

Prairieland Talk—

Mrs. Connolly Sweat at Oven

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

Five and a quarter million dollars is the price a New York concern dealing in bread pays for a bakery tossing its loaves out in about every state but headquartered in Omaha. Mrs. Dan Connolly sweat as she worked at her oven in her little bake shop down the street to the west from where O'Neill now has stoptlights. I saw her there in tears taking the five-cent loaves from the oven, in tears because her Dan was up the street guzzling booze instead of helping at the little bakeshop. That was back in the 1880's. Yes, Mrs. Connolly is no more. And no more is there a Neil Brennan, a Wes Evans, a Tom Morris, a John Mann, a Jess Mellor, a Tom Tierney, a John Horiskey—these and others who walked the streets and lent a hand in making O'Neill a desirable place to call home. And Dan Connolly has taken his last drink at the bar, Mrs. Connolly shed her last tear, made her last five-cent loaf of bread!



Saunders

It was a week in August, 1901, these items appeared in The Frontier: Henry Martfeldt has the thanks of the editorial family for a mess of green corn. . . The fixtures for the O'Neill National Bank arrived and are being installed. . . Emil Sniggs was a passenger for Norfolk. . . Miss Coykendal returned home from a trip to Omaha. . . Clara Zimmerman was down from Atkinson visiting the homefolks. . . The ladies of the Catholic church spread banquet tables in the open near the church and fed good eats to a crowd of hungry citizens, the money taken in going to support church activities. . . Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hicks were home from a trip to New York and into Canada. . . The summer had been dry and hot—then it rained.

My little friends are the corner that awaited my coming over on the come expecting to get a bit of candy, and the little girl with a smile on her sweet childish face as she hands me a cookie, now gone with mother and dad to a distant state to be seen no more.

Autumn days aglow with sunlight. I look out of my window beyond which stands the walnut tree, the fruitage of which has been gathered in and now from its high spreading branches the dead leaves fall. Autumn days when summer heat and summer storms are over, fruits out of the toil of another season gathered. And down the highway just ahead comes another winter, then overcoats, caps and mittens. So let it come and bring to poet and artist an inspiration of spirit as they may look out upon the farflung landscape robed in winter's white.

Editorial—

Principle or Expediency?

What shall the American voter do this autumn? He is usually impetuous to vote against things. He is told that, if he has been unemployed or if farm income is down, it is the fault of the incumbent party. If he has a son of draft age, he is warned that the success of one party at the polls may bring on war and that the other party, if retained in office, will insure peace. Expediency, which has become the guiding philosophy of the politician, now afflicts many of the mentors who advise the citizenry in the press. The cry is that the government owes the citizen a living and that the government must provide jobs no matter how much it costs or how big the deficits in the treasury. Runaway inflation and eventual bankruptcy are dismissed as "impossible." Governmental paternalism is deeply imbedded in the political doctrines of today, irrespective of the fiscal consequences. To be in favor of taxing heavily anyone who has the brains to earn a substantial income is called "liberal." To insist that private enterprise and individual initiative should be the basic American platform is derisively regarded nowadays as "reactionary."

The drift plainly is towards socialism—the mastery of the state over the individual. Nobody is ready to admit that such a course has been deliberately set—not even the factions that seek control of the democratic party today. But the trend is inevitable if present-day "liberals" can continue to masquerade under the cloak of benefactors to the common man. The democratic party in the North really favors socialism, though it never uses the term. The democratic party in the South holds just the opposite philosophy, and if it had not been for democratic leaders from the South in the last session of congress who repressed some of the spenders in their own party, America now would be facing economic disaster.

The Republicans, on the other hand, have a "modern" clique that apes the radicals in the democratic party. The conservative republican in many a state feels he is being pushed out of his own party except when the campaign funds are being solicited every two years.

What shall the American voter do who believes in the right to work without being compelled to join a union or any organization in which he does not conscientiously believe? What about the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" without the extortions of government or the oppressive hand of union monopoly? When will we find out how much money was really spent by the labor unions to elect their candidates in the current campaign? Will a congress which has been elected through union funds investigate itself?

