

# PRAIRIELAND TALK

By  
ROMAINE  
SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—Mrs. F. P. Hunter, a resident of the charming Redbird community, challenges Nebraskans to open their eyes to the treasures close, "the tumbled gray and the bar of rose," within their own state.

Our citizens roam across the north in the response to the lure of painted deserts, mountain peaks reaching into the region of perpetual snow, sullen gorges and gloomy forests. Now from the accomplished lady of the Redbird comes a picture of the autumn glory in the bewitching region of northern Holt county, touched not alone by nature's master artist, but rich in memories of pioneer daring and the mystic legends from a period when the curling smoke of campfires sent up signals above the wigwams of Spotted Tail's dusky bands.

Nebraska holds other charms.

Have you ever swung across the far-flung prairie and riding a strong-limbed gelding? Miles of grass lands reach to the thin line of the distant horizon, little lakes that reflect the sunlight like island seas of pearl, the startled wildlings that make their home among the grass-roots and take to flight at the approach of man.

Have you stood alone on prairieland when "the evening star drops low in the heart of the evening's afterglow? Have you stood under the stars and looked into the depth of eternity above you? Have you looked out upon the pink glow on an early summer morning and felt the fragrant warmth of rose-scented air as you have walked in the grass that has been weaved by the distilled breath of seraphims? Have you felt the full-flowing tide of mental and soul repose, the quiet rest the charm out there on the Nebraska prairieland, where nature and nature's God come close to human hearts?

The prices of lovely places in Nebraska should be sung with an ever-swelling chorus. From what has appeared from the pen in this department concerning the charms of prairieland, interest has been

aroused in far-away communities.

And now, from a gifted pen out at Redbird, we have been given a picture of other Nebraska scenery.

The speaker had been dealing with humanity's two fundamental emotions, love and hatred, directing the attention of his hearers to the proposition that practice not pretense is the thing that matters.

To illustrate this thought he read a note purporting to have been written by an ardent suitor to a young woman, which read something like this:

For one look into the depth of your lovely eyes I would climb the summits of the rugged Alps; for the thrill of sitting by your side I would contend with the tide of the raging waters of the Tigris; neither tempest nor storm, drifting snow or wind's wild roar, ice barriers of the north or burning sands of the south, all the terrors of Plutonian fires can not withhold me from your charming person. And tomorrow I will come to you—if it doesn't rain.

Forty-two years ago, November 2, 1905, The Frontier let loose its final broadside in the windup of a political campaign as such were carried on only in Holt county. The front page carried all columns charged with dynamite, some done in 18 and 24-point type, and among other things said that the populist brethren of O'Neill who were after the county offices owed the county \$18,000 in delinquent taxes. Of course, delinquent taxes at that time were a common disgrace, if indeed it could be counted as such.

The populist forces went down before the onslaught and the issue of The Frontier following the election had this paragraph among the local items:

"Was it an election or an explosion," said Wallace Johnson, the tall sycamore from the hills of Eagle creek who was in town Tuesday. "The pops were blown clear to the sky and it looks more like an explosion to me," he continued. "Whatever it was, the result is bully."

It is said bread has disappeared from the White House dining tables. Maybe by mutual consent of the household any member may repair to the kitchen and help himself to a slice without being under suspicion.

Inflated prices are the inevitable fruitage of the conduct of men beating the war drums. If you can identify the individual who laid the tragedy of war on Yankeeland you have the fountainhead of all its bitter consequences.

I planted a seed and thought to pluck a blooming rose. The seed sprouted, put forth its shoots and blossomed. I plucked a lemon.

December 1. Skies have brushed back the gloom that hung above this part of Nebraska for a month. The low December sun sheds warmth and light and this Monday afternoon washings at thrifty households hang in the sunshine to dry. You may sit in an open door and see through denuded trees to the distant hills, brown and vacant of animal life. Word comes from the winter paradises of Florida and California that "cold and wet" prevails. Old Sol has brought the temperature up to 68 degrees outside today.

A Wyoming gent was fined a cool one hundred out at Gering for having towed a car across the state "without a permit." It is said "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Vigilance and \$100.

Don't blame it all on the lumberyard. Wages of the building trades have increased 76 percent since 1940, while the output per day, or amount of work accomplished on the job, has decreased by 38 percent. This sort of thing has had encouragement from the White House. Whether Mr. Truman's proposal for executive authority over wages contemplates reduction or increase is not clear. If the country ever gets back to normal conditions there will have to be more of the spirit of give and take.

One of those weekly publications, comprising 100 pages, found amidst the bewilderment on newsstands, has a list of 165 editors and managers. That gives each a job of providing material for a little more than half a page that measures 7x10-inches.

Omaha is to have a water-unloading river craft is on the way. A dock for loading and way to completion.

The taxes on a tract of land in Montana for the half-year period amounted to 17 cents. All aboard for Montana!

Away in the dead, dreary past it was discovered that the then treasurer of Grattan township was short in his accounts, the township pretty badly in the hole and cold chills playing up the spines of bondsmen. And then came the township meeting, which was an event.

The inimitable, irrefutable Col. D. A. Doyle delivered himself of the most notable speech that punctuated the gathering of the community notables. "I blush and bow my head in shame," said the colonel, "to learn that one of our citizens in whom we had reposed our confidence has proved false."

O. F. Biglin, one of the bondsmen, pretending neither wit nor words nor worth as an orator, probably had the most cheering word spoken at the meeting. He had secured \$700 and the deed to 160 acres of land, "worth \$20 an acre," from the erstwhile treasurer to apply on the shortage. Up until recent years, public office in many instances was pretty much of a robbers' nest in various counties as well as the statehouse.

Charles J. Clark, of Chambers, was in Lincoln the last weekend of November on a mission as old as the human race, to which old Romans endowed with a godly mantle. Mr. Clark, a prosperous and energetic young ranchman of northern Garfield county, was joined here by a charming young lady from Missouri, Miss Frances Williams, and they proceeded to her home at Mansfield, on the edge of the Ozarks, where they are to be married December 7. Their permanent home will be the Clark ranch southwest of Chambers.

Six big Chicago, Ill., newspapers faced with a strike of press regularly, through the printers found a way to go to medium of typewriters and photographic plates, while 1500 printers sucked their thumbs and tramped the picket line. Something must have happened to the ITU constitution since I carried a "card." It once provided that all matters of wages and working conditions should be settled by arbitration, strikes being illegal.

Thirty cents' worth of red beef when steers were a nickel

on the hoof now costs \$2.40. The packers set the price of meat animals at the stockyards, hence it is in their power to raise or lower prices. The grain exchange sets the price on wheat and corn and raise or lower according to the whims of speculators.

Daily tons of gifts for overseas are going through the Lincoln postoffice and substations. One man informed me he had packed 1,345 pairs of shoes that go in a carload of clothing sent out by one organized group. No much "second hand" clothing is left in

the Lincoln area.

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