

Stan's Stand From the Stands . . .

By STAN THOMPSON

LAST SATURDAY'S WRESTLING . . .

Coach Mel Calhoun stumbled through the cold foggy morning down to the high school gymnasium where his wrestling boys were gathered with collars turned up and rubbing sleep from their eyes. The hour was early and the sun was rising somewhere out in the fog.

A large yellow school bus squatted idling beside the dressing room doorway, with a column of steam puffing from its rear and the heater fan whirring undaunted. A couple of stray dogs rambled by to check the bus tires for any strangers in town. Calhoun fished in his pockets for a key to the door, and all went inside, stamping the snow off their shoes. "Let's get our stuff and get going," prompted Calhoun.

Today was the Parma Invitational Wrestling tournament, with 10 schools from around the countryside participating. The affair would last from 10 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. More exactly, it would last from Sky King in the morning through Perry Mason at night, meaning a true sacrifice for a TV pupil.

The Nyssa boys had held their own small tournament to determine who would be best to make the trip, and the winners now were eagerly awaiting bigger game. To reach the top in his weight class, each boy would have at least three different events—a grueling task.

Finally the boys clambered aboard the bus, and the driver pointed it toward Parma. It passed through Main street under the perennial Christmas lights, coasted down one side of the underpass and lugged up the other, took a whiff of pulp, crossed the Snake and disappeared into the hills across the way.

To look into the Parma gymnasium reminded one of the Roman days when gladiators fought to their death in the coliseum pits with large crowds cheering on the gore. The gym floor sat down below the bleachers, and two large rubber mats lay at each end, surrounded by canvas pads for off-the-mat activities.

The wrestlers were herded over the scales, and each was branded his weight on the back of his hand for easy weight reference when picking an opponent. Then the officials decided "might as well get started" and someone blew a whistle.

Two wrestlers faced each other on the mat, and one, looking straight into the other's eyes, growled, "Mister, there ain't room enough on this mat for the both of us."

The other squinted his eyes, shifted his jaw and said, "Stop the small talk and make your play!"

And the tournament began. Soon the gym was alive with shouts and groans. White-clothed referees hovered over struggling entwined arms and legs and signaled points to the scoring bench.

All the eyes in the building focused toward the spongy mats, watching weeks of practice pitted against each other.

Some came limping off the arena saddened, while others came off for pats on their backs. As in any team sport, the individual realizes how his performance reflects on the whole team's standing and growing up gains by leaps and bounds.

This high school wrestling is not like scuffling around the backyard with the neighbor kid. When these boys walk onto the mat, shake hands and turn to face each other, smiles vanish. Instead of flexing muscles and trying to look tough, they begin thinking and planning. Not only do they figure offensive moves but must plan defensively at the same time.

Have you ever tried to think straight with a brawny arm around your neck, nearly squeezing your head right off your shoulders?

Each move is calculated and deliberate. One wrong move and in a blinding flash the wrestler could be grunting and groaning with his shoulders squashing the mat and the referee spluttering through a whistle to the tune of "It's All Over Now."

Candid camera should focus on the spectators who sweat, strain and twitch with each move the wrestlers make. Sometimes these fans are so engrossed they may as well be wearing trunks and crawl onto the mat themselves.

One fellow, with his eyes fast on the mat, wrestled and pinned a folding chair, while another fan got a half-nelson on himself and wouldn't let go until he said "uncle." Many people get to the matches early, take a front seat, turn it around and wait for the show to start.

Soon the day wore itself out and the standings were posted. Nyssa had struggled to a third place with the following team members placing in their individual weight class:

Clayton Hiatt, second, 98-lb.; Mark Poulsen, third, 106-lb.; Jesse Pierce, second, 115-lb.; Gene Jones, second, 123-lb.; Dick McPartland, second, 130-lb.; Eugene Horn, third, 141-lb.; Chuck Corak, third, 168-lb.; Don Arai, third, 183-lb. Don tackled some of the bigger boys instead of wrestling in his usual 168-lb. class.

With the meet over the tired team donned civilian gear and made ready for home. Coach Calhoun was the most tired of all, having wrestled each match every inch of the way as he stayed within earshot of his boys, prompting key moves. So intense was his concentration a bucket of water could have been dumped over his head and he wouldn't have batted an eyelash. This kind of dedication his boys respect.

The large yellow bus had faithfully waited while nearly every dog in Parma made its rounds about the tires. Slushy droppings fell from the dark sky as the boys lumbered into the bus and plopped down on the stiff cushions for the trek out of the hills, across the Snake, by the pulp, through the underpass, past the perennial Christmas lights and home to a peanut butter sandwich.

BULLDOG BASKETEERS LOSE 62-52 AT FRUITLAND

Chick Quinowski swallowed another loss last Thursday on the Fruitland floor. The 62-52 score was still smoking on the scoreboard as a gloomy busload of players headed home. After-game conversation noted that Nyssa made every one of its single-shot free throws but missed all 12 bonus free-shots, potentially 24 points. But second guessing only mires the misery.

