

Prairie Talk

No Interest in America?

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

It is said that in the United States and Canada there are thirty million who came from distant lands that can neither read, write, speak or understand the language of Americans. It was many years ago when I was publishing a paper in a Nebraska town located in a community where a number had come from a European country. A medical man from overseas landed in our midst, and news nosing as I was I went to his little office to have a chat only to learn he was there just to contact those of his tongue and distant country, no interest in we Americans. I thought and maybe said it, if you do not want to have any contact with Americans and our way of life just pack up and get out of here—head back to where you came from. He soon did. O'Neill and the country nearby was settled by men and women who came from the Emerald Isle; they loved it here and at once became part of the community, neighbors and friends to all.



Romaine Saunders

Capital City dwellers think that not only the ground they know as their deeded property but the street is theirs also and they must keep that bit of sod green by the side of the concrete walk that has been layed for citizens to walk their several ways on. So here lays the rubber hose spraying you as you walk down the public thoroughfare. The native buffalo grass that the hand of nature layed and grows with no touch of human hand has been torn up and an imported sod that must be spit on to keep it green layed along the sidewalks by the hand of man.

Doubtless in the long ago she was a maiden fair with golden hair, a charming face and form and stepped out in graceful strides. I saw her today, her form bent, face marked with the lines of advanced age, crippled and taking a step with difficulty. But out to look about where flowers bloom and velvet green has robbed the summer scene. I paused to greet her, to smile and laugh agging wrinkles away for a moment. And then she could hobble her way to her easy chair in her home nearby and rest in happiness because of one more flash of human fellowship in the glow of sunlight out in the open.

We once knew it as the Reform School. Now it is Boy's Training School. Nebraska's institution for the cutup kids is located down at Kearney. The Board of Control fired the gent in charge of the school for alleged in humane treatment of the kids and installing another smiling Nebraskan to train up those boys in the way they should go. Maybe dad instead of his son should be in the reforming institution.

Though graced by polished ways and winning smile, yet lacking sensibility and needless sets foot upon a worm, count not such a one my friend.

The sky is overcast this morning as I write, rain wets the Capital City and lands beyond. I hear it patter on the roof that covers me. Birds are silent, no winged creatures on the go but flowers in full bloom and growing things refreshed in garden and field. And if we walk out where no concrete has been layed by the hand of man we are led on through the mud by the hand of nature. Good corn growing weather!

The 60-point headline in a recent issue of The Frontier at the top of page the first tells us 1,194 north Nebraska homes have been added to those already receiving the paper. So Prairieland Talker wishes to join the publishers in welcoming this sizable list to the circle of Frontier readers. It was in the 1880's Jim Riggs would engage some sweet smiling guy with a gifted tongue to drive out over the prairie with team and buggy to contact settlers and enroll them as readers of The Frontier at \$1.50 each. If that horse and buggy traveling representative came back after two or three days with a half dozen names to add to the subscription list and turned in \$15 or \$18 he had gathered in and a two column writeup of the country its settlers and range riders he was complimented for doing so well. Now do your stuff and turn out each week the best in newspaper circles.

His home was on the open prairie off to the south. On a warm summer day he came up to Swan lake to fish for an hour or two, returned home with a catch of bullheads. Today he and his life's companion are at home in southeast Lincoln. Two days a week, Saturday and Sunday, he is doing guard duty at the Lancaster county courthouse for which he is paid well, two days but long hours from 7 in the morning until 9 at night. The courthouse officials are off the job Saturdays except the county judge whose court is open until noon. Once an hour the guard visits each courthouse department, unlocks the door, takes a look, locks up, goes to the next office until all had been visited and then parks in an easy chair until time to go look again if any intruders had showed up. Two days a week. But his life's companion has a six day a week job with one of the Capital City's leading department stores.

Come, Mr. President, go back there in your office in the White House and stay there—no trip to Japan where a 44 bullet may be awaiting you. But this plea is too late, Mr. President is on his way as this is written.

Roses are in full bloom, dandelions gone to seed. Just so life's pleasures bud and bloom as troubles are no more.

From Canada to the gulf and Mexican border, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific and Alaska and one state out in the Pacific ocean it is said there now are 180 million of the genus homo making up the population of our country.

