

Prairieland Talk—

Colonial Architecture Out of Place

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

LINCOLN—Prairieland—where the prairie wolf makes his home, where the last of the prairie chickens nest, where the deer and antelope shake the dewdrops from their flanks at dawn of day and browse across valley and hill, where cattle graze the livelong day, and where corn and wheat and spuds and sand cherries are forever at hand.

Governor's mansion of this prairieland state has been thrown open for the public to look in, not upon a commodious ranch house, fitting symbol of prairieland home life, but upon a distant New England colonial style abode for our chief executives and their families. Yes, the many thousands who passed through the 134 doors and looked upon the ornate structure say it is a thing of beauty, of comfort and stately architecture.

This great prairieland state of ours has the nation's outstanding statehouse, visited by sightseers from everywhere.

Erecting a new abode for our governors afforded an opportunity to create a dwelling place distinctly Nebraskan.

We would not favor mob rule—but there are times. . . Court hearings and legal monkey business is costing taxpayers some \$30,000 in bringing to a focus the Starkweather murder charges. If there be the slightest chance to prove anyone charged with murder as being innocent the one so charged should have such opportunity. But a confessed slayer of 11 victims within a period of a few days should have gone to the death chamber as soon as captured. Why have not citizens of Lancaster county organized and marched on official circles holding the bloodstained youth for trial months after the crimes were committed, demand be turned over to the mfor execution "Who so shedeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," is a divine decree.

Across the street from The Frontier, in the long ago, Fred Pfunder made and repaired harness, saddles and had in stock spurs and leather chaps for the guys riding the range and quirts for the broncho busters. On the north side of Douglas street midway in the block the senior John Mann had a similar collection on sale. In the next block to the west some time later V. Alberts opened a harness shop, and now what is left of the harness trade is in the hands of Tim Harrington, a native son of Holt county. When a young guy I bought my first saddle at an O'Neill harness shop, put it on "Doc", cinched it up, mounted and took to the open country. If in the realm of human activity there is one thing that thrills with inspiring pleasure it is riding sedately across the open prairie on the back of a horse.



Romain Saunders

Claude Hancock writes from Los Angeles enclosing a letter he and Mrs. Hancock had received from Mrs. Dave Segelman of Seattle, Wash., in which Mrs. Segelman pays tribute to the engineer of this department and recalls memories of prairieland when the Segelman's made their home in O'Neill. It is always a pleasure to read what former friends write and thus learn of their welfare. Mrs. Segelman sees the beauty in nature all around, flowers and trees, birds a wing and animal life. And loving the things of nature her soul is lifted in adoration and praise to the One from whose immortal hand the things of nature are laid before us. Mr. and Mrs. Hancock plan to visit the Segelman's in Seattle this spring and will come this way later when Claud plans to pay Prairieland Talker a visit.

This bit of journalistic classic from the evening paper: "The Lancaster county attorney's office said." Office does the talking, does it, not the functionary presiding in the office? That is modern journalism, maybe as kids aspiring to become newspaper writers get it in our schools of journalism. Had Doc Mathews or Jim Biggs of the old newspapering days been writing the story they would have concluded with, "the county attorney said."

The chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago & North Western Railway company comes out in print to tell us of the railroad's troubles. The sum of what he has to say is that labor union requirements of the railroads and state and national dictations are the cause of it all. Trainmen serving on a two-hour run require and get a full day's pay. I talked with a man representing the railroad at the recent hearing before our state railway commission and he expressed the same view of the situation. Let the owners of our railroads manage them as they see fit. Nothing yet will take the place of a railroad passenger train for mass transportation.

Twenty-two of the country's leading magazines claim a total circulation of over 80 million copies. Writers like to write, readers like to read, printers like to print what the public reads.

I cannot lay a hand upon a distant land nor walk among the stars. But I can walk where children play and say a kindly word each day. I crave not to scale fame's dizzy heights nor wield the scepter of a king, but I will join with those whose praises they sing. I can speak a word to cheer a fellow traveler along life's highway or lift the load from some burdened heart. Limitations stay the human hand, beguile the mind of man, but as we walk the lengthening way we find one here and there to whom we may be kind and lend a helping hand. So in this vast universe Omnipotent hand appoints some little part for each to do.

Editorial—

Courthouse Elevator Needed

The architects who planned Holt county's present courthouse and the county committee that accepted the plan erred in not providing an elevator.

The building was erected in the days of public works administration (PWA) in the dark thirties, and it was the thing to do to pass up the frills. In fact, it wouldn't do to make things too comfortable else everyone would clamor for a job within the hallowed walls. Sort of like air conditioning, perhaps. Too fancy.

Everyday people are obliged to climb the steep stairs to reach major county offices. Occasionally, there is a jury trial or a hearing conducted in the district courtroom.

