

PrairieLand Talk

All Want Peace on Own Terms

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN—The world's great met in peaceful Switzerland, a land and a people unknown to marching armies since William Tell knocked the block off of the tyrant, Gessler.

The Swiss are at peace with the rest of mankind because they are not interested in the affairs of other nations. Did the representatives of the leading powers at the Geneva peace conference open their souls to the music of brotherly love floating in from the Alps and will the guns and bombs and bugle call to battle now be silenced? Who knows? Out of this latest world council wooing the way of peace does there lurk within the shadows another sinister figure that will mount the pedestal and drive the plowshare of ruin across fair lands? The centuries have been soaked in human blood.



Romaine Saunders

I stood when a youth in the long ago in front of the Bentley store and bakery in O'Neill on East Douglas street and listened to Mr. Bentley as he talked of the ways of peace and safety. It was then 25 years since the blue-clad and grey-clad soldiers had laid aside the musket. Mr. Bentley was sure there would be no more war. Some 10 years later we were charging up San Juan hill in Cuba, driving Spain from the islands of the Orient, swinging the battleax in the Boxer uprising; and then South Africa plunged into a blood bath, Mexico and South American lands pulling the trigger.

This generation has heard the bugle call to two global wars and a third of equal significance. Have a million desolated homes in America satisfied the demands of war? We pretend to want peace. Every fellow wants it on his own terms. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee."

Forty-six years ago today, the day this is written, a babe was born in a home in O'Neill. Today that babe is a mother in her own right with two boys, age 6 and 4; her husband is a minister of the gospel at Oshawa, Ont., Can. Boarding a train at Oshawa, that mother, who 46 years ago was a babe in a home on South First street in O'Neill, less than 24 hours later got off the California Zephyr in Lincoln, spent three days with some of her tribal group in the capitol city of her native state, boarded the Zephyr again past midnight and took off for California points where others of the tribal group are, moved east again for a stop in the mountain fastness of New Mexico, then on the Santa Fe Chief headed homeward.

A native Nebraska woman has the grit to travel across the continent and back with two kids and baggage to look after. She is my daughter.

One is left in the neighborhood in O'Neill where that babe was born 46 years ago who was there at that time, Miss Ruth Harsh.

The dawn of a new day inspires the living with the buoyancy of youth and adorns the landscape with varied tints, scatters dewdrops like diamonds over roses and hollyhocks and bathes lawn and bush with its cooling moisture. Birds sing and take to the air on soaring wings; the rooster crows, hops from his perch and struts before his harem. Before the sun's glaring beacon has spread its canopy of light across the firmament the curtain of blue in the western sky holds a matchless charm if you have the ambition to roll out of bed when breaks the welcome light of morn. And when the vivid blue of morning, the west has turned to gold that will soon give way to evening shadows and we sit in the twilight to dream again the old dreams and lay upon memory's altar one more tribute to life's tenderest emotions. The passing of the day seems symbolic of our earthly existence—childhood and youth, mature years with life's struggles, old age amid the gathering shadows of the journey's end. The day is done—sunrise, high noon, sunset, sunshine and shadow, smiles and tear, joy and pain, the night passes and here we are again ready to face it all another day.

Others than those of the family connections sense a void in their lives as the result of the passing of Herb Hammond. But there is one in that desolated home whose feelings go deeper and who will be haunted by nameless longings. I have had business dealings with Herb and found him a man of his word. He had a way of life and accorded to others that privilege.

Within less than a year there have come out of Sioux City stories so revolting as to be almost unbelievable. But the violated and battered bodies of an 8-year-old boy and 2-year-old girl have told the horrifying details. The kidnap-slayer of the little girl has not been found; the guilty one who beat the little boy to death nearly a year ago is now in an Iowa prison for life on conviction of second degree murder. If his vicious blows that killed a child are second degree murder, what in heaven's name is first degree murder? Juries and courts encourage just such evil deeds when prison terms are decreed instead of the electric chair. Courts and juries should have some of the zeal of police in dealing with the abandoned criminal.

Another is gone whose footsteps echoed on the stairs at the First National bank building for half a century. Herb Hammond, one of a long procession that daily ascended those steps to the duties that awaited them at their desks; Bartley Blaine, Judge Roberts, county officials before there was a courthouse; Henry Murphy, Tom Golden, Arthur Hammond, father and predecessor of Herb in the abstract business; Mike and J. J. Harrington and their sister, Tess Harrington. That stairway and the offices to which it directed those footsteps made history. Irrigation schemes, building plans, political plots, legal matters, land deals and at least one romantic kiss at the head of the stairs. If the walls could speak, what tales could be told!

