

# THE FRONTIER

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## Highway Fatalities Rival Those of War

While we are concerned about those who die in warfare, it might be a good idea for us to think about the hundreds of Americans who die terrible deaths every day in automobile accidents.

This is a fearful price for a nation to pay for transportation. Naturally, some citizens will be killed on the highways, due to causes that are not preventable. This does not excuse us for ignoring the death of those who die from human carelessness and individual acts that are reprehensible and criminal.

Most of the American states have competent highway patrolmen. They do their best to make highway traffic safe for everybody.

Frequently they arrest speeders; at times, they apprehend drivers operating vehicles under the influence of alcoholic beverages. Formal charges are made against the offenders and many are convicted and punished.

It happens occasionally, however, that one who violates the highway law demands a trial before a jury and the men sworn to try the case, out of sympathy or other maudlin excuse, turn loose individuals, who, they are convinced, have violated the law. The jury in such cases exercises its right and there is no appeal from the verdict rendered.

Frankly, a man or woman, who sits on a jury in a case involving the operation of a motor vehicle by a driver under the influence of alcoholic beverages, has a responsibility to society. He, or she, should not hesitate to join in a verdict that will speak the truth, regardless of what happens to the accused. Other citizens, using the highways, have a right to protection and it should not require a fatality, upon the main street of a town, to create a sentiment that demands enforcement of the law.

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## Not So Asinine

President Truman said the report on the RFC by Senator Fullbright was "asinine."

But the financial monkey shines of the RFC are worse than asinine—they are sickening to read.

Loans to California snake ranches, to cactus and pottery plant ventures in Texas, to hoodlum syndicates for lush gambling joint hotels are just a few of the questionable loans made by the RFC. And when some of the ill fated, stary eyed ventures crashed, the "assets" were usually found to be about a tenth of what the RFC had estimated.

Worse yet are the tactics used by former RFC officials who would loan huge sums to financially distressed corporations. Suddenly the RFC official who had made the loan would resign his government job and turn up as an officer of the corporation at a fine, fat salary.

And if the company finally folded the smart man would land back in the RFC roost again.

The RFC has strayed far, far away from the original intent of congress.

To get a loan from the RFC the question "who do you know politically?" has been the determining yardstick of the loan rather than the soundness of the loan.

Rather than being asinine the Fullbright report of the senate committee is a forthright, factual report of a situation that begins to have the rank smell of a gigantic scandal.

The RFC seemingly has become a fouled roost for political vultures and congress should either give the agency a top to bottom complete cleaning or junk it completely.

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We speak flippantly of "all out war" but there never has been an all out war and never will be one until we establish a system whereby nobody will profit by war any more than the poor fellow who sits in a fox-hole with a rifle. That, dear readers, will be all-out war. And we'll never have that kind of a conflict.

## Marriages, Divorces Showing a Decline

Number of marriages in Holt county during the past three years has been dropping steadily, according to figures released this week by the state department of health. Number of divorces, likewise, has decreased.	Summary:	
	Marriages	Divorces
1948	129	25
1949	123	14
1950	119	14

## COMING TO BASSETT!

TUESDAY, APRIL 3—8 P.M.

● Hazel Walker, World's Free Throw Champion, challenges all comers to a free throw exhibition, standing, kneeling or sitting positions during half time. Undeclared past four seasons.

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## The Mountain Climber

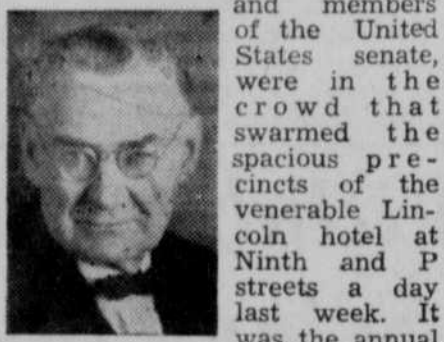


## Prairie Land Talk —

### Wherry a Ladies' Favorite, Nixon Causes Walls to Tremble in Annual GOP Pow-Wow

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—Richard Nixon, of California, Hugh Butler and Kenneth Wherry, both of prairie land, three distinguished gentlemen



Romaine Saunders

and members of the United States senate, were in the crowd that swarmed the spacious precincts of the venerable Lincoln hotel at Ninth and P streets a day last week. It was the annual GOP pow-wow that brought

together a large gathering of men and women who are aroused to action over what they feel is taking place under the guidance of the White House. I was merely a spectator on the sidelines, in anticipation of probably seeing one or more stalwart from O'Neill like Henry Grady or Julius Cronin and maybe Mrs. Harty might be seen mingling with the 500 ladies present. But not seeing anyone from out that way, I concluded they were snowed in.

One gent entered the lobby looking for a Democrat, but they were all across the street in the federal building holding down government jobs.

There were the usual banquet spreads, heap big talks, whereas and resolving. Senator Wherry was a favorite with the ladies and Nixon's stirring oratory brought forth applause that made the mezzanine walls tremble. Senator Butler, among other observations of the national scene, brought this indictment of the administration: "A wanton disregard of elementary public morality."

