

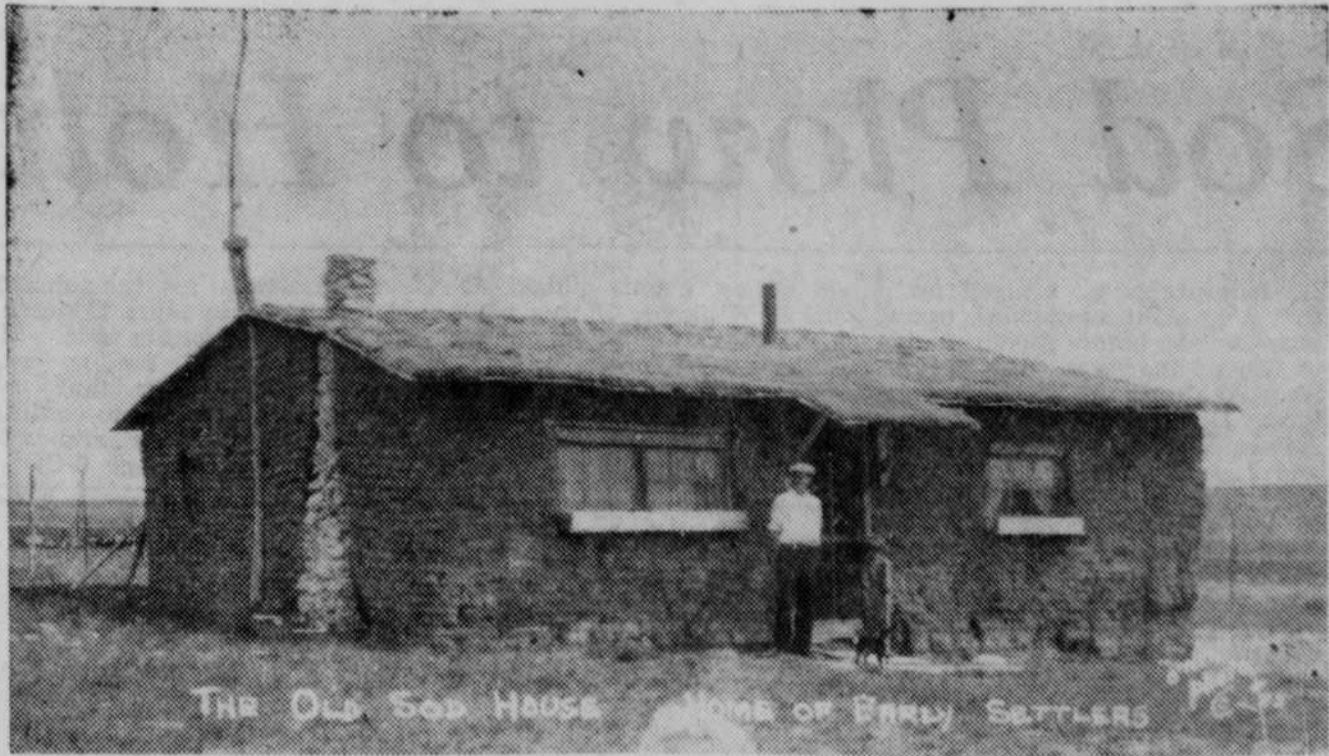
THE FRONTIER

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OLD SOD HOUSE . . . This is a typical scene on the Holt county prairie (above). Most of the timber was in the valleys and had to be conveyed considerable distance for permanent log or frame structures.

and possessed great strength along with an ability to endure. "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" seemed applicable to him.

He served or established churches in O'Neill, Lambert, South Fork (Keller), Inman, and helped brother ministers throughout the whole Presbyterian in special evangelistic services and in other churchly ways. For this he was honored by being made moderator of the Synod of Nebraska.

In politics he was a prohibitionist and at one time ran for governor of the state on that ticket. During drouth days in the county he was chairman of the county relief and made several trips East for grain and clothing.

His optimism, his belief that everything is ordered for the best, and his humor were contagious. He loved the prairies of Holt county, sprinkled in Spring with wild roses, and as he drove over these prairies he would point out the shapes and images in the clouds to us youngsters as we rode with him, and this was one of our delights. Well we remember how he sang as he surveyed the wide plains "I've reached the land of pure delight were saints immortal reign". This new land had given him health and strength and he loved it. His driving over the country in these horse and buggy days afforded him constant delight. He liked his Pennsylvania home land but his soul seemed to expand in the wide sweep of the prairies.

