

Prairieland Talk

Hornless Blacks Will Fight

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS, Retired, Former Frontier Editor

LINCOLN — One of those belligerent black Angus sold at the 4-H club fair at Fremont for \$30 the hundred pounds, down \$10 from the price paid for the champion a year ago. The fancy price paid for a champion at the livestock shows is more of a gesture than an indication of real value. The prize package in that black heifer hide this year came from Colfax county.

Having roped and branded some of those black beauties and then climbed to the topmost post to escape a knockout blow from a hornless head, I have wondered at the growing popularity of the Angus. Maybe it's because we like anything that will put up a fight if imposed upon.

Maybe down in Colfax county, where I once had a newspaper, they don't use branding irons.

My friend since kneepants days, L. G. Gillespie, has been nominated as the republican candidate to represent some of the city on the county board. Lloyd has been in O'Neill since childhood and probably now can claim the title of the city's citizen of longest continuous residence. And probably no citizen of Holt is so well informed as to past, present and probable future conditions prevailing in the county as Mr. Gillespie. While his choice as a candidate to represent the city wards on the county board is commendable and understandable, it is something of a mystery why so many of the otherwise well-poised Holt county republicans should have voted to give the nomination for U.S. senator to a political freak (meaning Terry Carpenter).

In a letter from Will McNichols to the editor a month ago, we learn that Mr. McNichols, living at Hollywood, Calif., plans to visit O'Neill next month. As I can scoot up there by bus or otherwise most any time I will try to arrange the agenda to land up there at the time Will does, thus making amends for missing a visit with a native O'Neill boy while out in his part of the world last winter.

I was one of some two or three thousand who had gathered in the auditorium to hear what the speaker had to say and the songbirds reach the high notes. A young mother came down the long aisle and took a seat beside me, lifted a little girl to her lap and bestowed a kiss upon her sweet childish face. I do not recall a thing the speaker said but what I saw as an expression of human tenderness as that mother and child sat beside me remains a vivid picture. Of the human emotions that arouse either love or hatred that playing up on the heartstrings of a young mother as she looks upon her child transcends in height all other earthly ties.

The Nebraska cornbelt has been sufficiently wet up during August, and this has revived much of the corn fields that had wilted during July and now stalks of corn stand 10 feet high with ears half the length of a man's arm reaching across to those on the next row as though they would shake hands in congratulation over the revival. One farmer from Gage county with whom I talked said in a recent week they had 13 inches of rain in his community and his corn yield will be an average crop.

Editorial . . .

Right to Rejoice

At Ainsworth Monday evening Holt county was represented at a dinner fittingly honoring Rep. A. L. Miller (R) of Kimball, Nebraska's Fourth district congressman. The affair was sponsored by officers and directors of the Niobrara River Basin Development association, whose membership has worked long and hard to bring federal recognition and attention to the basin.

Doctor Miller, who heads the house insular affairs committee, conducted a congressional hearing in the basin last fall and one in Washington, D.C., this spring. He introduced the bill, HR 8520, which, during the just-ended 83rd congress, received the blessings of both the house and later, just before adjournment, the senate.

The bill, as enacted into law, formally provides for the inclusion of the Ainsworth, Lavaca Flats, Mirage Flats extension, and O'Neill irrigation developments into the Missouri river basin overall project, also known as the Pick-Sloan plan. The Pick-Sloan plan came into being back in 1944.

The law directs the secretary of the interior "to cause these units of the Missouri river basin project to be coordinated and integrated, physically and financially, with the other federal works constructed or authorized to be constructed under the comprehensive plans approved December 22, 1944, amended and supplemented."

Construction is not to be undertaken along the Niobrara until a full report, "demonstrating physical and economic feasibility," has been completed, reviewed by the affected states and approved by congress with necessary appropriations.

Monday night's feast at Ainsworth culminated eight years of work by the Niobrara basin enthusiasts who have been bent upon bringing to the area irrigation, power, wildlife and recreation benefits.

