

# MEMORIES FLOOD BERT'S NOODLE

### Fred Lockley Opens Reminiscent Reservoir of Old Grande Ronde Valley Boy Now in Canada.

(Fred Lockley in Portland Journal)  
 You will find the trail of the Oregon pioneers from the isthmus to the Arctic circle. You will cross the trail of other sons and grandsons in all parts of the seven seas and from Siberia to Argonne. For some years Bert Huffman and I were partners on the East Oregonian at Pendleton. I sold my interest and came to Portland, and Bert sold his interest and went to Canada. By today's mail I received a letter from Bert dated from Blairmore, Alta., under date of January 1, 1922. He says:

"Dear Fred: The Journal containing your interview with Frank Mc Bean came to hand this morning and awakened a flood of old memories of Oregon and the West.

"My uncle John Stanley, formerly of Wallowa but deceased these five or six years, was one of the very first prospectors at Canyon City. He was a friend of Frank Mc Bean, Joaquin Miller, Brents and Overholzer, all old timers in Canyon City. When Joaquin Miller was at my house in Pendleton in June 1907, on his way then to pay his last visit to Canyon City, he learned that John Stanley was my uncle, and kindly inquired about him. Stanley had already prospected in California and Miller afterwards went there.

"My maternal grandfather, Jerry Stanley, was with one of the very first parties of Missourians to go to California in 1849. They went down the Mississippi and across the Gulf of Mexico to Panama. They walked across the isthmus, distance of 28 miles, carrying all their belongings on their backs. Another boat was waiting on the Pacific side of the isthmus to carry them to San Francisco. From there they went to the foot of Mount Shasta and prospected and mined for 18 months, finding very little gold in that district, and becoming homesick, he and a large party started on the return trip, as they had come out. Cholera attacked the party on the way down the coast and many of his neighbors and comrades died and were buried at sea, of Acapulco. At Panama dozens of others died of yellow fever. The remnant of the party was glad to reach Missouri alive. Stanley brought home but little of the glittering gold which had lured him away, but on his return he found a brown-eyed, auburn-haired baby girl, born four months after his departure the year before. She grew up to become my mother, at the age of 21, at Summerville, Ore.

"As I think of those wonderful days I marvel at the migrations and movements which take place in just one restless family of pioneers in the United States. My grandfather Stanley, for instance, was born in Cumberland Gap, East Tennessee, in 1800. When he was 16 years of age his people moved to Boone's Lick, Kentucky, where he was a playmate and companion of Kit Carson. I can't say schoolmate; there were no schools. In 1820 he came farther west with the irresistible tide of settlement, and located at Glasgow, Mo., where, in 1824, he married my grandmother, Polly Wilson,

whose family had performed the same peregrinations from Virginia that his family had performed in coming from Tennessee. Then, in 1863, they and all their family except one married daughter came across the plains and settled under the shadow of Mount Hood, in Grande Ronde valley. My mother walked much of the way across the plains, owing to the heavily loaded wagons.

"In the same year my father, William Huffman, then a young man of 22, drove an ox team, wading practically every mile of the way, from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Austin, Nev. Then, for six years, he prospected every mining district in Nevada, Idaho and Oregon, finally settling in Grande Ronde in 1869.

"As I followed the dog sled into the Arctic oil fields, my mind involuntarily reverted to the migrations which had taken place in my own immediate family from 1820 to 1920. How many foot-prints had been left on the western hemisphere, from Panama to the Arctic circle by Jerry Stanley and his descendants? And it is no more than one-tenth as much, perhaps, of migration and pioneering — than thousands of other families have passed through. It merely shows the venturesome spirit of the New World.

"As for myself, I am far happier trudging behind a dog sled, sleeping at night in the elderdown sleeping bag, brewing a pot of tea and warming a can of pork and beans on a fire of twigs, than in a comfortable home and among the narrow lanes at the farm.