But there were variations not always pleasant. One time crossing the South Fork when it was in flood with water up to the horses' bellies his telescope bag with his clothes floated out. My brother, Clinton, who was riding with him, stripped off his clothes and swam after it. His voice was big and clear when he expressed the exuberance of his soul in the hymn "Oh, could I stand where Moses stood and view the landscape o'er." These were the hymns he sang as he drove along. These are the hymns of the long ago and in the modern world have passed out of memory but they lived as long as he lived and would be living still were he yet alive.

His song, his wit and Christian grace fortified his soul against the many days of trouble which came to him in these years. One son, Walter, in whom he took great pride after finishing his medical course at Rush Medical school, contracted tuberculosis and after a long fight died and was buried in the cemetery at O'Neill. (He began his study of medicine in the office of Dr. Shore. I wonder how many remember this doctor?) One instance of father's wit is when he replied to a neighbor (Joe Meredith) who told him jokingly that he (the neighbor) was too bad to go to Heaven. He replied "While the lights of life hold out to burn the vilest sinner may return." He liked to tell the story of the Dutchman who said to him after hearing him preach: "I'd just as leave hear you preach as nobody." Or when someone was telling my brother, Clinton, what a great and fine man his father was, father asked him "and what did you say?" He replied "I never let on."

Educated in the old schools of Pennsylvania, Washington and Jefferson, and in Princeton he wanted his children to have similar educational advantages. At a great sacrifice and self denial he sent us children to higher schools. Those were the days when butter was selling for 10 cents a pound, teachers were getting \$35 dollars a month, and preachers about the same (if they got it). I'd go to the John Mann store and get 20 pounds of sugar for a dollar and tell him to charge it. Mother would give me a dime and send me to the butcher shop and say: "Tell Gatz to give you a pound of steak and throw in a little suet to cook it in and a little liver." The point is—to spare a dime for sending a boy or girl to college was some matter then.

Our home after we went away to school became a stop and go place. One would be coming, another going; father would meet us at the train on our arrival and go with us on our departure and would be apt to say, "I'm glad to have you come and glad to have you go." He was a Presbyterian and a Calvinist and what was had to be and this coming and going was all in the plan.

Father had a good partner and helper in mother. Mother shared his toil and engaged herself in every good and uplifting work. As a small boy well do I remember the Demerest Medal Temperance contests she sponsored, the Bands of Hope, the White Ribbon organizations, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions. The mother of eight children she had her hands and heart full of sorrows and joys. She knit, mended, patched, and made over days without end. My earliest recollections of her is with a needle and thread in hand busily engaged.

Reared in a well-to-do New York state home where she had

everything she took her share in home, church and community in a venturesome missionary life for the good and glory of the Christian cause.

When father was 70 he retired from active church duty and moved to Lincoln. Their home was at 1025 So. 15th Street and it became a meeting place for friends from far and near. Father engaged himself in supplying pulpits around about Lincoln, and gave testimony that the last 10 years of his life from 70 to 80 were the happiest years of his life.

His death was peaceful one evening after supper he sat down in his chair, bowed his head and was gone. "He walked with God and God took him." Mother suffered a stroke and was more or less a patient for two years in the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. (Flora) Donohoe, where she died.

Now today father and mother lie side by side in Wyuka cemetery, Lincoln, having fought "a good fight, kept the faith, finished the course, they passed from their labors and their

works do follow them." Father died March 3, 1912, in Lincoln, and mother in O'Neill in 1924—81 and 85 respectively.

A Dime Intrigues
J. B. Ryan — the Boy
J. B. Ryan recalls as a small lad he was amusing himself at the family home up towards Emmet when a black whiskered gent rode into their yard, stopped by the open well and asked Jim to get him a cup with which to take a drink of water. He got the cup from his mother who gave him a look of mother concern when she saw who the visitor was. The visitor drew water for himself and his horse, returned the cup to Jimmy, gave him a dime, mounted and Doc Middleton rode away. Today, J. B. thinks Doc wasn't such a bad fellow.

