

Prairieland Talk

Prairie Larder Is Full

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN—Visitors, delegates to state gatherings, business and professional men and women from all sections of Nebraska come to Lincoln from time-to-time.

A former outstate dweller himself of such opportunities as come his way to talk with these prairieland dwellers.

A farm woman from Thurston county introduced their dry weather experience by saying the bushels to the acre and corn might not be much more but they were not grieving as the wealth of crops of previous years sustains them on their farm.

A rancher-farmer of the white collar brand from the Sidney county reports the farm and livestock situation out there very good. Many Nebraska crop growers have resorted to irrigation and have their own systems of deep wells. A seasoned son of the soil in eastern Nebraska says he waters with wells 80 acres of corn that will yield a large return, but some 300 acres of his land not under irrigation hardly pays for the seed and labor put into it this season. One gent from the Gordon county informed me there will be the usual fall roundup of bees.

Prairieland has a full larder of hamburger sandwiches, apple pie and sand cherry shortcake. What more do you want?

The preacher told this story of a barber member of his flock who had become inspired to do some preaching himself. The barber's first customer after the inspiration had struck him was a man wanting a shave. The tonsorial artist lathered the customer up, strapped the razor, meanwhile thinking how to begin his preaching. Standing over the prostrate form in the chair with drawn razor he began: "Are you ready to die?" The guy wanting a shave did not wait for the rest of the sermon but bounded out of the chair and rushed out of that barber shop.

The petition candidate for governor of Nebraska does not expect to be elected. He thinks maybe he will draw enough of a republican vote to defeat Governor Anderson. A bit of spite work that should be given severe rebuke at the polls.

Oratory of that sort—where now are the Patrick Henrys, the Sam Houston, the Abe Lincoln, the William Jennings Bryan?—spurred forth at the national political conventions. Superlatives were exhausted in extolling the statesmanship qualifications of favorite sons from here and there at that Chicago, Ill., convention. Stepping across the continent to San Francisco, Calif., where the representatives of the grand old party poured forth in fulsome praise their tributes to the achievements of Ike and named the candidates. Another presidential campaign opens. If I were a registered democrat—which I am not—I could not support their candidate for president. No divorced man should ever head our nation. If one has made a failure of home life, how could he succeed in the larger sphere of the national life?

Henry Grady, son of a Union soldier of the 1860's and a pioneer of Holt county, and Mrs. Grady, daughter of the pioneer Hayes family of the Atkinson community, observed their 50th wedding anniversary. Down the highway of time they have come, united in heart and hand for 50 years. Prairieland Talker would like to have been in O'Neill recently to join with friends in extending the hand and be in tune with the heart throbs over the event. Henry, a veteran of the war in Cuba, once sheriff of Holt county and later postmaster in O'Neill, is a native son of prairieland. He or she who could not get along pleasantly with Henry would be a human misfit anywhere. Mrs. Grady has been a homemaker, training their children in the way they should go, and has been rewarded by having devoted sons and daughters. Who next who have lived a happy life together in O'Neill for 50 years?

Do you no longer remember names of people you have known through the years? You are not getting old; you are old—just beginning to live, to realize the blunders made along the way, but with stately steps you march on toward the journey's end.

I have stood today where flowers bloom. The full-blown clusters of floral beauty in yellow, red, blue and white adorn the living plants by the side of the road and the fragrance and color invite the passerby to pause on his hurried way. To stand among the flowers and look in silent wonder upon the things of tinted beauty is symbolic of the charming things along the highway of life—the sacred ties of husband and wife, family and friends, the love and devotion of children, the opportunities along the way to extend a helping hand, to join in the pleasures of life with neighbors and relatives. I did not pick a flower—there they bloom for others to see as they pass that way.

Nebraska newspapers have been charged by a state senator with being unmindful of a duty owed their readers to publish the record, qualifications and general information about candidates for office. Shades of John Sprecker, Ross Hammond, Edward Rosewater, Clyde King, Don Matthews, Clarence Selah, Ham Kautzman, Art Mullen! Newspaper editors and partisan associates a generation ago raked the hides of office seekers to an extent that capable citizens of that day would not consent to become candidates. The less said about a candidate today, the better his chance at the polls.

The flare of dawn and another morning come down the highway of time. What will it be today, a sigh, a groan—or will we see the roses blooming along the way, feel the warm handclasp of a friend, greet a neighbor with a smile and cheering words, hear the laughter and chatter of children at play, soar in spirit to little realms above and drop to earth and have a little fun?

