

PrairieLand Talk

Shaggy Dog Is Best Friend

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN—He is a friendly little Swede, name ending with the indispensable "son." He is one of that hardy race whose native land, though surrounded by turbulent, warring nations, is forever at peace.

He has made his stake on prairieLand, lives by himself with his "best friend"—a shaggy little dog; but daily walking streets and lanes with the dog on the end of a string; will talk to one he meets recounting a vivid story of the wonders performed by that 10-year-old marvel of a dog.

The personal pronoun "I" is rarely in the background. A friend from the British Isles has it in stock. London, Belfast, Dublin and always prefixed by "I" as the Britisher takes you through such places. He, too, now belongs to prairieLand, has his life's earnings with saw and hammer paying him three percent interest and lives with his wife in peace and plenty in a cozy five-room dwelling all their own.

And this is a lure that draws the genus homo from the ends of the earth to prairieLand.

That emblem of good luck, the horse shoe, having disappeared from over the doors of American homes, we no longer enjoy the visionary oversight of a fanciful talisman and the crack-ups and disasters pile up.

Today, May 22, is Salvation Army day. The drum rumbles as the lassies in their snoods and bonnets accompany the major and general on the march. The army is something infinitely more than a parade spectacle. It feeds the hungry, clothes the destitute, gathers in the outcasts and hastens to the aid of disaster victims everywhere. It rebukes pretense, puts to shame religious arrogance. A sanctimonious guy stood by a group pretending he was Christ when the Salvation Army came marching down the street singing, "I shall know Him by the prints of the nails in His hand!" Let me see your hand demanded one of the crowd near the bogus messiah. He made his getaway down an alley. Every community has the counterpart of the Salvation Army—church groups and others doing what they can to relieve suffering as well as imparting the solace of spiritual inspiration. Here in Lincoln the Army has a downtown store of "second hand" household necessities and if your financial standing is such you can't buy as much as a toothbrush they will fix you out with a good outfit and accept your thank-you in payment.

A state game official faced a charge of breaking the law he is employed to enforce, shot a quail. He complains the charge was inspired by two "disgruntled" former employees of the commission. Be that as it may, he should walk up and pay the fine, say nothing and smile about it.



Romaine Saunders

Two summers ago the busybodies were planning flood control, diverting water courses on paper and building dikes and reservoirs. Mother Nature took over and did the job. The tune of the busybodies has been changed to float out on an alarming key calling for water. Oldtimers who have survived three-quarters of a century of floods, droughts, flush and tight times, a boiled potato dinner and tables loaded with roast turkey, pumpkin pie and all the trimmings look on in venerable amusement. Financial stringency, full purse, abundance today, nothing tomorrow, flooded streams and dry creek beds—days, months, years, centuries come and go—always something for the busybodies to set straight.

A combination of federal law, court rulings and organized labor renders our "right to work" voted by Nebraskans as well as in other states of little avail. Added to this, the nonunion worker encounters refusal if applying for work at a "closed shop" on the grounds, fictitious or real, that no additional help is needed.

He sat on the ground, back against a tree, with book in hand, mental faculties centered on the accumulated wisdom absorbed during another year in college. In a few days the final struggle will be over, will it be the sheepskin or failure? He was a young man from Texas in college in Lincoln preparing to enter medical school in a Southern California community, had earned his way through college by working. Now the problem of financing the \$1,200 a year the medical school asks of each student would confront him. Somehow, I don't know how, that young man will make it, as scores of young men and young women the country over have met the problems of life and through difficulties and empty purses have come out professionally equipped to fill their niche in the affairs of men.

A friend of PrairieLand Talker in a distant state calls attention in a letter to the scenes of beauty "every place in the world." Beauty everywhere glowing in crystal charm above the sordid, the ugly, the revolting things along the way. This friend writes of the thrill that was experienced rolling along the prairie trails when living in prairieLand, and retains in vivid memory the warm-hearted, friendly and hospitable people he knew here. Beauty everywhere, even on the desert. A few years ago on an Arizona desert the midnight hour could not woo to slumber. The vast empty land, stars glowing like balls of fire out of the depth of eternity above—a desert picture worth a night out.

A group of postal clerks in session down at Columbus "whereased" and resolved that their working conditions are bad and they swing into action to achieve their ideal. There have been times when we were not concerned over "working conditions," we wanted a job. In the days of Coxie's armies of thousands of unemployed, bread lines and a bowl of soup, any job was welcome irrespective of working conditions. But today we are 60 years farther along the road to El Dorado and here's hoping the postal boys evolve working conditions to their liking.