During World War II, U. S. pennies were made largely from shell cases, with only a small amount of virgin cooper added to bring the alloy up to legal standards.

'Nothing of Modernist or Cynic' in Reverend Lowrie

By REV. W. J. (WILL) LOWRIE of Lincoln

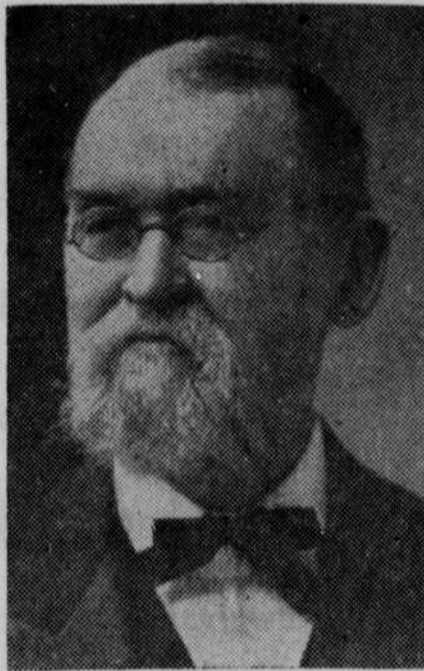
In answer to your request I wish to give a short account of the life and ministry of Rev. N. S. Lowrie, one of the pioneer ministers and missionaries of Holt county.

He was born in Monteur county, Pa., in January, 1832, and attended the McEwensville Academy and the district school of his farm neighborhood. He continued his education at Washington & Jefferson university, and at Princeton Theological Seminary. Throughout his life he maintained his interest in educational things; Latin, Greek and mathematics were favorite themes with him. Later he turned this mathematical bent to practical uses in several mechanical inventions.

After his graduation from Seminary he served as pastor of a Church (Presbyterian) at Conneautville, Pennsylvania, for several years, then moved to New York state where he served 18 years in one church in Gorham, Ontario county, and it was there that six of his eight children were born: Walter, Alfred, Clinton, Will, Helen and Flora.

He moved from New York state to O'Neill two years before the great blizzard of 1888 as I recall. It was here in O'Neill and Holt county as a missionary and evangelist that his best years were spent in his Master's service. And despite his years spent in the staid old communities of Pennsylvania and New York he had the pioneer spirit and entered into his new work bringing the gospel of the grace of God to the early settlers of this new land with a purpose and a will. His conviction of duty urged him on through the heat and burden of many trying experiences.

From his home in O'Neill as headquarters he served a wide area, preaching in every place where opportunity offered, school house, church, or private home. In the private homes, such as Keller's, planks would be brought in for benches, hymn



REV. N. S. LOWRIE

books distributed, the doxology sung, and father would preach. He felt it was not the building or place that made the church but the congregation of worshippers that assembled there.

Those days were a test of the zealous hearted, days of self-denial, the days when coyotes, jack-rabbits, and prairie chickens were abundant in the land; the days when vast prairie fires burnt unrestricted South of town, and stopped only when they came to the Elkhorn. Coming from a placid old community in the East where orchard and vineyards covered the hills to a prairie of swirling fire was a challenge to his faith.

There were no automobiles in those days to carry the bearers of the Good News from place to place; telephones were almost unknown; there was no rural electrification. In his day the first electric light plant was put in operation in O'Neill, and the first arc light swung in the street corner between the two banks. People were supposed to go to bed early so the current was shut off at midnight. In the



REV. W. J. LOWRIE

Frontier office Clyde King, Denzie Cronin, Romaine Saunders and I (the writer) debated whether type could be set any other way than by hand. The conclusion was negative. No machine could negotiate such a technical task.

But those were days of gracious hospitality of good hearts and good will. Everywhere in this community good will existed among the people. "Come again and welcome" was the common word of farewell. It was the spirit of people who were working out their destiny in a new land.

Reverend Lowrie had a team of driving horses—Dan and Daisy—spirited horses, and he was accounted a fast driver. Many times I've seen him with a flick of the whip dash out of our yard on a journey of 15 or 20 miles. (Twenty miles was counted a journey in those days.) It used to be a sight for us youngsters to see dad go; he went as though he meant it, and so he did.

