

Fire Burns Land Near Rufus

This area had its first fire last Friday July 23. Fire broke out around the buildings on the old Herman Brackett place. Neighbors quickly gathered, and saved the buildings, but all of the pasture land, approximately fifty acres burned. The Wasco community fire truck was on hand to keep the fire from jumping the road. Help came from neighbors living as far as ten miles away. Summer fallow fields surrounded most of the pasture land all excepting some barley at the west side, and fortunately that was too green to burn.

By a strange co-incidence the fire did get across the road in spite of the watching men. An underground culvert was full of weeds, so the fire burned right through it and out the other side to some more pasture land, but this was surrounded by summer fallow, so soon it was brought under control. If the fire had gotten in to the wheat, they couldn't have stopped it, and many acres would have been burned, as the wheat is dry enough to burn. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blake have lived for the past year on the Brackett place.

Rev Willis Barney spent a week at Deer Lake, at Boys Camp near Sprokane, Wn. Mr. Barney acted as counselor and the camp doctor for the boys.

A group of people enjoyed a picnic and swim Sunday at the old swimmin' hole on the James Fox place. Among them were

Mr and Mrs. Don Macnab and family, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Macnab and family, Mr. and Mrs. David Richelderfer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Macnab and son and Mr. and Mrs. George Macnab.

The farmers had trouble last week getting their wheat to test low enough in moisture to harvest. Some mornings were cool and this made the moisture go above the allotted eleven per cent that they are allowed. This week should see most of the farmers get started harvesting with all going next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Burnett entertained with a picnic dinner on the lawn honoring their daughter Louana on her 7th birthday. Invited were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Macnab and daughters Kay and Nancy, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Medler and children Doug and Barbara, Wally and Denny Dumler and Jimmy Macnab.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Macnab brought their daughter Kay home Friday from a hospital in Portland. Kay had an operation on her ankle. She is confined to a wheel chair and bed for the first couple weeks at home while her ankle has the cast on.

The Missionary society of the church of the Nazarene met Wed-

nesday at the home of Mrs. Willis Barney. The study was on new India, and very interesting. The society meets once a month and keeps right on during the summer months.

Mrs. Tom Buce left last Sunday to drive truck in harvest for her uncle Marion Weatherford of Arlington. Mrs. Buce's children, Alana and Mike are being taken care of by her mother, Mrs. Frank Weatherford.

Mrs. Edna Brown is taking care of the Rufus Motel for Mrs. Buce while she is away.

JOHNSON LIKES NEW P. O.

"Moro postal patrons who come to me with requests, complaints, and other postal service problems, can expect more prompt replies and better service than they experienced in the past," Postmaster Lloyd Johnson said yesterday.

With the opening of the Portland district office, Johnson pointed out, all postal operation and service mail leaving his office are now sent to Portland rather than to Washington. The Portland

District office is a part of the new Portland regional operations organization, embracing Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and Alaska. Other District offices are at Boise, Spokane, Seattle, Butte and Anchorage.

Reorganization of the vast Post Office operation into compact regions and districts is part of Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield's program to improve service and eliminate the huge annual postal deficit.

"Until now each of the 42,000 postmasters in the U. S. corresponded with Washington on all postal matters," he explained.

Antelope Permits Now Available

Applications for permits to hunt antelope during the 1954

season are now available at the offices of the game commission and its license agencies throughout the state.

A total of 600 permits are to be issued to resident hunters this year. All applications must be in the Portland office of the game commission before 10 a. m., August 10, and only those on official application forms will be considered.

Parties of not more than four persons may apply together, but

\$5 must accompany the application for each person applying. Any one person may apply only in one of the three areas as described in hunting regulations.

A public drawing will be held at the game commission headquarters on August 12, and permits will be mailed to the lucky winners on the 13th.

Seasons in areas one and three run from August 21 to 26, and the open dates in area two extend from August 28 to September 2.

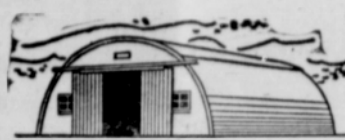
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Sherman County Fair Sept 9-12



It would be a terrible mistake if this county did not hold a fair.

It has a lot of distinctive things about it, things that would never be shown if it was not for the fair.

It also has many things that aren't shown at a fair and maybe something should be done about that, too. There is the view from Gordon Butte toward the wheatfields of the north end of the county; there is the view of the Columbia with its varied transportation systems moving men and material east and west quickly by rail and highway and plane and slowly and powerfully by river barge; there is the quick glimpse of the Deschutes as seen from the road along the breaks; there are the wheatfields as perfect and productive as any in the world.

These are not shown at our fair, any fair. Sometimes we

think that the display of Sherman county scenes by picture at the fair would be as interesting as any exhibit that could be made. We mean dozens of them.

These are not moveable and exhibits must be moveable. These are the very nature of the county, a part of it, startling evidence of its geographical position lying, as it does, between two swift and deep-canyoned rivers, sloping toward another huge river, a part of a geographical fault, ash and lava covered eons ago. The years and the rains and the frosts brought decay to the basalt rock and the wind brought seed of juniper, sage, mock orange, wild rose and bunchgrass to grow on the hills and in the draws.

