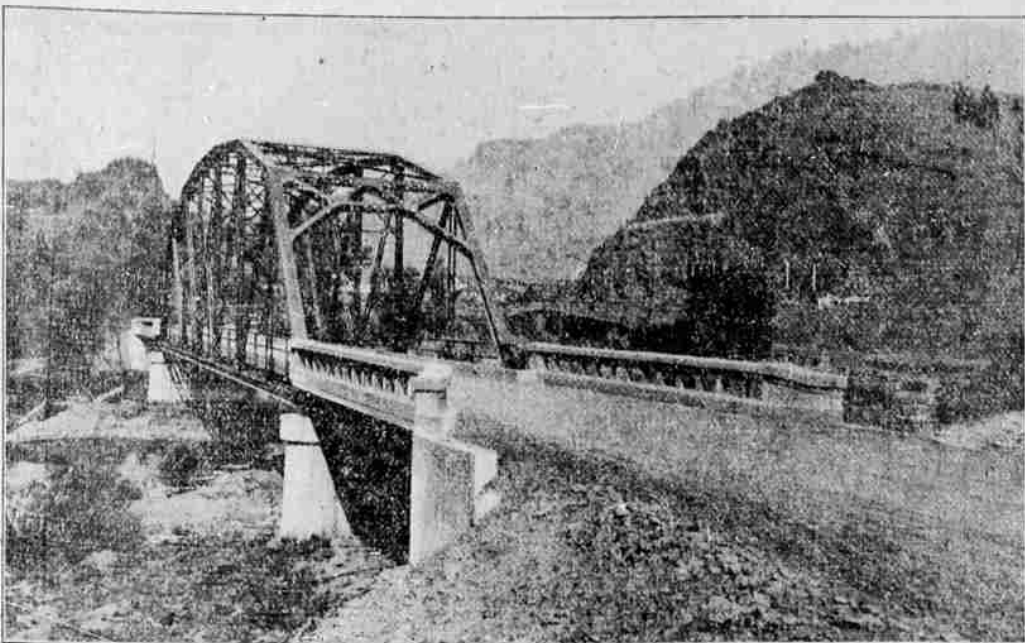


Bridge Over Grande Ronde River



A modern structure of steel and concrete spans the river above La Grande on the Old Oregon Trail.

La Grande-Joseph Highway Affords a Matchless Trip

A VARIETY OF RESOURCES AND SCENERY REVEALED THAT IS SELDOM EQUALLED AND NEVER EXCELLED

(By Lee Tuttle.)

It is difficult to find in any section of this country, or any other, a drive that affords a greater variety of scenery and real pleasure, or one that reveals a wealthier section than from La Grande to Joseph. Covering a distance of 46 odd miles, the highway carries one through a valley, the surface of which is as level as a floor over rolling hills, down a precipitous mountain side, through a pine-needle canyon, either side of which rises to perpendicular heights and whose side are scarred and carved by the erosion of time, and on the points of which cling harvest cliffs and the rocks, unfolding a scene that is beautiful as well as portraying the masterful hand of God in Nature. It carries one through beautiful towns and hamlets, over peaceful rivers, beside crystal streams, and along white-capped rapids. It carries one along green meadows and brush-grass hills on which grain grows of the best and liveliest of the northwest. It takes one by fields of waving grain and corn; past farm dwellings that are well kept and modern in all details—in a word, never comes to a greater realization of his weakness than when making an attempt to portray as it is this beautiful section of country in northeastern Oregon.

Leaving La Grande, the traveler passes over a paved highway, a little over two miles away. Here is located the plant of the Grand City Flouring Mill Co., the parent of one of the largest of flour-manufacturing plants in Eastern Oregon. Grand City was one of the early trading points of Union county and still maintains an important position in a commercial way. The town owes its birth and stability to such men as the Stebbins, Goodrichs, Kiddies, members of the Holmes family, and a few others of the staunch, far-seeing pioneers of early days.

Leaving Grand City the road crosses Grande Ronde river and enters Grande Ronde valley, proper, penetrating some of the finest farms of the north, including the 1000-acre farm of Oregon's governor, Walter M. Pierce. Paralleling the railroad of the O. W. R. & N. Co., the highway takes one by the Cady's farm, where, erected several years ago by A. R. Cady, then and long of Union county for the raising of grain products alone on the estate. Here we come to the Sandblaze, which is only a part of Grande Ronde but derived the name from the sandy soil. Here vast wheat fields come into view, with now and then a field of alfalfa. Large, newly planted forest plantations, some of large dimensions, show and other farm improvements are seen at their best. Here is truly one of the most prosperous, most beautiful and best kept farming districts in the great west.

Going on, we arrive at Alton, a small hamlet, but one of the grain centers of the valley. Here is located a large and towering concrete elevator for the storage of wheat.

