

Prairieland Talk—

Not 'Fluffy, Fluttering' Flakes

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS, 4110 South 51st St., Lincoln 6, Nebr.

LINCOLN—In a recent number of "In All Its Fury," a publication devoted to perpetuating the memory of the great blizzard of January 12, 1888, appears a story by the late T. A. Graham under the title, "The Blizzard in Holt County."

I do not know where the author's home was in Holt county. There was a Graham family out in Shields township which we knew well. The Graham that wrote the blizzard story was apparently not of that family. To give his story a touch of literary nicety, he went at it this way: "Beautiful fluffy, fluttering snowflakes great numbers of them, were sinking slowly, half floating toward our earth."



Romain Saunders

Not so that morning in O'Neill where the engineer of this department was. No "fluffy, fluttering snowflakes" of the poet's dream. Rather a snow cloud dropped to earth driven by a mighty tempest "in all its fury."

(Editor's note: It is possible the Mr. Graham referred to above was a member of the Graham family south of Emmet. One member of that family in recent years wrote a book of limited circulation. A highlight of that book concerned a classic south of Emmet bullfight.)

Pluck a dandelion bloom despised, but where can you find a speck of gold among the green more like a touch of color divine. Pause, sniff and look where lilacs bloom along the way, as you hurry about from day to day. Things of nature, the stalwart pine, blooming bush and green robed earth, endless as time.

At the annual meeting in June, 1906, T. D. Hanley, Dr. P. J. Flynn and D. J. Cronin were elected to serve on the school board. The report of Dr. Gilligan, treasurer, showed the district indebtedness to have been reduced during the year from \$20,000 to \$8,000. . . 82-year-old Grandfather Powell of Stuart, having received a letter from a niece whom he had expected to care for him that she was going to be married and could not come to him, went out to the barn, ended his life with a bullet in the brain. . . M.D. Wilcox, postmaster and merchant at Dixon, S. D., was convicted in court on a charge of stealing horses. . . Fire destroyed the Bowen livery barn on lower Fourth street and the Bazelman lumber business a night in June that year. . . Misses Clara Gatz and Eula Barton were visiting friends in Orchard. . . Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cole were spending a day or two with their daughter at Amelia.

Can't teach your dog how to do it? Well, the trainer must know more than his dog!

Editorial—

What Isn't Complicated?

A great deal is written and said these days about the revolution that is taking place in rural (agricultural) America.

Farming and ranching, like other industries such as manufacturing, are undergoing radical changes due to the increased use of machinery, electrical gadgets, even electronics.

The horse has practically disappeared. Similarly the need for extra farm hands has diminished even though farm units are larger. In the ranching community, there are seasonal demands for extra ranch hands, but it's a widely accepted fact the rural population has diminished in the past 20 years and it is becoming more and more difficult to keep the young ones down on the farm. Someone has figured the rural population in America is about half what it was in 1929.

A generation ago it was generally felt that "anybody can farm". Now it's "anybody can TRY farming."

To succeed at farming or ranching hereabouts, capital investment amounts to 50- to 100-thousand-dollar. One must have credit and considerable dough to get into agriculture today.

Relatively few can get any such amount of credit, so there are relatively few new farmers or ranchers. The new ones come into it by virtue of birth or marriage. Any more very few start from scratch.

Then there's the deterrent of taxes. Young farmers and ranchers today labor under a tax bite and an inflated dollar that foreclose almost before the operator can get his feet on the ground.

The farmer and rancher of tomorrow must be more than a capitalist. He'll also be required to be a technician, versed in various skills. Either Mr. Farmer himself or some member of the family has to be an accountant for one thing, and he must have at least elementary ability in mechanics, soil culture and economics with emphasis on marketing. This makes farming and ranching sound, complicated and difficult.

But what isn't complicated and difficult nowadays?

The product parade is a novel idea and undoubtedly will attract considerable interest.

Not a Chance If He's Lazy

This is an age of specialization. When a special job is to be done, we call a specialist.

But when an individual is out of a job and he happens to specialize in thumping watermelons to find out whether they are ripe, that is bad. If he is drawing unemployment compensation, he can simply sit back and wait until the watermelons are ready.

The public can offer him a job of bookkeeping, helping brand cattle, shoveling coal or herding bees, but he doesn't have to take it. He can stand on his constitutional right, refuse work at which he is untrained, and occasionally get a dose from the county.