Editorial

And We Still Are--Pessimistic

The so-called summit conference in Geneva is history. The value (if any) of the week-long meeting of the top government leaders of the big four nations is being assessed.

On one hand we are to conclude that President Eisenhower's disarmament proposal (full swap of military secrets by the U.S. and Russia) was a bombshell and it's now up to the Russians to cap this Eisenhower move in the world propaganda battle. The optimists say the men who bear the responsibility for directing the policies of great countries (United States, Russia, England and France) have had an opportunity to meet each other, form impressions, state positions and take important proposals back to their capitals.

Other optimists hold the Russians are now completely on the defensive and they (the optimists) wishfully think something positive toward world peace will result.

Pessimists argue the Eisenhower offer was nothing, inasmuch as the Soviet espionage system already knows most of our secrets. Others point to the Versailles conference in 1919 (which produced an unrestful peace); the Locarno, Italy, conference in 1925, which accomplished little except to spread the "spirit of Locarno"; the Yalta parley in 1945, which produced the "peace which is no peace."

Britain's Winston Churchill, a dandy in the striped pants circle, publicly stated he hoped the Geneva meeting would be a small, informal circle of great leaders determined to ease some of the world tension. Instead, the leaders brought along aides who filled the conference rooms and overflowed into the street. Batteries of expert propagandists were on hand and the ministers of the big four countries will commence additional talks next week.

If Russian leaders are secretly hated and despised by their own lowly countrymen (as we often are led to believe), then the pictorial evidence of the wining, dining and cordial atmosphere of Geneva, when turned through the propaganda mill behind the iron curtain, will convey the idea the Kremlin bullies are in solid with Western leaders. It's all so very complicated, but in these columns last week we stated we were pessimistic about the net results of Geneva. And we still are.

Very Good News

Nebraska is constructing new homes and business buildings at a rate 2 1/2 times that of 1948, according to the July report of the college of business administration of the University of Nebraska.

The state is also in advance of a year ago in retail sales, reports the Lincoln Star.

Such news is always reassuring and Nebraska can take special interest in the construction figures for its 2 1/2 times jump over 1948 which contrasts with a national average of 1 1/2. Lincoln, itself, is contributing heavily to the state averages.

Why the heavy surge at this time? Perhaps Nebraska had a belated start. Perhaps it had more construction to do. And again, perhaps the great home owning tradition of the middle west simply shows itself in the outranking figures. But this much can be said: A state that builds up leading percentages in home construction is one whose people have faith in the future and a taste for permanence. There can be no better augury for the future than this.

The play being given Ford's park by picnicers and kids suggests that the city council and city park commission might consider acquiring some land immediately to the west at some future date.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext pompously placed in the front for show.—Caleb C. Colton.

Next comes the thud of the football.



The Poacher

News, Views and Gossip

By THE EDITOR

Lettau Captured

Dr. Heinz Lettau, the head of the German government weather service during World War II, was an O'Neill visitor a fortnight ago, accompanied by his wife, also a meteorologist, and their three sons. They were on a westbound cross-country trip, driving a Lincoln.

Doctor Lettau's adoption of the United States came about in a breathless manner 11 years ago.

He and several members of the German high command were behind the German lines in France on D-day plus 60. It was a precautionary policy for the staffers to alternate in riding on the hood of staff cars in order to keep a wary eye on allied fighter planes, which had a habit of strafing anything and everything with special interest in German staff cars.

Lettau was perched atop the hood and the chauffeur was proceeding cautiously along a narrow French byway.

General Patton's U.S. troops, who held disdain for timetables and such, had penetrated behind the German lines.

A GI sharpshooter, prone in a ditch beside the road, drew a bead on the handsome and imposing Lettau. The blast took off the weather scientist's chapeau, Lettau and his comrades were captured, and the next day the number one German weatherman was flown to the States.

In other words, the Third army intelligence boys knew whom they had and the word was passed to whisk this prisoner to the United States.

Whisked to U.S.

Lettau, a quiet, reserved, handsome and charming fellow, in a short time was ushered into the Washington office of the chief of the U.S. weather service.

Lettau, a war prisoner, sweated out the war in detention, but at the same time welcomed an offer from the U.S. air force to go to work when the hostilities ceased.

