

BEAUTIFUL HOMES IN THE MOUNT HOOD COUNTRY

A Section of Rich Farm, Fruit and Dairy Lands

By ROSWELL SHELLEY.

At the request of the Glacier, for two days we enjoyed a heart-to-heart talk with the Mount Hood people. Why the time was far too short to cover the territory that a detailed account could be furnished, we kept our eyes and ears open and here with submit some of the many impressions that crowded in upon our mind and vision.

At 5 o'clock Wednesday morning, the 14th inst., in company with wife and our dog Sport, we reined our horse into the dusty road and began the climb. Just as the sun was peeping over the hills we halted and breakfasted on top of the Booth hill. Here we look down upon the J. P. Hillstrom place. Mr. H. is an old timer and devotes his attention mainly to stock raising and butter making and they have the reputation of making as fine butter as can be produced. There being no signs of life there, we jog along and our next halt at the home of O. H. Rhodes, who was up before the sun and had his horses already hitched to the mower. Mr. Rhodes is a true type of the westerner, possessing a charming personality and whose generous and unfeigned hospitality at once appeals to one. Both he and Mrs. Rhodes greet us cordially and we spend a pleasant hour in his garden, hay field and in the house. Mr. Rhodes is engaged in the stock business and his wide-spreading meadow of Blackberry land furnishes abundant feed for winter as well as placing dollars in his purse that is never empty. The Bone ditch runs through his meadow, following the natural channel of a creek that helps to swell the ditch and consequently he has an abundance of fine water, which is the key note to his fine garden and luxuriant meadow. Mr. R. informs me that his place was formerly the rendezvous of the Indians and there is where they dig their Canams before going to winter quarters. There are many Indian relics in their sitting room in the way of arrow points, mortars and pebbles picked up from his meadow each year and to the museum collection. Mr. R. is thoroughly imbued with the Hood River spirit and went with us to the

Elppa Orchard

adjoining his place on the south. Here we found Mr. Jensen, the manager, in his normal condition, courteous and polite, who gladly greeted us and gave us information concerning this splendid enterprise, which up to the present writing has never been given to print as far as I know. And why? About one mile from the public eye you suddenly emerge from the dense forest of magnificent saw timber and find yourself in a square hole surrounded by tall timber, where during the last two years the forest has been conquered. On the west slope of the hill you are confronted with a tract of more than 20 acres of shot land, all cleared and planted to apples. On the east side of the tract there are substantial buildings, including houses, barns, woodshed and shop, with pure spring water piped in for domestic purposes and the sprinkling of lawn and garden. The whole tract is like a garden without root or weed, only a few straggling ferns that battle the skill of the trained Jap who cares for the place.

The Elppa orchard is a corporation made up by Portland people who have faith in this country, the best evidence of which is that they prove their faith by their works, and have already made a garden out of a wilderness. Such work is commendable and we think the public should know of it. There we met three bright faced little girls from Portland with two grandmothers, who are there on their summer vacation. The girls are dressed in blue overalls and are enjoying life immensely, under the guidance of their old friend, Ben Jensen. Renewing our journey, we next pass the ranch of Jake Leitz, who is a real supervisor, hunter and angler, and a general all round pioneer spirit. The shutters were closed. Jake and family were off on one of their many summer outings, and we were compelled to forego the swapping of yarns or the shaking of Jake's glad hand. His ranch lies under the Bone ditch and responds to touch of water, making it possible for him to take his life. Jake will have an easy chair during his declining years—a thing we are all looking for.

Passing onward we see Paul Aubert's place to the right, and J. R. Steel's to the left, concerning which we notice on our return trip. Our next stop is at the home of Mr. Dumas, that amiable gentleman from France. And here we are met by a group of buildings which are complete in every detail, consisting of modern house, barn, woodshed, blacksmith shop, up ground cellar, smoke house and pig pen. All are newly built and planted and have a village look. He has recently cleared four or five acres, which are to go into strawberries this fall. His old place on the east is in the hands of V. V. Willis, the former school master of Odell. Mr. and Mrs. Dumas are hospitable to the limit, and took exceeding pains to make our short visit a pleasant one. And they succeeded. He is the party the Glacier last year wrote of in detail and here is the place where snails were then being propagated, but they have vanished for reasons unknown to Mr. Dumas. But enough remains in sight and in prospect to render the life of these contented people a dream. They are anchored here with life, comfortable in their surroundings and quickened by the inspiring forces of nature spread out before them, their last days should prove their best ones. And we congratulate rather than envy them their happy lot in life.

The day is growing and we move on, catching glimpses of improvements here and there, stopping next at the relay station on the Cloud Cap Inn road. We met Will Edick on the box, dust-covered and still holding the reins over his four greys at the end of the run from the Inn. Everybody knows Bill Edick and Bert Sandman, who have charge of the summer traffic on the upper end of the mountain travel. This is a historic place, being for years the postoffice and the center of attraction of the Mount Hood settlement. They both have good ranches with bearing orchards that will soon spring them on easy street.

