

THE FRONTIER

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SMALL DOSES

PAST AND PRESENT

By Romaine Saunders

Ability to pay. Sounds magnanimous. It might have been one thing in '45 or '44. It might shrink to total inability in '46.

An Omaha bank whose January footings are close to eighty-two million dollars lists its banking property at \$1. A fountain pen?

It would appear that a raise of pay of the packing plant workers must be reflected in higher priced hamburger or lower bids for livestock herded into the sale rings.

It would be interesting to know just how the president was able to muster the gastric fluids to dissolve three Missouri Christmas dinners, one at home, one with his mother, another with his aunt. Maybe he has the digestive ability of the Missouri coon hound.

Two bills lie dormant in congress if sent on through to final enactment would put about one and a half billion dollars in circulation each month. Just take it from the Townsend club boys. And the wonder is that congress has not added this trifle to its other follies.

A little strip of country about the size of Boyd county draws the focus of covetous eyes pretty much the world around. The former land of the Hebrew race as handed to Joshua extended from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates and from the borders of Egypt to beyond the mountains of Lebanon. It has shrunk to a little corner along the sea coast, continues to be the world's shrine, the hope of the Jew and the pawn of the giants beyond the Black sea.

The Frontier is just one of five papers whose first consideration is the interests of Holt county. This paper has been devoted to it since 1880, through the lean and the prosperous years, the vicissitudes of time that may have overwhelmed a less hardy breed than those courageous men who started papers at Stuart, Atkinson, O'Neill, Ewing and the journalistic gems that flourished or fished for a time at Mineola, Dustin, Shamrock, Amelia, Chambers, Page and Inman. Perhaps in a larger sense rewards are entered beyond the skies, but not the least of these is the consciousness that good folks want to read your stuff.

What the political success of a northwest Nebraska country editor has had to do with a country editor in a little town in Antelope county perilously near the sand hills announcing his takeoff for the G. O. P. nomination for governor is anybody's guess. Val Peterson of the bright Elgin Review has tossed his sombrero—or is it the tossed cap of the college bred—into the political arena. But he has a line in his paper that has me balked. "All poetry 10¢ per line." A Nebraskan that closes his soul to the music of poetry is not just normal. It looks like a hundred thousand victory in Nebraska for republicans and a nomination looks good to aspiring statesmen.

Ernest M. Beaver of Deaver, Wyo., a former resident of Holt county, favors me with a clipping from the Basin Republican-Rustler, which published heartwarming words of Mr. and Mrs. Darr. Mrs. Darr recently died, her death being noted in The Frontier because of the courtesy of John Horiskey of Cody, Wyo. A short paragraph from the clipping Mr. Beaver sends gives a glimpse of the esteem in which the Darrs were held: "Forty-five years in the past there was no activity in Basin, social or business, that did not include Mr. or Mrs. Darr. They had an active part in making Basin the capitol of the Big Horn Basin." Those who knew this community a half century ago are reminded that Mr. and Mrs. Darr had efficient schooling in just that thing with the lively citizens of O'Neill who placed

community-interest above personal gain.

With the liberal use of 8-point caps an esteemed exchange puts it this way: "Nebraska . . . farmers frequently produce more than they can sell at a fair price and these surpluses cause depression and great suffering in the farm belt." Just the warmed over Wallace philosophy. There have been years of abundance, corn at 20¢, fat beef at \$15 the head. "Great suffering." Not on your life. People happy and time for real living. There have been hot winds scorch the prairie to a frazzle. "Great suffering?" Some and there would have been much more if dad, maw and the kids hadn't climbed into a covered wagon and pulled out. Great suffering in times of surplus! Heaven help us!

The government setup dealing with the C. I. O. strikers from General Motors take the union side, the ability of the General Motors to pay the increase asked. Seems fair enough. But is it? Appears to me a deceptive philosophy. I go down to Miss Meer's store on the corner and say I want an orange. "What is your ability to pay," she asks. "I have a 5 cent piece and a 5 dollar piece," she is informed. "Well, your ability then to buy an orange is \$5 and that is what one will cost you," she tells me. What sense is there to that sort of argument? But that is the argument the government advances. The price of an orange is not determined by the size of the roll you have in your pocket. Certain market conditions determine that. The workman's services, the only commodity he has to sell, are not valued according to the cash the employer has on hand. The 10,000,000 organized workers in America, backed by Washington, are becoming arrogant. Look out, boys, there are 45,000,000 non-union workers in America.