The white men found it covered with grass that reached to the bellies of their hungry horses, succulent grass, strong feed for horse or antelope or deer. Horses

were transportation in those days. They were railway, truck and plane. A man without a horse could not exist. The raising of horses was an industry as impor-



tant as the making of automobiles or the building of railroads or the production of tractors. And the big grass made horses strong and tough and wiry.

There were cattle although never so many and they succeeded horses after a fashion.

The wheat grower succeeded them both, he and his plow. Imagine the anger of a horse man as he watched a newcomer turn the big grass under, using horses to destroy the fine feed they thrived on. But the horse owner didn't own the land; he merely



used grass, year after year harvesting the crop with the sharp teeth of cross-bred cayuses.

The wheat grower drove out the wild things and the half-wild things, including the horses, and eventually bought iron machines to end the era of the horse as they had ended his feed.

Now the hills are covered with wheat, great fields of it and little towns, with their locust-lined streets, nestle in the canyons and farmers and townsmen hold fairs to commemorate briefly the excellence of their crops.

It has only been a little while, one lifetime will span it, since the original grass covered the hills and the only exhibit from the county was a band of prancing horses, a few nervous long-horned cattle, some beaver pelts.

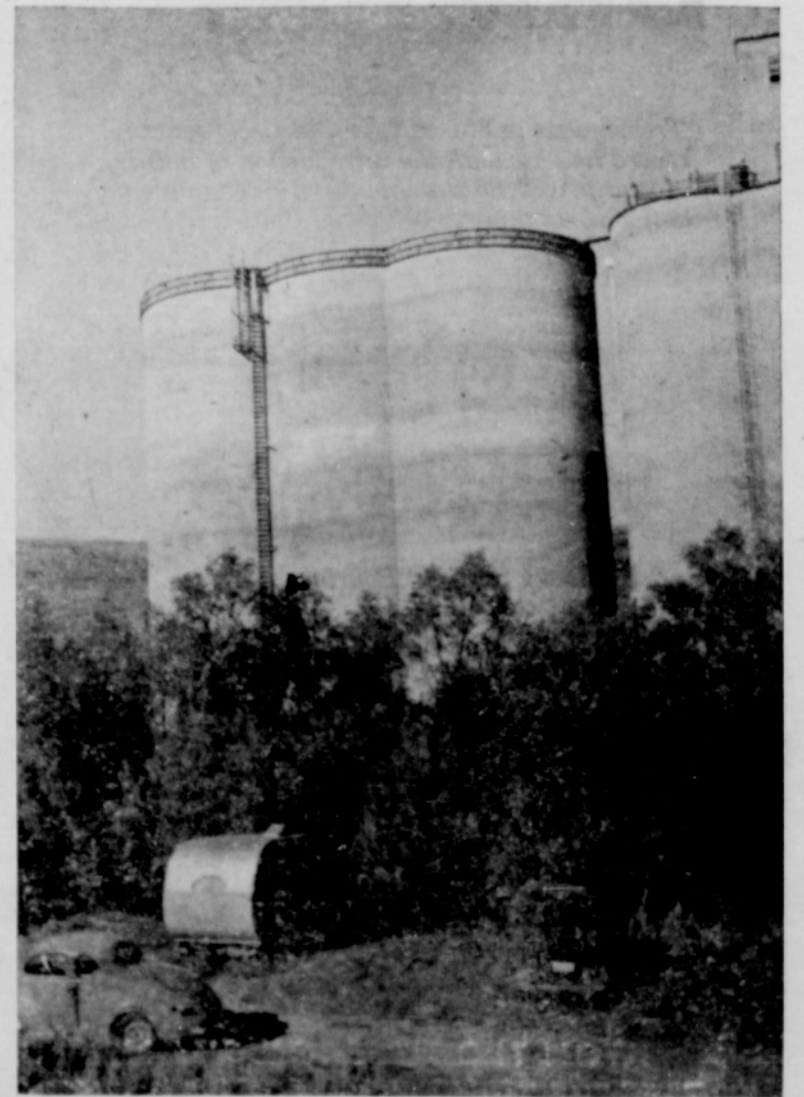
Here, now, in 1954, fairs are held, attended by men in white shirts and women in flowered frocks who come in smooth riding automobiles over paved roads to see pampered steers, fancy work and sugar-topped cakes. In one life-time.

Men will attend the fair who rode across the same ground before the plow had turned a furrow on it. If any fair is celebration over the speed of American

push and inventiveness our fair is. The homesteaders changed it, father changed it, we changed it and here is an agriculture as new as a 1955 Cadillac.

That is what we are celebrating, not our agriculture only, but the newness of it, the rapidity of its development. We are observing

the results of our impatience, our anxiety for fatter steers, plumper kernels, better homes. And we are noting it because we want and expect to continue it; we are praising the rapid development in the past so we will keep going steadily in the future.



Better buy Blitz!

Simmer down, Doc! Things will be better soon as you wrap yourself around a cool, cool, better-tasting Blitz. There just isn't a better, mellower beer than Blitz... anywhere! Blitz combines the crystal-clear purity of famed Bull Run water with other matchless Northwest ingredients to bring you taste refreshment just the way you like it! See for yourself... better buy Blitz!

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