

# What I See From Hope Gardens

Description of Some of Oregon's Beautiful Scenery Viewed Near Gresham.

(By Milton O. Nelson.)  
Some wise man has said: "What a man sees depends on what he looks for; what he looks for depends on what he is." What a man sees from his home doors depends on a good deal on where he located his home, and whether, when he located it, he cared to see this or that or much at all.

One man's eyes are usually as good as another's in that they take in all the pictures taken in by the other's; but the real operation of seeing lies a little way behind the eyes. The eye takes in a good deal that the mind does not entertain; or if at all, but casually, then throws away. This is a necessary operation. What we sort out to keep depends on our tastes, and tastes, even good tastes, greatly differ. Far be it from any of us to condemn those whose tastes do not exactly coincide with ours.

The house at Hope Gardens was located with respect to log distance landscape. Oregon is particularly rich in inspiring view points that are well adapted to home sites. Hope Gardens is the official, registered name of the farm we own. When the Lady of the Gardens named it, it was a weedy stubble field, overlooking the county farm, a doubtful looking adventure, calling for a large application of hope and hoeing. "If we fail," she said, "it is not far from the porchhouse and down hill all the way." We overlook the Columbia valley from the water gap of the Cascades to the water gap of the coast range, with Washington's south border a checker board of farms and groves filling in the middle distance, which in turn is framed in by the wooded foothills, backed by a second timbered range and finally by the sky-scraping, rock-crested Cascade summit ridge—first to catch the snow in autumn and last to yield it in spring.

To the north St. Helens sits in a long, shallow saddle of the ridge, a pile of white sugar poured from a heavenly scoop. To the north-east the double humped crest of Mt. Adams, and to the east, a little south, Mt. Hood, the most individualistic peak of all the western Cordilleras. To the far southeast the tip of Mt. Jefferson, about the size of a lady's thimble, thrusts up from behind the serrated skyline of one of the Cascades' interlocking ranges. What we see of the Cascades looking east is the common property of Gresham and near vicinity, or of those whose windows open toward the east?

Though born on farms, the most of our lives have been lived in

cities with just enough of close confinement to make us keenly aware of the freedom of country places. Consequently wherever we have lived, our home has been on the country edge of town. The first home we built was on the shore of a suburban lake, the next on the shore of an urban lake. In such spots we learned much regarding the landscape value of distance, or of what artists call "atmosphere." The difference between a home view of 20 feet at the clappboards of the next house and 20 miles to the "heaven kissing hills," may be to anyone the difference between near distress and pure delight. In the long view comes color and motion, two of the prime sources of human pleasure. One gets this at a lake shore, or lacking water, in such views as those at Hope Gardens. Here one has not only a picture but a motion picture on the daily screen.

One rarely appreciates to the full the value of living out where the sun rises and sets. Most city people get none of this. There are fine sunsets in almost any part of the world, I suppose, possibly some are richer than ours, but they need not be ours. Ours are all that mortal capacity can contain, and more. I remember the first great sunset I saw here, done in red, pink, gold, purple, blue and their blendings. It was in November and I was plowing for the planting of a cherry orchard. A hired man was following with his team. I stopped my team and turned about to look. I called to the man following: "Jim, look at the sky; isn't that gorgeous?" He neither stopped nor looked up till his team halted just behind mine. Then he spat on the ground and said:

"Aw, shucks; Gimme a good chunk of salt pork, a jug of molasses and a warm place to set and you can have all your sunset displays."

Last winter, just 18 years later, I was pruning the top of one of those cherry trees almost on the identical spot where Jim halted his team, but about 20 feet above it. The sky had faded out after another of those blazing displays. A neighbor came by. "Did you see the sunset?" I asked. "No," he said. "I didn't see nothing." "It was gorgeous," I said. "You think it be bad day tomorrow, eh?" This was his reaction to one of God's great sky shows.

Whether a man spits on the ground and says "Aw, shucks," or looks up at the heavens and says "Oh, glory!" depends on something besides sunsets. Many people see in such a sunset, only a weather breeder or a poor substitute for a jug of molasses. The wider vision and the farther view are better, I think.

There are also sunrises. I will not dwell on these for all Gresham and vicinity can see what we see. Mt. Hood adds immeasurably to the value of those morning displays. It is interesting to measure the seasonal changes in the sun's rising as it passes behind the mountain on its way south, pauses near Christmas, then travels back again behind the mountain to its summer solstice at the north. Cloud masses, cloud ribbons and curtains of cloud lend their aid to these color and motion exhibitions. This is a country of cloudy seasons. For scenic effect if for no other purpose, I would not have it otherwise. There is something to be said, landscapewise, for the regions of "300 days of sunshine," where mountains stand up, plain as a cross-cut saw against the sky, with air so clear that one cannot tell whether they are five or fifty miles off. For myself I prefer a show with curtains, screens, wings, that hide the show at times, let it dodge in and out, slowly fade or slowly flame.

