

# THE FRONTIER

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CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher

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## Summer Is Passing

The present Summer is rapidly and steadily coming to a close. That fact is obvious. Suggestions and indications of it may be seen on every hand by observant eyes. One may not think much about it—may not reflect to any extent on the change which is taking place day after day, but it is true, nevertheless.

It would be difficult if not impossible to say just how rapidly the Summer is passing—just what change is occurring on any particular day or night or at any particular hour or moment; but the general statement is indisputable. We are living in a different natural environment than we were a month ago, a week ago, or even yesterday.

It is interesting and inspiring to notice the various signs of the changing seasons. They are written all over the face of Nature and are convincing evidence of the ceaseless change, whether we observe them or not.

Perhaps the most conspicuous indication of the passing Summer is the length of the days. The days are much shorter now than they were a few weeks ago and a little shorter than they were a few days ago and they are getting shorter all the time.

The reader can readily recall the time when the bright morning sun came streaming into the window at what he or she imagined sleepily was an unearthly hour and the sun continued to shine until a late hour in the evening, but not any more. This month the days are definitely shorter and the rising sun does not disturb the sleepy individual nearly as much as it did earlier in the season. Daylight hours are also curtailed at the end of the day and the neighborhood no longer resounds with the merry shouts and laughter of children at play until far into the evening.

We wonder whether or not Frontier readers have noticed it, but the birds are another infallible sign of the passing Summer. Only a short time ago—in May and June, especially—the birds were bursting their little throats with song, they began to chirp at daylight and, all through the long day, they sang continuously in the trees; but not any more. At the present time, you don't hear them at all in the early morning hours and only the rather plaintive note of an occasional bird is heard throughout the day. And the robins! Do you recall how numerous they were earlier in the season as they hopped about the yard looking for worms? Well, the robins are gone—disappeared—and they may be already winging their way South looking for a comfortable place to spend the Winter.

There are many other evidences of the rapidly passing Summer.

The harvest fields with their stacks of hay and fields of ripening corn, the fading flowers, the dried up vegetable gardens, the fruit trees bending under the weight of a luscious crop, the dry, sultry days which always occur in August and numerous other signs.

Harvest activities have been in full swing for weeks, the ranch and farm are tremendously busy places and the newspapers and radios comment on the crop forecasts from day-to-day while it is a topic of conversation wherever people gather. Obviously, the progress of the season is also indicated by the various sports and social events of the day.

These paragraphs in regard to the passing of the Summer suggest the thought that the regularity with which the seasons come and go, like the movement of the planets in their orbits, is something which can be absolutely depended on and reckoned with for the simple reason that it is controlled by unchangeable natural law.

That is one thing which is changeless in a constantly changing and chaotic world and it seems to give one a feeling of security just to reflect on it. Countless things are uncertain, unreliable and unpredictable, but of this we may be certain: the seasons will continue to come and go in their appointed order as long as time endures. Summer will follow Spring, Fall will follow Summer, Winter will follow Fall and, then, another Spring will be ushered in with bright sunshine, the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers.

In conclusion, we might also suggest that the Summer of 1949, now hastening to its close, has been and is a notable one on account of the various local events which have already taken place or are being planned for the near future, such as the Diamond Jubilee edition, the hospital campaign and many others which might be mentioned.

What kind of a Winter will follow the Summer of 1949? The Frontier declines to predict.

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Whether it is the heat or the humidity, the weather has been decidedly uncomfortable around here on some recent days.

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The birds have stopped singing lately and all you hear now is an occasional plaintive note.

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And now the pessimists are predicting an invasion of grasshoppers next Spring.

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Bountiful crops will help to feed a hungry world.

## Sittin' Pretty



## Prairieland Talk —

### Diamond Jubilee Celebration Blows Up; Is This Generation of Less Sterner Stuff?

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—So the Diamond Jubilee blowout has blown up. Other towns struggling for survival have gone through with the exhibitions of showmanship, while this is the first time O'Neill has admitted that it is licked. Shades of a departed generation! Brennan, Millard, McCafferty, Charley Hall, Skirving, Biglin, Mack, Birmingham, Schram, Barnett, Gallag h e r and the other boosters never said quit when a public function was undertaken.

Is this generation of natives and recent arrivals, made of less sterner stuff? Is this generation content now to linger in the lap of luxury, lacking the spirit to arouse themselves and devote one day to the memory of that little band that planted the tabernacles of their sod palaces on virgin prairieland 75 years ago and laid the foundation of the community that has become the heritage of the likes of us?

