

Prairieland Talk

"Horse Race on Main Drag"

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

I turn back the pages of time to the year 1885. His name was Hecker, a partner of J. P. Mann in the mercantile business in the growing town of O'Neill. It was the horse race age and along the main east and west drag through town there were daily horse races.



Romaine Saunders

Hecker had a nag he thought could run. Dan Conoly had a split eared pony from the Indian country to the north that Dan felt could outrun anything on four legs. Hecker tried to get a wager out of Conoly that his horse could beat Conoly's in a race. Conoly would not put up a dollar as a bet probably because he didn't have one. But Hecker tried again, have a race for fun. Frank Mann rode the Hecker horse, I the Conoly nag. We started a little to the west of where now First street joins Douglas, raced east to the street now known as Third. There stood Dan and Mrs. Conoly smiling and clapping their hands as I came dashing to the finish a horse length or little more ahead of Frank and his mount. My hunch was that Frank was told to let me win the race, Hecker hoping thus to snag Conoly into betting on another race.

You had your ups and downs the past year. So have I, but not until the year was about to end the big-little event of the year came my way. I went to the door upon hearing a knock—there stood two small children from a home near by. They handed me a tidy arranged little gift, saying, "You give us candy, so we give you some cookies." A treat from two young darlings. Childhood and old age walking the pathway of life and extend a kindly hand along the way. Yes, a bit of candy, a few choice cookies, and age and childhood rejoice together.

Our state legislature is in session again. I understand there are plans to redistrict the state for electing our state law makers, as well as other matters that will be considered. Senator Nelson is down once more at the State House planted in his seat at the front to do his bit.

A change again of district judges in the 15th judicial district. But we are pleased to learn that a native son of Holt county, Mr. McElhany will continue to serve as court reporter. Ted and wife have a very nice modern home on Everett street in O'Neill between Second and Third streets. Mr. McElhany's parents lived in O'Neill in the 1890's his father being in the J. J. McCafferty store for a time. I recall five patriots that served as judges in the 15th district—Kinkaid, Westover, Harrington, Dickson and the now retiring Judge Mounts.

Out there in that notable city by the Golden Gate they met—clergymen of all church groups. They were gathered there to preach church unity. In one respect there has ever been unity of purpose on the part of the clergy, to seek and to save the lost in their way. But can there ever be unity that will unite all church groups under one roof? Hardly. Members of St. Patrick's church in O'Neill will continue to walk up north Fourth street to their place of worship just as they did in the days of Father Smith. Methodists will go to their sanctuary over on Sixth street just as the pioneers did in the days of Rev. Bartley Blaine. And the Presbyterians will meet in their church at Second and Everett streets, to hear the parson pray and preach and Harry Clauson sing, as they did in the time of Rev. Louis and James H. Riggs. Other groups have come to remain; still others have come and gone. Anyway—Go to church!

I had a chat with him some days ago. His name is John Malone and he told me his parents were married in O'Neill in the year 1880, the year The Frontier began to tell the news. He is a relative of the late county judge of Holt county, Clarence Malone whose remains are in the grave yard at Inman. John Malone makes his home in the Capitol City in the community where Prairieland Talker lives. He said his parents went to Cherry county from O'Neill, he being born and reared on a ranch in the Cherry county Sandhills. Judge Clarence Malone died in the year 1932 or '33 while serving as county judge. He had lived many years in the Inman community and was active in public affairs, a personal friend of this scribe.

A midwinter day—calm, cold and nature's creative hand touches Prairieland to lay upon the land winters snow and ice. The sun's unending glow may ere the night comes on soften a bit the blanket of snow. Yes, a cold January day, so by the window I may sit and look out upon another winter scene. No birds a-wing, no meadow lark out there to sing, but I see the pure white snow and long to be thus soul cleansed as traveling lifes highway we go.

It was hung on the wall of a small business place: Pay Cash and We will be Friends, Takes money to make friends.