Indian.

From Alton to Imbler the highway traverses a succession of grain and alfalfa fields, with an occasional orchard and small tracts of corn. Imbler is a busy little town and occupies the center of one of the richest grain and fruit growing districts in the country. At Imbler the panorama of grain fields changes to a matchless scene of beauty in vast apple orchards. On either side, as this is written, blossoms covered trees extend in an almost endless succession of rows there we see the largest area of apple orchards in Eastern Oregon.

Grande Ronde Canyon.

Passing through the orchard district at Imbler the highway assumes a course through grain fields until Willow creek is reached, and a quarter of a mile beyond which is Imbler station.

Leaving Imbler, which is located at the north end of Grande Ronde valley, the road soon sweeps onto a beautiful steel and concrete bridge that spans the railroad tracks and Grande Ronde river. The overhead crossing, which is located at the entrance to the canyon is one of the longest in the western section of the state. Following the overhead crossing one is immediately in the

canyon. Here it was that centuries ago, after ages of constant churning and erosion against the solid banks of rock, the waters that then covered Grande Ronde valley in a vast lake broke through and cut the gorge to Indian valley. The gorge, or canyon, is approximately three miles long, and through it the highway follows the east bank, while on the west side the steel rails of the railroad swing in unison with the frequent curves of the river.

Indian Valley and Elgin. At the mouth of the canyon Indian valley comes into view, presenting meadows and fields. To the east appears a succession of rolling brush-grass hills of the Indian and Clarke creek districts. Again the God in Nature. It carries one through beautiful towns and hamlets, over peaceful rivers, beside crystal streams, and along white-capped rapids. It carries one along green meadows and brush-grass hills on which grain grows of the best and liveliest of the northwest. It takes one by fields of waving grain and corn; past farm dwellings that are well kept and modern in all details—in a word, never comes to a greater realization of his weakness than when making an attempt to portray as it is this beautiful section of country in northeastern Oregon.

Another mile and we arrive at Elgin, the important commercial center of the north end of Union county and half way between the north and south ends of the valley. The highway follows the principal business street in Elgin and thence eastward two blocks from Fishtrap bridge.

Fishtrap Hill. In leaving Elgin the Grande Ronde river is crossed for the fourth time. At the bridge we begin the ascent of Fishtrap hill, so named because for many years by the Indians at a point near where the bridge now stands. One of the most beautiful scenes of the trip is obtained in ascending the hill. The highway, following an easy grade, sweeping around one graceful curve after another, soon takes one several hundred feet above Elgin and the valley. On the left can still be seen the Blue Mountains, at which location they separate Elgin from Weston, Milton and Watta Walls. On their foothills is seen many homes and vast orchard tracts. The apple district of Elgin is located on the foot-hill land and some of the orchards are comprised of an area exceeding 100 acres.

The Flat. Without realizing that the highway has carried the traveler up to a point several hundred feet above the town, the top of Fishtrap hill is attained and there, spreading out before eyes that are already dazzled by the ever-changing landscape, appears the scene known as the Flat. On either side and in front the eyes survey a vast series of rolling hills of pastures and well tilled farms.

Wallowa Hill. Were there nothing of the least interest, nothing of beauty along the route from the time of leaving until we reach Wallowa Hill here you will be met a hundred-fold in a landscape that bars description. The easy grade over the Flat brings you to the summit of the hill and ere you realize it you are looking out over a canyon, wide in expanse, vast in its depth. Two miles, as the bird flies, from the rocky and pine covered summit to the swirling waters of the Minam river at the bottom, but five and a quarter miles are consumed in carrying you down and down to the bottom.

Beginning at the head of a small canyon, that extends entirely to the bottom of the main canyon and river, the highway follows the north side, at a grade of less than five per cent, to a point where there is a sheer jump of a mile to the waters below. As that point is reached, the car stops, and as we glance down the abyssal depths we are overcome with awe at the grandeur that spreads out before us. Down at the extreme bottom the Minam rushes to the sea, yet it looks like a winding ribbon of silver. Across the canyon the steep hillside bend in graceful contour to the course of the river. We lift our eyes and gaze up the Minam to the south, and oh, the beauty that meets our mountains, forest covered and higher than that which we are descending meet our gaze. Beyond them are mountains of greater height, and still beyond rise summits, snow-crowned, that are still higher—towering some days above the clouds; with rough and rugged pinnacles unscalable except by the eagle. We stand there viewing the scene, the peaks, crags, deep cut canyons and there comes to us a realization of our utter insignificance compared to Nature and the forces of the Creator. There the vision carries back into the mountains 50 miles or more back to Nature in the wildest forms.

For those who care to carry the state highway department has provided a comfortable bench, where one can sit in comfort and "commune with Nature in her sublime forms." And, indeed, "she speaks a various language."

