

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

1 Cent Per Word  
Minimum Charge 25c

**REWARD**—For return of a slip scraper, re-inforced with strap iron underneath. X welded on ball. Had fifty foot cable attached. Return to Journal Office. 18N3tp.

**For Rent**

**FOR RENT**—Shed and ground space suitable for machinery or cars. Corner Second and Park. 1tp 11-18.

**Lost**

**LOST**—Watch and fob, with Arkansas state seal. Return to this office and receive reward. 1tp 11-18.

**For Sale**

**FOR SALE**—Span of heavy mares, wagon and harness. Six miles southwest of Nyssa. D. R. DeGross. 1N2tp.

**FOR SALE**—Staymen Winesap apples 35 cents a bushel. Bring baskets. Fresh cider 25 cent a gallon. Bring containers. F. W. Sherwood. O. 211f

**FOR SALE**—Turnips. 50 cents a sack and bring sack. T. T. Elliott. Kingman Colony. 2tp 11-18.

**FOR SALE**—Just like new, an Allen Parlor Furnace Heatrola. Wm. E. Schireman. 1401f

**FOR SALE**—40 acres, 25 acres has been farmed this year. Complete far equipment. 3 miles N west of Nyssa on Power and gravel road. O. G. Scott. 1401f

**FOR SALE**—Ten weaner pigs, good strain, 1/4 mile south of Big Bend Park. O. J. Pinkston. 18N2tp.

**FOR SALE**—1936 Dodge truck, with beat body. Tires in good condition. Has only 9000 miles. Eton axle. Bill DeGroot. 18N2 tp.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—Gasoline washing machine motor, in good condition, or will trade for small electric motor suitable for washing machine. James Malloy, Nyssa Heights. 18N9 1tp.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—Hawthorne bicycle. In fine condition. Will trade for helper calf. Louis Recla. 2 1/2 miles of Adrian on highway. 19 N2tp.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—Eighteen head of registered Holstein cattle Faust bull two years old. Six head of registered shire mares. Neil Dimmick. 18N9 1tp.

**Wanted**

**SITUATION WANTED**

**WANTED**—Carpenter or farm work. Have had 7 years experience as carpenter; 15 years as farmer. E. E. Gift, box 424, Nyssa. 18N2tp.

**WANTED**—To lease or rent on share crop basis an 80 acre or larger farm near Nyssa or Adrian. John Pavelka, route 2, Nampa, Idaho. 18 Nov 3tp.

**WANTED**—All your welding jobs. We promise good work and fair prices. Pruyn Auto Repair, Phone 56P2.

**Miscellaneous**

**HAULING**—All kinds, Oregon and Idaho License. Hugh Glasgow. Phone 36-P3. Jan 16tf.

**BRAKE WORK**—Let us put your car or truck brakes in first class condition. Special equipment and trained men at your service. Pruyn Auto Repair. Phone 56P2.

**CARD OF THANKS**

We wish to express our deepest thanks to our many friends for the kind sympathy and beautiful floral offerings during the bereavement of our loving husband, and father, and father-in-law.

Mrs. Anna Dall  
Mr. and Mrs. Otis Bullard  
Mr. and Mrs. John Zittercob  
Mr. and Mrs. Theo Matherly  
Mr. and Mrs. Dale Lakey  
Mr. and Mrs. P. I. Davls  
Mr. Lee Dall  
Mr. Harold Dall

**Mr. Jones Takes A Drink**

"I tell you, Dad, these Marines are a bunch of yellow bellies and dirty punks. I hate their guts. The whole damned outfit.

"Hey, Joe, give me another drink." The little man addressed as Dad, known to his less intimates as Mr. Dudley Jones, scarcely reached to the shoulder of the tall Marine at his right, as they belled up to the bar at "Joe's Water Front", hang out for men in from the seven seas and from the four corners of the earth.

Now Mr. Jones shook his head as this hulky son of his gulped down the straight whiskey that Joe shot across the bar at him, shivered and growled "Rot gut."

