

Prairieland Talk

Niobrara Next for Schemers

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Frontier Editor

LINCOLN—According to a story that comes out of Washington, the troubled waters of the Niobrara river are to be put to use by constructing at federal expense irrigation canals.

O'Neill merchants, printers, shopkeepers, doctors and dentists, lawyers and insurance agents, bankers and real estate men—get a look at that, \$5 million floating your way down the irrigation canals!

But there will be sighs of regret among those who have known the mystic charm of the wooded slopes, the shadows and changing colors along the gulches and have watched the fleet-footed antelope race across the grasslands, now to be turned into bean patches.



Romaine Saunders

Only the roar of tractors, the hum of man-made machines. And so the onward march of time despoils the handiwork of nature. The guys we send to Washington do things in reverse.

Another state fair drew the usual throngs to the dusty grounds. The weather was ideal but hot. The fair takes on the dignity of state, but you wonder. The visitor has made up his mind that the state of Nebraska is not entertaining him, but barkers on every hand are after his wad.

With the exception of the livestock, the exhibits are what you see every day in the stores and shops. The cattle barns this year were worth a visit. Shorthorns, whitefaces, Angus and the various dairy breeds, with the 4-H club showings.

The throngs of Nebraska patriots on the grounds are an interesting exhibit in themselves. Children and youth are having the time of their life, many adults have a worried look as if wondering what to turn to next.

A call came over the loudspeaker for all to be on the lookout for a lost boy. I moved along the walk by some livestock pens when I saw a little fellow just ahead. That was the lost boy.

I witnessed and heard many things on the fair grounds that day; that which stands out above all others and remains a picture of human tenderness amid scenes common to fair grounds is that little fellow in the embrace of his young mother.

That labor union patriot got mad, quit his job as a member of the president's cabinet and walked out in a rage. The exalted place of chief justice of the supreme court is made vacant by death. The secretary of agriculture is a disappointment. President Eisenhower has his troubles.

We have from year-to-year a Miss Nebraska and a Miss America. Why not Grandma and Grandpa America? And maybe a Mr. Nebraska, would complement the picture standing beside the Miss. This year's Miss America is a Pennsylvania product. Fair enough. That state helped a lot in making America possible.

Editorial

Unforeseen Experiment

In the histories that some day will be written, what will a world war and a gigantic "police action" be judged to have done to American colleges and college life? This is the question posed by the Christian Science Monitor.

World War II brought to the campuses over two million young men (and some young women) for the most part older chronologically, considerably older in experience, soberly conscious of the years to be made up, and confident of the direction to take. It brought also quite a number of means or presence of family responsibilities (or bright young people who because of lack of both) might never have had their intellectual capabilities thus developed had it not been for the famous "GI Bill of Rights."

The same "bill"—slightly modified—re-enacted for Korea veterans is bringing to colleges this fall somewhere around 250,000 students. And the end is not yet. The Korea veteran, finds a survey by the New York Times, is younger than his World War II predecessor. Based on last year's experience, he will be less outstanding as a student (although quite satisfactory). And he will lack some other characteristics of a college "generation" which had taken active part in a world conflict and had sensed a very personal stake in the unfolding of a world organization.

Thus a condition that has been earnestly sought as a social goal by some and keenly feared as a socialistic pitfall by others has become a fact—at least for a period of years. With the new provision for paying the whole subsidy direct to the GI, the arrangement more nearly approaches the system of government scholarships some have envisioned—and is thus more amenable to the kind of study which should tell us whether or not any such system is desirable on a permanent basis.

The death corner, located 1 1/2 miles northwest of the city, has claimed another life—the second in three weeks. It's a slow curve and deceptive. Every other car screeches its brakes and the tires sing rounding it.

No one would complain if an abundance of fall moisture would be received hereabouts.

The Nebraska State Historical society waxes old. September 26-27 the 75th anniversary of the society will be observed in conjunction with formal ceremonies dedicating the new building now occupied by the society's offices, many historical records, the state's newspapers from away back and a remarkable museum collection. The building is located on the state university grounds at 15th and R streets. In some respects the state capital building was a better place for the society's many interesting features as there is a daily stream of visitors going through the statehouse which took in the historical headquarters, and the new home is the fulfillment of plans long cherished. The dinner, which invariably is a feature of such events, will be at the Lincoln hotel the evening of the 26th. Prof. Walter P. Webb of the University of Texas will be the feature speaker at the dinner hour. The dedication exercises will be at society headquarters the 27th.

In an issue in midsummer 1901, The Frontier had the story and fulsome eulogy of a "farm woman" in the vicinity of Osmond, who with her two children tried to extinguish a fire that threatened the destruction of a railroad bridge, the woman seeing the fire at the bridge from her farm home. They were doing their utmost to extinguish the fire when it was realized a train would soon come from the east. This brave woman raced down the track, stood between the rails and flagged the engineer with her bonnet. The train was brought to a stop some 20 feet from the woman standing there waving her bonnet. The fire was put out, when the train proceeded over the bridge. Con Keys, an ornery but original cuss, had this in the paper one week: "I would like to mark all paid on my books now that there is nothing else to do."

