



Ye Snooper's Column

Things About Nyssa's Shops

This past week we didst talk with a young mother. She'd been married ten years and she was tired of her John. Tired of slaving and saving with nothing more in view. She had only a few more years ahead in which to be young and make merry and she did not intend to lose them. Besides she and her John did not love one another any more and when love was dead, the marriage was. At least as far as she was concerned. Besides she had met someone who did love her and she was going with him.

How did she know that John did not love her. Well, he went to sleep after supper every night in his chair did not even listen to the radio and never wanted to go any place, and on Sundays went fishing and didn't want her nor the little one along. Never said anything about her new dress, nor even noticed when she baked a special pie, forgot the anniversary and never seemed to care how he looked. . . . Yes, she did manage all the money—when they had any—and when she was sick last winter he'd taken care of little Marie and her as tenderly and well as any woman could have done. . . . sometimes now he even helped her with the dishes. . . . no, he wasn't cross and never complained about the things she did or did not do. He used to sing and whistle. Now he did not do anything. Just sat around and smoked or slept. Acted bored to tears and goodness knows she was and she was going off and be amused by someone who still knew how to see a joke and laugh and stay awake.

But underneath we detected a sob in her heart and knew that she did love her John. She was hurt and pouting like a little girl. The boy she had married had become a man, unresponsive, taking it for granted that she whom he had taken to wife, would realize the steadfastness of his love. And she subconsciously wished to hurt him for this, to wake him up to make him see her as a woman to be desired, not one to be thought of as one did the clock on the wall or the stove in the kitchen. And so we told her the story of another woman, who like herself, had wearied of life as she found it and determined to change things. And did.

They were young, these other two. But this John had spent 18 months "Over There" with a stop off at Chateau Thierry and Belleau woods. So the college lad that had gone to war came home a man. A man with the memories of unthinkable and unspeakable scenes. A man who could no more settle down to the humdrum of a college classroom than a butterfly can return to its cocoon. So with study behind, he planted his foot on the old economical ladder and started the upward climb. Then he met his Sally. Fresh out of high school and already employed in a busy office. Bronze and golden lights danced when the sun shone on her auburn hair, and happiness and gaiety

gleamed from her wide open brown eyes. She carried her tall lissness with the grace and ease of a Balinese and her feet jigged every time she heard a tune. He courted her to the tune of his second-hand roadster, and head over heels in love, they were married.

But even though both worked the little salaries took a lot of stretching in those high price of living days and the little bride found little time for dancing and play. Life seemed suddenly to have become all work. Work in the morning to clean up the apartment, work at the office, get dinner and work in the evening when one got home. And then on Sunday doing the extras. But still it had been fun the first year or two. John was always there to help her and his dear, serious blue eyes made her laugh, too. Then John would laugh, and even the dishes were fun to do together.

Sally never could tell just when it was that this fun suddenly seemed to be hard work. John's hours were different and he was gone so much when she was home. And when he was there it was almost as if he didn't know that she was with him. He'd sleep in his chair, or clean the golf clubs or read. And the first thing Sally knew she was tired of it. Tired of working and slaving and getting his meals and staying all day in an office and then coming home in the evening to find the man, her husband, asleep in his chair. She was too young to spend the rest of her life doing that. She'd get a divorce, on a vacation she'd found a man who didn't do all these things and who took time out to tell her how lovely she was and who knew all the new dance steps. And all the answers—

John had not wanted her to go. He didn't believe in this divorce stuff. When one got married they stayed married. Things would be better. He was making enough so she could quit work and they'd buy a home and have a family. But Sally didn't want to quit work, nor have a family, nor abide by the vows she had taken. She wanted freedom and gaiety.

She took it. But in the months that followed she learned that in this marriage game there is something that gets one and holds one, that is if there is a spark of true womanliness or manliness in the individual. She soon learned that the quiet understanding of her unresponsive John was worth far more than books of sweet nothings told to her by ginned-up dance partners, learned that getting dinner at the close of the day for someone for whom she cared to take the trouble to please, was a lot more fun than eating alone at the cafeteria on those many nights when no one was by to take her out. Found out that she did love this man and wanted him back. But she wanted in vain for she had killed the thing most dear to her when she had left and in John's heart there was no place again for her.

