



Ye Snooper's Column

Things About Nyssa's Shops

More beautiful than a snow covered landscape was that we wakened to find on Saturday and Sunday mornings. A master painter had hung every outdoor thing with the soft mantle of hoar e frost, till the whole countryside didst remind me of a fairy stage set for a Noel fantasy.

But what the cold did to unsuspecting and unprotected pipes was another story. The plumber man was a popular fellow.

It had been in our mind to es-

chew all sadness and worrisome things in this column for the holiday season. But there came to our desk the past few days a communication which it seemed should be given heed. If there be any among us who have been wasting self pity on themselves they should feel so rich and blessed among men that never again will they let discouragement enter their thoughts.

It is a message from the Women of Poland to the Women of American Women's Committee of America.

Just what it is that the women of this nation can do to help ease the untold misery of these suffering peoples, it is hard to say but if sympathy unbounded and a prayer for a hasty alleviation of their martyrdom will help, then a new day should dawn for them.

The message follows.

FROM THE DEPTHS—

We reprint below an appeal from the women of Warsaw, which was brought to the United States by a secret and circuitous route. In this appeal the women of Warsaw address themselves to the women all over the world and, in particular, to women in the United States to raise a powerful voice in America in the name of martyred Poland, which, fettered and strangled by the military might of two enemies, is unable to speak for herself.

"The world, in the course of its existence has witnessed many atrocities and crimes; the history of mankind is saturated with blood and tears. But history fails to record a Calvary equal to that, which we, the women of Poland, are living through now. We are suffering—as Catholics, as Poles, as mothers, as wives, as sisters and daughters. We are suffering with every emotion of our hearts. There is no chord in our souls which has not been torn and trampled upon; there is no thought which is not a tormenting and heart rending grief.

"Our husbands—our brothers and fathers—perished in mass murders which wiped out tens of thousands. They die slowly in dungeons or perish from starvation and cold in war prisoners' camps.

"Our sons—the future and pride

of the nation—either perish like their fathers (as boys of 12 and 14 years of age were by no means lacking among those who were shot) or are registered and taken away to alleged labor camps in Germany whence there is no return.

"Our daughters—are being apprehended on the streets or abducted from their homes under cover of night, imprisoned in company with prostitutes and deported to German brothels. And there are among us mothers, who no longer able to shed tears, ask God for one thing only; 'that their daughters might die.'

"Our babes—those innocents who first saw the light of day in refugee shelters, in freight cars or prison cells, are slowly dying in our arms—(no longer able to give them warmth)—without even once having had a warm bath or sufficient food.

"Our churches are burned, closed or else doomed to destruction. Our priests have been imprisoned. Statues of Our Savior and of the Blessed Virgin, the wayside shrine, have been overthrown, chopped down and destroyed. No religious services are permitted in the churches.

"Our schools are closed, our young generation cannot obtain education. In the opinion of the German governing authorities the ability to read and write is sufficient for the Polish 'nation of serfs' (Knechtevolk). They need no other knowledge.

"Our opportunities for gainful employment no longer exist. We have no means of earning a living. Everything has been taken away from us. We can only beg and die.

"Our homes, once cozy firesides, stand empty—no longer sheltering anyone. Their walls ceased to be a protection, since every German has a right to enter at any time the abode of any Pole and take therefrom anything that might look worth to him; furniture, linens and the last remnants of supplies.

"Crime, ruin and misery have plowed through the length and breadth of our land. Poland has forgotten laughter, forgotten words other than those of despair.

"Locked within a vicious circle of misfortune and unable to communicate with the rest of the world, we listen with stupefaction to the official pronouncements of the German masters. For instance, the infamous executioner, Greiser, pays tribute to German justice, assuring his listeners that in the territories occupied by Germany there has been no single act of terror or brutality; Adolf Hitler pledges his word of honor that not a single Pole has been deprived of his opportunity to work; Dr. Frank, 'the only lawful representative of the Polish nation', in famous neutral newspapermen that Poland under German administration, prospers freely, that the majority of the Polish people cheerfully cooperate with the German administration, satisfied with having been delivered by the German government from playing the part of England's flunkies, and that the rumors of terror were but a figment of Allied propaganda.

"Listening to the cynical lies brazenly uttered, we tremble lest the world might believe them. For who could possibly fathom such an abyss of falsehood and hypocrisy? Who could possibly believe that at the very moment when 'the only lawful representative of the Polish nation' assured the world of the cheerful cooperation of the Polish people with the German administration—thousands of human beings all over Poland were perishing amidst tortures, and all over Poland there was but one voice of execration of the Germans?

"It is, therefore, from the depths of our martyred souls that we cry to you, sisters throughout the world; that all is not true! Do not believe what the Germans say. Before God Almighty we swear that our words are true and that our accusations are not exaggerated. We are living in hell. There is no Pole who would abide by this hell or who would cooperate with the Germans, unless it be under threat of a gun aimed at his children's heads. This hell is all around us—it is smothering us and we are its helpless victims.

"We endeavor, however not to abandon ourselves to despair. We believe in Divine Justice, in the justice of history and in the victory of good over evil. We have faith in the victory to the allies and we wait for the day of their triumph. Should this day be slow in arriving there will be no Pole left to see it; Poland may be free but there will be no Poles. The objective and endeavor of the Germans is to exterminate and to destroy our entire nation. Three million of us have perished already. This figure increases from day to day because famine grows apace.