The moment the war was over, the air force flew him back to Germany, he was reunited with his family, he announced they, the Lettaus, would be moving to America. He lost no time getting into basic scientific research problems for our air arm; the family came along later. Now they're a happy American (by adoption) family well on the way to full citizenship.

Doctor Lettau was chief field scientist on the O'Neill wind test conducted in 1953. The co-director, Dr. Guenter Loeser, another German scientist, was killed in the helicopter tragedy here.

She's a Den Mother

Mrs. Lettau has waived meteorology in favor of raising their three sons, ages 17, 13 and 11. She is a den mother for a Cub Scout troop; their 13-year-old has a newspaper delivery route, and their oldest son this year is making the jump from a junior in high school to a freshman at Yale university. He's bent on being a scientist, too, and the language barrier hasn't slowed him.

The Lettaus reside in a suburb of Boston, Mass., and are near the doctor's lab desk at the Cambridge-Air Force research center.

Konrad Andenauer, the German chancellor, has been a guest at their home during U.S. visits and last month Doctor Lettau accom-

Entertaining Commies

You've never met a communist? Don't look now but you're entertaining some right now in your living room—if your radio or TV set is turned on.

Those men with warped minds who follow the Kremlin line with fanatical devotion have penetrated the radio and TV industry, particularly the writing end of the business. And seemingly the networks, the sponsors and the agencies don't have the courage or the gumption to stand up to the enemy for a knock down fight.

In the meantime the red-tinted propaganda is deftly inserted into the program—almost invisible but as insidious as the deadliest poison.

Take a note sometime how the witness being questioned by the un-American affairs probers is cast in the light of a "brave liberal" fighting for real Americanism.

Martin Berkley, writing in the August issue of Mercury, tells the story of how deeply and dangerously the commies have penetrated.

The movie industry apparently has won its long, painful and costly battle to drive the reds, the pinkos and the fellow travelers out of the industry. But the radio and TV business hasn't got the same desire or courage.

The Radio Writers' Guild is red dominated. Back in 1950, says Berkley, a resolution offered in support of the U.S. intervention in Korea was smothered by the guild. That one action is typical of hundreds of incidents that reveal that the guild owes first allegiance to Moscow.

Fair Supplement in This Issue

This issue of The Frontier features a 24-page Holt county fair supplement. In the colorful supplement you'll find the 1955 fair premiums in all classes (of intense interest to exhibitors). You'll also find considerable fair news and many interesting advertisements. As has been the custom in recent years, a rodeo will be the big entertainment attraction. Dates for the fair are August 17, 18, 19 and 20, and, of course, the fair will be held at Chambers.

However brilliant an action, it should not be esteemed great unless the result of a great and good motive.—Rochefoucauld.

He that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end.—William Penn.

There is no man, no woman, so small but that they cannot make their life great by high endeavor.—Thomas Carlyle.

Christmas is only five months away.

THE FRONTIER

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher Editorial & Business Offices: 122 South Fourth St. Address correspondence: Box 330, O'Neill, Nebr. Established in 1880 — Published Each Thursday

Entered at the postoffice in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, as second-class mail matter under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. This newspaper is a member of the Nebraska Press Association, National Editorial Association and the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Terms of Subscription: In Nebraska, \$2.50 per year; elsewhere in the United States, \$3 per year; rates abroad provided on request. All subscriptions are paid-in-advance.

Audited (ABC) Circulation—2,463 (Mar. 31, 1955)

panied the chancellor to Harvard university where the West German leader received an honorary doctor's degree.

During their overnight stay here, the Lettaus took full advantage of the O'Neill swimming pool, they revisited the wind test site, and they looked up old acquaintances.

In 1953 they took a special liking to prairie land and the cool evening breezes especially struck their fancy.

Doctor Lettau says he hopes one day he may retire in O'Neill.

Miscellany

A 3 1/2-year-old in our block, when singing the Tennessee hill-billy ballad that has captured the country, modifies the wording slightly: "Davey, Davey Crockett . . . king of the O'Neill Frontier!"

What gracious O'Neill hostess recently succeeded in pasting in an unfront false tooth with Le-Page's glue immediately before her guests arrived and, sure enough, lost the artificial chopper at the dinner table? . . . Mrs. Palmer Skulborstad boasts an exceptionally fine display of African violets—the product of a hobby.