It would be impossible to fix credit for this long time a-comin' milestone of success. But certainly the names of Congressman Miller, Senators Butler and Griswold (both deceased), Former Association President E. A. House, Former Secretary Vern Lindholm and President Roy Raitt must be mentioned.

The Frontier is happy, indeed, to chronicle this good news from capitol hill in Washington and we predict irrigation will come to pass, on a big scale, sooner than many of us think. For the comfort of apprehensive taxpayers, we'd like to point out that reclamation spending, great as it might seem, is a drop in the bucket compared to foreign aid, for example. Moreover, feasible irrigation projects can—and will—pay for themselves by increasing income and thereby the tax potential. We have notable examples, that compare in many ways, right here in Nebraska.

Once again the thud of the football is in the air—a sure sign that autumn is near.

The swimming season is about over.

Out beyond the city with its clutter of buildings, its forest of homes and shrubs and trees—out across the length of prairieland to the setting sun as the ebbing light of day fades away before the gathering shadows of approaching night, the evening star will soon look down upon a peaceful people in a favored land stretching to the foothills of the Rockies. The day has ebbed away and the hour is here when we seem to rise upon the full flowing tide of eternity. With senses attune to life's poetic impulse for one brief hour there comes to us the music of immortals and we seem to hear the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. It is the hour to step aside from life's pressing cares and to meditate, to pray, to commune with your own soul, to gather strength for the days ahead.

A farm woman informs me she gets 21 cents a dozen for the eggs her flock of hens produce. A white-aproned food market proprietor tells me he gets 49 cents for those same 21-cent eggs.

The political itch that broke out into a rash this summer was pretty expensive for some patriots of prairieland. One unsuccessful candidate for the U.S. senatorial nomination spent \$17,575, and it cost another gent over three thousand dollars to go through the struggle and lose just because he had the ambition to be known as a United States senator for two months. With failure to achieve your ambition comes disappointment; maybe it sours you. A lifetime of loyalty to your party and money put into it is rewarded with crushed hopes. The effect may be envy, jealousy, casting aside political allegiance. Let it be hoped such results did not flow from the late primary, but such is the weakness of our whole primary system.

Having talked with patriots from Falls City in the southeast and from Chadron in the northwest, from McCook in the southwest and a gent from South Sioux City in the northeast corner of the state, who have gotten to the capital city this 100th anniversary of an organized territory, I have had the picture of prairieland. The hot July brought a golden harvest in the wheat belt; out across the livestock country grass spread its silken gown, cattle have grown fat and stack upon stack of prairieland hay is ready for winter feed; the corn belt was brought back to the usual state of fruition by August rains. An over-ruling Providence again smiles on prairieland.

The Hon. Mr. Curtis, former member of congress and now Nebraska republican's candidate for a seat in the United States senate, in an address I was privileged to hear said the United States, its people and its government, cannot bring peace to a snarling, snapping world by handouts. He thinks peace can be assured to the world only through a change in the hearts and minds of men, but cannot be bought.

Beating up on your wife is not such a reprehensible trick, according to the judicial estimate of a Lincoln court in which a gent was fined \$10 for slapping his spouse. But if you try it on some other fellow's wife—that's different. The same court soaked a gent who did \$100. It's forever ungentlemanly to land one on the chin of a lady, but, of course, there are specimens of the genus homo who are anything but gentlemen.

O'Neill Story Coming

The Sunday, August 29, issue of the Omaha World-Herald will feature in the magazine section a tale about O'Neill. Through this centennial year—1954—Nebraska's biggest newspaper is featuring magazine stories concerning the cities with three thousand population and over.

Readers can look forward to a color photograph of several typically Irish colleens, black-and-white photos of interesting persons and pictures and places of interest.

We have had the opportunity to see the proofs on the story written by the World-Herald's Robert Houston. It is a well done piece, touching on the redoubtable Gen. John O'Neill, who founded the town, and tracing history up to the present day.

In doing the research, Mr. Houston told us he was not at a loss for material or subject matter here. Instead, the O'Neill story becomes a problem of choice—what to incorporate and what to omit.

"Some towns are absolutely without color," he complained. And then he mentioned a few.

