

Prairieland Talk . . .

# Think Of and Do for Others

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Frontier Editor

LINCOLN—Today as The Frontier goes into the homes there is anticipation in Holt county households. This will be Christmas eve. Mother and dad have been keeping things in hiding, maybe not suspecting that inquiring eyes and children's active hands have already found out. Christmas is the big day, a day that maybe has become a little over-commercialized, but, nevertheless, a time to think of and do for others.



Romaine Saunders

There has long been a question as to the date Christmas falls on. The date is not so important. Whether it was January 6, March 25, a day in April or some other date that the Lord as a babe lay in a cow manger "because there was no room in the inn" isn't the important thing. The future of the world hung upon the historic fact of the birth of the One who is remembered in a special way at this season. After a few centuries of more or less guess work, churchmen of the fifth century, perhaps unintentionally, finally settled upon the natal day of Tammuz, the bogus Babylonian messiah, December 25.

Those of the Christian faith in the first century were more concerned over whether they were exemplifying in their daily walk what they had learned from the Great Teacher and fulfilling the commission to preach the gospel than in observing anniversaries. The Lord as a man had a humble beginning. There were no hotel accommodations for Joseph and Mary. Travelers today at times are met with "no room in the inn." The first Christmas greetings were brought to mankind by an angel, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Out here on prairieland we are the better for that message entrusted to a few shepherds watching their flocks at night on the lonely Judean hills.

And so Prairieland Talker joins others of The Frontier in cordial Christmas greetings.

That the element in control in Russia has no intention of cooperating with us to promote peace among the nations is evident.

The sun rode its flaming chariot above prairieland today, bathing in regal splendor the firmament over us. This evening the glory of blending colors of sunset paints the prelude to the oncoming night with the glittering stars looking down upon the cold earth. Wind from out the arctic circle throughout the day has blown itself out as hurrying feet seek the warmth and shelter of home after the day's activities. What has the day meant to us? Did you hear only the sweep of the wind through the leafless branches of trees, feel only it pulling at your coat tails, buffeting your every step? Have you missed the cadence of friendly voices or failed to catch the glimpse of a smiling face? Was your life enriched out of the fragrance of contact with some great soul or your own soul enlarged by lifting the burden of another if only to dry the tear-stained face of a child? Did God have a place in our thoughts today or have we been so absorbed in doing and getting that the sacred human emotions and high aspirations were smothered? Out of life's great adventure many find they are one day nearer eternity's imperishable goal.

One exalted personage says there will be no third world war. A still more exalted personage calls for all out preparation on the part of those running things in American cities for protection against atom bomb attacks.

Editorial . . .

## Our Brother's Keeper?

A long time ago, very soon after the creation, a fellow by the name of Cain raised the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" And ever since that time, especially as civilization progressed, mankind has been learning that we are indeed our brother's keeper, and that man does not live unto himself.

This has been brought to our attention forcibly, on numerous occasions, in connection with labor troubles. Industrial squabbles and strikes are supposed to be private quarrels or local differences between labor and management. But, as a rule, they are more than that.

Recently there was a strike in the tin can industry. And it is proving to be more than a little matter of how much the factory workers shall receive and how many hours they shall work. First of all, the strike can almost make or break the families who produce citrus fruits—just one example. It can also cause some distress among the humble workers who follow the fruit harvest. It will hit the steel firms hard, also railroads, truck lines, canning plants. And thus it goes.

A handful of photo engravers in metropolitan New York City controlled the voting margin which plunged the world's greatest city into a news blackout. Other unions sympathized with the engravers and refused to cross the picket lines. One wonders if the press in the greatest city in the land is free after all?

Last weekend in Minneapolis, Minn., a teamsters' union struck and the city was without a Sunday newspaper.

Commerce is stifled, if not paralyzed, when there is interrupted newspaper service. All the other medias combined cannot scratch the surface in keeping workaday life normal in cities large or small when newspapers are tied up.

One small group can go on strike and throw ten other folks, not directly involved, out of work or off schedule for each one that is on strike.

Labor must learn that it is its brother's keeper, and find some way to settle such things, without closing down an industry.

Agricultural folks are not organized like labor. It's our guess, if they were they wouldn't be so difficult as these recent examples of labor misconduct.

### 'Christ in Christmas'

[Guest editorial from Nebraska State (Lincoln) Journal]

Every year about this time agitation breaks out here and there over the outmoded usage of Xmas for the birthday of Christ. For the most part the press is solidly against it, a stand expressed by the Hanover (Kans.) News in its rule:

"Christmas is the great feast of the celebration of the birth of Christ and the beginning of Christianity. Without Christ there would be no Christmas, therefore Christ must be kept in Christmas."

