

Prairieland Talk

# "Only Two"

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

P. C. Corrigan and Johnnie O'Neill, son of the General O'Neill, a few bottles of drugs on shelves where Pat Donohoe now sits at his polished desk; John McDonough in the bank basement writing the classic editorials for the Tribune and raking in the tens for land notices; Ed Kelly at the cashier's desk in the bank, John Mann, Tom Morris, Heinrick sons, M. M. Sullivan, Neil Brennan, the boss at the Arcade hotel where Billy Reed shot Sheriff Barney Kearns and where the K. C. building now stands. Where are they now? Some left for other parts long ago, the bones of those who remained now in the abode of the dead up on the hill. None now on the north side of Douglas street between 3rd and 4th who knew either of those just named as Dad. But across the street are still two or three native sons and daughters of the town's pioneer meat merchant, Fred Gatz. And in the next block west were two whose sons are with us yet — Edward Campbell of the First National Bank, and Leo Mullen of the Biglin mortuary. And a daughter of the Brennans is still in O'Neill and a son of that family down in our Capitol City.



Romaine Saunders

Twenty-five and more years ago he waded the snow cold January mornings to go the mile to the Berry school down there in Swan precinct. From grade school a step to the academy, another step to college and university with intervening service in uniform when Pearl Harbor was touched off. A dozen years with a great organization in an eastern city. Now to a Texas city with his wife and little daughter to take on a research engineering job and boost for Texas. . . . My son, Romaine whose most thrilling experience was the night he and his brother waded the snow afoot the five miles from our home to Tom Salems at Amelia when the two boys packed about 40 pounds of Salem's goods and groceries home, pulling in a little before midnight. Neither horses or automobiles could go places that night.

A number of convicts serving time in the state prison have agreed that at death their eyes are to go to the Nebraska Lions Club eye bank, a setup that transplants seeing eyes to the blind. Or if you have one eye gone an eye will be given you. Shall I permit the eye of a criminal to be placed in my one empty eye hole? But these boys in the pen, having done evil deeds, wish to do something to help fellow beings, unlike that terrible young killer who met his end in the electric chair last year. Asked if he would give an eye said no.

Editorial

### U.S. vs Russia—Good Competitors? American Expert Says Answer Is No!

The 50's have ended. And, as usual, there has been a flood of historical and analytical accounts of what happened during that remarkable era. Most of these have one thing in common — a recital of economic advances that were tremendous by any standard of measurement, and perhaps unprecedented. Even so, as Relman Morin of the Associated Press reports, there is a feeling of uneasiness among millions of Americans. Why should this be the case, in the light of all the countless material gains the 50's brought us? Two statements Mr. Morin quotes may help to answer that question. Dr. Charles Frankel, a professor of philosophy and sociology says: "Our society has met many great challenges and quite successfully in other years. But today it is drifting and has no sense of purpose." George F. Kennan, who, in the course of a varied career, has been our Ambassador to Russia and is regarded by many as the foremost U. S. expert on Soviet affairs, says: "If you ask me, as a historian, let us say, whether a country in the state this country is in today, with no highly developed sense of national purpose, with the overwhelming accent of life on personal comfort and amusement. . . . If you ask me whether such country has, over the long run, good chance of competing with a purposeful, serious and disciplined society such as that of the Soviet Union, I must say that the answer is 'No.'"

The good life does not just consist of "things". The good life involves character, decision, fortitude, the willingness to sacrifice when sacrifice is needed in the common cause. No matter how rich a nation may become, if its people fall into the pit of lazy complacency, if their values are restricted more and more to the purely material, then that nation is doomed to ultimate destruction.

Best By Test

The Marketing Service of the Department of Agriculture has completed a survey which shows that newspapers are the best medium for food advertising and for marketing information on food. Here's what they say:

"The printed word can be read, re-read, clipped and filed. And for some reason or other it commands more authority than casual statements on radio and television."

