

COVER THE VALLEY

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The Violin Maker at Cove—
LeRoy Lay, garage man of Cove, furnishes his own thrills, for who can doubt that there is a real thrill in making a violin and trying it out for the first time? Mr. Lay has just completed a violin which he made entirely out of native wood. The back and ribs were made of apple wood, sawed from an old stump on the K. J. Stackland place, the neck and scroll are pruned wood from the John Dean farm and the front is a tamarack which had died in the hills and the wood cured while it was standing. All these woods were treated by Mr. Lay for months before the actual work of making the violin began. Some of the pieces were boiled and then seasoned before using them. The stain and sixteen coats of varnish which were used on fine violins have not yet been put on. Each alternate coat of varnish is rubbed with rotten stone and every coat is thoroughly dried and polished before another is added.

Mr. Lay is very much pleased with the tone of the violin which cannot be as smooth as it will be after some use. This is not the first violin Mr. Lay has made as he made two several years ago. All three violins were made after the Stradivarius model and are as accurate in measurement as it is possible to make them.

There are four different thicknesses in the body of these violins, ranging from 1/4 of an inch all around the outer edge to 3/4 inch in the thickest part. The front has two thicknesses, one on the intricate tasks of making violins is setting in the purfling which is the tiny double black strip with the white center which follows the edge of the violin both front and back. A narrow groove is made and the purfling is glued into the groove. It is evident that this is a fine piece of work as the pieces of wood combined which form the purfling are only about 1-16 of an inch wide.

This is only one of many parts, we might say one of all the parts, which must be done with infinite care and skill. The violins made a few years ago gave great promise at their completion and that promise has been more than fulfilled as they each possess a full, mellow, sweet tone, which will improve as they are used and cared for.

These violins were made of woods procured from manufacturers of violins and some of it had aged for forty years. Several of the pieces were from foreign countries.

Eidon Southwick is also working on a violin under the direction of Mr. Lay. He is also using native wood. He has the body and neck pieces completed and some work done on the neck and scroll.

Ill Improve—
Mrs. Frank Poole, "Grandma" Wellworth and Mrs. C. J. Counsell, all of the Ladd Canyon neighborhood, are reported to be improving from their recent illnesses.

Guests at Dinner—
Miss Amelia Sansom, home ec teacher in the Elgin High school, and Mrs. Emma Graham, of the Tanager High school were among the guests at a lovely dinner given last evening by Miss Helen Moor, dean of girls at the Eastern Oregon Normal school, as a compliment to Prof. A. Grace Johnson of the faculty of the Oregon State college.

New Correspondent—
We are glad to announce today that a new correspondent is soon to appear with news items from North Powder. Mrs. C. J. Law, who has considerable experience as a news writer, plans to cover that field in the future and we ask the cooperation of all our readers in the coverage that the service may be 100 per cent.

Time—
Not the kind you put on acid soil, but the kind the body needs daily, was the subject of a portion of one of Miss Lucy A. Case's lectures at the economic conference. To secure the lime needed each day, a quart of milk for the adult and a quart for the child, it was pointed out. The equivalent in other common articles of food, according to Miss Case, is a nutrition specialist from the extension service of the state college.

64 leaves of white bread each day.
10 quarts of juicy beef.
76 shredded wheat biscuits.
44 apples.

Visits Friends—
Mrs. C. B. Robinson who now lives on the Old Oregon Trail highway beyond Union, was in La Grande yesterday visiting among friends. Mrs. Robinson formerly lived on the side-hill road near La Grande, but now does not get to the country seat as often as her friends would like.

Attend Funeral—
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Bebler, Mr. and Mrs. Shores Ewin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ewin, Mrs. Frank Poole and Mrs. Claude Beale of Ladd Canyon attended the funeral of Mrs. Cora Titus which was held at Union last week. The Rev. E. W. Hartley and Mrs. Bebler are cousins of Mrs. Titus.

Entertains Club—
Miss Mae Stearns, photographer of La Grande, entertained the members of the Camera club of Union last

Thursday evening. There were 14 young people present who were accompanied by Mr. Coburn of the Union schools. It was a very happy evening for the entire company.

Board to Meet—
The first meeting of the executive board of the "Union County Declaration" will be held in the office of the county superintendent of schools tomorrow, Saturday at 10:30 o'clock. It is announced that any who are interested are invited to attend.

Killing the Thistles—
H. H. Taylor, present at the economic conference from Walla Walla county, gave some interesting facts about his work in the eradication of Canadian thistles. He reported that he had been treating this pest during the past two years. He plowed nine times in 1929 and dragged with a float. He later fall seeded wheat and claims that the thistles are all killed with the exception of those along the fence row.

Entertains Club—
Mrs. Clyde Hoppel's home in La Grande was the scene of the last meeting of the Get-Together club—women living in the Ladd Canyon neighborhood—with an attendance of 12 members. Miss Mary Miller of La Grande was special guest of the club. The main feature of the afternoon was a guessing contest which Miss Lola Roy Munsell conducted. Mrs. Hoppel served a lovely two course luncheon before adjournment. The club will have their next meeting February 19 at the home of Mrs. Roy Munsell.

