

THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher

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Future Looks Bright

In these balmy, beautiful days of early June, the future looks bright to The Frontier as it scans the horizon.

Spring and early Summer are a joyful, cheerful season of the year. That is true almost everywhere and it is particularly true in Nebraska and the Midwest. People who have traveled recently speak enthusiastically of Midwestern scenery. They say that words are simply inadequate to describe the picture at this time of year when the hills and trees are vividly green and horses and cattle are wading knee deep in luxuriant pasture. Thrifty looking farms and ranches and farmers working in the fields add picturesqueness to the view.

June has been ushered onto the stage, accompanied by twittering birds and fragrant flowers.

It is a happy, cheerful, lively, hopeful season with the farmer plowing in the field, the housewife busy at her various duties and the business firms of our towns and cities rushed with orders.

It is one of the greatest seasons of the year when the unending miracle of life begins all over again and town and country alike thrill with the freshness and grandeur of it all.

It is a season of the year when it is a delight and a privilege just to be alive.

As for the agricultural season itself, it may be briefly described as somewhat late. A long, cold Winter, accompanied by unprecedented snowfall, which continued far into the Spring, has slowed up all farm activities and people who have observed conditions in Nebraska and the Midwest recently have commented on the lateness of the season.

This of itself is nothing to be alarmed about, however, for it should be remembered that the lateness of the season is compensated for by the abundant supply of moisture in the soil. Experts point out that, on account of the heavy snows of the past Winter starting so early, the ground did not have time to freeze to the usual depth and, consequently, when the snow melted, the water seeped gradually into the soil. For that reason, the soil is full of moisture at the present time, which will provide a reserve during the hot, dry days of late Summer.

Another important benefit resulting from this condition is that the gradual melting of the snow prevented the disastrous floods which would ordinarily have followed in the wake of such a Winter as that of 1948-'49.

It is probable, then, that the handicap due to the lateness of the farm season will be gradually overcome.

One more fact of an encouraging nature which might be mentioned at this date is that this year there will be no national election to distract the attention and, possibly, create dissension among the people of the United States and Nebraska.

For these and many other reasons, The Frontier scans the future with hope and confidence.

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More Money for Roads

(Guest Editorial from Creighton News)

Nebraskans soon will be paying an additional penny for every gallon of gasoline purchased as the result of the new bill passed by the legislature. When the time rolls around to buy license plates for 1950 another increase will be noted. But the majority of Nebraskans, especially car owners, will be willing to pay the increase in return for better roads.

Lack of good roads is one of Nebraska's greatest handicaps. The revamping of the state highway department also is supposed to improve its efficiency.

People should bear in mind that the tax boost will not bring improved roads overnight. In fact the job cannot be done in one, two or three years. It will take several years for the state to catch up with its neighbors—that is the penalty for being so "saving" in years past.

However, state officials should bear in mind that the improvement program must be well scattered. Any attempt to concentrate the funds into any special section, will bring forth a great howl of disapproval—and justly so.

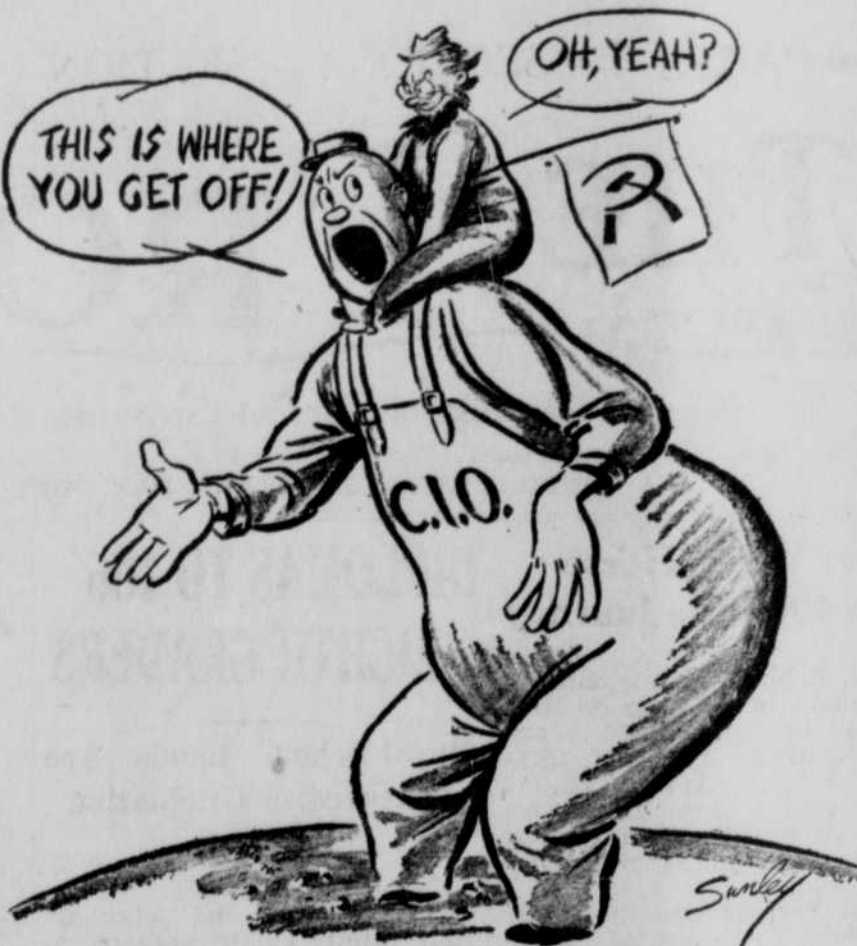
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O'Neill citizens are united on all sound propositions of civic improvement.

