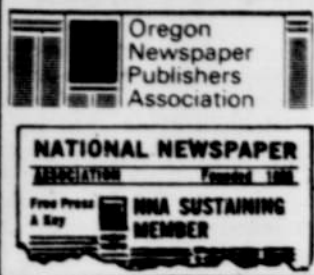


Nyssa Gate City Journal

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Thunderegg Days Best Ever

Our Thunderegg Days just finished has to rank as "best ever" in the nine years it has been in existence. It was a most satisfying experience to all who participated-rockhounds, visitors and workers.

It renews faith in your town, a shot in the arm everyone needs, when you see people by the thousands coming to our town and really enjoying themselves. Questioning our visitors, we hear remarks such as "we found more eggs than we know what to do with," or "we sold out completely," or "we enjoy coming to Nyssa more than any other place we visit."

It's good for a community to have a celebration of sorts that people can work on and promote. It doesn't matter whether it's a rose festival, a lilac festival, a stampede, or Thunderegg Days. It's a chance to toot your own horn, get some publicity, attract some visitors, and build up community pride. Just in the matter of publicity alone, our affair now receives coverage and pictures in the daily newspapers, radio and television.

It's also the kind of affair that attracts the right kind of visitors. There's no interest for the beer drinking, pot smoking element that follows the races and other more vicarious activities. Our rock festival doesn't interest the same bunch that other rock festivals attract.

Emil Wohlcke deserves a great deal of credit for taking over from Wayne Moncur, who was chairman of the event for so many years. Police Chief Alvin Allen and the Lions put on the best barbecue ever, serving about 700 people. Arleigh Adams, president of the Sports Boosters and his crew staged a very successful carnival, filling a need and making money for a good cause. And the Methodist Church people are commended for their usually good ice cream social.

It was a good show, it seems to get bigger every year, and helps keep our community in the forefront with other progressive towns in Treasure Valley.

A Tale of the Pseudo-rockhounds

Editor's note: The Gate City Journal sent reporter Merlin Mann on the tour of the Succor Creek thunderegg beds to find out what it is really like for rockhounds. He filed this report.

By Merlin Mann
Pseudo-rockhounds stuck out like snow in August. They didn't know it, but they came along for the ride. They found a few thundereggs alright, but little ones. They found out you don't attack a buried thunderegg treasure armed only with a camera. Or maybe a sack.

Fantasies were shattered last Thursday when Paul (Lester) Klinkenberg led a long caravan, many rookie rockhounds, for their first visit to the Succor Creek thunderegg beds.

"What do you mean this is the place?" was the expression on the face of one pseudo-rockhound as he gazed into a bpad, dry, sagebrush-laden vale. "Where do I look?"

Klinkenberg explained that the once-above-ground thundereggs were long gone and that you might have to dig a couple feet below the surface ground to find the prized rock. The man then again demanded, "Where do I dig?" He couldn't stand the thought of scraping his elbows in three feet of hot, wasted soil without finding a thunderegg.

After all, he had already survived the dust storm raised by the 30-vehicle caravan that had followed Klinkenberg into the majestically carved Succor Creek Canyon.

Off the dusty beaten path to Succor Creek State Park, the pseudo-rockhounds diligently followed Klinkenberg on, over, around and sometimes through the rough-worn, rocky, washed-out cow trails. They call them roads out there.

After a long day of thunderegging it, more than a few pseudo-rockhounds were to discover it was easier getting into the thunderegg-infested vale, than to climb back out again without four-wheel drive.

In the luxury of Klinkenberg's bouncing four-wheel drive pickup, I often found myself desperately grasping the door's arm rest and more often the dashboard.

Not yet even pretending to be a rockhound, I dove into

the soil for thundereggs. I got my pants dirty, my elbows dingy, and even put down my camera and borrowed a pickax. In a hole I dug myself I unearthed maybe a dozen thundereggs—all in the span of about five minutes. Easy, huh?

None were any larger than my fist.

You quickly learn why rockhounds truly cherish their wares. It takes hours to dig a good hole, maybe a couple of holes to produce large thundereggs, and maybe a lifetime of vacation visits to collect enough thundereggs to sell as some of nature's most beautiful artwork.

Rockhounds are truly a hearty breed. Otherwise, thunderegg bookends would be as common as popcorn, and as costly as sand.

While taking measures not to fall down a steep canyon wall a few hundred feet directly above the state park, I came across a large excavation area of mining pits. You've seen the National Geographic film clips of geologists digging up an ancient city high in the Andes Mountains.

One eye keeps the canyon cliff edge a safe distance hence, while the other peers into a pit.

Inside, there sat two hunched rockhounds, father and son, gently picking at the soft, moist undersoil. Carefully protecting his suddenly delicate new-found rock (one that will require a diamond-blade saw for cutting), the proud father gently lifts out a large thunderegg. The pair struck it rich as they exposed, in the short time I watched, a dozen thundereggs, some approaching a foot in diameter.

