



Ye Snooper's Column

Things About Nyssa's Shops

Our young friend wishes to become a nurse when the years of her schooling are ended. Come June, so didst write to the hospital where we didst learn the rudiments of that noble profession so many years ago for their school of nursing requirements. There have been great changes made in the requirements. They are: two years at college, a three hundred dollar entrance fee, all uniforms, books and breakage to be paid for by the student. No scrubbing to do, no work in the wards for the first three months, just theory and dummy practice in the classrooms, no pay at the end of the month. No too long a time in one place and not enough in another, cut and dried hours of duty here and some more there, no free medical care nor hospitalization, no settlement duty, if one wishes to go in for "public health" as they call it now, there must be an additional nine months of training at some university giving that course.

About all that is left of the old rules and regulations that we could find was that each student nurse must be in bed at ten o'clock each night and if she were good there was a late pass until eleven thirty o'clock once each week. But even this last has been changed. In the other decade twice a month they were doled out and woe to the nurse who tried to sneak past the night superintendent after hours.

Now they work six hours a day on the floor at most with a full day off each week. They have teas in the home and a social program for hours off duty, and there are other rules and regulations laid down by state and government laws where in they cannot be too severely disciplined for oversight of duty. Then at the end of three years, they graduate and get a gold pin to wear upon the white uniform of the graduate nurse. Even as did we.

But we are wondering if in the long run, the girl graduating in that earlier time did not receive the better training, have a better time in doing it and come out with something the graduate of today misses. When we pinned up our pigtailed one day and wound them about our head and thereby entered into the full status of womanhood, packed up our belongings in the family wicker suit case, kissed the little mother farewell and hied up to the city to find a career in hospital work, we knew not what we did. If we had perhaps, we would have chosen an easier road to success and fortune. Certainly the road of a nurse seldom joins the latter.

In those good old days on first appearance, the probe was led to the utility room always piled high with all sorts of soiled sickroom wares

and told in no uncertain tones to clean them up. From then on for the next three years, it seemed that most of her time was spent cleaning something or other up. Until there became in her such a distaste for dirt in hidden corners that cleanliness and godliness were kin.

Too, on that first day she was taught how to carry a glass of water and a nourishment tray to the bed side, how to prepare the patient so that they could eat most comfortably and if there was any person to be fed, to the probe also felt that job. Back rubbing at night and tidying beds and wards for the night superintendents inspection were all so her lot. We too, had a practice dummy, when we had time to practice on her, Cora by name. In honor of the wife of a particularly unpopular surgeon. At our last visit to the hospital, Cora was still in use along with three lesser and later models, but the history of her naming has been lost in antiquity.

A veritable Lorelei San Francisco basked in the late June sunshine and beckoned the lass with pigtailed pin up as the train unloaded its passengers to the ferry boat idling in the slip. And since that day that city calls and beckons us back in joy, she added to it with her gaily and beauty and in the days of adversity and sorrow has she wrapped us about her bigness and impersonal rush until the City doest remind of us Christ's promise, "As a hen gathereth her chickens." And on this long ago day, she beckoned gaily, the sun flecked waters of the blue bay lapping merrily in from the Gate and the thrill entered our head. Happily, we entered the swinging hospital doors and for the first time in our life heard our selves addressed as "Miss." In the quarters we soon learned that a probe is certainly with out honor in the hospital and to speak in the august presence of a senior nurse without first having been addressed was next to forgetting to stand up when a supe or doctor appeared. In those days, at least, a probe should not be seen about her daily chores let alone be heard. Capless and lowly, but not the least humbled, we trotted about the mental tasks set before us, looking forward to the time when our caps should carry the black band of the senior and there would be other probes for us to squelch. But there was no tarrying for study in class rooms for us. Typhoid in all its epidemic hideousness struck in a part of the city. Day after day, and hour upon hour, they brought them in, until no bed was left, the surgery was closed for lack of nurses save for emergencies. Six hours we worked together and eight and ten and twelve and fourteen, all of us, probes and doctors and graduates, orderlies and internes and in that time, we won our cap and perched it atop our now tightly wadded topknot. It was in those days too, that the nurses added the diminutive ending to our last name, a custom never to be stopped even by all the frowns of untold numbers of supervisors. And is done even to this day by all student nurses, we know.