The voter who wishes to be true to America's finest traditions must vote for principle as against expediency. He must support those candidates who have an understanding of the conflict in America today between freedom and totalitarianism. The "popular" philosophy nowadays is that the end justifies the means and that, if the constitution doesn't provide a reform, the supreme court may order it anyhow. Precedent is disregarded as old-fashioned.

Yet the year a principle was born has nothing to do with its validity. Human nature doesn't change the fundamental rules of conduct just because 2,000 years have elapsed since the Gospel was preached by the Disciples. The martyrs who suffered torture for Christianity's principles were not cowed by successive defeats. They were true to their consciences—they knew that right must win in the end. Woodrow Wilson once said: "I would rather lose in a cause that some day will triumph than to triumph in a cause that I know some day will fail." How many of us on the American political scene today actually care enough about principles to risk defeat or "unpopularity" in espousing them? Men of character are needed who, on becoming

Walter O'Malley, one of the few survivors of the boys who sat in his saddle and followed the herds in the days of the open range of northern Holt county, writes me that he and Lloyd Gillespie were to take off late in October for a visit to the Ft. Randall dam and invited me to join them. It would have been one more pleasure along this life's journey to have joined them.

Both of these friends know that Ft. Randall was a military post where soldiers kept an eye on Spottedtail's braves, came over to O'Neill at times to have a bit of fun. The widow of Captain Hooker, who died in service at Ft. Randall and was buried in O'Neill, lived for some time two blocks east of the public school. Mr. Gillespie has a life time memory of 81 years, from infancy to the present, as a resident of Holt county and knows its history from early days down to the present.

Mr. Clausen has stood for 41 years clipping and shaving in his barber shop at the Golden Hotel, about the time that building has stood at Fourth and Douglas streets. And through those years Mr. C. has stood each Sunday in the choir loft in the Presbyterian church and raised his voice in the songs of Zion. It is such as he and the others like him that constitutes the large group of substantial citizens of O'Neill.

Childhood, youth, maturity, old age, then the end of the earthly pilgrimage. Has your life's plantings borne thorns that have torn you until you bleed, or brought forth rich fruitage for eternity?

October 15 and 80 above. Our Indian summer floated in from the equator. The bright days and calm nights of autumn on lovely prairieland. So it is as I write today. When this appears in print October draws to a close, another November and another election, next the Thanksgiving feast, followed by visions of another Christmas. The days come and go; no hand can stay the rising of the sun nor wipe away the golden glow of sunset nor pluck a star from yonder Milky Way. And as the days come and go we may count our blessings one by one as we walk along life's toiling, lengthening way.

Mrs. Den Hunt recalls the days when as a girl she was employed as a clerk in the J. P. Mann store. From time to time a man maintaining an office on the upper floor of the First National Bank building came into the store and gave them the name of a boy of a needy family that they were to fit out with clothing and shoes and he would pay for it. That thoughtful citizen with a heart and purse open to help any in need was the late M. F. Harrington.