Asia, Africa, much of Europe, section of South America and those in island countries are in turmoil. We on Prairieland and these United States and Canada are at peace. Does the turmoil in these troubled lands mean that we are soon to hear the long and last roll call and then the reverberations of a wrecked and ruined world? In 1961 the world to an end may come, we hear it now said.

Editorial

Tax The Other Fellow

Nebraska Signal

After reading a column entitled "Don't Tax Me" in the Nebraska Education News, we decided the ideas expressed in the column are too near the truth to confine them to readers of the News. The column is written by Archer L. Burnham, director of research for the Nebraska State Education Association. He is a former school superintendent and NSEA official but we feel his viewpoint is broad enough for all of us to consider. He writes as follows:

"I've been thinking about taxes. It would be a little hard to escape giving some attention to the problem these days. Everybody's doing it.

"Governor Burney wants a sales tax, but will accept an accompanying income tax as a necessary expedient for getting the sales tax. Governor-elect Morrison wants to try his hand at 'getting-more-for-the-tax-dollar' before accepting any invitation to revise the existing tax program.

"Organized labor and the Farmers Union want nothing to do with the sales tax. They want a sharply progressive income tax plus minor excise taxes. Barbers, beauticians, physicians, hotel and motel keepers look with jaundiced eye on service taxes. Investment bankers want only a token tax on intangibles. Property owners and tenants, and highly capitalized industry want relief from the present demands of a tax structure topheavy with property taxes.

"The Omaha World Herald wants nothing so much as the status quo—keep expenditures for public service down by keeping tax sources limited, tight and archaic—keep governmental activities where, and what, they now are while everything else is rampant with change.

"The merchant's eye lights up with furtive glitter at the mention of a retail dealers' occupation tax—and so it goes, ad infinitum.

"Somehow this all reminds me of a legend telling of two mules tied together midway between two stacks of hay, each attempting mightily to get to the other mule's haystack. They pulled and hauled and grew weaker and hungrier all the time—slowly starving because of their mule-headedness.

"All the while each delectable haystack remained untouched, awaiting its destined purpose—to satisfy the increasing need of hungry mules, too mule-headed to compromise a little, and eat a little from each haystack in turn.

"Shifting from the realm of legend to the field of folk song the story becomes:

"Please, Mr. Taxman, don't tax me,
"Tax that guy behind the tree.
"Please, kind Sir, tax him enough
"You won't need to tax my stuff.
"From burd'ning taxes leave me free,
"Just tax that guy, but don't tax me."

Norvin R. Greene writes in National Review Bulletin: "Our machinery builders are finding that to continue foreign sales in volume it is essential to have production facilities in low-wage European countries such as Britain, France, Germany and the Netherlands. . . . The combination of an outstanding research-minded engineering group in the United States tied to low-cost foreign producers adds up to a competitive situation in world markets. In time, investments abroad return foreign-earned dividend dollars to U. S. stockholders. They do not, however, create more jobs and wages for American workers who are pricing themselves out of the world market."

Frontiers Ago

50 YEARS AGO

John S. Gallagher, living eight miles northwest of town, will have a sale January 24. Mr. Gallagher has bought a lot in O'Neill and will build and move to town, having rented his farm. . . . Frank Campbell and Ann Sullivan were united in marriage Tuesday by Rev. M. F. Cassidy. . . . The Frontier is informed that twin boys were born Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spindler of Meek. . . . Shoemaker Bros. have purchased a bone grinding machine and are now able to furnish chicken fanciers with the best chicken food on the market. No need of sending away for your chicken feed now, just call at the New Market and they will be able to fix you out. . . . C. W. Jones will have a public sale of the farm he recently sold six miles north and two miles east of O'Neill on Wednesday, January 18. Mr. Jones advertises for sale seven head of horses and mules, fifteen head of cattle, forty-five head of hogs, harness, farm machinery and his household goods.

