

THE FRONTIER

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Family Flies from Hawaii to Lincoln

EWING—James Ruby, who has been stationed on the Hawaiian Islands with the navy, arrived unexpectedly last week for a six-day leave. Mrs. Ruby and children arrived in Ewing last Thursday from Honolulu, having traveled by air from the Islands to Lincoln.

Mr. Ruby expects to be assigned at Norman, Okla.

Other Ewing News
Sunday, April 27, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sanders and family and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lee spent the day at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hawk.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Funk and daughters were 6 o'clock dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sehl on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shiffbauer received a telephone call from their son, William, of Oklahoma City, Okla., on Wednesday, April 30, stating that he is being transferred to Camp Chaffee, Ark. Corporal Shiffbauer has just returned from a year's active service in Korea and recently spent a 30-day furlough in Ewing with his parents and other relatives.

Mrs. Frank MacNeill, of Omaha, came Wednesday, April 30, to Ewing where she will be a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Rockey, until she receives her orders to sail for Japan to join her husband, Lt. Frank MacNeill, who is on duty there.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Rockey went to Greenfield, Ia., Sunday, April 27, on business. They returned home Tuesday, April 29. Deanna Emsic was a passenger on the early train Friday morning to Omaha where she spent the

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weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Emsic, at Ft. Crook. Deanna has made her home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Duane Jensen, to finish the school term, since her parents moved the first of March.

Mrs. John Walker entertained the Young Matrons' pinochle club at her home on Friday evening. Guests were Mrs. Gerald Chalupa, Mrs. Richard Edwards, Mrs. L. P. Dierks and Mrs. Ralph Munn. The hostess served refreshments after the games.

Wayne Kruntorad is home on furlough from Ft. Riley, Kans. On his return he will be transferred to Ft. Benning, Ga., for further training as a paratrooper. Wayne is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kruntorad.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wulf drove to Clearwater on Thursday to visit at the home of Miss Minnie Neiderheider.

Eleven ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. Melvin Napier on Thursday, April 24, to form a home extension club which is sponsored by the county extension agent. Election of officers was held with the following results: Mrs. Manuel Fredericks, president; Mrs. Melvin Napier, vice-president; Mrs. Dale Napier, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Archie Johnson and Mrs. Duane Jensen leaders; Mrs. Wm. Lofquest, news reporter. It was voted to name the organization Seek and Share club. At the close of the meeting a dessert luncheon was served by the hostess. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Archie Johnston on May 1.

Mrs. Gene Ruby and children are guests at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Eacker. Mr. Ruby is being transferred to Rapid City, S.D., from Phillip, S. D., and at present has been unable to find a house.

Mrs. Everett Ruby, accompanied by her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Ruby, were Norfolk visitors on Friday. Mr. Ruby, of the navy, is enjoying a six-day leave before his transfer to Norman, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Jensen and daughter, Ann, went to St. Paul Friday to spend the weekend with Mrs. Jensen's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rickert, and daughters.

Frontier for printing!

Prairieland Talk

Both Cause and Instrument of Life's First Remembered Injustice Now Are Deceased

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — It's a dull day when the busybodies can't find something to keep things stirred up. Doping the city water supply with an organic poison in the background for the moment, now its public housing.

Most folks look after their own housing and it is their business if they elect to hole up in a remodeled chicken



Romaine Saunders

About the happiest chap I ever ran across lives in a barn in a city suburb, his quarters unswept and table from which he eats loaded with cans and unwashed milk bottles parked beside the bath tub and stool. Yes, he has a bath but don't believe ever gets into it. But, wrinkled and old, "paddles his own canoe" and seems supremely happy.

Others who busybodies worry about are satisfied with their lot in life and prefer to be let alone. Others would complain anyway no matter where they lived.

Of course, we are out of the sodhouse period, but as Joe Mann once said, we probably got away from the sod house too soon and with all the modern shakedown, does life hold the sweet contentment our fathers knew?

Ewing at the eastern edge of Holt county and Stuart on the west are well represented in the news stories from week to week in The Frontier. It has been some years since I was in either of these communities to tarry for a time. Clarence Selah's Ewing Item, later John Tromershauser in the journalistic field in eastern Holt, and John Wertz of the Stuart Ledger, succeeded by Rosa Hudspeth, had piquant paragraphs that made their journals looked forward to and awaited for more week to week, with one or more citizens in a perpetual stew fearing they would be the next to get not very complimentary newspaper attention. The exchange of editorial courtesies between "esteemed contemporaries" has disappeared from the printed pages along with the pungent and sometimes humorous thrusts in the direction of certain citizens. And those were times when gents considering themselves under suspicion didn't wait until the papers were in the mails but dashed in and grabbed one hot off the press.