When You & I Were Young . . . Kennebec Woman Gets Land Choice

Many Holt People Lottery Victors

50 Years Ago

Mrs. Mary A. Meiser of Kennebec, S. D., was the first to draw a claim in the Tripp county drawing and she has first choice of all the land on the reservation. Holt county received 25 numbers out of the first 1,000. Lucky Holt people from the complete list in order of the drawing were: G. A. Goodman, O'Neill; J. L. Gapter, Emmet; John J. Melvin, Page; H. L. Madison, O'Neill; Ralph L. Butler, Ewing; Paul S. Falk, Page; Hyacinth Nightengale, Atkinson; G. B. Hodges, O'Neill; Joseph Brownlow, Clearwater; Lizzie Barnes, Atkinson; Toney C. Lockman, Stuart; Frank Zahradnick, Atkinson; Henry Bartels, Phoenix; R. E. Cook, O'Neill; Lela Garwood, Chambers; L. B. Hanaman, Ewing; Frank H. Bayer, Page; Mrs. Ellen Keyes, O'Neill; Nettie Schrier, Harold; Adam Martin Payelmaus, O'Neill; Adalbert Faugier, Bliss; Catherine Cosgrove, O'Neill; Nate McGraw, O'Neill; Hattie Cooper, Chambers; Elmer Carey, Ewing; Charles Hitchcock, Atkinson; James Kelly, O'Neill; John Heenan, O'Neill; Joseph E. Bigler, O'Neill; H. H. Fry, Ewing; Jay H. Butler, Inman; R. M. Barrett, O'Neill; William R. Shaw, O'Neill; Joe Wedge, Stuart; Miss Mary Shoemaker, Inman; William Meyer, O'Neill; R. P. Fleming, Atkinson; Elizabeth Kraft, Stuart; Frank Jalla, O'Neill; Albert Szlachetka, Atkinson; W. E. Chase, Ewing; Lawrence Harding, O'Neill; George Ord, Page; F. Boehme, Atkinson; W. Berry, Stuart; Fred Zeicke, Atkinson; John Walker, Page; F. Dutter, Atkinson; William Gordon, O'Neill; A. L. Fleming, Atkinson; Thomas Donohoe, O'Neill; John Pruss, Emmet; Mary McCabe, O'Neill; Nora Sullivan, O'Neill; George Jennings, O'Neill; John Hart, Stuart; Married; Almond B. Smith and Miss Dell Morrison, both of Newport; Albert Kazisek and Miss Anna Kaplin, both of Stuart; John W. Reece of Norfolk, and Mrs. Mary Reese of Salix. Deaths: Martin Maloney, 80, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Hickey, two miles north of town.

20 Years Ago

A Halloween party for the O'Neill children was held at the recreation center. . . Delegates to the WCTU convention in Hastings were Mrs. Elsie Johnson, Mrs. Mary Uttley and Miss Meta Martin of O'Neill; Mrs. Goldie Stauffer, Mrs. Mary West and Mrs. Carpenter, all of Page. . . Deaths: Mrs. Cora E. Murphy, 76, southeast of Page, Elmer E. Ernst. A family reunion was held at the Milo Benson home near Opportunity.

10 Years Ago

Truman wins over Dewey. . . P. J. ("Pat") McManus celebrated his 90th birthday by washing the windows of his home. . . Deaths: F. O. Hammerberg, 83, of Atkinson; Mrs. Robert Ford, 62, of O'Neill. . . Miss Irene V. Mullen has enlisted in the W.A.C's. The body of Pfc. Robert G. Peltzer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Peltzer of Chambers, was accorded full military honors during final burial in the Chambers cemetery. He was killed in action near Hottenheim, Germany.

One Year Ago

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Risinger of Venus celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. . . A feature story was written about Mrs. Henry Meyer of Clearwater, who received a cornea transplant in Iowa City, Ia. . . Deaths: Fred L. Carey, 81, of O'Neill; George Robertson, 69, of Stuart; Ed Wayman, 64, of O'Neill. . . Floyd Kaasa, a farmer near Lynch, has named a calf "Sputnik" because it holds its head high and tends to go around in circles.

Visitors Sunday—

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sindelar of Norfolk came Sunday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Orville Sindelar and family. They also came for Mrs. J. M. Pixley of Fullerton, who took care of the Orville Sindelar children while their mother was in the hospital with the new baby.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

While in his early legislative career at the state capitol he was aligned with two other so-called "young Turks" (J. Monroe Bixler of Harrison and Joseph Martin of Grand Island) in some wild legislative plans. McGinley soon broke away and has been the conservative line since. McGinley is a thinker and a student and shouldn't be swept off his feet by demo party disciplinarians if he should be elected. McGinley is campaigning on the proposition of offering "real representation". Miller's stock absorbed a beating after Miller attacked Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson and then, at the insistence of cattlemen and many farmers, he did a flipflop, denying he was after Benson's scalp in the first place. Miller no doubt will win it, but McGinley is a comer.

You can not find time; time finds you as each new day we start again down life's highway. So here we come, get out of our way!

