

Prairieland Talk

Eli Tracks Runaway Son

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Editor The Frontier

LINCOLN—The crimson glow of breaking day lighted up the bluffs just beyond where the troubled waters of the Niobrara flow

A sleeper a mile or so to the south was roused from his lowly bed, a bed on the ground, his saddle for a pillow, saddle blanket under him and yellow slicker spread over him to protect the sleeper from the night dews, lariat rope on the ground forming a circle about his lodging place to keep open range cleared that a out snakes. Riders of the rattler will not crawl over a rope.

The sleeper stirred, got up, looked the landscape over, saw what he had come there for, caught up his bay gelding, put on the bridle and saddle, took off the hobble and mounted, reigning his steed in a direction that led to a covered wagon he saw in the valley below.

"Hi boys!" And out popped three heads. Hay McCure, two Tierney boys and, as I recall, another youthful adventurer made up that group of kids from O'Neill homes that had ventured forth a day or two before to head for the reservation, what is now Boyd county, and join Spotted Trails braves and royst vention at the camp fires. The lone gent mounted on that bay gelding was Eli Hershiser who had been hired by the McCure household to run down their runaway son. "Hitch up, boys, and head back home."

They were glad to do it, half-starved as they were for the vision of chunks of roast deer meat as they sat by camp fires had not materialized.

A cargo of proposed laws float into the legislative hopper again as the unicameral got underway for the 1957 session. And amendments to our state constitution lurk in the minds of the state's great statesmen. Governor Anderson favors lowering the voting age to 18. I do not favor it. That's not important what a superannuated "has been" favors or does not favor. But I am a friend of youth—let them stay kids as long as they can. The responsibility of citizen, voter, taxpayer and man of affairs comes soon enough as it is. Let the 18-year-olds have their fun while they can.

Val Peterson, civil defense administrator, visions a wrecked and ruined America. He has dwelt upon the visionary need of bomb bursting shelter until it has become a horrible reality with him. The last visit I had with Mr. Peterson as he was about to fold his tent and walk out of the governor's office at the state house, he had other visions. The call to civil life loomed before him when he again would be free from official duties and become a private citizen out on prairieland's velvet green. But President Eisenhower called him to the frightening job of repairing us to dodge the death-dealing bombs. He says if a bomb strikes New York City all that will be left where now eight million Americans carry on life's activities, would be a 250-ft. crater. But will it be? Not at all likely. None of America's enemies are so dumb but that they know what would happen to their own country if they started bomb warfare on us. Maybe this view of the matter is what inspired my niece who had headed the woman's division of civil defense to quit the job and retire to peaceful farm life in southern Indiana.



Romaine Saunders

January 12 the Blizzard club meets in Lincoln, members gather at banquet tables to feed upon the luxuries of the day and then listen to stories of death and survivals during prairieland's greatest day, January 12, 1888, when from somewhere out of blizzard land came the great winter storm that the Blizzard club has now laid upon rhemory's altar one more tribute to survivors of that day on prairieland 69 years ago. I know a few, a very few, in the O'Neill community who were there that day and year in the long ago when snow-packed clouds dropped to earth driven by violent winds, saw the morning after dead cattle strewn across the prairie and heard the stories of dead men and women found frozen. A few Blizzard club members knew the day 69 years ago in all its furry, others are keeping the club alive in memory of its founders: Charley Harding, Henry Grady and Lloyd Gillespie are three left in O'Neill who lived out that blizzard and many more in the years that followed.

Was it yesterday I saw a little girl coming down the foot-worn path that led from her home on Kid Hill, the exclusive residential district of O'Neill of more than 60 years ago. That little girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Adams, came gayly down that path many times. And it was for that little girl, Dave Adams stopped at the Bentley store and got a whole quarter's worth of candy to take home. No, it was not just yesterday but many yesterdays, many years ago that I saw little Constance Adams coming down the path. She grew to womanhood, became a wife and mother, the wife of a native son, Frank Biglin, who laid down his life a few years ago. Now Constance, a native daughter, has gone the last mile. And so another who had spent her days on earth where she had been born has stepped into the shadows of life's sunset.

Pioneer patriots early felt that they should organize and elect county officers, so on August 26, 1876, an election was held. This election was declared invalid by special commissioners. Then on December 27 that year they went at it again, coming up with the following set of county officers: James Ewing, Harry Spindler and H. W. Haines, commissioners; John Cronin, judge; J. T. Prouty, clerk; J. L. Smith, treasurer; J. B. Torbet, surveyor; I. R. Smith, sheriff; Joseph Estep, coroner; E. L. Whiting, school superintendent. By 1881 the taxable property of the county was listed as real estate \$53,124, personal property (mostly livestock) \$363,090, money and credits \$6,468. To organize as a county the pioneers had to show that there were 200 citizens free holders in the county which at that time was mostly government land.

