

The Frontier Woman —

Ever Ride the Route with a Mail Carrier? Here's a 'Fascinating Letter' from Stuart

By BLANCHE SPANN PEASE

Hi there, all you nice people! Now keep your temper today and just forget that neighbor may not think the same thing you do. Just recall how good they were the last time you were ill or had a death in the family. This is America, you know.



Blanche Spann Pease

How about fried apples for supper tonight? Ever tried using maple syrup instead of sugar when frying apples? It's mighty good. So is plain or dark syrup. Try it and don't add water. Add a small handful of cinnamon candies (red hot) just for the fun of it to see what happens. Something will!

Got a new table oilcloth? Give it a coat of wax. Paste wax is preferable. It will wear longer, and, goodness knows, these days something's got to wear longer!

Did the kids cut a slit in the new one? Well, kids will be kids, I always say, as I haul one down from the windmill ladder and the other one out of the garbage can. Just paste a length of adhesive tape, a bit longer than the cut place, on the under side. You won't be able to tell it was cut.

You lucky person you, do you have a new set of luggage? Right now, quick, give it a coat of paste wax. It will wear that new look longer than you think if this is done.

Did the kids get the tins off the end of the shoe laces? Never mind, dip them in nail polish.

If the baby wears white shoes, keep several pairs of extra shoe laces and boil them. Nothing looks worse than grey shoe strings in white shoes.

Subscription Winning Letter

Dear Mrs. Pease:

I have been wanting to write and tell you how nice people are on a mail route. You often hear of the trials of the rural mail carrier, and patrons often air their gripes, so I want to tell you about all the nice things that happen. Oh, not all, as that would fill a book. I substitute on a star route every Summer for a while and friends exclaim, "How monotonous to make the same trip everyday!" But many's the time it is an adventure.

It's Monday morning and I start for the postoffice wondering how I'll get those pesky Sunday papers folded with all the other assortment. Then I recall how I enjoy reading it Sunday afternoon. So maybe I'm bringing some one some pleasure. What were the "Lines from a Little House?" Oh yes, then I mentally start another letter to The Frontier Woman.

On Monday, I can usually count on picking up a handful of letters at the Cleveland corner as many attend services there who are not regular patrons.

Tuesday rolls around and I'm on my way. Not much mail so I'm concentrating on my driving, trying to miss a few bumps. I wonder if that left tire will go down again? The next box has no mail, but I

see the flag is up so I begin guessing what I'll pick up. Is it a letter to a mail order house or a post card? Missed both, and, my, what pretty stationery!

I like pretty and different stationery, like to recognize handwriting and notice stickers, birds, Bible verses or flowers. There's a little letter in childish writing—I'm betting grandma will be tickled.

Wednesday is Post day and there is usually a chuckle in the cover picture. There is a sprinkling of catalogues. I wonder if that piece of road they graded last week will be passable today as a detour would be worse?

In the Spring, I like the smell of a freshly plowed field, noticing newly set out fruit or shade trees, the plum blossoms in every gully on the river and white clumps along the road. Later, the smell of new mown hay. How quickly the sunflowers cover the stubble with their gold. In the Fall, the plums are shining red, the grapes are a luscious purple, going across the Niobrara, the ivy and sumac are flaming red, the ash and the cottonwood golden, the oak mostly green yet, the first glimpse of water like a shiny blue ribbon through the trees. Here and there are brightly colored birds along the river road.

Thursday and I'm bouncing along. No COD or insured package so like as not I'll not see anyone today. There are several packages—some a red shoes, I think. Others inform the "Rattle is okay" and others "Do not drop or throw." The next flag is up and I reach in and start to pull out a package. I think "My! It looks bumpy." Then I see, "For the Mail Carrier." Peeking in I see two lovely muskmelons. Thanks Mrs. Keidel!

Scarcely a week goes by that there isn't something for the carrier, apples from the Demings, cucumbers from Sweets, string beans

Sandhill Sal

To some folks, a grain of sand in their shoes is just that, but to others it's an unsurmountable mountain.

The lady with the large hat never thinks of it. She's too busy being annoyed with the rattle of the popcorn sack behind her.

Some folks aren't even smart enough to open their mouth and put their foot in it. They go right on yapping.

Some women keep their house as if they expected their mother-in-law to drop in any minute.

A good way to keep a friend is to remember all the nice things said about them, and repeat them to the friend. And don't be one of those people who think somebody ought to be told something. The screen door may slam in your face some day.

Oh Sandhill Sal, what did you eat for breakfast? Or were both sides of the bed the wrong side this morning? Fie! You talkative woman you!

from Ethel, melons from the Shearers, sweet corn from Blanche, pumpkins from Fros, tomatoes from Tinkins. I could go on and make a list as long as my arm.

At Christmas, there is a different variety, some bundles are alive like chickens, ducks and once a goose—its head out and through a hole in a gunny sack. On its head it was wearing a gay seal and around its neck a Christmas tag "For the Carrier and Family."

Friday is a weekly paper day, or else Thursday, and quite a lot of mail. There's a sprinkling of packages for good measure. I just have to take a peek at our paper before I leave the office to see who today's winner is. Oh, it's a lovely letter from Helen. I must stop and tell her to write more often.

