

Prairieland Talk—

Building Stands; Memories Linger

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

LINCOLN—One of the oldest buildings in O'Neill stands just across the street south of the city's modern hotel. Memories linger here.

On the upper floor in yesteryear sat one of the community's most notable gents, Moses P. Kinkaid, who could always win an election but had not many friends. On the main floor there have been banking ventures and other types of business.



Romaine Saunders

It is now known as the Hagensick building. It houses a barber shop at what might be expected to be one of the best business corners of town; also an insurance office and upstairs there are apartments.

It is a brick two-story building, showing plenty of age, but wearing well.

Most of the men whose names have been identified with the building are gone with the innumerable caravan from whose borne no traveler returns.

Men have passed away; the building still stands.

He was driving unconcerned along a southeast Nebraska highway. At an intersection where crossroads met a truck loaded with gravel crashed into him. Today he lies under prairieland sod. Are you at the steering wheel approaching crossroads? Watch out!

Evening shadows gather, another day passes away. What has it done for you, brought to you joy or pain, smiles or tears? Is your conscience at rest as your head rests upon the pillow tonight or has there been a wayward step on life's highway the past few hours? Maybe you have spoken a staidly word that has cheered some lonely soul, touched a responsive chord as you met and talked with a long absent friend. A little child may be happy tonight as he says his evening prayer because of something you brought into that child's life during the day. An aged father, an aged mother, sitting alone as evening shadows gather may reflect with joy and a smile over what a devoted son or devoted daughter may have brought into their lonely lives today. And for you too the cares of another day have folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away!

Our U. S. Sen. Hruska tells us that the aeronautics board in Washington designates 17 Nebraska communities that are to have daily roundtrip air service. Another knock-out for railroads. In the north section of our state the "birds of the air" start at Norfolk, fly over Holt county to drop down at Ainsworth in Brown county, then to Valentine in Cherry county and on to Chadron. O'Neill citizens should have invited the winged bunch to stop and see them, but the interest in the old town in securing train service may make Cal and his pals indifferent to other travelogues.

Heavy rain last night, flashing lightning, crashing thunder. The morning dawns cool and calm, lawns along the street robed in silken green, flowers in bloom. One sour note—garden growers say potatoes are rotting in the ground, but onions and tomatoes grow big. The heat of the past few days now "broken" and we go in comfort down the long shade lane today.

Editorial—

'Keep My Name Out of Paper!'

The editors of The Wayne Herald, one of Nebraska's finest weekly newspapers, were approached recently to "keep my name out of the paper".

The request was made by a young man, accompanied by his father, who had been fined for a traffic violation. Like all such requests, it was denied. The Herald said in its editorial columns.

Newsman at Wayne are typical of the lot of us who are plagued with requests to "keep my name out of the paper".

"The father-son incident at Wayne points up the value of printing names of all violators. The Herald declared.

"The fine in such cases rarely hurts the violator much. Generally he pays with a smile and walks out with a swagger, ready to go out and violate again.

"Printing the names in a newspaper seems a much more serious punishment. If that is true, newspapers do their communities a disservice if they fail to publish names of violators . . . for such action would reduce the number of traffic violations AND TRAFFIC FATALITIES and would be well worth the effort.

"In most instances when we are asked to withhold a name from publication the request is followed by the statement that it (the news) "is nobody's business, anyway."

"We take sharp issue with that," emphasizes The Herald. "Especially in the field of moving traffic violations. When a person speeds, drives in a reckless manner or drives while under the influence of alcohol or drugs . . . IT IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS!

"That person who drives with no regard for the rights and safety of others is a public menace, a constant threat to lives and property . . . and what he does is public information."

"So long as we are asked to keep the names of traffic violators from our news columns we will continue to print them, for if such action reduces the appalling toll of traffic accidents we will feel well repaid for our trouble."

Ode to Bankers

Whatever became of the old fashioned bank, Dour and gloomy and cold and dank? The old fashioned banker, what happened to him? Usurious, grasping, obdurate, grim. His glass eye peered thru an iron railing; Pleas for his pity were unavailing. The new fashioned bank is a sunny room All light and airy and flowers in bloom. The bars are down, and the counters spacious. Female tellers are winsome, gracious. And the old fashioned banker, grasping and grim? Why, nothing at all has happened to him!

