

PrairieLand Talk

Millions Will Not Be Enslaved

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Redred, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN—Here they come from troubled lands of Europe. Since that band of pilgrims set foot upon the wild New England shore, the oppressed and suffering of earth's troubled and blood-stained spots have found refuge in the arms of the goddess of liberty. Europe, where there is the strange mixture of human nobility, achievement and life's high ideals along with all that is opposed to human freedom of thought and action, is again invaded by the outstretched arm of slavery and oppression.



Romaine Saunders

Now a white haired Muscovite shakes a clenched fist at the free world and boasts, "We'll bury you!" Yes, thousands have been buried. Other thousands, other millions defy it all and will not be enslaved. A few thousand will come to our shores, a few elsewhere are free to think and do. Multitudes will stay in the homeland, crush and bury the oppressors. The capital city lay under a heavy blanket of snow for Thanksgiving day. Christmas now a few weeks down the highway when the "beautiful snow" adds a touch of interest to the season.

The rumble of a passing train, the roar of an airplane soaring heavenward, the swish of traffic on street and highway and from above earth's eastern rim bursts the rising sun's effulgence. A calm November morning opens the door of another day and rushing feet and whirling wheels hasten away to the day's jobs. Shall we pause a moment to look out beyond industry's prison walls to nature's noiseless charms, draw in a full breath of life giving autumn air, walk where field and meadow spread a carpet richer than all the productions of the Persian loom, above which spreads an azure canopy that directs our vision to the distant regions of infinite space? So viewing with pleasure the scenes and harmonies of nature that bring inspiration, yet not un mindful of human fellowship and the mingled joys and sorrows of life among the crowded abodes of men!

A committee of state senators that had spent a year looking into county government affairs came up with a scorching report of their findings in many counties, the sum of which totals up to both illegal drawing of public funds and neglect of official duty. The pioneers made no "committee reports" on such matters; they took 'em out and hung 'em. The disappointed now question the validity of mail votes in the Third congressional district of Nebraska. A vote is a vote just the same. Another jet crash and three more dead at the Lincoln air base. The baby sitter reports she prevented the three kids from killing each other. Another four billion-dollar foreign aid. Let's move to Europe!

Editorial . . .

They Could Be Yours or Ours

Four South Dakota teenage boys fled the state training school at Plankington, recklessly stole and abandoned various automobiles, and wound up in a ditch inside the O'Neill city limits with law enforcement officers at their heels. Two of the boys had been committed to Plankington for auto theft, two for drinking. Moreover, two of them had been in-and-out of Plankington prior to Saturday's highly irregular departure.

We chatted with them in a cell while they were awaiting the arrival of Dakota authorities. Not toughies by appearance. Rather personable, too. After the behind bars conference, we turned to Holt County Sheriff Leo Tomjack, who dryly and correctly—observed: "They just think they're tough."

Four kids from four widely-separated Dakotas. Broken homes involved. They formed an unholy alliance at a training school and jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

These kids—15- and 16-years-old—could be yours or ours. Somewhere they went wrong. Can they be salvaged and rehabilitated to regain a fitting place in society? Our guess would be yes—but it'll take some doing.

The jobs of the courts and of the corrective institutions are enormous, painstaking, sometimes delicate.

As these four kids were hauled away by the Plankington school superintendent and by the Sheriff from that rehabilitation, we offered a hope that South Dakota's rehabilitation machinery is equal to the task that lies ahead.

Fall Is Most Beautiful Season

Our "kindly old barber shop philosopher" asked us a question last week. "Who wrote," he asked, "the poem that goes: "The autumn days have come, the saddest of the year. Of naked winds and wailing woods and meadows brown and sear. I love that poem more than anything else," he said.

We couldn't remember the poet's name but we could tell him that maybe he loved that poem but we disliked it. Because—there is nothing dreary about an autumn in this beautiful country here.

True, the last few bleak days before winter sets in are dismal with all the trees stripped of their leaves, standing stark and bare against the horizon.

