

A TYPICAL DAY IN NYSSA

(Contributed)

8:00 a.m.

A typical day in this eastern Oregon community of Nyssa. It promised to be hot. Business men were sweeping their sidewalks; downtown was awakening by degrees. An occasional truck heading from the "Y" came down Main street for the spuds were starting to run. One truck came from the east heading west, loaded. The Red Cross "blood truck" had come to town for the semi-annual summer "letting." It stopped at the high school and disgorged its equipment, its paraphernalia, its apparatus. The local Lions helped it. It was parked, empty, waiting. A typical day.

9:00 a.m.

The gym doors were open. Receptionists and typists were armed with files of blood records, blanks, advice, information. A man came in. He had a pint of blood to give. His cows had been milked hours before. He came early in order to get back for a full day's field work. Good hay was down and waiting. Did he want to give a pint of blood for Paula Parks? Sam and Dottie's girl needed 30 over a period of time. You bet. She'll get that pint. It was a typical day in Nyssa.

10:00 a.m.

They came—slowly, very slowly. A man, two men. A woman, a young girl. Four pints, five pints, six pints. The long line of thermometer chairs, distressingly empty. Now there are two there, thermometers sticking out like unlighted cigarettes. They mumble a greeting as someone goes by. Up to the cluster of nurses. A prick in the finger. Will it sink? It's loaded with iron—down it goes. Have you been sick lately? Jaundice? Not this time. Hold this cotton on your finger and go over there. A typical day.

11:00 a.m.
We'll watch your children, Mrs. Smith. Go right ahead. Two busi-

ness men, another farmer, another housewife. Twenty pints, 21 pints, 22 pints. Where are they all today? There seem so few. It couldn't be possible—no, it couldn't be. This is the Nyssa community blood day. Will you be seated and drink some juice, please. Any kind, help yourself. Here's your record. A face from behind the white curtains. Next. Twenty-three pints. This is really slow. Some have forgotten. Some have gotten busy and forgotten. Call the missing early appointments for a gentle reminder. It happens often; it's typical.

12:00 Noon

Dinner is served for all the working staff. Green jello and buns. Ham. No thanks, no green beans. I only eat them when the kids are around. Where is everybody? This is about the slowest start we've ever had. Did we goof somehow? How many signed up? 175. Is that all? Yup, we sent cards to all the previous donors. Maybe it'll pick up. Clench your fist; now relax. What makes the little pipeline wiggle? Oh, the vacuum in the bottle. Sixty pints, 61. Is it so typical for Nyssa?

1:00 p.m.

A truck has come over from the Boise blood center. One man in the Veterans hospital badly in need of blood. One from Paul, Idaho, over in Pocatello. They are completely out. Fourteen pints. We'll get it; don't worry. They're drawing at Nyssa today. Down on the cot over there and drink lots of liquid in the next 24 hours. Beer? Well, water is best of all. Hello, is your mother or daddy there? Mrs. Jones, this is the blood center. Had your husband forgotten? He did? He will? Good. It's the Lutheran ladies turn. Water. You have to drink it. Juice, coffee, sandwiches. Don't you stick me putting that life saver on. Twice in one day is enough. Pete can't come, has a bad cold. Will this thing pick up any? Man, I hope so. Not so typical.

2:00 p.m.

Give some blood? They'd have to give it to me. Not today. Thank you, next time. No drawing tomorrow, Doc? No. It's always so heavy at Nyssa, the staff is completely exhausted. Doesn't look so good, does it? Can't understand it. No big sickness around. Some on vacation, but there always are some. We've got to analyze this thing. Poor advertising? Program finally petering out here? I don't get it. Bill, any blood in that store? Get 'em down here; this is terrible. I don't know. Can't figure it. Good boy! Sam can't even give for his daughter. They've had 32 pints for her some time ago. At least she got it. She could get a hundred if she needed them. Sure. That's typical here.

3:00 p.m.

The baby was sleeping. I'm sorry I'm so late. That's O.K. We can sure use it. 3:05 p.m. and only 99 pints. It hasn't been like this for years. It's unthinkable! It seems impossible. Open for six hours now and only 99 pints. Well, they only gave 87 over at Boise, that was all day. Boney! This is Nyssa. It's a disgrace. Wouldn't take any money for the ice? That's nice. Enough lifesavers left? We'll have to throw them away. Can't make it until six? We'll sneak you in. Got a car? Fine. Are you sure you counted right, Ethel? Quite a few signed for 5:00? Good. Sugar factory? Yeh. That's typical, but nothing else is anymore.

4:00 p.m.

Thermometer chairs half full. Can't finish my coffee; got to get back to my finger pricking. A thermometer shaker downer? What won't they think of next? It's looking better, but we'll never make it. One-hundred and forty-five, 150, 155. This is more like it. More coffee? Sandwiches? What's in 'em? Cheese, meat, tuna. Doc is drawing, too. Man, that looks good. They're really pressing when he starts. One hundred and sixty. Been after me for seven years to give. I thought women could stand more

Nyssa's Fire Dept. Answers 2 Calls

Nyssa's volunteer fire department was called to two fires this week, neither of which caused serious damage.