There is a general impression "back east" that the northwest Pacific coast is a drab and rain sodden land fit only for such people as fit themselves to it "like a duck's foot in the mud." When first we came we found it hard to keep our self respect and submit to rain. We entertained something like mild contempt for those who liked the rainy season. One of those days while slopping about, trying to resist the soggy gloom, I composed at wet weather poem beginning:

"Man wants but little here out west,  
But he wants that little long;  
A good long slicker, a rubber vest,  
A rain-proof helmet that slopes southwest,  
Some right tight shingles above his nest,  
And down in his heart a song."

Later I learned that a man never gets really wet till he gets wet inside. In the wet season here the sky side of the soul should be well shingled.

From Hope Gardens we never get so fine a panorama of Washington state as after a day of low rain clouds that lift just at sunset, clouds that were almost or quite land fog all day, rise, trailing their slimy silver skirts up the foothills, or rising, disclose the slopes of the

dark blue ridge beyond, while the setting sun lights up with its level rays, the orchard farms, the grain fields, the towns and timber tracts of the nearer distance.

Fogs lend much to the interest of this view. On cool mornings, meandering streams of fog mark the courses of the little rivers of Washington that wind down among the hills to empty into the big Columbia. On the wide flat below, that in the growing season is a patch-work quilt of market gardens, in late fall or early spring sometimes fogs rise at daybreak, directly from the soil or more often as an overflow from the surface of the river. These spread out in a shallow sheet at first rising ankle deep, then knee deep, chin deep while you are watching it; then up to the branches and over the heads of the scattered field trees finally making of the valley a long, wide level lake. Out of the surface of this lake on the further side rises a pillar of cloud 200 feet or more in height,—this from the smokestacks of the Camas paper mills—a cloudy pillar larger and finer, no doubt, than the one we read of before the "tent of meeting" in the Wilderness of Sinai.

Mornings, when the air is thus cool, quiet and saturated with moisture, a North Bank passenger train speeding down the valley will leave a trail of steam full two miles long, the very tail end being not much higher than when it rose from the locomotive smoke stack. At night, Camas spread out on its hillside is a friendly field of sparks, connected by a continuous chain of sparks with sparkling Washington.

A few days ago I heard a man of the neighborhood say: "I can stand the rain but this damned east wind is what gets me."

Back east we spoke of the wind as being in the east, or as "an east wind." Here we call it "The East Wind." It is an institution, with an identity, a personality either malevolent or benevolent according to one's slant of mind toward it. At first it jarred me a little. Now I would not be without it, or at least a fair bit of it. In five years one can effectually stop its assaults upon house and barn by planting Douglass fir, the fastest growing and handsomest of all timber evergreens.

Among the most attractive of the many pictures in the Columbia river valley is a fight between the east wind and the valley fog. No season passes without a few such well staged battles. On this side of the mountains the morning opens with its quiet lake of river fog; but on the east side a wind pressure is rising till it overtops the ridge and pours through the water gap. The fog blanket of the valley is picked up, pushed back, rolled up in huge fleeces and bundled down the valley slowly but cleanly, the process sometimes taking an hour or two and sometimes much less. Not seldom when the wind is sweeping the big valley clean of fog, the little rivers of fog in the tributary valleys of Washington lie undisturbed all day long or later disappear by silent absorption. Once I saw the east wind fight a rainy day coming from the southwest, and win the fight. I have also seen the rain beat back the wind.

I have said nothing of the changing seasons in this ever changing picture. Orchards in bloom and in fruit; fields growing from black to green, from green to gold; snow coming down from the farther heights to the next ridge and the next, or retreating from the foothills up and up till only the peaks of perpetual snow remain. On cloudy bright days, shade and shine chase each other over fields and foothills, up mountain slopes and over ridges. At this very moment in mid-December, the sunset rays are pinking the freshly fallen snows on the evening side of timbered ridges above which a great puffy, sudy sea of pinked clouds carries the mountains up to a higher sky line.

The peaks themselves, even though you may have circled and climbed them, never lose their dignity, their majesty, their austerity. Familiarity with greatness does not breed contempt. Beauty, though often seen does not become commonplace to the discerning eye. Nothing that I have ever seen from Hope Gardens can make these views unattractive nor "stale their infinite variety."

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## Cedar School Will Have New Building

In keeping with the trend of the times toward school buildings which are safe and sanitary, and equipped to carry on school according to modern educational methods, the patrons of Cedar district, No. 10, have a new schoolhouse well under way, which will soon be ready for use.