Re-Elect ROMAN L. HRUSKA REPUBLICAN UNITED STATES SENATOR. This ad paid for by Hruska for Senator Comm. John Hoidal, York, (Nebr.) Chs.

Studies Flute at School of Music—

Miss Mardy Jo Johnson, a 1957 graduate of O'Neill high school, has begun her sophomore studies toward a bachelor of music in flute at the University of Rochester's Eastman school of music, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Johnson, the daughter of Mrs. Robert Evans, 328 Douglas st., was a former student at Oberlin college. While at O'Neill public school, she was a cheerleader, drum major and homecoming queen, member of student council and president of the band. She was the winner of the John Philip Sousa award. This fall marks the beginning of the university's 109th academic year and the 37th of the Eastman school of music.

Letters to Editor

Editor: I wonder if parents shouldn't think a little the day before their children go trick or treating. I love to have the little ones come to pay me a visit and look forward to seeing them every year. Last year more than 70 children called. I had planned for about the usual number, 40. Twenty-five children came in one group and were displeased when my treats were exhausted. They lived seven and eight blocks away. I knew about three of them, or at least had heard the last names of three of them. One boy, about 10, just held his sack open and said he had gone around town once and had to go home for another sack—by the way, the very largest kind available. I wonder if that is the purpose of Halloween? How many parents could let a child eat that much candy is beyond comprehension.

When my dear little friends and neighbors came last year all my treats were gone, I had to resort to money. My special baked goodies had gone to little ones I didn't know. Maybe the word spreads from one group to another, how good or bad the treats are. Anyway, may I make a suggestion to you mothers? Couldn't you limit your children's calling to within three blocks to friends and neighbors who welcome them? Maybe a special friend living farther would be an exception. Perhaps if you parents who don't care won't heed this suggestion, maybe the wonderful teachers in school would mention it. Nowadays there are some parents who expect the teachers to make ladies and gentlemen of their offspring with no help from home. I rather think this is the exception rather than the rule.

I plan again to bake all sorts of decorated cookies for my little friends. I want them to come, but when a mob comes all at once, I can't even let them in—there's not room in my little house. I like to have them come in and try to guess them and have

them try to scare me. I do get scared, however, when I see groups of 10 and 15 with no words of greeting, just their sacks open. I'm afraid some parents have no idea where their children are this night and whom they call. —A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

Verdigre, Nebr. Just a note to say "thank you" for your help on the canned food shower and the benefit dance given for the Tony Mudloff family by the Ash Grove auxiliary. We sincerely appreciate your help both in the paper and on the air. We turned over 63.50 to the Mudloffs following the dance held at the hall Saturday night, October 18. Thank you again. Mrs. Marvin Johnson Ash Grove Aux. pres.