Early in life children learn that sometimes they are handed a raw deal. The tragedy of life in war-torn lands is written in sorrow-laden lines on the troubled face of childhood. The rightful heritage of children in all lands is not destroyed homes but the joys of happy family life. In lands of peace and plenty children are made to suffer unjustly at times. Teachers in schools may have their favorite that ought to have a whaling but an innocent one gets it instead.

In early childhood I learned that life can be unjust. In what now is known as second grade a boy older and larger than I was sat at the desk behind me. One day in school he whistled so the whole school heard and the stern look on Miss Willy's face turned in our direction as she demanded who whistled. The curly-headed lad behind me hung it on me and I got it. He could lie better than I could speak the truth. Moreover, his dad was one who had to do with hiring teachers.

A few years later I visited the scenes of my early childhood. At a business place I saw a sign "Schucie Clothing Store." The boy's name was Billie Schucie who put that over on me in the long ago. I entered the store to learn that it was run by two sons of the guy I was looking for. I was told Billie was dead.

Miss Willy, the teacher must long ago have returned to the dust of the earth as she was nearing middlelife when I was her pupil. The cause and the instrument of my first remembered experience of life's injustice were both dead. The victim still writes his weekly grind.

The day is dark and dreary. Gray clouds in sullen grandeur cover the vaulted skies. Cold wind beats rain in your face and the sodden earth reeks with damp odors, water spurts under foot as you walk and where the concrete ends mud takes over, birds have taken refuge in protected spots. Street traffic is only a necessity. In a very real sense we are all wet this day of April in the capital city. Floods threaten the Missouri river communities and the hardy sons of the soil are concerned if not worried over the season's planting. Up there above the sodden earth, above the gray curtain that hides what lies beyond, the sun still shines and the silent stars hold to their course in the depth of eternity. And now I hear the call, Come and eat! Yes, in spite of rain and clouds and winds moaning through treetops we from out on prairieland eat.

The Frontier has outlived a number of "esteemed contemporaries." O'Neill's first paper was The Holt Record, published by Niobrara parties, T. V. Golden and G. M. Cleveland floated the Banner for a time. There was the

Tribune, Free Press, Holt County People, Item, Independent (not the Holt County Independent but a partisan organ sponsored by local interests and run by an imported ex-preacher by name of Lessenger and a harmless little fellow by the name of Wood), Alliance Tribune, Sun, Beacon Light. In addition to these bright journalistic stars enlivening the O'Neill scene, other "esteemed contemporaries" that lived for a time in Holt county and passed to the grave yard of newspapers after the gray platter of land notices was licked clean were the Stuart Ledger, Atkinson Plain Dealer, Dustin Dispatch, Amelia Journal, three papers at Chambers, one following the other, the Eagle, Bugle and Sun, Shamrock Pickin's, Minneola Sun, Page Reporter and Emmet Echo. What a galaxy of glittering literary talent Holt county had displayed in its weekly papers. The editors were first of all printers with but one or two exceptions and the exceptions were the first to fade out. The papers were read, not that much space was devoted to news but for the scorching one editor dealt another, for the sublime eloquence framing a simple story of a trip to Dorsey, the beauty of the word picture of some local event and the heart touching pathos when a home was left in mourning.

Fifteen hundred Americans with an itching palm for exploring other worlds have their applications in for reservations on the first trip to the moon. One woman says, take me to Mars—anywhere to get off the earth!

With something like 15,000 people driven from their homes in flooded districts there is a real and pressing need that has struck just about overnight. I don't know why we talk and write so much about the need of flood water control and do so little. Rivers must spread out when there is more water than the channel can carry and the safest way is to build towns and country homes far enough back from the river's brink to be out of reach of the backwash.