Youngsters Inspect M-47 Tank

These youngsters swarmed over the national van (straddling the cannon), Kenneth Peacock, guard M-47 tank on display in downtown O'Neill Thomas Scheinost of Page, Gregory Tenberg and on armed forces day: Left-to-right: James Sully-Gary Coulter.—The Frontier Photo.

When You and I Were Young... No Serious Hurts in Fall from Horse

Gillespie Is Thrown from Buggy

50 Years Ago Refrigerators from \$10 up at Neil Brennan's... Lloyd Gillespie is still with his father at their homestead near Rushville. The judge suffered no serious injuries after having been thrown from a buggy... John F. Gallagher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gallagher, graduated seventh in his class at the medical department of Washington university, St. Louis, Mo... Six young ladies graduated from O'Neill high. They were the Misses Lucille Meredith, Edna Howe, Bessie M. Jones, Josie Howe, Fannie Millard and Bessie Roberts... Charles Vesquist of Ray returned from South Dakota where he filed a claim near Rapid City, S.D.

20 Years Ago A banquet, attended by 30 oldtimers, was held at the Golden to honor a former businessman and a real town booster, Ben A. DeYarman, 80, of Vancouver, Wash... George Shoemaker, south of town, furnished his beautiful blue grass lawn and more than one hundred friends and neighbors gathered under the big shade trees to help Miss Cleta McNichols celebrate the closing of her school, a very successful term.

10 Years Ago Miss Catherine Lou Winchell died at the family home... Miss Jane Chace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Chace of Atkinson, won the highest score of 959 competitors in the examinations given by the state merit system last month... Marvin Holsclaw won the regents' scholarship to the University of Nebraska at O'Neill high. Gordon Hiatt was chosen alternate... George Janousek wrote in a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lod Janousek: "The people in Tsingto, China, are half starved" and then he elaborated. He is with the navy.

One Year Ago Mrs. John Silverstrand of Atkinson represented Holt county in rural homemakers' recognition activities in Omaha... W. J. McNichols of Hollywood, Calif., who left this community in 1909, had a reunion with Romaine Saunders and presented him with a fancy black beaver hat, 10-gallon size... Mr. and Mrs. Peter Tushla of Atkinson and Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Copes are observing their 50th wedding anniversaries this week and next... Herman Hesse of Laurel, formerly of Page, and Mrs. Leatha Morrow died.

Politicians Ponder Election

(From Pierce County Leader)

The radios and daily newspapers are trying their best to evaluate and make something out of the recent Nebraska primary election.

Some try to find evidence of a farm revolt... some try to decide if Eisenhower is losing his popularity... some try to discover if 80 percent, 90 percent or 100 percent of parity is wanted.

The best thing about an election is that your vote is "secret"... also why you voted the way you did vote is nobody's business if you want to keep "your mouth shut."

When you go to the polls you ask for whatever party ballot you want... you vote the way you want... after all the votes are in and counted it still does not tell why you voted that way.

This is the "United States"... your use of the ballot is yours and yours alone. The "why" is also yours and thank goodness no one can with authority question your American right to put an "X" where you please.

Ike's Health Questioned

The political seismograph in the nation's capital has been registering a spate of rumors to the effect that President Eisenhower will not run again. He will bow out for reasons of health just before the republican convention—that's the way the rumor mongers dish it up.

A tip regarding his health might be read into the announcement the president would limit his campaign appearances on a half-dozen television shows.

It is the season for commencement—for graduation—for an end to a way of life and the beginning of another for the graduates—and for discourses by commencement speakers.

We hear little these days about the college yokels who swallow gold fish. Apparently the interest has been switched to raids on gals' dormitories.

To consult with the wisest and the greatest men... to use books rightly.—Ruskin.

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.—Benjamin Franklin.

What really teaches man is not experience but observation.



CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher ARTHUR J. NOECKER and ESTHER M. ASHER, Associate Publishers

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Art Chosen for Lincoln Display

Jeanne Simmons, 6, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Simmons of Hastings, had art work chosen for exhibit in a Lincoln department store. Hers was one of 421 pieces on display. Five thousand were submitted.

Jeanne is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sobotka of O'Neill.

Jeanne's art entry was one of nine submitted from the entire Hastings school system.

Return from Vacation—Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Johnson and daughter, Lynette, and sons, James and Roland, recently returned from a week's vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Osborn of Olathe, Kans. They also spent a day in Kansas City, Mo.

Letters to Editor

Eldora, Ia. While visiting a niece in Aurora last November, she noticed an item in the Sunday World-Herald quoting Mr. Saunders, taken from the O'Neill Frontier. It was in regard to Doc Middleton. The item rang a bell with me.

