

Millar Passes

(Continued From Page One)

Riversdale, Ontario, Canada, coming to Nyssa in 1908. For several years he worked on various farms near here and for a time was in the bee business. In 1924 he was elected city recorder and has held that post continuously, with the exception of one term, and was known as one of the most efficient city officers in Oregon.

He was unmarried and lived a quiet life attending to his city duties and property interests here. He generally had Sunday dinner with his sister and family, Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald of Nyssa. He had dinner with his sister Sunday and was apparently in good health and spirits. Later he visited with friends around town and went to the store after ten o'clock to retire for the night. Ernest Wilson was in the store shortly after ten and Bob was playing the radio, which was his nightly custom. That was the last time he was seen alive.

He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald of Nyssa and Mrs. E. B. Jeffry of Toronto, Canada. Douglas McDonald and Wm. McDonald of Nyssa and Jack McDonald of Phoenix, Ariz., Gordon McDonald of St. Helens; Dwight McDonald, who is in the U. S. navy; Charles Jeffry of Toronto, Canada; and Kenneth Millar of Ketchikan, Ontario, Canada are all nephews. Florence Jasper of La Grande, Marian Ward of Payette, Mrs. Aida Bean of Portland and Mrs. Anna Gipson of Los Angeles are all nieces of Mr. Millar. He was next to youngest in a family of 9 children.

Funeral Today

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, June 10th at two o'clock from the Methodist Community church, with all business houses in Nyssa closing as a mark of respect. Rev. White was in charge of the services with music being furnished by a quartet composed of Mrs. Dick Tensen, Mrs. J. W. Poage, Mr. C. C. Hunt and Al Thompson; Mrs. Howard J. Larsen sang a solo. Mrs. C. C. Hunt was accompanist.

Full bearers were six old friends, Ernest Wilson, John Lackey, Garrett Stam, Art Cook, Bert Hoxie and H. H. Wiedemann. Services at the Nyssa cemetery were in charge of the I. O. O. F. lodge, of which he had been a faithful member for 24 years and in which he held the office of secretary. Arrangements were made by the Nyssa funeral home, with interment in the local cemetery.

BOERSMA LAWN TO BE

SCENE OF BENEFIT CARD PARTY FRIDAY

A benefit card party for the benefit of the H. E. C. of the Oregon Trail Grange will be held Friday afternoon, June 11th on the lawn at the Andrew Boersma country home, two miles west of the funeral home. The public is invited to attend the affair and plans are being made to accommodate a large crowd from Nyssa and surrounding country.

CIVIC CLUB TO MEET AT C. C. COTTON HOME

The June meeting of the Nyssa Civic Club will be held at the country home of Mrs. C. C. Cotton in Kingman Colony. Mrs. Leslie McClure is arranging for a program for the afternoon and Mrs. Grant Rinehart will be hostess. All those who wish to attend should be at the Eagles Hall at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, June 16th. Anyone who can furnish a car to help take the women are asked to also report at the hall.

Teams Tied For Softball Lead

LEAGUE STANDINGS

Journal	W. L.
Journal	5 1
Reclamation	3 1
Beeler Boys	3 1
Outlaws	1 4

This week marks the close of the first half of the local softball season, with the Journal team in a tie for high honors with the reclamation team. The Journal team has finished their season while the government boys will tangle with the Outlaws and Beeler Boys this Friday night in a double header. If they lose one of these games it will leave the Journal in undisputed possession of the top position.

The Journal team surprised themselves by taking the Reclamation Friday night as part of the Owyhee Canyon Days celebration, the final score being 11 to 15. Tuesday night the Outlaws fell victim to the heavy hitting news boys, with the count being 14 to 5. In an intercity game with the Ontario Safety gang Thursday night, the Journal team nosed out a 9 to 10 victory. Tonight the news boys play the Payette 20-30 club on the local field.

Next Friday night the Journal team has agreed to go to Caldwell to play the Reclamation team. Both have a win apiece and the friendly rivalry will both be out gunning for victory.

First Canned Tomatoes

Tomatoes were canned for the first time in 1847 by Harrison W. Crosby, a chemical engineer at Lafayette college.

HANCHETT-BENNETT

Miss Eunice Viola Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bennett of the Richland district became the bride of O. Jay Hanchett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hanchett of the Dead Ox Flat district, at a pretty home wedding Sunday, June 6th. The bride was beautiful in a beige rose gown, with white flowers intertwined in her hair; as the couple stood in the Bennett home prettily decorated in pink and white and made their vows before Rev. J. B. Coulter.