I owe much to prairieland. It brought to me life's thrilling emotions of facing single-handed the problems of survival at a time when men relied upon individual effort or perished. And out of that came full fruition commensurate with toil and understanding.

It was there nature opened her picture album and said to me, pause and look. It was there the fragrance and color of the grasslands spread before me a panorama of loveliness; the green of earth and the blue above, the glare of day and the gold and purple of sunset.

It was there I met the wildlings trotting through the grass or bounding over a sandhill, heard the flutter of wings when the covey took to flight and marveled at the golden eagle floating in the heavens, 'stately and still as a ship at sea.'

It was there I tamed little wild horses, learned to cast a lasso and brand the yearlings.

It was there the winds swept in fury and thunders shook the earth. It was there the fireside beckoned when blizzards swept across the land.

It was there I found friends, and life's greater treasure, a cultured maiden who ventured forth with me on a bright day in April in the long ago to tread the pathway stretching on into the years and build a home, whose memory is cherished fragrant as the full bloom of roses. It was there I learned to assemble type, put commas in the right place, see the gleaming white sheets through the press to come out with a work of art impressed upon them or bearing the news of the community in stately columns. It was there this habit of Prairieland Talk was formed and maybe I should be going back there to lay it down at the grass roots.

An old-timer in the business of laying floors tells of being on a government job where two young gents were supposed to supervise the work. They didn't know a flooring board from a bridge plank, did nothing but walk around, look wise and on occasions say to the men at work that the book says so-and-so. Floors are not laid with books but with saw, hammer and nails, and the know how that comes of experience.

Many Lincoln streets have become a jungle of tall weeds and the city is said to be so hard up for cash the streets commissioner can not put men to work cutting the growth crowding over sidewalks. Maybe the financial stringency is one reason for exacting from one public utility that is just about indispensable to the community an annual take of 30-thousand-dollars franchise. That's one way of scalping the ultimate consumer.

**CHICKEN DINNER**

and

**OUTDOOR LAWN SOCIAL**

Serving Starts at 5 P. M. in Church Basement

**Church of the Epiphany, Emmet, Nebr.**

**SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1949**

Part of the proceeds will go to St. Anthony's Hospital Fund and to the Atkinson Hospital Fund.

Everyone Is Welcome!

The young couple presented themselves at the marriage license desk accompanied by an older man who said to the clerk they were after a marriage license. They sat down and waited. Whether to throw up a smoke screen, calm his nerves or yield to the perpetual clamor that assails the smoker the prospective bridegroom lighted a fag, blew clouds of smoke and awaited results.

The Texan has resigned his job of warden of the Nebraska penitentiary, gone back to the Lone Star state and made some cracks at us in his unlamented departure. It is the recommendation of this department that Nebraskans be selected to manage Nebraska institutions.

The Scotts Bluff national monument is said to have

some "priceless art treasures." Priceless can mean either a million or not worth a red cent. But Nebraskans will take pride in thinking they have something out there at Gering.

Girls in overalls are quite fetching. Just how would the young men appear togged out in skirts.

(Continued on page 7)

# IT'S FUN TO SHOP AT COUNCIL OAK



YEP! Our customers tell us it's better than a 3-ring circus to browse around our displays of good things to eat. There's inspiration for new ideas in every day meals, and it's FUN to try new products when they carry COUNCIL OAK'S guarantee of satisfaction.

