

Nyssa Gate City Journal

Nyssa C of C

Seventh Annual

KRAZY DAZE

Thursday, Friday
and Saturday

September
22-23-24, 1966



PRODUCING ALVIN ALLEN . . . Nyssa's new Police Chief! . . . look over the dooties efektive Sept. 7 and his appointment in a six-month probationary (dot) period—or should it be a trial (dot)? Uther lawmin to watsh out four are Darrel Zinn, Ron Rookstool and Terry Thompson, patrolmans—they're bigg gunns toooooooooooooooooooo.



"KUM AWAY WITH ME C-H-E-R-Y-L . . . IN MY MERRY . . ." Stopp!! It's jist gotta be a Buick, kause it shure ain't no jeep—and that's Nyssa's Buick-Jeep dealer, Boyd Wilson and his dotter, Cheryl.



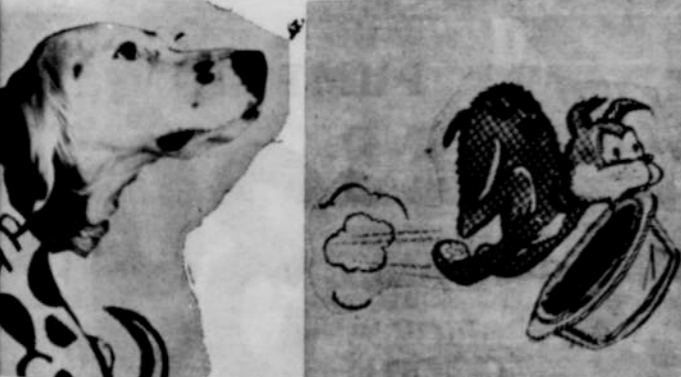
THAT'S GOOD ADVICE, Duke Hipp, but seems Stan Newman has his left arm strait and his neeze slightly bent—in fact, he looks "really relaxed. Oh, their are a fue uther things too "THINK" about! Stay over the ball, keep hed down, eye on the ball, feat firmly planted, uncock wrists, shift weight, etc., etc., etc.—but Stan appears happie. "Enjoy ur game, Stan . . . don't let duke or you bother U!"



THATZ KNOT a "Thunder-aig," Harry Brendle—Looks like a hunk a' cole to us . . . But look agin and you'll sea, bekaus we know your among the best-enformed and won of th' area's top rockhaunds.



MOST JURNAL READERS no awl about that big fish—Fred Bennett. Und thoes who don't can tern to the first page VI (which should be IV—four) of this KRAZY seckshun.



SION, DAUGS and OWNERS — Rex Brammer wunts to no dogg has been steelin' his panz from his lawn lokated at 7th eece in Nissa. His plase is the won with the larje yellor (gar-daug-house.



UR I's — and "Watch Out," Carolyn Young, because cot in the act! But don't feel bad. As manager of Furst onal's Nyssa branch, youre husband, Ron, must keep his all us hydres . . . If hee don't katch us furst, the govern-will.

What's Occurrin' . . .
(SATURDAY ONLY)

- ★ Nyssa Jaycees Serving KRAZY Breakfast
- ☆ The Last Word in RIDICULOUS GARB
- ★ Dignity Scuttled and Forgotten for the Day
- ☆ More 'BELLY LAUGHS' Than in Years
- ★ All-Day FREE Parking (Meters Hooded)
- ☆ Quality Goods at ONCE-A-YEAR PRICES
- ★ Parade—Band, Kids, Dogs (All Krazy)

PLUS

- ☆ SCORES of PRIZES Given by Merchants
- ★ CONTEST for Craziest-Dressed Kids
- ☆ CONTEST for Craziest-Dressed Dog
- ★ CONTEST for Craziest-Dressed Adults
- ☆ MUSIC by Nyssa School Band



"I THINK WAT I KNEAD is sum hoarse-power," says ROD COWGILL to his wife, SHERRIE—as his suns, BRUCE and BRENT paddel away. The Cowgills' tiny tax-reduction, REBECCA LEE, is two small to help row the bote, so didn't git in this foto. Rod was in the Jurnal office on Munday of this week and wunted to no why we didn't get a pitcher of him and his bote winning enny races on Sept. 11. Well, now everywon no's why—he kneaded horse-pauer. We'll give him lotsa credit ennyway—hee was th' onlee Nyssan entered in the Jaycee-sponsored races.



EVELYN and RAY TARTER — "Brewin' upp Tarter sause for tired fires." — O. E.