Shortly after the simple ceremony, refreshments were served to about 50 guests present, after which the young couple left for Boise on a honeymoon trip. On their return they will make their home at Emmett, where Mr. Hanchett is employed.

"Where the Woodbine Twine" "Gone where the woodbine twine" is a phrase used by James Fisk during the congressional investigation of Black Friday (September, 1899). Mr. Fisk referred to the money he had lost in the attempt to corner gold.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF MALHEUR. CARL H. COAD, Plaintiff.

vs. ROY WILLOUGHBY and LEVONA WILLOUGHBY, his wife; NYSSA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY A dissolved corporation; H. S. SACKETT, County Clerk and Registrar of Titles of Malheur County; ARTHUR H. BOYDELL and BLANCHE L. BOYDELL, his wife; GERTRUDE EVA BOYDELL; ETHELYWN SARAZIN and J. J. SARAZIN, her husband; J. BLAYNEY BOYDELL; ELIZABETH AGNES NEDRY and E. BRITT NEDRY, her husband; W. A. TEUTSCH and ALIDA B. TEUTSCH, his wife; C. C. WILSON and JANE DOE WILSON, his wife; DAVID CANHAM; ELIZABETH CANHAM; CLARA CANHAM; CHARLES CANHAM, RALPH W. DESPAIN and JANE DOE DESPAIN, his wife; CHARLES D. DESPAIN and QUINTILLA DESPAIN, his wife, the unknown heirs, if any, of Lennox B. Boyle, Deceased; the unknown heirs, if any, of Josiah Boyde, Deceased; the unknown heirs if any of Harriett P. F. Boyde, Deceased; and also, all other persons or person unknown, claim-

ing any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to the real property described in the complaint herein filed.

Defendants

To Nyssa Improvement Company, a dissolved corporation, W. A. Teutsch, Alida B. Teutsch, C. C. Wilson, Jane Doe Wilson, David Canham, Elizabeth Canham, Clara Canham, Charles Canham, Ralph W. Despain, Jane Doe Despain, the unknown heirs, if any, of Lennox B. Boyle, Deceased, the unknown heirs, if any, of Josiah Boyde, Deceased, the unknown heirs, if any, of Harriett P. F. Boyde, Deceased, and all other persons or person unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to the real property described in the complaint herein filed, of the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You and each of you hereby are commanded to appear in the above entitled court and cause within four weeks after the first publication of this summons, which date of first publication is June 10, 1937, then and there to answer or otherwise plead to the complaint filed herein, and if you fail so to do, and for want thereof, plaintiff will take judgment and decree against you cancelling certificate of title No. 285, and ordering the withdrawal from registry of the North 85 feet of Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of Block 30 of Teutsch's Addition to Nyssa, and restoring title thereto to the former or recording system, and determining all adverse claims to the following described real property in Malheur County, State of Oregon, to-wit: The North 85 feet of Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of Block 30, and Lots 1 to 20, both inclusive, of Block 19, and Lots 1 to 20, both inclusive, of Block 22, all of Teutsch's Addition to the Town of Nyssa, and decreeing and adjudging that you, and each of you have no interest, estate, or claim whatever, in or to said land or prem-

NOTICE OF HEARING

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Nyssa, Oregon, will hold a public hearing in the basement of the Eagles hall in said City on the evening of June 29, 1937, at the hour of 8 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of affording persons particularly interested, and the general public, an opportunity to be heard, either for or against the passage by the Common Council of an Ordinance regulating, restricting and segregating the location of business, trades or calling, the location of buildings or property designed for specified uses; dividing the City into districts and establishing regulations and designating the uses for which buildings may not be erected or altered.

Notice is further given that the City Planning Commission has filed with the City Recorder its final

report upon the foregoing matters and therein has recommended to the Common Council the passage of a proposed Ordinance which is now on file in the office of the City Recorder and the same is open to the inspection of the public.

Per Order Common Council City of Nyssa, Oregon. 6-10 to 6-24.

