

**THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.**

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Entered the postoffice at 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.

Established in 1880—Published Each Thursday

Terms of Subscription: In Nebraska, \$2.50 per year; elsewhere in the United States, \$3 per year; abroad, rates provided on request. All subscriptions are strictly paid-in-advance.

**A Parking Problem**

The Chamber of Commerce in its most recent session decided to do something about the downtown parking problem. A committee was appointed to work with the city council and make recommendations with a view to improving what is now a serious situation.

In other years O'Neill may have had a parking problem of a sort, but in the Summer of 1949 the matter requires immediate action. On Saturday evenings, particularly, the condition is acute, dangerous and creates considerable inconvenience to O'Neill visitors.

Recently published Letters to the Editor from agitated readers have been well intended and, The Frontier believes, well founded.

One writer pointed out that on occasion he has been hemmed to the curb by the hour because of double parkers. Another reader, a farm resident, wrote that when members of her family reached O'Neill on Saturday nights they were tired, worn out and usually were in no mood to park some distance from their shopping points and lug groceries and other supplies back-and-forth to their car.

The Frontier offers these suggestions, none of them new or original, to help alleviate, temporarily, at least, the parking crisis:

1. Fresh marking of parking stalls on street and curb so motorists will have a clear-cut idea of how to park. This will conserve space and possibly will accommodate 15 cars or more on Douglas street alone.

2. Merchants, clerks and others who work in the downtown section would do well to show courtesy to their rural friends by leaving their automobiles at home on Saturday night or, if necessary to drive downtown, park the machine in the rear of their place of business. One store manager told The Frontier recently it was the firm's policy in their chain of stores that employee automobiles were to be parked in the rear.

3. Well-meaning townspeople who occupy choice parking locations and watch the passersby by the hour should confine their amusement of this sort to nights other than Saturday out of consideration to our country friends.

4. Some action should be taken toward lighting and improving alleys where shoppers can park with convenience and safety.

5. A study should be made on the parking requirements for the future and arrangements made for a municipal parking lot. Most cities and town realize the necessity too late and pay a premium for such a location. Already a lot of this type can be justified, and if O'Neill continues to grow, and if automobiles continue to be manufactured, we're running headlong into a need for a well-lighted, convenient, policed parking lot.

As a matter of public safety the practice of double-parking should be eliminated once-and-for-all. It is not only a hazardous practice but it is unfair to the motorist who is imprisoned at the curb.

Eventually, perhaps, diagonal parking will give way to parallel parking to conform to highway standards. When this time comes (as it already has in many cities), the parking problem will become a major crisis in O'Neill.

Thus, the city council is being confronted with still another in a series of problems that accompany the growing pains of our city. O'Neill is fortunate in having a council composed of representative citizens who, The Frontier believes, are making things in stride and getting things done.

With the appointment of a special Chamber of Commerce committee to work with the council, The Frontier is confident there will emerge a workable plan to immediately improve parking in the downtown area as well as anticipate and meet the parking problem of the future.

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**Timid Youth**

(Guest Editorial from Omaha Journal-Stockman)

What in the world are we Americans doing to our children? That question arises automatically when you read that in a recent survey made by a national magazine among this year's college graduates, only two percent of them had a thought of ever going into business for themselves. On the contrary, what the great majority of the men getting their degrees in 1949 want is the "security" of a position (and not necessarily a high paying position, either) with some sound corporation. Shades of the pioneers who built this country! And small wonder that socialism, communism, fascism and every other ism offering a chimerical "security" to its followers is gaining ground.

True, these wily salesmen of new political sects say nothing about the freedom of thought, action and opportunity which their followers must barter in exchange for doubtful remedies for the world's ills.

But apparently that is not a big item with the majority of young people today, to judge from the results of the survey. What a pity!

And what a sad future for America it bodes unless it should turn out that the youngsters were just kidding the poll-takers, and that the spirit of our founding fathers isn't as dead as the gloomy results of this survey would make it seem.

