



Ye Snooper's Column
Things About Nyssa's Shops

We read much these days of the poverty stricken, ill fed and poorly housed persons in war ridden Europe and are urged at the same time to send bigger and better supplies to their aid via the Red Cross. The government supplies tons and tons of wool for knitting, good souls spend hours and days at the task of making garments, layettes, and surgical dressings. Others work frantically in warehouses where the huge stores collected are sorted and shipped. Maybe they get over there and do some good. Maybe they do not. An enemy bomb or torpedo would send them to the bottom of the ocean where denizens of that locality have taken to scales for raiment and adornment. It is a very lovely idea and no doubt humanitarian and certainly provides a lot of activity for ladies and gentlemen who other wise might have to sit and twiddle their thumbs. A most annoying and bothersome occupation we have been told. Personally we have felt at times that we would like to try it for ourselves.

However here in our own country there are thousands of persons who have not had a square meal in all their lives, children sick and misshapen for lack of life giving and body building foods, mothers dying from T. B. because of exposure, over work and malnutrition. Whole families cooped up in cold, dark, filthy cellars. We call them basements. Or existing just as miserably in rickety, wooden firetraps on upper floors. Squalor, filth and famine is their life long lot. Not just isolated cases of them but whole blocks of such hovels, street after street of them in every large city in the land.

And speaking of land right here in this broad and fruitful valley in the last three years we have seen more than one family where the children were living in unsealed shacks where the rain beat in, the wind whistled through unmolested. Where in winter snow drifted in and lay in little heaps along the floor. Where little children were just one jump ahead of the rickets, whose noon day lunch at school was a cold potato. Little folks whose cold shivering bodies would have given much for the snug warmth of a Red Cross sweater. Mothers who would have cried with joy for a layette that now lies in Davy Jones locker, and wept bitter tears for the lack of it. Who could have more bravely born their own cold if there had been Red Cross shoes enough for their own boys and girls.

Charity should begin at home so the Good Book tells us but it seems that like many other homely chores, distance lends enchantment. Families there are in this land where children seven and eight years old have never known any home except a make shift trailer affair or tent at some F. S. A. labor camp.

Also in these foreign lands the rich still live as they always have, with all and more than they need. It is but a lack of money so it seems that keeps the poor from enjoying even the small necessities of life. There are still well filled Ritz hotels, still smart watering places where society gathers, still many, too many, foreign born of the so called nobility and leisure class enjoying the safety and indulgences that this country affords. Why not send them back to do their duty to their own countrymen? have they not heard of the dire plight and the utter gastliness of their lives? Is not the country of the peasant and the small shopkeeper the country of the nobleborn as well? Or is there an international group made up of them immensely wealthy and high born who owe no allegiance to any sovereign or government. Whose sole duty in life to protect their own skins and save their own fortunes and to enjoy the good things of life. It matters not in what land they be? Why not let or make them spend their riches on the suffering masses of their own people. Make them share in their deprivation and anguish, make them make the world safe for the democracies. It is such as they that destroy them. Make them put their wealth back in the land from where it came before we over here start sending our stores on the uncertain journey across war infested seas while thousands upon thousands over here are scarce better off than the thousands over there made destitute by Europe's wars.

And if there is a doubt in your mind that such conditions do exist here, just get a job in any big public hospital or community center, or hop in the jalopie and jaunt through the hinter lands of the south or even in this our own Oregon. On your return the security, peace and abundance at your own fireside will seem great beyond measure.

And perhaps no place in Nyssa is the abundance of this country side more in evidence than at the Wilson

grocery store on Main near Second where now as all times of the year every reasonable vegetable and fruit is on display and can be obtained in any amount. Raspberries just now seem in their prime, the rains gave them an extra growth and their rich red color and the firm berries made them tops for present table use or for canning time.

And if it be that you are among the many who around here have graduated from the old fashioned canning days to the new fangled cold storage way, then you are twice blessed. For a turn of the delicious fruits and vegetables of the season on the quick freezing plates at the Polar Cold Storage and all of the fresh flavor and aroma to say nothing of the delicacy of color will be preserved until the day in winter when they are opened to grace the festive board or to go into a pie just as fresh berries do.

And with the summer and the hot glaring days to come all the cracks and crevices in the paint job at the family manse will start expanding and become as evident as a boil on aunt Susie's nose. It bodes no good either for the rains and wintery months ahead and is a fair warning that a new job should be done. Probably no one knows it better than the man of the house but what with little Susie's tonsils having to come out before school begins again and the hay still unsold it looks like there will be no deal. But cheer up, take a trip to the Boise Payette and there let Dwight Smith and his workers tell how quickly and easily it may be accomplished on their monthly payment plan with those tried and true DeVoe paints.