NOTICE OF SALE

FRANK J. WARD, Claimant vs. TRUMAN LEACH, Defendant

NOTICE HEREBY IS GIVEN, that on Saturday, the 26th day of June, 1937, at the Frank J. Ward Ranch, north of Nyssa, Oregon, in Malheur County, I will sell at public auction the following described personal property, to-wit: 1 two year old gray mare, without brands 1 one year old black colt (mare), without brands

C. W. GLENN, Sheriff Malheur County, Oregon. By Chas. S. Leavitt, Deputy. Dated and first published this 10th day of June, 1937. Last published June 24, 1937.

CLASSIFIED ADS

STRAYED OR MAYBE STOLEN: A good four-horse frenzo. Bought 23 years ago for \$9,800, including 300 acres of land; and don't like to lose this valuable frenzo which helped fill up the holes in many

farms around Kingman Colony. This \$9,800 frenzo has been missing since last year and I hope you are through with it so you can bring it back to my place in Kingman Colony. There will be no trouble made whatever over the frenzo, as I have enough trouble of my own without making trouble for anyone else. John Reece. 6-3-2tp.

For Sale

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Al truck, sell or trade for milk cows. I. C. Story. 1tp.

FOR SALE—C melody Saxophone, case included, pearl keyed, gold belled, \$25 cash. Call at Journal for information. 6-10-4tc.

FOR SALE—Weiner pigs. Sam Playford, 1 mile north of Nyssa, east of R.R. track. 6-3-2tp.

FOR SALE—Wagon and rack, ready to go. Lyman DeGroff See it at Nyssa Sale Yard and Phone 51-F12. 5-27-1fc.

FOR SALE—Certified and non-certified Bliss Triumph potato seed. See and purchase at farm formerly owned by Chas. Garrison. Phone 78F2, ask for Ira R. Ure. 4-22-1fc

Wanted

WANTED—Hay to put up on shares. Can furnish all equipment. Jim Boor. 5-20-4tp.

WANTED—A chance to prove we can save you money by welding broken machinery. Pruyt Garage. 2-4-1f.

Miscellaneous

REAL ESTATE: If you wish to buy or sell town lots, homes or farms. See R. J. Davis at the Western Hotel. 6-10-1fs.

HAULING—All kinds, Oregon and Idaho License. Hugh Glasgow. Phone 36-F3. Jan 16ft.

Motor Cruising for Fun

Describing Salmon Fishing in the Willamette River, Plus a Sketch of Conditions There



Gunwale to gunwale, the boats were anchored over every favorable eddy

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full page article appearing in The Oregonian on May 23.

BY HERBERT S. LAMPMAN

Staff Writer, The Oregonian

The strangest salmon fishing in the world lies right at Portland's civic back door. Here the fisherman doesn't row a boat frantically over miles of water nor gallop spiritedly across acres of slippery, devilish boulders. He simply maneuvers his craft to a suitable location and anchors; he assembles his trolling tackle, cocks his feet indolently on the thwart and awaits subsequent developments.

Gulls wheel insolently above and the thunder of the Willamette river falls at Oregon City becomes a drowsy obbligato to the piscatorial symphony.

At least that's the way The Oregonian-Oregon State Motor association travel party found it.

Aforementioned party arrived at the state police dock promptly at 7 A. M. Here was found Martin Christiansen, pilot and proud possessor of a new launch built several weeks ago by the Oregon state fish commission for the express purpose of patrolling the river between the mouth of the Clackamas and the falls.

Patrol Stops Netting It seems that certain of the citizenry insist upon netting the salmon-infested waters immediately below the barrier and that such a patrol is necessary to dampen their ardor. Also upon moonless nights they inhabit the twin fishways across the falls and snag vast boatloads of struggling chinooks in the dark.

The morning was brassy and windless when we set forth. Tackle, bountifully supplied by Guy D. Jones of the Pacific Fishing Tackle company, rattled musically in the stern as the propeller shot a white shaft out into the river.

The salmon were in the river—silver salmon of the coveted spring run, that enter the Columbia river with the spring rains and move steadily upstream toward the spawning beds where they were born. The Willamette river below the falls had held the run of several weeks, because for some inexplicable reason these fish had not started to use the rambling concrete fishways across the belowing falls.

One Man Hooks Fish

We watched for several minutes before we heard the brittle call, "Fish on!"

Far down the line of boats a rod bent to the surface and a paunchy man stood up in a swaying boat. His line cut thin white traceries in the turbid water. His face was tense. For a full 15 minutes we watched until the salmon broke water beside the boat. The river literally exploded. Someone lunged downward with a gaff and the lithe silver body glinted dully as it was drawn into the skiff.