It was written "a half century," but the compositor jumped over the half and made it a full century that the late Father Cassidy looked after the affairs of St. Patrick's Parish. And the makeup guy left out the last line that suggested her friends of O'Neill write Miss Cullen a letter. Printers are not infallible—they do blunder at times.



Weds in Atkinson Church Rite

Miss Donna Rae Peterson (above), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peterson of Amelia, and Wilford N. Hatch, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Hatch of Sumner, were married Wednesday, August 22, in St. Joseph's Catholic church at Atkinson. Rev. Francis Price of Emmet performed the double-ring ceremony. The couple will reside in Lexington.—O'Neill Photo Co.

Mary Ann Miksch Weds at Hastings

STUART—Miss Mary Ann Miksch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miksch of Stuart, became the bride of Ernest Bott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Bott of Hastings, on Saturday, August 25, at 11:30 a.m., in St. Cecilia's Catholic church in Hastings.

Rev. James Dawson performed the double-ring ceremony. Loretta Conrad was organist. The church was decorated with pedestals of mixed flower bouquets on either side of the altar.

The bride wore a street-length dress of white lace fashioned in princess style with a portrait neckline and cap sleeves. Her shoulder length veil of illusion was held by a tiara of seed pearls and sequins. She wore a rhinestone necklace and earrings, and carried a white lace covered prayer book topped with a shower bouquet of red roses.

Miss Lorene Miksch was her sister's only attendant. Her street length dress of light blue lace was styled identically with that of the bride.

She wore a band hat of blue lace and carried a colonial bouquet of white carnations. The rhinestone necklace and earrings she wore were gifts from the bride.

Richard Batterman of Lincoln, brother of the bridegroom, was bestman.

Martin Miksch of Stuart, brother of the bride, ushered. The men wore business suits with carnation boutonnières. The bride's mother chose a navy blue dress and the bridegroom's mother chose light blue for the wedding and each wore a white carnation corsage. A dinner for the immediate families was held at St. Michael's church basement with members of the Altar society serving. Mixed bouquets of summer flowers and a three-tier wedding cake decorated the tables. Miss Delores Miksch, sister of the bride, was in charge of the guest book and Mrs. Ernest Bott, sister of the bride, was in charge of the gifts.

Following a short wedding trip the couple will reside on a farm near Hastings. Out-of-town relatives, who attended the wedding, were: Mr. and Mrs. John Miksch, Martin and Bob Miksch, all of Stuart; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Batterman, Cindy and Bruce and Richard Batterman, all of Lincoln.

Mardelle Johnson Again in Concert

Miss Mardelle Johnson was among those few chosen final concert this year to play in the final concert at the national music camp at Interlochen, Mich. Miss Johnson plays the flute. Her mother, Mrs. Robert Evans, and Bobby and Mrs. Evans' sister attended the final concert and brought "Mardelle" home. They arrived Wednesday, August 22.

Joseph Price's Horse Drops Dead

Valuable Driver Lies Down and Dies

50 Years Ago
Organs, ranging from \$20 to \$150—Smith's Temple of Music (adv.)—Albert A. Kacrov and Jessie A. Bedford, both of Meek, and Bert Byron Butler and Florence May Van Sant, both of Ewing, took out marriage licenses. At the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Lansworth of Ageo, their daughter, Miss Anna Mabel, was married to Francis Marion Kerns of King City, Mo. Joseph Price of Atkinson lost his valuable driving horse. Last Sunday when Mr. Price returned from church, the horse fell dead before he had time to unhitch it from the buggy.

20 Years Ago
Little Margaret Harte, 10, of Inman, daughter of the J. P. Harte, died after an illness of several weeks. Miss Maxine Harrington returned Sunday night from a two-weeks' visit at the home of June Carol White of Bristow. Miss June came back with her for a week's visit. Elmer Merriman, 72, pioneer of 1879, died after an illness of a year. A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ernst of Pleasant Dale. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Chudomelka, L. Kopecky, Mrs. Haddon Geary and son, all of Inman, and Walter Spei were in Sioux City Thursday.

10 Years Ago
Among those released by the selective service were Joseph P. Flala of O'Neill, Gene W. Roberts of Ewing, Joseph D. Scott of Stuart, Louis L. Walter of Ewing, Harlan A. Dierking of Amelia, E. Roy Townsend of Page, a well-known bridge builder and stockman, died at his former home, Fern Hubbard, formerly of O'Neill, has been named to fill a vacancy on the Lincoln city council. John Bowen was rushed to St. Vincent's hospital, Sioux City, for an appendectomy. Miss Mary G. Hartly and Kevin Kocina of Creighton were married.

