

THE FRONTIER

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Orley A. Peterson Buried at Stuart

STUART—Funeral services for Orley A. Peterson, 60, a well-known rancher and purebred Hereford cattle breeder of southern Rock county, were held in Bassett on Tuesday, January 30, and burial was in the Stuart cemetery.

Orley Austin Peterson was born near Richland on January 25, 1891, son of Oscar and Alice Peterson. When 10-years-old he moved with his parents to Rock county.

On October 10, 1914, he was married to Dora M. Johnson in O'Neill. They became the parents of a son, Wayne, and a daughter, Mrs. Opal Schoenenberger, both of Bassett. A nephew, Rollie Peterson, of Stuart, made his home with them for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson spent their entire married life on a ranch at Pony lake.

Survivors include: widow—Dora; son—Wayne; daughter—Mrs. Opal Schoenenberger; nine grandchildren; sister—Mrs. Pearl E. Stewart, of Bassett; brothers—Noah J. of Marion, O.; Charles W. of Atkinson and Earl J., of Bassett.

LYNCH NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Slechta, jr., visited at the Hugh Anderson home Sunday, February 4, helping him celebrate his birthday anniversary.

Oral Pickering attended the funeral of his uncle, Claude Baldwin, at Colome, S. D., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Stauffer and Calvin Spencer were Sunday, February 4, dinner guests at the Veldon Lee home.

Earl Pritchett returned home

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Next On the List?



Prairieland Talk—

For What Are These Costly Nevada Exercises of Scientific Manipulation?

BY ROMAINE SAUNDERS

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Frank Brady being ordained chairman of the game and fish commission is a recognition of one of Nebraska's best qualified citizens for that post. Mr. Brady has long taken an active interest in the state's fish and wild life.

As our train was rolling toward Sidney on my way to Southern California, I fell in with the conductor who was peering out of a car window when he informed me there was a herd of several deer seen in that neighborhood as the train passed and apparently being interested in these beautiful creatures he was hoping to get a view of them. I joined in the window gazing but we were disappointed as the antlered monarchs of prairieland were not showing themselves to train travelers that morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Beryl Moody called at the Leland Moody home Tuesday afternoon, January 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Teadite and family were Sunday, January 28, dinner guests at the Jerry Sixte home.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jehorek returned home Wednesday, January 31, from a several days stay in Omaha.

My last fishing expedition in a sandhills lake was with a neighbor down there west of

Amelia. We were equipped with the necessary poles, lines, hooks and bait and round bottom canoe, but no fisherman's license.

This may have accounted for us being spilled in the lake when the canoe upset. But our unlawful catch of 30 bluegills reached the frying pan.

At dawn on the morning of January 28 a strange blue light spread across the heavens and startled early risers in Southern

California. The light emanated from a point in the Nevada desert 400 miles away, 50 miles north of Las Vegas—the divorce and gambling mecca—where further military experiments with the A-bomb are being carried on. What these costly exercises of scientific manipulations are for, what worthwhile to civilization or the advancement of human welfare the experimenters are not divulging to a curious public. That day the Southern California thirsty area was visited by one inch of rain, and it was an all-day job out here for what Jupiter Pluvius would drop in a few minutes on prairieland. Speculation runs to what the bomb blowup had to do with bringing rain.

The Smithsonian Institute, of Washington, D. C., maintains an observatory on Table mountain in central California. The scientists announce that the earth now receives from the sun's radiation one-fourth of one percent more heat than formerly with a probable still further increase. Their findings are based on astronomical research and probably a better guess than that promulgated a half century ago to the effect that the sun as a fiery ball was burning out. The scientists observe that while one-fourth of one percent may seem small, as it touches the entire globe it is significant, they think.

On a mountain range rising out of desert lands lions, otherwise known as cougars, have been taking a toll of deer and this has aroused official game functionaries to action. One of the big cats eats a lot of meat to gratify a legitimate appetite inherited from ancestors. The game warden came down from the mountains the other day with three dead ones he had trapped and shot. He warns it is dangerous for inexperienced hunters to go into the mountains after a lion. This prairieland dweller has no ambition in that direction.

Glendale, clasping the hand of Burbank on one side and that of Los Angeles on the other, has a color line, meaning of course the Negro. Not that none of this numerous race of the homogenous

are never seen in its environs, but they must get out when evening shadows lengthen. When the sun disappears in the waters of the Pacific all Negroes must be elsewhere than in the city limits of exclusive Glendale, which boasts that it is a white man's town.