This calls attention to a few local problems. Try and find a man to spend four or five days cleaning up your premises. Billiards and bowling, even the ice show in Omaha, can prevent certain otherwise unemployed workers from taking on a part-time job.

We know of an unemployed person who turned down a good job at good pay for a few days. "If I take it," he replied, "I'm supposed to report it. That will come out of my unemployment check."

This is an age of specialists. The jack of all

The night has run its course, another morning dawns, the bright glow of sunbeams from an unclouded orb of day flood the eastern horizon. Another pleasant May day starts down the highway of time, a day for planters in the "corn country" to rattle across fields, another day of apple blossom time. City dwellers rake and scrape a bit of garden ground, mow lawns and sprinkle water over grass and walks. Nature awakens from winter hibernation and puts on the silken gown of green, bud and blossom and leaf. Memorial day a little way off when we place again our floral tribute at the abode of our dead. Mother's day a little way behind, father's day just ahead; but to devoted sons and daughters here in prairieland every day is mother's, is father's, ever mindful of the divine admonition, honor thy father and thy mother.

A citizen of that little state of Rhode Island, F. M. Felts, has compiled a work dealing with the history of Holt county which will appear in book form later this year. Prairieland has a rich store of pioneer experiences of historical interest, and none more so than Holt county—romance and adventure, tragedy and comedy, political battles covered wagons of the pioneers and saddle horses on down to automobile days; homesteaders "happy as a clam in this land of Uncle Sam" while holding down a claim. The late J. J. McCafferty wrote the story just as he saw it, and it is greatly to be regretted that it is greatly to be regretted that it was never published. Holt county citizens await with anticipation and interest the Felts story of the settlement of the prairieland empire of Holt.

So the barbers of O'Neill have formed a trust, still individually cut hair but at a price cutting. Memories of Fred Harre, of John Smoot and the two-bits for a handclipped haircut and another dime for a shave. Now the barber goes over heads with machinery, the machine age, asks and gets a dollar for mowing the upper story meadow. Most of them down this way charge a dollar and a half. Our dollars are said to be about worthless. But how is it everybody, even the cordial gent at the barber's chair, has a hand out reaching for the dollars? One dollar for a 25-cent haircut, two dollars a night for the pillow at the hotel you once got for 50 cents. Why not with the guys saving boards and driving nails demanding \$20 a day?

Told me his name was Martin and his home in Greeley county. In Lincoln to hobnob with his daughter and family and would visit others of his tribe in Oklahoma before returning to Wolbach. He had helped win the late war by holding down a war job in Grand Island and now had joined the ranks of the hasbeens. A remaining bit of masculine modesty so I refrained from asking her name, a lady holding up in the capital who said she was from Custer county, and Prairieland Talker is from Holt county. So Lincoln draws citizens and visitors from all over the state. Are there Holt county patriots who have not yet set foot on O street Come down and see us!

trades, master of none, just hasn't a chance—that is, if he doesn't want to work.

Teach Children Tractor Safety

No parent in his right mind would give his boy a charge of dynamite and instruct him to blast out a tree stump, yet many parents don't think twice about letting their youngsters operate a tractor without proper training.

The National Safety Council's study of 317 tractor fatalities revealed that 50 of the victims were children under 10 years of age, and almost one-third of the fatalities were less than 20 years of age.

You as a parent have the greatest opportunity to instruct your boy in tractor safety. Begin by showing him that the controls must be easily reached and applied if accidents are to be prevented. Let physical maturity and maturity of judgment dictate when your boy can operate the tractor.

A short piece of rubber hose, a toy tractor, and a string tied to the tractor can be used for an effective demonstration of causes of tractor upsets. When the toy tractor is pulled in a straight line over the hose causing the rear wheel to cross the hose, the tractor takes a bounce and remains upright. But when pulled in a circle at the same speed, this bump upsets the toy tractor easily.

Demonstrate the danger of unshielded power takeoff shafts with an old dishtowel. Wrap one corner of it around the shaft, hold the opposite corner lightly. With everyone well back from the shaft, start the tractor motor, open the throttle about half, and engage the PTO shaft.

Being in a hurry to clean off a cutter bar has resulted in many serious accidents. Use a carrot attached to a nail in the end of a board to show how quickly fingers are lost when exposed to the fast-moving cutter bar.