Mr. Jones himself was a tee totaler, whose idea of a perfect drink was gingerale straight. But not John this son of his. John's idea was whiskey straight and plenty of it. Just like Mamie's father, thought Mr. Jones, the boy's grandfather, who was wont to remark of John proudly, "The lad's the spit image of me."

As John shook his shoulders and shoved his cap farther back on his head Mr. Jones was reminded anew of all this. He thought of the time when he and Mamie had visited her folks in St. Paul and her old man had insisted that he go with him down to Pat's for just one little snort. There had been a Swede next to the Old Man just like the unshaven individual on Johns right now, who had argued with Mamie's father that Scotch was better than Rye. Mr. Jones remembered how the Swede sounded when he hit the flood. Thuddy like a sack of flour dropped from a high place to earth. The Swede had landed in the hospital, Mr. Jones recalled. Mamie's papa had taken a ride in the police van with proper escort and Mr. Jones had paid the fine.

The resemblance between the two men was becoming more evident with each successive drink of rot gut that went down John's throat. And the spark in his eyes and he siffening back spelled danger for some one. Of this Mr. Jones was certain. Carefully he addressed his stormy petrel.

"But, John, you've enlisted for four years. Really son you should be a man and see it through."

"Like hell I will. Oh, don't worry I'm not sap enough to go over the hill and in ten years or so get picked up and hauled back to do a stretch. Not this Jireen. I'll get a kickout."

"Kick out." "Sure you know what a kick out is. Get socked for eighteen months or so in Eighty Four and then take a kick out."

"B-But I thought you said Eighty Four is a prison." "Well what of it? After you're out you can't work for the government but who wants to any way. I'll show this bunch of dirty jippers that they can't keep me in any outfit that I do not want to stay in. Like hell they can."

"Well, wha 'd' ya want," John growled as he turned to answer the unouth individual on his other side.

"Just like that time in St. Paul." And with thought shivers started playing tag on Mr. Jones spine. Dolefully he sipped his staling ginger ale and thought that he had not wanted John to be a Marine. In fact he had pleaded for a quiet civilian life and matrimony with perhaps an ushership in the church as final reward. But John had wanted to go places and do things like the recruiting posters said, and now that he was in it, he had changed his mind and had intimated at least that neither fire nor hot water could keep him there. He was going to take a kick out and evidently nothing could change his mind. Certainly nothing that Mr. Jones could say about intestinal fortitude and seeing the thing through would change his mind. John in prison and he disgraced and nothing to be done.

At this point angry voices interrupted Mr. Jones miseration and he had just time to duck the swing of John's arm as it shot up to meet the hirsute visage of the stranger at his right.

No need to look! Mr. Jones heard something hit the floor which

**When the Windsors Visited Nazi Workers**



The duke and duchess of Windsor pictured during a tour of inspection of Siemensstadt, the Siemens workers' colony near the great electric factory in Berlin. The distinguished visitors were escorted by Hermann von Siemens, who acted as guide and explained that his company cared for 150,000 workers from various parts of Germany.

sounded thuddy. Like a sack of flour being dropped from a high place to the earth.

Then pandemonium broke loose. John backed against the bar swinging a bottle at any and all comers.

A chair hurled through the air at his head. John ducked it, arms bent out in all directions. The angry mass moved toward him and dragged him out onto the floor. It looked bad for John, when some Coast Guards dropped in and saw a brother in uniform in distress. Mr. Jones remembered later how epic and span they looked before they joined in.

Coats were ripped, caps flew. Grunts and groans. Black eyes and blasphemy.

Sailors from a battle ship cruised by and hearing the noise peared inside, then jumped into the middle of things. Furniture toppled over, bottles hurtled headlong through space, an electric light globe popped.

Somewhere a riot call sounded. Police appeared. Big burley fellows swinging clubs.

Slowly the mass unbound. Arms and legs showed proper attachment to their human bodies. These in turn were lined up along the floor or against the wall, and all fingers pointed to John.

