

# Of Bums and Six-Shooters

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

Guy Green sat at the type case piling type in his stick as each fell in line so gracefully and slick, there at the Item print shop across the alley from Biglins. Up stepped a bum, sized Guy up for an easy mark. Then the tale of woe. Guy reached into his pants pocket and fished out his last coin of the realm, a 50-cent piece, handed it to the fellow, saw him cross the street, enter a saloon and heard that four-bit piece of his slammed down on the bar. No more bums got a lift from Guy. . . . A sporty gent with a wife and children at home on a street in O'Neill addressed a note to a young unmarried lady inviting her to an evening buggy ride with him. That young lady told her parents. Dad told his daughter to invite her admirer to her home. He was met there by dad with a six-shooter in hand, told to kneel before the daughter in that home and beg her forgiveness. He did and got out to seek other realms of illicit desires.

April 12-18 has been set apart as National Library Week. Our State Library Commission has named a committee to promote interest and active participation in library activities throughout the state during that week in April. Not only city and community libraries have been contacted for this occasion, but also school and college libraries. Books tell the story of human life. Our Library Commission has more than a million volumes available to the public.

No blundering mistakes in the grand, Eternal plan; so the time rolls on to work it all out for the final good of man.

Ranchers and crop growers of the state are admonished by the agricultural college workers to be

on the job this year to deal with a swarm of incoming grasshoppers. . . . Living costs down a bit we are told. Will note just how much when paying for the dinner today. . . . The Capital City washed by a 3-inch rain in the closing week of March. . . . An elderly patriot stops these he meets on the street to preach a sales tax appeal, thinking it would reduce property tax. But when told it's just another tax, he moves on. . . . A Lincoln woman with a good Irish name has been chosen the state's mother of the year. Mrs. Margaret McLafferty is her name, though she started life as Miss Kelfer.

He rode to town with another prairie homesteader to attend to a few personal matters; to go to the post office for his mail, if any. No RFD those days. After leaving the post office, he stepped out with a thrill—he had received his quarterly pension check for \$12, four dollars a month pension for those veterans of the war in 1860. Somewhere in the whirl of things in the frontier town of O'Neill, he became separated from the homesteader he had come to town with, so he must walk the five miles back to

his prairie-land abode. Go empty handed—no. With a 50 pound sack of flour on his shoulder he walked in that evening to the amazement of the family. That pioneer of the prairie was my G.A.R. worthy sire. From such as he, you prairie-land-car-drivers of today have your heritage.

The morning is gloomy and sunless, but I hear the birds sing. Life may be gloomy and sunless, but the determined soul sees light ahead.

He stood for two hours before the crowd that filled the spacious auditorium telling his story, a story that took his listeners to about everywhere on this terrestrial globe—north and south American countries, European and Asiatic lands, Africa and Arabia, the Middle East and ancient Egypt. He had seen the genius of earth, talked with kings, the heads of governments of earth, and surprised us by saying that 75 percent of the earth's population do not smoke or drink liquor, hate Christians because they have conceived of the idea that the adherents to that religious faith are all booze guzzlers. He said he was well treated everywhere, even in Communist Russia and found in Moscow a group of six hundred Muscovites who belonged to the same church he did here in the U.S.A. While in that Russian capital he contacted by phone his home town of Washington, D.C., got his wife on the phone and she asked, where are you? I'm in Moscow, he replied. Well, wife ordered, you come home. He caught an airplane for home, but did not tell us what his reception was by the lady of the house.

The few now in the O'Neill community who knew her as a charming member of the younger group of days now gone were grieved to learn of the death of Mamie Cullen in a New Jersey city where she had made her home since leaving O'Neill twenty years or more ago. Miss Cullen was a niece of the late Father Casidy and was a fine young woman whom all admired. I saw Miss Cullen ten years ago when she came from the east to spend a little time amid the scenes of other days and found the picture quite changed. Later we exchanged greetings by letter now and then, the last word I had from her being that she was failing in health. Now cares and pleasures of life are over for Mamie.

