

Prairie Land Talk

Petitioners Go at It Again

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN—The four Lancaster county district judges in Lincoln ruled that the petition for calling a grand jury to investigate conditions at the state prison was all wrong because of a number of unqualified signers.

Just what is it that "qualifies" you to attach your name to a petition asking for a grand jury? The fathers of our country had something to say about all men being created equal, not equal in abilities and talents, but equal in rights and privileges of citizens.

It appears from the conclusion of the four district judges that some citizens are excluded from the sacred right of petition. Do these same citizens have the right to vote for district judges? The petitioners go at it again circulating a petition to "qualified" signers and this time both penal institutions at Lincoln come in for "investigation."

And now Mr. Morris, the fired superintendent of the reformatory, puts the board of control on the carpet to show cause why he was let out of the superintendent's job. That is clear to most Nebraskans—he was maybe unduly critical of the guys who hired him. And who would want to be the warden of a prison or director of affairs at a reformatory?

"Everybody does it." A family was on their lawn as I passed by. And that statement was heard as I approached, again in passing and was the last echo of family discussion that came my way. "Everybody does it!" How the power of example sways human lives! Our fundamental human needs account for it. Out limitations leave all strand on a common level. Tastes, desires, ambitions, hopes and aspirations may differ; ability and talents are neither identical nor equal in all. What is it, then, which "everybody does?" That household patriot who exclaimed so decisively was talking about the guy at the steering wheel.

A former prairie land maid, now a Rocky mountain beauty, Sharon Kay Ritchie, her parental home at Grand Island, standing among the charmers of the land in an Eastern center of culture and folly, has been crowned "Miss America." Dignity, grace and charm combined with the rare good sense of the best of young America, she says she does not smoke, touch firewater or have a "steady." And she has red hair. Out of a choice selection of blacks and browns and blondes, along came a red-crowned miss who captivated me in the long ago. Happy to learn that "Miss America" is a "redhead!"

Lincoln public schools opened Monday, September 1, with an enrollment of 18,449. There are private schools also that have a few thousand.

September 15. No frost on the pumpkin; no fodder in the shock; south wind blows a gale and the flaming chariot of the sky comes out, veiled for a moment with threatening clouds that are the hope of thirsty land. A rainless reach along the highway of time spread across prairie land as in other years now gone and forgotten. Present worries, present pleasures, hang a curtain over those of the past, but there is nothing new or unusual but has been experienced before on prairie land. We love not our fellow beings the less but nature more as it teaches us to bear with fortitude the ups and downs of life.



Romain Saunders

After the hot months of July and August, the arrival of autumn is welcomed by most Americans.

Of all the seasons, autumn is the most nostalgic. The first crisp days of fall, the bright turning leaves which begin to cover the ground, combined with new wool sweaters, football, the smell of burning leaves, the brown fields and bluish smoke from country chimneys, are all familiar impressions. The weather is perhaps the pleasantest of all the year.

Because the flowers and crops are dying or dead, however, fall is a melancholy time of year for nature's products. There is also the thought that soon after the beautiful days of October and early November will come the colder, harsher weather of winter.

The end of the year comes into view, and this tends to bring back memories and summations for the year, thus lending another emphasis to the nostalgic note. The days rapidly grow shorter and the nights longer, and the result is that the earth loses the heat stored up during the summer months. But, until the cold weather is actually upon us, and the days are at their shortest, the best days of the year and nature's greatest show should be enjoyed by all who are capable of appreciating the miracle of life and nature so evident among us.

George Morris has not been the only critic of the functionaries composing the state board of control, but he was the one they could do something with. So he was fired as superintendent of the state men's reformatory, not, as the board members give out, "in the interest of the institution," but rather as a revenging stroke. Mr. Morris, too, was denied the opportunity to show his loyalty and patriotism by talking to the rioters at the reformatory and advising them to submit to what the board of control claimed was for their "best interests" when guards refused him admittance to the scene of revolt.

The automobile took the lives of 36,300 Americans last year. The air lines report 16 passenger deaths during the same period, and seven of the country's railroads had no passenger fatalities.

An O'Neill news note in September, 1902, stated that Mrs. L. Cress was having a building 20x40, two stories high, erected on the south side of Douglas street between Fourth and Fifth. . . About that time G. W. Smith sold his novelty store to Grant Hatfield and Sam Thompson. . . Joe Ryan went to a community in Minnesota to figure and submit bids on a large hay contract. . . John Zeimer bought the building on Douglas street known as the Masonic hall, built onto the rear and was preparing to open a hotel.

He had spent three years in Sing Sing prison for extortion, then strutted about as chief messenger of the Center of Peace Forum of the Truth Church of the Royal Fraternity of Master Metaphysicians, head of the Cosmic Network of Secret Givers, pretended to have access to the secrets of peace, wealth, cosmic rays and immortality—and ended up a suicide. Enough to drive most fellows to it.

The state fair ribbon as a prize package and the ornate bookmark as a token of achievement are at least worthless reminders of heroic efforts.

Waiting for something to turn up? Somebody's toes turn up six feet underground everyday.



New Superior at St. Anthony's

Mother M. Coronata, OSF (above) is the new mother superior at the 38-bed, half-million-dollar St. Anthony's hospital here. She was born and reared at Alliance, has been in the Sisters of St. Francis order 23 years and was chief technician at the large St. Joseph's hospital at Minot, N.D., from 1944 until 1955.—The Frontier Photo.