"There's the big stiff. That damned Marne he started it all. And but for the strong arm of the law that damned Marine would have been at it again."

"Hey, you leather neck," the sergeant growled. What's the big idea, startin' all this rumpus on a quiet Sunday afternoon. What 'd' he do to ya?"

"Nothing to me, sir. He called the Marine Corps a bunch of yellow bellies and lousy punks."

"Hey, give Dad a drink. He's fainted."

**Fins**

**FIRST OREGON CORN SHOW SET FOR NOV. 29 TO DEC. 4**

Premiums for Oregon's first statewide corn show, scheduled for Portland November 29 to December 4, are divided equally between adult growers and 4-H corn club members. The two groups will compete against each other only for sweepstakes, however. Hundreds of entries in both groups have already been made, say those in charge.

The show is sponsored by the First National bank of Portland, with the cooperation of the agricultural committee of the Portland chamber of commerce and Oregon State college, and will be held at the Portland public market. J. J. Inskeep, Clackamas county agent, is chairman of the committee in charge, which is composed of representatives of the three agencies concerned.

**200,000 Acres Required**

In pointing out the importance of the development of corn growing in Oregon, R. E. Fore, assistant agronomist at Oregon State college, and a member of the committee, said that while it is estimated that there were about 75,000 acres of field corn grown in Oregon this year, it would require about 200,000 acres to supply the demand in this state alone. There is no question, he said, but that Oregon can and should raise a great deal more corn, as soon as varieties most adapted to conditions here have been definitely determined. Many farmers of the state are now cooperating with the Oregon extension service in carrying on demonstration trials of various varieties of corn.

**New Horrors Against Masons In Spain**

Spain and Portugal are alone among the nations of the world in the use of the garrote for the execution of criminals who have been tied to a post, an iron collar attached to a post, and condemned to death. The felon is led to the post is placed around his neck, the collar is tightened by a screw device at the back, and death caused by strangulation.

In the old Spanish town of Malaga, sunny city of grape and fig and olive on Spain's Mediterranean seacoast, now in the hands of the Spanish rebels, six of these horrid instruments of death had been erected on scaffolds in the prison yard. Early on the morning of October 20th all of these grim devices were in use. Soldiers, officers and executioners of the forces of General Franco, the rebel leader of the Spanish Fascist, were busy. Squads of condemned prisoners followed one another, hurried to the scaffolds in scenes unparalleled since the days of the French Revolution, until no less than eighty victims had been

executed in this barbarous manner. These men met death not because they were murderers, nor were they executed in this barbarous manner, guilty of treason or other high crimes against the state. Their offense was simply and solely that they were members of the Masonic Fraternity. No other charge was brought against them; no other seems to be needed to invoke the death penalty in fascist Spain.

This well-nigh incredible report finds its way to this country through the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Spain, now in exile in Paris. It is accompanied by a piteous appeal to the Masons of America for help. It is feared that these executions will continue, as pressure to that end is being brought by the fanatic Cardinal Segura of the Roman Catholic Church. They implore the influence of American Masons against a continuation of these massacres.

Some confirmation of the report is found in a message received direct from Spain by a native of that country now living in the United States. This message gives substantially the same account of the executions, and names of four or five of the victims who were friends of this gentleman, or with whom he was well acquainted. One was a University professor, another a member of a commercial firm, a third a sanitary engineer. He is assured that the only charge which could be justly brought against them is that they were Freemasons.

The cold-blooded killing of pris-

oners of war would be looked upon with horror in any civilized country. The mass execution of political prisoners would be a worse offense. But a shameful death like common against civilization and humanity, felons, visited on eighty of those men who have offended nothing other than their membership in an organization such as the Freemasons, known the world over for its work of charity and its principles of fraternity, equals in savagery and malevolent ferocity anything which has happened even among the most barbarous nations.

Masons of the United States seem helpless in any attempt to prevent further tragedies of this sort. None of those executed were citizens of the United States, and the attitude of the State Department in such a case is that they have no business to interfere in the domestic affairs of another country. It is likely that the power of public opinion, awakened by indignation and horror at what has occurred, is the only force which can be brought to bear to prevent further atrocities.

