

THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.

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Spring Is Here

At the end of a long, destructive, terrible Winter, The Frontier is glad to sound a joyful note.

Spring is here. That fact may not be as obvious as it usually is at this time of year, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Spring, at last, is here. But there have been occasions since March 21 when it was questionable as to whether the weatherman had caught up with the calendar.

A notable exception was Saturday when rain turned to snow and the snow even succeeded in tying up traffic on principal highways. Through the flurries, however, there was unmistakable evidence that Spring had arrived. Forgetting the past for a moment and looking up, we can see the gradual, almost imperceptible processes of Nature.

Let us always remember that the order of Nature continues relentlessly in spite of conditions. The seasons come and go, Spring follows Winter and Summer follows Spring, the leaves fall to the ground, frost, cold and snow arrive, then, the snow melts, the trees put forth new leaves, the birds sing again and another crop is planted, cultivated and harvested.

Men come and go, cities and towns are built and destroyed, empires rise and fall, but the orderly program of Nature continues apparently without end.

Yes, Spring is here. There is no doubt about it. It is here according to the calendar, but that is not the only proof by any means. There are many other proofs of the arrival of that joyous season called Spring. The birds are beginning to sing. The trees and shrubs are beginning to bud. The days are longer. The sunshine is warmer. The snow, vast quantities of which have lain on the ground for many weary months, is almost gone. The ice is starting to thaw from the surface of various streams. The women are thinking about house cleaning. Seed catalogues are being scanned and gardens are being planned. The farmer is commencing to think definitely about his operations for the coming season. Town people are occupied with various activities. Roads, streets and highways are being put in shape as rapidly as possible. And there are many other signs and harbingers of Spring in O'Neill and Holt county and throughout the state and the Midwest.

It won't be long now before people will be out in their yards, gardens and fields cultivating the soil, planting the seed and beginning to look forward to another crop.

One thing is certain. If gardens, crops and pastures depend on moisture, this should be a bumper year in all kinds of vegetation.

For days, weeks and months, ever since that first November blizzard, snow has been falling more or less steadily in this area and that melting snow should pile up a record-breaking supply of moisture in the soil. There should be a vast reserve to carry us a long way.

That terrible experience of the Blizzards of 1948-'49 is still fresh in our minds, but let us hope that it may fade with the coming days of Spring and Summer and, eventually, become only a memory. Become, as various other harrowing experiences in the past have, a historical fact to be recalled by the older generation and studied about in the history books by the boys and girls.

Let us hope that, gradually, the vivid memory of the past Winter may fade from view and the various activities of the present and future may be hopefully resumed.

Slowly but surely, the snow and ice will melt, the water will run into the soil, the soil will be plowed and cultivated, a new crop will be planted and, before long, another harvest will be on the way.

Then, will come Memorial day, the Fourth of July, picnics and outings of various kinds, the county and state fairs, etc., etc. But no election this year.

Nature moves continually forward and we have to keep step. Spring is here.

More About Highways

(Guest Editorial from The Creighton News)

We made a trip into Southeastern South Dakota last weekend and marveled at the contrast between the roads in that state and in Nebraska. While driving along a paved highway we noticed that almost without exception the side roads were graveled and in good condition. We saw no instances of where farmers had parked their cars on the highways and walked to their farms. We also learned that there is an extensive program of oil-surfacing scheduled for that area of the state which will place almost every town on a hard-surfaced road.

Of course, that area did not have the heavy snow which fell around this part of Nebraska and naturally made some difference. But they did have snow and there was water standing in ditches—but the highways were in good condition.

Nebraska, of course, has neglected the road building program in years gone by which accounts for the poor highway system here. But the state now definitely has a problem. In this area, for instance, roads this Spring are in worse shape than ever—and there is no prospect of getting them improved to any great extent.