Dr. A. L. Soresi, a Brooklyn surgeon of note, is promoting a plan among surgeons to make it compulsory to have motion pictures taken of surgical operations. He thinks this will be a means of eliminating "much of the guess work which now exists." . . . The Los Angeles Rain Bonnet company is turning out a hat for ladies that is to serve the purpose of an umbrella. I saw a dainty miss out there one rainy day with a Sunday edition of the Los Angeles Times covering her fair head, which may have given some gent hunch to turn out a rain bonnet. . . . A lamp contrivance that turns on a light when the telephone rings just introduced will be a help against cracking your shins on a stool when you roll out of bed at midnight to answer a telephone call. . . . A puncture-proof tube made of butyl rubber is something new in travel equipment, the promoters claiming the tube will out wear several sets of tires. . . . Alcoholic drinks consumed in the United States is just under 3 billion gallons yearly, with Wash-

ington, D.C., guzzlers topping the list in per capita consumption.

A young man took his life by the bullet route. He was a student of philosophy with high rating at the state university. Philosophy can destroy faith in the simple varieties of life. "Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

In 1932 Dwight Griswold, then a resident of Gordon, was a candidate for governor. In 1952, now a resident of Gering, Mr. Griswold becomes a candidate for United States senator. It is somewhat thankworthy that we have citizens both capable and willing to take on official responsibilities with the attendant public gripe that is involved.

Attend Derby—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Froelich left Monday, April 28, for Louisville, Ky., where they attended the Kentucky derby. From Louisville they went to New York City. They expect to be home Saturday, May 10.

Sioux City Visitors—Mr. and Mrs. David Bellar nt fro mMon arpAdily, a dgw spent from Monday, April 28, until Tuesday in Sioux City on business.

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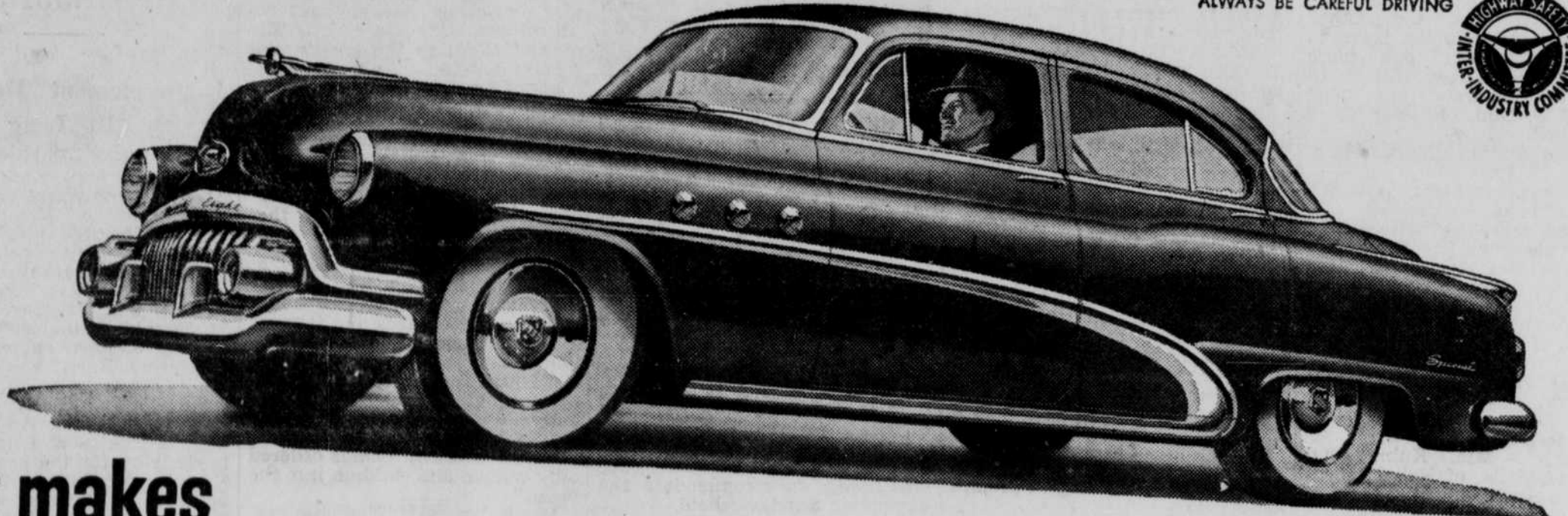
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Now, power is great, but what goes with it?

Mister, that's something you ought to find out—and soon.

What goes with it is an automobile as sweet-handling, eager and willing as anything that ever made your pulse leap to a faster beat.

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