



Ye Snooper's Column

Things About Nyssa's Shops

"Let's pack up the bedding roll and grub box when the paper is put to bed on Thursday eve and hie us to the high hills and tall timber for a bit of mountain stillness, peace and rest." So spoke we to our lord and master the first of last week. "That's a good suggestion," he opined. So twas a deal.

Come Friday morning bright and early and we didst shake the worries and troubles of the week from off our heels nosed the jalopy northward and westward for a week end of quiet, peace and relaxation. All seemed well with the world.

That is until we suddenly rounded a turn at fifty to discover a car passing us at sixty suddenly halted behind a slow moving truck. The brakes on jalopy seemed to have gone vacationing too. But the God's were good for with the thickness of a jack rabbit ear still remaining between our predecessors rear end and our front end we stopped.

So didst halt at the first garage for repairs, but soon were speeding upward again towards our haven of rest and peace. But another serious fly in the ointment of enjoyment was fast developing. A headache for the lord and master. One of those kind that flattens the victim out and leaves them with the blind staggers. But by now the heat of the valley was rife with the cooler breeze of the uplands so refreshed we still headed upwards hoping that the spicy balsam would work a cure. At least the unwelcome guest was stymied in its advance and when we reached the ranch home of our friends a hot supper and steaming coffee was not the least of attractions.

So when the long shadows on the hills had turned to the deep blue of night with a full cricket chorus in concert, we didst leave them and bump over the ranch road a ravine or two beyond to our own cabin with old man Morpheus close at hand.

There to find that since our last call, a huge white faced critter had come to an untimely demise. Had crumpled upon his legs, laid down and died, scarce a hundred feet from our door way. But the long hot days and searing winds had done us a good turn and the evening breeze wist with us, so unloaded the necessities, then laid us down to rest in quiet and peace.

But in the stilly hours of deep night a pack rat arose to his nocturnal shift and bumped along over floor and rafter with a six sided bone or iron ore, then went back again after others, till a sextett of coyotes didst break the stillness of dawn. Then came the stock to drink at the water pools below the house and the pooches to remonstrate most vociferously. With the first yellow beams of early morning sun rifling the nights blackness and quiet came a woodpecker to the porch merrily and delightfully searching merrily and delightfully for buglets and worms ensconced in the wood there of. But finally even he was gone and we didst sleep the sleep of the just or the exhausted.

But at that didst arise not too

much later refreshed and with appetites whetted.

With our friends didst hie us to the tall timber where the males didst toy all day with dynamite and a huge pine tree just recently felled. While we didst wander foot loose and fancy free over mountain trails. Twas cool in the timber a very pleasant place and at noon didst brew a spicy cup of coffee over the open fire and called the blasters from their booming. And one didst smack his lips over the hot black liquid and didst remark "with most folks making coffee they put in too much water".

Then when the cool breeze didst bring with it the evening's chill, didst face for home, a happy care-free lot. 'Till we came to the crest of a high mountain where the timber cleared and there in the distance where live our friends a wraithlike column of blue smoke climbed upward to the cloudless blue heavens.

Brush Fire. That kindles fear in every stockman's heart when herds are feeding. Only an ever increasing streak of dust told of our whereabouts from then on but at that the ranch seemed ever to recede in the distance. But finally we did catch up with it and the men left to investigate, for the thin column of the beginning now spread out over a thousand acres and was streaked with the black smoke of burning grease wood.

Two hours went by and no word came. Ever the black curtain rolled closer and as night settled down the red flames licked over the ridging like an untamable menacing army. We did what we could, filled every container with water, fixed food and hot coffee, kept the fire in the big kitchen range going, stood on the door steps and watched. Finally out of the blackness a car drove up and our own lord and master descended, begrimed, besmeared and belabored of hand. The fire was out of hand, the CCC's were coming in, it was one . . . of a mess and he and the cousin were as starved as two coyotes.

He left in jig time loaded with hot sandwiches and coffee. And did not again appear until around midnight when the last red gleam had faded into nothingness and no single whiff of smoke wafted skyward. The rumbling CCC trucks passed out of hearing, the farmers returned to their homes, the men of our household returned to the roost and soon we who had sought the quiet and peace of the country side were fast asleep at our own cabin.

The fire was ended! A good deed had been done. A rest was earned. 'Tis such things that dreams are made of.

Came the Sunday morn. A clear blue sky, a sweet breeze blowing. Just the day for a fishing picnic in the tall timber by the mountain stream.

We sat on the cabin steps. Looking miles out over softly rolling hills to the steep jagged crest of a far flung mountain range. A mountain range that had looked down on the antics of man since the dawn of time.

But look to the East. Another wraith of smoke weaving upward. Could it be? Yes it was. The fire rekindled. So again the lord and master rode forth to lend a hand while we lolled in the shadows thinking "What a lovely world".

When all of a sudden there came to our ears the clank and crash of a jalopy leaping up the trail. In jiffy time our friend was at the door her two babies inside the old pickup, pointing to the now high rolling wall of black smoke and licking flames heading for us. "I thought that I had better get over and get you before you were cut off." We thought so to after one short look. So dumping the bedding roll in and neglecting all else save gathering in the pooches to the fold we bout faced and slithered and slipped and skidded to the ranch house not to soon. She was just learning to drive, "and how I ever made those forty five degree grades and right angle turns is more than I know" says she. "Well never mind, you've learned a lot you won't forget" we assured her.

