



## Ye Snooper's Column

Things About Nyssa's Shops

More about training—One night after prayers, as we filed out past the night supervisor's eagle eyes, now all primed to detect a stray lock of hair or a skirt which had dared to shrink past the allotted seven inches from the floor, we were informed that the following day was to be one of freedom for us and the next day we were to report to surgery. This had been our greatest ambition since probe days and our entrance there was a little ahead of time, but the excitement of working in that sanctum was so great that we neither ate nor slept until we got there.

We were a probe again, whose chief duty it was to clean up the operating rooms as soon as possible after each operation, to run errand and to "jimmy" and after the business of the day was through to scrub and scour endless trays of soiled instruments. Now they have made to do this service and we wonder how a probe ever learns the names of instruments, for what they are used and where to find them in the rush of a busy morning.

But once more there was a shortage of nurses to call upon and there fell heavier duties than scrubbing instruments. The third night we were called out with a night crew

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A community grows and prospers by reason of the activities which take place in its midst. In Ontario, serving this entire section of Oregon and Idaho, we have the Ontario Livestock Commission company under the management of Mayo Moss and John Smead.

Practically everyone is familiar with this organization. It has served the stock men of this section for many years and has offered them an excellent market for their livestock. The auctioning is under the able direction of Bert Anderson.

This organization is known far and wide as being operated in a first-class manner. The men who manage and operate the Ontario Livestock Commission company are who is well known throughout this entire community, primarily interested in the growth and development of this particular section of Oregon and adjoining section of Idaho. They may always be counted on to give freely and willingly of their time and energy toward any plan that will benefit the community.

In this Commercial Review, we wish to compliment them upon the excellent service they render the livestock raisers of this area.

## Professional Cards

DR. J. C. BOWMAN  
Veterinarian

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for an emergency. A fractured skull case had started hemorrhaging and it must be opened up. Open eyed we stood on the side lines watching the surgeon lay back the skull, saw the soft tissue underneath. But they needed more hands. The interne had to do more than retract a bone. Here, what's that nurse doing, scrub her up and let her hold this thing back," the chief said. So scrubbed up we were, encased in gown and cap and gloves and standing on a stool under the hot lights over the operating table we held back the skull while others of more importance were released for greater tasks. The heat from the lights, the steam from salt pads, the smell of old blood, the glare of white tiled walls, until a dim dawn crept through the windows. It was like a fantastic dream.

It was over, the patient lived. We were free to return to the quarters after a good hot cup of chocolate that it was one of the night nurses' duties to prepare for a night operating crew. Before we were soundly asleep, the six o'clock bells rang and every one was up again.

It was in this same busy time that another night we were called upon to scrub for an emergency appendectomy which came in while another emergency was going. The head nurse in surgery was reluctant about it but there was nothing else to be done, the only other alternative was a nurse just a few days ahead of us who was lost in that busy place at the table. All went well enough except that the nervous head nurse and the "jimmy" kept giving orders from each end of the table, sotto voice, until we were a dither with confusion. Suddenly without realizing it we spoke sharply "shut up" all of you shut up. You make me so nervous I can't work." We should have been expelled but we were not. Quietly the "big chief" looked up and said, "now don't be nervous. We're getting along fine and no one but I will speak to you again." His calmness penetrated the room, everyone seemed to relax and there was no more tension. Even today he stands out as one of the really great men we have known and it was our pleasure in the years to come to assist him many times. We apologized to the supervisor when it was all over and were forgiven by her and told the classmate what we thought of her and then were friends again.

In those days one nurse only scrubbed for an operation regardless of its size. It was just then becoming the practice in eastern hospitals to have more than one graduate in the surgery and extra nurses at an operation. And the west was to adopt the practice very quickly.

It was during our tour in the surgery that the law for twelve hour duty for student nurses became effective. We were not particularly impressed with it as were very few of the nurses. For by this time, we had learned that death does not come announced anytime, nor will it be stayed while workers change shifts. It has been worked out since but slowly. Nine months we stayed in the surgery and when we came out we had been deemed fit to relieve the head nurse on her vacation and knew that if we wished we were fitted then without more ado for a surgical supervisor. Nine months spent in one place, a fifteen pounds of flesh lost, but a knowledge of surgery gained that was priceless.

