



Ye Snooper's Column

Things About Nyssa's Shops

We did this past week-end finish a book by Kathleen Norris, "Life's Like That" and thought it one of the weakest of her writings. So many threads were left dangling and unfinished when the story ended.

And then we did bethink that Life of a truth is like that. So much that we see is but a stitch in the whole web.

For many years there has been the question in our mind of what happened to a girl whom we never saw and only heard of once. 'Twas on a hot day in late May and we were doing some district nursing in New York. Our way led along a narrow, stenchy, street near the L. Nauseating smells from the gutter where dirty papers flopped along as a train thundered overhead. Sour, sickening smells from saloons as doors swung back and forth, smelly, unbathed people. The smell of hot, dusty pavements. And on the corner a huge cop bulging out of his blue uniform dangling his club idly.

The saloon door swung forward to let a flat-chested, nondescript and shabby male slink out, whom when the cop spied him he said, "Lo, Slim. How's Amy?" With that the little man straightened up a bit, took a step towards the cop and spoke with authority: "The kid's fine, see. She's fine." "Ya," drawled the man of the law, "I heard she'd got back from the island. How's she doin'?" "She's doin' fine, I told you, and you leave her alone, see. You leave her alone. You keep your dirty hands off her, see."

We were beyond earshot. But who was the girl, and what had she done and what gave the little fellow the courage to lay down the law to the man in the uniform of the law? We could never know, but always we have wondered.

Then there was the young society girl who married the scion of a wealthy family who had done a good job of sewing his wild oats. Better than he had bargained for so it turned out and better than a doting mama and old maid aunt would ever believe. Or did they? Young she was, about twenty, with a flawless white skin and hair so blond that it seemed silvery like moonbeams on deepstill waters. Slim, yet round, a true daughter of Eve, just blossomed into womanhood, when she was admitted to the hospital for treatment. Already they had been married over a year and yet no sign of a little one. The oats grower's mama was worried. "What, no heir for all that money? Why that is why he married, the poor dear." It must be the girl's fault. Surely her son was all and more that could be desired in any man. A little operation. Then all would be well. So 'twas done. But all was not well. A slumbering, abdominal infection was set loose. For days the girl-wife played a game with life and death. Then she was better. And a big operation. One

that forever removed the possibility of motherhood from her. Days again of coming back and weeks of recovery. Sick at heart, the weary girl wondered what it was that could have caused it all—the doctor must have made a slip, there was a flaw in operating room technique, maybe she herself was the cause of it. No one would say.

Then one warm day nurses' voices carried in through the open door. "No one will tell her. The doctor says it will break up the home and no good can come of it now. They will go on letting her think it is her fault when it's that dirty skunk's she married. They'll let him get away with murder and go out and do it again and let her stay home and take it. Because it will break up a home. Well, if living with a guy like that is home, I don't want one."

The sick girl listened to it all, then called the doctor, and the mother and the aunt and the husband. Made them admit the sorry truth. Then left the hospital. Alone. Did she ever go back to the husband's home? Did she forgive the two women whom she vowed that she would hate? Did she marry again? Was happiness ever hers? We never knew. Life did not finish the picture before our eyes that we might see. Yes, "Life's Like That."

But if boys and girls who have their minds set on a bit of wild out throwing, who think that just a step or two in the wrong direction can never hurt anyone or themselves, who think the old codes of living out-moded and made for a past generation could but realize how utterly wrong they are and how just one bad sowing may ruin the whole crop of life's work, they would be grateful that throughout generations of living these codes have been formulated, for the protection of future generations and he or she who feels that they are too smart to need life's safe-guards will find out that they were just plain dumb-bells.

And whatever became of those emaciated, peroxidized blondes that hung in suspended animation above an open coffin for days 'n' days in some store window? 'Twas better in our young days than the second show at the movie is to todays tiny tats to stand with a nose plastered to the plate glass waiting for one of these ladies to drop. But they never did. And even at this late date we never have learned what device held them there, or what they did while suspended there.