Saturday is a usual day only a little warmer and my so windy. The blacksmith on his way to get his mail asks, "How much rain did you get in Stuart last night?"

"None!"

"We need it here, too." On his way back to the shop he had a wide smile.

"I got a letter from my mother in Denmark. She is nearly 83 and writes me every month. My father is 85 and he rides a bicycle to town four miles every day."

On other occasions he has told other interesting things about the old country ending, "I don't want to go back, I like it better here."

Today Mrs. Bowdin substitutes for her husband and we compare notes on canning as well as the rough roads.

As I get nearer home I drive along wondering what I should bake for Sunday. I'll take a peek at Cappers—they may have a suggestion. I don't get an idea but when I get home Mary has baked a batch of chocolate chip cookies, and Nola used that cup of sour cream and baked a very nice cake. That's settled and how nicely. "Is the cleaning finished?" To which Rita and Karen answer they cleaned the bathroom. Joe and Francis watered the garden and found the first ripe tomato which Jean brings on the run, her curls bouncing.

Everything is done so we all go down town in the evening for a while and be sure and get those wieners so we can have an outing, maybe at Grandma's on Sunday. This makes everyone go to bed happy and ready to get up and go to church in the morning to start another week which will be brand new.

I know this letter is too long, but maybe it will start a good fire.

MRS. G. L. OBERMIRE, Stuart, Nebraska.

What a fascinating letter. I enjoyed every word of it and I know our readers did too. Now why don't some of the rest of you get busy and write? Remember we give a three-months' subscription for each letter we use in The Frontier. Address your letters to Mrs. Blanche Pease, The Frontier Woman, Atkinson, Nebraska.

REDBIRD NEWS

The out-of-town visitors Saturday, October 23, were: Mr. and Mrs. George Barta, Miss Eva Truax, John Hull, Claude Pickering, W. H. Hartland, John Wike, of Lynch, Lyle Ferran and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Carstens, of Scottville, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Hull, Henry Snyder, of Page, and Elmer Luedtke and family.

Harvey Krugman, of Opportunity, hauled alfalfa hay to Redbird Saturday, October 23. Albert Carson drove to Spencer, Saturday, October 23, to attend the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. William Conrad were here Sunday, October 24, enroute to visit Mrs. Lloyd Phelps.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bessert autoed to Atkinson to attend the stock sale Monday, October 25.

Elmer Luedtke was here on business Tuesday, October 26. Mrs. Pete More autoed to Opportunity Tuesday, October 26.

A. Bessert was in Redbird Tuesday, October 26. Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Hull and John Hull drove to Lynch on Tuesday, October 26.

Albert Carson is sporting a new Kaiser car which he purchased recently.

M. A. Melting, of O'Neill,

was a caller in Redbird Wednesday, October 27.

William Wilson, of Boyd county, was here Wednesday, October 27.

Robert Cerny, of Naper, is working for Albert Carson.

Otto Ruzicka and family, of near Dorsey, drove to Lynch Wednesday evening, October 27.

Mrs. Vera Moody, teacher at Redbird school district 3, gave a Halloween party at her school in Boyd county on

Thursday evening, October 28.

Mrs. Leon Mellor visited at the home of Mrs. William Wilson Thursday, October 28.

Harold Halstead was in Redbird Friday, October 29.

William Hartland was here Friday, October 29.

Miss Eva Truax was a caller at Redbird Friday, October 29.

Alvin Luedtke and Beryle Bessert were here Friday, October 29.

Bus Green, of Lynch, was in

Robert Wiley, of Dorsey, was here Thursday, October 28.

Redbird Friday afternoon, October 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Cihlar were visitors in Redbird Friday, October 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Barta were in Redbird Friday, October 29.

Ray Wilson and Garry were in Redbird Saturday, October 30.

Guy Keller, of Lynch, was here Saturday, October 30.

OSBORNE'S

The Family Shoe Store

O'NEILL



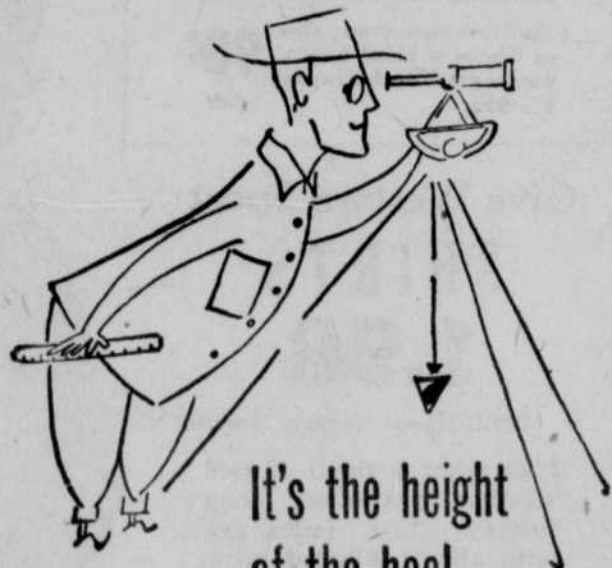
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Nov. 5—St. Mary's Academy vs. Spaulding Academy, At O'Neill.

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