The JV squad also fell with a 40-51 defeat.

But the season is young and now is the time the teams need your support. Let's give our Nyssa boys a rooting of confidence and take in their next game—Tuesday, Jan. 2, here at Nyssa.

Ladies and gentlemen, readers of this column, may I wish you and your families a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

—STAN

NYSSAN PRESENTS SONGS IN IDAHO CAPITAL CITY

Mrs. Tom (Alice) Nishitani, wearing a costume of kimono and brocade obi sash, sang a group of six Japanese songs Sunday, Dec. 17, at a musicale and tea staged in the Eli Weston home in Boise.

As an encore she sang the French song, "La Mere Bon Temps." Her accompanist was Emily Mowrey of Payette, Idaho.

The musical program featured several talented valley residents in both vocal and instrumental selections and was presented by Lucille Lippincott and Mrs. Weston.

PINOCHLE PARTY SLATED AT OREGON TRAIL HALL

A pinochle party will be held Saturday evening at Oregon Trail hall beginning at 8:30. A potluck lunch will be served following the card session.

PRICE JOINS AIR FORCE

Gary Price, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Price of rural Nyssa, will leave next week for Lackland Air Force base in Texas to begin basic training in the air force.

WEATHER . . .

Date	Max.	Min.	Prec.
Dec. 13	25	15	.03
Dec. 14	27	16	—
Dec. 15	30	23	.03
Dec. 16	41	22	—
Dec. 17	47	27	.05
Dec. 18	36	28	.08
Dec. 19	40	29	.25
Dec. 20	—	34	.17

Owyhee Lake Storage

Dec. 18, 1961	61,290 Acre Ft.
Dec. 18, 1960	187,360 Acre Ft.

HOSPITAL RECEIVES GIFT FROM KENNEWICK COUPLE

Malheur Memorial hospital is recipient of an osterizer (blender) to be used in the kitchen for preparation of food for elderly patients on special soft diets.

The appliance was presented to the local hospital by Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Fry, former Nyssans, now of Kennewick, Wash. The couple said they were giving it to Malheur Memorial hospital because they think it is a good and deserving institution.

Adrian Lions Report Profit From Supper

According to officers of Adrian Lions club, a large crowd attended the waffle-pancake supper which was sponsored by the group. A total of \$61.80 was gained for the club's sight conservation fund.

Members wish to express their appreciation to those who helped in any way to make the event a success.

Hawison relates that on one Christmas Eve in Canada, he saw an Indian creeping through the woods. Upon inquiry, he said, "Me watch to see deer kneel. Christmas night all deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit."

Throughout northern Germany the tables are spread and lights left burning the entire night, that the Virgin Mary and the angel who pass when everybody sleeps may find something to eat.



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SHORTENING

3-Lb. Can **69¢**

Jolly Time—Yellow or White

POPCORN

2-Lb. Package **29¢**

LIBBY'S—46-OZ. SIZE

PINEAPPLE GRAPEFRUIT DRINK

4 Cans **\$1.00**

Kraft—10 Oz. Size—Miniature

Marshmallows

2 Packages For **39¢**

Libby's—No. 303 Size

FRUIT COCKTAIL

5 Cans For **\$1.00**

Clover Club

CRINKLE-CHIPS

Package **59¢**

Clover Lawn

Whipping Cream

Half Pint Size
2 for . . . **59¢**

Philadelphia

Cream Cheese

8 Ounce Size
2 for . . . **69¢**

Pillsbury or Ballard

BISCUITS

Can **10¢**

PRODUCE

Large—Juicy

ORANGES

4 Pounds **39¢**

Green-Tipped

BANANAS

2 Pounds **25¢**

Finest Quality

MEATS

Keim's—Bestever

Shank Half Or Whole HAMS

Lb. **49¢**

BUTT HALF Lb. **53¢**

Large Stalks—Green, Crisp

CELERY

2 for **25¢**

Treasure Valley—Mild Cure

PICNICS

Lb. **35¢**

No. 1 Assortment—

Mixed Nuts

Pound **39¢**

FRESH

OYSTERS

Jar **59¢**

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We Will Have a Large Selection of Quality Turkeys for Your Holiday Feasting!

We Give SRV Green Stamps on All Purchases!
424 MAIN STREET

NYSSA THEATRE

THURSDAY—FRIDAY and SATURDAY
December 21-22-23

"The KETTLES ON OLD McDONALD'S FARM"

—Starring—
MARJORIE MAIN PARKER FENNELLY

SUNDAY MATINEE—
MONDAY—TUESDAY
December 24-25-26

NO SHOW
CHRISTMAS EVE

JERRY LEWIS

—as the—
"LADIES MAN"

—Co-Starring—
**HELEN TRAUBEL
KATHLEEN FREEMAN
HOPE HOLIDAY
PAT STANLEY**

—Guest Stars—
**BUDDY LESTER
LYNN ROSS
GEORGE RAFT
HARRY JAMES
and His Band**