But speaking of second shows, 'tis not always the second generation that is tempted to tarry over long at this Nyssa Theatre of ours. So fine are the programs of late that even Pa and Ma are apt to be sitting over long of an evening to see "just how the thing started." Surely Santa cannot be far off now and already the harness of his reindeers must be polished and ready for their annual over-the-roof dash. For the stores of our city are laden with useful, colorful and much-to-be-desired things and one has-always-wanted-gifts. And at Mrs. Atkeson's store on Main and Third we did spy an especially lovely candle-wick spread in a luscious apricot shade. Lovely it would look against an apple green background. The perfect gift for a new home-maker or the artistic maid with her first room of her own. And for the practical house-keeper are their gift boxes of matched bath sets. Just the right size and crumpled soft.

And a morning this week we did see a fine new electric stove on its merry way via the truck to some new home and did think what a merry Christmas it would be for "the little woman" this year as she cooked the fatted turkey on that most modern of cookers, which eliminates all the old unpleasantness of stooping and sweating and heat testing. For now all will be done automatically for her. And at the Idaho Power company's Nyssa store they do have a fine display of all manner of electrical appliances from which to choose. From an electric iron to a whole kitchen unit.

Surely the recent trend of fashion towards old jewelry does prove that good things do last forever. And what gift is more desired now and will be for years to come than a piece of fine jewelry such as one can purchase at the Morris Jewelry store in the Atkeson building? A set of old gold bracelets will go a long ways towards getting the hesi-

tant Only Girl to say "yes" to an anxious swain.

And forget not that Santa's toy center is of surety the Gamble store where all manner of toys, bikes, dolls and mechanical sets are on display and can be yet purchased on their lay-away plan.

Indian summer seems finally to have taken French leave and Jack Frost has stalked in over night to assume his rightful place as weather master. But 'tis not so serious when the homestead sheds a cheerful and hospitable warmth such as it is bound to when heated with the fine, long-burning, heat-giving Williams coal Mr. Hughey does ever have on hand at his stand at the old Jackson lumber yard.

And with the cold weather comes the need of the old hack being snugged up 'gainst wind and snow and if it be that 'tis glass that is needed none can do a better job for less than the man Slim Newell at his stand on the Hiway north of the Y.

And with the cold days and the dashing hither and yon trying to locate a train for Johnny and a necklace for Mary and some wool socks for thy John that wilt not scratch his feet thou are worn out ere the day has been spent. Then take time out and regale and refresh thyself with a steaming cup of hot coffee or chocolate and a toothsome sandwich such as is brewed and concocted at the fountain in the Owyhee drug store. And while thou doest wait for them to be served thou wilt find many a fine gift displayed to fill many a need.

And speaking of toothsome things, hast tasted yet those fruit-filled and crumbly rich fruit cakes that are mixed and baked and cello wrapped at the McClure brothers bakery. And art made in little or big cakes, and sold at a price that cannot be duplicated in the home kitchen.

And what boy or girl is there who has not entered school whose heart is not been set on a bicycle of their very own, if they are still afoot. And at the Golden Rule store they are giving one away. A beauty in line and color and perfection in performance. But so is everything sold in that emporium. Tops in performance, tops in make and tops in beauty and service and tops in low cost.

And when it comes to the little lady of the household, perhaps her mind is set more than all else on security in the home. What with little mouths to feed, little bodies to clothe and a home to keep warm and going it takes money. In sickness and health in good times and in bad. Money coming in to carry on. An insurance policy paid up and kept paid up to care for these things is the surest smile-getter from her that the head of the family can purchase for the Christmas gift. And here in Nyssa we do have tried and true insurance merchants who can give advice as to the policy and whose companies do pay when the need comes. There is the Morgan Realty and Insurance office, both on Main near First and then there is Bernard Eastman, boss of the Eastman Realty company on Main near Third.