I was seated in the spacious unicum assembly room in time to hear Senator Frank Nelson in an able and interesting address before the legislative body where onlookers tear to shreds a proposed measure involving school redistricting. Senator Frank spoke forcefully and to the point setting forth what it meant to the people in his community in Holt county and to those of his entire district. During my recent visit at the Statehouse I also had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wallers and their daughter who were in Lincoln and went to the legislative assembly room to have a visit with their Holt county neighbor, Senator Nelson, and hear the senator when he had the floor. The senator drove to Omaha the 26th and was joined there by Mrs. Nelson to proceed home for over Easter.

# Frontiers Ago

THE FRONTIER WAS YOUNG

On April 4, 1899, a half dozen families with teams stopped in the city. They came from the east and were on their way to Boyd County. . . . Miss Flora Lowrie went to Norfolk to represent the O'Neill schools at the oratorical contest. Her sister, Miss Anna, accompanied her. Personal grievances led Mike Fallon and George Gaughenbaugh into a flurry of fists. They encountered down town and battled a few rounds, when separated by the bystanders. . . . Mrs. Thaddeus O'Malley, age 84, died April 5, 1899 at her home. . . . The city election returns gave John Harmon, a free silver democrat, the mayoralty seat. . . . Rapha King was out with gun and dog and bagged a sand hill crane. . . . Miss Nora Holland arrived in the city and is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Holland, who reside west of town.

THE CENTURY TURNS

The annual election of the board of directors of the O'Neill Country Club was held at the courthouse in O'Neill on April 7, 1930. The following were elected directors for the ensuing year: James F. O'Donnell, Roy Griffin, P. B. Harty, Dr. L. A. Burgess, Francis N. Cronin, Frank Biglin and Ira H. Moss. . . . The Northwestern Bell Telephone Company held open house at their new building. . . . Mrs. A. Welton, who resided on the corner of Fifth and Adams streets, was given a surprise birthday party in celebration of her eighty-first birthday. . . . C. E. Stout was elected mayor in the city election held April 3, 1930. . . . It took a visit from the state health department to convince the town of Orchard, it should be closed during an apparent epidemic of scarlet fever. . . . Deaths: Neil Brennan, April 7, at a Council Bluffs, Ia., hospital; Eddie Franklin Bradley, April 7, at his home near Inman; Reta Winkler, April 9, one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Casper Winkler, of near Emmet; Edmond Wilson Thorp, April 7.

MOST OF US REMEMBER

The Knights of Columbus held a celebration April 12, 1933 to mark their 50th jubilee. . . . Miss Carolyn Watson of Inman was presented in recital by Mrs. Charles B. Houser in St. Mary's auditorium. . . . Ralph N. Leidy, who pioneered bulk and bottle gas distribution and gas appliance sales here, sold the bulk business to Eric Dankert of Dankert's Service, Chambers, and the bottle gas business to Dale Petrow, O'Neill. . . . Clyde McCoy and his celebrated "Sugar Blues" orchestra were in O'Neill, April 14, at the American Legion ballroom. . . . "Air Force to Conduct Vital Wind Tests Here" were headlines in this week's issue of The Frontier. . . . The Norfolk Junior college band and chorus members presented a program April 8 in the O'Neill high school auditorium. . . . Deaths: Mrs. James E. Van Every, 71, April 2 in St. Anthony's hospital in O'Neill; Leo Scriven, 44, former resident of the Chambers community, April 7, 1933.

Page 4-H News

Saturday, April 4, the Nifty Needlers 4-H club held their regular meeting at the Page Legion Hall. The girls who are taking Skirt and Blouse cut out their skirts. The Work and play girls laid out their patterns. The girls in Let's Cook made cocoa. Beginning Bak-

ing brought cornbread and discussed the qualities of cornbread. Homemaking girls learned to set the table and how to make centerpieces. All of the girls judged color combinations for skirts and blouses. Linda Thompson furnished the games. Mrs. Hansen led the group in singing. Lunch was served by Mrs. L. Crumly and Mrs. O'Brien. News reporter, Peggy O'Brien

Letters to the Editor  
Dear Editor:  
I am sorry the people of O'Neill are faced with the issue of saloons

