

THE FRONTIER

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Myth Dispelled

Thousands of persons lining O'Neill's Douglas street Friday witnessed a colorful spectacle. It was the Diamond Jubilee parade—perhaps the grandest exhibition of its kind in the history of O'Neill and certainly a rival of all others ever presented in the region.

But there was a morale factor, too, which escaped few discerning eyes.

The Diamond Jubilee parade dispelled a popular myth that O'Neill could not organize a parade—that no good could come out of Judea, if you please.

But critics—and they have been numerous and noisy—were astounded with Friday's mile and a half long spectacle in which there were about 125 entries.

Some of the entries evidenced hour-upon-hour of painstaking work and labor. They bore evidence of wholesome imagination. The parade (as photographs elsewhere in this issue indicate) depicted the march of progress down through O'Neill's illustrious 75 years. They ranged from the comic to the sublime. Each told a story.

But the important fact is this: O'Neillites are capable of a parade of the highest order, and Friday's exhibition will not soon be forgotten.

It is interesting to note that the Diamond Jubilee idea was on-again-off-again several times during the Spring and Summer. Each time extenuating circumstances prompted the civic bodies to alter plans and abandon them.

Then the American Legion—those men and women representing Simonson post 93 of the Legion and its ladies' auxiliary—moved in on the scene. In three weeks' time they injected enough new blood, new energy and new ideas to make the Jubilee-Fall Festival one of the memorable days of all time. Moreover, the Legion in plainly-spoken language announced that any profits derived from the varied activities would be turned over to the St. Anthony's hospital building fund—a program already promoted to the limit.

The Diamond Jubilee-Fall Festival, with the blessings of the weatherman, went on record as a grand success.

It would be impossible to mention here all of those persons whose efforts are directly responsible for its success. But The Frontier can unhesitatingly say that Commander Gordon O. Harper, in the executive position only a few weeks when the revival was born, held the key to the success of the affair.

He promptly surrounded himself with men of action with his various appointments, and in short order the Jubilee - Festival machine was rolling. They were appointments which assured the success of the day.

M. E. ("Jake") Jacobson, a relative newcomer in the city, was made head of the Diamond Jubilee parade committee. James M. Corkle, already head of the St. Anthony's hospital building fund and already knee-deep in plans for a benefit livestock auction, diverted his energies into the auction phase of the celebration. On down the line dozens of others were projected into the celebration with committee functions and with participation in the parade. The net result has already been described.

Oldtimers, who came from a distance, were happy that they came; others, who were unable to be here, already know what they missed.

The Frontier doffs its hat to the Legion and is pleased to learn that the Legion hopes to make the event an annual affair.

Hospital Report

First—and most important—phase of St. Anthony's hospital building program is over.

It was climaxed Monday night with a \$5-per-plate banquet at the American Legion auditorium and attended by more than three hundred friends of St. Anthony's.

The formal banquet, arranged and planned by the hospital building fund committee, was a climax to a magnificent campaign.

The friends of St. Anthony's—and there were many who came from a considerable distance beyond the O'Neill community bounds—were united in one purpose: To send the fund over the top.

Although funds for equipping the hospital still are needed, the big obstacle has been hurdled in a heart-warming way. The goal is now in sight. The 40-bed medical center, a few months ago a plan supported only by an architect's blueprint, soon will become a reality.

Today in Holt county banks St. Anthony's hospital counts something in the neighborhood of 115-thousand dollars. In addition, there are some pledges and other commitments.

Monday evening's finale, through which the fund was swelled in terms of thousands of dollars, was living evidence of the Words of the Master when he pointed out the three greatest virtues:

"Faith, hope and charity . . . and the greatest of these is charity."

Mrs. Miller Hostess—

The Lutheran Woman's Missionary league of Christ Lutheran church held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Ewalt Miller on Thursday, September 29. New officers were elected. They are: Mrs. Ewalt Miller, president; Mrs. William Kraft, vice-president and secretary; Mrs. Bert Barnhart, treasurer;

and Mrs. William Hinze, reporter. Plans were made for a food sale on Thursday, October 20. The next meeting will be in the home of Mrs. William Hinze.

Iowan Here—Robert Lawlor, of LeMars, Ia., spent the weekend visiting friends.