Mother, Small Son Escape Serious Hurts

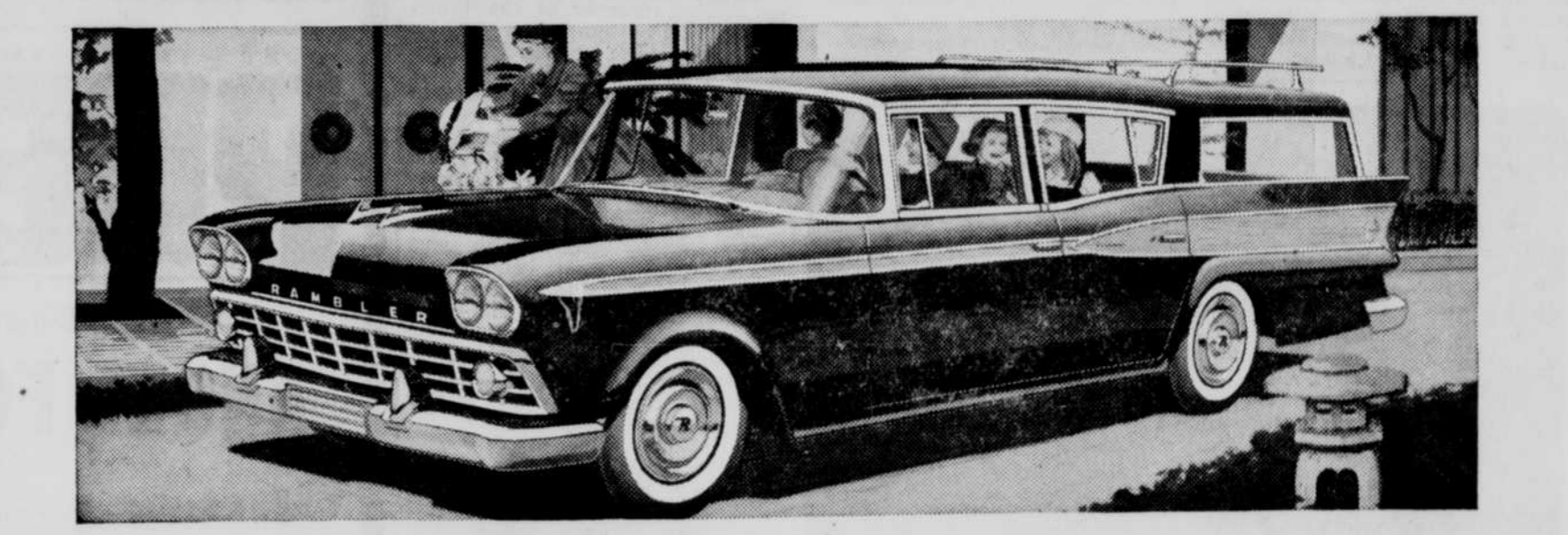
SPENCER—A Bristow farm woman and her 17-month-old son narrowly escaped serious injury about 4:30 p.m., Thursday, October 23, when their northbound car overturned after going over the top of a hill north of here. Mrs. Oliver Nelson and son, Douglas, were enroute to their farm home, which is north of Bristow. As the car crested the hill the driver saw the highway construction equipment in the road. In applying the brakes the 1955 Dodge went into a ditch and overturned. The child, standing in the seat behind the mother, was unhurt. Mrs. Nelson was taken to O'Neill by her husband for medical attention. She was not hospitalized and suffered only shock and bruises. Mrs. Nelson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clay Mashino of Redbird.

Phone us your news—51!



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Frosh at 'U' on Scholarships—

Out of the 281 freshmen who are attending the University of Nebraska on \$100 regents' scholarships, 13 are from Frontieland.

They are: Matthew Beha, jr., and Michael Liddy, both of O'Neill; Gale Holcomb of Chambers; Helen E. Condon of Creighton; Michael Voorhies of Orchard; Lynn E. Bonge of Neligh; Judith Brunke and Caryl K. Craven both of Plainview; Marilyn K. Clark of Elgin; William A. Buckendorf, James F. Panzer and Marcia L. Weber, all of Bassett, and Charles T. Doty of Butte.

The scholarships were awarded on the basis of a statewide competitive examination given students last spring who ranked

scholastically in the upper quarter of their high schools.

LEAVING ON CRUISE EWING—Oscar Eaton, F. N., son of Mrs. John Rutherford of Ewing, will leave December 12 on a nine month cruise. He is aboard the USS Salsbury Sound AV13. Oscar reenlisted in the Navy June 11, of 6 years. He enlisted for the first time in October, 1955.

MOVING TO MISSOURI—Inman—Mr. and Mrs. Justin Butterfield and family of Inman are leaving the first of next week for Ozark, Mo., where they will make their home on a dairy farm.

LYNCH—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sovoboda took their infant son, Frank jr., to Omaha specialists for a medical checkup.

DANCE American Legion Ballroom O'NEILL The Younger Band Saturday, November 1st Admission: 90c Per Person

KNOW YOUR BALLOT No. 302 VOTE FOR Bingo Amendment. By voting FOR No. 302 on your General Election Ballot you will be granting permission for your Legislature to enact legislation governing the operation of Bingo Games by non-profit associations that have been in existence for a period of five years immediately preceding the application for license.

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