

Prairieland Talk

Two Classes of Needy

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN — The week of November 28-December 4 has been set out by congressional and executive order as Salvation Army week. That organization will then observe its 75th anniversary in the United States.

Started first in Europe, it is now about everywhere administering to the spiritual and material needs of the unfortunate. Other groups are doing a similar work and many communities provide a "chest fund" to help the needy. There are two classes of needy citizens—those brought to such a state through illness or misfortune, and a class that may be described as bums.

One such came into a welfare center recently in need of clothing; said he was an Indian from the Omaha tribe. He didn't have to explain that he was liquor soaked as that was very evident. Some clothing was dug out for him and he left without it, saying he would return to get it, but he had not shown up at last accounts.



Romaine Saunders

Summer has folded its tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. Today the north wind moans across the land with threatening clouds high above and reaching to far horizons. The weather prophet says a freeze for tonight. Gather perishable fruits out in the open, pluck the red rose and bring in the pumpkin. Flowers will fade, dead leaves fall, the prairie take on its brown garments and the bright tints of autumn flash here and there upon the vision. It has been a long, hot summer and now again a change of seasons marches down the highway of time. The season has brought abundance to prairieland. Summers pass away, harvest is over, cows are rounded in from summer ranges and their calves taken from them and the bawling of bereaved cow mothers comes from crowded corrals. It is soon over and cattle wander off to fill up on buffalo grass.

With memories of past experiences when marching German armies "crossed the Rubicon" France is leery of arming the Teuton tribes, as proposed by "the powers."

It is 23 years this month that Tom Morris, a druggist in O'Neill in the late '30's and until the late '50's, died and was buried at Battle Creek. He had conducted a drug store there after leaving O'Neill. . . . It was in October that year (1931) that the Holt County Economy league was organized to urge economy in county government, the headache then, as now, being the taxes. . . . The ladies of the First Presbyterian church were putting on a "chicken pie" dinner. Did you get yours? . . . John Protivinsky's grocery store was broken into and goods to the value of \$75 stolen, supposed to be the work of hungry transients with which the community was being over run. . . . Emil Sniggs, the town horseshoer for many years, was getting wide publicity on account of 'The Frontier's' story of his three tons of horse shoes still on hand.

What Colonel Doyle would have called a "gullywasher" dropped its wet blanket over the section of Nebraska where the capital city has been built about daybreak the morning of October 1, continuing throughout the forenoon. It was a timely visitation for the fields sown to wheat in this corner of the grain belt. City householders also can coil up their lawn hose for winter storage.

Editorial

Help Yourself!

A simple formula—"trading at home"—might be considered trite after having been bashed around quite a few years. Yet it carries considerable meaning.

A homely interpretation of the formula recently was offered by the Nashua (Ia.) Reporter as a means of possibly attracting one hundred new residents to that small community. Reading the article inspires one to apply the principle to your own town.

O'Neill is a growing city offering most all the services and facilities of larger cities; yet there are those who are bent upon buying a suit of clothes, a dress, a coat, an automobile or a jag of lumber at some metropolitan point. While the practice of trading away from home is not a critical matter here, a widespread adoption of the "trade-at-home" theme could produce amazing results.

In an editorial, the Nashua editor explained: "If every car, new suit of men's clothes, new hats, dresses, etc., for milady, shoes, radio sets, television sets, drugs, gasoline and tires, hardware, heating plants, produce or needed in everyday living and business were to be bought from local suppliers, you would notice some of these things begin to happen."

"Your local printer would have to add a man or two to handle the printing; your clothing dealer would need an extra clerk, maybe more; your filling stations would put on more men; your radio and TV dealers would need more help, and could offer even better service; your hardware and other hard line dealers could and would expand their services; your auto dealers would sell more cars, more cars would require servicing, and more mechanics—and so on down the list."

"All these workers would come from the age brackets which is the family-raising era. The average family, the census people say, is 4.2 people. So multiply each extra job and you have a sizeable increase in our population.

"More population means more students in our schools and the opportunity to add more courses and instructors, thus making the schools more attractive than ever. More population adds the opportunities of our doctors and other professional people and merchants."

"All by trading at home! "Think about this, you people who save a few dimes, or even dollars—or think you save them—when you buy or order away from home. A little of the golden rule applied right now, right here at home, would be the greatest shot in the arm the town could have."

"So do your best!" "The dollar spent away from home does the community no good. Let the home fellow make the dollar. Eventually it benefits everyone."

"Forget the grouses and gripes about 'the other guy' for six months to a year. Spend your dollars at home. And within a year, you'd never know the old hometown—in community understanding,

News, Views and Gossip

BY THE EDITOR

Crosby's Game

Nebraska's Gov. Robert Crosby buzzed into town Friday for a short-lived visit. As commander of the state's national guard and as an airplane pilot in his own right, Huskerland's number one citizen had been "weathered-in" at Spearfish, S.D., and was an hour or two late reaching O'Neill.

Purpose of Crosby's O'Neill stop was to appear before the assemblage at the annual meeting of the Niobrara Basin Development association, in session at the American Legion auditorium. An account of that meeting may be found elsewhere in this issue.

Crosby was met at the Municipal airport by Jim Rooney, a Niobrara director, who was in charge of arrangements for the O'Neill meeting, in behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, and Bill McIntosh, also a basin booster and active Chamber member.

