

Prairieland Talk—

Clambake Missed with Regret

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

LINCOLN—Prairieland Talker had a date Monday, August 12, at the Holt County Old Settlers' picnic at the Elmer Devall grove in the Meek locality.



Romaine Saunders

But I couldn't keep the appointment. I took a fall last Thursday. The little accident I met with rendered me unable to get around. I am sorry to have missed the old settlers' clambake, but felt I had better not undertake the trip with my game leg. I asked Editor Cal on the "Voice of The Frontier" on the morning of the celebration to convey my greetings to prairieland friends at the picnic. I had in Grandma Sarah Hull and her descendants, the members of the Searles, Nelson, Borg, Karel, Van Every families — to mention only a few.

If another leg is not cracked up by early October, I hope to pay a visit to Holt county friends once more.

The onward sweep of time carried us into another summer month of 31 hot days, molified now and then by visits from without the north polar regions on the wings of the wind. The ethereal blue spreads in undimmed beauty across prairieland, robed still in its summer gown of green, dotted here and there in colorful floral bloom and at every farm and ranch the hope of the nation for the full dinner pail. Another fruitful season draws to a close and now just some weeks ahead the far flung landscape will put on her charming autumn colors. Then this prisoner in the crowded haunts of men hopes to stand again on the sod-covered earth out where he was before the lure of the city called. Some friends that we had known out there now are sleeping the sleep of death, but others carry on. Yes, life goes on—today we are here, tomorrow gone and life goes on with other footprints pressed upon the sands of time where we had trod.

So President Ike has a million! Why not, he heads the land of the free, the home of the dollar chaser and arrogant capitalist, where kids of penniless parents become corporation presidents, industrial giants and able statesmen. And some even rise to be newspaper editor.

Time marks with wrinkles the brow of man such as our fathers saw a century ago. Green robed prairieland lies today beneath the curtain of blue above. But where the footprint of beaded moccasins once was seen now rolls the pale face on rubber-tired wheels. When Chief Big Foot from over on the reservation now known as Boyd county saw for the first time John Mann come down the streets we now call Douglas riding a bike he blurted out, White man lazy—sits down to walk! White man has done other things but he can not deface what the Hand of nature has laid in velvet green across prairieland. So memory leads again to where hoots have pressed the sod, where prairie hens build their nests and meadowlarks sing, where the golden crested eagle soars on out-spread wing, stately and still as a ship at sea, and where a human hand reaches to you and friends greet you with a smile.

We have today the Ph.D. doctor of philosophy. Ancient Greece had the first doctor of philosophy in the person of Socrates who is reputed to have brought an end to his philosophic thinking when he drank from the poisoned cup. The Greeks defined philosophy as an attempt of men to find out what is real. Any old man or woman knowing nothing of Ph.D. science but who have come down the highway of time can tell you what "is real" when the shadows have begun to lengthen, when the low descending sun of this mortal pilgrimage may soon go out, when the once raven locks have turned white and furrowed brow and wrinkled chin, halting step and limping limb have marked the passing of the years life's outlook becomes focused upon the sombre and inexorable realities, and you do not need a Ph.D. or a Socrates to tell you what "is real."

Another of the dwindling remnants of pioneer patriots of the O'Neill community has been laid away among the abode of the dead. Tom Enright's parents were among the natives of Ireland making up the colony that started things in and near the little village that became the county seat of Holt county. Most of Tom's 80 odd years passed over his head right here in this community and now after many months of physical suffering he is at rest. A few still survive who came out of the time of covered wagons, saddled cow ponies and two-gun booted and spurred range riders where now the streets of the old town are crowded with cars and trucks and togged up gents and charming ladies step about.

What you don't know will not hurt you; what you do know may spoil your fun. Ignorance is bliss; 'tis folly to be wise. But ignorance that is the child of fanaticism is neither blissful nor wise.

An interesting letter has come to me from Mr. and Mrs. Segelman, farmer citizens of the O'Neill community, now holding up in crowded human haunts in the far northwest—Seattle, Wash. They cherish memories of prairieland and friends back here. Gifted with a rare sense of literary niceties they write of them in fulsome praise. And, as prairieland inspiration still lingers, they walk away from the crowded haunts to loaf awhile where nature spreads enchantments along the shores of the mighty deep. The Frontier goes to Mr. and Mrs. Segelman week by week and is doubtless read from page one to the last page, ads and all. And now I will say, thank you friends, for writing.

Friends, sons and daughters, grandchildren took the last look at her today as she lay robed for burial. A mother, a grandmother, a resident of the community in which I dwell, the days, the months, the years wrote upon her brow the marks of four score and four years and the earthly pilgrimage of another noble prairieland woman ends at the grave. This capital city of over a hundred thousand has its desolated homes day by day that know the tears of grief stricken fathers and mothers, of sons and daughters and sweethearts. Yes from the cradle to the grave the sad refrain of sorrow stills the tune of joy along the way.

If North Nebraskans want passenger train service they should get out from behind the steering wheel and take a seat in a chair car. Or maybe railroading is on the way out to join the horse and wagon junk pile.