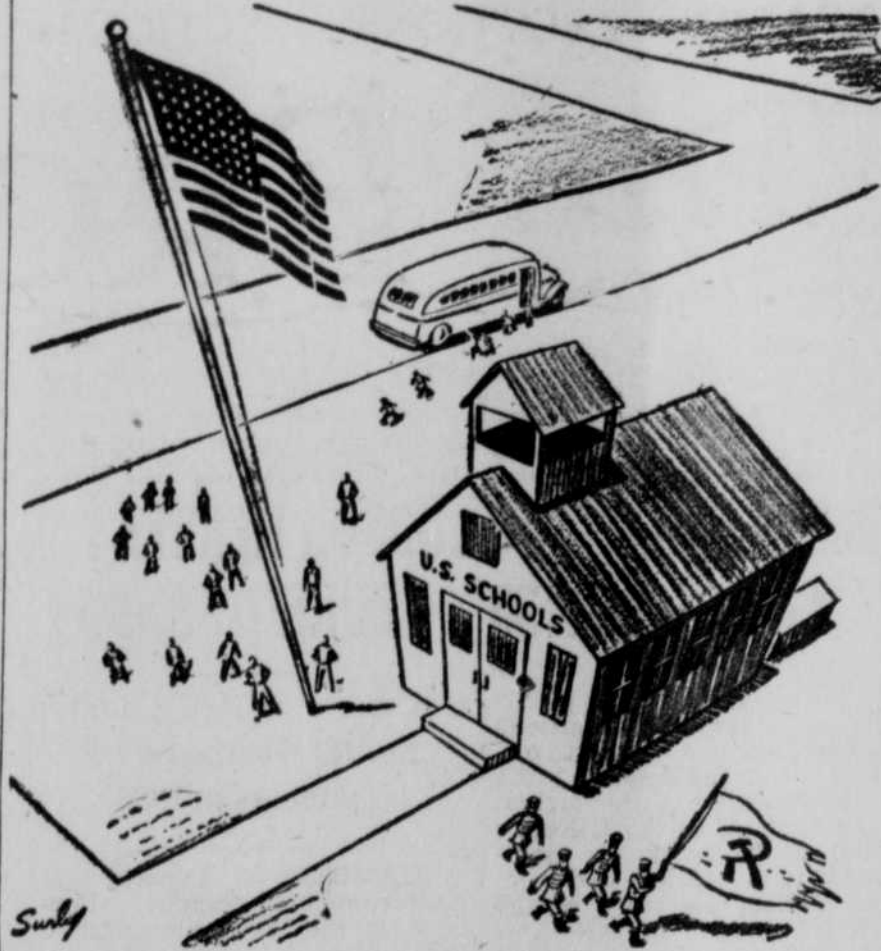
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It's definite now—the publication date for The Frontier's big Diamond Jubilee Edition. The date is next week—Thursday, June 30. There will be pages and pages of pictures and stories concerning people and happenings in the early days in O'Neill and Holt county. The historical sections will be a part of the regular edition. If you're not already a regular reader, better subscribe now and get the big Jubilee edition at no extra cost.

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Have you given to St. Anthony's hospital? What finer investment in the future could there be for you and your children?

**There's Only Room for One Flag**



**Prairieland Talk —**

**Half-Hour with Venerable Sam Barnard Like Reading a Western Thriller**

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

Sam Barnard, father of Mrs. C. E. Yantzi, of West Everett street, lacks only five years of being one of O'Neill's Diamond Jubilee group.

He was in O'Neill 70 years ago and now at 90 years of age recalls serving as a juror in County Judge Malloy's court when a horse thief was on trial. The jury found the prisoner guilty. At the conclusion of trial the gent made threats of what he would do to judge and jurors when released from jail. Whereupon a strapping juror arose, addressed the court and invited Judge Malloy to lock him in a room with the convicted man, after which there would be no need of passing sentence on the horse thief.

Mr. Barnard may be the oldest native Nebraskan now in the state. He was born in the vicinity of Grand Island in 1859 and his life has been spent for the most part in frontier communities.

He is active, interested in everything but automobiles and would rather trust himself on a burro than in a car. He is a prospector by instinct and has claims in Wyoming hills. He has a hunch there is oil in the territory where the land slides occurred a month ago up along the Niobrara. It is like reading a Western thriller to spend a half-hour with the venerable Sam.