Nebraskans are paying for highways but do not have them. This does not necessarily mean that the money is not being properly used, but a lot of the expense to motorists is never received by the state. The additional depreciation on cars traveling on poor roads—rough or muddy highways—is an expense to farmers which they would not have if they could drive on good roads. Inability to ship stock when desired sometimes proves costly. The general inability to travel where and when desired is definitely an inconvenience which perhaps shows up more in the cash registers of the merchants in town than anywhere else.

Out-of-state motorists also shun Nebraska highways when possible. If they were to drive in Nebraska they would buy gasoline and thereby help pay some of the gasoline tax; they would perhaps stop for meals and lunches and for hotel or cabin camp facilities—all of which would bring more money into the state.

Yes, Nebraska definitely has a serious problem and is handicapped in many ways by its poor road system.

The answer? We're like most Nebraskans—we don't know.

O'Neill's leading merchants have made possible this second annual Spring Opening Edition of The Frontier—this week entering more than 4,500 homes in the O'Neill region. An edition of this type requires several weeks of planning and preparation. Reading the advertisements one can readily understand why O'Neill is becoming one of the leading shopping centers in North-Nebraska.

A reader suggests waste receptacles for strategic locations in O'Neill's downtown district. The Frontier heartily endorses the "Little Old Lady's" plan, which is reproduced in "Letters to the Editor".

The Lenten season has commenced and will culminate in the glorious and impressive observance of Easter.

Anyway, there is plenty of moisture in the soil.

TICKLERS

by George



"Ouch!"

Prairieland Talk —

Winter Bids Farewell; 'Tis Worth a Thousand Thorns to Find One Lovely Rose'

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — Admittedly the nations are war weary. And with the weariness and travail of souls lurks the haunting fear of coming battlefields.

Are the plans for peace functioning in the minds of men and coded into pacts and charters and world embracing agreements forever bereft of fruition? Is mankind perpetually on the trail of the thing that makes for peace only to run up against the cannon's roar? Must nations continue to rise against nations, man against man, people against people?

Twenty-six centuries back over the scroll of time a Hebrew prophet was directed by the God of heaven to proclaim to men everywhere, "O that thou hadst harkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

Are we ashamed to admit our guilt. Libraries of earth are grown with the accumulated volumes of philosophies, laws, plans and schemes of men to regulate society and international relations, while conformity to a code that may be put into six inches of newspaper space and which gives the assurance of "peace like a river" is pretty much set aside.

A Lincoln railroad shop worker, who once a week teaches a class of six boys in the ways of righteousness, took his class to Omaha by automobile, a driver to bring the car back and meet them at the railroad station when this magnanimous gent arrived by train with his class of six boys. The undertaking was solely for the purpose of giving those boys their first train ride. It is not so long ago that shop worker had his first train ride. His interest in the boys moved him to bring into their young lives the thrill of a train ride, at his own expense.

FFA—High school Future Farmers of America. Just how many such become honest-to-goodness dirt farmers? Most young graduates have not settled the matter of which trail to follow into life's industrial battle ground and much of childhood fancy still lingers. Choosing a profession, an occupation, is not so easy. The soil, the open country, has its lure. But when a young person faces the staggering financial problem of owning and equipping a farm too many will find it necessary to withdraw from the FFA.

The long and dreaded Winter has bid us farewell. Looking out upon a cleansed and chastened world life thrills anew with the anticipation of the green verdure, the fragrance and beauty of floral bloom and the activities to bring to fruition another harvest. Already is heard the song of birds that betokens the joy of springtime. "'Tis worth a thousand thorns to find one lovely rose."

The North Atlantic pact has both promising and sinister features. For America it can mean only involvement in more war, more lend lease, more dumping of millions into the ceaseless and bottomless abyss of a broken down Europe. The American signature once affixed America fulfills its assumed moral obligations, and may find again that others who have affixed their names regard the document as a "scrap of paper."

Through the honest efforts of

will either have to be replaced with concrete or let the order reducing tonnage stand if there are to be highways to travel.