Suddenly I had violent wishes that they would become hungry, or thirsty, or tired, anything to make them leave. Here, I was so close to a thunderegg-producing mine. Of course, the real rockhounds wouldn't relinquish such a find nearly that easy. When the thundereggs are coming, rockhounds don't need food, water or sleep.

Only a pseudo-rockhound, like me, could even think of such vices during an obviously rich treasure find.

They continued to probe deeper into their cavern, while I continued to search the slope, hoping I would trip

LETTER TO EDITOR

Editor, The Journal:

We wish to extend a very special thank you to everyone who attended our Thunderegg Days and helped to make it such a huge success.

We also want to thank the many individuals and organizations who worked so hard to make the event a success, and especially:

Ray Huffman for help on the maps.

Roy Winchell for taking care of the tailgating section.

Superintendent W. L. McPartland and school district employees for help around the grounds.

The Methodist Church for the ice cream social and entertainment.

The Lions Club for staging their annual barbecue.

The Nyssa Sports Boosters for their carnival which added much to the festivities.

First National Bank and U. S. National Bank employees for their help at the registration booth.

Nyssa Chamber of Commerce members, the sponsoring organization.

Mrs. Dee Burdette and Paul Klinkenberg for leading the field trips.

A special thank you to city employees and police for their help to those camped at South City Park.

The Treasure Valley Rock & Gem Club for the exhibits at the rock show.

Our visitors remarked about the courteous treatment and friendliness of the Nyssa people, and everyone helped in some way to contribute to the success of the show.

Sincerely,
Emil Wohlcke
Bernard Eastman
Thunderegg Days Committee

Editor, The Journal:

The article in the Boise Statesman stating that Woman's Lib is reaching out to reform the Bible is worth noting. Seems the good book has been sadly remiss in giving equal billing to the female with that of the male. Churches - some of them - are sharpening pencils to rectify this long standing indignity to the fair sex.

Certain hymns, the communion prayer, even one of the commandments must delete certain discriminating wordings. Some of these grievous injustices demanded a reprinting of the originals. When this was found to cost too heavily it threw a monkey wrench in the whole business.

What is confusing is their utter lack of knowledge of the English language. Webster tells us man means not only one man but the whole human race. Used in this sense it has no gender. Perhaps someone will so notify these church dignitaries. The commandment causing these women to take sleeping pills is, "man is not to covet his neighbor's wife." How this downgrades women is debatable.

What, actually, do these women wish? They have no knowledge of the contentment and complacency of the women of the past generation who were neither stupid or naive. Some of us yet remember "Women given the right to vote would end all chicanery." We visualize women looking for new fields to conquer and there it lies, ready for the brass band.

Women are being held second in stature to men. Such flagrant insults must end. Such as the sweet old hymn "strong men and maidens meek" must read "each age its strength can bring." Makes you feel so good - if female - when singing the new version. You poke your husband in the ribs in sheer satisfaction. He can wash the dishes this week.

In the meantime why not facilitate the entire problem and get it over? Take male hormones. Would not necessitate much change in the wardrobe. They are already full of pants. This way women would be free to seek their "windmills", and bless them, they will find them.

Bessie E. Long

over a perfect, rare thunderegg that had been there millions of years - just waiting for me to come along.

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OBITUARIES

Charles J. Newbill

Charles Joseph Newbill, 73, rural Nyssa, died Wednesday, July 31, 1974 at Malheur Memorial Hospital.

He was born June 20, 1901 in Malheur County and had been a lifelong resident of the county. He married Gladys Garrison on March 8, 1929, at Vale. He was a retired farmer. He had been a professional baseball pitcher after pitching at Oregon State when a young man.

He is survived by his wife at Nyssa; a son, Don Newbill, rural Nampa; a daughter, Mrs. Betty Kurtz, rural Nyssa; his mother, Nellie Newbill, Nyssa; eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Services were conducted Friday at the Lienkaemper Chapel in Nyssa by the Rev. Robert Hutchinson, pastor of the Nyssa Methodist Church. Interment was at Nyssa.

Frederick Points

Services for Frederick "Fred" Points, 79, Nyssa, who died Saturday in a Portland hospital, will be conducted at 10 a.m., Thursday at the Lienkaemper Chapel in Nyssa by the Rev. Earl Traugbber of the Fruitland Brethren Church. Interment will be in the Nyssa Cemetery.

He was born July 5, 1895 in Sewal, Iowa. He moved to Nyssa in 1942 from Berryville, Arkansas. He had been employed at the Amalgamated Sugar Company until he retired in 1960. He was a veteran of World War I.