The new building is an attractive, two-room structure of hollow tile construction with black facing, the red bricks being used for the purpose with a sprinkling of darker colored ones. The roof is of composition shingles and is green in color. A cast stone archway is over the entrance.

One room, which will be used for the upper grades and also for an auditorium, has a floor space of 22 x 36. In addition it has a stage across one end 22 x 13 feet in size. This room will have individual seats and desks. The other room is 22 x 22. Instead of desks this room will have chairs and four-child tables. A play shed adjacent to the main building, connected with it but under separate roof, is 27 x 33. A basement will provide furnace room and storage space for fuel. The furnace is of the hot air type.

A supply of fine water is furnished from a 90-foot well with a pressure system.

The cost of the new building is near \$10,000. S. A. Fredericksen and Francis Marion Stokes of Portland are contractor and architect, respectively. James Dimitre of Portland is the electrician. The standard Plumbing & Heating company of Portland had the contract for plumbing and furnace.

The school board consists of W. L. Rhoades, C. H. Hopkins and E. A. Stafford, with Henry Sorenson as clerk. Mrs. Bessie Schneider is the teacher. Another teacher will be employed when the school is ready for occupancy.

Cedar school district is one of the oldest in the county, having been organized in 1857. The first schoolhouse was built of logs on land donated by W. B. Jones. In 1886 this building was succeeded by the one which is now used as a play shed. It was not on the same site as the first one, but on land about a quarter mile west and on the county road, which Mr. Jones exchanged for the original site. According to old settlers, this second building was put up for less than \$800. The room now used for school purposes was built about 25 years ago.

## TROUTDALE

At the Troutdale community church a Christmas service will be held at 10 o'clock Sunday when the pastor, the Rev. E. R. D. Hollensted, will preach and Christmas hymns will be sung.

## FAIRVIEW

"Jesus, Savior" will be the theme of the Christmas sermon at the Smith Memorial Presbyterian church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock by the pastor the Rev. E. R. D. Hollensted. A Christmas program will be rendered by the Sunday school at 10 o'clock.

## POWELL VALLEY

The Christmas service, the Julotta, will be held Sunday morning at the Powell Valley Mission church, to begin at 6 o'clock. There will be no Sunday school, but at 10 o'clock a rehearsal of the Christmas Sunday school program will be held. There will be no morning service at 11. Beginning at 7 o'clock in the evening the Christmas exercises will take place. Choir rehearsal will be held Tuesday evening in the church, and the following evening will be the regular prayer service.

At the meeting of the Deborah Ladies Aid held at the church Thursday afternoon officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: Mrs. Jonas Johnson, president; Mrs. A. C. Arvidson, vice president; Mrs. Don Shogren, secretary; Mrs. August Peterson, assistant secretary; Miss Hulda Johnson, treasurer.

Mrs. Hayden Hiatt and son of Klamath Falls are visiting at the home of Mrs. Hiatt's mother Mrs. Minnie Nystrom.

The annual business meeting and social of the Luther League of the Saron Lutheran church will be held Thursday evening, December 29, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Sture in Gresham. The business session will begin promptly at 7:30, followed by a social program.

## HILLSVIEW

The Hillsview Mission church will conduct an early morning Christmas service, beginning at 6 o'clock, the service to be in Swedish. Sunday school will be held at 10 and the morning service at 11 o'clock, this also to be held in Swedish. A Christmas program will be rendered by the Sunday school on Monday evening, beginning at 7:30.

## PLEASANT HOME

The services of the Methodist church for Sunday, December 25, will center around the Christmas thought. The Sunday school will meet at 10 o'clock. This will be the first meeting since the ban on public gatherings has been lifted. The regular service of worship will be at 11:15. The pastor's sermon will be based upon the two accounts of the birth of Christ as recorded in the New Testament and will bring out some interesting points and implications. The story for this service will be Raymond Alden's, "Why the Chimes Rang." The pastor has been requested to sing Neidlinger's "The Birthday of a King" which he will do in connection with the service. The Epworth League will not meet until Jan. 1.

A change in the plans of the Sunday school workers of the Baptist church has been made and an impromptu program will be given at the church on Sunday morning. An effort is being made to have Gordon Johnson present.

Mrs. J. W. Anderson, daughter Laura and Nick Anderson were guests of Mrs. L. M. Nelson on Wednesday.

The Rev. Gordon Johnson, from the Baptist seminary in Portland, will conduct the Christmas morning service and the Sunday evening service at the Pleasant Home Baptist church.