Now comes the Fourth of July on our national calendar and tis ever a time of rejoicing and perhaps at no time has it ever been more deeply felt, this gratitude for our national way of life than now with the rest of the world at war. Each year sees a difference in our mode of celebrating, going fast are the old parades with their floats of little girls all dressed in stiffly starched dresses, the public picnic and its bombastic orator. Even the fire cracker and fire works are giving place to other forms of letting off steam for little boys and not so little boys. But it means also fewer mother's tears over blinded and maimed sons when the joyous days are ended.

But Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Wray at their dime store, the one with the big red front on Main street, with an eye and a heart to the wants and the needs of their patrons have arranged this year to keep open on Sunday and to sell to all those who wish them the crackers and smackers and twisters and Fourth of July what nots that have made the day what it is for generations.

And on that day too, The Nyssa Theatre has arranged for a fine show so that all may find happiness and pleasure in the cool air conditioned auditorium where comfort of patrons is a chief concern.

But if it is a picnic that the family mind has been set on then let the little mother have a rest and not slave over the baking and the making of the lunch the whole day long. For at the Swan Bakery they have all manner of cakes, and rolls and buns, and breads and cookies. Tasty and full flavored and fine texture as any baked at the old homestead.

But if it is company that is coming and chairs that hold together are as scarce as the manse as a shower was last year then do a hop skip to Tom Nordales furniture store on Main near Second and cast the family peepers over the fine lot he has on hand. Some of those little folding camp stools he has there too will fill many a sitting down need ere summer is ended. But whether the meal is to be spread on the lawn in the shade of the trees or by a gurgling mountain stream, Butch at the Nyssa Packing has what it takes to make a first class lunch or dinner in the treat line. Long strings of weiners for hot dogs, stacks of fresh ground hamburger for sandwiches, steaks and roasts and cold cuts. Shop in Nyssa and you will not waste thy time and thy gas going farther.

Arcadia

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Warner and their two girls left Monday for Myrtle Point, Oregon where they will visit with relatives until after the 4th.

Bob Warner will care for their things while they are away.

Mrs. G. E. Swan who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. George Moeller and family, left by train Friday evening for Los Angeles, where she will meet her husband who is with the U. S. Navy, and is returning to the states after spending eight months in Honolulu.

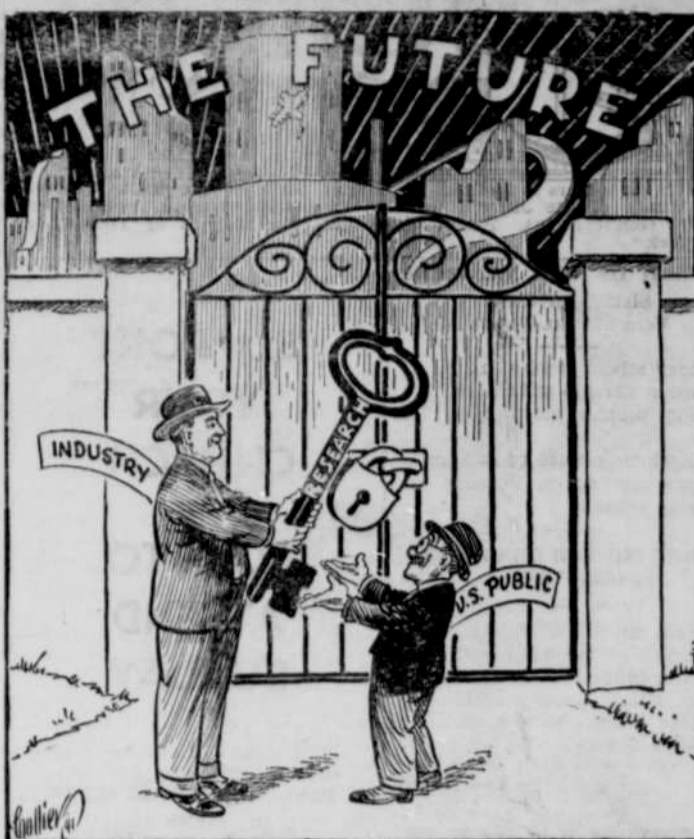
Thirty was present at Sunday School Sunday, with seven visitors, election of officers was held, Mrs. John Hickey was re-elected superintendent, Mrs. Ellis Warner re-elected assistant; Miss Wilma, Buljard, Secretary-Treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stradley left Sunday for Hermiston, Oregon where Mr. Stradley has employment. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have moved in the Stradley house, Mr. Morgan is employed by Ira Ure.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Oris and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Orris plan to leave this week for Burns, where the men have employment.