Moving—
Mr. and Mrs. Henry McClure who have been residing in the Ladd Canyon road not far from La Grande are planning to move to North Powder where they will make their home on the ranch and Mr. and Mrs. Harley Counsell will lease the farm which they are vacating.

For Visit Here—
The Misses Eva and Edna Ledbetter, teachers at Lewiston, Idaho, and Weston, respectively, are expected this evening for a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ledbetter. Eva plans to remain at home a week, while Edna will have a week-end visit with her family.

Brother's Day—
Bluo Mt. grange is planning for one of its big annual events, Brother's Day, which will be held a week from tomorrow, Saturday, February 21.

Is Improving—
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Edvalson of the Catherine Creek road continue to receive encouraging word from their daughter, Miss Esther, who has been in a sanatorium near Los Angeles for the last three months. She expects to be home again in two months.

Father Better—
Mrs. T. C. Herty hears regularly concerning the condition of her father, James Underwood, who was taken ill at her home above the Cove and was taken back to the family home at Canyon City, Colorado, instead of continuing to California for the remainder of the winter as he had planned. He is much better now, which is acceptable news to the friends of the family in the valley.

Improves—
Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, who underwent an operation on her neck one day last week at a local office in La Grande is rapidly improving. She has been staying in La Grande at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Don Matott but expects to return to her home in Ladd Canyon shortly.

Have New Milker—
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Becker who live on the lower Cove market road have installed a new two-bucket milking machine this week. The Beckers have a fine herd of Holsteins and are milking ten cows at the present time.

Ill—
Mrs. Claude Lynch who lives on the Island City highway is reported as being ill of neuritis.

Entertains—
Mrs. Milo Blokland, on Wednesday evening entertained a group of married folks who are meeting every week at different homes for a potluck supper and an evening of games and music. Mrs. Henry Herman furnished a delightful surprise for the group by sending them a very beautiful and delicious angel food cake. Fourteen adults and several children were present.

Hartley Funeral—
The funeral of A. E. Hartley, prominent resident of Cove, who died at his home last week was held Wednesday at the Methodist church where he had been such a faithful worker. Interment will not be made until the arrival of the son, Emory who has been working in Texas.

The St. Patrick's Party—
The party announced last week to be given on St. Patrick's Day, March 17 by the Rebekah lodge at Summerville is to be held at the Masonic hall in Summerville instead of at the Odd Fellows hall as we announced.

Ray Duncan of the Mill Creek canyon road above the Cove is reported as being ill of a severe cold and was not able to fill his place on the program of the Economic conference this week.

Club Meets—
The Cheerio club of Island City met with Mrs. Howard Smith Tuesday afternoon for a business and social meeting. The time was spent sewing.

From North Powder—
Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bidwell drove from North Powder yesterday and attended the sessions of the economic conference.

Children Ill—
The two children of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. McCabe, who live on the Island City-Cove highway, have been quite ill of scarlet fever. The little girl is much better but the baby is still quite ill.

Come for Visit—
Glenn Ledbetter, who is employed in Salem and his sister, Marie, a sophomore at Willamette university and her friend, Miss Elizabeth Atkins, are expected here for a Wednesday evening and will visit at the home of the Ledbetters near Alsea. They were also accompanied by Miss

Observations
By a Cove Hill Billy

HOME AND COUNTRY
Part One
The "Oregon Country" as the Great Western Empire was called in olden times, as a whole, always appealed to me to almost an overwhelming fascination. As far as my memory can lower I have heard stories of the wonderful wild west beyond the Red River Valley, famous in poetry and song. Back in my country, the home of my birth—the state of Maine—quite a number had gone as far as the Red River country, but very, very few had ventured into the Bad Lands of the Dakotas and over into and across the great Rockies. Those few of the few that came back were, to be sure, the most interesting persons in their locality at that time.

My grandmother's brother, Sam Ayotte, known long before 1892 on the Old Oregon Trail as "Black Sam, the bull pitcher," came back to Maine, when I was very small—but I am sure that I was the biggest listener to the wonderful stories that he told. From that time the Grande Ronde Valley has been foremost in my mind for an ideal place to live. I remember, probably as far back as 1880, always in our family. It was spoken as the most beautiful spot in the "Great Wonderland of the West"—the Oregon Country. And I believe to this day that a picture formed in my younger mind acted like a magnet, ever pointing and drawing towards its polar attraction—eventually landing me here. And here no matter if everything seems awry—I always feel right side up. It may be that I have found here my true polarity.

Among the many stories that my grand-uncle told, was the description of this "Beautiful Basin," as he called it, and how he had made it a point to visit the place at every possible opportunity, finally deciding to make it his home. But the righteous spirit of Lincoln possessed him and in the spring of early summer of 1862 he went east, joined the "Lincoln Band" and helped free the black man from slavery. He left his outfit—a big freight business he had evolved in the days of '49—many oxen, horses and wagons—\$5,000 in cash, mostly gold dust—to a couple of "friends" as partners who were to develop this "aquatic" claim he had chosen, until he got back from the war. After the war was over, he

which though silent is nevertheless very stimulating in the belief that here we have at least one of the finest spots of God's green earth.