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Read The Frontier's advs and save money.

Frankenstein



Prairie Land Talk —

Some O'Neill Sidewalks a Travesty and Should Be Pried Up and Relegated to Dump

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

We go to the cemeteries once a year to place a wreath upon the graves of the dead. It is a spontaneous response to inner emotions that bring to us a new life's cherished memories.



Romaine Saunders

Maybe it's one thing at a time. Roads and highways are to the front while the forgotten citizens are those who get about the streets on their legs, and there are a few such citizens left. Some of the sidewalks in O'Neill are a travesty and should be pried up and relegated to the trash heaps.

Replaced with concrete on top of the ground instead of being laid in a trench. The footpaths and cow trails were at all times safe for the pedestrian while broken walks and those sunk in mire are pitfalls.

Governor Peterson's veto of the bill which provides a cash reward of \$15,000 for an oil well in any or all of the counties was brought to naught by the legislature overriding the veto. As this prairie land product views it the governor was right. The state should not go into the business of hanging up premium purses to be shot at. Sufficient reward for the boring for oil is the tapping of a pool and just where in the owner of a pool of petroleum is a public benefactor, any more than the owner of a potato patch, has never been demonstrated.

There is being introduced in the dust bowl region a grass

known as Russian crested wheat in an experiment to restore the bare places to their original usefulness as range land. Something good comes out of Russia. The Nebraska sandhills region has a way of renewing itself worked out grass spots if given a chance. Maybe the blue stem, bunch and buffalo grass could hold their own with any foreign intruder.

Showers have fallen. Early season worries were blown out by a crash of thunder. That is, for the North half of the county. Pretty wet yet, they say, over on the other side. Something like two and a half inches wet down the grain fields. And fields and grasslands spread out across the landscape to distant horizons in gay green adornment, rich foliage covers the selter belts, the lordly cotton woods and elms hang heavy with early Summer plumage. The countryside, the shady lanes of the city, were never more beautiful.

Sunbeams have touched the land with warmth and light another day, imparted a glow to velvet foliage trembling in high tree top and played their lights and shades among the meadow-bells. At evening shadows lengthen while the orb of day hangs for a moment above the prairie's Western rim, then sinks from view. While the gold of sunset lingers but night is sure to follow.

"Thus pleasures fade away; Youth, beauty, talents thus decay"— Leave us old, forlorn and gray.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And that kid never had to be jerked into juvenile court.

A dozen young folks formerly composed the high school graduating class. The smallest Nebraska hamlet graduated larger classes in 1949 and in some of the larger towns more than 100 received diplomas. Colleges and universities too have graduated large classes this year. Formal education has its place as a

background for life's larger school of experience, and in view of the present trend we are destined to become an educated people on prairie land.

The St. Petersburg (Fla.) Daily Post says it gives away absolutely free the whole edition any day the sun does not smile upon the city and for a period of over 38 years there has been an average of four and a half days a year sunbeams failed to peep through the mists. Maybe, to cool them off last January, the Post ran a picture of the two Burlington locomotives buried in snow East of O'Neill and other pictures of snowbound Ne-

braska. The Big Snow will be talked about for some time to come, though Summer skies and sunshine have again returned to this fair land.