Prairieland Talk —

Enforcement of Gambling Laws Enlivens Monotonous Daily Quietude

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — Enforcing laws pertaining to gambling has enlivened what has become a rather dull and monotonous daily quietude. Many state notables have sat up and taken notice. The attorney general's office reports sentiment for law enforcement so overwhelming that the opposition is over shadowed. Some argument has been advanced in favor of gambling where the winnings go to charitable purposes. Wonder if "Doc" Middleton thought he should be regarded as a saint when he stole a horse to give to a settler who had run into a streak of hard luck? The "crafty" Doc some times did this very thing.



Romaine Saunders

Broken Bow patriots are feeling pretty "chesty" over having gas squirted into their town through a pipe line that reaches to the sources of natural gas. The old timers down that way made out with "buffalo chips" and the hay burners and probably if there was another frontier to open up such facilities would come in to use again.

Tetraethylthiuramdisulfide is the name of new drug that is said to be a cure for alcoholics. A thing with a name like that maybe is what it takes to beat "John Barleycorn."

There is a sly suspicion that it is the \$ that is the lure which brings these good will visitors from abroad.

I don't know whether it was the modesty of Montana Jack or whether it was an oversight, but here is a poem that came from his Butte address unsigned. It has the tone and sentiment which friends of Mr. Sullivan will touch a responsive chord in all who cherish the memory of friends.

FRIENDS

If I should get the summons one and all
Must heed, I do not fear the call,
For it must come to every living man,
And life, while sweet, is only but a span.

I would not have you grieve or mourn for me,
My wish is that you bright and merry be,
That you should gather on your onward way
The best of life, a spirit blithe and gay.

The little things are what makes life worth while,
The cheery nod, the warm and friendly smile,
The hearty handclasp of a loyal friend
Who sticks through ups and downs, right to the end.

The loyalty of hearts so big and true,
Who love you for yourself, because you're you,
The greatest gift that comes from God alone,
The gift of friends to cherish and to love.

Look up and see the beauty of the skies,
Don't fret and gloom, but always realize
That life will pay you back the self same score
Of what you give her, and nothing more.

See beauty rare in evry liv-

ing thing,
The flowers that bloom, the tiny birds that sing,
The glories of the earth, the sea, the sky,
And where we live, the mountains, proud and high.
Have charity, for God has placed us here
To each one help the other; and the tear
We drop with pity in the cripples bowl,
May wipe a way some scar from our own soul.

Without batting an eye, I'm an isolationist. That is of no importance as related to the general picture. We have been on the high road of "one world" and reaching across seas and continents less than a generation and what has been accomplished? Fought two wars, poured out treasure and sacrificed countless numbers of the youth of America upon the altar of the nations to bring into a better world with the net result that today we look out upon a sorry picture. Isolationist—just what does that stand for? A short Yankee expression tells it. You keep out of this! Swiss patriots, Portugees and a few others are snning examples of isolation, keeping their noses out of other's business, and they are making out "pretty" well.

But there was none like Ahab, who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the lord, whom Jezebel, his wife, stirred up.—I Kings 21:25. There are still Ahab's in spots here and there, but Jezebel left no one to take over for her. The sisters are the stability of things worthwhile in civilization.

I don't know who figured it out but it was recently reported if all the milk produced in a year in the United States was put into quart bottles and the bottles arranged side by side there would be 140 rows of bottled milk belting the earth, a trail of milk more than three and a half million miles in length.

A story appeared in a newspaper about a native of Po-

land who knows what a Russian prison camp does to you, having been himself a victim of the communist overlords for many months. He now holds a position as a scientist in our state university. More and more the education institutions of America are accepting instructors like him to the exclusion of our native sons, who would like to explore the fields of science and function on the faculties of our colleges. That the Ph. D. from Poland escaped from the clutches of the reds is pleasant to contemplate. But if we have a native son who can fill that job at the university why bring in a stranger to prairieland's institution of higher learning?

As it stands at this writing, Nebraska voters can say at next election what they think of the raise in gas tax and license fees. These measures were adopted at the legislative session last Winter and may now go to referendum vote. It was the judgment of the legislature that the increases were necessary if the demands for road work were to be met, and it will be interesting to see what the vote will disclose as to how much they want to pay for better roads in the communities from which came a mighty howl about the mud. Mud may now look better to some of the voters if it means paying more taxes.