Next came settlement duty. Better known these days as "Social Service." The settlement house sat high atop the hill overlooking the bay and the ship yards. It had been started by a philanthropic heiress, who had taken her training in a city hospital with this work in view like Hull House in Chicago and Henry St., Settlement in New York, in charge of the outgoing nurses was graduate and over all was the lady herself. It was our duty to visit those cases already reported in. Many of them were baby cases. For these we were to charge a small fee for our services if we thought they could afford it. To our knowledge we never saw any we thought that opulent. One Russian mother, then caring for her fifteenth baby solemnly told us that "fifteen too many, twelve enough." We thought so too but we did like the hot tea with strawberry jam on the kitchen table even if the smells were a bit overwhelming. There is a certain distinguishing order about Russian houses that we have never been able to decipher its cause.

One of our duties and that of other student nurses for many years was the weekly visit to a poor creature horribly crippled and tortured with arthritis who laid day in and day out in a clustered dingy room facing a dirty alley in a damp untidy and filthy hotel off Minna street. There was never a fire there but a yellow canary perched and twittered in the weak sun rays at the dusty window while she lay a living helpless twisted bag of living bones.

It was midwinter when we began our settlement chore and the rains came down in torrents day after day until the unpaved streets became as vicious as quick sand. Daily we left our rubbers as an offering, umbrellas were useless in the wind. We reported in night after night wetter than a drowned rat at the warf until after a month of it we were brought in. Besides nurses were scarce on the wards and settlement duty could be

put off for a more convenient time for every one. And shortly after that the settlement routine changed. They were taken over by the community chest and now W.P.A. workers and other accredited university-trained investigators are about it and graduate hourly nurses care for the cases.

The little Scotch head nurse had resigned and gone. In her place was a tall blonde disillusioned and bored soul from New York who found no pleasure in western ways nor actions.

By our calendar from which we daily struck off a day there remained just ten more weeks until we should take off the old faded blue chambray dresses with their long sleeves, stiff white ministerial collars which had long since worn a brown ring on our neck, the ninety inch wide aprons and stiff bosomed bibs once and for all and don the more comfortable and becoming white array of the graduate. The ward phone rang and we answered in our most professional manner, thank heavens! Came the voice of the new head nurse, "Report to the office at once." Now what had we done. We could think of nothing worthy of such a call. But such things never for told any good. That we were aware of. So smothering down all wayward lock, pulling up the cuffs and praying that the collar had received no smudge, we sped to her sanctum.

We stood before her august presence. "You graduate in ten weeks I see." "Yes," we managed to stammer.

"Well, you do not want any maternity, do you?"

"Oh, yes! I must have some. I haven't seen a baby born except a Caesarian."

Very well you can have three weeks of it. In that time you should see a few and on your graduation night you will get your pin to keep and will take charge of the wards, if that is satisfactory to you." She managed a wintry smile.

Was it satisfactory. To do the same thing we had been doing all along in a blue dress and for five dollars a month and then to over night get a white dress and golden pin and sixty dollars a month and miss seven weeks of training to remain at the hospital. Was there heaven and a Santa Claus?

So to maternity we tramped the next day and what we lost in time we made up for in opportunity. Thirty-two new world citizens we saw ushered in. Day and night those wee ones put in their appearance and we were called for every one. One early morning after hours of agony for an about to be mother a desperate young doctor called the "big chief." Everything stood still until he got there. We waited on him while he scrubbed up and put on his gown.

"I told that young fellow he'd have to do a Caesarian on her but he didn't believe me. And now it is too late." He spoke sadly as much to himself as to us we thought. The breakfast bells rang before it was all over. The mother had been saved. The babe a fifteen pound boy alabaster white never breathed.

The three weeks were over. Came graduation. In the little chapel banded in white orchids, a gift of the Ladies Board, the class knelt at the altar rail to receive the blessings of the old bishop. He whom we had known and nursed loved through a long siege of sickness. And arose to

take the Florence Nightingale oath and to receive the little golden cross which we had earned from the hands of the head nurse. We were graduate nurses.

The next morning we took our place at the head nurses table, a graduate, in charge of seventy beds, an emergency room and twenty-one student nurses. With a twenty-first birthday still in offing. At an age when they are just beginning in this new era of planned opportunity for youth.