A Wisconsin cheese company paid a seven-year-old girl a reward for the return of \$53,000 she had found that a company representative dropped on his way to a bank. The reward—\$5. Honesty is its own reward, but maybe those cheesemakers could have supplemented the five with an ice cream cone for the return of a fortune.

Tom Nolan on a trip to Burlington paused at Swan Lake to

view the picture o'er of one of the Southwest's beauty spots. He reports the lake, all but dry a few years back, now at high tide, a charming inland sea. There was a goodly lineup of fish poles held out over the water by men and kids. Mr. Nolan was impressed with the fine appearance of the country in that section of the county.

A speed record is said to have been made in demonstrating electric razors in which one entry shaved himself in 2:20. A Wade & Butcher straight edge takes them off in 1:40.

(Continued on page 7)

Every PENNY counts at COUNCIL OAK

BEN FRANKLIN SAID: "A penny saved is a penny earned" . . . Bet if Ben were alive today he'd trade at COUNCIL OAK.

FRUITS

GRAPEFRUIT
5 Pounds 49c

ORANGES
5 pounds 55c

APPLES
2 pounds 37c

VEGETABLES

LETTUCE
2 for 23c

ONIONS
3 pounds 19c

CELERY
Bunch 19c

FABST-ETT CHEESE FOOD 2 Lb. Box 79c
Rich and Delicious

OLD LONDON CHEESE SANDWICH 25c
Made with Finest Cheddar, 1/2 kg. of 24

SUPERB EVAPORATED MILK 3 Tall Cans 31c
There Is No Finer

FROSTED DEVIL'S FOOD COOKIES 35c
Freshly Baked, 1-Lb. Cello. Bag

SUPERB HALVES APRICOTS 22c
Golden Ripe Fruit, No. 2 Can

SUPERB CRUSHED PINEAPPLE 32c
Top Quality, Hawaiian, No. 2 Can

SUPERB GRAPEFRUIT HEARTS 2 No. 2 Cans 37c
Tender, Juicy Segments

MORNING LIGHT EARLY JUNE PEAS 2 No. 2 Cans 27c
Tender and Sweet

SUPERB-WHOLE KERNEL GOLDEN CORN 2 No. 2 Cans 33c
Plump, Clean-Cut Kernels

FAIRMONT PRIDE GOLDEN CORN 12 No. 303 Cans \$1.23
Whole Kernel

SUPERB SAUERKRAUT 2 No. 2 Cans 21c
Long, Silver Thread

MORNING LIGHT CUT WAX BEANS 2 No. 2 Cans 35c
A Grand Vegetable

Potato Chips Large Box 23c

Pickles Fresh Pak Dills, Plain or Kosher, qt. 29c

Grapelade WELCH'S, 1-lb. jar 25c

Here's "Man-Sized" Cans of QUALITY FRUIT JUICES !!!

ADAMS BRAND
Grapefruit Juice 29c 46-oz. can Blended Juice 36c 46-oz. can Orange Juice 39c 46-oz. can

- SEA NORTH SALMON 1-LB. Tall Can 49c
- MUSTARD SARDINES, 2 No. 3/4 Tins 43c
- TOMATO SARDINES, 2 8-oz. Tins 33c
- Cleansing Tissues BURLINE Pkg. of 200 6 PKGS. 59c
- Picnic Napkins FAB, Pkg. of 60 3 PKGS. 19c



EDITOR O'HANLON FINDS . . .

O'Neill No Longer Exclusively Irish

(Editor Reed O'Hanlon, of the Blair-Pilot Tribune, and Mrs. O'Hanlon spent the May 21-22 weekend in O'Neill as guests of The Frontier. One of Nebraska's best-known editors, O'Hanlon is particularly noted for his steady flow of dry humor that is characteristic of his speech as well as his typewriter. His report of the excursion, published in the May 26 issue of The Pilot-Tribune, is reproduced here):

By Reed O'Hanlon
You will be glad to know, dear readers, that we have returned safely from a safari which took us into the farthest West reaches of an adventure-studded career.

Having caught pike in Ontario, chased baseballs in Illinois, shot at Germans with a piece of carbon paper in our Heidelberg dugout, warbled the Maine "Stein Song" in Maryland, and spat into the Gulf of Mexico despite the chance of international strain, we may have been regarded by some as well-traveled.

The odd thing of it all was that we had never been farther WEST than the Fremont sandpits, except for a one-day run to Grand Island back in 1940 to deliver a package of printing.