Frontiers Ago

50 YEARS AGO
The class of 1910 were graduated from St. Mary's Academy last Thursday evening with appropriate exercises at the K. C. Hall. The class this year was composed of eight young ladies, and are among the brightest ever graduated from this popular educational institution. S. J. Weekes, Charles Stout, J. L. Hershner and H. D. Grady went up to Atkinson Wednesday afternoon in Weekes' "buzz car" to witness the ball game. Dr. J. P. Gilligan left last Sunday morning for Custer county for a short visit with his brother, who is one of the prominent farmers and stockmen of that county. Frank J. Prussa and Miss Anna Tushla, both of Atkinson, were granted a marriage license last Monday.

25 YEARS AGO
Gerald McDermott of O'Neill and Miss Veral Hanna of Chambers, were granted a marriage license in county court last Friday. Mr. McDermott is the son of Mrs. Dominick McDermott, pioneer resident of the south county. Mrs. Ed Campbell and Mrs. Ed M. Gallagher entertained at a picnic lunch at the Country Club last Tuesday evening, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Green of Chicago. Miss Clara Cole left Wednesday night for Richmond, Calif. where she expects to make her future home. At Midway last Sunday one of those epic baseball games which set crowds afire was played by the O'Neill and Red Bird nines before a large crowd of spectators. O'Neill won, 3 to 2.

10 YEARS AGO
Bids on the 420 thousand dollar St. Anthony's hospital have cleared the U. S. department of health hurdles and are now being signed. L. M. Diehlman, manager of the Tri-State Produce Co. plant here Tuesday was elected president of the O'Neill Chamber of Commerce for the new year. He succeeds Melvin Ruzicka. Holt county's population loss during the past decade was fixed at 1,885 according to unofficial figures. Residents of the locality are mopping up after the damaging tornadoic windstorm that swept Holt County shortly after midnight on the night of June 13. For about 45 minutes the storm raged, uprooted hundreds of trees, demolishing many buildings and windmills and killing poultry.

5 YEARS AGO
Ed Lof, Omaha, was crowned champion of the 1955 O'Neill open tourney, which drew to a close Monday evening with sizzling extra hole play. Rev. Barnabas James Berigan, 28, who was ordained June 10 in San Francisco, Calif., Sunday offered his first solemn high mass in St. Joseph's Catholic church in Atkinson. Miss Iona Ernst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ernst of O'Neill and Ivan L. Wayman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wayman of O'Neill, were united in marriage June 17 at the First Methodist church here. Holt county grassland-fertilizer tour will start from the courthouse in O'Neill at 9 a. m. Friday, July 1, for an all-day inspection of 15 of the 25 meadow sites on which fertilizer tests are being conducted.

The Long Ago At Chambers

50 YEARS AGO
A double wedding took place in O'Neill, Monday, when Judge Malone united in marriage Miss Myrtle Wood and Mr. Jas Horton, and Miss Emma Horton and Joe Bradshaw. Tuesday a wedding was given in their honor at the home of Som'l Wood. B. T. Winchell and E. E. Perrin were inspecting road near Jesse Frarys Tuesday. The Union District Sunday School Convention will be held in Chambers July 14, 1910. Hazel Kapple fell from a wagon yesterday morning breaking her arm just below the elbow.

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25 YEARS AGO
A bridal shower was given June 17th at the home of Mrs. Lyle Walter in honor of Mrs. Joseph S. Ascut. About 25 guests being present. Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Holcomb and Dorothy Grimes were home from Wayne for over the weekend. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tomlinson of O'Neill, were callers at the J. R. Coventry and Art Tomlinson of O'Neill, were callers at the J. R. Coventry and Art Tomlinson homes Wednesday. The Kangaroo Court which has been in session under direction of the Red Caps each Wednesday evening for the past few weeks, completed all cases on the docket last night. Many have been fined for going without their cap or wearing their cap on backwards, and on other numerous charges.

