

BETTY BRITE CIRCLE MEETS AT MRS. MALMSTEN'S

The Betty Brite circle met at the home of Mrs. Franklin Malmsten Tuesday afternoon. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Fred Lumm took charge. Visitors were Mrs. Hazel Griffin and Miss Kathleen McCrae.

JUNE WATTS ENTERTAINS WITH SCAVENGER PARTY

Miss June Watts entertained at her home with a scavenger hunt Tuesday evening, honoring Miss Grace Schurman of Beaverton.

EARTH BEING GETS SUPREME THRILL IN FIRST FLIGHT

By Faith Graham Lamm in the Kelsonian Tribune

Some of you earth beings, who have been married, vaccinated and the like, may think you have had all the thrills life has to offer but if you have not had a glimpse above the clouds, you have not made the acquaintance of the supreme thrill, and you certainly "ain't seen nothin' yet."

I have always stood in awe of airplanes, and promised myself I wouldn't ever get into one, not unless I could keep one foot on the ground, but the fellow with a wooden leg is the only one who could accomplish that, and he could leave his on the ground.

When Lawrence J. Sohler, invited me to take a trip above the clouds some day, my inner self resisted plenty, but the outside person, who tries to be brave and modern, through a parched and swollen throat thanked him, and Saturday morning when it looked as if there was no end to the clouds he called and said it was a perfect day to go above, and could I go at once.

Her Face Lifted One Mile Up

Oh, I knew lots of other folks have flown, but as far as I am concerned I am the first, last and only person who has ever been, or ever will be, above the clouds. I got my face lifted a mile, 5280 feet. Mars has nothing on me now. This marvel of the ages, man has invented certainly is fascination. Wonderful is it not, when one gives it a bit of thought.

But wonderful or not, my knees were bending all directions when we walked to the plane from the car, with awe not fright at least that is my story and I'm sticking to it, and when Sohler said that magic word, "Contact" the Robin flew, and as we rose gracefully into the air it was the most delightful sensation one could hope to experience.

It just did not seem possible, and still it was, and when you get your breath and your tongue back in place and look down, and see Mother Nature presenting her earth in a study of patterns and prints, well you just simply cannot explain, you just have to see for yourself.

All the words Mr. Webster and the modern generation have manufactured could not begin to tell about it. We circled higher and higher until all at once we sailed through something absolutely white, a lacy fleecy cloud, and soon we were going through 1'00 feet of this ceiling of clouds, not being able to see one single things but Sohler's nice hair cut.

Whipped Cream Mountains

When we began to think we

must be near the Rocky mountains, it seemed that long, we came through into the most amazing picture of beauty. Above golden sunshine with a sky of blue, below a carpet of white mounds, puffs and miniature mountains all made of whipped cream so it looked, and in the distance I know I saw a castle. Remember "Jack and the bean stalk?" Well I think it was the giant's castle, and it gave one a glimpse into fairyland, for surely it was the second floor of the fairies home.

It was so indescribably lovely that the thrills just chased each

other up and down and around one's spinal column, and I was thinking how rejuvenating and looked at myself to see if it was so, and discovered what I thought to be a touch of jaundice and liver spots, but was caused by the reflection of the plane's skylight, and that the spots were freckles.

Sorry to Land

I was right down sorry when we started to drift toward the airport, for I wanted to stay up a long, long time, but we kept circling lower and lower, and the folks who have experienced difficulty with their tummy's in

landing have picked the wrong pilot, because there was absolutely no disturbance of any kind in the inner workings.

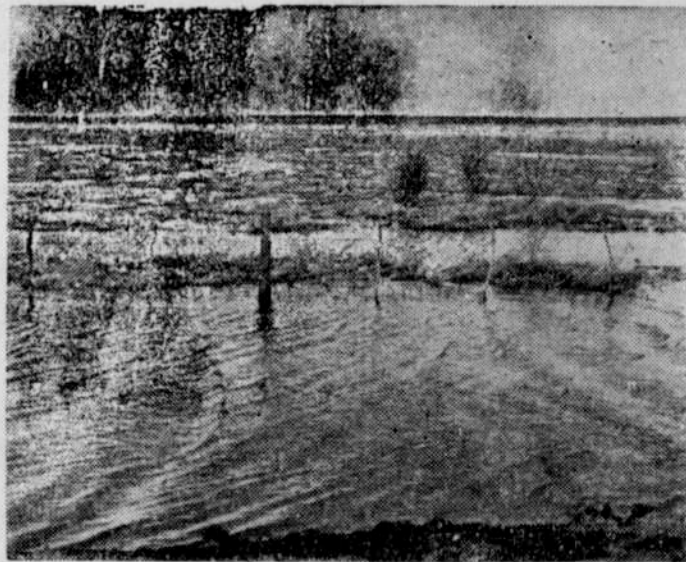
So into my mental memory book goes this delightful, thrilling experience, and we will remember that if we ever become a parachute jumper we will make our jumps above the clouds, because all you have to do is step off to a carpet of exquisite white. We are going to turn the trend of thought in our small sons' heads from being future presidents to being aviators, and all our lives we will know that somewhere the sun

is shining up above the clouds, even when it looks dark down here below.