"About 20 pounds," said the pilot of the patrol boat as he let in the clutch and headed the craft toward midstream.

A 20-pounder isn't by any means a big chinook. The average for the Columbia basin is something like 23 pounds. The world's record chinook, taken in Alaskan waters, scaled over 100, and only two or three years ago a 90-pounder was taken at Astoria.

Big Fish Rare

These big fellows, however, are comparatively rare. They are, in the main, 7-year-old fish. The average chinook enters fresh water to spawn in his fourth year. He may run anywhere from 15 to 45 pounds. Whenever a giant is taken



Gunwale to gunwale, the boats

were anchored over every favorable eddy. The stern of each boat

times two eager individuals who held heavy salmon poles. From time to time they would raise these in a slow arc and then drop the tip again.

These grow to their prodigious size simply because they have remained in the ocean. Because they haven't the biological urge to spawn—their reproductive organs haven't developed—they stay with mother ocean until they do. After their spawning they die—eaten away by fresh-water fungus that attacks the bruises and sores created in the battering against rocks in the ascent of the native stream.

How do these fish find their way back to the same beds from whence they sprang? No man knows. Yet back they come, bright of flank and burning with strength. It is then that the angler takes them from the yellow stream.

We rigged up—heavy rods, linen lines, piano wire leaders and some propeller spoons. From the leader swivels we attached a good 10 ounces of lead.

Must Get to Bottom

"You got to get down to the bottom if you want to connect with 'em," advised Christiansen. He kicked the craft into trolling speed and we paid out line into the current.

"Funny thing about the salmon—he won't hit a spoon because he's hungry. He hits it because he's sore as a boiled owl. He seems to resent the glittering contrivance that dances along a few inches above the dark bottom of the river."

Unfortunately for the fisherman, the big fish doesn't resent the spoon all the time. For hours on end, as we can testify, one can drag a pound of such hardware along the

course of a stream without a single strike, even though fish are to be seen rolling and leaping on every side of the boat.

Then, for some reason that anglers never can fathom, the tribe of salmon becomes definitely interested in such tackle. If their ardor in the matter of such investigation reaches a proper height, fishermen say "they would hit a clothespin." They are belligerent, savage and given to fits of temper that would shame a fishwife.

Fish Full of Smelt These fish have been taken in the Columbia with their stomachs full of smelt, yet they do not feed after entering fresh water. They are intent only upon reaching their spawning grounds in the McKenzie, the upper Willamette or another of its numerous tributaries.

Ichthyologists say that they sometimes take smelt simply because they are angered at the small, silver glittering of those cousins of theirs also upstream-bound to the spawning.

They're tackle-smashing, paunch-bellied holy terrors. One never knows when a strike is at hand, and the casual angler had better hang onto his rod as tightly as ever he clutched a pay check. One good strike, delivered when the angler is half asleep, and a rod will jump from his hands into the river.

The chinook of the Willamette is world famous as a fighter. He hasn't the brilliance of that silver-side, because he doesn't leap and gyrate across the surface. He is bullishly powerful and given to seeking the bottom, where he assumes a "doggo" attitude.

Pumping a 20 or 30-pound fish from the black, ancient river bottom is a "job of work."

Attracts Many Sportsmen But it's exhilarating, exciting work—labor that draws men and women from all over the state and covers the likely spots on the swirling Willamette with literally hundreds of fishing boats.

On a recent Sunday the state police force tallied a total of some 4000 fishermen who carried home with them over 200 salmon—probably more than two tons of firm red fish to be served in crisp slices for dinner or placed in glass jars for later use.

And like most forms of angling, it's a caste-leveler, this salmon trolling. In adjacent boats, engaged in friendly conversation or relating experiences of previous "runs," may be a WPA worker on temporary "vacation," a prominent business man from Portland or some other nearby city and a gingham-clad housewife.

Playing Into Your Competitor's Hands

THE best way to please your competitor is to stop advertising for a while. Then you'll find the live merchant doing a bigger and better job of advertising, for he knows with you out of the field his work is so much easier. Some merchants think they can ride along on your advertising. That is a false idea. The ride is a very short one that leads to nowhere. Every day people need things for home and personal use. That is why advertising every week brings the biggest returns. This is especially true when advertising in THE GATE CITY JOURNAL. It reaches nearly 1,000 Families weekly—in the Nyssa Trade Territory, and is your only medium of getting into ALL prospective buyer homes.