Smoke from "Brandin' Iron" Crick

By J. C. Fudd
Sure had excitement along the Crick last Tuesday night. Big fire at Willie Kells. Long about half past twelve it happened. Lena was snoring like a fog horn. Yours truly had only just dozed off. The church bell started to ring and the telephone to sound off at the same time. Lena leaped out of bed like a scared pullet. "Make for the cellar!" She screams. "It's a general alert or a cyclone." Your truly was halfway there before he come to and put on the brakes. All you heard on the phone was someone yellin' and sobbin' and bearing down on the ringer. Took a good five minutes before we could figger out what the trouble was. Willie Kells barn was a-fire. Had a heck of a time getting started. Pants was gone. Lena went berserk tearing into her own duds and threw'em in the store room. Claimed she hadn't set eye on them. Won't own up to it yet. Half the country was already there when we made it. Good as a show if it hadn't been serious. Bunch of guys headed by Willie was running round and round the barn heaving on a bucket of water each time they passed the fire. Couldn't help but think of the school kids at basketball practice. Even had their cheering section the women and kids rooting from the side lines. All they lacked was a referee. Otty Camber got up on the roof with a fire extinguisher and really did some good. Then Orley Hinch connected up the garden hose and turned her on the blaze and she went out with a hiss. Folks had just got through speculatin' on the cause and estimating the damage and was about ready to take off when everyone was shook by a roar like a wounded grizzly coming from behind the barn. Old Man Chinn was down in the corral. He'd got fouled up in some barb wire. Claimed he'd been yelling for a good half hour. Took another half hour to cut the old coot loose. Haven't found out the cause yet but Binky Barker was visiting Kenneth Kell that afternoon and folks have their suspicions.

The Corners Store has laid in a big supply of fireworks (all strictly legal of course) so come in and get your torpedoes, whizzers, blue comets and holy joes. Everyone is invited to the annual Brandin' Iron picnic. Bring your basket lunch and enjoy the sports afterwards. See you on the fourth.

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Homemakers Corner . . .

Be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.—Southey
Today is dark and rainy. The farmers find it hard to get their alfalfa taken care of and crops put in. Many gardens are looking very productive. The greenhouses have found it quite hard to keep tomato and other plants on hand for the many that call for them. The United States Department of Agriculture advises that when ripening tomatoes do not put them in a warm sunny window as this is no longer acceptable. They advise to place the tomatoes in a place that has plenty of light, but not too much heat. It is outdated to wrap tomatoes in paper or put them in a dark place to ripen. To preserve the color, flavor, texture and vitamin value, tomatoes should be ripened at room temperature (between 60 and 75 degrees F.). It is best to select mature tomatoes that are just ready to turn color. This type are also better buys, than those which are red or bruised. Ripened tomatoes should be kept cold to retain their vitamin C value.

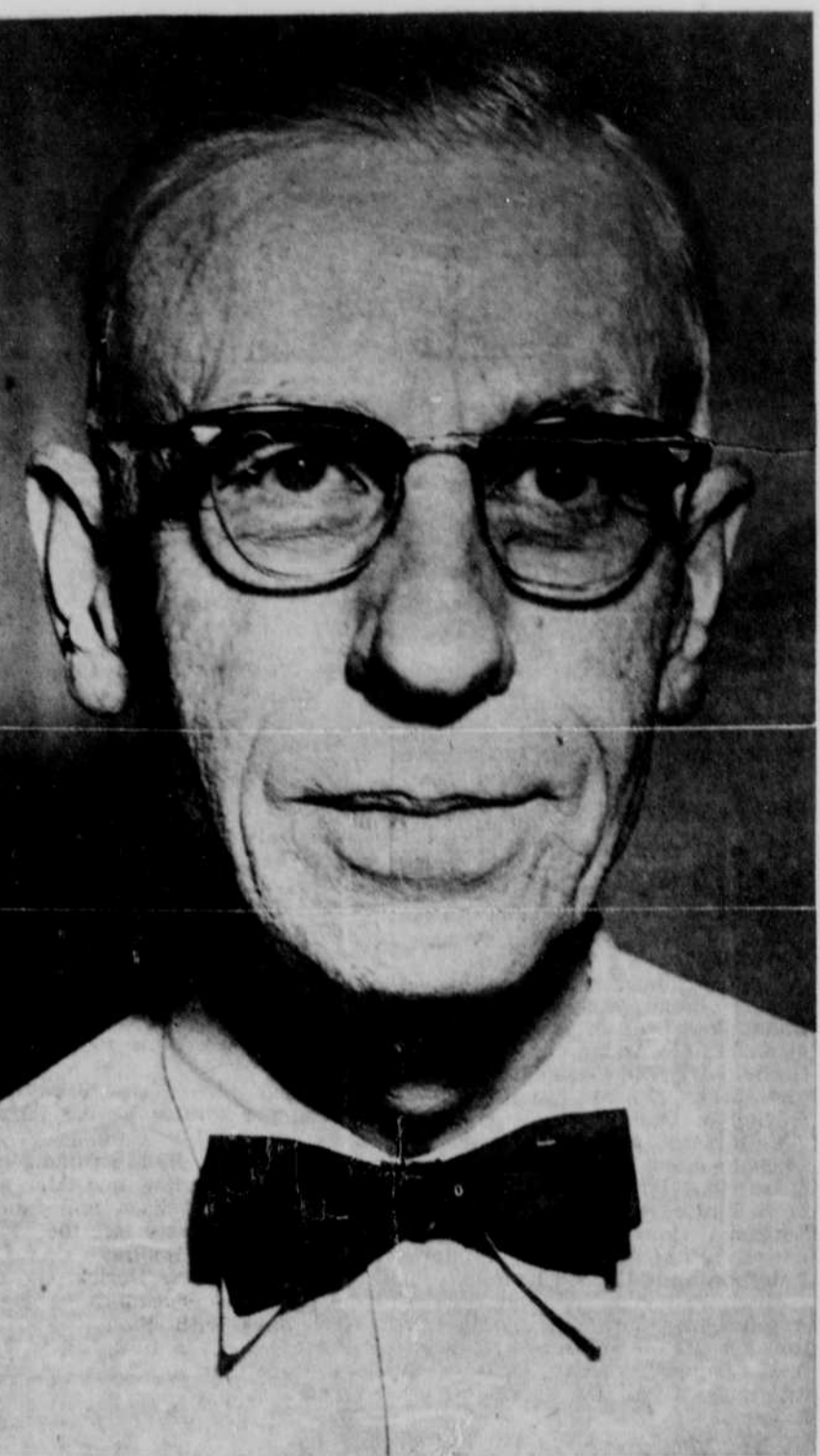
The other day I was visiting with a reader from Kearney and she is very interested in flowers and plants of all types. She has had many years experience in studying their habits. She advised that if you wish your chrysanthemums to bush out the centers should be snipped out. This can be done until the first of July, after that they should not be bothered. Here is a strawberry recipe that is interesting and in season.

STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS
2 cups flour
2 tablespoons baking powder
3 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 cup margarine or butter
Milk to make a stiff dough
2 cups strawberries
Mix and sift together flour, sugar and baking-powder. Rub in margarine or butter and mix a rather stiff dough with milk. Roll out quite thin and cut into rounds. Put a tablespoon of slightly mashed strawberries and a tablespoon of sugar on half the rounds, brush edges with water and cover with the remaining rounds. Pinch edges together, brush tops with milk or water and bake in a quick oven. Serve as soon as done with strawberry sauce made from mashed strawberries and sugar sweetened to your individual taste. Using cornstarch pudding as a base a tasty dessert can be made by adding seasonable fruits, such as any type of berries, peaches, pears etc. Cool the pudding and put over the fruit which has been arranged in the bottom of the dish. Avoid using too much juice as this makes the pudding watery. Chill no longer than an hour before serving.

FRUIT BLANCMANGE
3 tablespoons cornstarch
5 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cold milk
2 cups scalded milk
m'nuts over direct heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cool slightly. Add lemon juice to fruit and divide between four sherbert glasses. Pour over the blancmange and chill. Garnish with fruit.

Do You Know Your Neighbor?

"Know Your Neighbor" is not a contest. There are no prizes given for correctly identifying the person pictured. The only reward is the satisfaction of knowing your neighbor.



Sure you've talked to Harry Peters's place of business. He's the manager of the telephone company in O'Neill.



This man helped dig the Missouri river

3 teaspoons butter or margarine
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup crushed and sweetened berries peaches or other seasonable fruit
Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add cold milk and stir until smooth. Add to scalded milk. Cook five

Frontier Want-Ads Pay Dividends

Editorial

Commercials at Your Leisure

There is a definite relationship between the telephone business and television commercials, we're told.

For instance, when the commercials appear on the tube, the telephone lines fairly buzz with activity. It seems everybody wants to make a call at the same time.

We're told you could stand in a telephone central office and ascertain the exact times when commercials are being shown. Which perhaps gives us a wonderful opportunity to plug newspaper advertising. The "commercials" are available in your newspaper to view at your leisure.

You can always go back to them after you've answered the telephone call from a neighbor who missed the TV commercial by calling you. Lots of economical merchandise and services are available simply by reviewing the advertising columns in your newspaper.—The Frontier.

Hang On To Freedom

Anybody got a dime? Shiny and new, or dull and old, it doesn't matter, not for a telephone call but as a reminder of something we're inclined to forget. If you haven't got a dime, a nickel will do. Have a look at the words.

