer and family, Kay Brittain, Mrs. F. T. Bayer, David Bayer and Mrs. Charles Perrigo and daughters, Linda and Leslie, visited Maryhill museum Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Perrigo and daughters of Astoria arrived last week and Mrs. Perrigo will drive wheat truck for her father, Frank T. Bayer.

Miss Helen Steenkolk of Moro spent a few days last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Justesen at Kent. Miss Steenkolk will leave soon for Hawaii where she will teach this school year.

B. M. Kelley left Saturday for Iowa having been called back on receiving word of the death of his mother.

Mrs. Zola Blackwell and daughter, Beverly of Lebanon came Friday and spent the weekend at the Ivan Blagg home. They left Sunday accompanied by Kenneth and Curt Blagg who will visit their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Coyle in Lebanon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Frank E. Bayer and family were visitors last Sunday in Parkdale at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Brittain. Kay Brittain came home with them for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Schilling and son, Cary, were in The Dalles Thursday to visit her father, Bud Coon.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox Sunday afternoon were Mrs. Charles Forrester and daughter, Lucile and Mrs. Phipps of Goldendale.

Mrs. Dean Olds and son, Willard of Portland spent the week end here with her mother, Mrs. Lydia Wassenniller.

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**C & C Food Store  
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**SEPTEMBER 11-12-13 SHERMAN COUNTY FAIR**



You know how it was in the old days, a bunch of men, mostly young, laying around on Sunday after the chores were done. Maybe the cards were too greasy to play poker with, or maybe there wasn't any money on hand. They got to talking.

One says "If you guy'll saddle up that bald-faced sorrel I'll ride him". Maybe there were a few bets, not much for some of the west's worst horses have been ridden for \$2.50 or less.

So the riding started. Some one else chose a horse until the horses were all broke or as near



broke as it was interesting to make them.

Then when the times were dull they started on the steers which were a different kind of riding but still a contest between man and beast. Putting a saddle on a steer so it would stick was too much trouble so they rode bare-back.

That was years ago when cowboys were working men in search of a little fun after they had washed their extra shirt and hung out their blankets toward the friendly western sun.

Now a cowboy is a showman who works weekends before cheering crowds riding horses and bulls both of which are trained to buck; otherwise the cowboys would have had them broke long ago. They ride ten seconds instead of staying until the horse stuck his head against the corral poles and quit bawling.

Mac Barbour is bringing his string of buckers and his crew of riders to the Sherman county fair again this year. Just as he has been doing for years and years.

In search of a change the fair board has gone here and there but has never found a better string of horses or riders or a chute crew that gets the horses into the arena like Mac does. That's the reason he's coming again—hes' good.

Somehow the riding of horses has taken hold of Americans and from New York to Moro people flock to a rodeo like bears to a honey tree. Many of these horses are terrific and in an afternoon a spectator can find all types of bucking horses; the straightaway fast, quick jumper, the sunfisher, the one that turns over, the end changer. All speeds from the little fast ones that break a rider's back to the big slow ones that jar his teeth loose.

You never know what kind is coming out of the chute, nor what kind of a ride the man is going to make. Every now and then an old hand gets one he can't ride and some green kid stays on top with nothing but nerve to keep him there.



There's money in it for the good ones and the lucky ones and there's a diet of corral dust for the other kind—and broken bones for both. The customers shout and cheer about it, stand up and yell at a good ride or yell personal remarks at the unfortunate who makes the wrong guess and goes a different way than the horse.

They ride bulls, too, and rope calves and sometimes bust steers which now wear a plastic head-piece to keep their horns on. Horses are trained to hold tight or keep a slack rope until they, themselves are worth the price of admission just to watch.

Saturday and Sunday, September 12-13 there will be that kind of a show at the fair grounds, during the Sherman county fair which will begin Friday when club work will be the major attraction.

That's the way it started; goodness knows where it will end. Neither does badness.

For the present the business of riding bucking horses, roping unwilling calves, lassoing lunging steers and all the similar open air pastimes attendant to western rodeos are hitting the top of the spectator sports and may go on for long after the last of the original cowboys has gone to that

home in the sky about which he purportedly sang.

Great Day. A man might as well try balancing himself on a flag-pole while eating custard pie in a high wind.