The furnace of the sky brought the heat up to 100 this late July day, inspiring many to head for the Myny rink where the ice is spread in cool length across the open space for skaters to glide about on. There are ways of making ice without the aid of Jack Frost or north pole breezes and ice skating on a hot July night is a strange combination that draws crowds.

A young fellow was fined \$10 and costs in Lancaster county court for making off with a watermelon at a food market. In imposing the fine the judge said when he was a boy they swiped melons in the field. Any kid can go to a melon patch and sneak out a melon, but it takes a clever young guy to pull the trick at a food market on a busy street.

So the Dustin postoffice up there in historic northwest Holt is no more. Shades of the indomitable Mrs. Dustin, of my brother Ezra and his Dustin Dispatch! A once community of go-getters north of Stuart swept away by the remorseless march of time, but Dustin precinct is still on the map.

Guest Editorial

Ken McCormick in The Stanton Register

It worked for Postmaster Summerfield so now State Engineer L. N. Ress is trying the same tactics to defeat the petition drive to halt the seven-cent gasoline tax. Summerfield curtailed postal service to coerce the congress into granting him more funds. Ress has spelled out specific road projects that will be abandoned if the one-cent addition to the tax passed by the legislature is short-circuited by the petition.

By dealing in specific cases, Ress is utilizing the strongest weapon at his command. For instance, in Stanton county alone more than \$700,000 worth of road building will be cancelled if the tax does not go into effect. These projects were to have been the widening and resurfacing of highway 275 from the spur to the Wayne junction and the bituminous surfacing of hiway 15 south of Pilger for about five miles.

In addition to this, Ress claims the county will lose about \$7,500 for its share of the added tax. Stanton county got \$84,255 in state money for roads last year and the estimated share would be \$91,700 under the new law.

We are not in favor of the added cent to an already high gas tax. But on the other hand, we do favor improved roads.

THE FRONTIER

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher

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Captains Team

William Edwards (above) captained a softball team that won intramural honors during the summer session at the University of South Dakota at Vermillion. Edwards left Sunday to attend coaching school at the University of Nebraska. He is cage coach at O'Neill high.

When You and I Were Young . . .

Lewis Sullivan Drowns in Pond

Youth, 11, Considered Good Swimmer

50 Years Ago
Lewis eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Sullivan, drowned in a pond while his parents were in town trading. The lad was 11-years-old and was considered a good swimmer. . . Miss Maud Howard is in Fremont visiting relatives. . . John Sturdevant of Stuart, the next clerk of the court of Holt county, is passing out cigars—not on the strength of his candidacy, but because he is the father of a new son. . . Miss Catherine Grady is in Chacago, Ill., to select millinery for a new shop she and her sister, Miss Margaret, will operate.

20 Years Ago
Mrs. Bridget Gallagher, 86, a pioneer, died at her home. . . Marvin Van Every, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Van Every, was cut and bruised when a team of mules he was working ran away and through him in a barbed wire fence. . . O. E. Ott of Tennessee, a former resident, arrived to spend several weeks with his son, L. A. Ott. Having left here 22 years ago, Mr. Ott was truly surprised at the progress which had taken place. . . Edward McBride of Los Angeles, Calif., a former resident, died.

10 Years Ago
Miss Kathleen Flood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Flood, won a "highly superior" as a soprano in the midwest division of the national high school music contest and has been awarded a \$1,200 four year scholarship at St. Mary's college in Xavier, Kans. . . Little Miss Ellen Doohee, 7, daughter of the Clarence Donohoes, escaped serious injury when she was run over by the rear wheel of a tractor while working in the hay field. . . The following have been nominated to compete in the regional soil conservation programs: Calvin and James Allyn of Stuart; Hershel Miles of Dorsey; Ray Siders of O'Neill and L. R. and Harvey Tompkins of Inman.

One Year Ago
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tomlinson celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. . . Mrs. Della Harrison, 78, was crowned queen at the annual Holt county settlers' picnic. . . Lightning struck the Harry Van Horn ranch near Ewing. No one was injured.



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O'Neill News

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Van Every and family of Omaha stopped in to see his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Van Every, Sunday. They were on their way to Denver, Colo., to buy a new truck. Their children stayed out at Dorsey with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Brady.

Sioux City came Friday, August 2, to spend the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. DeBolt. Friday Mrs. Krause called home saying that her husband's grandmother had died in Sioux City. . . Mrs. Wilson Shurigar and three sons of Kenosaw arrived last Thursday to visit her sister, Mrs. Dean Reed, Mr. Reed and Miss Paula. . . Jim Froelich, Jim Becker and Eddie Gatz arrived home from

Minoqua, Wis., where they spent their vacation. Miss Mardie Birmingham, who was also there came home Monday. . . Mr. and Mrs. Duane Miller spent last week at Buffalo, Wyo., with friends. Their children stayed with their grandparents in Fremont and Stanton. The Millers also stopped in to see Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baker in Omaha. . . Mrs. John Carroll and children left Saturday for their home in Denver, Colo., after visiting her

mother, Mrs. William J. Biglin, for two weeks. . . Mr. and Mrs. Guy Beckwith were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Johnson from Saturday until Friday at Waverley. . . Mr. and Mrs. Francis Belzer were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Burival Sunday evening. . . Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Davis left Monday for a two-weeks vacation to Colorado and other Western points.

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