But, we must hurry. On down we go, a quarter, a half, a mile or more, the outer edge of the road forming a second crest to the mountain. Danger? No. You are as safe as on the level valley. The road is perfect and to prevent going off the grade a substantial guard fence is provided. All told the guard covers a distance of perhaps two miles, is painted snow white and lends enchantment to the already beautiful scene.

Along the perpendicular banks on

the upper side are seen all the colors of the rainbow. Oxidization of iron and other minerals in the solid rock have provided tints of red, yellow, pink and brown such as no artist can match.

We come to the bottom; we see the log pond of the Minam Lumber Co., containing millions of feet of pine floated down the Minam for 30 miles. At the foot of the dam the clear waters leap downward 20 feet into a swirling eddy below. Two hundred yards further and we are at Minam, a trading center of that region.

Wallowa Canyon. At Minam there is a confluence of the Wallowa and Minam rivers. There the crystal-like waters of the latter mingle with the less clear waters of the Wallowa. The highway now passes under the railroad track and follows the north bank of the Wallowa river through a canyon five miles long. Every foot of the trip through the canyon is possessed of beauty. Following along a perfect road you are one minute at the water's edge; the next you gradually take an elevation to a point 50 or 100 feet above the swirling waters. Beautiful rapids abound in the river. The bluffs forming the canyon are covered with evergreen pine and fir. An eagle appears in the narrow heaven above and swooshes, as if in indignation at your infringement of his rights. You hear a roaring noise and looking across the river on the opposite bank a passenger train thunders by; or mayhap it may be a freight train carrying the stock and sheep of Wallowa county to the markets outside.

A mile the other side of Minam you pass the location of the old stage station. There, before the entrance of the iron horse into Wallowa county, six-horse concord stages stopped at night and at night. The place was famous for its cuisine department under the management of Mrs. Joan Woods, now Mrs. Day Hayden of this city.

Wallowa. The canyon passed, we enter Wallowa valley, presenting yet another landscape. As we enter that beautiful valley, not as large as Grande Ronde and not as level, we recall the days of Chief Joseph. Here we enter a land filled with Indian lore and we proceed we feel that the spirits of departed warriors are waving us back from their happy hunting ground.

Five miles beyond the canyon is Wallowa. There is located the lumber plant of the Shiley-Minam Co., various stores and pretty homes. A short distance from Wallowa if one will look to the left (north) the draw through which Whiskey creek derives its name from the barrels of whiskey taken from the Indians and supplied to it by Jim Masterson and a band of pioneers in the early days.

and which act prevented an Indian uprising.

Just outside of Wallowa, the highway penetrates another fine farming section. Wheat farms and hay lands stretch to the southeast and to the north. To the extreme north and east can be seen the rolling brush-grass hills for which Wallowa county is so famed and upon which graze her thousands of cattle, horses and sheep.

Lostine. Continuing on through Wallowa valley, along well improved farms we reach Lostine, which is located near the mouth of the south fork of Wallowa river and in the center of one of the most fertile agricultural sections of the county. Lostine is beautifully situated.

At Lostine the traveler begins to get a close view of the magnificent mountains of that district. They rise majestically to the west and to the south.

From Lostine the road crosses a low hill and drops back into the valley. At the Wade farm it again takes the course of the river, which it follows to Enterprise. Here is another pretty stretch of road penetrating brush-grass hills and paralleling the river, which abounds with wily trout.

Enterprise. Enterprise is approximately eight miles from Lostine and is the commercial center of Wallowa county. It is a substantial little city, modern in construction, and wide-awake. The mammoth plant of the East Oregon Lumber Co. is located there. Enterprise also, justly claims the largest modern mill town store in the United States.

From Enterprise is obtained the best view of Alder slope, a section of

and which act prevented an Indian uprising.

Just outside of Wallowa, the highway penetrates another fine farming section. Wheat farms and hay lands stretch to the southeast and to the north. To the extreme north and east can be seen the rolling brush-grass hills for which Wallowa county is so famed and upon which graze her thousands of cattle, horses and sheep.

Lostine. Continuing on through Wallowa valley, along well improved farms we reach Lostine, which is located near the mouth of the south fork of Wallowa river and in the center of one of the most fertile agricultural sections of the county. Lostine is beautifully situated.

At Lostine the traveler begins to get a close view of the magnificent mountains of that district. They rise majestically to the west and to the south.

From Lostine the road crosses a low hill and drops back into the valley. At the Wade farm it again takes the course of the river, which it follows to Enterprise. Here is another pretty stretch of road penetrating brush-grass hills and paralleling the river, which abounds with wily trout.

Enterprise. Enterprise is approximately eight miles from Lostine and is the commercial center of Wallowa county. It is a substantial little city, modern in construction, and wide-awake. The mammoth plant of the East Oregon Lumber Co. is located there. Enterprise also, justly claims the largest modern mill town store in the United States.