BENEFIT DANCE
SAT. AUG 14, 9 p.m.
Deer Island Fair
Grounds
 Proceeds benefit new fair auditorium and St. Helens swimming pool.
 Music by **COLORADO WRANGLERS**
 Admission 50c Person.

◆ Motor Cruising for Fun ◆

Where Pete French Once Ruled a Range Empire, the Motorlog Party Visits a Haven of Refuge for Wild Birds



One of the newly flooded areas of Malheur reserve is shown at left. Right, the famous old 'P' ranch house

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian on June 6.

BY FRANK BARTON
 Staff Writer, The Oregonian

Protruding from the waters of Malheur lake are a series of hay hummocks now alive with nesting pelicans, gulls and other waterfowl.

These unusual islands, which have become colonies of wild life, are the tops of haystacks left by the ranchers when the federal government began flooding the region in its program to restore the lake and the Blitzen river valley as a refuge for migratory birds.

The haystacks are significant of the transition which is being made in the district, once the proud cattle empire of Pete French, founder of the famous P ranch.

Quacking ducks and geese are replacing the bellowing bees and men of the biological survey now rule a new kind of range where once French required a week's travel by buckboard to cover his almost feudal holdings.

Yet as we of the travel party, sponsored by The Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor association, visited this huge tract it almost seemed that the original owner of the P ranch rode again with his cowhands over the grassy valleys of Harney. Everywhere we met with reminders of the man who has become a near legendary character in that district.

The government is constructing a series of dikes, and canals destined, it is hoped, to make of the entire Blitzen valley a series of pools, marshes, hummocks and islands, ideal nesting places for the millions of migratory birds to be attracted to the region. The Malheur lake is also to be restored to its original state if the cycle of wet years, now expected, will only do their part and deposit sufficient moisture in the Blitzen watershed.

In carrying out this work an attempt is being made largely to restore conditions existing before French invaded the district in 1873 and bought up the "marsh" land of Blitzen valley at \$1.25 an acre for himself and his partner, Dr. Hugh Glenn of Chico, Cal. Archie McGowan of Burns, who was born

on his father's ranch where that town now stands, recalled for the benefit of the members of the travel party conditions in the early days when literally "acres" of pelicans, ducks, geese and other wild fowl made the Blitzen river and Malheur district their customary habitat.

The touring party composed of Charles A. Sprague, publisher of the Salem Statesman; Ben R. Litfin, publisher of The Dalles Chronicle; Vinton Hall of the state motor association, and myself had spent the night at Ed Barnes' Hotel Welcome in Burns after an easy one-day trip from Portland over excellent roads. We went by way of The Dalles to pick up Ben, but cut off seven miles from the regular distance by taking the old Dufur road, so that the total distance for the day's trip was only 361 miles.

The next morning, escorted by Jean F. Branson of the United States biological survey and Merle Jacobs, hunter for the biological survey, we headed south for the headquarters of the reserve 30 miles away, located not far from where the Blitzen river enters the old Malheur lake bed, a group of attractive stone buildings constructed by the CCC.

Upon our arrival we were told about a spoonbill duck which was nesting in tall grass not far from an expanse of water a hundred yards away.

We carefully uncovered the eggs and took a picture after which we recovered them again. The old duck would never know the difference, according to John C. Scharff, superintendent of the refuge.

A trip by automobile through the refuge showed us the extensive

program which the government is carrying out. Miles of dikes have been constructed. Acres of water have been impounded. And the Blitzen river, fed by snow from the Steens mountains, is continually pouring in more water to do its part in giving the country back to the waterfowl.

The project has been underway for about a year and a half and it is estimated that it will require an additional five years to complete it. Already eighteen ponds have been created in the 40-mile-long Blitzen valley in addition to the series of canals for the control of the flow of water. A dam with spillways and gates has been built at the upper end of the valley, thereby making it possible to direct the water into various channels. The dam is equipped with a fishway to provide easy passage of trout up or down stream.

Ryegrass and grain to provide natural food for the birds is being planted in suitable places about the refuge. The entire project has also been fenced. New fence totaling 178 miles was put around the lake and the 190 miles of fence around the old P ranch is being rebuilt and reinforced.

So far the government has made no effort to take a census of the bird population in the refuge. As the work progresses on the project this will be done.

It is estimated, however, that some 2000 Canada geese spent the winter on the refuge and that the number of ducks visiting the area run into the tens of thousands. Approximately 10,000 birds are banded each year at the refuge and some excellent data on migrations have been recorded as a result of this banding.

Shore birds nesting in the area include the long-billed curlew, Wilson's snipe, avocets, western wilets, Wilson's phalaropes, kill deer, and spotted sandpiper. Other interesting birds in the refuge, besides those already mentioned, include black terns, Forsters' terns, California and ring-billed gulls, black-crowned and Treganza's blue herons, white-faced glossy ibises and various grebes.

Significant of the return of white pelican to the district, Scharff said, was the fact that there is a colony of about 200 of these interesting birds on Malheur lake at the present time.



John C. Scharff, refuge superintendent, examines a spoonbill duck's nest.