We dare say many O'Neillites will learn a lot about our little city they didn't previously know when they consult their World-Herald magazine section come Sunday morning.

The paper will be available at the usual newsstands. The World-Herald's circulation manager here is Mrs. Leona Shoemaker, phone 403-W. If you'll be wanting extra copies, we suggest you contact her right away.

We wonder what next Terrible Terry will turn his attention toward. We surmise his recent stint in the state legislature was intended to be a springboard to the U.S. senate. We were disappointed he ran a poor third in the primary. We should like to have seen him run a miserable fifth.

THE FRONTIER

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News, Views and Gossip

BY THE EDITOR

Strictly First-Class

When I registered Friday evening at the "Grand Hotel" they literally rolled out the welcome mat. This in spite of the fact that at the desk, I was a little indefinite with them how long I'd be around. It was a business stay.

I was escorted to a cheery, comfortable room, a single, by a courteous uniformed person. Immediately I was impressed with the excellent taste in the decor—the soft pastel colors, the big windows with sleek aluminum frames, colored asphalt tile flooring, radiant heating fixtures (I wouldn't be needing), colorful drapery. It was a fireproof layout.

Strictly first-class, I thought. That first evening I marveled at the luxury of the place without venturing outside the room. All necessities were provided in grand style by this "Grand Hotel"—a relatively new addition to a lustrous, growing Nebraska city.

Next morning I awakened and peered down on a lush and spacious formal garden being bathed in brilliant sunshine. The neatly manicured hedges stretched southward to a quiet residential street. Lofly trees some three hundred feet away reached skyward. Occasionally one could catch a glimpse of beads of autumnal moisture glistening in the sun on the leaves of the plants.

My memory told me the landscaping was something under two years old. Wonders already had been worked.

The more than ample breakfast served to me in my room disappeared and I was on my second cup of coffee. I meditated on the proposition I had been in the hotel about 12 hours—each filled with luxurious rest and sleep, good food and sheer comfort. I massaged my sore neck and thought to myself:

People living in the O'Neill region and others within reach of the compassionate arms of St. Anthony's hospital are among the most fortunate people in the whole world.

Maybe it isn't charitable of me to call St. Anthony's the "Grand Hotel." Being no sicker than I was and never before in my adult years having been hospitalized, I was overwhelmed by the wonderment of it all.

Needle Points

The "routine" treatment, of course, began at the time I cleared the reception desk the night before. They (nurses and their aides) issued you a white gown, delivered pills to you, freemetered your temperature. They held you by the arm at short intervals and stared at stopwatches, completely unmindful of whatever you had to say along conversational lines. They asked you to roll over and presently you absorb a long, sharp needle in your lower hip. After awhile the hip might turr cherry red. Still later they'd bring you another glass of water and ask you, at needle point, to turn the other cheek.

But I enjoyed it all. My first visitor was my good physician with whom, traditionally, I can stir up a lively discussion. This time he let the sparks fly, apparently more interested in getting on with the diagnosis and the cure. (Later we discussed the most recent election, the forthcoming election, Ike, Mendes-France, highways, railroads. On things political neither of us has to probe long to launch an argument.)

Bernie Allen popped in that first morning. He was on a trouble-shooting mission, complete with pipewrench, pliers, hammer, etc. Bernie is the building engineer and draws a variety of "fix-it" assignments. Incidentally, he's a saddle club enthusiast.

Sister M. Fara, the culinary expert, stopped to say hello. First met her in the days before the hospital was opened—back in 1952—when we were her guest for a trial cup of coffee and an experimental piece of pie from the glistening new ovens. New gas ranges are now being installed in her basement domain, where food for the patients is sent up via the dumbwaiter. Sister Fara came to the U.S. from Cologne, Germany, in 1930.

I told her I saw Cologne the day the war against the Hitler crowd was grinding to a halt. She said the cathedral had been reconstructed and repaired.

Linguist

Rev. Karel Kucera, the chaplain, brought me a printed volume of excellent photographs pertaining to his native city of Prague, Czechoslovakia. Father Kucera is a recent refugee from his red-oppressed homeland. He was ordained 10 years ago. Father Kucera said that Prague, a city of a million people and the capital of Bohemia, first came under the iron rule of the Germans (in 1939) and the Russians later (in 1945).