There is a grin among the

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expert clod hoppers at the agricultural college at the U. of N. new building costing close to a million dollars is promised them to take within its ornate walls the agronomy set up. Doubtless the experts find it fascinating toying around with the soil and plant life. Agronomy, just another word dressed in a white collar, that means farming the land. Probably 99% of the agricultural state has no fellowship with the official farmers. The taxpayers are wondering what is and livestock interests of the use of these official setups?

To West Coast—Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Burgess and Miss LaVeta Lehn left Monday for a month's vacation trip to Wyoming, Utah, Oregon and California. They will attend the National Dental convention in San Francisco while there and expect to return by the Southern route stopping in Boulder, Colo., where they will visit Miss Joanne Burgess, who is attending Colorado university.

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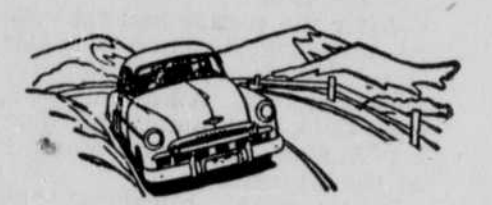
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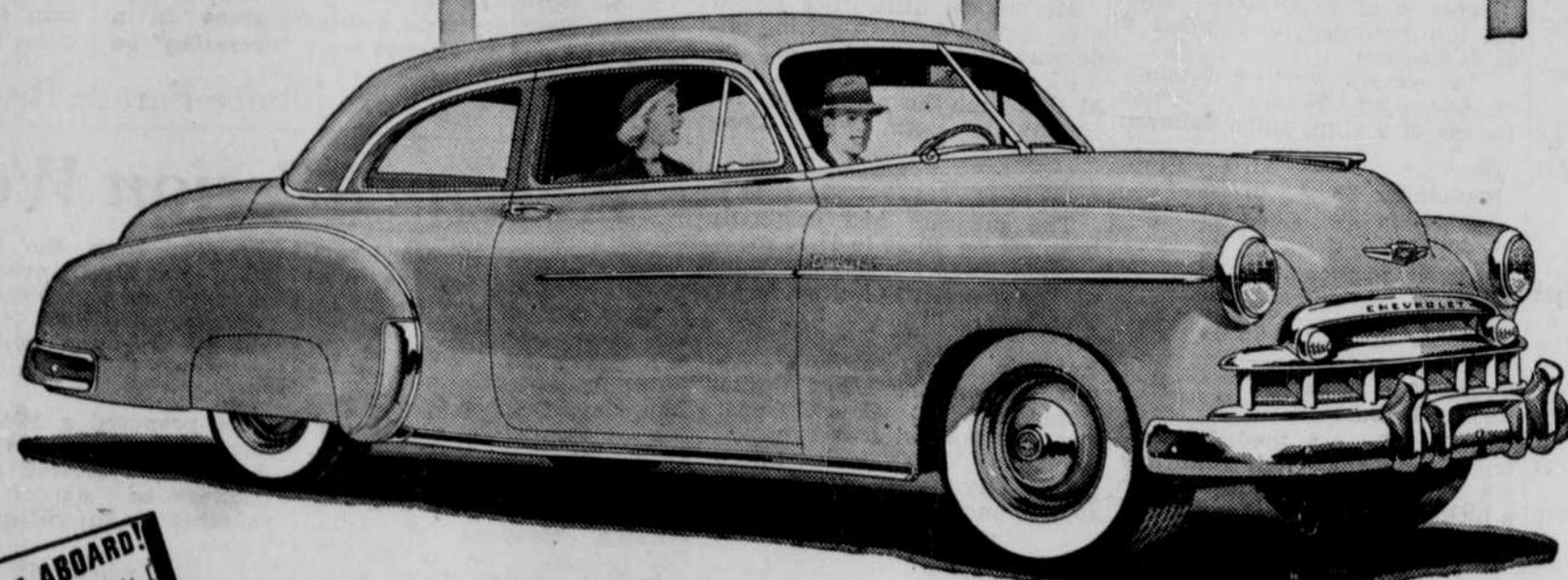
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