The evening paper tells of a gent down at North Platte having made the record catch, a 16-inch two-pound catfish. Has it come to that in Nebraska waters that a measly little cat takes the blue ribbon? Are there no longer the 32-inch five-pounders of the pickered finny tribe left that we snagged in the Elkhorn? And there was the night I was in a boat with Hank Mills on a sand-hill lake down toward the South Fork when Hank got a three-foot pickered weighing more than 10 pounds on his spear. That didn't get into the sport columns as a record breaker. There were fish in Nebraska waters before the game and fish commission had the say of how and when you cast in. The guys interested in such angling today were born a generation too late.

Indian summer days bathed in sunlight, cloudless skies spreading a canopy of celestial glory at night above far-flung prairieland—days now marching on toward the restful period of autumn when the green foliage of summer turns to gold. Between the pink of dawn and evening shadows the September sun hides its flaming chariot across the heavens, when the heat of day merges into the cool twilight hours. Thus the sweep of time moves on toward the snow-crowned days when winter winds moan across prairieland. But sunbeams dance this day over the hot pavement and all is hushed, not a breeze in motion as I sit at the typewriter sweating and thinking a wind out of the north would help a lot.

Again the death cell at the Nebraska penitentiary confines a prisoner sentenced to go to the electric chair October 16. A resident of Sidney was convicted by the trial court of killing his wife. He says he did not do it, maintains that he is innocent. The supreme court is to hear an appeal from the findings of the lower court. The last one to have the death current shot through his frame at the penitentiary for a revolting crime admitted his guilt. If this man, Griffith, is guileless as he insists, the supreme court upon reviewing the case may find him not worthy of death.

Rain and cool winds broke the summer heat in southeast Nebraska. Scorching days have laid a death toll in other years as the blazing sun marched across the heavens. In the year 1901 there were 225 deaths caused by heat in New York City, 52 in Philadelphia, Pa., 23 in Baltimore, Md., 51 in Pittsburgh, Pa. That year a commission appointed by the governor determined the north boundary line of Nebraska. In July of that year W. C. Carpenter, living four miles west of Amelia, had a public sale which included 160 head of Shorthorn cattle.

Eight Holt countyans are polio patients in various hospitals. They are Lois Givens, Duane Braasch, Patty Elliott, Gleason Grimes, Ivan Baker, Danny Joe Cadwallader, Donald Taylor and Sheryl Rothchild. A record crowd gathered in Lynch to celebrate the energizing of the new lighting system. A "pre-fab" house was erected on the Harry E. Ressel lots in North O'Neill. An estimated crowd of one thousand persons witnessed a Saddle club roundup in which more than two hundred horses and both men and women riders participated.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Grady and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Grady and son, James, Friday evening enjoyed a family dinner. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Grady were observing their 47th wedding anniversary. They plan to depart soon for Baker, Ore., where they will spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. Paul Montgomery, and children.

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Death last week claimed the life of Carl Asimus, colorful O'Neill resident. With his death, the city has suffered a keen loss. Carl and his brother, Tony, came to O'Neill and staked out a claim in the trying mid-thirties when the city was at low ebb. Together they grubbed out wild bushes and trees and began building.

They prospered and built and accumulated a large, loyal following in various lines of business. When Carl's health began to deteriorate, they dissolved their partnership and Carl and his wife, Ann, devoted themselves to housing projects and caring for a considerable number of rental properties.

Carl Asimus seldom, if ever, failed to respond generously when called upon to contribute to worthy causes and to undertakings that made O'Neill a better city in which to live. A notable example was the gift of a tract of Elkhorn river bottomland to the Boy Scouts.

O'Neill will miss Carl Asimus. Not all disasters occur on land or in the air. During 1952 the high seas swallowed up 53 ships, three of which were not accounted for.

THE FRONTIER

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher Editorial & Business Offices: 122 South Fourth St. Address correspondence: Box 330, O'Neill, Nebr. Established in 1880—Published Each Thursday

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When You and I Were Young . . .

Ft. Niobrara Unit to Visit O'Neill

Provisions Sought for Men, Horses

William Luben, residing some four miles south of Emmet, sustained the loss of his house and all its contents, barn, two horses and four sets of harness in a fire. He and his family were away from home at the time and could not account for the blaze. . . The quartermasters department at Ft. Niobrara sends out notice that some 480 soldiers, 20 officers and 100 animals will be at O'Neill and vicinity October 3 and 4, and people having provisions to sell for both men and beasts can find a market when the soldiers arrive. . . Al McMain is keeping "bachelors' hall" at Frank Dameron's during their absence. . . Two men with two monkeys and a box of snakes arrived in town, stopping for a day or two and then going to Chambers to give open air monkey exhibitions.

Dear Editor: I see in the World-Herald that "Hobo" is dead from someone throwing acid on him. I sure hope you will find the low down fiend that did it and punish him or her. Do find him or her! N. C. ANDERSEN (Editor's note: Hobo belonged to Burlington rail crew and kept vigil at mortuary here after Police Chief Chet Calkin's slaying.)