**DANGER OF DEATH IN HOMEMADE POWER LINE**

A warning was issued by the Idaho Power company as the result of the recent experience of a farmer in the Twin Falls section, of being severely burned, when he was attempting to cross a barb-wire fence, equipped with a "homemade" electrical circuit attachment. A combination of wet hands and wet ground almost proved fatal to the man, resulting in severe burns hands before he was able to tear loose, according to the report.

**Advice Given**

"Anyone using an electrical fence," Bernard Frost of the Idaho Power company said, "should take great care that the current is not too strong, and that the fence and necessary wiring is properly installed and in good working condition. "Most mechanical electric fences are alright, since the current is not passing through them all the time. "Our greatest fear is that some child not possessed of the strength needed to tear himself away from such a fence, may be caught and killed in an attempt to cross some field. "We urge everyone using these fences to observe the greatest caution."

**APPLE VALLEY**  
By MISS NORMA STOUT

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Harrison and daughter Goldie of Portland, Oregon, arrived Sunday for a short visit with their daughters, Mrs. Sherman Wilson and family, and Mrs. Ora Newgen and family of Wilder. They left for their home Tuesday morning.

Orville Vertrees was a week end guest of her sister, Yulah Vertrees at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Budge in Boise.

Gene Reed and son Allan and Troy Gooing returned Monday evening from an unsuccessful deer hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Higby were business visitors in Caldwell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rae Sparks of Yakima, Washington, returned the latter part of the week and are staying at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sparks.

Betty Osterkamp was a week end guest at the home of June Webster on the new project.

Mrs. George Bailey and daughter Olive were dinner guests at the Harry Barker home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ura Robinson returned Monday after spending several days hunting in the mountains above New Meadows. They were not successful in bagging a deer. Other unsuccessful deer hunters returning Monday were J. I. Boston and son Roy, Le Hobbs and son George and Kenneth Nichols. However the party including George Bailey, Jim Correll, and Forrest Whisler were fortunate in netting at least one deer.

Mary Boston, student at the C. of her parents, spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Meldvedt and daughters of Boise were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Stev-

ens Armistice Day.

Emma Harrison who has been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sherman Wilson, left Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Ora Newgen of Wilder on a trip through California.

Miss Katherine Meyers of Nampa was a guest at the home of Orville Vertrees on Armistice day.

Mrs. Cecil Scott and daughters were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mosley at Vale.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Caldwell were visitors in Nampa Monday.

Edna Barker was an overnight guest of Olive Bailey Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Boston and family of Thousand Springs were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Boston Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hicks entertained several friends at a lovely birthday dinner Sunday at their home, honoring the birthday of Miss Gertrude Hicks and Mr. R. S. and Mrs. Fred Miller, Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre. Those present were Mr. Wade Robinson, Mrs. R. S. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. John Trice and children of Nampa, (Mrs. Trice was formerly Naomi Kropp, who taught the preliminary grades at Apple Valley for several years), the guests of honors, Mr. McIntyre and Miss Hicks, and the hosts.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Boston and family were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Boston, Armistice Day.

Several fathers and sons from this community attended the Father-Son banquet in Parma Thursday evening.

R. A. Scott was accidentally hit in the leg by a bullet fired from his brother's gun. Dr. Mitchell dressed the wound and at the present writing it is healing nicely.

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**Big Bend Park**  
Steve's Oregon Mountaineers  
9 p. m.  
THANKSGIVING NIGHT  
**Thursday, Nov. 25**  
LADIES FREE

**Said Mr. X to Mrs. X  
Remember That  
IT'S SAVING**



HUSBANDS approve the shopping jaunts that lead the Want-Ads way! They know real economy... and they recognize it in the Want-Ad columns of the Journal! Here they find the things they want, too... sporting goods, automobiles, positions, The Want-Ads jaunt is one shopping tour that husbands enjoy along with their wives.

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