He was a fast driver but the sand roads South of town out towards the South Fork slowed his progress, the horses were held in to a dog-trot and the 20 miles was a matter of three hours more or less. Those trips took their time and toll from him as they did for every one.

He loved people and people loved him and opened their doors by day or by night to give him shelter. Sometimes it was in a sod house equipped with a hay burner for heating and for cooking, and these burners were alternately hot or cold and required constant stoking. The rooms were curtained off for bed rooms, and the pump at the front door was the lavatory. Such a home was the home of Reverend Coppoc, a Baptist minister, living not far from Chambers, a friend of father's and a splendid man. These two brethren sang in their hearts "A tent or a cottage why should I care, they're building a manion for me over there."

Father believed in the sovereignty of God, the blood of Christ, Jesus the only Saviour, and the only refuge from Hell is a home in Heaven. This message urgent as it is, required haste and so he hastened on spending and being spent. There was nothing of the modernist or the cynic in him.

He was of rugged build—six feet one, weighed 190 pounds

R. H. PARKER

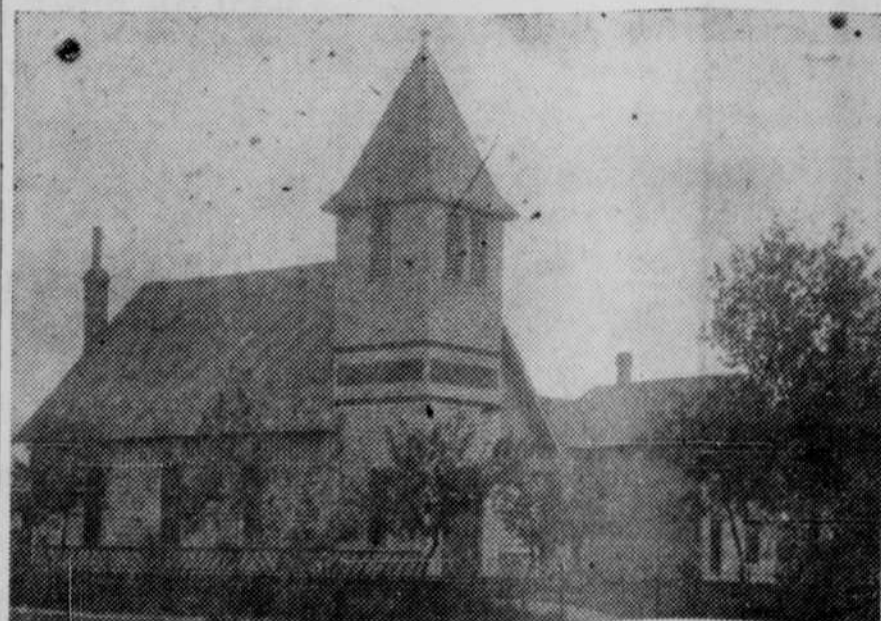
34 Years Loaning Money on Farms and Ranches and City Property.

- I also buy, sell and trade farms, ranches and city property. What do you have to trade?
- Congratulations to the early settlers that made it possible for me to do this.



We who now enjoy the fruitage won by the toil and sacrifice of the pioneers are happy to join in a tribute to their memory.

★
JULIUS D. CRONIN



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH . . . Now First Presbyterian church, of O'Neill, this building is still in use. Rev. N. S. Lowrie served here for more than quarter of a century.

Remember Those... "Good Old Days"?



"Gee, Mom, Do I HAFETA Wear Asafetida?"

No more odoriferous asafetida bags, Tommy—not in '49!



Sick Abed of Remedies

In the 90's many remedies were worse than the illness! But science and drugs have advanced in 50 years!



Symbol of Integrity

The ornate glass jar in the pharmacist's window symbolized integrity. That was important then as now.

Yes, Times Have Changed

. . . since the firm name of Gilligan & Stout first appeared in the O'Neill business directory at the turn of the Century.

While Times Change Integrity Endures . . .

We take the same old-fashioned care in compounding your prescription. This painstaking double-check at GILLIGAN & STOUT'S insures accurate results . . . safeguards your health.

For several years our firm name was out of the O'Neill business directory. But now it's back and we're in our first year as O'Neill's new drug store.



Gilligan & Stout

— THE DRUGGISTS —

O'Neill

Phone 252-W