25 YEARS AGO

Last week Henry D. Grady, for many years sheriff of this county and later postmaster of this city, purchased a half interest in the grocery store of his brother, Ben, and the firm of Grady Brothers started business Monday morning. . . . Friends are glad to see Roddy Adams, the southwest's popular notary, able to attend to business in his Amelia office again after several weeks just about down and out from an attack of a common ailment of the season. . . . George T. Robertson who has been spending the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Robertson, left Monday for Hastings college where he is a senior. . . . Delos Edwards, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards of near Venus is here and employed driving the tank wagon of the Crabb service station west of the Chevrolet garage.

10 YEARS AGO

Lt. John L. Baker, of O'Neill, has been recently awarded the air medal for having completed 10 combat missions against the enemy over Korea as a pilot of an F-30 type aircraft, it was recently announced by headquarters 5th air force in Japan. . . . Admiral Thos. D. Worin, of Chambers, was the pilot of helicopter which made seven trips to snatch 16 shipwrecked Thailand sailors and two American airmen from a Korean east coast beach Monday, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Tokyo, Japan. . . . The temperamental, unpretentious, turned Holt county's 1951 baby derby into a free-for-all and had almost everybody in a dither, including prospective parents, doctors, nurses and The Frontier's first baby contest editor. Betty Jean Knoell said "hello" at 9:10 a.m. on Sunday, Jan. 7.

5 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Floyd Spence, 25, and her infant daughter, Linda Lou, 2, badly burned about the face, chest and arms in a house fire late Tuesday, January 3, are making "good progress" according to Atkinson hospital attendants. . . . First major improvement in the Church of the Epiphany in 35 years was culminated Wednesday, January 11, with the consecration of the new altars. Rev. Francis Price, a native of O'Neill is pastor. . . . The wives of the members of company D of the national guard met Monday night, January 9, to organize a social club. It was voted that meetings be held on the second and fourth Monday of each month while the husbands attend drill. Meetings will be held in the homes until the new armory is built. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wintermote entertained at a dinner Sunday in honor of the 25th wedding anniversary of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thorin.

The Long Ago At Chambers

50 YEARS AGO

J. H. Sageser and family left on the stage, Monday, for Osmond where they will make their home. . . . Mr. James Curran and Miss Lulu Minahan, and Mr. Miles Minahan and Miss Gertrude Curran were married yesterday in Burwell. The two bridal couples returned to Mr. Minahan's last night where a wedding reception was held in their honor. . . . Johnnie Walters has purchased the C. J. Barnum blacksmith shop. His father is here from Holt creek helping him inventory. . . . W. D. and Harry Cooper, Dr. Bernard and Chaney Porter went after lumber, the first of the week for the band hall. . . . M. L. Wintermote and wife who have been visiting relatives in Kansas and Missouri for the past three weeks arrived home Wednesday. . . . Porter, Cooper and Anderson are doing the inside finish work on the Johnson house on Cache creek this week.

25 YEARS AGO

A very elaborate birthday party was given in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tibbets last Friday night, January 3 in honor of Mrs. Cora Thomson's 27 birthday. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Coolidge are the happy parents of a fine 8 1/2 pound baby boy, born to them on December 20, 1935. Mrs. Julius Belew is assisting with the work there. . . . William Russ, on last Monday met with a very serious accident, by having all the toes on his right foot smashed. On interviewing Mr. Russ we find it was the fault of C. E. Tibbets, by letting the whole east side of his garage fall upon Bill's foot. . . . Leyna Fluckey returned home last Thursday evening from Dunning where she had spent a couple weeks visiting a friend? we forget what her name is.

A Poem

From Mrs. Eby . . .

A COWBOY'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER

I ain't much good at prayin and you pray for me Lord. I ain't much seen in churches where they preach Thy Holy Word. But you may have observed me out here on the lonely plains. A lookin after cattle, feelin' thankful when it rains. Admire the good handiwork, the miracle of grass. Aware of Thy great spirit in the way it comes to pass. That hired men on horseback and the livestock that we tend. Can look up at the stars at night and know we've got a friend.