But what would Christmas be without food for the feast? From the happy breakfast time to the late snack when little eyes grow too sleepy to stay open any longer. And that is where the Wilson grocery store does serve its community well. For there is all manner of



edibles from the ham and eggs for breakfast to the plum pudding at dinner time, and all the in-betweens. And on his shelves now are gayly packaged cigarettes and figs and dates, and barrels of nuts of all kinds waiting to be tucked away in the night-before-Christmas stockings that are sure to be lined up waiting for Santa's call.

Who among us is there who have not wished that we had a late picture of one who will never again break the Christmas bread with us? Or of the little tot that suddenly before one could realize it, had become an adult, the boy and the girl in their high school days. It has not always been easy to get the picture taken here. It meant a long and expensive trip perhaps. But now that is ended for the Snook Photo shop has opened at Sixth and Main and they do a right smart job of this picture-taking business. 'Twill be a sweet surprise if the mother will just take time out and have a portrait made of herself. And then the Christmas shopping job will be ended, and the whole family and all the relatives made joyous.

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

CCC CAMP GETS "EXCELLENT" RATING

JORDAN VALLEY—Major Allen of the Boise district headquarters inspected Camp 3690 at Jordan Valley on Friday and gave it an "excellent" rating.

Captain and Mrs. Newlander, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Robert Long and Mrs. L. H. Thornberg were holiday shoppers in Boise on Thursday.

A large crowd from Jordan Valley enjoyed the dance at Cow Creek Saturday night. Most of the CCC camp personnel was there.

Jordan Valley experienced its worst weather in many months on Sunday when a 35-mile gale, a dust storm, whipped branches from trees and caused considerable damage.

Mrs. Ad Huey was a Boise visitor on Monday.

A musical appreciation evening was held on Tuesday by Mrs. Chestnut's musical students.

Vic Del Gross is remodeling his home.

A large attendance was present at the Nazarene services held at the community church on Sunday.

Vic Del Gross who has been in the hospital at Boise, plans to return to Jordan this week.

Jake Long was in Boise on Monday visiting his son-in-law, Mr. Anderson, who is doing nicely, although bone grafting may be necessary. Anderson was accidentally shot through the thigh.

Mrs. Calzadorta has been visiting at the home ranch on the Owyhee river and the Yosts stayed with her children during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parks are in Caldwell visiting with Mrs. Park's mother, who is ill.

Miss Helen Stultz was a week-end guest at the Folen home in Sheaville.

Donald Stultz was a Sunday evening visitor in Jordan Valley.

The Cozy Theatre is under new management. New projection equipment and seats have been ordered.

Mrs. Isabel Clegg, a resident of Jordan Valley until three years ago, died Tuesday at the sanatorium in Caldwell. She was 77 years old. Mrs. Clegg was the aunt of Mrs. Frank Gussman and Mrs. Joe Gluch, both of Jordan Valley.

Mrs. Ted Conners was in town from DeLamar Saturday.

Mrs. Buffington, who was well-known to many Jordan Valley people, died Saturday at the Ontario hospital. She was 69.

Mr. and Mrs. Benny Packard of Arook were in town on business on Saturday. They were accompanied by their daughter, Margy and Bill Packard.

Mrs. Erda Chestnut and Everett Jones played for the dance held at Louis Yturri's last Friday night.

Mary Milles returned to work on Monday. She has been slightly ill.

H. A. Parks of Danner presented his wife with a new car. The occasion was their 32nd wedding anniversary.

The grade school is working hard on its Christmas program, reports Mrs. Scott, primary teacher. The program includes a play "The Inn at Bethlehem" and an operetta "In Quest of Santa Claus." 66 students are to take part.

Sabina Madariga has opened his new roller skating rink for business. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bennett journeyed to Burns Thursday to attend the birthday dinner of Mr. Bennett's mother.