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at all.  
Let me give you a few facts about alcohol. Two cocktails reduce your vision at night as much as wearing dark sunglasses. O'Neill has had more than her share of car smash-ups. There are about 440,000 alcohol outlets in our nation and about 306,000 churches. These liquor outlets turn out around 250,000 new chronic alcoholics every 12 months. Let's have fewer saloons and more in O'Neill.  
Sincerely yours,  
Lee Wells Lynch, Nebr.  
Please phone us your news!  
Phone 788

### Editorial

## Let's Be Careful

If the grass would have been just a little dryer, if the wind had blown a little stronger, if there hadn't been so many helpful men nearby, the several prairie fires that raged in Holt and surrounding counties Monday could have been very serious. Although no one knows for sure what started them—the fact that they all started at about the same time is confusing—one thing is certain: We can't be too careful about smoking.

Smoking is blamed for one third of all forest and prairie fires and although these might not have been started that way, we should take a long, hard look at our own habits.

One of the most disastrous is the habit of throwing lighted cigarettes out of a moving car window. It has been mentioned as dangerous so much we get tired of listening to it, but a few stalwart ranch hands and firemen were pretty tired last Monday. A few of them took the shirts off their backs to beat out the flames and for some time it was "nip and tuck".

In addition to the young grass just getting a start, other damage can result from such a blaze. If there is no grass to hold the soil in this part of the country, it could turn into a desert. Although it would be difficult to determine the number of wildlife lost, a few burning feathers here and there attest to the fact that we must be doubly careful now.

### Library Week

All that man has ever done—his good deeds, his needs, his loves, his disappointments, his failures, his successes—is written. It is National Library Week, a week set aside to aid and help libraries and a time for libraries to promote themselves. We are fortunate to have a fine library for its size here in O'Neill. You might drop in and look around. The reading is free, the experience is priceless.

### So Much Chemistry

Kissing is just so much chemistry. It has to do with a man's craving for salt. The caveman found out that salt helped keep him cool in the summer time. He found, too, that he could get salt by licking his neighbor's cheek. Also that it was more interesting if the neighbor was of the opposite sex. Then everybody forgot about the salt.

He who lacks the will to work won't need a will to probate.

Most girls know what kind of man they want to marry—the trouble is there aren't enough rich men to go around.

Spring has arrived, and the warm weather and burning of winter-sodden leaves attest to same, but we won't be convinced until we see one of the fair young damsels in Stuart attired in shorts. That is the official token as far as we are concerned.

Burning a candle at both ends makes it twice as hard to keep the wife in the dark.

The P-TA has arranged another fine array of talent for their annual Home Talent Show. At least, they say it is talent—and only you can be the judge of that after you attend the big shindig, Friday.

April 10th at the auditorium. I'm told that the men in the Hat Store bit have borrowed their Missus' Easter bonnets, and will display them as they actually look. The women add their bit by doing a comical satire take-off on present school problems.

Count among careful drivers, the man who is showing his wife how to operate the new car.

Bouquet of the week goes to Mahlon Shearer and Mrs. Wm. Wewel, retiring members of the Board of Education of School District No. 44. They have just completed three-year tenures of hard work, uncomplainingly in one of the most thankless jobs in the community. "Well done 'Dug' and 'Lulu'".

When a woman is too tired for words, she's asleep.

### One Newspaper's Policy

With all our talk about charity and helping our fellow man, few of us hurt ourselves by generosity. We have been cussed and discussed concerning our policy in reporting police news. We may be wrong but it could be the other way. The majority of us some time or another have done things that broke the law. In many cases, the offense has only been minor but in some it has been more serious. As for the minor infractions, we do not feel anyone will condemn an individual. However, on the more serious charges, we have a policy to write the story and delete the names when those committing the offense are under 18. Our reasoning for this is that possibly the individual concerned will have learned his lesson and will never again frequent the courtroom.

If the individual does, however, get involved for the second time, his name will be used.

As for the printing of news, we cannot print anything unless it is a matter of record.

Five newspaper reporters were idling away a few hours in a bar after the final edition had gone to bed. The talk got around to each man's major vices and each agreed to confess his own peculiar addiction. "Mine's whiskey," said the first. "Mine's telling tall tales," admitted the second. "Mine's gambling," said the third. "Mine's playing long shot horses," the fourth admitted. "Mine's gossip," yelled the fifth, "and I can't wait to get out of here!"