For the first time in three years California truck farmers have been harvesting an abundant tomato crop. These are not the large, meaty ones grown in Nebraska but small fry about the size of an unhulled walnut. They sell in the markets six for 23 cents. The markets are loaded with fruits and fresh vegetables. Truck farmers are now planting sweet corn. Beef is higher than a 4-year-old steer's right horn and scarce at that.

Senators in session in Lincoln are not kidding anybody as to what a sales tax means. Everyone knows it means additional tax. Among the reasons advanced for more tax money is the cry of state em-

ployees for increases in their pay. If they don't like the pay they can quit—plenty of others to take over the jobs.

Weekend Los Angeles papers have a page of ads of scores of religious and philosophical groups making an appeal to the public. Some of these represent legitimate church organizations that minister in spiritual things, while others are more or less of a racket whose promoters work on a gullible public. Sunday papers carry 24 or 25 pages of classified ads and form a bulk that accounts for the print paper shortage.

Away 10 Weeks

Mr. and Mrs. Neil F. Clarke and family were in Norfolk Saturday. Little Mary Alice Clarke returned home after a 10-weeks' stay with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Trussell, of Ogallala.

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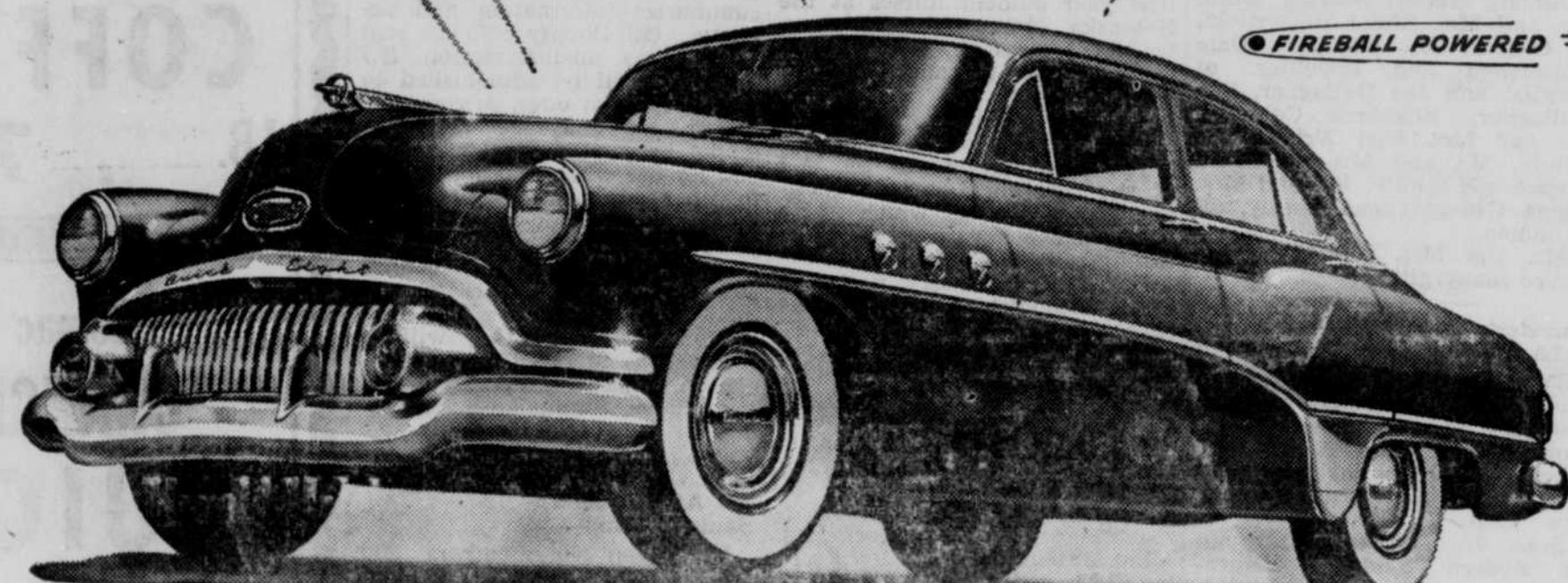
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