Passing several homes that belong to the Dimmick family, most of whom are away for the summer, we reach again at the last one of these, Mrs. Schmidt, which is largely devoted to the poultry business and under the management of Mr. Leighton, who has been notified that the report-

er was on his trail, had his chickens sleeked up and ready for the reception. A jay out in the tall timber where a nest cottage stands, on either side of which were wings of poultry sheds. Clean, well kept and cozy, wire screened and with clear water running through the grounds, they presented an inviting appearance, suggesting the fact that fresh ranch eggs and broilers from such a place should find the highest round in the market. Mr. Leighton understands the business and seems content among the birds that answer his call. And this leads us to the thought that diversified industry and specialties pay everywhere. Adjoining the poultry grounds is perhaps the most artistic home by the roadside we see in all our trip.

The Home of Dr. Shaw

With an east frontage we see a big cottage with dormer, windows and shingle gables, with a background of growing garden and bearing orchard, and to the south and west four or five acres of the famous Hood River berries that have astonished the world. This interesting place is in the hands of Mr. Morton, formerly from California, and a man with 25 years' experience in the irrigable district of that state. His intelligence and experience will aid in keeping this already picturesque and profitable ranch of the beauty spots along this tourist route. The efforts of Dr. Shaw are commendable indeed, and are worthy of imitation. Such places as the Dr.'s and the Baldwin place just across the way are the best advertisements of the very best country in all the Northwest.

The Modern Home of Mr. Baldwin

Mr. Baldwin you find a combination of the characteristics of the pioneer who blazed the trail to civilization and those of the born gentleman. You know there are two kinds of gentlemen, the one born, the other cultivated. Give me the former. In Mr. Baldwin you find a brave, honest, sturdy pioneer and gentleman, and in his dealings and in his life—a man abundantly able to live as well as he might choose, yet living under the sheltering arms of Mount Hood and as a matter of choice, digging out and improving a modern home, from which shall flow all the comforts allotted to man. The whispering voice of the western wind lured him here years ago, and clearing one place after another, as he listened to the voice of God in nature, he at last has found a spot where comfortable reign supreme, from which place in his declining years he will muse and listen for the final roll call that shall beckon him into the great beyond.

With a stately character home, who shall question the future state of Mr. Baldwin after he passes into that bourne from which no traveler returns. All honor is due such men, and we think the world is better by his having passed this way. Mr. Baldwin greeted us warmly, not knowing we were assuming the role of reporter, and intelligently reviewed the early history of Hood River with us. He said that the tomb of Christ in the sepulcher at Jerusalem. His character was also unblemished, and before passing into his history, he had the honor of Hood River with him. This is the place of the monuments erected to his memory, but not the tallest, neither the most enduring. The spotless lives and characters of such men as Baldwin and Truman are far better and more lasting than shafts of granite or marble.

A few minutes drive brings us to the bridge, where we spend two pleasant hours with our little grandchild, Dale and Vivian, children of E. D. Shelley, and who are in charge of Mrs. Sandman in camp there.

During the lunch hour we untimed, forgot our troubles, and have a relaxing time with the children. But these precious moments pass all too quickly, and we rein our horse again toward the needs of our journey, Mount Hood.

The roaring of the rushing waters white with rage in their mad race toward the sea sooths our nerves and affords inspiration under the burning rays of the August sun.

After climbing the hills from the river bottom the first greeting of civilization is the temporary home of Mr. Baldwin, who recently purchased a farm at a bargain from George and Mrs. Sandman in camp there.

Passing on we soon arrive at the ranch of Mr. Huff, formerly owned by Dad Fouts of your city. This was another closed cottage, Mr. Huff having the day before returned to her home in Portland. However, it is not that this is a fine ranch with blue bearing orchard to the left, surrounding a modern cottage and with clover fields spreading to the right, all green and growing, it presents an inviting picture, surrounded all about with pine, willow and chaparral, on the outside of the clearing.

wide awake and ready to grasp opportunities and success awaits such men. Both himself and wife greeted us cordially. Mr. Aubert's nearest neighbor, Mr. Votia, sold Mr. Aubert his present home, retaining 40 acres, it being the home of Bert Graham of your city at one time. We found Mr. Votia out in his clearing with sleeves rolled up looking after a big burning he had fired. There he was with his sprinkling pot carefully guarding the spread of the flames onto other tracts. He received us cordially and entered earnestly into a discussion of the future possibilities of his favored section. He expressed himself in most positive terms as highly favoring the creamery and dairy industry. At present he is without much revenue from his ranch, but he is fast clearing and burning and will soon seed the burned district to clover and put in a herd of cows and have ready money coming along every month.

Just across the road west of Mr. Votia is the home of Mr. Larwood, where we called, but found Mr. Larwood out at work and our time being so limited we failed to find him. But judging from his high grade improvements, his excellent garden and the general appearance of things about the home, we are led to believe that Mr. Larwood is one of Mount Hood's most progressive citizens. The best part of his place lies off from the road and out of sight of the passerby.

Leaving the main road we go through D. K. Cooper's generous gate and about a quarter of a mile distant for the first time we see his home. Almost every one knows Cooper, and many and many a one has shared his hospitality. There another disappointed

(Continued on page 6.)

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