The Church of the Nazarene of Nyssa held a cottage prayer meeting at the Derrell Williams home Friday

THE KEY TO THE CITY



evening. Donald Burd who left in March for a years training in Kentucky is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burd for two days. Then he will go to the Fort Lewis camp in Washington.

Wilma Bullard is staying with her grandmother, Mrs. Anna Dall this week.

Loll Pryor, John Zittercob, Theo Matherly and George Moller finished cutting their peas last week.

Miss Ida Grace Dodge of Caldwell, who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. John Snow, returned home last week.

Mrs. Theo Matherly is ill in bed. Sam Caldwell who has been in the Boise Hospital, has returned home, some improved.

G. F. Garren is working for Bill Hipp.

Alberta Valley

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Davidson of Parma, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Stam of Oregon Trail, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Tensen and Mrs. Dick Groot were picnicing in Julia Davis park in Boise, Sunday.

C. M. Tensen left for Prairie Summit Saturday.

Miller Jensen and Gerrit Stam have harvested their peas this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Groot visited grandma Stam and Klass in Oregon Trail Wednesday.

C. M. Tensen was in Weiser and Payette on business Tuesday.

Mr. Martin Fischer and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fischer of Nampa were Sunday visitors at the Jake Fischer home.

Les Bogart received a broken leg, above the ankle when a falling tree struck him at Prairie Summit Saturday afternoon. He was employed by C. M. Tensen and was taken to Dr. Van Der Vliet hospital for treatment at Prairie City.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Little of Caldwell were Sunday evening visitors at the John Lackey home.

Donald Jensen has been visiting at the C. M. Tensen home for the past two weeks.

Glenn Wolfe is driving a new car. Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Callahan of Vale visited I. L. Cooper family Tuesday.

Mrs. C. M. Tensen had her tonsils removed Thursday.

Lorraine Fischer and Marvin Frill attended the Pre-School Clinic in Nyssa Tuesday.

Mrs. Charlie McConnell, Mrs. Maskum and Mrs. Smith of Nyssa called at the C. M. Tensen home Sunday.

Mrs. Kees Vander Winkel was a business visitor in Weiser Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Pete Tensen were in Vale on business Thursday.

Mrs. Kris Van Zelf of Arcadia and Mrs. Kees Vander Winkel, were in Emmett Tuesday after cherries.

Mrs. Dick Tensen and daughter, Louise of Nyssa visited at the Dick Groot home Friday.

Nyssa Heights

Miss Norma Suiter attended a bridal shower in honor of Mrs. Clyde Phillips, (the former Carlisle Daugherty) at Wilder, Idaho,

Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Peterson of Boise were guests over the week end at the S. P. Bybee home.

Grandma Seburn who has been at the home of her son, Carl left Saturday, by train. Accompanied by her grandson, Richard McLaughlin, of Redmond, for Powell, Wyoming to be with her sons, John and Cecil who are employed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Birmingham of Salt Lake City, Utah, Mrs. Leonard Howes and children, Mrs. B. L. Bybee of Roy, Utah arrived at the S. P. Bybee home Friday and visited in the four Bybee brothers homes surrounding Nyssa, until Sunday when they departed for Salt Lake City, and Roy, Utah.

Mrs. E. E. Bottner and daughters, Mrs. Roger Tucker and Illa Made a trip to Nampa Saturday.

The Women's Council of the Christian church of Nyssa met at the home of Mrs. John Quigley Thursday afternoon.

Miss Dorima Stimmel of Hometown, Idaho is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Glenn Suiter.

E. R. Anderson was transacting business in Ontario Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Birmingham, Mrs. B. L. Bybee and Mr. and Mrs.

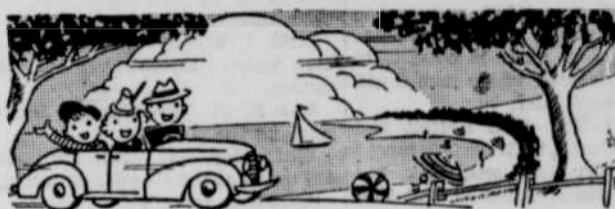
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SUPER DELUXE FORD

Scott went fishing at the Owyhee dam Sunday afternoon.

Attend Convention

Word was received this past week that Mr. and Mrs. Sid Smith who attended the druggists convention at Gearhart that they were enjoying their vacation immensely.

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