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Out from Under ..

By Dick Revenaugh



My wife likes the weather cold and I like it hot.

So we moved from Michigan where it is too much of both to Oregon where it is neither of either.

Now I'm going to tell you about a weekend I had while nestled at the foot of Oregon's most famous trademark — Mt. Hood. And the Chamber of Commerce tells me that the temperature in the Sandy area is approximately that of Venice, Italy.

Sunday, the day of rest, dawned grey, soft, and a little suffocating with three feet of snow along the primeval shores of the Salmon river. As I lay, all warm and snug in my bed, I looked up at my ceiling and saw the rafters swaying and quivering and creaking.

I dropped my feet on the frosty planks, found my hair-aches and dashed gaily out the door and stumbled head-first in a cold, damp pile of snow that gathered me into the fold and fought with me until I cleared a spot big enough for standing. On the roof was forty or fifty tons of clean, white, soft snow.

Finding nothing handier, I grabbed a dishpan, crawled the six icy rungs of a ladder, stepped on the roof, slipped, took a double flip and landed with my nose under a roof of our backyard fir, waste deep in snow.

Deciding that the dishpan wouldn't work anyhow, I burrowed my way out to the garage, got in the car, flipped the key and listened with growing dismay as the starter ground the battery to soggy lifelessness.

Resolved, I crawled back on the roof with my dishpan, where I spent eight long hours scooping snow from around my chimney. We've got one of those roofs with four sides. I scooped a bit, marked a bit, slipped a lot, and kept remembering that the Sandy area is the same temperature as Venice, Italy.

I finally had enough snow piled under the eaves so that when I sat down in the dishpan I slid from the top of my roof to the bank of the Salmon river — a distance of one block.

Sunday the snow fell fast enough so that by the time I got one side shoveled, the other side was badly in need of it. I could have shoveled myself around the circle until Strawberry Festival time, if my wife hadn't stopped me.

"Get off that chimney, Santa Claus! You got a whole cord of wood to pile today," she hollered through cupped hands.

Our cord of wood was piled in our back yard and looked just like one of those Indian mounds I used to rob when I was a boy. The pieces were all frozen together. I got a sledge hammer, took a mighty wallop at the pile, missed the wood, smashed the sledge handle, and the sledge head landed gently on my foot — teeth bared.

"C'mon, Rail-splitter," my wife said as she cocked her head with questioning amusement when I had exhausted my back-alley vocabulary, "you gotta go to the store for some hamburger."

I made like Renfrew down the lonely road, kicking snow, aimlessly aside. I got my pants wet to the knees, and steamed. My wife's observation: The snow "made the country side look like a beautiful Christmas card."

Walking down the highway, the snow from passing cars flew in my eyes, clouds of snow hit me in the face, banks of snow crept into my shoes, snow on the road made the nice soft pavement like a brick wall when I slipped and hit it.

The snow, like millions of clutching fingers, Monday morning, pulled my car into deep holes until the wheels spun like tops, unhampered by such things as earth or even hard packed snow.

Snow in the Sandy area has, for the most part, stifled shoppers and subsequently made advertisers tighten up like a depression. Snow and cold weather have given the school kids and the county government a much needed vacation and has given Bob Smith a chance to try out his doddlebug on all the alleys in town.

My wife likes cold weather and I like it hot. My wife spends her days over a hot stove and I am out in the drifts bribing my Monster into chugging me into Sandy every morning.

By the way, does anybody know of a newspaper in Mexico which needs a good janitor. I understand that occasionally it gets hotter than "the seven pits of .." there.

Caramba!

Evangelist Visits At Christenson Home

ZIG ZAG—The Reverend W. T. Mugford, West Coast evangelist, was a guest at the home of the Frank Christensen family last Sunday. The Reverend Mugford is familiar to Mount Hood residents since he held revival meetings in the Sandy area and was heard as the Gospel Crusader on KXL and KWJJ for a period of about 10 years.

Philip Haggstrom Visits With Relatives

By Mrs. Tom Paul
AIMS—Philip Haggstrom is in Canyonville visiting his sister and family.

Mrs. Albert Haggstrom and son, Roy, are ill with colds. S. B. Lawson and son, Bill, spent the weekend with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Coburn and family, in Portland. Nettie Connett bagged a large coyote last week.