## THE FRONTIER

JAMES CHAMPION, Co-Publisher  
JERRY PETSCHKE, Editor

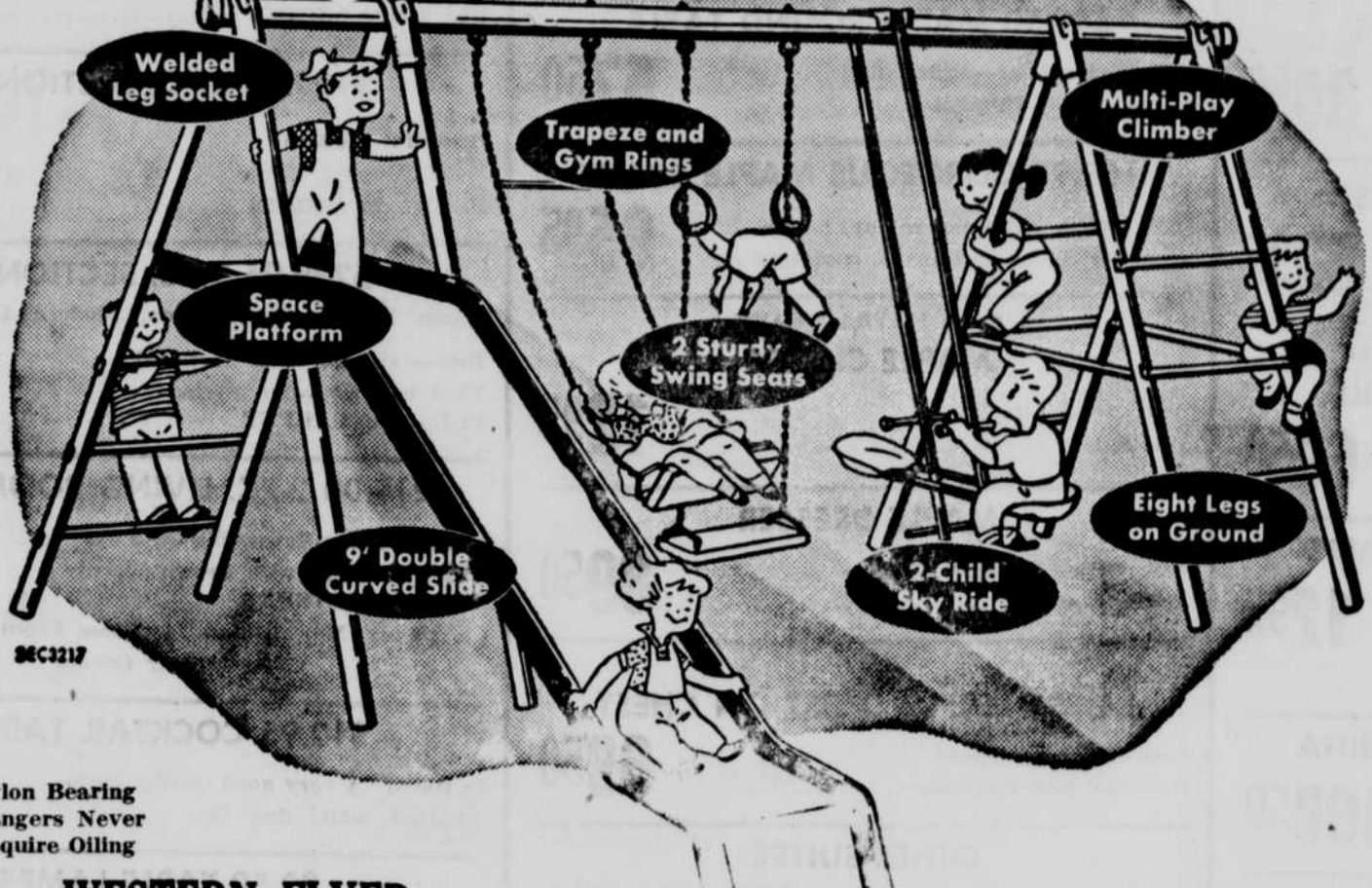
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