My parents left their homestead on the Niobrara river in 1890 and took over the Pacific house in Stuart, which they operated for six years. Then they bought the Northwestern hotel, which they operated until 1902. So I grew up, from 6-years-old to 18-years-old, in hotels in Stuart and have listened in on many stories concerning Doc Middleton which I can relate. I also recall the life of my parents the first few years on their homestead.

Sincerely, IVAN MCKAY

940 First Nat'l Bank Bldg. Omaha, 2, Nebr.

My name was mentioned recently in the Omaha newspaper about sodhouses. I have heard

Editorial

Eggs in Three Baskets

Squabbling among the armed services is unpleasing, but we doubt if any great harm will result from the explosions of interservice criticism recently. They are the natural results of healthy rivalry, plus the defense department's attempt to maintain an excessive secrecy. Indeed, they remind us that fortunately the United States' defense eggs are not all in one basket.

But if the publication of air force documents questioning the value of the army's Nike ground-to-air missile and the navy's giant carriers is to leave more than hard feelings, certain steps will have to be taken. We do not mean a congressional investigation to determine who is responsible for the disclosures. What is much more needed is an impartial and objective evaluation of the weapons brought into question.

In 1949, when the navy questioned the air force's claim for the B-36 bomber, it was simply slapped down. The B-36 itself was not adequately investigated, and millions continued to be poured into the building of this complicated and unreliable weapon. Proper tests would have shown that strong defense against it was already available.

Last fall controversy over the Nike—chief reliance for close-in aid defense of American industrial targets—caused tests to be made. They were inconclusive. That is not good enough. Adequate tests should be made—and judged by an impartial board, not by one service. If necessary to establish the facts, civilian experts should be brought in. At the same time tests should be run of the falos—the missile developed by the navy but favored by the air force for ground-to-air defense of bases.

It will be more difficult to prove the value of the big aircraft carriers, for this would involve the operation of a whole naval task force, with all the uncertainties of sea and air weather. But an attempt should be made. And again some impartial authorities should set up the conditions for a test. For the investment in this weapon is approaching a billion dollars, and it is time that its capabilities were more fully known.

Homecoming for 'Simp'

Neighboring Nebraska communities—Platte Center and Columbus—paid honor to Gen. Alfred Gruenther during the weekend. The recently resigned commander of North Atlantic Treaty Organization and a distinguished war leader spoke at the Platte Center high school alumni banquet and appeared in Columbus in connection with that city's centennial celebration.

Gruenther, known as "Simp" to lifelong friends at Platte Center, has astonished his colleagues in the American military and those of allied nations with his decision to quit NATO and go into industry at a high-level. In this regard, Gruenther is but one in a succession of high military men who have abandoned the profession to take on more lucrative business and industrial positions.

General Gruenther has made his mark as a wartime general and aide to Dwight Eisenhower; he has demonstrated unusual qualities of leadership and statesmanship ability in improving the efficiency and environment of the NATO organization; he is a conservative, solid-thinking Nebraskan of whom his residents are immensely proud.

Power intoxicates men. It is never voluntarily surrendered. It must be taken from them. The supreme court must be curbed.—James F. Byrnes, former justice of the supreme court of the United States.

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from many people interested in "soddie" lore. I have taken the liberty of arranging a meeting, open to everyone interested in pioneer Nebraska life, to be held at the lecture hall of Joselyn Memorial art museum, 2218 Dodge street, Omaha, at 3 p.m., Sunday, June 10.

—CHARLES S. REED 1028 Conn. Ave., N.W. Washington 8, D.C.

I have been engaged in the writing of a historical novel around the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866, led by Gen. O'Neill. Having just learned that your city is named for him, wondered if I could secure any information about him that would help me in rounding out his character.

Is it possible that he either has descendants, or there are descendants of friends, who might have information about him; for instance, a picture of any stage in his life; his feelings about the movement, or, in fact, any information about him? Of course, I have seen a photograph of him, but the descriptions of him in so many books vary—as to his size, his hair and mustache, his humor or lack of it, have all been very sketchy.

I certainly would appreciate any help you could give me. GEOFFREY GALWEY Colonel, U.S.A. (Ret.) Emmet, Nebr. May 16, 1956

We want to thank you for letting us visit your studio Tuesday, May 15. We listened for our voices

this morning but we will listen Saturday instead. We enjoyed watching the linotype machine and the way the papers are printed.

We are looking forward to seeing our picture in the paper. Sincerely yours, District 20 By Jeanie Foreman

Carol Pacha of Atkinson is visiting this week in the Leonard Davis home.

The skimmed milk with the cream left in



it tastes like cream

fortified with solids by the vacuum process

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