But the epidemic cleared and new probes came in to care for the pots and pans in the utility and we found ourselves on night duty. Not just six hours of it. Twelve hours of it. From seven until seven. Long hours when we sat alone in the long corridor with only the tick-tock of the clock to keep us company. One night the house surgeon came in and as was his custom to have us make chocolate and toast. He usually left immediately to enjoy it with his wife in their own quarters. But this night he sat unseeing in his chair so long that in wonderment, we timidly asked if something was wrong. "Yes," he said. "I have just lost my first case on the table." "But don't you have to lose one sometime?" Our question was meant for consolation. "Yes, but if I could have only postponed it for a year or two and not have had it have to happen at this ungodly time of night. He was a young man with great ability and ambition. He died six years later from an infection received in the surgery while saving the life of another woman. Still young, but far up the ladder of surgery.

At another time, when we scurried off duty to race to the movie with the rest of the bunch, when a telephone call from the office informed us that we were to report back at the "wing." Already we had finished a good twelve hour stretch, but ours was not reason why so back we went. "You'll have to special that emergency they are bringing down from the surgery. They have no money for a graduate and the child is too sick to leave alone," the supt. informed us. There in the stillness of the night with a man and woman in agony of grief by his bed side we watched life slip from the wasted little body of a seven year old boy. Our first experience with the Grim Reaper. Now this would have a graduate paid from the charity fund. The lad was the only child of these middle aged Scandinavian parents. The mother sat as if carved of stone, swaying like a drunken sailor as she walked. The father blaming her for the little one's death. Until as we led her away from the still form we could stand it no longer and slipping into the medicine room poured her a drink of whiskey. We could in those days remind the husband that her grief was as great as his and that this was no time for him to talk so. To-

gether they went down the corridor, but we oft thought that their lives really ended by that bedside.

Then there was the time when we were in the diet kitchen that the head nurse left on a trip and commanded that cookies be made for her. The task was upon our shoulders and we were adither and agog to have them perfect. They didst look most grand all tucked away in their shoe box. Imagine our amazement next day after she had left when we found that we had flavored them plentifully with mustard instead of sweet flavored ginger.

Luckily she found a better job in Canada and stayed there. And in her place was a slight straight backed and straight laced strict disciplinarian of the Scotch Canadian school. Not only of her nurses in training, but of herself we stood in fear and awe of her, but as the years rolled away came to know that she had been our friend and had given something of her own stamina and character in her training of us for which there is no price. A few years ago we saw her. A gentle little old lady crippled with a vertebrae infection which was starting even then.

More About This next week.

In those days too beauty parlors were just coming into their own and permanent waves were for the very rich or foolish or both. And to get one took a day out of life almost and the poor head receiving one could never look the same again. At least so we have heard since. But all this is changed now. A permanent is as necessary for the well groomed lady as a corset cover was to grandma and to obtain a good one is in the reach of all of us. And here in Nyssa Marie Cofelt has opened a spa and hair styling shop in the old Journal office building on Main just west of Third where she and her assistant will specialize in permanent waving and for the first ten days Mrs. Cofelt will give her regular \$3.50 waves for \$2.50.

Now while all of us long for the cheer and peace of a fire burning on the open grate such as was privileged other generations still to be entirely dependent on one for our full share of heat would not be at all what we ordered in the way of comfort. For this said one froze in the rear while they roasted in front or visa versa according to whether the anatomy was facing fore or aft. But all that is done away with now since oil heating has become the mode. And if one would have the best in oil heating with a minimum of original cost, then there are two dandies being sold in Nyssa by reliable dealers. The Duo therm that Tom Nordale at his furniture mart on Main traffics in and the Sun Flame that the Wes Browne at the Baldrige Implement claims there is none better. And both may be purchased on convenient terms.

