

THE FRONTIER

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Say That Again

Robert Ruark, New York columnist, said something in a recent column that should be repeated again and again to every adult person in this country until we are aroused to the danger of present trends.

The same thing has been said by others many times, but Ruark's robust style appeals to many readers. We quote from one of his recent columns:

"The biggest puzzler, in my naive approach to the weighty problems of the world, is just what has become of the famed American competitive spirit.

"I am referring to the rugged individuality for which the Yank has been famed for a couple of hundred years.

"I seem to recall that we supposedly sprang from a rough-cut people who plowed with one hand and shot Indians with the other; who bore babies and loaded rifles simultaneously; who invaded the wilderness, dug gold, drank and fought.

"We leaped, I believe, from a people who worshipped success; who prided themselves on fulfilling the Horatio Alger tradition of paper boy to president in six leaps; who haughtily rejected charity and who resented being lumped together as "humanity" or "the little man" or the other contemptuous titles coined by the directors of mass destiny.

"My life of slothful ease and vast riches, such as \$6 a week, was not ever thus. There were a fair share of lumps on the road to my stealing license.

"Those lumps I recall as fun. The rocks in the path seemed pleasantly challenging. Any I could kick out of the way or leap over made me feel triumphant at the time.

"When I was filling paste pots and hustling coffee for the city editor, my evil brain was abuzz with plots and plans to knock him off his chair some day.

"But I never wanted any mass action to knock him off that chair. And I certainly did not wish to be cheated of any fun of the combat.

"Certainly I did not care to retire at 21 for a lifetime of having things done for me. I realize that this is heresy for this day and age and probably will get me shot by some hot-eyed zealot.

"It seems to me that perpetual care, from birth to death, by a government which shapes your life and curtails your room to expand is no great gift.

"There is not a great deal to this short and bitter span but a sense of physical and spiritual achievement. Both are gained largely through strife.

"When the right to rattle is denied and you are presented with an underwritten existence, all I can think is that there will be a great many dull people yawning at each other in perpetuity."

Butchers Top \$15.10 At O'Neill Sale

Eight hundred twenty-five head of hogs and 388 head of cattle were sold at the Thursday, December 8, sale at the O'Neill Livestock Market.

The market was higher than the December 1 sale. Butchers brought a top of \$15, mostly \$14.85 to \$15.

Feeder pigs sold from \$7.50 per head to \$14.50.

The cattle market was steady with the December 1 sale and many buyers were on hand, many coming from a considerable distance.

"Voice of The Frontier" . . . 780 on your dial . . . 9:45 a.m. three times weekly.

Prairieland Talk —

'Interesting to Know What We Don't Know About What We Think We Know'

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — Authorities have us to understand that the farmer and gardner to successfully grow his crops must from season-to-season enrich the land by the use of fertilizer. The theory is something cannot be taken from the land and put nothing back.

Sounds good enough. Just what does a stock of corn, a cabbage head, a tomato or a bundle of grain take from the soil? Certainly not bulk. A cultivated body of land remains physically the same from century to century. What is that mysterious thing that has to be replaced? Or is it mostly human fancy.

Nature has a way of taking care of its replacements through the medium of the falling snow, the hail and the rain. In the more than half-century that hay crops have been garnered out of the grass lands the past season's yield has exceeded any previous gatherings. Snow lay deep on the meadows last Winter. Grain yield has been abundant in sections where there was much snow.

The ancients, of whom we can yet learn much, left their barley and wheat fields lie idle every seventh year. It would be interesting to know what we don't know about what we think we know.

University highbrows have put forth several names of gents that stand out in their scholarly opinions as the man of the half-century. Herzl, Einstein, Shaw, Morgan and Hutchins are some of the notables nominated for this honor. No one man is the most important in a given period of time. Left alone on the planet the discoveries of Einstein, the automobile of Henry Ford, the winged monstrosity of Orville Wright, or the inventions of the Edisons would have never come about. It is the group effort that makes not the man of the hour but the achievements of men and women for a generation. The little known family out on the soil, the artisan at his bench, the workman with his spade and the builder with his hammer, the teachers and the editors and the newspaper makers, the doctors and the lawyers and the homemakers and whosever is part and parcel of life's productive effort is as much "man of the half-century" as any long-haired human oddity.

I don't know whether they are perverts or simply hellhounds at large in the country ravishing and butchering little girls, mere babies. The physiognomists, the physiologists, the dogooders, the sobsters want to take over such specimens of depraved humanity and coddle them in state-supported institutions.

The institution for them is the pillory of colonial days and then the hangman's noose. And if mob action is ever justifiable tearing a victim limb-from-limb it would be in dealing with an inhuman wretch who lures a little child to a horrible death.

Crime is rampant, as a noted lawyer puts it. If the laws were all enforced half the population of America would be in jail. This is a serious indictment of apparently orderly citizens, but what language is strong enough to express the feelings over the hellish horrors reported of late. What if it were your little girl?

Taxes, Red Cross, Salvation Army, Chest drive leaves us a little short for Christmas buying.

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**JOHN TURNER,
Prop.**

After making monkeys out of police officers and patrolmen of five or six states the escaped convict from the Nebraska penitentiary was shot down by an officer when the hunt became one of shoot to kill.

For some reason the outlaw had lost the vision of a guiding star and his spectacular career had determined him to go to his grave rather than return to confinement.

That it was necessary to shoot him down may be questioned. While he relieved police and patrolmen of their guns and cars with impunity he harmed no one and his ability to outwit the representatives of the law makes the outlaw a semi-hero or the officers hardly qualified for the job.

Sen. Hugh Butler says it is time for the U. S. to reduce foreign gifts. The senator might do some missionary work among his colleagues in congress and get enough of them to think that way to make it a reality rather than something to talk about.

Any guy with the hat and boots passes these days as a cowboy whether they would know which end of the horse takes the bridle. The old timer from the Spade toteing a pair of sixes would have a lot of fun with the modern make believe.

Amid the welter of human disasters and baffling world problems, John Nance Garner is serene and happy down there among his pecan groves. More from the wonderland of Washington, D. C. should be retired to the immutable and indestructible and imperishable job of holding the plow handles.

With a hand upon the Bible the chief executive takes oath to uphold the constitution and enforce the federal laws. The

Taft-Hartley law sets the stage to handle strikes. All that is needed is the actor.

Two colored gents were exchanging the latest news within their respective realms when the status quo of a mutual friend was mentioned by Sam. "Status quo," piped up the other. "What you mean by that?" Sam said. "That's the fix he's in."

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When you see how neatly this beauty slips into pocket-size parking places, avoids "locked-horn"

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