When You and I Were Young . . . T. V. Golden Puffs Filipino Smoke

Electrical Storms Are Numerous

September has distanced all previous months this year for electrical storms. . . Miss Mamie McCafferty entertained a few friends at a supper given in honor of Will Buckley of South Omaha. . . T. V. Golden is puffing Filipino smoke, Lt. C. A. Meals having sent him a box of cigars from the islands. . . Clifford E. Smith and Dulcie A. Blakeslee of Inman were married. . . Pete Ward, who has been clerking in Spencer for the last two years, has been transferred to a better position in O'Neill. . . Miss Mable France, who has held cases at the Frontier office for the past few months, has accepted a position with the Beckworth - Corey Printing Co. in Omaha.

20 Years Ago
Everything is in readiness for the great O'Neill free day. If you want to spend a delightful day, do not fail to come here. . . A lovely wedding was solemnized in Emmet when Helen Cleary became the bride of John Turner. . . The winner of the state public speaking contest this year was Mrs. C. C. Marr. Mrs. Marr was formerly Helen Sauser of O'Neill, a graduate of St. Mary's academy. . . Alvin Baker was thrown from a rake in the hay field at the Inez Valley ranch and was severely shaken up. . . The Busy Hour club met at the home of Mrs. Ed Wayman. . . Fred Osenburgh, 6, broke both bones of his left forearm in a fall from a piece of playground equipment. . . Heavy firing on dark nights

south of here indicates that the zero hour is here in the eternal war on watermelons.

10 Years Ago
Clair Grimes of Chambers has accepted the appointment as Holt county war fund chairman for the 1954 war fund campaign. . . Dr. L. A. Burgess was made chairman of the nominating committee at a meeting of the North Nebraska Dentists at Norfolk. . . M/Sgt. William Miller arrived to visit relatives and friends. . . Mrs. Robert Harvey entertained the Get-together club at her home with 17 members present. . . Sister M.

One Year Ago
The Lyndley Crumly farm home near Page was the scene of a fire. Extensive damage was done. . . The masquerade ball held at the Country club brought out an impressive array of costumes. . . The William Krotter Co. will formally open a downtown store in addition to the original store in West O'Neill. . . Rev. J. Olen Kennell, of Orleans has been issued a joint call from the First Presbyterian and Bethany churches.

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Editorial

Nebraskans Echo 'Goodbye Bill'

Following Saturday's debacle in Memorial stadium at Lincoln, in which the lowly University of Hawaii football team humiliated the University of Nebraska, 6-0, the wolves once again are biting at the heels of J. William Glassford, the Cornhusker head football coach.

The anti-Bill feeling was expressed by some of the fans during the game when normally partisan Nebraskans began cheering the Rainbows from out of the Pacific.

Nebraska had been rated a multi-touchdown favorite and some observers expected a 50-point margin with liberal Cornhusker substitutions. It was to be a tune-up and all hands were to see action.

In January, 1954, at the time the Husker players circulated petitions and asked for the dismissal of the coach, many sob-sisters went to the defense of Bill. There were reports the players were "cry babies" and Iron Man Bill was praised in some quarters for putting down the "mutiny."

At that time The Frontier in this column expressed contempt for those recklessly using the "cry baby" label. We defended Nebraska kids on playing fields, in war and peace. We said they are far removed from the category of "mutineers," and we suggested there must be extraordinary reasons in the Cornhusker camp why so many boys dropped football—enough fall-outs (and good ones) during J. William's regime to make happy the hearts of many coaches.

At that time The Frontier blamed in part the metropolitan press for consistent defense of Glassford and continually reflecting the Wild Bill "line."

We said Glassford turned out one good team after arrival here and the intoxicated regents at the university let their enthusiasm overcome their better judgment and they entered into a long-term pact with Mr. Glassford. Sure, he has won some games, but luck will usually win a few of them.

We pointed out nothing in Glassford's tutoring background qualified him as a big-time coach and the record prior to the rebellion and since vindicates that stand.

The situation has been deteriorating rapidly and something, obviously, will have to be done. Nebraska was handed one if its most humiliating defeats on record late last fall by Oklahoma. Then came a substantial win over lowly Hawaii, regarded in about the same league as Morningside (Sioux City), Omaha university, South Dakota U., South Dakota State, etc. Finally, before a nationwide TV audience, the Huskers were miserable in the Orange bowl on new year's day and Duke university added further humiliation.

Comes now the 1955 dismal opener and, finally, the metropolitan press is beginning to rumble. "Goodbye, Bill!" is becoming a popular slogan.

Most Nebraskans are immensely proud of Nebraska's grid prestige of yesteryear and the loyalty of these same patient people is wavering.

It will please us if these rumblings produce factual reporting instead of "whitewash" and speed a change in the football fortunes at dear old Nebraska U.

Record Speaks for Itself

No worse week, weather-wise, could have been elected for the membership drive in behalf of the O'Neill Community Concerts association. Not unless it might have been a searing week in August when the mercury stood above the century mark day-after-day, the corn crop was shrinking by the hour, and the pastures acquired a scorched earth look.

But while the winds blew, dust swirled and people were cinching up their economic belts a notch or two, the Concert captains and membership workers made their rounds.

What happened?
The drive went over with a bang and officials say that, when all the tabulating is completed, the adult membership sales will very nearly equal or exceed the number issued last year—the first season of Community Concerts.

The just-ended campaign is an eloquent testimony to the appetite here for good music.

Music is noted for binding peoples and hearts in good times and bad.

The record speaks for itself.

Father to his son: "When George Washington was your age he never would have done a thing like that!"

Son to his father: "When George Washington was your age he was president."

Tuesday morning's exhibition by Jupiter Pluvios demonstrates there is still water in them thar' clouds.

Taxes up and income down. And the confiscatory tendencies in government go on and on.

If you haven't renewed your driver's license, it might be a good idea to do so now.

It's not whether or not you win or lose, it's a matter of how you play the game.



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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)