

THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.

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Election Draws Near

The eagerly awaited 1948 national election is rapidly approaching.

This important event is now but a few days distant and, almost before we are aware of it, the voters will be trooping to the polls to cast their ballots for the candidates of their choice.

In a year of unusually interesting events, the national election is outstanding. One of the remarkable things about the approaching presidential election is that it will climax a most spectacular campaign.

All political campaigns are more-or-less spectacular if they are closely contested and the 1948 campaign, being the most closely contested in many years, is the most colorful and exciting the American people have seen in some time.

There are three presidential candidates in the field this year, tremendous issues are at stake, and the special trains are rolling back-and-forth across the country, carrying the speakers, reporters, politicians, radio equipment, etc., etc. Everybody has an opportunity to see and hear the candidates and crowds gather at every stop to listen intently to what the candidates have to say.

But that is only the foam. The crowds, the bands, the loud-speakers, the fanfare, the excitement and the noise are only the manifestation of the real significance of a political campaign. The cynic may sneer at the demonstration, but there is a reality hidden beneath it. It simply proves that the American people have a vital interest in the great issues which underlie the demonstration.

People of the older generation can recall some of the political campaigns of the past. Methods have changed with the passing years just as forms of transportation and communication have changed. In the "good, old days," there were torchlight processions, which are obsolete now, and there were no such things as the radio and the loudspeaker, but the reality underneath all this noise and demonstration hasn't changed any. Political campaigns and elections go on and on year after year in a democracy.

That's the point exactly—in a democracy—and that is precisely the reason The Frontier is presenting this editorial this week. We would like to stress the thought that political campaigns and elections, whether staged in a setting of torchlight processions or loudspeakers, are a manifestation of democracy and imply both a privilege and a duty.

The Frontier is not attempting to dictate to its readers how they should vote, but it is suggesting that voting is a hard-earned right, characteristic of free men, and that every citizen should exercise it.

There are millions of people in the world today who do not have that right. The 1948 presidential election is the most important election which has been held in the United States in a number of years and it involves fundamental and vital issues which are not only national in scope, but also international. Some of the would-be world dictators are going to sit up all night on election day to get the returns and it is no great exaggeration to say that world peace may depend on the outcome.

If the dictators see the American people marching to the polls in vast numbers to exercise their rights as citizens, they are going to stop and reflect upon their future course of action. Nothing would please them more than manifestations of disharmony, indifference and division.

Political campaigns and elections are often a good deal of a farce. Citizens go through the forms of voting, but it doesn't mean much and there are many intelligent and conscientious persons who stay at home on election day. Of course, they are mistaken in their attitude, but it is significant, nevertheless. The truth is that one should take every political campaign and election seriously and make an effort to get at the real, vital issues involved. If there is no such issue, the over-burdened taxpayers had better be spared the heavy periodic expense.

It is a matter of common observation that real principles and issues are not sufficiently emphasized in some political campaigns. They might be said to be composed of four parts—one part, hot air one part, bunk; one part, politics, and one part, fact or truth—and that is obviously a prostitution of the sacred right of the ballot.

What we all need to do, as The Frontier sees it, is to lift every political campaign out of the commonplace and put them on the high level of intelligent and patriotic citizenship. Running for office should mean much more than a scramble for votes.

And that is particularly and preeminently true this year. The people of the United States are going to the polls in November to elect a president and vice-president. It is not only a spectacular, but a tremendously important event. The result of that election may not only have a vital bearing on the future prosperity and welfare of this country, but also on the international situation. The peace of the world, as we have already suggested, may depend upon it and so we urge every citizen to exercise his or her right and privilege by going to the polls on election day and casting an intelligent and conscientious vote.

O'Neill Rollerdom

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CHAS. CHAMBERS, JR., Prop.

Prairieland Talk —

Hobbling Old Lady Always 'Just Fine' Although She Has Reason to Complain

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—An old lady that I had known when she dwelt in happier days passes me on the street now hardly able to navigate with the help of a crutch. The picture of forlorn suffering, I think to bring her a word of cheer and ask how she is. The reply always is, "O, just fine!" If that morning my own spirit is below normal I moved on ashamed of myself from such a rebuke that one in her deplorable condition, who seemed to have abundant reason to complain, always was feeling "just fine."

Upon the rare occasions of an execution coming up at the state penitentiary there comes forward citizens with objections. The death trap will be sprung on a date late in October taking the life of a man convicted of a brutal murder.