(Editor's note—This by no means expresses the feeling of this newspaper, this column, a considerable portion of Upper Silesia, and many employees of the Forest Service. Any outrage bankers will, of course, be given equal time and a small ban.)

When You & I Were Young . . .

Poe Victim of Daylight Holdup

Babe Dropped from 2d Story Window

I met him this morning at a city bus stop, stops are at about every street intersection to left out and take on the restless traveling public. He was a young fellow, a boy, a mere lad waiting to catch a bus to take him to his job, a dish washer at the city's largest department store which maintains a public eating place. A boy, as other boys starting early in life to make his way in the world. A dish washer at a lunch kitchen in a great commercial institution in our Capital City. What awaits him in years to come, will he become owner, manager and general supervisor of that great business concern, he now is just a humble worker, one of a hundred or more working there . . .

Have you taken your airplane trip? In 1937 there were 29,000 aircraft registered in the U. S. Today it is more than 90,000. Twenty years ago five million took to the air. Now 65 million a year. . . .

Our capable president calls upon the business interests of the country along with the labor element to do something to bring about reduced living costs. The selling price of what we buy is determined by the cost of production and labor costs enter in. My 16-year-old grandson pulled down \$14 as one week's pay recently. At his age I got \$5 for a week's work. But 5 cents bought a loaf of bread in those days, while now you hand over 25 cents for a loaf of bread. A slab of round steak from the hind quarter of beef cost a thin dime at Fred Gatz' meat market where the Western hotel is now. Takes about a dollar today to get that dime's worth of cow meat. . . .

"Stinker day," a title to scare people away. Who, pray tell, is ever attracted by the haunts of the odorous and loves to inhale the stink coming therefrom? Down life's long weary way we love the fragrance of the rose, the sweet odors from the berry bush, the perfume of all outdoors floating in on the summer breeze, the captivating smell of mother's cooking dinner. A stink! Turn away and come another day. . . .

If nobody loves you that is one less worry and you are not alone as along life's highway you hurry. But somewhere down the lane you will capture a lover in a happy home of your own. . . .

One dozen unhusked ears of sweet corn 35 cents today. One bushel of the ripened grain 70 cents. . . .

\$9.99—an insult to the ten dollar bill. . . .

Columbia professor wants to make marriage more difficult. Does the man think it is easy now—The Dallas Journal. . . .

Mularky: A statement whose veracity is dubious, whose sincerity is questionable, and whose logic is false. . . .

Teeth are things you have out just before the doctor decides it was your tonsils, after all.—Houston Chronicle. . . .

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is in our immortal soul.—Ovid. . . .

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare. . . .

20 Years Ago

Mrs. Carl Primus, 36, of Ewing, was burned to death when the family home and contents were destroyed by fire. When firemen arrived, they could see Mrs. Primus but were unable to reach her because of the extreme heat. Mrs. Primus had dropped their baby, one and one-half years old, from the second story window, where she seemed to be trapped. . . .

50 Years Ago

Allison Fletcher of Peotone, Ill., and Miss Luca Ida Pillen of Minneola were granted a marriage license. . . . Jim Gallagher and his son, Irvin, caught a nine pound (lacking one ounce) fish in the South Fork near Graver Brothers, ranch about 15 miles southeast of here. . . . Plainview won over O'Neill 5 to 0 on the Plainview diamond. . . . Sam Burge is painting the courtroom. . . . A. H. Poe was the victim of a bold daylight holdup at his meat market. . . .