"I think the only man in the world I envy is Orana, a diminutive Japanese, who has been in the North for 20 years. Last winter, after making a record trip from Edmonton to Fort Norman with his dog team, alone, he was not content to come back, 1600 miles, the way he went in. He went on to the mouth of the Mackenzie, then skirted the Arctic coast of Alaska right around to Point Barrow, thence across country from Eskimo settlement to settlement, and came out at Nome in March. In his room on Powell street, Vancouver, last summer, he told me of that wonderful journey — enough experience and adventure for a classic volume — and yet it is no more than others have done. As he swept his finger around the shore line of the map of the Arctic, and looked at me with soft, beaming eyes, my heart envied the marvelous and wonderful panorama of the North which those mild eyes had looked upon!"

They're All at the Movie Temple. What has become of the old-fashioned family that used to pass long evenings in which one of its members read aloud from a good novel?—Chicago News.

OBSERVER WANT ADS GET RESULTS.

# FARMERS UNION MEETS SATURDAY

(Special to The Observer)  
 ELGIN, Jan. 11. — Mrs. J. W. Leighton and daughter, Miss Eloise, returned Friday morning from an extended visit of several weeks with friends and relatives in Eugene and Portland.

Col. F. S. Ivanhoe, a lawyer of La Grande, was a passenger on Thursday's train, returning from Enterprise. He had been there arranging some cases for the next term of court.

Last Wednesday evening Mrs. E. E. Southard entertained a few friends at the H. L. Willis home, where she is staying at present. The occasion was the birthday anniversary of both Rev. Willis and the hostess. A very pleasant evening was spent in conversation and delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Southard and Mrs. Willis. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hill, and Frederick Hill, and A. R. Wakefield of the high school faculty. Mrs. Southard and Cedric were the other members of the very pleasant party.

Harry Sanderson, one of the merchants from the neighboring city of Summerville, is in Elgin this week for a few days.

Clay Fox of Imbler, was in Elgin Tuesday to attend the stockholders' meeting of the Elgin bank.

Ad Gustavo, who has become quite well known to Elgin people through his wrestling contests held here, was a passenger on Monday's train to Enterprise.

Charles Welch, who lives on Cricket Flat, came in Monday morning. He plans on leaving the Elgin country about the first of March to take up his new work on the Schwebke farm between La Grande



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and Co. Co.  
 Louis Burnough of Enterprise, came in Friday evening on business, and also to see his father, Sam Burnough, who has been sick for several weeks.  
 Dick Zweifel has been sick for several days.

Tuesday evening is the date set for the Ad club meeting and banquet at the Sommer hotel.

Mrs. Mays and daughter, Ruth, now residents of La Grande, were passengers from Elgin toward Wallowa county Monday morning.

Miss Ruth Hensley of Imbler, who attends the high school at Elgin, spent the week-end with her parents.

Saturday is the date set for the county farmers union meeting here. It is hoped there will be a large number of farmers in attendance.

The Women's Improvement society will hold its regular meeting with Mrs. Merl Allen Thursday. Mrs. Underwood will read a paper on "The People of the Wilderness." Ernest Weiss was a visitor to La Grande over Saturday. He was a

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guest at the C. D. Huffman home there.  
 The American Legion held its election of officers, for 1922, Monday evening.

The new officers of the Eastern Star will be installed at the regular Star meeting Friday night. The names of the officers will be given later.

Lloyd Chandler of La Grande was in town Saturday taking down evidence in the case of the late depot robbery.

Still in Trim.  
 It is useless to get a woman to agree to bury the hatchet as long as she has a hairpin.

**One's Duty to Be Pleasant.**  
 Being pleasant is not a matter of mood; it is a duty. The controlled voice, the kind word, the glance of understanding and sympathy may seem like very little things and a rush of more important matters, but they oil the machinery of the world, and make all the wheels turn more smoothly for ourselves and others.

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**L. C. Smith**