

Prairieland Talk

# "How Is It Now?"

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS, 411 South 51st St., Lincoln 6, Nebr.

At this time of year in my youthful time of life our swimming days were over for another summer. But ice skating days were just ahead. Carlen Lake, Hagerty's Lake and the Elkhorn river turned to glaring ice. And there we went at night to cut circles on the ice — Homer, Sam, Willie and John; Inez, Mazie, Eta, Cora and Annie. And what gallant days they were and the pleasures of life were real. Young Fellows, Young Ladies, how is it now on cold winter evenings, in where it is warm or out skating on the ice?



Romain Saunders

There was a sizable bunch of wild horses from the open prairie in that barn yard at Ward's barn that some guys had rounded up and were selling. M. P. Kincaid anything but a horse man, bought one and engaged Long Haired John, a local bronco buster, to tame and break to the saddle the Judge's wild horse. At the end of a rope that nag stepped into a hole with one hind leg, hurt his hoof at the ankle joint and started to kick until that poor wild nag kicked that hoof off and had to be shot and killed, its lifeless form lying for a time where it fell where the city and township library now stands.

So South Dakota Indians are on the war path again. Only now out to fight a raging forest fire in a nearby state. Sword, spear, battle ax and gun in such a battle useless, but a bucket of water does it.

In mid September still warm but that morning dove that poured forth its song morning by morning I hear not these mornings. Has the bird taken flight for southern regions before another visit from Jack Frost brings the dead leaves to the ground out in the tree where birdie sang to me.

Many from distant lands coming to this land of Uncle Sam's and crowded cities know not how to handle the situation, no jobs for so many idle hands. Canada to the north of us and Mexico to the south can make homes for many of these and it may work out yet.

The first editor of the Frontier was W. D. Matthews, he followed by James H. Riggs, the next Clyde King. Clyde was of a family that came from Ohio to Holt county in the 1880's, living first in Ewing then came to O'Neill. Clyde took to printing and newspaper writing, and in the days of hand set type few were his equal and as a writer none to compare with him, a simple little local incident he would write it in floral beauty. He loved to watch those on horse back and could tell you just how a good rider did it. Not much for business but through friends was given a lumber business where he ended his days, having served once as mayor of his beloved O'Neill. He too today is under the sod up on the hill.

In or near Amelia in the lovely flowing well region of southwest Holt county, I count them all my friends — Harry and Glenn White, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pierce, Florence Lindsey and her good mother, the Peterson and Adams household, Tom and Ruth Baker, and there on highway 11 two miles west of Amelia it stands today the house and barn that had been on Prairieland's bit of lovely prairie and his home two miles still to the west. And others in that land of grass and water stand before me still in memory. Yes, memory, how we cherish memories of the days now gone!

The pretentious Golden Hotel had stood there for a short time. A young fellow escorting a girl friend came along the street from the west, stopped at the hotel entrance and summoned out a young gent and he was given a blow between his eyes. He had started bad stories about that respectable young O'Neill lady and her coming sweetheart gave that scandal monger a beating. How do I know? Well, I was a spectator.

Housewives at it again storing up canned fruit to feed us on the coming days ahead. It has been a productive season, fruit tree and bush and vine, garden and field loaded with good things to eat. Pass the fried onions this way.

And God said, "Let there be light and there was light". The golden glow of light guides us along life's highway day by day. If we lived to merit it, then at the end of the journey we step across into the everlasting light of an eternal world.

# Frontiers Ago

**10 YEARS AGO**  
The St. Mary's Cardinals Tuesday evening opened their 1952 grid season under the lights at Spencer. Both schools play six-man football. . . The next extension clinic to be held in this area for crippled children will be at the O'Neill high school Saturday, Oct. 4. . . The O'Neill high school eagles annexed another victory Friday night over Bassett. . . O'Neill's new 37 bed hospital was to be dedicated Sept. 25 and the first patients will be admitted Sept. 27. . . Dance Saturday at the American Legion Ballroom, music by Cliff Riggs and his varsity orchestra. . . Pancake Day Sept. 30 in the heart of the city, on 4th st. between bank and hotel.

**25 YEARS AGO**  
Deaths, Mrs. Bridget Reddin and Mrs. Catherine Murphy. . . B. A. Powell, an old time settler and prosperous farmer living near Mineola, sold three hogs on the O'Neill market for which he received the sum of \$104. 28. No wonder the farmers of Holt county are all riding automobiles when they are selling hogs for \$35 a head. . . Will pay \$50 reward for information that will lead to the discovery of the person or persons who have been putting poison upon the streets of O'Neill the past month. C. F. Coyne, city marshal. . . Leo J. Mullen went down to Omaha the last Monday morning to spend a few days taking in the sights of Ak-Sar-Ben. . . Try our pickles, they are fine. . . Sanitary Meat Market, adv.