10 Years Ago

A feature story of Bill Caywood, a public horse trainer at Washington Park, Chicago, appeared in The Frontier. Bill, when a jockey, rode on many of the American tracks and later went to Europe to ride for the Czar of Russia. . . . Deaths: John T. Walker, 81, a Page civic leader. . . . The bodies of Pvt. Robert Ridgeway, who was killed on Leyti, and Pvt. John E. Binkerd, who lost his life near Metz, France, arrived in the United States for burial. . . . After five-year-old Gene Butterfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. Livelle Butterfield of In-

One Year Ago

The 57th Holt county old settlers' picnic was held at Elmer Devall grove. . . . Deaths: E. A. Harshfield of Atkinson; Mrs. James Regal, 68, of O'Neill; Mrs. Bea Powell, 84, a former resident of O'Neill. . . . Two men who were classmates in the Niobrara school met after not seeing each other for 60 years. They were Louie Storm of Telford, S. D. and Vae Randa of Verdigris. . . .

SEPARATED FROM ARMY

VENUS—Roy Brookhouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brookhouser, recently arrived home from the West coast. He received his separation from the army in May and has been visiting with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Marlin E. Tusha and family. . . .

O'NEILL LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. William Ruff of Spencer were Friday evening guests of Mrs. Rosa Bowers. Spending this week in the Bowers home are Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Sousa of Ralston. . . . Miss Carolyn Young of O'Neill

is spending this week vacationing in the Black Hills with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Young, of Orchard.

FRIENDLY FIXIN'S for Snacks 'n Get-Togethers! SHISH-KABOBS. Alternate on skewers, 1 in. squares of green pepper, small onions and chunks of lamb. Brush with mixture of 2 Tbsp. each melted butter and lemon juice, 1 Tbsp. soy sauce and few drops Tabasco. Broil, turning and brushing with sauce. Take this tip from outdoor chefs. Keep a good supply of beer chilling for those get-togethers with friends on the patio. The light, fresh quality of beer enjoys universal taste appeal. It's a compliment to all!

Sale Starts THURSDAY, AUGUST 21 9 a. m. WE QUIT Wall to Wall CLOSE OUT Price Slashed on Every Shoe in the Store REMEMBER, these are not "sale shoes", but every pair reduced for this wall-to-wall closeout! OWNER HAS MOVED TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST! Every Pair Must Be Sold! During This Wall-to-Wall Closeout Starting Thursday! A Few Sample Listings: MEN'S WOMEN'S RED WING WORK SHOES 7.99 AIR STEP 4.99 to 7.99 CROSBY SQUARE DRESS SHOES 9.99 DRESS FLATS 2.99 GENUINE TYROLEAN BOOT 14.99 NATURAL POISE 4.99 CHILDREN'S Just in time for school opening! STEPMASTERS - GLOV-ETTS 2.99 & 3.99 First Time in America GLOV-ETTS WEDGIE 5.99 OTHER 4.99 No Use, Not Enough Space to List Every Item! EVERY SHOE IS EITHER ON RACKS OR YELLOW TAGGED ON SHELVES Come Early, Come Often, Bring the Family! OSBORNE'S EVERY SALE CASH EVERY SALE FINAL

A man in Texas owned a fabulously rich oil well. One of his workmen dropped his hammer into the well, where it bounced around and damaged the machinery. After three days' work and a loss of thousands of dollars, the hammer was recovered. The owner handed the workman the hammer and said: "Here is your hammer, and you are fired." The workman said, "Well, in that case, I won't need this hammer," and he threw it back into the well.

It's Constitutional (Lincoln Star)

The congress is finding it necessary to stay after school and will be in session at least another week, so great is the press of urgent business. Even so it appears that it will not get around to that perennial question of how to replace a president who for reasons of health can no longer perform the necessary functions of his office. The nation would feel easier if this question were settled and is currently not so much beholden to congress for the lack of a crisis as it is to the persistent health of a president despite threats to the contrary. As the matter stands it is a constitutional question, the president's constitution not the federal union's.

To Farm Big

The Clay County News of Sutton featured a story about a new farm company which was formed by Henry Bergen, Sutton auctioneer, and several men from Henderson. The group incorporated for \$160,000. According to The News, the men have purchased 720 acres in the Henderson community. They will farm it with personal supervision. They expect to put down three 10-inch wells and ultimately have 500 to 600 acres under irrigation.

Lying never seems so obnoxious when the other fellow's witnesses are doing a better job than yours.—Austin American.

The march of the human mind is slow.—Burke.



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