So here's old Christmas comin on, remindin us again of Him. Whose coming brought good will into the hearts of men. A cowboy ain't no preacher, Lord, but if you'll hear my prayer, I'll ask as good as we have got for all men everywhere. Don't let no hearts be bitter, Lord, don't let no child be cold. Make easy beds for them that's sick and them that's weak and old. Let kindness bless the trail we ride, no matter what we're after. And sorter keep us on your side in tears as well as laughter. I've seen of cows a-starvin and it ain't no happy sight. Please don't leave no one hungry, Lord on Thy good Christmas night. No man, no child, no woman and no critter on four feet. And I'll do my very best to help you find 'em chuck to eat. I'm just a sinful cowpoke Lord and ain't got no business prayin. But still I hope you'll ketch a word or two of what I'm sayin. We speak of Merry Christmas Lord, I reckon you'll agree. There ain't no Merry Christmas for nobody that ain't free. So one thing more I'll ask of you Lord, just help us what you can. To save some seeds of freedom for the future sons of man. (Omar Barker)

"The EDITOR"

In years past our new year's resolutions had usually been discarded by the end of the first week of January, but not so this year. For one thing, we put off making and resolutions as long as possible and this year our resolutions were a great deal easier to keep.

Since time and natural ability prevent our participating in active sports, we resolve to applaud those who do perform. This resolution was further strengthened by this clipping from the "Nudesletter" the official publication of the nudist colony in Oakdale, Calif. "Our soccer team made a fine showing in a recent match." I feel sure I'd enjoy seeing a good frisky game of soccer - yes indeed, that will be the day!

A second resolution is to be more honest in my thinking. No accepting other people's verbal propaganda against my better judgement.

For instance: I'll be so bold as to say that I do not like Mona Lisa's smile. I think it is unbecoming, tricky and assumed and if she "smiles to tempt a lover" she might as well knock it off. No lover worth his salt would be taken in by such a smirk. And in addition she's a little old.

I refuse to drool over Picasso's efforts and I wouldn't trade "Snowbound" for a whole book of Dylan Thomas's poems. "My birthday turned around" and "The long men lay graveward," bosh!

I made a promise for the future too: If I am to make a speech of any kind I will follow the Malayan rule: "Stand on one leg while speaking and finish before the limb gives away." That would reduce the time to considerably under one minute, and anyway, I will have told all by that time.

-BJR-

We thoroughly enjoyed the governor's ball Thursday evening. Frau Rehberg made no disparaging remarks about a certain senator being younger than I. In return we refrained from commenting on how well the senators and their wives seemed to manage on \$200 a month.