Marian Anderson, the great Negro that rose out of poverty in a neglected section of Philadelphia to become the country's greatest soprano singer, was nee asked by a newspaper reporter what had been the greatest moment in her life. She had many great moments meeting the great of earth, great moments singing before vast audiences in the great cities of America and abroad. My greatest moment, replied that humble Negro woman, was when I had reached to where my earnings were such that I could go home and tell my mother she need not take in washings any longer. A great moment! And I knew a lad in the long ago that told his widowed mother when he got a five-dollar-a-week job she need not go out to work now. The great moments—they come in the lives of all!

When You and I Were Young

Editor Provides Puzzle for Readers

Rosler Markets Two Hogs for \$48

50 Years Ago Here is a puzzle: Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three, multiply by five, add to it your living sisters, multiply the result by 10, add the number of deaths of brothers and sisters, and then subtract 150 from the result. The right figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure will be the number of living sisters and the left figure will be the number of living brothers. Try it and see.

H. W. McClure of Sioux City formerly of O'Neill, died. Judge Malone married Joseph Eppenbaugh of Minneola and Myrtle E. Moore of Star, and Charles J. Dougherty of Venus and Minnie Huston of Middlebranch. Henry Rosler sold two hogs that were a little over a year old to John O'Malley for \$48.

20 Years Ago S. W. Schaaf of Atkinson "froze to the controls" of an auto when the motor exploded and the fly-wheel zoomed through the floor boards. The blow fanned the cuffs of his trousers and lodged in the back of the car. He was unhurt. Les Hough and Charles Richardson of Sedro Woolly, Wash., former residents, visited old friends for a week. C. Stein was elected chairman of the Holt county supervisors. C. D. Keyes of Inman, who has been in an Omaha hospital where he had major surgery, has a serious case of the flu. Mary Lou, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Conrad of Emmet, was baptized. Loyal Hull of Meek is home from the Lynch hospital.

10 Years Ago Deaths: Joseph McNichols, 63, father of four daughters; Mrs. Fred I. Carey, 61, mother of nine children. Lt. Freeman Lee Knight, USNR, has received a citation for the air medal. Little Connie Jo Hazelman has been ill the past several weeks. Old timers were Mrs. Harrison Bridge, Mrs. Dean Reed, Mrs. R. E. Evans. Mrs. Stanley Holly is entertaining Mrs. Marjorie Thacker of Omaha. Mrs. R. R. Morrison, Mrs. Edward Campbell and Evelyn Stannard were winners at Martez club. L. B. Price celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary.

One Year Ago Leona Baumeister, 17, of Butte, was killed in a car-truck accident. Deaths: Anna J. Ahle, 63, of Atkinson; Mary MacAuley, 90, of

Clearwater; Mrs. Marlin R. Mar-

lott, 78, of Spencer; Mrs. Nora McNally, 73, the former Nora O'Malley, in Chicago. Mrs. Edward M. Gleeson suffered a neck fracture in Sioux City in a car accident.

Wayman with Engineer Unit at Belvoir— Army Pvt. Ivan L. Wayman, whose wife, Iona, and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed E. Wayman, live in O'Neill, recently was assigned to the 79th engineer group at Ft. Belvoir, Va.

Wayman, a member of headquarters and service company of the group's 588th engineer battalion, entered the army in September, 1956, and completed basic training at Ft. Chaffee, Ark.

Dick Assigned to Far East HQ—

Army Pvt. Clifford R. Dick, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Dick of O'Neill, recently was assigned to headquarters, army forces, Far East, and Eighth army, in Korea. Dick, an administrative specialist, entered the army last January and completed basic training at Ft. Hood, Tex. He was graduated from O'Neill high school in 1951.

Bake Sale a Success—

CHAMBERS—A bake sale for the benefit of polio was held Saturday, January 12 at Dobbs store. The proceeds amounted to \$46.50.

A moters' march for polio is planned for this week.

Echoes from the Valley

Winning Spurs on Trail

By MRS. MERRILL ANDERSON

Let's talk about the famous sandhills—today one of the most important cattle areas in the United States. The hills originally were looked upon as nothing but a death trap. The first cattle were brought here from Texas.

The eastern cities provided the best markets for the Texas ranchers, therefore they drove their cattle to shipping points on the Union Pacific. Ogallala was the most important of the early Nebraska "cow towns". It was at the northern end of the famous Chisholm trail which started at Ban-

dera, Tex., and extended through Dodge City, Kans. The long drive provided exciting work, even though filled with hardships. Many a tenderfoot won his spurs between Bandera and Ogallala, thus the cowboy has afforded a colorful background for innumerable Western stories and pictures.

O' ye, lands of fertile prairie, Blest abode for both great and small, In thy majesty surrender; Offering fortitude to all.