Now comes the president with the alibi as old as the race itself and hides behind the protect-

ing shadow of Mrs. Truman. She, says the president, demanded the confiscation of those Florida beach bathing pictures. As the president is no great shakes to look at in any outfit maybe a public exhibition in a bathing suit would be, as

the first lady says, a disgrace to the family. She ought to know.

Maybe that Michigan gent thought the president needed something to sweeten him up

(Continued on page 7)

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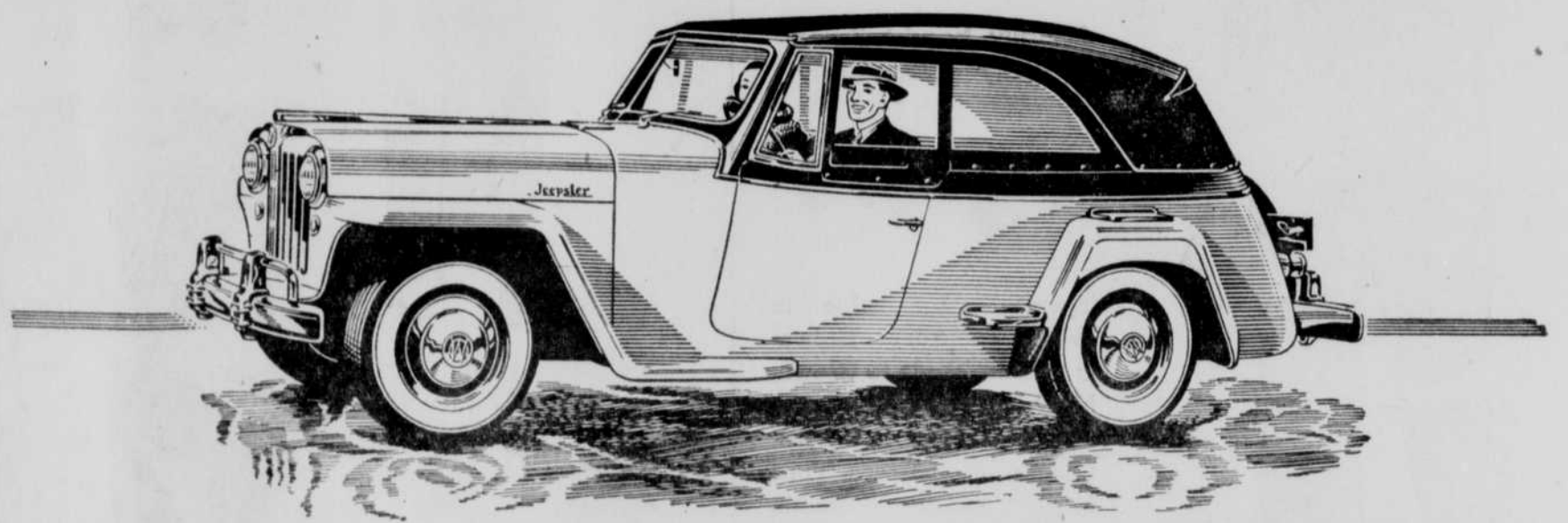
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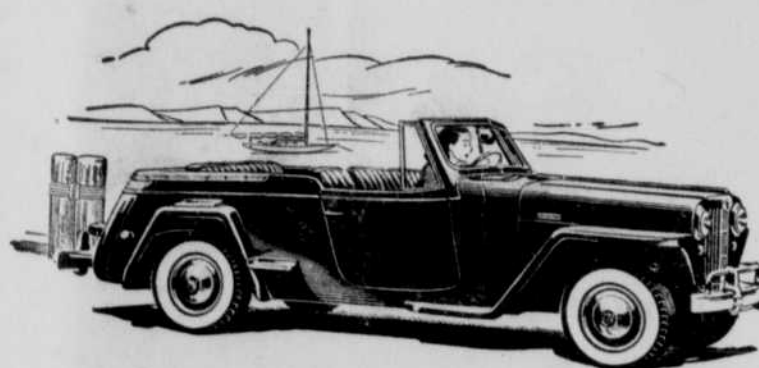
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