The governor had acquired a substantial appetite on the solo flight downgrade from the Black Hills. After having been met at the airport and after having rounded the West O'Neill corner enroute to the auditorium, the right honorable governor begged of his reception party an opportunity to grab a cup of coffee and a sandwich before proceeding further.

The car immediately was drawn to the curb and Governor Crosby ducked into Myrl's cafe, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Mike M. Langan.

Mr. Langan moved right up with a glass of water and asked his latest customer for an order. "I'm Gov. Bob Crosby," the visitor said by way of introducing himself.

"Governor Crosby?" exclaimed Mike, caught completely flat-footed. At this point Mike began to fumble to bail a little. While Langan was procuring the hot beef and necessary utensils, the pink-cheeked, 5-ft. 6-inch chief executive - airman moved across the room to a booth. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sobotka were seated there, enjoying a mid-afternoon cup of coffee.

"Hello, folks," the stranger began. "I'm Governor Crosby. . . . and how are things with you?"

"Governor Crosby!" they blurted in unison, obviously shaken. They were somewhat ill at ease even as the discussion shifted to such things as crops and weather.

The governor hurriedly swept down the food and moved on to the Legion club, continuously apologizing to the reception group for being late. He conceded he has come to enjoy hitting folks cold in introducing himself and studying the various reactions.

"When there's a campaign on I'd be accused of politicking by doing this sort of thing," he explained. (The governor was defeated in the primary election by Rep. Carl T. Curtis in a bid for a U.S. senate seat.) "It's all over and I can enjoy it now."

The Frontier's society editor was not swept off her feet when the governor breezed in for a quickie chat.

"I'm Gov. Bob Crosby," came the voice across the counter, extending his right hand of fellowship. "I'm Mrs. Henry Schlueter," retorted the social scribe. "May I help you, Governor?"

—CAL STEWART

To Indiana—

Pvt. Donald Becker left Wednesday for Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind., where he will attend stenographer's school until March. He had been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Becker, since Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Vent-eicher and family of Norfolk were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sauser. Jerry, 4, remained with his grandparents and will visit them for a week.

Mrs. F. S. Britnell and daughters visited over the weekend with relatives in Neligh.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT



WM. GRIFFIN Republican

FOR RE-ELECTION COUNTY ATTORNEY

Of Holt County NOVEMBER 2nd Appreciates Your Vote!

Audited (ABC) Circulation—2,335 (Mar. 31, 1954)

Trods Boyhood Paths in Wisconsin

Frontier Editor Away 26 Years

50 Years Ago

Romaine Saunders, associate editor of The Frontier, has departed for a visit with relatives at the home of his boyhood at Monroe, Wis. It has been 26 years since he has trod the well-remembered paths and the "old man" is of the opinion the familiar scenes and objects will be few and far between. . . . Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Snyder returned from a month's visit to the Pacific coast cities of San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma. . . . Roscoe Moore was arrested in Omaha and returned to Belle Fourche, S.D., where he is wanted for horse-stealing. . . . Fred Barnett and Miss Martha Cross were united in marriage at the Presbyterian church. Reverend Bowen performed the ceremony. . . . The Sturgeon Music Co. of Norfolk wants an organ and piano salesman with team to work in the country. No experience is necessary.

20 Years Ago

William D. Langan was one of 19 of the Fourth division to receive a Verdun medal from August Borglum, French consular agent in Omaha, on behalf of the citizens of Verdun. . . . Agnes Swanson and Oliver Ross were

united in marriage in the rectory of the Catholic church. Rev. B. J. Leahy officiated at the ceremony. . . . C. W. Conklin was elected commander of Simonson post of the American Legion. . . . The town of Spencer is considering bankruptcy. The city is without funds to redeem bonds held by the state board of education lands and funds purchased between 1923 and 1931.

10 Years Ago

Mary Petr, 92, died at her home southwest of O'Neill. Mrs. Petr had been a Holt county resident since 1885. . . . Lt. Robert J. Early was awarded the air medal for meritorious achievement. Lieutenant Early recently returned from the Far East where he has been for the past year. . . . Lt. James R. Herre, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Herre of O'Neill, and Miss Carlyn Carter were united in marriage at Liberal army air base, Liberal, Kans. . . . Farmers desiring to secure trees for shelterbelt and windbreak planting next spring from the supervisors of the Holt soil conservation district are urged to make their reservations now.

One Year Ago

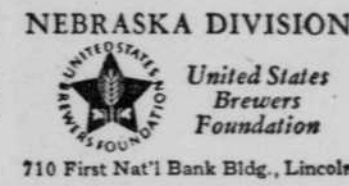
A fire touched off by the exhaust of a car belonging to a door to door salesman raged over a 10-mile under-dry meadow before it was finally brought under control. . . . O'Neill's businessmen are ready for the second annual pancake day to be held on the main floor of the Knights of Columbus building. Personnel will serve in three shifts. . . . Duane McLain, 19, confessed in O'Neill to the slaying of Karen Talbot, 13, who disappeared from the

It Happened in NEBRASKA---



The earliest "Nebraskans" known to the white man were the Pawnee Indians, believed to have lived here longer than any other tribe. They dwell in houses made of earth and timber. First they built a framework over which they piled earth and brush. These were much like the early pioneer sod houses.

Far removed from these early days is the civilization which brought new respectability to tavern operation. Today's taverns are well-regulated business establishments, respected by all!



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