The editor's position is unassailable. Neverthe-

It was about the year 1885 on a day in late summer that I was having what fun the open prairie afforded for a spindly teenager, when Tom Kearney came along on his way from O'Neill to the Middle Branch mills with a bit of wheat to be made into flour. The Kearney homestead was just across the road west of the O'Neill cemeteries. Tom invited me to go along, so my first visit to Middle Branch was made possible.

At that time the little settlement was aglow with the activity of youthful life, settlers coming in to secure provisions at the store, hopeful of getting a letter from "back home" or trade a bit of grain for a bag of flour. We had lunch of crackers and cheese, cut a big watermelon, got Tom's flour and headed for home. Traveling by team was slow motion compared with what his highways today. But we were not beholden to highways or roads—the open prairie was ours. Middle Branch was the start of Methodist church work in the county when Rev. Bartley Blain cast anchor there before there was a mill or postoffice or a store.

Now we read of the obsequies of another pioneer community that made its contribution to the unfolding of the riches and beauty of prairieland. Middle Branch may pass out of the picture as a government recognized mail distributing center but a community in eastern Holt will ever be remembered as Middle Branch. One by one communities are aging, like men whose hair begins to gray at the temples, then the postoffice is discontinued and neighbors and friends—those who were once neighbors and friends—enjoying community fellowship—now scarcely more than strangers, speed away to distant points where they are just one of the crowd of shoppers looking for bargains.

Something of human interest, of human welfare, of the human touch and heart-throb, is lost when the door of a community center closes.

Due to the thoughtfulness of Lee Downey, I hang up a 1954 calendar, the kind you can read without opera glasses. Lee, formerly Burlington agent in O'Neill, has the responsible job of freight agent for that railroad at Denver, Colo. And as we hang up the new calendar we are made conscious of the passing of the years leaving the marks of time on all. Life requires taking down the old, putting the new in its place. And so, step by step, a year merges into another year and we have wrought out on the anvil of time the warp and woof of our lives. What '54 will shape with the lengthening threads rests with each to determine but the results with most of us will probably not be much different than that which the year now about to take flight into the past has shown. Happy new year for Lee and all other friends!

The former governor of Illinois and late candidate for president would inspire confidence and win public favor if he would cut out the partisan hogwash, go home and sit down.

In crime and court circles there is no telling what will come up. A north Nebraska young man, after admitting his hands had been stained by murder and leading officers to the scene of his crime and the grave of his victim, now goes into court and enters a plea of not guilty. An Illinois man has been released from prison after being incarcerated 10 years for a \$10 deal. A group of 13- and 14-year-old girls from Lincoln homes of well-to-do parents are in the clutches of the law for shoplifting. They had worked in pairs, one on the watch while the other took what had caught her eye. And to realize some cash out of their hellish enterprise they returned stolen goods and got a refund in money.

## Johnson - Kaminsky Rites in New Mexico

DELOIT—Announcement was made this week of the marriage of Winifred Johnson of Neligh and Harold Kaminsky of Pueblo, Colo. They were married in Raton, N.M., on December 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaminsky arrived in Neligh last week and will visit at the Johnson home over the holidays.

### Other Deloit News

Roland Schunk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schunk, who is in the service, is spending some time with home folks.

Mrs. Zoe Huffman of Elgin was a visitor at the Stanley Huffman home last week. The occasion was the first birthday anniversary of Becky Huffman.

Don Larson of Wayne is spending a two week vacation at home. Bonnie Rossow, a student at Wayne, is also home for vacation.

Henry Reimer and John Hupp had television sets installed last

week in time for Christmas. Neva Mae Bauer, who is employed at the Neligh hospital, spent Friday at home.

Leland Hupp, a high school freshman at Norfolk, is vacationing at home.

A number from here attended the Christmas program at Bartlett Wednesday evening, December 16.

The Deloit Pinochle club had a Christmas party at the H. Werkmeister home Sunday, December 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Paul and Mr. and Mrs. H. Reimer visited at the August Kallhoff home recently.

Several from here attended the Greeley-Bartlett game at Bartlett Friday evening. Bartlett won the game. A group of friends surprised Johnny Bauer Sunday evening. His birthday anniversary is December 25. After an evening spent socially, a lunch of pie and coffee was served by the self-invited guests.

Mrs. Fred Harpster is visiting at the home of her mother in Ewing.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reimer and Elayne were dinner guests at the Reimer home in Ewing on Sunday.

### Ewing Soldier Gets Promoted to Corporal

EWING—John McClenahan, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Omer McClenahan of Ewing, was recently promoted to Corporal while serving with the 40th infantry division in Korea.

The former California national guard division, which arrived in Korea during early 1952, is undergoing intensive post-truce training.