And in the years that went by, the girl, now a woman indeed, came to know the true meaning of loneliness. In time she met another, as much like her John as two men could be, and married him; worked all day in an office, came home at night and cooked dinner, washed the dishes and on Sundays cleaned the home. But she had learned a lesson and when she found that motherhood was in store for her, she left the office, with its hustle and bustle, made a home in a wee nest far out and has found contentment again and happiness of a sort, but when we last saw her there was a something about her that told to those who saw underneath that she knew that she had sold her heritage of real joy in living when she left the man she married for a mess of potage in the form of dancing partners that could laugh and sing and for the liberty and independence of the working girl.

And she to whom we spoke this last week has not come back and we hope that she is seeing this man, her John, through different eyes and is learning that the bluebird of happiness never comes through searching in foreign fields, but ever perches on our own doorstep and it is our own blindness that hides him from us.

And 'tis said that wars are won not by guns but by the food in the soldiers' stomachs. This we know not for in all the latest dispatches from "over there" 'tis guns that seem to be telling the story. Still the war is as yet unwon, or was according to the morning's papers, and perhaps the first tale is nearer right than one thinks. However, we do know that it is good, wholesome, nourishing food tastily cooked that keeps a family happy, and growing bodies straight and well. And we were reminded of this the other day when we stopped at a friends and there were four little sisters all lined up at a table with huge pieces of bread generously spread with butter and thickly coated with jelly clear and red as a ruby. And we were reminded of our own selves when that age when the morning and afternoon "pieces" were as important in our estimation as the "three squares" a day. Many were the specials for just this thing kept on the shelves by the little mother, but none that we liked better than the saliva-stimulating taste of peanut butter.

And from what we see of little folk today, the same nutritious "piece" food is still tops with most of them. And at Barney Wilson's food mart on Main near Second,

there is a full supply in large and small jars and at such prices that every tiny tad should be allowed to have his fill. And for those older ones who have graduated to the Saturday morning candy making stage, let them have some for an added taste-catcher to their next batch of fudge or penoche. It will save a pretty penny on the nut bill.

And if one is in doubt as to the true value of balanced rations for all growing things, take a look at Lum and Abner in at the Thompson feed and fuel store on Goode and First. The lucky little porcine fed on scientifically mixed Purina chows is far ahead of his brother who eats his fill daily of ground wheat and water. And not only is the lucky one larger, but his hair is softer and glistening and his whole appearance one of perfect health and well being. In the end he will repay his keeper double-fold by the extra price he'll bring at the butcher's block. And so it is with all stock and fowl fed on the scientifically blended animal foods vended at this ace-high feed and fuel mart.

And speaking of the butcher's block, our butchers in this town who do hold forth at the Nyssa Packing company store do know their meats for many is the year they have abided here and know personally the herds and flocks that pasture here. Just this week we saw Dick Tensen selling by in the company's yellow truck wherein were tucked several fattened veals, sleek and shining they looked, as though groomed for the fair. And tender and tasty wilt be the chops and roasts when ready for the trade. And many is the visitor who tells us of the joys of purchasing meats as such prices that one does not imagine they taste gold when biting into a steak.

And every week now that man Giezenstanner who doest be No. 1 man at the Nyssa theatre, doest provide such an array of fine pictures and cinema entertainment that we must not miss a showing. Every one a fine performance by top-flight players and at prices that makes it possible for everyone to see the ones they like the best, or all of them and not feel that their budget has been lowered to the coinage of the widow's mite.

And 'tis a fine scheme, this of the Golden Rule, this "lay away plan" where one can make a choice of articles when the season is new and the stock fresh from the wholesalers, and then pay for it later. First in August when the mercury was still soaring skywards, it was snug blankets and just this week it was a fine showing of coats. Next 'twill be something else special. But always they are much-needed articles of special merit and special price. But 'tis a fine day by day stock that they ever have on hand as well and at prices pleasing to the penny stretchers.

And already we read in the city dailies of so many days left for Christmas shopping, just when the Fourth of July's ice cream has been digested. But 'tis so and already little folk are making ready for Santa's appearance. And at Mrs. Atkeson's store at Main and Third are some of the gayest and most practical of "little sister" suits that would make any little miss as chic as Shirley Temple at her best and keep her as warm as a little bear snuggled up against the furry tummy of its mama. Make the selection now while the stock is still new. They'll make the little daughter a happy elf on Christmas day.