It gives a familiar answer to an old familiar question that keeps edging up to poke us in the ribs. It's the same antique item that has been nagging at us straight through history, from Plymouth Rock right up to today's headlines. To date, no amount of slapping down has eliminated this issue and even the latest mauling failed to finish it off.

The question is blunt and to the point: Are we hanging on to all our freedoms? Notice that all of them are included. Not this particular one nor that but the whole works. Let one of those freedoms slip and all of them start skidding.

Once more we have to give the same old answer but this time louder and clearer than ever before. Something like: "Men were endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," straight out of the Declaration of Independence. And so that everyone is not likely to forget the idea, just reach into your pocket or purse and get out that nickel or dime. There it is: "In God We Trust." That trust helped carry this nation from its founding days through its darkest times. That same faith can carry us today through every danger of a world that keeps getting upset one place or another. And just so we can keep that faith, let's all go to church this week.

If you burn the candle at both ends you may not be as bright as you think.

Bank accounts are like toothpaste: easy to take out but hard to put back.

Those who complain about the way the ball bounces are often the ones who dropped it.

One of the drawbacks to giving money as a gift is that you have difficulty charging it.

Those Who Would Be Hurt

Many people support the proposal to increase the Federal minimum wage and to extend the Federal wage-hour law to groups which always have been exempt on understandable humanitarian grounds. They feel it would give needed benefits to low-income workers.

Yet many workers in that category would, in all likelihood, be severely hurt if the law passes. Those we think it would hurt most would be housewives, teen-agers and older folks working part time, the latter to a augment their retirement pay. A hike in minimum pay and increased coverage for retail merchants and restaurants would practically end this type of part-time work.

Thousands upon thousands of teen-agers now earn their own pocket money while they get practical experience, build character and stay out of trouble in after-school, evening, weekend and summer part-time jobs. Let's give our youth a fighting chance to make something of themselves and our oldsters the right to hold up their heads.

Another point needs emphasizing here. Retail stores, restaurants and other service operators are strictly local enterprises. Even if numbers of national chains, they must compete locally, not nationally, and they must gear themselves to local needs, desires, living and working standards, etc. So if wage-hour legislation is needed in these areas, it should be accomplished through state and local action—not through national action that would treat business in the biggest cities and smallest towns alike.

Dandelion is another thing which, if given an inch, will take a yard.

The divorce rate might go down if instead of marrying for better or worse, young people would try to marry for good.

THE FRONTIER

JAMES CHAMPION, Co-Publisher
BRUCE J. REHBERG, Editor

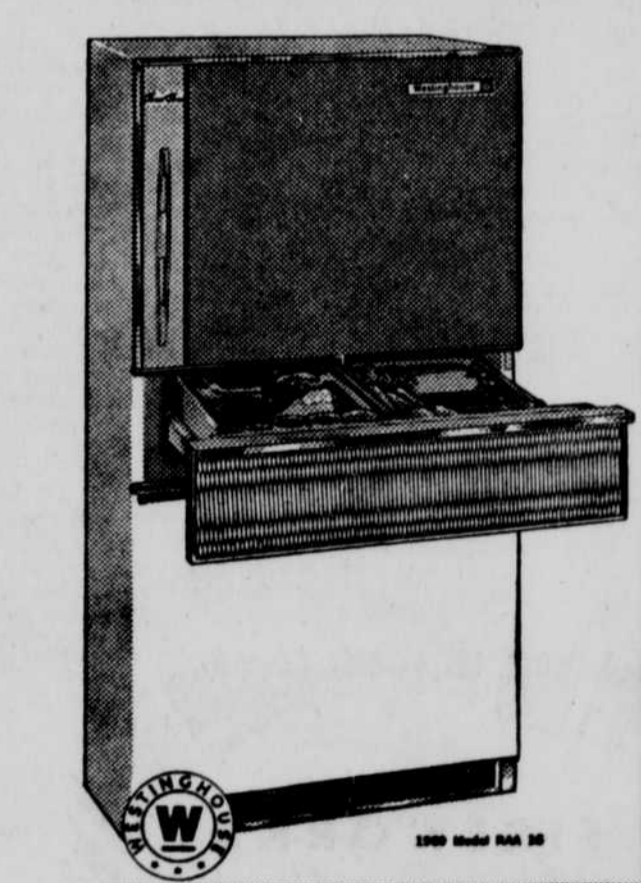
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