Now there are no utility rooms to scrub, nor endless rooms to dust, not trays to "carry down" block long white tiled corridors. There are maids for all that. Now they remain no longer than three months in the surgery and never get to scrub for the "big chief," a special graduate does that, there are no gathering around the hot chocolate pot after late surgery, one whole crew together from chief to orderly, no overtime on the wards where to see a soul win out victorious in its struggle for survival is reward enough, no rush to the surgery in the chilly dawn through dim lit corridors that a broken body may be mended or a stricken human be relieved of his agony. Now a night crew never even get to remember their faces let alone their names. Now there are long hours for useless leisure to be spent away from the wards till when her time comes to stand at this same altar or at the other hundreds in the land and take that old oath of allegiance to their duty, the young nurse has not had the opportunity to absorb the life of the hospital nor to grasp its meaning and the things for which it stands until it overcomes all else.

And in nursing it is so in every other field of endeavor where youth struggles today to get a professional foothold. In our efforts to make things easier for another generation we have taken the joy of struggle and accomplishment from them and in so doing the ability and right and joy to hear their chief say it was a good job you did today," in every field.

We love this generation of boys and girls standing at the brink of maturity. They are a fine ambitious lot with the right to all the best that life has to offer. But we do feel that in an effort to make easier

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their life this older generation has destroyed for them the joy of the struggle and ultimate success in their upward climb by trying to remove the hurdles. It can't be done. Life places them in the way of each one of us sooner or later.

## BEND HAS 25 REGISTRANTS

BIG BEND—Twenty-five men were registered in this precinct last Wednesday. There were four members on the committee, Charles E. Witty's name was omitted from last week's report.

The Jolly James held an all day meeting at the home of Mrs. Howard Hatch in Adrian Thursday and tied three quilts for Kie Scott.

Mrs. Leonard Smith and Mrs. Stanley Goulet of Newell Heights were Thursday guests of Mrs. E. E. Parker.

Mr. Clyde Steelman spent Wednesday and Thursday in Caldwell helping his parents move from their ranch to their new home in town.

Mrs. Robert Breshears of Roswell, who was staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pretwell, was taken to Nampa Wednesday where she will undergo an operation.

Mrs. Arch Wright is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Peterson in Nyssa.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sweet returned home Thursday from a three month visit with their son Homer and family of Tacoma, Washington.

Among those from this vicinity, who are deer hunting are Harvey and Le Roy Bennett, Wallace Shellen, Cessie Muntjeweriff, Will Brewer, and Gerritt Muntjeweriff.

Since electricity has been cut off from the Park Hall, the election Nov. 5, will be held in the vacant room at Wade school house.

Mrs. P. B. Anderson returned home Saturday from a week's visit in the Price home in Boise.

The Birthday club enjoyed another dinner party at the home of Mr.

and Mrs. Robert Weir Sunday. Mrs. Ollie Judd and Gordon Judd of Parma were outside guests.

John Johnson accompanied some of his F.F.A. boys to Nampja Sunday where they bought sheep.

Elmer Parker of Caldwell spent Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Parker.

Mrs. Lester French and Jackie of Roswell were calling on old neighbors here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sillons attended the funeral of John Mugula of Riverside community Tuesday.

Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. P. Fry, Mrs. D. Smith of Nyssa and their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Dean and son of Chicago were callers in the Brumbach home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyre Roberts entertained Mr. and Mrs. Arch Parker at dinner Sunday, honoring Arch's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hamilton and Sidney Hamilton of Wilder were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hamilton.

## Notice To Hog Raisers

With the installation of a new scale at

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FRANK KULLANDER

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Will Van de Water of Wilder was day.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Parker and a caller in the Haworth home Sunday. Mrs. E. E. Parker were business visitors in Nyssa Monday.

### Move to New Home

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fletcher moved into their new home at Ennis near Fourth the first of the week.

## Preserve the Law

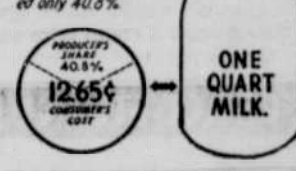
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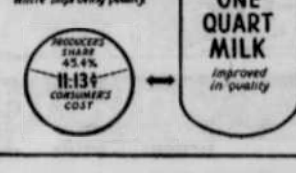
### BEFORE

During the 14 years prior to the Milk Law the Consumer paid an average of 12.65¢ per quart, of which the Producer received only 40.8%.



### AFTER

During the 6 years under Milk Law the Consumer has paid an average of 11.13¢ per quart (11¢ saving) of which the Producer has received 43.4% while improving quality.



Oregon Milk is the world's finest. Let's keep it pure, and reasonable in price.

### VOTE 317 NO!

Against Repeal of Oregon Milk Law!

Pd. Adv. C. W. Jerome, Sec'y., Oregon Milk Producers, 217 Oregon Bldg., Portland

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