Now the protests are being flattered with religious sentiment. One gent has the courage to claim to know the execution is to defy the will of God.

All we know of the divine will in such matters, all we ever will know and all we need to know is recorded in Gen. 9:6, and reads: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Too bad that red skin from up in Sheridan county has to go to the electric chair; his blood-stained hand wielding an ax in a revolting crime that left the battered body of an industrious ranch woman is infinitely more terrible.

Seventy-two Lincoln business concerns received bills for advertising in four labor publications. Referring these claims to the Better Business Bureau, it was discovered to be a racket being worked by parties having no connection with any labor union or their publications. The game had been tried in Des Moines, Ia., Omaha, Lincoln and Hastings, and some harvest had been reaped by the racketeers. The Lincoln businessmen's organization has marshaled the evidence which they felt would send these gents to the penitentiary and were ready for the county attorney to proceed with prosecution when they reported they had this word from the imperious functionary: "They're gone and that's all that's important." The county attorney had told the gents that were working a fake advertising racket they had one-half hour to get out of town and three hours to get out of the state.

Launching forth to barnstorm the country declared he would "give 'em hell." As someone has said, you can give only what you have. So the little man of the White House has gone forth raving mad, but has not succeeded to any great extent in "raising hell." On the other hand, the apostle of good cheer in this presidential contest comes from Sacramento, Calif. The running mate of Gov. Dewey has kind words

for everybody and says no faction or political group has a monopoly on worthwhile government policies; that Americans of whatever party or faction fundamentally are alright, and having put everyone in good humor asks if after 16 years they don't think there should be a house cleaning. The answer comes with a roar, "Yes!"

America has caught the deftwood of European intellectuals and "former" scarlet dyed political spellbinders, both male and female, and they introduce themselves to us by "writing a book."

The slogan of organized labor, the heritage form Samuel Gompers, is "reward your friends and punish your enemies." Maybe that is necessary in the hard grind of a harsh world. But I wonder how another slogan, promulgated from a Judean mountainside in A. D. 31 would work if adopted by both worker and employer: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." I wonder if that isn't good doctrine for right now.

A 17-year-old youth is on trial in Lincoln charged with running a knife into a grocer that resulted in his death. A 14-year-old Illinois kid goes to prison for 14 years for the murder of an 8-year-old girl. Juvenile "delinquency" has reached the juvenile criminal stage in some instances. A group of youth in an eastern city resent the talk of juvenile delinquency and have gone to work in a big way to improve civic conditions. Most of our kids are grand young Americans.

All is hushed after a brief spasm down here in Lincoln over the uncovering of a weed patch sex rendezvous of school kids by a policewoman. Maybe, in view of the gay adult gathering where they get lickered up and moral virtues are flouted, the weed patch is only a mild expression of the primitive animal instinct which youngsters have devised in imitation of the indoor hang-outs of their elders.

A colorful group long in the American picture has been reduced by the inexorable march of time to six blueclad venerable figures who met last week in the last national gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic. The youngest of these was 99; the eldest, 104. There was once an organization of the sons of these old soldiers and the Womans Relief Corps which also seems to be but a memory.

Calling attention of those

whose protest held up a cow pony trot from Valentine to Clearwater to the racing car that jumped the fence and killed seven spectators, injuring 18 others. But that was over in Florence Italy.

Stroller Enthuses Over Desert View

By A. STROLLER

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Oct. 5—One of the most interesting and educational things about traveling is the opportunity it affords for seeing various parts of the country.

The United States is a wonderfully picturesque country from the standpoint of natural scenery and the traveler can view a vast variety of it. Every section of the country has its own distinctive kind.

A person who travels from Nebraska to Arizona, as the writer does every Fall, passes through several states and he or she can look out of the car window as the train speeds along and observe a marvelous natural panorama.

Cities, towns, villages, farms, ranches and plains may be seen in unending succession and the view either in the day time or at night is entrancing. The writer has made the same trip twice a year for several years over the same line and he never grows tired of it.

And to this writer, one of the most fascinating scenes which may be observed along the way between the Midwest and the Southwest is the desert. There are vast stretches of desert land through which the trains run, especially in Arizona, and they are tremendously interesting.

The desert itself, its wild life, its peculiar form of vegetation, its gorgeous sunsets, its little towns and villages, its ranch houses and tiny stores are all interesting and the most suggestive thing of all is its vast geological formations which fairly overwhelm you with their age and grandeur.

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