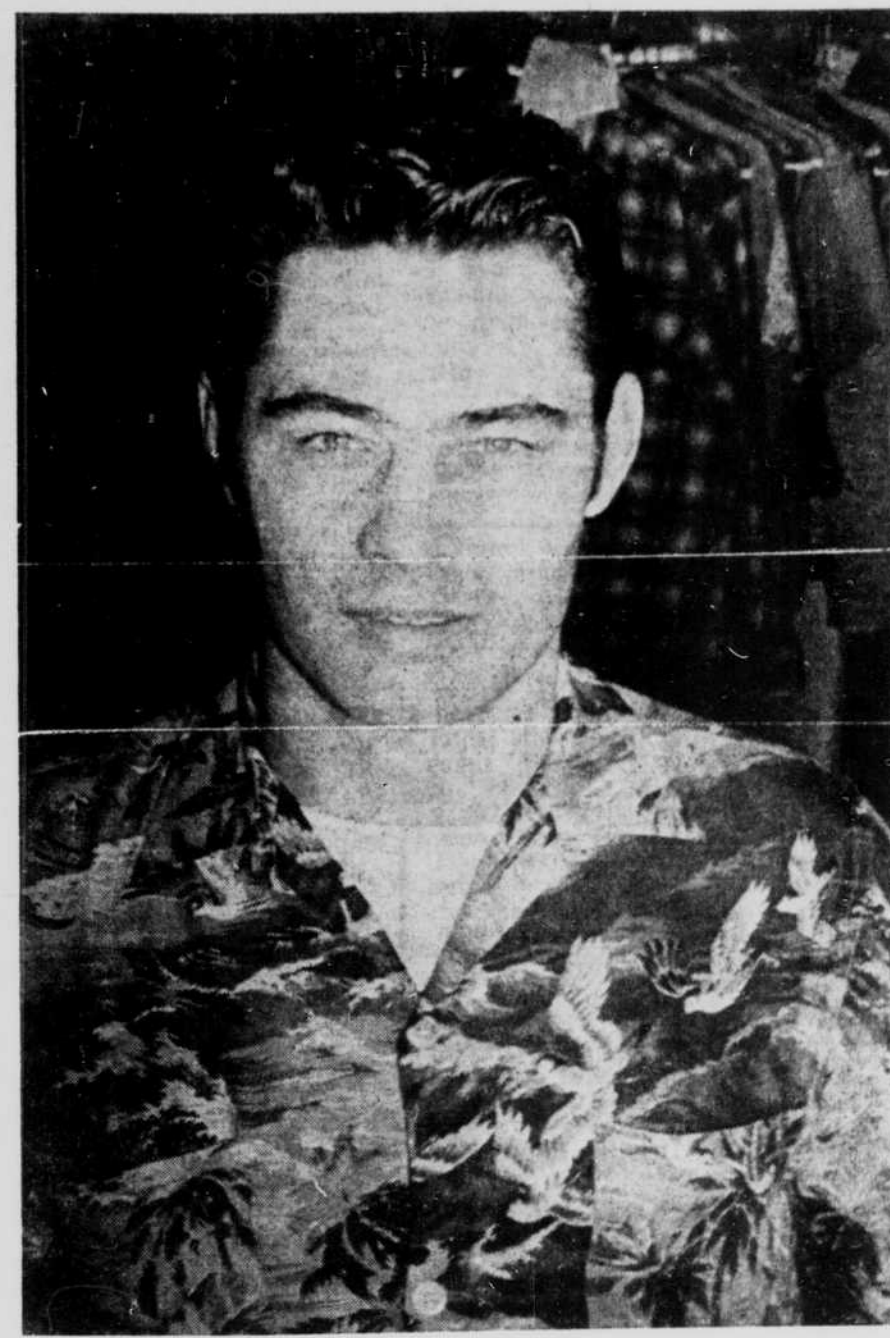
-BJR-

We read a description of some bandits involved in break-ins at three Saunders county business places in which blank company checks were taken. The Wahoo Newspaper called the thieves, in order.

"Two-bit smart who apparently aren't as smart as chipmunks," "screed jackrabbits," "lollipop bandits," "these noddities who dabble in crime," "yo-yo bandits," "chessy (check) writers," "peanut-brained crooks," "amateurs with not too much upstairs," "snailheads" and last but not least, "goofheads."

Do You Know Your Neighbor?

"Know Your Neighbor" is not a contest. There are no prizes given for correctly identifying the person pictured. The only reward is the satisfaction of knowing your neighbor.



Last week's Guess Who was George Morlang of the Ideal Cleaners.



Here's an O'Neill businessman you've met.

We imagine this description deflated the bandits' ego somewhat, but what about the police, who so far have not caught the thieves.

-BJR-

So far no reports have been made in Holt county by people suffering from the new space age disease—The disease where people are afraid they will fly off the earth and go into orbit. We heard of several cases where there were some symptoms of the disease but these were apparently minor cases for the symptoms had disappeared by noon the following day, January 1.

Servicemen's Notes . . .

O'NEILL—Fred R. Snowdard, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Snowdard, sr., of O'Neill, graduated December 16 from nine weeks of Recruit Training at the

Naval Training Center, San Diego, Calif. Apprentice petty officers are chosen from the ranks of the seaman recruits to assist the Company Commanders. The selection is based on individual aptitude and leadership qualities.

ATKINSON—Marine Pvt. Richard C. Brooke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clair J. Brooke of Atkinson completed recruit training December 14 at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, Calif.

The 11-week course included instruction in all basic military subjects and infantry weapons. Upon completion of training new Marines are assigned to a unit for further infantry training, or to one of the many Marine Corps schools.

The Frontier—

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