The gathering partook of the spirit of priming up for next year's presidential election.

Newspaper editor, governor, hopes for a seat in the United States senate turned to ashes, then to an important post in Greece, Dwight Griswold's political longings have turned their toes up to the daisies and henceforth he will be loaning money to the horny-handed sons of toil in the west end of the state at 8 percent. He has recently taken over a bank at Gering, in addition to one at Gordon. Griswold by inheritance is part and parcel of western Nebraska and as a banker will do a lot to advance the interests of that section of the state.

Out of a half-century of social enactments, revolutions and upheavals mankind has reaped the whirlwind, leaving us with a world of tragedy, a world with countless desolated homes, of wartorn lands and once prosperous peoples turned into beggars. Criminals laugh at the committees investigating them and defy the courts. United Nations delegates continue to beat the air and draw fat salaries, while the pow-wow in Paris of the "big four" begins to look like another international joke.

Iceicles point threatening spears from the edge of roofs, an automobile tire suspended by a rope from a limb of an elm sways in the wind, across the land as far as vision penetrates snow has blanketed the brown earth, sunbeams that look in at my window temper the arctic gale and make an impression upon the covering of snow, white clouds drift before the wind, wildlings of earth and air are in hiding. But the irrepressible highway traffic is on the go this not too forbidding March day, and ere long the red bloom of summer roses will be seen.

Down in the Ogallala country they are talking about "cloud seeding." That seems to be some sort of hocus-pocus to woo the favor of Jupiter Pluvius to the end that southwest Nebraska may be refreshed with showers. Citizens of long standing in Holt county know what it is to be in the rainless belt. Maybe there are a few left in O'Neill who recall the rainmaking days when a gent sat in the tower of the old courthouse squirting chemicals skyward and Ed Hershiser touched off dynamite bombs, and devout citizens over the county prayed for rain. Now the latest thing in rainmaking is "cloud seeding," whatever that means. But good luck to the Keith county patriots.

Is it the grease, fat or grunt that qualifies a hog for championship? A young fellow was down from West Point the other day to show his chunk of bacon on the hoof that bore the name of an English knight in armor and got its picture in the papers.

The human propensity for invention has inspired someone to remark that the most wonderful thing ever made by man is a living for his family.

That important and ever unwelcome visitor, the assessor, has been making the rounds of the city since the 10th inst. The manner in which property returns are to be made is provided by law and applies to all counties alike, but each county custodian of property schedules has a way of his own to gather in the list of assessable commodities within the confines of his official territory. Down here, gray-haired gents are going from door-to-door to ascertain what the householders have. Nebraskans have escaped the state sales and income tax todate, but they are coming some day.

Mabel Guild, writing from Oakdale, tells The Frontier family of readers an interesting story of one thousand handkerchiefs. Collecting such an array of plain and fancy nose wipers is an unusual hobby and must have been no end of fun. I think Miss Guild's accumulation of these emblems of running snouts should be brought to Lincoln for exhibition at our next state fair.

The head of the state department of health is quitting the job, but no doubt another will take over. Healthy guys know nothing of what this state-financed setup is doing, if anything, to promote the welfare of our citizens. Anyway, hospitals are full of afflicted humanity and more are being built. Wheezing and sneezing and groaning is not being perceptibly reduced by official flourishes and it is not too difficult to find some near cesspools of insanitary living conditions. For helpful ministrations for aches and pains Nebraskans still rely upon the family doctor and the corner drug store.

Hon. William O'Dwyer, Irish immigrant, ex-mayor of America's largest city, Mr. Truman's ambassador to Mexico, says it's all the fault of the prohibition period. Most of the gangland big shots of that day are dead or in jail, while in this day of free-flowing legalized fire water and moonshine stills skid rows are no longer confined to large cities but have hit the country towns

as well, with crime and immorality at an all time high. Liquor is getting out of hand again and American citizens will not long put up with that.

In the 1880 period there were blue ribbon societies and orators stumping the country appealing to the emotional with tear-jerking stories as they twisted the tail of John Barleycorn. That wave subsided.

Some years later the Demerest movement swept the country. Next was Carrie Nation, followed later by the Eighteenth amendment, which met with cool reception in many ecclesiastical and judicial circles and law enforcement officers found themselves butting a stone wall.

The story is told at a meeting of three bigwigs, Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. Said Churchill, I am master of the seas. Said Roosevelt, I am master of the air, which was before the seas. Said Stalin, I am master of chaos, which was before all else.

The top price for a sire paid at the Hereford Breeders' association sale in Valentine was \$3,000. There were 55 animals sold, averaging \$925 each for the lot.

Resumes Nursing Studies—EMMET—Miss Marybelle O'Connor left Friday to return to Omaha, where she attends St. Catherine's school of nursing. She spent a short holiday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James O'Connor, at Emmet.

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