But now—what a feast for the soul to drive about our countryside . . . to revel in the gorgeous spectacles of rich maturity unfolding before us . . . the trees turning into a riot of gold and crimson shadings . . . to look across the expanse of yellowed fields . . . to look down a country lane and see a myriad of rainbow hues on the trees so sharply etched against the slanting rays of the setting sun. No, nothing can equal the quiet serenity of a PrairieLand horizon.

Autumn is not a sad time of the year . . . it is a time of richness and promise . . . the richness of the fulfillment of a summer's gift of rains and warmth, of days of golden goodness . . . a time for summing up our blessings.

The winy crispness of an autumn morning greets you with a zestful tang. There are a multitude of joys that come from fall . . . the most beautiful time of the year.

Iron Curtain Story

E. R. Montgomery of the Morrill Mail claims that a manufacturer from behind the iron cur-

PrairieLand Talker received an interesting and cordial letter from Mrs. Jennie Eppenbach of O'Neill in which she enclosed a bright jingling tribute to the "only hometown" she has ever known, the one and only O'Neill, PrairieLand Talk passes it on to our readers, as follows:

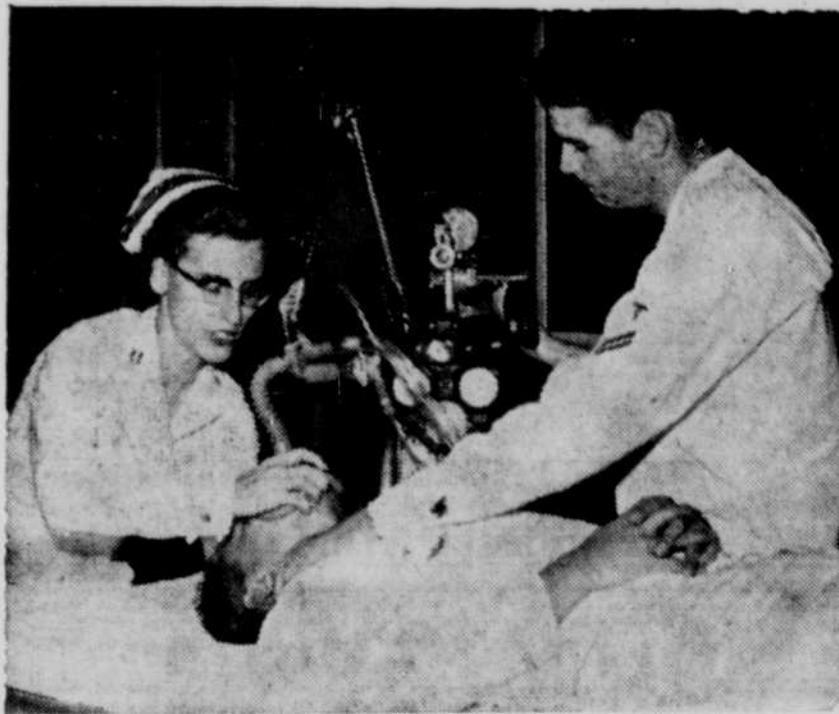
O'NEILL It was the craze in early days To ride a nag to town. You could see them prance along the trails From anywhere around! They came from all directions to help you celebrate— Many teams and wagons, Yet never once were late. So, O'Neill, hang out your flag And watch it proudly flap! And shout three cheers for the pioneers Who put you on the map! Truly you have grown up— Now your beauty makes us smile. We can hardly think you are the one We knew back there awhile. Some of those who still visit you Once rode on horses backs Now ride your streets. In the latest model Cadillac. Yes, O'Neill, hang out your flag And watch it proudly flap. Shout three cheers for pioneers Who put you on the map!

The adverb has its place, the adjective seems necessary, the substantive comes handy, but the personal pronoun "I" is forever with us.

"Faith Healers" continue to find it a profitable racket. As with other sacred things, there are the genuine and bogus miracles. A woman recently made her way on crutches to stand beside a "healer" as he worked a "miracle." She stepped lightly away leaving the crutches behind. Neighbors who knew her and witnessed the "healing" asked her what she meant pretending to be a cripple. "It was worth five dollars," she replied. Seventy years ago a classie, well groomed gent in O'Neill spent his days at a poker table in the Critick saloon, a smooth gambler. Later he launched into the saloon business, then a hotel and from one thing to another, ending up a faith healer.