Saturday our knowledge of the Old West was increased by leaps and bounds as we sped Northwest into hostile Indian territory, ignoring the possible warwhoops of enemy Sioux or jealous white settlers, to carry an advertising mat to O'Neill outpost, some 180 miles distant. Our wife accompanied us, armed with slingshots and poisoned darts.

Perhaps it was the 2.47-inch

rain which pelted the vicinity as we poled patiently Westward. Anyway, none of the valiant Sioux attacked our car; in fact, we do not recall seeing a single Indian all the way out, nor did a buffalo roam or a deer or an antelope play.

Instead, just as we figured by our deerskin map that we were entering the Old West, we began to encounter more Coca Cola signs than ever, airports, night clubs and other signs that the white man had taken over.

At Neligh, where we stopped for hardtack, more arrows and a supply of beads for Indian dickers, we ran into Emil Reutzel, jr., editor of the area's zippiest newspaper, The News; also we found our old Blair schoolmate and friend, Roy D. Christensen, who runs a fine lumberyard even while we had imagined him slain by the redskins. These characters and their wives united into a miniature Neligh Chamber of Commerce to form the only opposition to our continuing the danger-fraught trip, but we disposed of these loyal Ne-lights (Nelighans; Nelighites?)

in quick order by commanding them to follow on in to O'Neill later, after we had cleared the way.

At O'Neill, where we arrived without incident, our first experience was to eat at the Tom Tom cafe, where we fully expected maize and pulled beef-cat on the menu. But instead we got fine chicken steak, surrounded by fluorescent lights and a jukebox which played "A Good Man Nowadays Is Hard to Find."

Later, we at last delivered the precious six cents worth of mats to our destination—steward Cal Stewart, of the stalwart O'Neill Frontier.

Having arrived at The Frontier, we had to readjust quickly to the sight of a modern newspaper plant, equipped with such luxuries as a broadcasting studio and lovely Society Editor Margaret Hickey (who stood as proof that O'Neill boys apparently don't date girls in the afternoons).

In due time we became acquainted with other members of The Frontier staff — guys like Dud Stone, a printer who can toss a sale bill together in 15 minutes while talking about something else, and his aides, Larry Bourne and Leonard Bazzelman. And a few others: Romaine Saunders, who remembers the pioneers and still writes about them; John Carville, who takes the paper's

photos; and the expanding Frontier's newest addition, hustling young Chuck Appgar.

—And not to forget, of course, that delightfully New Jersey Irish Mrs. Stewart, whose smile would chase the blues off the face of the world's champion pessimist.

But to be brief, let us summarize what we liked about O'Neill, once we got it through our head that Old Days are gone forever, even in the Great West:

- (1) The Frontier, destined for even greater journalistic accomplishments in a hurry.
- (2) "Slat," the singing gent who holds forth as boss of Slat's cafe, (3) Homer ("Moon") Mullen, the erstwhile Blairite whom we missed by the barest of margins, and (4) the town in general even though it needs some more paved streets on such rainy days.

And what we didn't like: (1) The discovery that O'Neill, alas, is no longer populated exclusively by Irish, bless them. (2) The fact that it has only two newspapers, a sad commentary on an otherwise modern town, (3) The way the Tom Tom cafe spelled "tomatoe" and "potatoe" on its menus when it could have had The Frontier print them and thus spell 'em right, and (4) The absence of a floor lamp in our room at the good old Golden hotel when we finally did get 4 1/2 minutes to sit down and read.

Tender, Juicy, U. S. Inspected

BEEF ROASTS
ARM AND SHOULDER
ROASTS. PER POUND **49c**

"We Cut Your Roasts the Way You Want 'Em"

SIRLOIN STEAKS, lb. 65c BEEF SHORT RIBS, lb. 25c
FRESH GROUND PURE BEEF, lb. 45c

FRESH PORK ROASTS Boston Style, lb. 47c
FRESH PORK STEAKS Tender Slices, lb. 53c

RING BOLOGNA Coarse Ground, Pound 39c BIG BOLOGNA Sliced, Pound 49c
FRESH PORK LIVER Sliced, Pound 29c FILLET OF COD Cello, Wrapped, Pound 37c
LONG LIVER SAUSAGE Pickle and Pimento Flavor, Pound 39c PICKLED PIG'S FEET 14-Ounce Jar 37c

THE COUNCIL OAK STORES
YOUR FRIEND AT MEALTIME

PRICES FOR JUNE 3rd and 4th