From Enterprise is obtained the best view of Alder slope, a section of

farming country, famed not only for its beauty but for its fertility.

At Joseph. From Enterprise to Joseph, a distance of six miles, the highway passes through a highly cultivated and rich section. Irrigation plants water every acre of land in that district and enormous crops of grain, timothy and alfalfa are grown. Beautiful homes indicate prosperity and a home loving people.

About half way between Enterprise and Joseph, and on a bench to the left is seen the palatial home and excellent farm of J. H. Hobbs, one of the most prominent sheep and wool growers of the west. At that point we enter Creighton lane, three miles long and leading direct to Joseph.

Before arriving at Joseph our attention is drawn to the lofty mountains, the highest to be seen on the trip. Although we have experienced one thrill after another, the Joseph mountains produce a climax that is delightful, yet incapable of expression. Joseph lies close to the foot of the mountains and no town on God's footstool has a prettier setting.

The Fair. We leave Joseph, a town constructed along permanent river, and ascend gradually, a hill. We are at the top and before there is time for thought or speculation our eyes behold Wallowa Lake, nestling like a gem at the foot of the mountains of perpetual snow. A description of that matchless body of water appears elsewhere in this edition.

It is much easier to deal with successful men. They don't think it necessary to be ill-mannered to prove their importance.

DOZEN EGGS 20 CENTS IN CHINA

TIEN TSI, China. — Eggs six for a dime; pigeons, thirteen cents each; lettuce, two cents a head are among the prices now prevailing on the local wholesale market which compare favorably with those of western America. Walnuts are twelve cents a pound, claims two cents a pound, oysters five cents a pound and pheasants 55 cents each.

All of the advantage does not lie with Tientsin, however, for here apples and oranges, at 20 to 24 cents a pound, chocolate, and lemons at \$1 a dozen are almost as expensive as a piglet pears in America.

Here in Tientsin an official market list is issued weekly for information of jobbers and wholesalers, the prices of which must be followed closely. According to a notice printed thereon "any marked deviation from it should be reported in writing to the Police Department, British Municipal Council."

One reason given for men playing a game better than women is that the male always makes a wager. A golfer may bet a dollar he can beat his partner to a hole. Same with any game. The element of a gamble puts zest in the play, the boys say.

Correct this sentence: "The husband brought home three unexpected guests, and the wife smiled happily as she greeted them."

You can read a new book in one evening if you will skip the dull pages between the naughty parts.

We Buy and Sell the Earth

All Kinds of Real Estate, Ranches, Farms, Timber Tracts, Fruit Farms, Chicken and Dairy Farm, City Property and All Kinds of Insurance Tell Us What You Want to Buy or Sell And We Will Do the Rest

The Pyramid Land Co.

La Grande

Oregon

Frontier Days

THE early pioneers were willing to undergo the hardships of crossing the plains and opening new territory, because it eventually meant homes of their own.

Home building and the progressiveness of the frontier people clearly marked and indicated their development.

The development of individuals today largely hinges upon the home. Home signifies thrift, progressiveness and independence.

Pioneer home building days are over. The warm and protecting, yet crudely constructed, home of logs is replaced by the architecturally correct and conveniently arranged modern home.

BUILD ARCHITECTURALLY CORRECT

This Company is prepared to offer the most up-to-the-minute building ideas and suggestions.

This exclusive building service is free to customers. Call, write or telephone.

RETAIL DEPARTMENT

La Grande

The Grande Ronde Lumber Company

Exclusive Representative of National Builders Bureau

O. F. Coolidge

WALL PAPER, GLASS, PAINTS, OIL, BRUSHES, WINDOW SHADES, CONGOLEUM RUGS, CONTRACT PAINTING AND PAPERING

We want your business and use our best efforts to merit it in service, price and quality. We offer present prices:

Pure Linseed Oil, per gallon	\$1.50 and \$1.60
Pure Turpentine, per gallon	\$2.25
Pure Prepared Paint (guaranteed), per gallon	\$3.75
Pioneer, Casters, Dutch Boy and Golden White	
Lead, per pound	16¢
Green Seal Zinc, per pound	20¢
Paste Graphite, per pound	20¢
Dry Graphite, per pound	12½¢
Dry Graphite, per pound	8½¢
Baer Bros. Enamel, per gallon	\$5.00
Ripolin Enamel, per gallon	\$9.00
Black Auto Enamel, per gallon	\$1.50
Dutch Boy Kalsomine, per package	65¢
Window Shades, each	\$1.00 and \$1.25

We have a complete assortment of Jap-A-Lac.

We have Birge and Sons company Wall Paper, the best made, most artistic in design and up-to-date. Also other cheaper and durable patterns of wall paper.

ON THE OLD OREGON TRAIL