Demonstrate also the correct techniques in refueling a tractor and hitching equipment. Important, too, is know how to extinguish a fire. Light a pan of crude oil and let your boy actually put out the fire with an air-charged, dry chemical extinguisher. Also, show him the effectiveness of other extinguishers, water-soaked sacks, and dirt in controlling fire.

Our only hope is that the attacks on Vice-President Nixon were not representative of the feeling toward America by all Peruvians. We are told the demonstrations were communist inspired. There is no doubt such demonstrations are a comic tactic. But the question is: Are all anti-American exhibitions communist shows? Or is it possible we don't win many popularity contests any more? In any event the violence is a sad chapter and most certainly was the work of thugs regardless of political affiliation.

THE FRONTIER

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher

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Bowling Team Competes in Omaha

Members of the Caterpillar girls' bowling team from O'Neill competed in mixed singles in the Missouri Valley Machinery company's tourney recently in Omaha. Left-to-right: Mrs. Art (Carol) Tibbets, Mrs. Joe (Delores) Menish, Mrs. Don (Harriet) McKamy, Mrs. Clifford (Nel) Harding,

and Mrs. Donald (JoAnn) Wecker. In the field of 50 men and women, Mrs. McKamy won fifth; Mrs. Wecker, 14th. In O'Neill bowling the girls participated in the Booster league and at present stand in second place with three weeks of league competition remaining. — The Frontier Photo.

When You & I Were Young . . .

Townsend Owner of 24-hp Jackson Car

To Buzz Holt, Boyd Brown Counties

50 Years Ago

Roy Townsend is proud possessor of a 24-horse power Jackson automobile. He'll find it convenient travelling in Holt, Boyd, Brown, Keya Paha and Rock counties where he is overseeing bridges which he is building. . . Drs. Ira and Skelton were out to Eric Borg's and took out a section of his rib and removed the pus from an abscess which had formed in his lung. Albin Bergstrom and Josie Hammerlund are helping at the Borg home. O'Neill high beat Atkinson high 11-9 in a game with the Peellers vs. O'Neill. The score was the Peellers 4, O'Neill 3. Players for the winners were T. Murphy, H. Coyne, J. Murphy, Hopkins, D. O'Malley, Gagahan, W. O'Malley, Minton and Simonson. O'Neill players (who by the way were an unorganized team put together hurriedly because the Emmet boys failed to show up to play the Peellers) were B. Coyne, Boyle, Gibbons, Sullivan, Biglin, Kane, Mammond, Hanley and Coyne.

20 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Grenier were pleasantly surprised when all their children came home for a family reunion. . . Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hancock of David City held a family reunion. All their children were present except Mrs. Vance Kline of Clarksburg, Mo. . . The Frontier is celebrating its 58th year of publication. Mr. Cronin, the present editor and publisher, has been with The Frontier since February 11, 1892. . . Dora Hughes was valedictorian and Virgil John was salutatorian of O'Neill high school's graduating class. . . Donna Shellhase and Helen Wilkinson won prizes for outstanding farm account records in 4-H work. . . Duke Kersenbrock received a severe gash in his forehead and left cheek when he ran into a barb wire while riding his bicycle near the tennis court. Eight stitches were required to close the gash. . . Miss Madeline U'om was awarded two outstanding awards at commencement exercises at Jefferson medical college, hospital school of nurses in Philadelphia.

10 Years Ago

Natchel Rzeszotarski, a farmer living nine miles northeast of Atkinson, narrowly escaped death when a horse he had roped became frightened and started to run. The man's leg became entangled in the rope and he was dragged three-quarters of a mile. Deaths: Troy Howard, 48; Mrs. Henry Huntsman, 91, of Ne-ligh, formerly of O'Neill. . . Mrs. William Beha held a tea in her yard for members of the Purple Pansy girl scout troop and their mothers.

One Year Ago

"It's been a long, long time since the agricultural conditions have looked better than they do today," said J. O. Walker, who travels extensively in Holt and Boyd counties. . . Deaths: Austin L. Hynes, 60; Miss Bernice Murphy, 57; Mrs. Alice Astell, 105, the state's oldest resident; William P. Carroll in Omaha and Elwood E. ("Beck") Wallen, 76 after leg amputation. . . Total precipitation in Chambers for the year amount to 7.51.