The county fathers who built the courthouse came up with an imposing, attractive edifice along conservative lines.

But the lack of providing for an elevator—at least, a shaft—was an oversight. From the ground floor (it's sometimes called the basement) to the janitor's quarters at the top—four floors—is quite a haul.

Currently, District Judge D. E. Mounts, who has had several heart attacks, is "grounded" because of the innumerable steps. He represents an enlarging group of people who shouldn't attempt climbing. Nine out of 10 litigants in probate and a substantial number of people who visit the courthouse once or twice a year are people who have attained an age at which they should climb stairs with discretion. There aren't many juries nowadays but when juries are summoned the duty beckons quite a number of senior citizens. The trials attract a good many senior citizens as spectators.

An elevator could be erected at the east end of the building with basement-first floor, second floor (main floor), third floor and fourth floor entrances. It's a four-story building any way you look at it even though the top (fourth floor) is private.

The Frontier—and no doubt many of our readers—would be agreeable if the Holt county supervisors would investigate the possibilities of an elevator shaft. Entrances onto the various floors might have to be made through the supervisor's room (main floor) and jury room above, but they are in use a relatively few hours a year.

It's only a suggestion. A separate external shaft with inside entrances doubtlessly would be less expensive than, for example, a stairway well converted into an elevator shaft. The elevator should be a run-it-yourself model.

Byrd Story Heartening

Our newsletter Human Events reports one of the most heartening stories to hit the nation's capital in many weeks was the story behind Sen. Harry F. Byrd's decision not to retire from the senate.

Byrd is a veteran warhorse democrat from Virginia.

In his statement reversing his retirement decision, mention was made of a recovery in Mrs. Byrd's health and to the request of the Virginia assembly (legislature) that he run again for office.

But only passing reference was made to the startling phenomenon which has had the senator's capitol hill office in a spin for weeks and which is given considerable weight in estimates as to Byrd's change of mind. Human Events refers to a deluge of mail that followed his first announcement. The mail implored him to stay on.

The senator's office reports that an exact estimate of the total volume of these letters is not yet possible, but that approximately three thousand had been answered until last week. A mass

of other mail is still pouring in. Senator Byrd, our readers will recall, is an arch conservative who throws plenty of weight around the capitol and who has been a champion for reduced spending.

Meanwhile, the Chicago (Ill.) Tribune editorializes that Ohio's Sen. Frank M. Lausche, also a democrat, is the "forgotten man" in the senate. When he rises to speak his colleagues file out and the press seats empty. Lausche's greatest sin is conservatism. He has been elected governor of Ohio five times.

It is difficult to understand how the democratic party can overlook such men for presidential grooming when there must be a tremendous appetite within and without the demo ranks for men of the Byrd and Lausche stripe.

In fact, in its small way, The Frontier would quickly abandon any "new deal republican" candidate to support either in a presidential election, provided, of course, a pure republican is kissed off at the next national GOP convention in the fashion Bob Taft was scuttled at Chicago.

Interstate Folly

Estimated costs for running the grand interstate highway through the heart of Omaha have now been revised upward to 70-million-dollars. Scores of homes, buildings, several schools and churches will be razed to clear the way. Elaborate overpasses and access provisions will have to be made.

How in the world intelligent Nebraskans can sit idly by and watch the squandering is more than we can understand!

To route traffic through the built-up area of the city will serve only to compound traffic problems.

A bypass route to the north where an existing Missouri river bridge (Mormon) would carry half the traffic would cost one-fifth as much. Try and square State Engineer L. N. Rens' thinking at Omaha with the lopping off of thousands of miles of state maintained highways in out-state Nebraska and you have one of the classic conundrums of modern state history.

Long ago we labelled the interstate highway program a grand WPA project—a pump-primer for the nation's economy. On that score we have not yet revised our thinking.

The Omaha World-Herald apparently believes the super-duper through the middle of its town is just the ticket. Actually, Omaha and the state would benefit more if the 70-million-bucks went into an outstate network of highways.

THE FRONTIER

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher

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First Gardening Stamps Sold

Mrs. Mardell Hoerle of Ewing, (left) is shown making a stamp purchased from Mrs. L. V. Cooper, Chambers postmaster. The three-cent stamps were released March 15 throughout the country and herald the 100th anniversary celebration at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., honoring the great American horticulturist, Liberty Hyde Bailey. One hundred twenty million stamps were issued by the postoffice department—the first issue in any country honoring gardening and horticulture. Promotion of the stamps is sponsored by the Federated Garden clubs of Nebraska.—The Frontier Photo by Louis Harley with Polaroid.