**50 YEARS AGO**  
O'Neill wins from Verdigre 38 to 6 in opening grid game. . . The football team will travel to Burwell Friday. . . J. D. Cronin attended the regular fall term of district court at Springview last Monday. . . Ruth Harris wins place on Morningside choir. . . John Ebertson and Edward Murphy celebrated their birthdays together at a party in the Murphy home Sunday. . . Deaths, Joseph Boyle. . . The car belonging to Supervisor, John A. Carson was stolen in front of the Court House, later found on the road near Con Key's.

**10 YEARS AGO**  
banquet will be held in the Methodist church on Tuesday, October 5th. . . Mr. and Mrs. Harold Balogh and babe, left for Winlock, Wash., Sunday, with a view of locating there. . . J. W. Walter and R. L. Starr put another improvement to our fair city the latter part of the week by running a cement walk from the George Ward barber shop west to the Greenstreet store.

**25 YEARS AGO**  
Dr. Colman's parents came up from Lincoln Wednesday in Mr. Colman's Buick to spend Fair week with the Doctor. . . Dewey Holcomb has the misfortune to get kicked by a horse Monday cutting his upper lip open. Drs. Gill and Colman went out Tuesday afternoon and sewed it up. . . Bowser filtered gasoline is best for all purposes. Get it from the

## The Long Ago At Chambers

**50 YEARS AGO**  
The Sun force were transacting business in O'Neill Friday. . . Deaths, Frank Moses and Charles Laward Knatser. . . Golden Hour

**25 YEARS AGO**  
Mrs. Victor Frickel attended a Circuit Rally at the Immanuel Lutheran church in Spencer Tuesday. Beverly and Bethene stayed with Mrs. Hans Lauridsen. Other members of the Atkinson Immanuel Lutheran church attending were Mrs. Casper Harley, Mrs. Catherine Grunke, Mrs. Blaine Garwood and Mrs. Berl Beck. Principal speaker was the Rev. Joseph H. Rev. Hu has been in this country four and a half years. He is the father of three children, two sons and a daughter. His family came over only five months ago.

## Celia News

Mr. and Mrs. John Sicheneder and Dale were dinner guests Friday of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Frickel. John and Dorothy helped the Frickels dress chickens. The Mariners class of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School held a class party Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Klinger in Atkinson. Because of illness several of the class members were unable to attend. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Dave Rahn, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dobias and Beverly Meyer. Lunch was served. Barbara, Debbie, Calvin and Mike Dobias spent Friday evening with the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meyer, while their parents attended the class party at Klingers.

the Natchel Rzeszotarski home Sunday afternoon. Beverly Meyer, Wayne, spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meyer. Arlen Hendricks is the proud owner of a new three speed bike. Now the trip to school is several minutes shorter. Mrs. Omer Poynts, Stuart, spent Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hendricks. The day marked another birthday for Mark. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Klinger and family were supper guests Monday evening, of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hendricks.

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Editorial

## Heed School Warning Signs

**SCHOOL IS OPEN — DRIVE CAREFULLY.** During this time of year such warnings are brought before the public time and time again in the hopes of saving some child's life. But despite the best intentions of all concerned a certain number of young children die each year in towns just like O'Neill.

It is all too easy to fix the blame for the accident on the driver of the auto. Speed, carelessness, any number of factors can and will point the accusing finger at the driver. And in spite of what the circumstances may have been concerning the accident the motorist will always feel that he or she could have avoided the accident if only they had been more careful.

But what of the child involved in the accident? Who can point an accusing finger at him, or her after the accident and say "Shame on you". See all the heartache, worry and expense you caused by your carelessness? We couldn't say that to a badly hurt child lying in a hospital bed, could you? Yet each day we see children and young adults courting just such tragedies as they ignore the basic rules of traffic safety.

How about having the kids give the driver a break for a change. How about having them cross at the crosswalk instead of charging blindly across the street wherever meets their fancy? How about diverting a little more of their attention to riding their bicycle safely and in the right lane of traffic without using the whole road to demonstrate their ability to ride using no hands? How about having the mothers who pick their children up at school have the children cross the street at the crosswalk instead of waiting for a chance to dart across the street from between other parked cars.

Why not have a little talk with your child today about traffic safety. It could be easier now to do it in your own living room than in the hospital room where the smell of ether hangs heavy in the air. It could prevent those hours of waiting in the waiting room by the distraught motorist who waits to hear if the child will live or die. Let's give that motorist a break too — it could be you.

## How Now, Brown Cow?

**Wall Street Journal**  
We have been thinking about those research experiments going on near Watford, England, in which a sort of milk is being produced without recourse to a cow.

It seems that outer cabbage leaves, pea pods, pieces of Brussels sprouts and the like are mashed in warm water until the proteins are separated. Then minerals, vitamins, vegetable fats are added. The result: An off-white sort of milk with, the experimenters say, a "slight vegetable flavor".

This make-believe milk will not, as Dr. Frank Wokes, the man in charge of the project, assures the world, make the cow obsolete. "There can never be enough cow's milk for all the world's children," he says.