- |   |                       |  |
|---|-----------------------|--|
| SUNWEET<br><b>LARGE PLUMP PRUNES</b><br>In the gold foil package, 1 lb. pkg. ....         | 23c                   | START THE DAY RIGHT!<br><b>Robb-Ross PANCAKE FLOUR</b> 33c<br>Perfect pancakes every time, 3 1/2-lb. bag |
| <b>RICH IN VITAMIN "C"<br/>HI-C ORANGEADE</b><br>Serve it ice cold, 46-oz. can            | 35c                   | <b>SUPERB<br/>EVAPORATED MILK</b> 2 Tall Cans 21c<br>Perfect for all milk needs                          |
| <b>WHOLE PEELED<br/>SUPERB APRICOTS</b><br>With that heavenly flavor                      | 2 No. 2 57c<br>Cans   | <b>JOHNSON'S EVERYDAY<br/>Thin Soda CRACKERS</b> 2 lb. Box 39c<br>Crisp and fresh                        |
| <b>FRUIT COCKTAIL</b><br>Good any way you serve it  | 2 No. 2 67c<br>Cans   | <b>MY-T-FINE<br/>PUDDING DESSERTS</b> 4 Pkgs. 29c<br>A favorite of young and old                         |
| <b>HIG, TENDER<br/>GREEN GIANT PEAS</b><br>Packed when garden fresh                       | 2 No. 202 39c<br>Cans | <b>SALAD BOWL<br/>SALAD DRESSING</b> 43c<br>Mild, yet with a subtle tang, quart jar                      |
| <b>WINTER VALLEY<br/>Whole Tiny POTATOES</b><br>Ready peeled—saves time                   | 2 No. 2 27c<br>Cans   | <b>ASSORTED COOKIES</b><br>10- TO 12 LB. BOX 1.49  |
| <b>MORNING LIGHT<br/>White Grated TUNA FISH</b><br>The aristocrat of the sea, No. 1/2 can | 33c                   | <b>SUM-BAID<br/>SOFT DRINK POWDERS</b> 4 Pkgs. 19c<br>For cooling iced drinks                            |
| <b>LA CHEDDA<br/>CHEESE FOOD</b><br>Rich in aged cheddar                                  | 2 lb. Box 69c         | <b>ROBB-ROSS<br/>PURE CIDER VINEGAR</b> 39c<br>In a fine glass decanter, 1/2 gal.                        |

**NORTHERN TOILET TISSUE • 12 rolls 87c**



**QUICK 'N' NUTRITIOUS SUMMERTIME EATING**

**KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES**

New Baseball Game Ring for Your Kids!

MAIL BOX TOP FROM

and 25¢ to KELLOGG'S, Box No. 204, New York 8

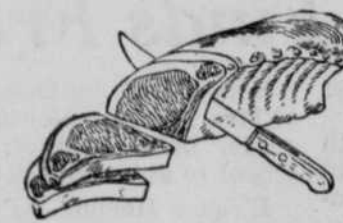
2 13-oz. Pkgs. 35c

## Fruits & Vegetables

- |                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>PEARS</b><br>3 Lbs. ....          | 29c |
| <b>PLUMS</b><br>Large Basket         | 49c |
| <b>GRAPES</b><br>3 Lbs. ....         | 25c |
| <b>CELERY</b><br>Bunch               | 15c |
| <b>SWEET POTATOES</b><br>2 Lbs. .... | 25c |
| <b>ORANGES</b><br>7-Lb. Bag          | 39c |

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**FREE  
PARKING  
IN REAR**  
\* \*

**TENDER, READY-TO-EAT SMOKED** 6 TO 8 LB. AVERAGE  
**PICNICS** LB. .... **43c**



## PORK LOIN

**ROASTS AND CHOPS**  
Center Cuts, Lb. .... **59c** End Cuts Lb. .... **37c**

**FRESH GROUND PURE BEEF, LB. .... 45c**  
**Beef Sirloin Steak, Lb. .75c** **Beef Short Ribs, Lb. . . . .25c**  
**BEEF ARM and SHOULDER ROASTS, LB. 47c**

## Young Mutton Sale

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>CHOPS</b> Lb. <b>42c</b>                  | <b>LEG</b> Lb. .... <b>49c</b>          |
| <b>SHOULDER ROAST</b><br>Lb. .... <b>25c</b> | <b>STEW MEAT</b><br>Lb. .... <b>13c</b> |

**THE COUNCIL OAK STORES**

YOUR FRIEND AT MEALTIME

**LITTLE ELPEE**  
Copyright 1947 by The Smith-Reader Co.  
Plays the Winning Card!

I KNOW THIS SOUNDS A BIT CATTY, BUT THE MOST APPROPRIATE PRIZE FOR THIS BRIDGE SESSION WOULD BE A PNEUMONIA JACKET!

MADAM, YOUR FROZEN FRIENDS WILL NEVER CONSIDER YOU A SOCIAL SUCCESS UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR HEATING! WHY NOT INSTALL AN L.P. GAS SPACE HEATER?

LITTLE ELPEE, I'M THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR CLUB NOW THAT WE FOLLOWED YOUR SUGGESTION AND ARE ENJOYING THAT MARVELOUS L.P. GAS SPACE HEATER!

L-P (PROPANE) GAS CAN BE OBTAINED OF . . . .

**Ralph N. Leidy . . . O'Neill**