When You & I Were Young . . . 4-Room House, Corner Lot: \$450

Stocking to Resume Egg, Cream Buying

50 Years Ago
A son arrived at the home of George and Ellen Shoemaker. . . E. L. Chapin of Chicago, a brother of Mrs. Sam Barnard, is visiting in the city, stopping here on his way to British Columbia, where he goes to locate permanently. . . House with four rooms on corner lot, three blocks from Main street, for sale at \$450, see R. H. Parker. . . A surprise party was perpetrated by Miss Clara Gatz and a score of friends on Miss Ardie Holden. The affair was held at the Gatz residence in the southwest part of town. . . O. F. Biglin went to Omaha recently to attend the funeral of Martin Welsh, an old time resident of this county, who died there last Thursday. . . Harry Stocking came up from Plainview to resume his butter, egg and cream business. He and Mrs. Stocking left here about two years ago and their friends will be glad to learn they are making O'Neill their home again.

20 Years Ago
Mrs. Mayme Weddel was hostess at a luncheon honoring Miss Clarissa Tequist, the new chief operator at the O'Neill telephone exchange. She is replacing Miss O'Malley who's retiring. . . Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brady of Dorsey celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. . . Work on the wrecking of the Merchant's Hotel is progressing. . . Cliff Bridges, 23, had a narrow escape near the corner of Douglas and Fifth. As a car rounded the corner, traveling very fast, a long piece of barb wire, which had caught on the running gear, swung around and circled Mr. Bridges around his legs and shoulders. Fortunately, a car was parked near the corner. The wire passed under the parked car and broke. Mr. Bridges feels he was very lucky to have escaped with minor cuts.

10 Years Ago
Mrs. Robert Taft, wife of the Republican senator from Ohio, appeared as guest speaker at the

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Sehi Brothers

Purchase Bar

DELOIT—Mark and Virtus Sehi have purchased the White Spot bar in Neligh. They are holding a farm sale today (Thursday) and will be moving their families to Neligh soon. The Sehi brothers will take possession of the bar May 1.

Other Deloit News

Sunday guests at the Larson home in Ewing were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Christen of Denver, Colo., Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Pahl and Mary of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. H. Reimer and Elayne and Mr. and Mrs. Don Larson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Don Starr and daughter.

Supper guests Thursday evening at the Ralph Tomjack home were Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Spahn and Doris Ann, Mr. and Mrs. H. Reimer and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller.

Mrs. Glenn Harpster and Mrs. H. Reimer took the lesson in Neligh Thursday for the extension club. Fifteen ladies met Thursday, March 18, at the Tomjack home for the lesson on making floral decorations.

There is still snow on the ground, but bare spots of earth began to appear during the weekend, and some of these spots are "greening up". Iris crocus are beginning to push their heads through the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Harpster were Norfolk visitors Monday, March 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Bauer were Sioux City visitors Tuesday, March 18 where they had fat cattle on the market. Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Morrow and family of

O'Neill stayed at the Bauer home in their absence.

Jack Bartak, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bartak, has re-enlisted and returned to service. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Funk and family have moved to the farm recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Ferdie Hupp and family. The Hupp family moved to Norfolk on Tuesday, March 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tomjack and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reimer spent Wednesday, March 19, in Sioux City where Ralph had fat cattle on the market.

Making of Artificial Flowers Told—

EWING—The Clearwater Creek home extension club was entertained Tuesday, March 18, at the home of Mrs. George Jefferies. A 1 o'clock covered dish dinner was served. The lesson on the making of artificial flowers and the demonstration was given by Mrs. Fred Maben, Mrs. Walter Westroff and Mrs. Nadine Edwards. The demonstration also included corsages. Guests were Mrs. Wilma Daniels, Mrs. Roy Wright and Mrs. Don Ruroede. Dinner guests were

George Jefferies, Fred Maben Burgess Cratty.

GETS PROMOTION
Kenneth P. Backhaus of O'Neill recently received a promotion in the army reserve officer's training corps at the University of Nebraska. He was promoted from cadet to cadet sergeant.

Sylvia Harder and Jan Petersen of nurse's training school, Immanuel hospital in Omaha, were weekend guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Harder.

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AL GASKILL (LEFT) and R. F. (BOB) GASKILL

AL Gaskill has joined the R. F. GASKILL INSURANCE AGENCY at O'Neill as agency manager. The office is located at 124 South Fourth st., and specializes in insurance of all kinds. Al and Bob are brothers. Al served 3 1/2 years in the navy during World War II, is married and has a family, having spent most of his life here.

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OCEAN TO OCEAN ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA—AND BACK—IN 41 HOURS! CHEVY'S NEW V8 LEVELS THE HIGHEST, HARDEST HIGHWAY OVER THE ANDES!