Mr. Cal Stewart O'Neill, Nebr. Kind Sir: This brings you our thanks (belated, perhaps—but not the less sincere) for your announcement of father's funeral. As I listened this morning to your broadcast, I thought you might be interested in our well. It is also a "flowing" well—785 feet deep. It was completed by Pat Leer & Son of Vermillion, S.D., last May. Our county conservation official, Mr. Pelcher, said this was the only one he'd seen in Boyd county.

Dear Editor: Mr. Klein and myself thought you and your Frontier readers would be interested in knowing our wonderful thrill when we had the honor and privilege of shaking the hand of the president of the United States. President and Mrs. Eisenhower were honored at a breakfast which was given at Lowry air base near Denver. About 200 airmen and their wives were privileged to attend. We were so very lucky to have received an invitation as there was a limited number given out to each department or unit—and Mr. Klein happened to receive one. Actual invitations were sent out on Friday and how we treasure ours! The wording: "Requesting your presence to meet the president and his wife at 10:45 a.m., September 6." Never have I read an invitation as many times as this one.

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el, then on to the breakfast. It was quite a picture in the large room. All airmen were requested to don full dress uniforms and the ladies—well, it was quite a style show! Everyone was at their best to meet the president. Secret agents were easily recognized. There were a great number of them. And the serving table was just breath-taking! Gleaming silver and a centerpiece of autumn finery.

At last the announcement came that they were entering. There they were about 10 yards away from where we were standing. They look very much like their photographs with the exception of appearing a little shorter. Ike was dressed very sporty in a gray summer suit, dark tie and black and white shoes. Mamie wore a gray silk faille dress, pert black hat and an orchid corsage.

They snook nands with many of the airmen in attendance and we were so very lucky to have had that great honor. He chatted with many of the officers and appeared so natural. They stayed on at the club room about 30 minutes.

I might add that even though the president had been in Denver six weeks we hadn't been able to get a glimpse of him. However, we were able to see and photograph his plane, "The Columbine."

MRS. GEORGE KLEIN

No Constituents—But He Has Friends

(By John Koffend in Omaha World-Herald)

Nebraska's senior senator, Hugh Butler, may have no constituents in Alaska, but he has friends. On a recent visit there he stopped at Valdez, a little town south of Anchorage on Prince William sound. Later he learned that a former resident of O'Neill was living there, and the senator sent a letter. In time he received a reply:

"I wish to thank you for your letter addressed to my mother. . . She will be 94 this month. . . She went to Nebraska with her parents when she was a small girl and transportation was covered wagons powered by oxen. . . We children (one girl, five boys) were all born in O'Neill. I have not been there since 1947, but such names as Harrington, Biglin, Grady, McCarthy and many others bring back vivid pictures of my childhood." The signer is Owen E. Meals, now head of the Valdez Light, Power and Telephone company.

Cpl. James G. Gallagher arrived late Sunday from Ft. Hood, Tex., where he has been in training. He is spending a 15-day furlough with his mother, Mrs. John C. Gallagher.

Dr. Fisher, Dentist In the Bishop Block—Norfolk Office Phone: 610 Res. Phone: 2842

Reception Held for Teachers, 2 Pastors

PAGE—A reception was held last Thursday evening in the auditorium of the Page school for both the town and rural teachers of this vicinity. It was sponsored by the King's Daughters. The program opened with music by the Page school band.

Other numbers were a dardie skit by the pupils of district 97; musical reading by Lynda Cronk; vocal duet by Gene and Lyle Harvey; dance act by Linda and Judy Simmons; vocal duet by Gary and Bruce Bowen; song by the Page third grade girls; vocal solo by Barbara Page; piano solo by Thelma Summers; song by the Crumly girls; song by pupils of district 110; piano solo by Mrs. Warren Cronk; vocal solo by Mrs. Marvyn French, jr., and a piano solo by Marvin Stauffer.

Supt. Ralph Brostrom introduced the Page teachers—Robert Cahill, Glen Blezek and Mesdames Lewis Carter, L. B. Taylor, R. F. Park and Alton Braddock.

Mrs. Harold Kelly introduced the following rural teachers: Miss Phyllis Forbes, district 97; Mrs. Owen Parks, district 55; Mrs. Milo Snyder, district 110; Cecil Watterman, district 57; Miss Audrey Henderson, district 28; Miss Mary Halstead, district 47; Mrs. A. B. McClure, district 23; Miss Margie Finch, Venus, and Miss Dixie Stevens, district 39.

Rev. L. E. Mewmaw and Rev. Harry O. Johnson, new local pastors, were also introduced. About 250 were served refreshment.

Ainsworth Monument Works

Ainsworth, Nebraska Display on Highway 20

Shotguns

We Have a Good Variety of Shotguns—Just Received A New Shipment of All Sizes Shotgun Shells—SEE US FOR CASE LOTS—Deer Hunters!! We Have High Velocity 30-30 & 30-06 COATS — BOOTS — PANTS GUN CASES — GUN BLUE — CLEANING RODS FULL LINE OF HOPPE'S GUN SUPPLIES SCOVIE'S WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE

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FRIDAY & SATURDAY PAINT SALE!

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ON Saturday, Sept. 26 AT Shelhamer Super Market 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.