And once again horses were let out of two pastures then cows and horses freed the buckets and tubs and kettles were filled with water, the coffee pot kept aboil, the fire up and sandwiches turned out by the dozens, till the bread ran out and the biscuits were made, and fresh butter churned. For this time fifteen neighbors and friends whose ranches were endangered by this new blaze were working frantically on that ever widening firing line. The CCC's rolled by in truck loads, hundreds of them, the fire truck from Baker came in with the Department of agriculture in charge, the forestry department was out in full force, a truck load of axes whizzed by, more men and more equipment and more men. For now the red devastating enemy was close to the forest, Whitman National Forest, where picnickers were enjoying the Sunday rest, where thousands of age old trees stand sentinel and deep underbrush gives shelter to deer and bear and all manner of mountain wild life. A needed priceless watershed was endangered.

But ever the fire sped forward, up little ravines and deeper canyons past the cabin we have come to love. We didst learn in the late afternoon, after we had moved everything from the friends home to the clearing in front, lest all be lost in

the blaze, that the little cabin had been saved by the unceasing back-firing and fighting of our cousin and his neighbors. And thereby his own roof that shelters his babies and the home at the next ranch had been saved.

Hours later the man of our choice didst return again to say that soon night fall would come, the CCC's were in charge, our friends home and family out of danger and should the fire start in the timber it might be days before we could get out again.

Reluctantly we left. The little mother standing brave and alone with her two little ones at their door step, their father still fighting somewhere out there in that inferno. Gayly they waved us farewell.

An hour later, where the mountain road turns into the hiway we looked back. Higher and higher climbed the smoke, black as a pall against the summer sunset.

A curve shut out the sight, even came and night descended and we were home.

"Well it surley was some rest we got" we mused as we picked up the lord and masters already flung off smoke filled garments.

"It certainly was," he murmured one eye shut already, "but as long as it had to be I'm glad that I was there to get into it." "Me too". But he heard not for the other eye had followed the example of the first. Shop in Nyssa with Journal advertisers and ye will not waste thy time and thy gas going farther.

—Nyssa Fall Festival Sept. 6-7—

JANIE PARR HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

OREGON TRAIL—Honoring the ninth birthday of her daughter, Janie, Mrs. Frank Parr entertained at a birthday party Saturday afternoon. Those enjoying the party were: Elizabeth and Phyllis Ann were: Elizabeth and Phyllis Ann Ruby and Andy Boersma, Winnie May, Mary Anne and Johnnie Reik, Nan Grider and Christine Rhinehart. Janie received many nice gifts from her little friends. Refreshments were served at the close of a very pleasant afternoon.

The Merry Matrons Club met Wednesday afternoon, August 7, at the home of La Vinnie Smith with Nina Boness co-hostess. During the business meeting plans were made

for the booth at the Fall Festival with Ola Chard and Nina Boness being appointed to help the committee. Sixteen members and three visitors, Rhoda Matten, Dola Mitchell and Emma Pitkin answered Roll Call with suggestions for picnic lunches. Tea towels were embroidered for the hostess. Faye Watts and Margery Dorman lead the guessing games with Alta Gregg and Gladys Byers winning prizes. Polly Anna-gifts were distributed and refreshments were served by the hostesses. Club meets Sept 4 at the home of Alice Holmes with Gladys Byers co-hostess. Roll call will be answered by Pollyanna suggestions.

A bridal shower honoring Mrs. Alvin Goff, the former Rosie Keck was given Friday afternoon by the members of the Girls 4-H sewing club and their leader Mrs. Viola Adams. A mock wedding was performed with Mrs. John Adams, bride and Elsie Keck, the groom. Each guest then described her own holiday costume. Refreshments were served. The bride received many nice and useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Goff plan to make their home in Payette, Idaho.

Several families from this community together with friends and relatives from Nyssa, Meridian, Mitchell Butte and Boise met at the Gala Gardens Sunday for a picnic. Those from Oregon Trail included Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Chard and family, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Smith and family, Mr. and Mrs. Omer Doerman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Chard and family, Earl Chard and Mrs. Phoda Mettlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Trout of Neb. are visiting at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Haun. On Sunday the

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PHONE 97

Haun family and their company attended the Idaho-Nebraska picnic at Nampa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bowen and family picnicked at Nampa Sunday.

Mrs. Lucille Johnson who has been visiting relatives left Sunday evening for her home in Corvallis, Oregon.

Max Schweizer and Patty Jean took Max's aunt to Yellow Pine on Saturday and remained for a few days vacation.

Mrs. Lynn Snodgrass, Mrs. Archie Smith and Neta Smith have all been sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Toll and family of Tahoe, Idaho arrived on Friday evening to visit at the Lester Toll and R. W. Holmes homes.

The Mother's Club will meet at the school house Friday afternoon August 16. Mrs. George Wilson is leader. The topic for discussion is to be "Getting the child ready for school." Everyone interested is invited to attend.

Oregon Trail P. T. A. will hold a special meeting at the school house Friday evening August 23. At this time the new officers will be installed. The new officers are:

President, Mrs. Duffy; Vice-president, Mrs. Holmes; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Viola Adams and Historian, Mrs. Fry.

Mrs. Parr, mother of Farnk Parr.

who has been visiting here since last spring returned to her home in Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Holmes, Roy, Bob and Junior visited at the F. S. Gyers' home Sunday afternoon.

—Nyssa Fall Festival Sept. 6-7—

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Don Graham, Secretary
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