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MORNING

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Lois D. Gerard,
1016 Sixth St.,
Fairbury, Neb.

Dear Miss Gerard:

The story you send us is very good, but such direct advertising for Capitol Beach that we could hardly use it, unless it should be as paid advertising.

Very truly,

Frank L. Williams.
Frank L. Williams
Managing Editor

For Sale

ON VISITING CAPITOL BEACH

"Get off my foot, ole dear."

"Oh, 'xcuse it."

"Alright, whenever you're ready to get your elbow out of my ribs it's O.K. with me."

"Where's my car check?"

"No, I paid yours."

"Hurry, you're going to have to stand up."

Et cetera is the conversation of the occupants crowded into the big bus as it loads to its limit at Tenth and O.

The aisle fills-----and not even a strap with which the poor unfortunate may maintain his upright position.

The bus jerks mightily and while its occupants regain their equilibrium it creeps slowly around the block and heads West. The grinding noise whild it groans up the incline to the viaduct and on, past the curve is drowned out by the chatter and laughter from its interior.

The Ford in front comes to a sudden stop and a dozen heads bump at the sudden application of the Yellow Chariot's brakes. It all goes in the game, though, so why be sober?

We grind slowly along, past the tourist camp, Aunt Mary's Fried chicken camp, and up the last grade to the gate.

The driver opens the door with that clever mechanism that we have so long tried to figure out, and we unpack, examine our wounds and proceed to the gate.

The swimming pool is fairly well filled, and how we enjoy looking at the different styles of bathing suits and their

contents as the swimmers splash off the whirligig! Some hold their noses, others squeal, and still others have that martyr look, 'I'm doing it cause you are.'

Well, if we stand here much longer we'll want to go in, and it's impossible because we have no suits, and a new marcel, so we shuffle on past the Merry-Go-Round that revolves slowly with its lone little rider while it wheezes that long forgotten melody, "Oh, Helen Please be Mine."

On we go past the pop stand---No, we aren't thirsty now----- past the skooters and to the penny arcade. This is good for at least three quarters of an hour or how many pennies have you?

The mirrors are free----you can take your hand out of your pocket. In the first one we look very much like the fat lady in the circus---about three feet high with weight approximately three hundred pounds. The second is very similar only the face is longer with a much more prominent nose. On we go with each differing only slightly now----this is something like. You see advancing a tall, slender lady----dimensions about seven feet by four inches. A good looker for one who holds her breath when she clammers on to the scales.

Now you may use your pennies. Deposit one cent and "See your future home and mate,!" This ought to be worth looking into. We drop our coin and peep through the little window to find-----well, try it yourself.

Now we have our choice of picture shows for one cent. Charlie Chaplin in "Paddlin' Madelin Home", Sisie Slush in "A Kiss in the Dark" and dozens of other exciting titles.

We being a woman choose a he-man roll and the show begins.

Not so bad. Try another. A similar performance is repeated.

We watch shows until our eyes grow dim and our pennies few.

Here's something different-----a donkey that will answer any kind of question put to him----wonderful donkey---by a simple shake of his head. We read the questions furnished:

"Will our first baby be a boy?"

"Is my husband true to me?"

"Will I ever travel?"

"Will I inherit money?"

"Will I marry the man I love?"

"Is my love returned?"

We decide on "Will I marry the man I love", deposit our penny and as the donkey nods his head slowly in the affirmative we smile at the boy friend and go on, to the next attraction. This is a lady dressed in black silk seated in a little glass box who gives you your fortune. You deposit the coin in the designated place, she reaches a little card and throws it to you through a chute.

Finally you come to a wonderful machine with all the letters of the alphabet on it. At the deposit of five cents and with the simple exercise of stamping each letter separately you receive a pencil with your full name stamped on its glossy surface. We go through the needed motions and receive our pencil with an M where there should be an L. and an F where there should be a G.

We wander to the realm of scooters and receive a distinct shock to see one of our ancient and respected Education instructors driving a scooter with all the energy that he would put into conducting his Ford through the congested traffic on Thirteenth and O streets.

It's getting late so we must hurry on to Dinty Moore's. As

we grope our way cautiously in, our dress suddenly flies to our waist. The boy friend graciously seems not to have noticed and we proceed over the ocean waves, on which we get all the thrill of going a-boating.

As we walk through the revolving cylinder we wonder why one must waste two dollars for a pint of whiskey to produce the same effect.

The caterpillar is next in line. We climb ungracefully in and the boy friend sits obligingly close to absorb the jolts. we use both hands to hold down our dress, while he uses only one hand to hold his hat. His other is not occupied. The monotonous up, over and down under the canvas cover is not exciting but it provides a period for rest and other things.

The dance music has long since started but we must have a ride on the Jack Rabbit. After a sprint across the area intervening we stand in line and-----.

All things come to those who wait, so at last we clamber in and heave a sigh of relief. Through the dark tunnel we go, and since the boy friend is on the outside we don't mind the curves a bit---it throws us into his waiting arms. Over all the hills we creep and down all the slopes we fly, while the frail females squeal and the males play the hero.

The repeat ride costs only ten cents so we go again.

At 9:40 we make our way toward that Mecca of all Beach Pilgrims----The dance. Forgetting that we have missed wonderful Wonderland, the Shooting Gallery, the horse-Show game, and numberless doll racks, we whirl away with the boy friend

while the orchestra soloist sings, "Every day will be so sunny,
Honey with you."