O'Neill News

Mr. and Mrs. Don Peterson and children spent Sunday in Lake Andes, S. D. with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Padnos. They also took Dana Peterson to Armour, S. D. where he will be employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg Pinkerman and children were supper guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Veldon Pinkerman of Redbird on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg Pinkerman and children were Sunday dinner guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vigo Christensen of Monowi. Her sister, Kay Christensen, of Monowi spent the weekend with them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Tenberg were Sunday dinner guests of

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Embody. Peter Walnofer of Atkinson visited his daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tooker from Thursday until Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Backeder and daughter, Beverly of Winner, S. D. called on Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shierl Friday on their way to Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Gowler and daughter of Columbus, and Mrs. Mae Knapp of Orchard, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith.

Dedication of Electric Organ—

CHAMBERS—A service dedicating the electric organ recently purchased by the Methodist church was held Sunday evening, January 13. Duane Mattson of Bloomfield, gave an organ recital. This was in connection with family night. About 75 persons from Chambers and Amelia were present. Lunch was served.

Leave for Lincoln— Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cole departed Monday for Lincoln where their daughter, Miss Jeanne, is a student at the University of Nebraska. They also plan to go to Kansas.

DANCE SUMMERLAND BALLROOM Ewing Sat., Jan. 19th JERRY KEHN and His Dukes of Rhythm Admission: 75c

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.. DANCE .. American Legion Ball Room — O'Neill — Saturday, January 19 Music by Johnny Hider Orchestra Famous Recording Band From Mandan, N. D. Admission \$1.00

Editorial

Not Time for Defeatism

The cynic and the defeatist is having a field day as he scans the headlines of the newspapers. There is so much to give him reason to say "what's the use—why should I plan ahead—this world is going to go up in smoke and H bomb blasts?"

It's true that there is much for discouragement as we face the new year.

We cannot know what is ahead and for many reasons it is a good thing we cannot know. Those who die a thousand deaths on their knees of anticipation find little to cheer about.

One doesn't have to be a defeatist to realize that the world is walking a tight wire above complete disaster, 14 stories up and no net beneath to save us—as we tread a razor edge line between peace and war.

Trouble in Egypt. Trouble in Hungary. Potential trouble in Poland and East Germany with the knowledge that the rulers of the Kremlin would be willing to risk pulling the world down in total disaster if they and their own regime are threatened.

But history was ever thus. History reveals an almost unbroken record of continuous conflict and peril. There have been few "eras when prospects weren't frightening." There have been few "eras of normalcy." And, we wonder how many would be content to go back to the "good old days" when life flowed on in what the old-timers regarded as a placid calm.

These are days when we must walk with faith and confidence.

We cannot live one year at a time but by a day at a time.

We must live as every day was our last on earth and try to make that day the happiest and brightest and most fruitful ever.

This should be the day of the optimist and not the defeatist.

No Drouth-Breaker

(Guest editorial from The Lincoln Star)

Nebraska, it seems, weathered its first cold wave of the New Year without serious loss and some gain. The Arctic bulge that pushed deep south of Nebraska before it lost its force and into America's heartland, even several states retreated, left a general mantle of snow.

In terms of moisture, any amount of it, no matter how little is welcome. The first snowfall of 1957 was not a drought breaker but it was a help. It was worth the discomfort. It was welcome in other ways. It was accompanied by a maximum amount of loss and no notable examples of privation or tragedy.

But it must remain for later winter storms to fulfill, if they will, this area's great need for moisture. Nebraska's entry into 1957 is not yet guaranteed as a normal crop production year.

It will take another 60 to 80 days to spell out spring crop prospects. Meantime, interest will not lag in the development of Nebraska irrigation.

If there is a silver lining in this recent and perhaps continuing dry period it is the impetus it has given to agriculture to seek more security in ever-normal production, to trust more in man's

management of water. Nebraska will emerge from its weather experience a more stable and more productive state.

Lowly Nickel to Rise Again!

Lo and behold the nickel! To what lowly depths it sank as the inflationary spiral rose and it wouldn't even buy a telephone call across the street, a good cigar, or a fat candy bar.

It seemed that the dime was destined for great things as the universal medium of minor exchange. The nickel was relegated to one hour in the parking meter—nay, even a half hour in some places. What a comedown from the days when a nickel would buy a violent-colored bottle of sarsaparilla!

But now the United States post-office may be coming to the rescue of humbled nickel. Reports come that Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield is talking seriously of raising the postage rate on letters from three to five cents. He has a deficit he isn't proud of, and feels that a rehabilitated nickel may be the answer.

No better news for nickel enthusiasts has come out of Washington in years. Now appears a prospect of redeemed prestige and new glory. So nickel lovers, unite! You have nothing to lose but two cents on every letter.

A scientist says the world would be better off if four little boys named Eden, Nasser, Krushchev and Dulles had buddied around together when young. But would it really make international conferences any more harmonious if all four participants addressed one another as Stinky?

The first hurricane of the 1957 season will be named Audrey, and it's pretty hard to worry about her, but says the Kansas City Star's Bill Vaughan, look out for Number 2—called Bertha.

Meal time is that time of day when the kids sit down to continue eating.

New Year's resolutions should be taken with a grain of salt—and two aspirins.

Every minority has a tendency to blame the majority for its own mistakes.

THE FRONTIER

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