This is the first statement emanating from the Department of Agriculture in many years which will not rouse a single word of criticism from the press. On the contrary, newspapers will be so modestly satisfied with this fresh statement of a long established fact that they will call attention to it.

The only regret of the press is that the Department of Agriculture, having entered this important field, did not carry its survey further. Had it done so, it would have found that newspapers are also the best medium for advertising automobiles, clothing, accessories, drugs, furniture, fuels, hardware, lumber, soap, toiletries and watches.

Full permission is granted to all radio and television stations to broadcast these lines. Suppose they will?

—Hutchinson (Kansas) News

No floral bloom out where lies the blanket of snow, but all through the long night hours the window panes are whitened with frost tinted flowers. The flowers of summer are faded away, but there upon the glass nature touched with beauty what no human hand could ever do.

John Martfelt, an O'Neill lad of days now gone, writes me from his Colorado home expressing his interest in what he reads in Prairieland Talk that appears in The Frontier from week to week. Among others he recalls to mind he mentions Rosco Moore and another guy who entertained the 4th of July crowds riding broncs. Yes I knew those rough necks or knew of them. And I knew their kind long before their day — Long Hair John, Bob Ingersol, Joe McEvony, Tim Bunell, and that classic gent of the saddle, Sam Elwood, as well as the notable Hay McClure, and the guy they called Pete who forsook wild west ways to become Prairieland Talker. Nice to hear from you John and to know you keep in touch with your friends back here by The Frontier.

Grandfather's almanac set forth weather conditions day by day for the whole year. Today's weather man forecasts weather conditions for just the next five days — and doesn't always hit it. . . . Cloudy, cold and deep snow this morning as we step across to the beginning of the last week in January. I see a bird fly by my window to settle on a branch of a nearby tree, and I am reminded with regrets that I have not put out a bit of bird feed for those little winged creatures that find nothing in the snow to feed upon. . . . We young prairielanders thought we were doing it when we jumped into the Elkhorn down there on the school section southwest of town and dived seven feet to the sandy bottom, the river being at flood stage. Modern sea going American Navy patriots report having dived seven miles down to the bottom of the Pacific ocean.

If U can smile while I only frown, then U are floating high and I am cast down.

1960 another national census when you tell your bit to the census takers, your nationality, political and religious leanings and a few other things. It was 50 years ago an O'Neill citizen sought the appointment as census supervisor for the then 6th district. O'Neill was also the home of the congressman at that time whose approval must be had for appointment as census director. But that congressman passed up doing something for a fellow O'Neill citizen to maybe catch a few votes by appointing a stranger to him at a distant location in the district.

### Want To Start Farming?

Blair Pilot-Tribune

We read an article by Sylvia Porter, headed: "Worker Feels No Need to Fight Inflation."

The writer asked the question: "How have you and your family made out financially during the past 10 years of constantly climbing prices?" Have you kept ahead or slipped behind the rising cost of living?"

She continues, "You have made out very well if you're a typical worker living in an American city—very well, indeed."

Then she goes on to tell that the consumer price level has increased 23 per cent since 1950 in New York. The earnings of the New York factory workers have increased 39 per cent, women clerical office workers have enjoyed a 56 per cent increase in earnings.

In San Francisco prices have risen 27 per cent, earnings 68 per cent.

In Philadelphia the comparison is 33 to 55 per cent; Los Angeles, 27 to 57 per cent. The Detroit price index is up 22 per cent and earnings 60 per cent.

The writer ends the article with the comment: "As long as the city worker and his family keep ahead of the cost of living—and the trend is continuing into 1960—he'll gripe about inflation's evils, but he'll not set off any popular rebellion against creeping price increases in our land."

From the figures reported by Sylvia Porter one must conclude that the majority of city workers have been given salary increases far greater than the cost of living increase.

And how about the farmer? We all know how the cost of living has increased so why not go back to 1950 and see what the market price was for the products he sold.

The Blair Enterprise reported that as of Jan. 1, 1950 the market prices in Blair were: heavy hens 17c, Leghorn hens 12c, old roosters 12c, cream 6c, wheat \$2.03, corn \$1.00, oats 68c, rye \$1.20 and barley \$1.20.