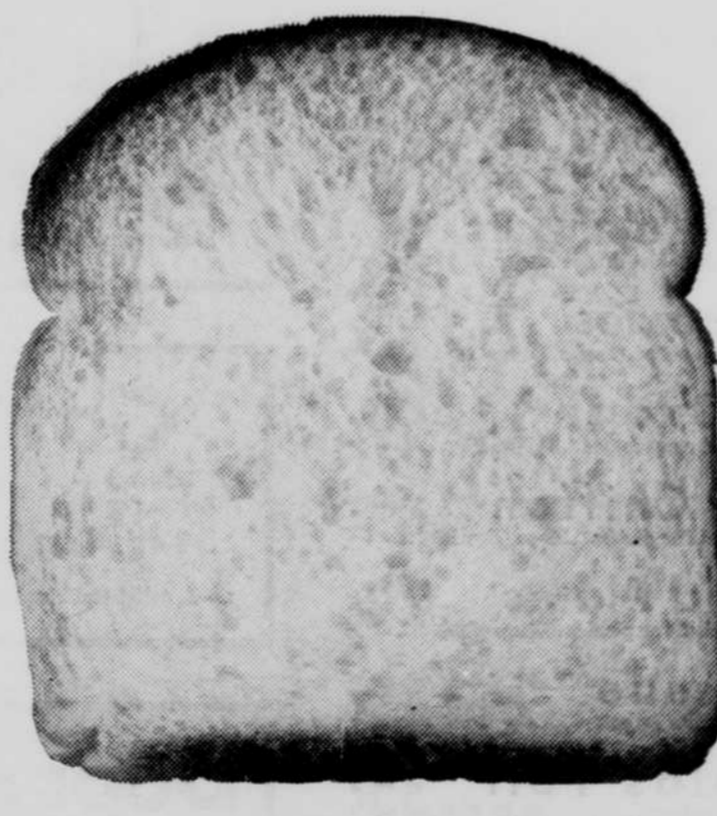
Maybe so. But margarine has made huge inroads on sales of butter. The auto has replaced the horse. And in every field — fabrics, rubber, medicines — synthetics are advancing on the products of nature. Why should milk be an exception?

In spite of what Dr. Wokes says, our advice to mothers of little children is: Take them out to a farm where there are cows, and soon. Else it's conceivable that before long the child who runs across that elocutionary line, "How now, brown cow?" will be asking, "Mama, what is a cow?"

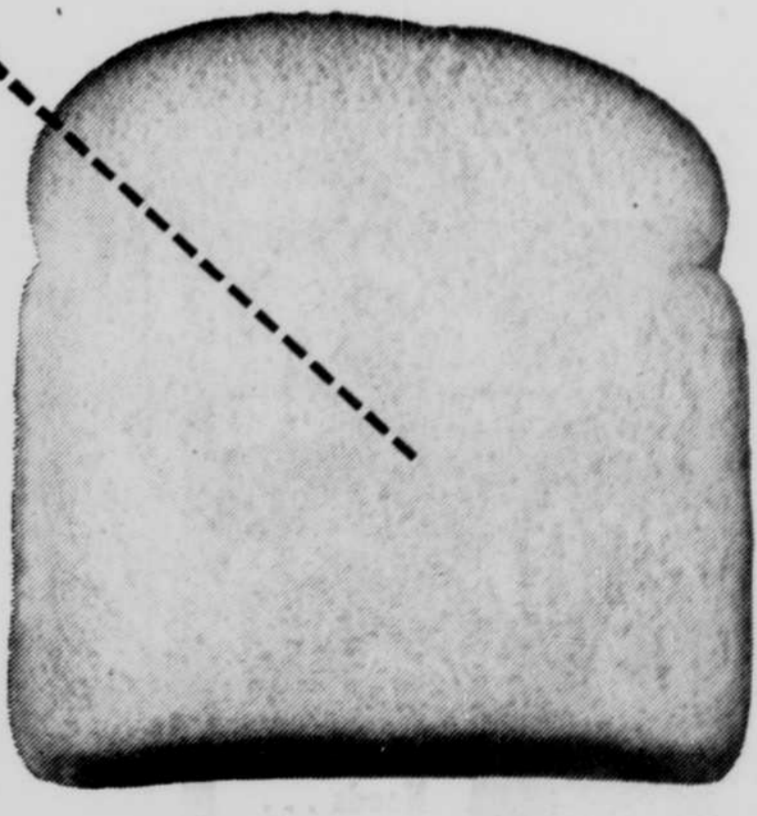
**POMONA, CALIF., PROGRESS-BULLETIN:** "Bureaucracy" is getting to be a bad word. Thus it is always a pleasant surprise to hear of a government bureau or agency which seems to be outstanding for its efficiency, economy and ability to adapt to changing demands. Such a one is the Passport Office of the State Department. . . The office has been carrying out a program of culling its millions of documents and index files, some for the first time in history, and modernizing its records systems. . . The Passport Office is one of the few federal agencies which show a profit. In fiscal 1962, it operated on a budget of \$2.5 million. It sent back to the U. S. Treasury over \$6.5 million."

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