One Year Ago
Mrs. Norman Paxton, 26, formerly of Chambers, died in Kansas City, Mo., in an iron lung after contracting polio. Sunday visitors at Guy Hull home at Redbird were the Albert Reynolds family of Inman and Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Nelson and daughter. Fire of unknown origin destroyed over 20 tons of hay on the farm of Mrs. Loreta

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Editorial

Glaciers and Rainmaking

Weather too hot for you? In that case, it may be of mild interest that a couple of scientists have just given advance warning that a new glacial epoch is approaching, during which, if meteorological history repeats itself, everything from the Potomac river in the east to the Rio Grande in the west will be under ice. This inside dope on the predicted one-thousand-foot-thick frosting doesn't come from the current group of air force-sponsored scientists who are sojourning in our midst in connection with Operation Prairiegrass. But it does come from Drs. Maurice Ewing and William L. Donn of Columbia university. The good doctors have been noticing that since the end of the ice age about 11,000 years ago, conditions favorable to a new one have been building. It is a very complicated process, having to do with an impounding of warm water into Arctic regions, a melting of the ice there, a great deal of moisture rising into the atmosphere, and eventually such a whopping big snowstorm that gigantic new glaciers will form. These, under pressure of their own size, will be pushed south onto us. That's about the how of it. So, if you don't like the weather nice and warm, be patient long enough, and nature will bring about a cooling off period. The professors from the big town say New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco will be encased in ice. Moscow, Leningrad, London and Paris will be deep frozen—and that should put a cool end to what is now regarded as the cold war. These fellows don't venture just when this new ice age is coming. Discussing the matter with visiting scientists at O'Neill, we were told by Dr. Vern Sumi, head of the physics department at Wisconsin university, that cold winters, droughts and floods are actually foretold by "reading" the glaciers. And, while we're about it: None of the talked Prairiegrass people with whom we've talked are enthusiastic about rainmaking in the great plains area on the eastern-most portion of the great American desert (that's us). They say snow has been induced successfully in mountainous areas and rain has been induced on a strictly local basis where tropical and semitropical air masses are being dealt with. But, shucks, it rains and snows in those places a-plenty anyway. Rainmaking when there's not a cloud in the sky? Not a chance. Rainmaking where there are clouds hovering over Holt? Very, very remote and, if successful, our learned friends say, there will likely be legal repercussions because you've "stolen" rain from somebody else. Oh yes, and there's possibility of over-seeding of clouds. What started out to be a cool, comfortable discussion of icy stuff turned out to be a brief essay on rainmaking, too. But that's the way it goes when there's a certain amount of space that must be filled.

his pre-election tour of the Fourth district. The congressman did not arrive as had been announced, nor has anyone heard what happened to him. When and if he will get here is unknown. Several of his constituents inquired of his whereabouts. All were anxious to talk to him. We hope the congressman will arrange his itinerary so that a stop here will afford those who have questions an opportunity to seek answers. Meanwhile, the veteran Congressman Miller had been specifically invited and urged to attend a meeting of the Save-the-Trains officers, directors and civic leaders held Monday night, August 20, at Ainsworth. The congressman expressed hope and possibility of being there. Further, if unable to make it, he volunteered to have an up-the-minute wire report on the mail status as it affects Chicago & North Western trains 13 and 14. He didn't show up; neither did the telegram. Half of Nebraska will be without a passenger-mail-express train if C&NW has its wish. The missing congressman might come through yet.

The Male Models One profession which the editor admits an inability to "see," is that of modeling for men. Just as we had little admiration for male ballet dancers during wartime, we find ourselves without a proper appreciation of the talents of male models in both war and peace. The gentle art of posing and grinning just right for the camera, or bating one's eyebrows, and assuming both the affected and unaffected look, leaves us strictly chilly. We are country bumpkin enough to feel that the "darling" male models of the drygoods business would do well to get themselves a real job. We are aware of the fact most of them probably make more money than editors, but nevertheless they are pursuing an effeminate way of life which is not conducive of very much that is manly. And, worst of all, many of these male models seem to be following in the path of the bean-pole set—the female modeling clan—whose theory seems to be that the thinner a model can be without having to be carried off on a stretcher, the better it is for the advertiser. In other words, we have seen too many spindly-legged, hollow-chested, sissified male models. Take them away. We'll take the fellow with one eye, or with the red beard and his quinine water.

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Case of Missing Congressman The Rock County Leader (Bassett) editorialized last week: This might be called the "Case of the Missing Congressman." Congressman A. L. Miller was supposed to have been in town Wednesday evening, August 15, on