A few blocks up the street is a drug store. A dame stepped in the dispensary of curails yesterday, said she was a "baby" sitter and had check in payment for her last "sit" for \$25 which she asked the proprietor to cash. He did, the dame leaving her supposed name, a street address, telephone number and walked out with the druggist's \$25. It was one of those checks you hear about most every day, the name was fictitious, street and telephone number likewise. The druggist thinks he will have to charge a little something in the future for cashing checks.

I see they have to become strict out at Salt Lake City. A citizen has been fined and jailed. Seventy years ago a classie, well groom-



Verzal (right) Navy hospital corpsman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Verzal of Atkinson, and L. L. McGrath, N.C. demonstrate positive pressure oxygen therapy and the U.S. naval hospital at San Diego, Calif. They are members of the hospital staff which recently was commended for maintaining its high standard of patient care. Verzal is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Quinn of O'Neill. He was graduated from St. Joseph's hall, Atkinson, in 1935 and entered in the navy about a year ago. He has been on the hospital ship at San Diego since July 1.—U.S. Navy Photo.

Fox Family at Belzer Home—

The Charles Fox family spent Thanksgiving at the home of one of their daughters, Mrs. Francis Belzer.

Among those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Belzer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fox and Carol, Larry, Lyle and Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fox and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. George Bohn and family and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Fox and family of Emmet.

Coyotes Watch Baylor-Husker Game—

MEMBERS — The following members of the Chambers high school football squad accompanied by Coach William Wette to Lincoln Saturday, November 17, to attend the Nebraska-Baylor football game:

Bill Young, Lonnie Taggart, Bob Klambes, Kenneth Thomson, Leonard Wintermote, Donald Hoge, Larry Chiggs, Lonnie LaRue, Jim Cavanaugh and Bob Gartner.

When You and I Were Young . . . Bronc Kicks Lantern; Trouble Follows

Duffey, Syfie Rated Good Storytellers

50 Years Ago Bert Cates had a bronco, also a lighted lantern; the first named kicked the other in the manger, burnt the barn and so injured another horse that it had to be killed. . . J. P. McNichols' fine residence in Atkinson caught fire in the basement. The bell rang, the fire ladies responded and were soon at work with a large crowd of citizens with buckets ready to assist if needed but the fire had not made much headway and was soon under control after doing damages to the amount of \$100 which is covered by insurance.

20 Years Ago If you want to get a real kick out of the tales of olden times you want to get Sheriff Peter Duffey and George Syfie, the merchant prince, land owner, farmer and cattle raiser of the Phoenix neighborhood together and hear them tell tales of the "long ago". . . One of the most enjoyable social affairs for several years was that given at the Golden by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Donnell and Miss Anna Deaver of Swo Paulo, Brazil and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McInerney of Casper, Wyo.

Paul Shierk INSURANCE AGENCY O'NEILL, NEBR. Insurance of All Kinds

10 Years Ago John J. Harley, 82, of Atkinson, died in a Norfolk hospital. . . Mrs. Henry Hookstra, 82, who as a pioneer rescued her pupils during the 1888 blizzard, died in a Sioux City hospital. . . Mrs. E. M. Gallagher, Mrs. H. J. Birmingham, Mrs. D. C. Schaffer, Mrs. Harry Petersen and Mrs. R. L. Bode were in Lincoln to view band organ.

One Year Ago

Raymond Garwood, 43, and his son, Dale R. 20 were killed in an aircraft crash near the Holt-Garfield county line. . . Mr. and Mrs. Anton Jirak celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at their farm home seven miles northwest of O'Neill. . . Pearl May Christensen 61, of Atkinson, Mrs. Alma Thorell 67, of Bristow and Mrs. P. J.

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Now—a perfect size for every occasion . . . Just think! Now you can get that real great taste of Coke, that famous quality of Coca-Cola in two sizes. Keep both sizes in your refrigerator. Be ready whenever friends or family get together. Bring home both sizes today Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company by Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Long Pine and O'Neill

THE FRONTIER CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher ARTHUR J. NOECKER and ESTHER M. ASHER, Associate Publishers 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—2,559 (Mar. 31, 1956)