Corporal McClenahan, clerk of company M in the 160th regiment, entered the army in November, 1952, and arrived in Korea last June.

Give The Frontier for Christmas!

### O'NEILL LOCALS

Mrs. William Luben visited at the Joe Bartos home Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Beckenhauer went to Bloomfield Saturday to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Helen Stover, to Doyle Lukens.

Paul Fritton of Albion visited at the Edward Campbell home Sunday.

Miss Helen Harty, who attends St. Mary college in Omaha, is spending the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Harty.

Mr. and Mrs. Noal Long and

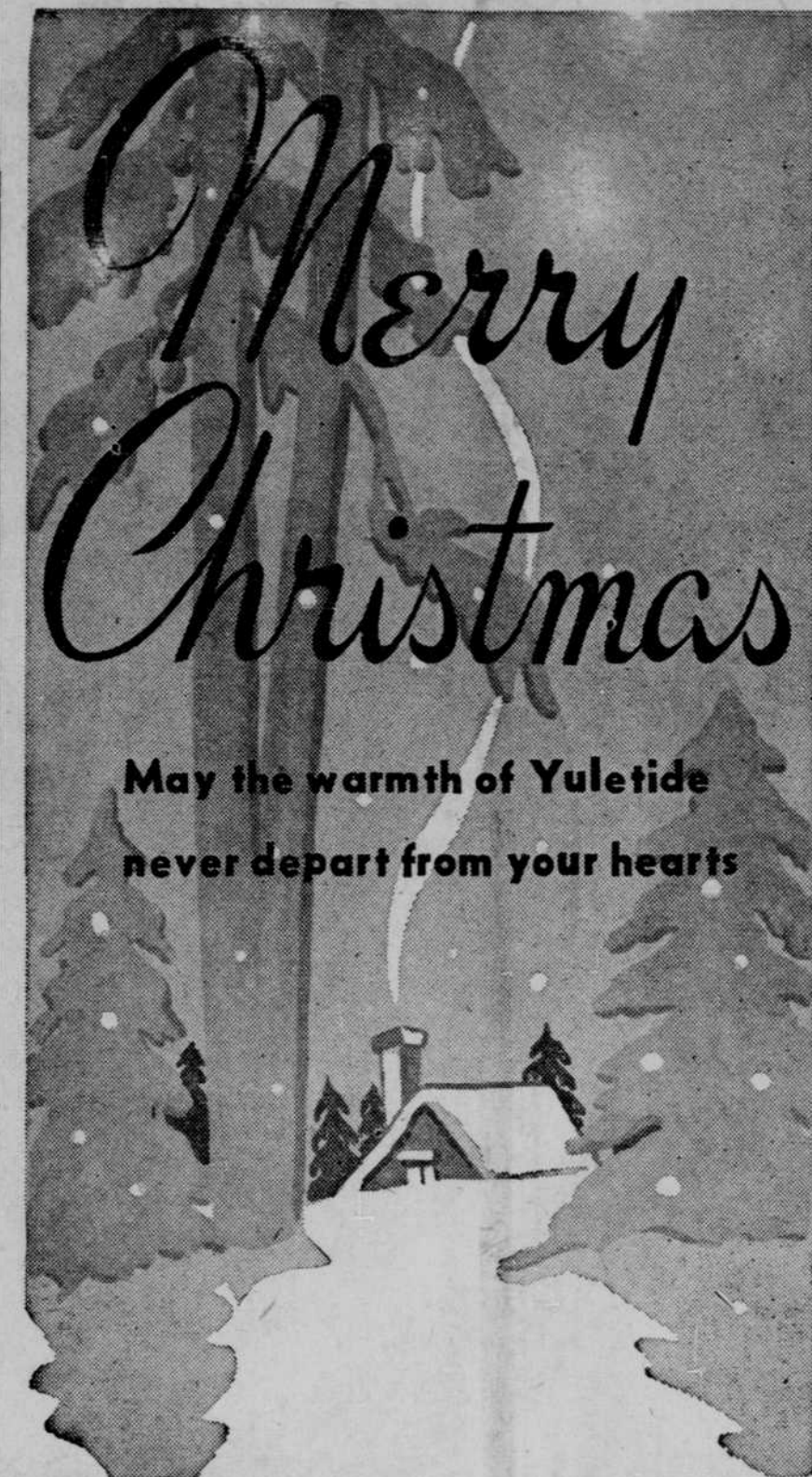
DR. DONALD E. DAVID  
OPTOMETRIST  
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daughters of Colton, Calif., arrived Sunday to visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Robertson, for the holidays.

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## Christmas Greetings



•To all the children --grownup or otherwise --our very best wishes.

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## Merry Christmas



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