"Sisters throughout the world, we appeal to you for assistance. Add your voice whenever the question of war should be in balance. Demand a quick deliverance of Poland. Let your plea outweigh considerations of an economic and political nature. Sisters, we do not believe that our appeal is a plea for pity. The world, let us hope, is well aware of the fact that Poland's becoming a battle field shielded other countries from a similar fate; just as twenty years ago and on innumerable occasions in the course of our history, we formed a bleeding rampart. What would have happened to Europe, if, in August of last year, Poland had pusillanimously yielded to Hitler's demands and Germany

had thrown all her might against the western world—then still unprepared for the war?

"Therefore, we do not beg for pity but ask for help—as people who fought in the front lines. Do not refuse us your help. Let your womanly voices fill the world that it may acknowledge the deliverance of Poland as its most urgent concern; let it be moved by our misfortune; let it understand our plight. This is all we ask of you."

"Tis a gay array that these Nyssa stores do have on display for Christmas shoppers and we have spied many a lady of the house and not a few with the permanent boy friend finishing up this year's job for old man Santa. At the Atkeson's Apparel shops we didst snook out a fine lot of gloves just duck these cold days for men of all ages and sizes. The strapped wrist type and these that zip up the back in pig skin didst seem dressy and useful and easy to keep clean. And on the ladies side is a counter laden down with dainty undies and night apparel in all of the latest shades and combination. One unusually fine night of flowered crushed rose silk with a tie back that could have well served the purpose of the formal evening gown, so tailored and well seemed it was.

And Tom Nordale is a wise old owl and does know the tastes of the ladies in these parts when it comes to home furnishing and this year as always Tom saw to it that a 'fine lot of cedar chests and hope boxes were made room for on his show floor this year. New in line and fine carving and with the latest in inner finishings. 'Twill last the lady a life time and bring her constant pleasure. 'Twould serve a swah well to fit his bride to be with one of those for 'twould afford a permanent spot whereon he might put his shoes in comfort or throw a wet overcoat and hear about it later on.

Always we had been raised on the belief the coyote was a supernumery in the animal kingdom and like the fly sooner and more permanently exterminated the better. And up to a recent date had never heard a dissenting voice. Then we read from a lady who objects to it all. Especially to the cruelty of poisoning and trapping the poor things. When we had finished her epistle, we agreed with her. The method at least is all wrong. The writer maintained that the coyote had a useful and rightful place in the scheme of things as does have every living creature and thing.

The coyote so she says is Nature's scavenger and keeps the country which he inhabits free from disease spread by wind carried germs.

Perhaps all this is so. But try to make any one living in the stock range lands think so. They'll take their chances with a wind carried germ any day. But even at that, we do like to hear these beasties yelp from some craggy hill top on moon lit nights. Next someone'll be telling us that Jack Rabbit is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And we did hear of an Easterner killing one and eating it because he liked rabbit.

Now Butch and Dick traffic not in the carcasses of either Jack rabbits or coyotes at their Nyssa Packing company store on Main near First but they do carry and sell all manner of fine meat, fowl and fish, both fresh and cured. And if ever thou art among the lucky who doest taste the head cheese Butch concocts none ever will again set so well upon thy taster. 'Tis tops in smooth tastiness.

When the chill of real winter didst find us out here in this snug valley all thoughts did turn to ways and means of keeping the cold outside and the heat in. But long since has the Baldridge implement company where Wes Brown is master mechanic and where they sell those famous heat chasing Sun Flame oil burners found that happy solution. For one of these heat chasers ensconced in the old homestead will do a fine job of keeping the whole family and the dog and pussy warm the winter through. With no work

nor worry. Just set the speed, give it a little oil and let her burn.

Gay indeed is the nut counter at Barney Wilsons grocery store and there all kinds of nuts fresh from this autumn's harvest may be purchased. And at that emporium one can get those big sunripened oranges that Santa must place in each stocking ere any thing else is done for the Christmas stocking filling business. At least so a small urchin, hast informed who purports to have personal knowledge of this old gentleman who sojourns at points far north. First an orange, then some nuts and then some candy. Then may be added the present last of all a banana. These latter delectables are also on hand and the candy as well at the Wilson grocery store.

'Tis the Snooper's wish that no child should be missed this Christmas tide and that peace and joy and brotherly love may abound in our Valley.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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

ADRIAN

Eleanor Dutton and Dorothy Toombs of Kingman Colony and Emily Otis spent Sunday with Erma Points, Arlene Peterson and the



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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

from

Harry and Ike

Miner's

Barber Shop

They had their Christmas tree as planned but Arlene was absent on account of sickness. After they exchanged gifts they spent the afternoon playing monopoly and Parchesse.

Those from Adrian attending the farewell party for Rev. and Mrs. Tetwiller given at Percy's Saturday

night were K. I. Peterson, Erwin Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. John Auker and family, Erma Points and Mrs. Duke Rohland.

The Mary and Martha club presented the Tetwillers with a wool blanket and Mrs. Tetwiller a pair of gloves. The Kingman Colony Christmas Endeavor gave them \$5.

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