



**THREE TREES**

Among the thousands of trees on the mountain slope were three, each with an individual story. The biggest and highest of the three was a dead Douglas fir, a hollow, standing snag. Its trunk was ten feet through.

Foresters reckoned that it had towered three hundred feet and more in its prime. Early settlers had noted the big fir at a turn in an Indian trail, as far back as 1848. Then it was still alive, except for a snag top.

Around 1898, the great Douglas fir had lost its last sprig of green. The giant trunk stood on, dead timber, the top crumbling away year by year. Now in 1949 it was broken down to a mere 50 feet in height. At its bottom a fire scar had eaten into an opening that a man could enter without stooping and which provided housing for bears and little timber beasts.

Six hundred and more years ago, the foresters said, the big tree had been but a tiny seed, a grain with a glider tail, in flight from a ripe Douglas fir cone that a dry east wind of late fall had opened. Where a lightning fire had made a clearing, the seed found life in soil exposed to sunlight. Bracken fern, fireweed and salal had nursed this seedling with others on the burned land. In time a family of young Douglas firs had crowded out all lesser plant life from the burn and fought each other in thrusting up leary spears of growth to the sun.

Six centuries of tree life come to ruin. Six centuries ago trees were felled in Norway and staves from them were used to build churches. That wood lives on in beauty and service. There is poetry in the fact. There is a great lesson.

**Tough Tree Point.**

Half way down the mountain a shoulder of granite jutted so as to be visible for many miles. On the shoulder's point another tree grew out of loose rocks. It was probably more than 200 years old, yet it was no more than 20 inches through the trunk, while its wind-beaten crown was but 60 feet aloft.

The roots of the tree on the point were numerous and they were powerful and large in their spread. The spread was exposed. There the roots swelled in bulges, as with mighty muscles, reaching on to grip rocks before thrusting down to water source.

Douglas fir, owns the growing and staying power to lift wealth for us from the poorest land. It is a tree to cherish.

**Baby Tree.**

Down in the youngest second growth at the foot of the mountain and near the county road stood the five year old Douglas fir. The Christmas tree thieves had passed it by because it was little and the gaps of growth were too long and bare between branches. But other saplings had been stolen around it. Cut branches and trees that had been cut and then discarded lay among the small, high stumps. Above the debris the baby tree stood alone.

Look ahead in imagination to some summer day, after a week of heat and dry east wind. A car speeds up the road in a cloud of dust, bound for a fishing stream. A live cigaret is flipped from the window of the car. It drops in the debris left by the Christmas tree thieves — into mats of needle like leaves that are now brown, tinder-dry in the parching weather. Soon smoke boils up in the drifting dust.

The fire creeps on, there is a lift of the licking flames into a torch for a minute, and then the little lone tree is left standing, smoking, every needle leaf burned into a black shred. There it is, when the tank truck rolls up and the forestry men drown out the blaze. "No damage to report." Another lesson, but no poetry this time.

Here the tough and strong tree had stood and thus held its own against the worst the winds could give it, and so, it had grown into the shape of a landmark for the pioneers of the 1840's. They named the spot Tough Tree Point.

The Douglas fir clung to the rocks drank through its roots, breathed through its leaves, and by the magic of its natural chemistry working with air, sunlight and water, lived on. There is poetry in this fact, too. And a lesson that our main tree, the

**Gates**

Only ten members of the Gates Women's Club braved the cold and ice to attend the regular meeting Thursday afternoon at the school-house.

A 1 o'clock dessert luncheon was served by the hostesses, Mrs. Glen Hennes and Mrs. Clarence Rush. Following the luncheon the business session was held with Mrs. Elmer Stewart presiding. The names of the "secret pals" were revealed but it was decided to postpone the drawing of name for the coming year until the social meeting Jan. 27 to be held at the home of Mrs. T. R. Burton.

Mrs. Kenneth Miller representing the Marion County home extension unit spoke on the subject "how to grow old gracefully." The next regular meeting will be held Feb. 10 with Mrs. Joe Joaquin and Mrs. William Athey as hostesses. The topic will be The Selection of China, with a demonstrator from the extension unit present.

Those attending the meeting were

Mrs. Miller of Salem, Mrs. Burrell Cole, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Lula Collins, Mrs. Laura Joaquin, Mrs. Steve Champ, Mrs. Valma Carey, Mrs. Joe Joaquin, Mrs. Burton and the hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Caud Sellard of Salem were Sunday guests at the home of her mother, Mrs. Lula Collins. Mrs. Julia Mangold of Tenito, Wash., spent several days at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Don Gessner. Mrs. Mangold was en route to Huntington Park, Calif., to visit another sister.

Don Gessner is assisting Charlie Smith in remodeling the Smith home. It is planned to put a cement foundation under the house, put on a new roof and other improvements.

Edward Jr., the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chance, is reported to be convalescing at the Doernbecker hospital in Portland where he was taken following an accident a week ago last Sunday. The child fell from the family car. Severe head injuries requiring surgery were sustained. It

will be necessary for him to remain in the hospital at least for another week.

Announcements of the marriage of Albert Becker to Mrs. Alvie Smith have been received by friends of the couple here. The marriage took place in Portland Dec. 26. Mr. and Mrs. Becker will reside in North Bend, where he has been employed for some time. The bridegroom is a local man, having attended school and spent most of his boyhood here. He is a veteran of World War II and saw active service in Alaska.

House guests over the week end at the Melbourne Rambo home were Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Miller and son Duane of Glendale, Ore.

Bob Meyer and Gene Burris have moved a trailer onto the property of Miss Georgia Shane and rented her guest house. They are advance engineers, working for the government and are here for the purpose of testing gravel in this area for use in the construction of the Detroit dam.

Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Burris will join their husbands soon, from Woodland, Wash.

Miss Georgia Shane is convalescing in her home after a week's illness from a very severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brisbin motored to Eugene to attend the state bowling tournament a week ago Saturday on their return Sunday they stopped at Monroe to visit Mr. Brisbin's son, Delbert. Miss Brisbin's son Ansel Hayward of Portland played with the postal clerks club of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Alexander of Uyak, Kodiak Is., Alaska, arrived in Gates Monday to renew old acquaintances and visit relatives. Mrs. Alexander spent her girlhood here and will be remembered as Molly Gates. They were guests of Mrs. Lula Collins Monday night and also will visit the Ned Richards'. Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Richards are cousins.

At the Norman Garrison home on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Zeller and family of Scio. Mr. Zeller and Mrs. Garrison are brother and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Hennes, Miss Carmen Stafford and Gerald Garrison motored to the coast Sunday.

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