Both the grade school and Madariga hotel have installed new fire extinguishing equipment. The grade school's apparatus consists of 6 bulbs and one automatic warning.

Mrs. Erda Chestnut heads the Christmas carolers on December 19. This is something new in this community and anyone who would like to come is invited. There will be a clam chowder feed afterward.

CLUB THANKS BAZAAR CUSTOMERS

UPPER SUNSET—Members of Wahine Club wish to thank everyone that helped make the bazaar held in Graham's office a success. A nice sum of money was netted.

Mrs. Chas. Share was operated upon at the Memorial Park hospital at Caldwell and at last report is improving slowly.

Mesdames R. L. Thompson, D. Parker, Bill Parker, Mort Wixon, Loma Howell met with Mrs. Sage Tuesday evening to plan needlework for the bazaar.

E. E. Cloninger spent the week-end at his ranch. Saturday the family spent in Boise shopping.

The "Jolly Jacks" club held their meeting at the CCC camp Saturday evening.

Russell Howells have been enjoying a visit with friends in Okla-homa. Sunday Howells, H. Cates and Sam Cates and families accompanied by their friends visited the Dam.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cooper were Sunday dinner guests of Roy Rookstools. In the afternoon the grade school children of Wahine club met there accompanied by their leaders Mesdames Walt Raffington and Russell Howell to practice for the Christmas program.

The Sunset Valley Sunday school are practicing for a Christmas program to be held Christmas eve. Anyone wishing to donate money toward the Christmas treats for the Sunday school may do so.

Frank Rookstool of Jerome, Ida., came Saturday to help his brother Roy with his building. Frank is recuperating from a recent illness.

Mrs. Walt Raffington has a yellow rose in bloom in her front yard. The rose was just in bud when the hard freeze came, but last week opened into a normal blossom.

Mrs. Dude Parker was hostess to the Wahine club last Thursday. There were nine members present and Mrs. Bergman was a visitor. The afternoon was spent with needlework for the bazaar. Mesdames U. E. Parker, R. L. Thompson and Roy Rookstool were chosen to conduct the bazaar.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Schneider Dec. 14. A collection for Christmas treats will be taken at that time.

RIVERVIEW

Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Kesler are building a house on the farm they purchased recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Muri Thomas moved

last week to the farm recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. John Schenk on Gem avenue. The Thomas' come from Bear, Idaho.

Ruthie Johnson was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Klinkenberg in Nyssa Friday evening.

Frank Lewis has been hauling logs from Unity to his home on Gem avenue.

The wind blew part of Geo. Clowers' hay stack and radio aerial down.

The Community Sunday school will meet with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Johnson on Gray Blvd. next Sunday.

Betty and Harold Blackburn, who have been out of school due to illness, returned Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gonnason were business visitors in Ontario on Monday.

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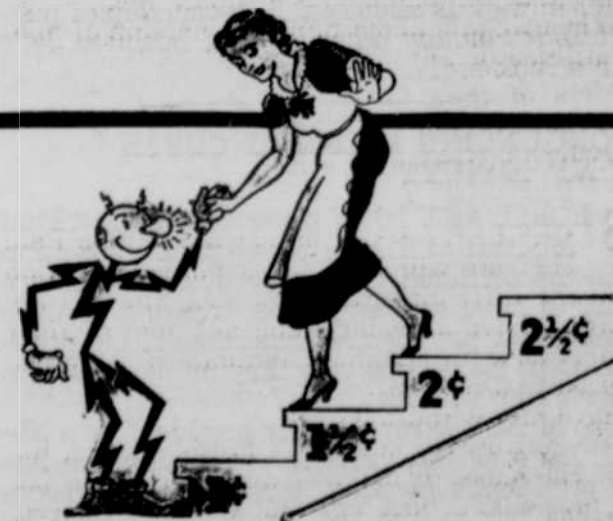
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