But 'tis not every one that prefers oil for heating and some there be that have coal furnaces and the good old stand by the parlor coal stove. Sure and 'tis a pleasing warmth, they do give out on a cold day.

A lasting and permeating heat. And at the Thompson Fuel yards at Second and Goode, they do have every size of lump that one can wish for. Reliable they are for quality and quantity.

And youth today is no different than it was a generation ago when movies had about replaced the legitimate theatre and talkies were

as yet unknown. Then young and old alike, were ever on the que vive for a new picture. The Four Horsemen and the Birth of a Nation and Mary Pickford with her long curls. To a movie we went when time and fortune allowed. And so it is now except that the talkies have come in and added a more lifelike touch. And here in Nyssa there is a cinema that is hard to beat in the fine display of late shows. The Nyssa Theatre where one or the whole family or the boy and his girl may find real diversionment and amusement the evening through at a surprising small cost.

And foods. They have not changed so much. 'Tis true that Grand dad was a bit dubious of salads and preferred hot rolls to a toast and a good fat hen and dumplings to a half done broiler, but still one and all we eat about the same and at the Barney Wilson grocery mart at Main near Second, they do have the old and new. Canned juices such as grandfather never heard and good old fashioned baked beans, and coffee and canned crab and all manner of sea foods and vegetables fresh and canned in large and small sized cans. 'Tis an old friend of old timers and a new friend to new comers for every one is bound to find on the shelves there, just what they are looking for to concoct the family meals.

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JORDAN VALLEY

Mr. Seldon W. Parks, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Parks, who are pioneers of the Jordan Valley country, left last week for Washington, D. C., where he has a government position. He will be associated with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In his work he will travel all over the United States, particularly the eastern states, and all his possessions, Sheldon, who has been a honor student during his six years at the University of Oregon, graduated this June from the law school at Eugene with high honors. He was one of the three law students at the university to receive the highest academic degree in their field, that of Doctor of Jurisprudence. Sheldon is one of the most popular members of Jordan Valley's younger set.

At the present time the South Mountain mine is employing about 35 men, mostly local men, and they are expecting to hire more men next spring.

The road to the mine was started by Wells brothers, contractors. Barber brothers, a Salt Lake company, is now completing the road. It is being graveled with plain rock from the mine. A new Ford diesel engine to be used in the mine has been purchased by the company and an electric light plant is expected to be installed soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Altwart returned home last Tuesday after visiting in Pocatello a few days with Mrs. Altwart's niece and family.

Mr. Louis Yturri went to Boise Sunday from there he is leaving by plane for Lamar, Colorado, where he is going to work for the J. Connelly Inc. of San Francisco. He has been employed in the Pastime Pool hall in Jordan Valley.

Miss Marie Anderson, local postmistress accompanied by her brother, Joe, who is entering Oregon State this year and Isabelle Mendle-

ta and Beada Madanaga have gone to Portland to spend a week. Beada is going to visit her sister, Mrs. John Griner and Isabelle is going to visit her sister, Mrs. Charlie Sweeters, who is sick in St. Vincent's Hospital. Mr. John Urizaga from Boise, formerly a Jordan Valley resident, was a visitor last week.

Mr. Tony Yturri of Ontario was here last week visiting friends.

Dr. Anderson from the College of Idaho gave a sermon at the Methodist church, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Afterward a baptist dinner was served. Rev. W. S. Monroe gave a talk in the afternoon.

Pascual Arritola started working in the Pastime Pool Hall last week. Mr. and Mrs. Domingo Yturri have gone on a two weeks trip in California.

Mrs. Manuel Aburuso and children, who have been living in South Mountain have moved to town to spend the winter.

Mrs. Paul Arritola and daughter from Soldier Creek are in town visiting Mrs. Rosie Arritola and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Eguren accompanied by Mrs. Marmen Eguren went to Boise Friday on business.