The Nebraska delegation to the Des Moines, Ia., gathering of administration Democrats and some with diverse views flaunted a banner before filing into seats of a seven-coach special train which bore these startling words: "Brannan or Bust." While none of them in the picture at the railroad station resembled real dirt farmers from that slogan it may be understood the Nebraskans were for the subsidizing of the farms. And this, the banner proclaims, must be or the nation's agriculture is ruined. How did agriculture survive for 250 years and grow great before price supports were thought of? There are two newspapers published in O'Neill. These go to readers one year for \$2.50 paid by each subscriber. Would it be unreasonable to suggest that the publishers be guaranteed the \$2.50 by the government?

Mr. Truman's pre-election promises seem to be regarded as a joke by the Democratic controlled congress, or maybe as one gent puts it, a politician promises anything for a vote. But the president has more than three years to make a comeback on his word to American voters. However, he lacks the glamour and hypnotic snap of a finger of his predecessor. Americans like to think well of their chief ex-

ecutive and although there has been some pretty shabby statements emitted from White House conferences, maybe the president will yet get his feet planted on the earth.

One of the ablest citizens to come forward to denounce the Truman program of socialized medicine and schools and farms is Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. The general is pretty popular himself and probably could have been in the White House if he had spoken the word. But in view of the kicks and cuffs that go with public office he doubtless did not care to jump from the frying pan of a great war into the domestic fire.

The tall grass fringing each side of the walk has been spared the ceaseless slashing of the lawn mower. There in a secluded nook bloom the pink prairie roses and by their side the pale stems of native plant life adorned by blue beauties in full Summer dress—a bit of natural charm only a step from the puritanical stiffness of precise front yards. Nature has little chance to spread the green and floral bloom where the machines of men ravish the land. Trimming and pruning, planting and plucking up, the outdoors becomes more and more artificial. Pause for a moment among the lofty birch and hemlocks to listen to the roar of rushing water down a mountain canyon, see the dark outline of timber-covered slopes with bare rocks reaching up into the region of perpetual snow; go to the top of a sandhill to look out across vast prairieland and thank God some of His handiwork is unspoiled.

If toddlers of today are the warriors of tomorrow they are getting an early start in the use of guns. A little child barely able to walk went down the street one hand in the hand of his mother, the other gripping a double-barreled toy gun. It was only a toy but from play with toys young America takes to reality. Children are given toy pistols. This is the beginning of the cultivation of a desire for deadly weapons. Next they want the thing that shoots to kill. A toy gun in the hands of a child gives his young mind the wrong picture of life.

The O'Neill territory has been visited by frequent rains but so far has been spared a beating by tornado or other destructive storm. A few communities have suffered the loss of life and property through the work of raging elements. The past several months man has been made aware of the mighty forces at the command of nature's sovereign.

Astronomers of Palomar and Mt. Wilson observatories have undertaken the task of producing an atlas of the sky which is to reach out into unexplored space to a distance of 300 million light years and the work when finished will be available

to universities at \$2,000 a copy. And so while floating out upon the untraversed depths of eternity they are going to keep their feet on earth to be within reach of the cash register.

The nation's imposing capitol building has been receiving a fresh spread of paint about every four years and is ready for treatment again. Washington painters are said to draw \$18.40 a day for sloshing around with a paint brush and the present estimate for doing the capitol building is slightly less than \$53,000. Not so much as New Deal spending goes.

Salary considerations have brought about the resignation of two state officials—the head of the health department and the executive secretary of the library commission. Perhaps their personal interests are such as to require that they retire from public service, and one can not go on forever sacrificing for an indifferent public.

Play ball! The great American sport is on. The professional stem winders facing the huskies with the bat will have the pleasure at the close of the season of counting up and thrilling over the crisp crinkle of more U.

S. treasury notes than many of us make in 10 years.

A young woman felt an urge to kill. She pressed the trigger that did the job. One of those gents called a psychiatrist says the young woman "is either schizophrenic or deep in the influence of a major hysteria." The electric chair can cure both that and the urge.

Bugs are taking the growing grain. Send a delegation to Washington.

Need printing done? Prompt deliveries . . . The Frontier. adv

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- EARLY JUNE PEAS 2 No. 2 Cans 29c
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- RED DOT POTATO CHIPS 23c
- CRYSTAL GEM COOKIES 27c
- MY-T-FINE PUDDINGS 5 Pkgs. 36c

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- SUPERB CATSUP, 2 14-oz. bottles 33c
- BISQUICK, 40-oz. pkg. 47c
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- WHITE RICE FANCY 1-Lb. Bag 15c

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**Ralph N. Leidy . . . O'Neill**

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