He was a member of the Church of the Brethren in Fruitland and World War I Barracks, Vale, No. 352. He was married to Beulah Wright in Clilo, Iowa, July 28, 1920.

He is survived by his wife, Beulah of Nyssa; three sons, Robert A., McMinnville, Oregon, Hubert D., Sweet Home, Oregon and Thomas A., Boise; a daughter, Mrs. Dick (Delores) Labby, Nyssa; three brothers, Elmer J., Flagstaff, Arizona, Delmer M., Nyssa, and Don A., Sweet Home, Oregon; a sister, Mrs. William (Helen) Mayden, Nyssa; nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by two brothers, John and Everett Points and one sister.

Rube Long

Will Be Missed

Oregon agriculture lost a good and faithful friend last week. When Rube Long died in a Bend hospital at the age of 76, one of the industry's foremost conservationists was lost to us. He retired a year or so ago from the State Board of Agriculture, where his counsel on range management was always sought and always respected.

Rube's reputation as an agriculturalist was overshadowed by his renown as an author and speaker. He was often compared to Will Rogers in his homey approach to matters of public concern and, like Rogers, usually had a well-turned phrase to simplify a complex situation.

Rube's acquaintances were legion and all counted themselves his friend. That's the way he made a person feel and that's the way he felt, too.

Rube went Rogers one further. He said, "I never met a man or horse I didn't like." He was gentle with both and both loved him for it.

A high-country desert range man all his life, Rube Long's kind may be lost to us forever. If so, Rube, it was great while it lasted.

Oregon Agriculture News Service

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Members and friends of St. Paul's Episcopal Church are invited to dress informally for this Sunday's Eucharist. The Rev. Miss Croom announced that immediately following the service, the congregation plans to leave for a "potluck" picnic at Owyhee Dam, and an afternoon of recreation on the lake.

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NAZARENE CHURCH NOTES

Thursday, noon, Special time of Prayer at the parsonage.

Saturday, 8 p.m., Film "Angel in Ebony" will be shown in the Fellowship Hall. This Christian Gospel film portrays the true story of Sammy Morris, an African Prince who was seized in war, suffered days of torture, later converted and came to America in search of the Spirit-filled life. The public is invited; Come and bring your friends; no admission charge but an offering will be taken.

Sunday, 7 a.m., Morning Prayer at the Church.

9:45 a.m., Bible study and Christian Education classes.

11:00 a.m., Worship service with message by Pastor Russell.

7:30 p.m., Evening Gospel Hour.

Monday, August 12-17, Summer Camp time for Junior girls at Victory Cove, McCall.

Tuesday, 9:30 a.m., Young Women's Bible Study at the home of Kay Rodriguez.

Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., Prayer and Bible study.

"Thank God even for the rough places. Remember, if from the stream of Life you remove the rocks, it will lose its song."

CONSERVATIVE BAPTIST CHURCH

Local Conservative Baptist Church records many encouraging signs with records set for Sunday School and Church attendance during July. Youth attendance was excellent and a total of 22 young people attended camp this summer at Warm Lake.

During the month, five confessed their faith in Christ by baptism.

Rev. Don Beattie, pastor.

My Neighbors



"Ah Ah ah—today's junk is tomorrow's antique!"



Bruce Kelly

Ken Crossley

NEW ELDERS CALLED TO SERVE THE NYSSA AREA FOR L. D. S. CHURCH.

Two full-time Elders have been called to represent the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in this area. They are Elder Bruce Kelly from Memphis, Tennessee and Elder Ken Crossley from San Diego, California. They are sent from Salt Lake City as full-time missionaries and have been assigned here from the Idaho-Pocatello Mission Office.

Young men such as these are called to serve a Mission for two years or more and though it is not "mandatory" it is considered a privilege and opportunity to explain the teachings and doctrines of the Restored Gospel to the world. These young men, while being fully ordained

ministers, are not paid for their time as they are sustained by their families, their own savings, or Priesthood Quorums in their home wards (congregations). At the completion of their missions these young men will return to their homes and families to complete their college education or training for their life's occupations.

Of special importance is their message concerning the unity of families and the "Family Home Evening" programs of the Church but of interest to everyone of every faith. For further information in the Nyssa, Vale and Parma areas contact The Elders at 372-3159 or in Ontario 889-3036.

Conservative Baptists Slate Bible School

The Conservative Baptist Church at 318 Locust Avenue will be holding daily Vacation Bible School beginning August 12 to 16. There will be classes, games, Bible stories, hand crafts, recess and refreshments and a closing assembly each day.

School starts at 9 a.m. and closes at 11:30 a.m.

All children of the area community are welcome.

A qualified staff including one summer missionary, Dave Klob from the Child Evangelism Fellowship of Oregon will be on hand at all times.

Heading the program will be Dee Stam, superintendent, assisted by Sharon Matthew and Jan Filer.

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