Joseph Perry was visiting his wife and friends last week at Harper.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eguren and son were visiting in Jordan Valley all day Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Fernando Mandariaga has come home from Boise where she has been under Doctor's care for the last three weeks.

Mr. Micky Kalina left Thursday for Chicago, Illinois, where he will visit his mother and relatives for about two weeks.

A very large crowd attended the dance at Arock on Saturday night. Some of them that were there are: Mr. and Mrs. James Eguren, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Elordi, Helen Mark Izzy Mendeta, Rudy Rementerla, David Mallea, Pillar and Aguida Corabitarti, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Staples, Mrs. Shirley Serogins, Mr. W. R. Helm, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rudd, and Marie Anderson. These are all from Jordan Valley.

Albert Berrojalbis, Rufus Elzagari and Regina and Margrete Madarieta, all from Boise, were visiting in Jordan Valley all day Sunday.

Sam R. Scott and David Mallea were business visitors in Boise last week end.

ARCADIA HAY BRINGS FIVE DOLLARS PER TON

ARCADIA—C. W. Barrett sold his hay to Ralph Jones last week for five dollars a ton.

The Arcadia Sunshine club met for an all day meeting and covered dish luncheon Thursday. The day was spent quilting two quilts for Mrs. Cassell Calahan. Mrs. Ure and Mrs. Burd were hostesses. Mrs. Clyde Bowers and son, Mrs. W. S. Pryor, Mrs. D. E. Mitchell and Mrs. Calahan were guests. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Chandler came in the afternoon and discussed plans with the group for organizing a Sunday

school at Arcadia. The first meeting is Oct. 13 at 10:30. The next club meeting will be Oct. 17 with Mrs. A. Heiter and Mrs. B. Snoder as hostesses.

Mrs. Tyler and son of La Grande spent one night last week with Miss Hannon at the cottage.

Ernest Webb of Garden Valley, Idaho, is staying at Glen Dowers for a few weeks. Mr. Dowers started to work at the Sugar factory Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Zittercob left for Portland Friday morning with a carload of 4H club boys, who are showing stock in the show now in progress there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hickey are having a water system installed. H. L. Brooks is putting a gravity flow cistern in and Ben Shaws are also putting in a cistern.

Mrs. H. L. Brooks and Mrs. Ira Ure attended the 4-H club leaders meeting at the agricultural building in Ontario Saturday.

Sam Caldwell has returned home from Mayo Brothers and will continue taking treatments from Dr. Maulding.

Mrs. Ure and Wanda went to Boise Saturday to visit Afton, who is taking training at the St. Alphonsus hospital. They took a basket dinner along.

Morris Farmer, while riding his brother's bicycle to school Friday morning ran the wheel chain off and so hid it in the sage brush between his home on the island and the railroad track. When he returned from school in the evening, it was gone and hasn't been heard from since. There is a \$5 reward offered for its return.

Glen Dowers was in Wilder Thursday on business.

The school board held a meeting Monday night to make out a budget for the coming year.

G. P. Garten and family moved to a place near the big ditch on the west end of Gem Avenue, Saturday. Clarence Strongs moved into the house vacated by the Garrens.

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Otis Bullard chopped hay for George Moeller Friday.

Mrs. Dale Lakey and children are staying with Anna Dail while Mr. Lokey is deer hunting.

George Moeller and Ralph Jones sold their lettuce to Duncan brothers in Nyssa and were cutting it on Monday.

Ira Ure is having his onions topped this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Snow returned from a business trip to Idaho Falls Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dowers of Caldwell and Mrs. H. J. Eidemiller of Wilder spent last Sunday with Glen Dowers and family.

Perle Richard's father and brother, Henry Richard, and Henry Jr., are visiting them for a few days.

Angelo Marostica went deer hunting with Dr. Kerby Thursday morning.

Tony Morostica threshed his stacked again Monday.

The teachers' reception was well attended Friday evening and everyone had a good time. The teachers were given large bouquets of Dahlias. Miss Hannon's girls club just organized, did very well in their part of the program.

Notice To Hog Raisers

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