—CAL STEWART

When You and I Were Young . . . Ft. Niobrara Is Being Abandoned

2 Trains of Soldiers Loaded Here

50 Years Ago

Two trains went east over the North Western carrying soldiers and equipment from Ft. Niobrara, which has been abandoned as a military post. . . The worst hail storm within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, swept over the northeast part of this county and into Knox county. Ten days after the hailstorm, people went to the ice heaps in the gulches and got their ice for making ice cream. Pigs and chickens were killed and the small grain was completely wiped out. . . It was reported there was a safe blowing in the store of D. W. Stuart at Stuart and \$140 was stolen. . . John P. Conrad and Georgiana Cole were married at the home of the bride's parents five miles west of O'Neill. . . A traveling evangelist was preaching here on the streets at noon and evening. The man is blind and has a little boy companion to lead him. They travel in a covered wagon. . . A band of Indians camped just north of the cemetery for a few days last week, making several excursions into town.

20 Years Ago

John Enright, 93, the town's oldest citizen, died at the home of his son, Michael. . . Fred Lowery sold his bus line of Z. Jefferies, formerly of Chambers. . . Reconstruction of the dike and repair of the power dam on the Niobrara river north of this city is underway. . . The Inman Poultry club met at the home of Orville Keyes. . . Dick Tibbets, 7-year-old son of Art Tibbets, had his tonsils and adenoids removed at the hospital. . . Frank Carter returned from Washington, Kans., where he had been attending the old settlers' reunion. . . Roy M. Sauers suffered the dislocation of his left shoulder bones at the donkeyball game at the fair grounds. He happened to have a rather unruly burro.

10 Years Ago

The Page Sunshine Sisters met with Beverly Kelly with seven members and their leader present. . . The O'Neill band will parade through the streets and members will be treated by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McKenna. . . Misses Mildred Haynes and Lola Ickes entertained about 40 girls at a pre-nuptial shower for Miss Hilda Harley at the Harry Snider home

at Page. . . The Shelhamer Produce in O'Neill has taken over the Kelly Feed store in Chambers. . . 1/Lt. Leonard Fox, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, has been awarded the silver star for bravery. . . The Methodist Youth Fellowship held a sub-district rally in O'Neill. At the close, all members joined in a friendship circle in honor of Merwyn French, jr., who left for the navy that evening.

One Year Ago

The formal commission appointing Ira H. Moss as O'Neill's new postmaster has arrived, but the installation date has not yet been fixed. . . The city council entered into a lease-rental purchase agreement with the Austin - Western Co. for the purchase of a mechanical street-sweeping machine. . . Miss Lavonne Miller was the winner of the American Legion-sponsored "Miss O'Neill" beauty contest held at the American Legion auditorium. . . Nebraska will be represented in the seventh annual salute to the states ceremony at Asbury Park, N.J., by Army Pfc. Paul W. Moseman, jr. . . Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Coyne left for Chicago, Ill., and New York City. They will sail from New York to Europe. . . Voting was "very light" in Holt county in connection with the voting for wheat marketing controls. . . A donkey rodeo will be staged under the lights at the O'Neill Saddle club arena.

JOINS WAC

Miss Eliner Minshall of Bassett was among 13 women's army corps enlistees on July 13 in Omaha.

Family Reunion Honors Visitors

AMELIA — A family reunion picnic was held in Amelia Sunday, July 17, in honor of Mrs. Ted Keeney, Teddy and Gary of Bellaire, Tex.; Mrs. Emmett Carr, Karen and Charles of Santa Monica, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Marcellus, Linda and Sonja of Whittier, Calif.; and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Curran, Jim, Steve and Jody of Minneapolis, Minn.

Others present were Mrs. Della Ernst, Art Waldman, Pat Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peterson and Donna Rae, Mr. and Mrs. Art Doolittle and Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Kennedy and boys, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Adair and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Darel Slaymaker and boys, Mr. and Mrs. James Curran and Ardell, Mr. and Mrs. Dale Curran and children and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Curran and girls; also Mr. and Mrs. Lorance Weber of Genoa.

Money to Loan — on — AUTOMOBILES TRUCKS TRACTORS EQUIPMENT FURNITURE Central Finance Corp. C. E. Jones, Manager O'Neill, Nebraska

.. DANCE .. AT O'NEILL American Legion Auditorium & BALLROOM Saturday, July 30th NOSMO KING ORCHESTRA Adm.: Adults, 1; Students, 50c

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