Miss Bonita Carpenter, who returned to her home recently from Clarkston, Washington, was a guest of Miss Jessie Nasshahn on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Josephine Anderson just received the sad news of the death of her only son in New Orleans on November 16. An error in the address caused the long delay in reaching her. Since July 1st Mrs. Anderson has lost her mother, her husband and her son, by death and surely needs the sympathy of the entire community.

Guests at the Geo. Anderson home on Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. August Stucki and family of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. G. Stucki of Kelso.

Walter Spiers was brought home Wednesday from the Portland hospital where he has been for so many months.

## COTTRELL

A Christmas tree and entertainment will be given at the Cottrell community church Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, to which all are invited. The regular church services and Sunday school will be held Sunday at the usual hours.

S. B. Splawn of Cottrell, M. B. Splawn of Gresham, Charley Splawn of Lynch and Grant Groat living on Bristol avenue have taken the contract of cutting 300 cords of wood near Tigard, Oregon.

The mother of Mrs. Fred Meyers, Mrs. Mandy Lund of La Center, Washington, has arrived to spend the winter with her daughter.

The Cottrell school closed today for the holidays and will re-open January 2.

Carl Goger suffered a fractured ankle about a week ago while loading a car of ties. He jumped a few feet, injuring his ankle, but thought for a time it was merely a sprain. Examination proved that the bone had been broken. The ankle has been placed in a cast and it will be several weeks before he will be able to resume his work.

## HALEY

An early morning service, Julotta, will be held Christmas morning at 5:30 o'clock at the Haley Baptist church. The pastor, the Rev. J. S. Nordell, would like to see the church filled at that hour with wide-awake listeners. The Sunday school will convene at 10 o'clock, but there will be no service at 11, the Julotta taking the place of the morning service. A Christmas program will be rendered in the evening by the Sunday school, beginning at 7 o'clock. The annual business meeting of the Mission circle will be held in the church Wednesday, December 28, at 2 p. m. The pastor and his wife wish a Merry Christmas to all.

## CEDARVILLE

The C. S. C. club has sent two Christmas boxes to make glad the hearts of the inmates of the Pisgah home near Scappoose. Recently the club sent two comforters to the Children's Farm home at Corvallis. The president of the club is Mrs. A. R. Heiney, and the secretary and treasurer Mrs. Percy Giese. This club is always ready to do its part to assist in any worthy cause. The luncheon set, recently on display at the U. G. Smith store, netted the club around \$13 and was awarded to Heiney Gerdes.

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# Christmas

*A GAIN the chime of bells, tumultuous in their song of joy, of life, of giving.*

*A time when all the world is kin, and friend meets friend to exchange the age-old greeting.*

## Merry Christmas

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## PLEASANT VALLEY

**SPECIAL**  
**Old Time Dance**  
Springer's Hall, Pleasant Valley  
**Xmas Eve, Dec. 24**

Music by Chas. Dahlquist's old time orchestra.  
Meet your old friends at this special old time dance.  
Come! Let's be young again!

Miss Alice Richey and Miss Mariam Savo are home from Monday to spend Christmas with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Richey left Wednesday for Pendleton, where they will spend Christmas at the home of their son, Dr. L. C. Richey.

Mrs. Agnes Oades of Clarks was a week end guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis.

B. E. Turner made a business trip to the Molalla country last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Olson were Lent's visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bliss of this place accompanied by Mrs. Agnes Oades and little son Lester of Clarks were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis, Sunday.

Mrs. G. N. Sager and Mrs. C. F. Kesterson were Portland visitors Wednesday of this week.

Pleasant Valley grange held its regular monthly meeting last Saturday night. It was an unusually busy and interesting session. Besides the regular routine business, the grange put on a Christmas program, and also initiated a class of 14 new members in the third and fourth degrees of the order. The annual election of officers was also a feature of this meeting and resulted in the election of the following officers: John Hansen, master; Claude Miller, overseer; G. N. Sager, lecturer; E. R. Johnson, steward; Mrs. Emma Dahlquist, treasurer; G. H. Richey, chaplain; Mrs. Mattie B. Miller, secretary; Sidney Paul, assistant steward; Miss Evelyn Hansen, lady assistant; Wm. Dahlquist, gate keeper; Mrs. Tressie Johnson, Ceres; Mrs. England, Flora; Mrs. Walter Edleman, Pomona; Mrs. Lucile Markell, musician.

Mr. and Mrs. John Neberger have moved into their new home recently completed on Sycamore road.

The Pleasant Valley Sunday school will have a Christmas tree and exercises at the church Friday evening.

T. R. Brown of Portland was a valley visitor on business Wednesday.

Mrs. Wright of Portland was out one day recently looking after her farm.

For lowest rates on automobile, truck and general insurance see B. W. Thorne.—Adv.

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