The 1960 prices for some of the same products—corn 95c, oats 66c, cream 60c, hens 7c and cockerels 6c.

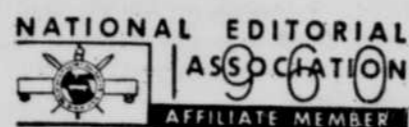
After a study of those figures—would you be interested in starting farming?



JAMES CHAMPION, Editor and Co-Publisher

Terms of Subscription: In Nebraska, \$2.50 per year; elsewhere in the United States, \$3 per year; rates abroad provided upon request. All subscriptions payable in advance.

Entered at the postoffice in O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, as second-class mail matter under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. This newspaper is a member of the Nebraska Press Association, National Editorial Association and the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



# Frontiers Ago

## 50 YEARS AGO

V. Allerts have installed a gasoline engine in their harness shop, the power from which they will use to run their machines. With this added equipment this popular firm will be able to nearly double their output. . . . Mellor & Quilty have purchased a Berg touring car for use in their livery business and when the snow goes off Jess will endeavor to navigate the machine. He is of the opinion that he will be an expert chauffeur after a few lessons but most of the boys are from Copenhagen. . . . Last Tuesday R. H. Mills purchased the confectionery and grocery of Mrs. Moore located in the building next to Weingartner's restaurant, taking possession Wednesday morning. Mr. Mills expects to increase the stock and run an up-to-date grocery and confectionery store and will handle all kinds of fruit in season.

## 25 YEARS AGO

A. T. Wiley, living about ten miles northeast of this city was in the city last Saturday. Mr. Crumley had with him a photograph of 17 coyote pelts that had been captured in the eastern part of the county after the snow fall the foregoing month. . . . While unloading culverts last Friday, Joe Cuddy had the misfortune to permit one to fall on his foot and the result is that he had been hobbling around on crutches ever since. . . . Workmen started Tuesday digging the gutter for the sewer that is to carry the water from Fourth street, in preparation for the paving of the street. The workmen started between the Burlington and Northwestern depots and will work north. . . . The month of January, 1935, will go down in history, at least as far as this county is concerned as the month of fogs. There has been more foggy weather in this section of the state the past month than has ever been seen before.

## 10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Dora Townsend returned to her home in Page recently after accompanying her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fleming of Ewing, on a 5,000 mile trip that took them through the West coast states to British Columbia and into Mexico. The trip took about three months. . . . Ice roads caused the stock trucks of Henry Eickhoff of Page, to upset Tuesday morning, January 24, on highway 20, two miles west of Osmond. He was traveling east on his way to Sioux City. The truck was virtually demolished. It was loaded with 12 heavy hogs and 4 steers. Only one steer was injured. . . . Deaths: Charles R. Manson, 62, a charter member of the American Legion and long time resident of O'Neill; John McNichols, 70, a member of a pioneer Holt county family; Mrs. Mima Coventry, 73, Holt resident since 1904; Clarence E. Shaw, 43, Ewing oil dealer; Albert J. Daniels, 37, Ewing trucker; Mrs. Bertha Pritchett, 76, a resident of the Opportunity community.

## YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. James F. O'Donnell quietly observed their golden wedding anniversary Sunday. Members of their immediate family Lu ch e o n, which included ice cream, cake and coffee. . . . Openhouse will be held from 1 to 5 p.m. Thursday, February 10, at the Carson sisters' home, in honor of their 80th birthday anniversary. . . . Jimmy Hauf of Clearwater and Clarence Shavlik of Ewing were driving cars in opposite directions. Just before the cars were to pass each other, four deer crossed the highway. Mr. Hauf's car hit and killed one deer. Mr. Shavlik's another. Two deer were uninjured. There were about 20 deer in the herd. . . . The 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Clay Mashine was observed Sunday at the Mashine home when many of the relatives from South Dakota and O'Neill and neighbors from the Redbird area gathered there for openhouse from 2 to 5 o'clock.