Shop in Nyssa with Journal advertisers and ye'll not waste thy time and thy gas going farther.

BONITA SCHOOL IS RE-ESTABLISHED

BONITA—Bonita school has been re-established and a perfect attendance has been reported for the past two weeks by the teacher, Mrs. Jessie M. Hesser of Hermiston, Oregon for the following six pupils: Jessie, Donald, George and Ramona Crow, Rosemary McD Roe and Harry Lee Keller.

The Presley threshing machine was in the community and threshed it is reported, about 700 bushels of grain for John Lewellen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carico attended the Brogan Grange Saturday evening.

Bob Davis has charge of Curt Angle's cow camp on Pole Creek.

Oliver Sandy made a trip to Ironside Friday afternoon after lumber. Mrs. May Humphrey recently sold a 1000-lb. steer to Judd Stewart at 7c per pound.

Roy Carver sold ten steaks to Roy Cook last Saturday.

Mr. Fritz of Vale recently bought a team of young broke geldings and also some cattle from Mrs. Beasie Loveland.

It froze ice here the nights of Oct. 5th and 6th.

Wm. Shultz, who has been living at Ironside with his daughter, Mrs. James Buchanan, arrived in the community to trap. His son, Jake, who lives here, also Colbert Patterson have out trap lines.

Mrs. Hesser, our teacher, made a trip to Vale last Saturday. Dad Marler of Jamieson is working at the Bush ranch on Clover Creek.

Frank Phillips, the range conservation man, was in the vicinity Friday. He had dinner at the Oliver Sandy ranch.

Charles Leavitt, deputy sheriff, was in the community Tuesday. C. W. Davis of Ontario was here

Saturday. Andy White and wife visited at the Carver ranch Saturday night.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HOLDS MEETING

LINCOLN HEIGHTS—Lincoln Heights Sunday school held an all-day session Sunday, October 15. The Riverside Sunday school met with them in observance of the day. Rev. and Mrs. Chandler of Caldwell were also present. Rev. Jackson from the Nazarene church of Ontario, delivered a sermon in the afternoon. A special feature of the afternoon program was a solo sung and played by Mrs. Gilbert Klinkenberg.

Miss Faye Smith, who is employed in Ontario, spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith.

Roy McNeal and George Rookstool returned home Tuesday from a deer hunt. Tom Pettit acted as ditch rider during Roy's absence.

Farmers in this vicinity are working in the clover fields. Threshing machines are at Emil Frank's and Ivan Findley's.

Thirteen ladies spent Thursday afternoon quilting on a quilt at the Emil Frank home. The quilt was made by members of the Patch and Chat club of which Mrs. Frank is president.

Mrs. Thomas Whitlock, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Johnson, plans to return to Juntura on Sunday. Her husband is employed there.

A venison supper was enjoyed at the Ralph Winslow home on Friday evening. Twenty-five were present, which included the families of Jack Pettit, Tom Pettit, Delbert Clements, Emil Frank, Bill Feltman, Levi Johnson and Mrs. Johnson's brother, Mr. Heckman, who is visiting here from Norton, Kansas.

The Ray Whitall family moved into their new home last week. They have sold their former home to Mr. Page of the Willamette Valley.

RAY ELLIBEE SEVERS FINGER

ALBERTA VALLEY—Ray Ellibee had the misfortune of getting the end of his finger cut off on the electric saw Monday.

Jack Dahle of Weston, Idaho, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Dean Fife over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jensen were in Boise on business Friday.

Mrs. Grover Vest and Miss Weber of Arcadia spent Wednesday afternoon at the Dick Groot home.

Reverend Sherich called at the Ed Wolfe home Wednesday afternoon.

E. H. Laird of Portland will spend the winter at the E. B. Laird home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Goulet were in Adrian Sunday afternoon.

Fred Koopman was an overnight guest of Joe Koopman in Ontario Thursday.

Mrs. Tressie Gwynn spent Monday and Tuesday visiting friends and relatives in Boise.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Findling, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Vander Oord and children and Fred Koopman spent Sunday afternoon with Grandma Stam and Klaas in Oregon Trail.

Mrs. J. J. Whalen and son of Payette were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Lackey Saturday.

Mrs. Andy Boersma visited Mrs. Emmett Parker in Nyssa Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Sid Flannigan and Terry of Sunset Valley were dinner guests at the Stanley Goulet home Saturday.