To prove the durability of Chevrolet's radical new Turbo-Thrust V8,* the tremendous flexibility of the new Turboglide transmission,* the incredible smoothness of Full Coil suspension, we tackled the most challenging transcontinental road in the world — the 1,000-mile General San Martin Highway. To make it harder, the Automobile Club of Argentina sealed the hood shut at Buenos Aires — no chance to add oil or water or adjust carburetors for high altitude.

So the run began — across the blazing Argentine pampas, into the ramparts of the forbidding Andes. Up and up the road climbed, almost 2 1/2 miles in the sky! Drivers gasped for oxygen at 12,572 feet — but the Turbo-Thrust V8 never slackened its torrent of power, the Full Coil springs smothered every bump, the Turboglide transmission made play of grades up to 30 percent. Then a plunge to the Pacific at Valparaiso, Chile, a quick turn-around and back again. Time for the round trip: 41 hours 14 minutes — and the engine was never turned off!

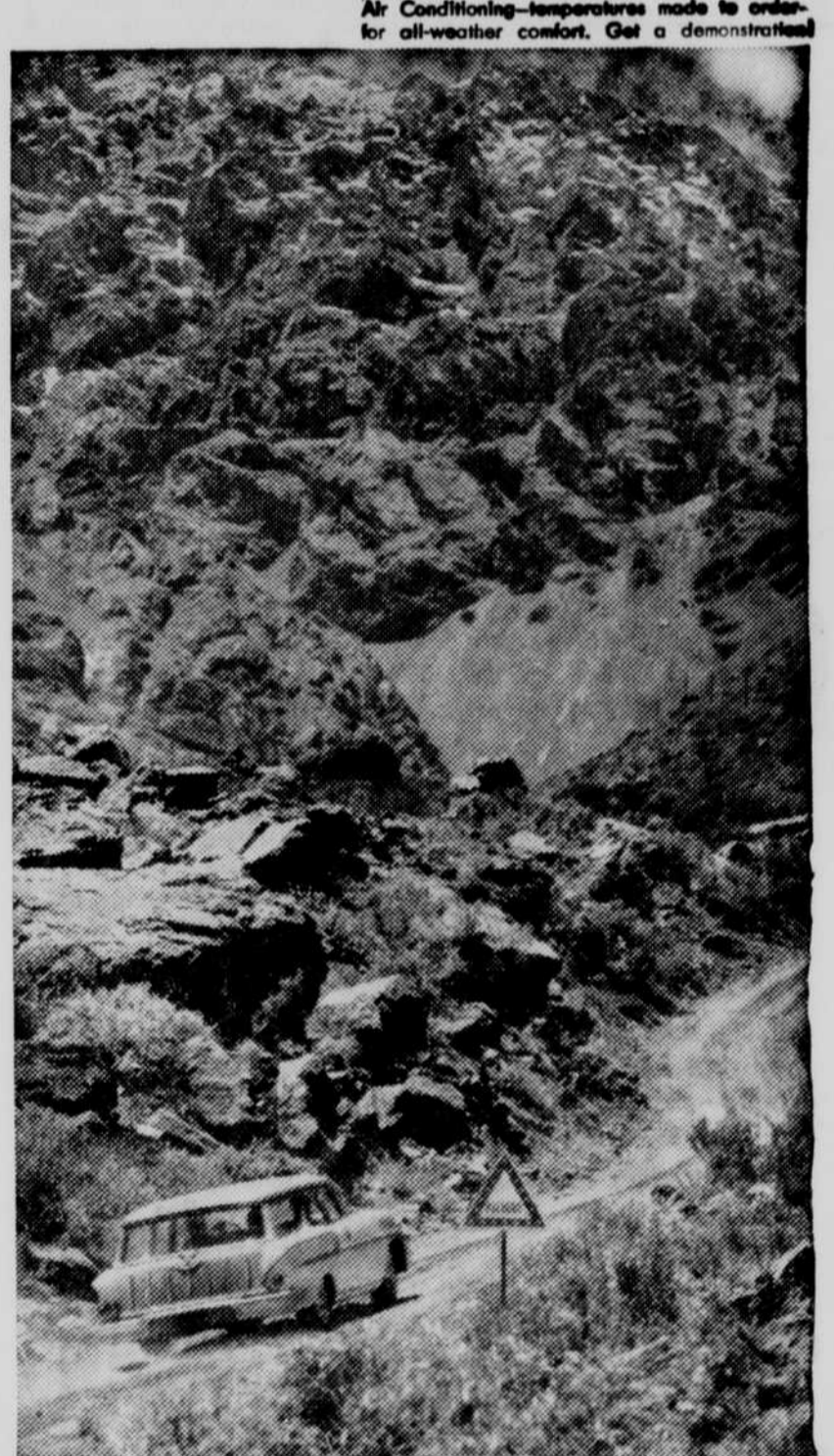
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