### Letters to the Editor

### Neligh Man Gives Politickers Plenty of H...

The following letter was received in this office in answer to our request for public thought letters. It does not necessarily express the opinion of this newspaper. The author's name is printed at the end of the column.

Neligh, Nebr. Jan. 29, 1960 The Frontier Publishing Co. O'Neill, Nebr.

Dear Editor: Just a few lines please. This interstate highway Professional Promoters and Politickers are talking so much about should be started at Sioux City, then built straight West to O'Neill, then to Long Pine, to Chardon and Harrison.

Better call some meetings while the suckers are biting. Nebraska has plenty of highways at present. I am told that Nebraska Railroads would like a little more business. If the Nebraska folks are to h-tone to ride the Nebraska trains, then let them walk, darn them. I can't see why the Nebraska Taxpayers should build highways for other states. Well, I predict that World War III will be in full swing before the interstate highway is one-half done.

I also understand that the Professional Promoters and Gravy

Train Riders are now planning drainage and irrigation ditch from Ewing, Nebr., to Pilger—70 miles along the Elkhorn river and that that outfit stated that ditch would irrigate 250,000 Acres of Land. It's all a lot of baloney. Why, in the summertime there is not enough water coming down the Elkhorn river to wash Neligh sewage away. The stuff lays on a sandbar some yards east of the sewer outlet right in the summertime. The sewer outlet is just south of the Riverside Park Dance hall.

A few years ago the city employees put in a jetty in the river a few yards west of the outlet. This jetty is made of wood, brush, wire and rock. It runs from the south bank to nearly the north bank and is used to force most of the water along the north bank. It helps, some, but is not so good now. High water in the spring hurts the jetty. There should be more wood and stuff on it.

Guess this Elkhorn Valley irrigation district outfit are having meetings in Madison, Norfolk, O'Neill and other places. The newspapers say there are big crowds at these meetings. I suppose a lot of folks there are gravy train riders and New Dealers looking for something that they might get a kick back out of. I understand that the Elkhorn valley was loaded with irrigation wells. What has become of these wells? This outfit has been trying to put in a ditch like that at Ainsworth for months and congressmen Don McGinley and Larry Brock finally killed it. Yes, the cattlemen up there did not want it. (Editor's note: The Ainsworth project has not been killed and there

is good indication that it will be passed.) Nebraska has three good U. S. representatives in Washington now and they are McGinley, Brock and Carl Curtis. I hope we can elect some more good men this fall. We need them.

This thing of our labor unions and New Dealers running the U. S. has got to stop now or Uncle Sam is Kennedy, Humphrey, and Symington are all good men. We don't want Vice-president Nixon. He is depending on the labor union vote. Well, he will not get all those votes.

Yours truly, H. R. Schnick Neligh, Nebr.

you'd made I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade I wonder God if you'd shake my hand somehow I feel that you will understand. Funny I had to come to this Heilish place Before I had time to see your face. Well I guess there isn't much more to say But I'm sure glad God I met you today. I guess the "zero hour" will soon be here But I'm not afraid since I know your're near. The "Signal" well God I'll have to go I like you lots this I want you to know. Look now this will be a horrible fight Who knows I may come to your house tonight. Though I wasn't friendly to you before I wonder God if you'd wait at your door. Look I'm crying, me shedding tears I wish I had known you these many years. Well I have to go now "God" good bye Strange since I met you I'm not afraid to die.

### A Poem From Mrs. Eby . . .

This week Mrs. Eby has sent us a poem which she cut out of a paper printed during the Second World War. The poem was supposedly found on the body of a dead American killed in action.

The poems of Mrs. Eby are read over KBRX every morning.

WITH A FRIEND

Look God I have never spoken to you But now I want to say "How do you do."

You see, God they told me you didn't exist And like a fool I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole I saw your sky I figured right them they had told me a lie.

Had I taken time to see things

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