Monday morning they were called to 718 N. First where a fire had broken out under the hood of James Shaw's pickup. However, Shaw had extinguished the blaze before the fire truck arrived.

Tuesday evening a fire broke out in the dry grass around Nyssa's Community hall, but the volunteers quickly brought it under control. It was reported to Fire Chief Ralph Lawrence that children had been playing with matches in the dry grass just before the blaze was noticed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tyrrel moved Monday to Adrian from Imlay. Mrs. Tyrrel, daughter of Lem Wilson of Nyssa, is a former resident of this area.

Mrs. Hanna Burbank returned home Tuesday after visiting at the home of her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sparks and family at Minidoka, Ida. She also met her new grandson, Kester Lynn Sparks.

pain than men! I guess I'm just scared. Come on, I'm just as scared as you. How do you feel? Good. Nothing to it, really. Get hurt a hundred times a day much worse than that. Will your husband be surprised—and proud. He was—and she was. Getting more typical.

5:00 p.m.

Look at that line! Sugar factory's here. How are we doing? Two hundred and one. You know we only had 99 at 3:05? It was awful. I can't understand it. There's Herb, from the other side of Parma. How are things in Adrian? Just got back from Baker. Baler broke down. The drop wouldn't sink. Did they shake it? Didn't help. Shucks! What a beautiful sight. Too young, Conchita. Have to be 18 and then with parent's consent. Come next January. In Texas? Next summer, then. Fine. Two hundred and nineteen, 220. Typical, wonderful, typical.

6:00 p.m.

Wait for Vic. He'll make it, always does. Everett? Oh, 20, 21. Winchell? Just about the same. She had 16 and they turned her down last time. Almost cried. Here's Vic. Two girls. We'll get you through. Lions are waiting to load. Start taking it down. Boy, I'm tired. What happened? I don't know. Pretty good. You're grinning, Doc. They did all right. Spud truck goes by, red ones. Truck behind it turns at the "Y" and heads east for Boise. Pretty hot today. Two hundred and twenty-six pints. Typical day in Nyssa.

Annual Rodeo Ends With Idaho Cowboy Taking Top Money

(Continued from Page 4)

tops in Bulldogging Saturday night.

Ken Holloway, McDermitt, Nev., won the top saddle bronc riding prize, \$240, for the two day event. Avon Young, Ontario, took top honors in Brahma bull riding and \$191.40.

The entry fees plus \$1000 prize money put up by the rodeo association meant a total of \$3180 was awarded in prizes for the two nights.

Parade Prizes Given

Prizes were also awarded both nights for entries in the downtown parade which preceded rodeo events. The Chatterbox club had the first place entry in the club floats with the Merry Matrons club second. Bennett's cafe received the best commercial float award with the Polar Bear's entry second.

The prize for the oldest apparel and equipment went to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Clayton. The Vale Rodeo queen was named first for the best matched horse and rider. The Cub Scouts and Brownies both received prizes for the best turnout and the Caldwell Jr. Riding club was named as the largest group represented.

Only One Injured

The only cowboy injured in this year's event was Bill Herrera of Toppish, who was kicked by his bareback mount after the horse fell. Herrera was taken to Malheur Memorial hospital by Steve's Ambulance service where he was treated for multiple contusions and abrasions and released.

Lynn Snodgrass was general manager of the fast-moving show again this year and arena director. Stock for the event was furnished by Frank Prunty of Elko, Nev. Larry Holmes of Nyssa served as chute director and Sonny Wilcox, Fruitland, and Bret Nolan, Weiser, were judges.

Susan Stringer reigned over the two-night show as queen of the rodeo with Judy Gorrell and Sharon Decker as princesses.

Parade Chairman Jim Clayton issued a special "thank you" to everyone in the area who helped with and participated in the two-night parade.



Fines, Probation Given Two Youths

Carlos M. Martinez, 17, and a 15-year-old companion were fined \$25 and \$450 court costs each in justice court when they appeared with their parents before Justice Don M. Graham on charges of stealing 60 gallons of gasoline from Charlie Martinez, no relation, at the Nyssa labor camp. The youths were also ordered to pay \$1.60 each for the gasoline and were placed on probation for one year with the stipulation they must report to Justice Graham every week during the probation period.

Two Nyssans Pay \$35 After Fight

A fight, starting in a local tavern Tuesday evening, cost two Nyssans \$35 each in municipal court yesterday.

Joe I. Madrid and Guadalupe R. Castrellon were both arrested Tuesday evening by local police and charged with disorderly conduct as a result of a fight between the two that started in the Nyssa tavern about 6 o'clock.

Wednesday morning Madrid forfeited \$35 bail when he failed to appear in municipal court and Castrellon was fined \$35 on the disorderly conduct charge. Castrellon was being held in the city jail in lieu of his fine Wednesday.

Organ Clinic Held In Nyssa July 8

The Organ Clinic program which was held in Nyssa in the First Methodist church Tuesday July 8, drew a large audience.

Appearing on the program were Mrs. Grant Jones, piano and organ teacher, Nyssa; Mrs. Ruby Ames, head organist of the First Presbyterian church and organ teacher of Boise, and Ashley Poust Jr., young organist of Payette, who is a student of Mrs. Jones.

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