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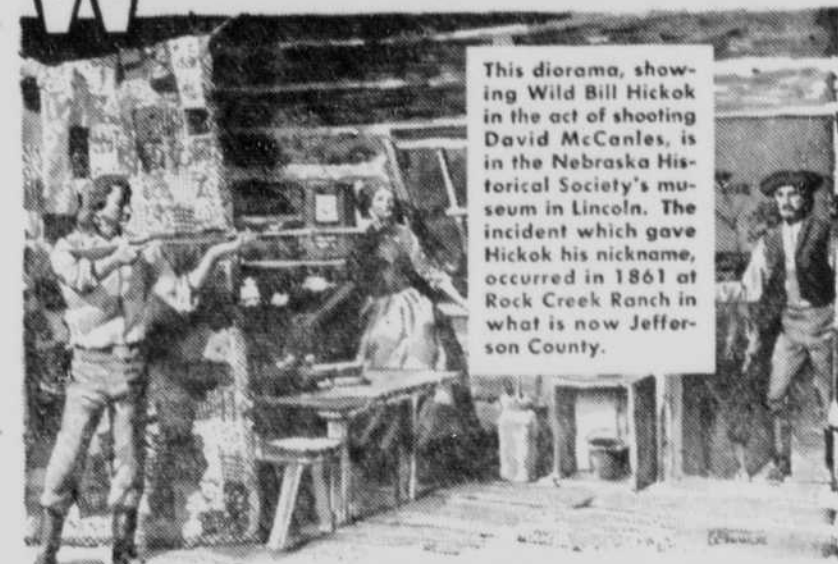
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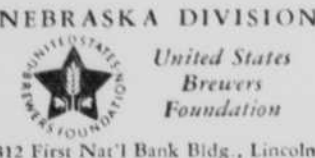
Harley Produce Chambers

Where is it... IN NEBRASKA?



This diorama, showing Wild Bill Hickok in the act of shooting David McCandless, is in the Nebraska Historical Society's museum in Lincoln. The incident which gave Hickok his nickname, occurred in 1861 at Rock Creek Ranch in what is now Jefferson County.

The livelihood of your local tavern operator depends on strict law observance. He deserves your help to keep standards high in your community.



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You just can't appreciate all the wonderful things that have been done to make driving more fun . . . until you've checked out in a shiny 58 Ford!

The fun begins with the simple act of getting into the car. Only "yesterday" it was stoop down or knock off your hat. Now that has been changed. There's room for you and your hat inside the 58 Ford.

Even before you start the engine, notice how much more you can see. Full-Circle visibility lets you see where you're going. . . see what's coming. . . see to park!

Now touch the starter. Observe how smoothly your engine idles. That's because each Ford engine is built with painstaking care. Each V-8 is electronically balanced while operating under its own power. No other car in Ford's field goes to such lengths to bring you an engine that will operate smoothly. . . dependably. . . efficiently. (If your pick is a thrifty Six, you can't buy a more powerful, more modern 6-cylinder passenger-car engine than Ford's 145-horsepower Mileage Maker Six.)

Ease down now on the throttle and you'll take off with all the dash and verve of a Thunderbird! For after all, the 58 Ford offers you the Thunderbird's own transmission and engine! Team Ford's Cruise-O-Matic Drive with a Thunderbird-powered V-8 engine, and save up to 15% on gasoline. It's like getting back 15¢ on every gas dollar!

Next hunt up the roughest roads you can find. Notice how bumps lose their bounce with Ford's softer-riding suspension system. Notice how Ford's exclusive Automatic Ride Control combines Angle-Poised Ball-Joint front suspension with long, tailored-to-weight rear springs so that you ride level. . . corner level. . . enjoy a "big car feel."

And Ford gives you more—much more in the way of riding comfort. Ford seats are wide—sofa-wide. You sit in a relaxed, natural position with Ford's Automatic Posture Control.

Always a leader in safety, Ford again has pioneered new features to protect you. New Safety-Twin taillights, for example, keep you safer because they give better warning to cars behind you. And better Ford offers you famous Lifeguard Design—the whole family of safety features designed to protect you should an accident occur.

Then there are the hidden values that are yours when you choose Ford. The car is put together with fine-car precision. The finish is durable enamel—baked enamel that helps Fords keep that new-car shine. On the inside, too, Ford cars give you more insulation than any other cars in Ford's field.

Why not discover all you've been missing if you haven't driven a 58 Ford? See your Ford Dealer and find out firsthand all the wonderful things that have happened to Ford. And remember: a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices shows that Ford is lowest priced of the "low-price three" in 17 out of 19 comparable models!

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