"The nazis were bad enough," he remembers, "but reds—they're much worse!"

A half-million Czechs are imprisoned and their whereabouts is unknown.

A soft-spoken fellow, light complexioned and slightly on the cherubic side, Father Kucera has done very well with the English language.

"I concentrate on what I'm saying and I never permit myself to lapse into a translation (even to myself)."

"It's no good," he proclaimed with a typically American inflection and accompanying gesture. "No good at all to give up and not work it out in English."

He speaks Bohemian, German and French and, of course, Latin.

Thanks, Everybody!

We've printed hundreds of cards of thanks in the columns of The Frontier for 50 cents a throw.

After an experience in this place I am compelled to ask this question: Where does one begin to thank people for kindness, courtesies and care? There is such a thing as space limitation for these bits; certainly there's got to be a limit on how much 50 cents will buy.

Probably one should thank the good folks who shelled out to make the hospital the extraordinary physical plant that it is. I wouldn't want to overlook Ignatz Heumesser, whose incessant work out front with hose, hoe, rake, lawnmower and other garden tools has enhanced the beauty and comfort of the hospital. (You don't fully appreciate the beauty, either, unless you look down on the winding ribbon-like sidewalks, stately young trees and lush grass.)

The Sisters of St. Francis? One would be doing an injustice not to write a book about them.

Sister M. Clotidis, the X-ray technician (she came from Germany about 30 years ago), summed up her work this way:

"There is so much misery and suffering in the world there is much satisfaction in being able to help relieve some of it."

There's little Rev. W. B. Lamb, the retired Protestant minister who regularly trudges over to the hospital, his arms laden with gorgeous gladioli.

You're in a different world up here; maybe a little bit of heaven.

Jay Evan

Mickey Stewart (no kin), who lives out in the Phoenix neighborhood, on Sunday evening was in the room next door visiting his wife, Betty, and their new son, Jay Evan, weighing 7 pounds 4 ounces.

"Cal Stewart is in the next room," I heard her say in slightly raised voice. "Honey, I don't know what HE HAD, but we have a darling baby boy!"

"I don't think Cal knows it. But," she continued, "he and I are the only ones in the maternity ward!"

I exploded from the sickbed. Somebody had made a horrible mistake! How come the maternity ward with sinus trouble?

Finally I collected myself and thought: What's the difference? Only one new mother on the ward; only one baby in the nursery; there's lots of room; these people aren't about to make a mistake like that.

When Mickey and his wife finally came into my room I was ready for HER!

I handed her a clipping torn from the Sunday World-Herald. The story told about an African mother who gave birth to triplets and within the hour was up and about doing the family washing. After Betty had read it, I critically observed that modern American women are spoiled and soft in this automatic, pushbutton age.

"Why, here at the hospital you don't even go down in the basement and prepare your own meals!" I said.

Whereupon she exploded. I finally went to sleep trying to give a maternity ward birth to an idea that would improve The Frontier.

Instead I came up with this edition of News, Views & Gossip. Portions of it read like I've just said an egg.

—CAL STEWART

O'Neill News

Mr. and Mrs. Al Hamik spent Sunday in Pickstown and Ft. Randall, S.D.

Mrs. Lorena Duffy and daughter, Marilyn, of Casper, Wyo., arrived Saturday and will visit for a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McElvain and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond returned Saturday from a vacation trip through the Black Hills. Miss Delores Hamik spent the weekend visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamik, sr., in Stuart.

Monuments of lasting beauty made by skilled craftsmen of the J. F. Bloom Co., monuments from the factory to the consumer. — Emmet Crabb, O'Neill, phone 139-J.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox and Mrs. Dever Fox were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fox of Atkinson. Cletus McGraw of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Ruth Foley of Chicago,

Ill., were Sunday night guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Froelich returned Friday from Chicago, Ill. Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Burgess plan to leave Saturday for Rochester, Minn., where they will visit their daughter, Miss Joanne, until Tuesday.