But, of course, having been a parasite for the natural man of the woods—it had to be transformed for the use of the white man. So, from the time Parkman wrote his history of the Old Oregon Trail and the Pioneers of the covered wagon period, very few countries, if any indeed, have been more put before the world in either the spoken or the written word. There never has been known such an onrush of human activities in all the world than the taking possession of this wild country of the red men by the more advanced white race. And we also find that from the time of the first incoming wagon over the Blue Mountains

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It is amusing to observe for instance, the development from a rough log cabin with a dirt floor, the home of Mrs. Mary Wagner in 1802 to the same place now, the home of (Red) Charles Fisher, this year 1931. You will find there, nearly all necessities for a farmer's modern needs. You will find also that these good people are imbued with that same old spirit of forging ahead, ever gathering something for the making of the home. And, as all who carry that spirit you will find them good, honest people whom you will always regret having made their acquaintance.

Observing this great development, our highways, one of our later improvements, form quite a contrast with the "mud roads" the old pioneers had to endure. On this subject let me relate a little incident told by Mrs. Juliet Dougherty. Mrs. Dougherty is one of our good old pioneers, still with us in the fourth score of her active life—and in all probability she will be for another score or more, for she keeps well and happy—always alert and black eyes, makes one readily understand that her mind is at all times alert in observing and remembering things of interest to her. I am sure that she is a real, pleasant and intelligent talk on old time happenings—just come to Cove and interview this charming little old lady—and she will hold your attention on most any subject, but she specializes on the welfare of humanity.

Speaking of a somewhat rough trip going to La Grande the other day with our little Chevy—the roads being corduroyed like a washboard and sleek and muddy—Mrs. Dougherty laughed and said: "You ought to have seen the roads we used to have. I remember one time nearly fifty years ago, Protry School district gave an entertainment in their schoolhouse. A play was the main feature. Nearly all the people in the surrounding neighborhood attended. All had to go in their farm wagons. All got there safely enough, but getting home was real experience for some of us. The first short lane going east after leaving the schoolhouse was a mire the whole length. It inclined uphill going east. There were that night, seven wagons stuck in the mud at the one time. It was very dark and each wagon had a lantern. Some who did not live so far away got out and walked home leading their horses and leaving their wagons there till morning. The others had to get out the best they could—it was each for himself, for no one could help

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another in a case like this—all having frantic horses to tend to. My husband got out, uncoupled the team from the wagon, made the horses go forward until they reached firmer ground for their feet, then hitched them to the end of the wagon tongue and pulled us out of the bog. We then drove across the corner of a field and we had good mud roads from there, arriving home after midnight. The play had been good and we felt repaid for all our troubles that night. Those were happy days! We were all youthful and enjoyed the experience. Many were there that night who have now gone to a higher experience—just a few of us remain to tell the story."

This is just a bit of experience in the old time mode of transportation and conditions of the roads of fifty years ago. One old resident of Cove told of taking three days to get to La Grande with a load of hay and got four dollars for it after he got there! And to think—for us to grumble—when as soon as roads need

repairs, we meet big monsters of machines plowing snowdrifts, scraping gravel and rolling smooth the roads as fast as it can be done.

As I said a while ago—this valley was most beautiful in its primitive wild state for a race of men who had not yet discerned that free will discovered long before by the white race—that reasoning which makes man dissatisfied with the slow process of a natural evolution. And the white man at once began to remake those things to suit his advanced fancies and desires—the results of which are the advancement from the men and women pioneers extracting by hand all of the necessities for existence from an unbroken soil for the most part full of brush and timber, to their descendants today whose work is practically all done by machines—it is the advancement from the covered wagons pulled by slow oxen—and hard handwork to the automobile and combined harvester. And today we of this valley can truly say with the Roman Caesar of old, "Veni, vidi, vici," we came, we saw, we conquered.

One man that came and saw the valley and did his little bit in conquering its wild and uncomfortable conditions for the white man is Uncle Dan Fruit, who is yet young and spry in mind, although he was 19 when Lincoln ran and won the race for president in 1863. He tells of a bunch of fellows wanting him to go to Union, and vote for Lincoln regardless of his age; but he didn't—he said, now he wished he had, for he could brag now of having voted for the best man the United States ever had for president. Well, Uncle Dan saw this valley from the Blue Mountains by day and by night—in 1861 when he was 7 years old. He says that a few lights, weak and yellow could be seen here and there flickering from the abodes of trappers along the foothills. He tells that he never saw a house from the time he left Fort Hall until they reached Umatilla.

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HONEY CAKE
1/2 cup shortening.
1/2 cup sugar.
1 egg.
1 cup strained honey.
1 cup milk.
2 1/2 cups flour.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
1/2 teaspoon allspice.
Cream the shortening and sugar and add the beaten egg, the honey and milk, then the flour, salt, baking powder and spices sifted together. Beat well and bake in a well greased pan in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.