Jean Trammell of Nyssa was an overnight guest of Beverly Osborne Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Jensen and family and Miller Jensen were business visitors in Emmett Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Groot spent Sunday evening with Grandma Stam and Klaas in Oregon Trail.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson of Nyssa were Sunday evening visitors at the Frank Winkels home.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Osborne and daughters visited John Sconlan in the Boise hospital and Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Prestel in Jordan Valley Sunday.

Klaas Tensen has completed the building of a new potato cellar where he plans to store 5000 sacks of potatoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Recla and John and Mary Louise of Kingman were Sunday afternoon visitors at the Frank Winkels home.

Kathryn Kakebeke of Ontario was an overnight guest of Marjorie Groot Saturday.

Lily Matthews, Melba and Cecil Coleman, Margie Howell and Marjorie Groot went on the G. A. A. bike ride to Parma Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Davidson of Parma and Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Stam left Monday for a trip through Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Groot visited Mr. and Mrs. Dick Groot Friday evening.

John Kakebeke visited at the Jim Kakebeke home in Ontario Saturday.

Glenn Wolfe and George Ray went deer hunting the last of the week near Ironside. They returned Saturday evening with one three- and one four-point buck.

Mr. Winters of Adrian was an overnight guest at the E. B. Laird home Thursday.

Leona Johnson of Nyssa Heights was an overnight guest of Marie and Bertha Sweet Saturday.

Mrs. Ed Wolfe and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Klinkenberg attended the all day meeting of the Community Sunday school congregation at Lincoln Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Johnson and Evelyn Hathaway of Nyssa called at the Guy Sweet home Saturday afternoon.

C. M. Tensen was a business visitor in Juntura Sunday.

Mrs. C. M. Tensen called on Mrs. Charlie McConnell and Mrs. Henry Fields in Nyssa Saturday afternoon.

Vivian and Lila Fife gave a violin and piano solo at Vale Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike McCullaugh and family visited at the Wayne Harper home in Emmett Tuesday.

Bill and E. H. Laird were in Adrian on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews and son of Vale were overnight guests at the O. Z. Matthews home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Groot and Marjorie and Mrs. Pete Tensen were shopping in Boise Monday.

Mrs. Dick Butcher is recovering well after her operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Tensen were business visitors in Vale Thursday.

O. Z. Matthews finished threshing alfalfa seed in Vale Sunday.

I. L. and Gerald Cooper were in Boise on business Friday.

B. G. Bybee and Pete Tensen attended the field day of the Malheur County Lettuce Growers in Parma Friday.

Jim Kakebeke and Kathryn of Ontario and John Kakebeke were Sunday dinner guests at the Dick Groot home.

Mrs. Eral Sherman and Kathryn of Weiser were overnight guests at the John Lackey home Sunday.

Mrs. Floyd Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Fife and Mary Gardner attended an L. D. S. union meeting in Weiser Sunday.

Joyce Chambers and Doris Willis rode their bikes to visit Leona Willis in Richland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Groot visited at the Dick Stam home in Oregon Trail Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray LaPier of Yakima spent Monday evening at the Andy Boersma home.

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There's a yard near you



"Off the bridge, you landlubber!" he yells.

'Twas during one of those Northeast storms we have around here that Cap'n Ahab drives up.

"Avast, there," he howls, as I duck out into the storm. "Some gas for this infernal machine an' Oh! for the days of sail!"

"Didn't the 'Jennie Matthews' go down on a day like this?" I yells.

"That she did," he bellows. "An' a little oil on the troubled waters would've saved her!"

I know a fair wind when I feel one and I'm off—all sails set. "Skipper," says I, "on land or sea the right kind o' oil means a fair passage."

"None o' your tea kettles for me. Give me canvas!"

"Skipper," I tell him, "this Golden Shell Oil is tougher than the palm of a bosun's hand! An' it goes to work on your engine fast—faster than you could trim a stays'l."

"You're talkin' about speed now, son," he says. "At 25¢ a quart it's a bargain!" I says, gettin' ready to drain an' refill.

"Off the bridge, you landlubber!" he yells. "This oil of yours may be as smooth as your tongue—but you'll have to see the Chief Engineer!"

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Your Shell Dealer

P. S. The Chief Engineer is his wife, an' she sure recognized a bargain the minute I talked to her.

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