Winter-Blooming Potted Plants Need Extra Care When Cold Hits

Along with broken telephone wires, frozen water lines and snow covered roads, the cold snap in Sandy presents another problem.

Local housewives are trying various methods of saving the winter-blooming potted plants.

Here are some ideas recently released from R. Ralph Clark, extension horticulture specialist which may solve the mystery of the dying begonia.

Keeping your potted plant in a cool room at night and near a window during the daylight hours will greatly increase its life.

Most winter plants such as poinsettias, begonias, azaleas, African violets, chrysanthemums and kalanchoe, the specialist adds, are grown in greenhouses where the temperature is 60 degrees at night and 70 during the day. Lasting quality of the blooms is excellent under these conditions primarily because the plants "burn-up" stored food rel-

atively slowly during the cool nights.

Conditions similar to these will give best results with blooming potted house plants, the specialist states.

Drafts are hard on some plants, especially poinsettias.

As an indication of when to water, Clark states that as a potted plant dries it shrinks away from the pot. Consequently, tapping the clay pot with the back of a knife or similar object will produce a clear ringing tone. A dull sound indicates the soil is wet.

If plants are kept in extremely warm surroundings, it may be necessary to water them daily. Slightly warm water is recommended for use under these conditions. Avoid splashing water on foliage of African violets since a white marking or discoloration often develops as a result.

Using cold water to water a plant under warm conditions produces a shock, the specialist concludes.

Card Party Is Held This Week For Folk Of Rhododendron

RHODODENDRON — Rhododendron residents enjoyed the bi-weekly card party Monday at the home of Mrs. Vince Dolph. Canasta and bridge held the spotlight and refreshments were served.

Cheers were raised for the county snow-clearing crew under the heading of Mr. Daimler for their fine work in the Rhododendron area. "Life-savers" they were called.

Ladies of the Brightwood Extension Unit are notified that all meetings have been postponed until further notice. An executive meeting, scheduled for Tuesday of last week, was also postponed. Meetings are held in the Sleepy Hollow Hall.

Mrs. Harrison Burton went to Portland last Monday to attend the Democrats' Jackson Day banquet. Mrs. Burton is a former president of the organization.

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Dew Drop Coming Events -

Thursday, January 19—Kiwanis club meets at Community Church annex.

Monday, January 23—IOOF meets at IOOF hall.

Tuesday, January 24—Oregon Trail meets at Sportsmen's club.

Wednesday, January 25—Sandy BPW meets, weather permitting, at The Fireside.

Chamber of Commerce meets at Dew Drop Inn.

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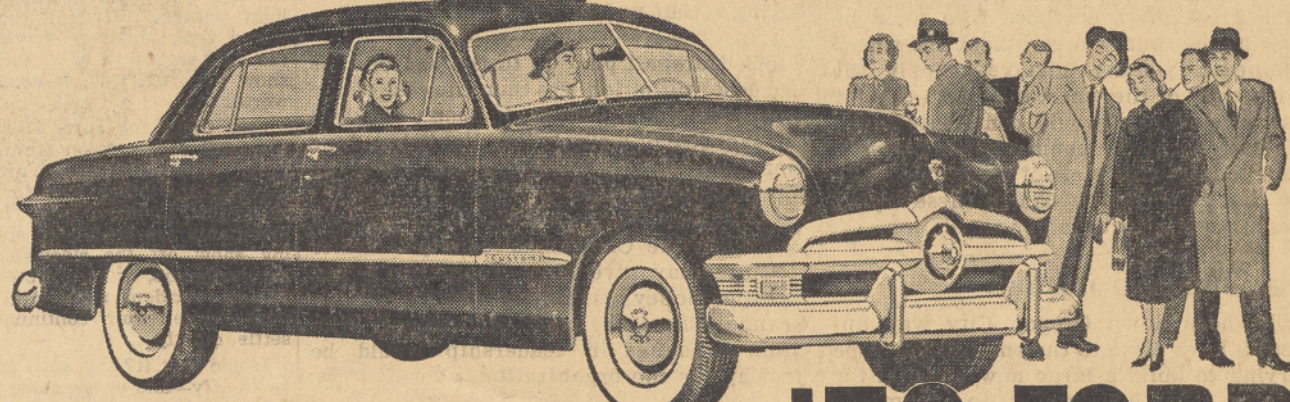
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