Friday overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Brittell were Mr. and Mrs. Lufe Culver, jr., of Lusk, Wyo. They were on their way to Ottumwa, Ia., where they both will enroll in Christian Bible college. Mrs. Culver, who is Mrs. Brittell's niece, is the former Anita Vargason.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bowker and Mrs. H. J. Hammond left Tuesday for a week's vacation in Colorado. In Denver they will visit Mrs. Bowker's aunts, the Misses Grady. They plan to take a few side trips.

Venetian blinds, prompt delivery, made to measure, metal or wood, all colors.—J. M. McDonalds.

Mrs. D. A. Berg and family returned Saturday to their home in Mandan, N.D. They had been visiting for three weeks with her mother, Mrs. W. J. Biglin.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Miller and family returned Saturday from a 10-day vacation trip through the Black Hills and Colorado.

Mrs. James Donlin, Miss Mary and Mr. and Mrs. Dale Curran spent Tuesday in Sioux City. Jack Everitt spent from Friday until Sunday in Valentine where

he entertained with his guitar and vocal selections at the rodeo held there over the weekend.

Richard Graham left last Thursday for Wayne where he will enroll for the fall term at Wayne State Teachers college. He will be employed part time by the Wayne Herald.

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Two - Year - Olds
These are the top bulls from our good herd and are the type we feel will not only suit the ranchman but the Angus breeders as well. These bulls are two years old and will weigh from 1400 to 1600 lbs.
September 4, 1954 — 2:30 p.m.
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Valentine, Nebr.
EVERGREEN STOCK FARM
Marshalltown, Iowa

GAS HEATING BULLETIN
Fall Check-up on Heating Equipment Important—
We recommend to all gas heating users that you have your favorite heating contractor or Kansas-Nebraska Natural Gas Company manager check your gas heating equipment on the following points:

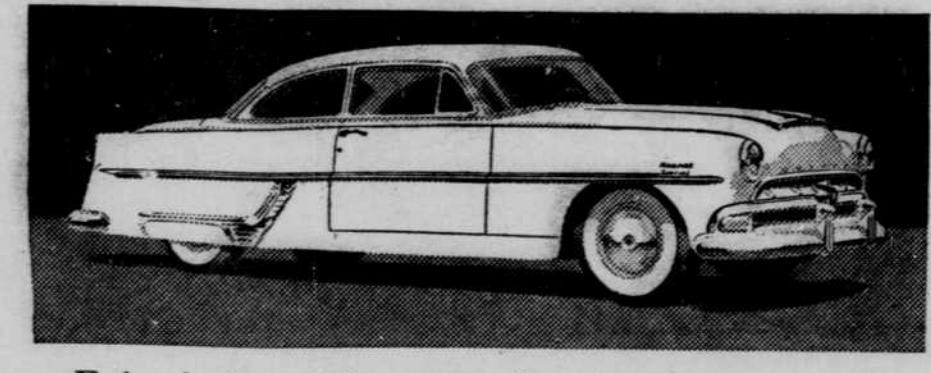
1. Have heating equipment cleaned and checked from appliance to flue. Make sure there is no stoppage or rusted-out pipe. This is important to your family's safety.
 2. Be sure that heating appliance is properly vented to the flue and that the flue is clean and draft is correct.
 3. Have all motors, blowers and automatic motorized valves checked and properly oiled.
 4. Install new filters on forced air systems. This will pay dividends in increased circulation, cleanliness and comfort.
 5. Inspect automatic control operation. An electrical storm may have burned out transformers or controls.
 6. Have pilot lights lighted ahead of the rush season, and have burner adjustment checked.
- These six measures will help you enjoy better heating.

In fairness to all, we service calls on a "first come—first served" basis. Naturally, we can't serve everyone on the first cold day. So . . . for your own comfort . . . call your favorite heating contractor or local Kansas-Nebraska Natural Gas Company manager today.

Actually, Natural Gas is today's biggest bargain...worth every cent I pay for it—and then some.
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— Atkinson —