About 10 a. m., fifty-eight years ago Saturday of this week O'Neill was suddenly, violently overwhelmed in clouds of snow driven by a northwest wind of crushing force. It was the blizzard of history, destructive, overpowering, freezing to the bone animals and humans in their tracks. The marvel is that any who were caught out in it survived. Many did, others didn't. And some of the flimsy shacks housing women and children were a travesty on human dwellings. But those were pioneer days and pioneer women and children were made of sterner stuff than you will find now around the bridge tables. They had to be. And their men, frost bitten and blinded by snow, stamped in if they found the house after running the cows in, if not a snowdrift smothered their frozen breath. The morning after, biting, crushing cold. About the first figure seen on the snow heaped street was Con Keys hooked to one end of the doubletree on a sled to take the place of a horse that had fallen. He had survived the storm in a vacant house on the east edge of town. Others came in as the cold January day wore on who had somehow kept from perishing or brought in tales of what the blizzard had wrought. It was a repetition on even a larger scale of the blizzard of '82 that was so disastrous to ranchers of the prairie land, when about all the cowboys salvaged of the herds were the hides of frozen beavers. The march of time has seen nothing like '82 and '88. It may not again, certainly not the cold tragedies and heavy losses.

Visit From Mr. Miller

Congressman A. L. Miller arrived in the city Friday afternoon on a bus from Grand Island and spent the following day here. Many of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to discuss matters of interest with Mr. Miller. He is not too sanguine of much real helpfulness being done by the present administration which is under constant group pressure for political or industrial advantage. He left Friday afternoon for Plainview, near where his father lives.

Death of Aged Rancher of Star

Josiah Starr Noble, residing on a ranch at the head of Antelope slough the past forty-five years, died Monday afternoon at the O'Neill hospital, following a brief illness. Funeral was held at 2 p. m. yesterday at the Presbyterian church in this city. Rev. Kenneth Scott performing the funeral rites. Arthur Alm, Bob Tomlinson, Forrest Farrand, Al Prichert, Elmer Jurocki and Charles Cole being asked to serve as pallbearers, interment in Prospect Hill.

Mr. Noble was born at Missouri Valley, Iowa, on May 17, 1864, being in his 83rd year at the time of his death. He was married to Ida H. Jones at Missouri Valley on October 6, 1887. In 1901 they came to Holt county and have since then resided on the ranch in the Star neighborhood, where their only son, Ray and family are also operating a ranch.

Mr. Noble was a splendid citizen who was held in high esteem by all who knew him, one of that hardy breed that best exemplify American traditions and Christian principles. He is survived by his wife, son Ray and five grandchildren.

BRIEFLY STATED

One of the hotels flashes this crudely drawn sign in the glass door entrance: "Rooms filled."

Fred McNally of North Platte, formerly in the gas and oil business here, was in the city last week.

Frank Hammerberg of Atkinson with J. R. Jarvis, were shaking hands with friends in O'Neill Saturday.

Judge Mounts and Reporter McElhaney were in Butte early in the week for a regular session of district court.

Allen Connell of the employment office spent three days in Norfolk at a district meeting of the federal employment officials.

Miss Mary Catherine Coyne departed Saturday for Chicago, where she is employed, after a fortnight spent here with her parents, Mr and Mrs. Hugh Coy e.

Returning from Omaha Saturday Ted McElhaney had the not uncommon experience of the man on the road a cold day of flat tires. And he says that kept him from church Sunday.

Mrs. Patrick Dolan and son, Miles, departed for their home in Denver last Saturday, after a visit here, the guests of Judge and Mrs. J. J. Harrington. Mrs. Dolan is a sister of Mrs. Harrington.

If you are in doubt, ask Young America. The boy was asked by his teacher why Missouri stands at the head in mule raising in the United States. "Because," came the reply, "the other end is too dangerous."

Frank Howard returned early last week from a trip to Sioux City and the Mayos at Rochester, Minn., he and Mrs. Howard leaving Friday for Rochester where Frank had been advised to return for treatment's.

The new mayor of New York attaches the O' to his name, maybe O'Dwyer being the original of the shorter and more musical Dwyer, some of whom had a large share in the founding of O'Neill and Grattan township though I don't recall that any of them were mayor of the town.

Seen on the street—A Model T. A motor cycle "speed demon." A team and wagon. Pigeon-toed feet trying to navigate on 3-inch heels. A toddling holding to its mother's hand and doing his best to keep up. A dignified lady spit on the walk, just like a man, Shining new red and white license plates. Folks just like you and the rest of us.

Mike Higgins of the Inez Valley ranch was in the city Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins are arranging to make their home in O'Neill in the near future. The ranch, one of the best in the county with a beautiful home and surroundings, was sold some time ago to Bob Clifford and Mr. Higgins says he will have a sale of stock and ranch equipment some time in February. He has one of the old Ditch company pastures out on the Eagle so he will not quit the cattle game entirely, planning to put steers on pasture there while residing in the city.

Car Crash at Clearwater

A stranger with a patched chin, broken teeth, blood spots on his clothing, a bit bleary-eyed from tarrying at the bar, told the tale of an automobile crackup in language neither picturesque nor refined. It happened Monday down near Clearwater between midnight and morning. The blond stranger said he and "a kid from Norfolk" were coming west at about 50 miles an hour when they smashed into a car belonging to a soldier on the right side or north side of the highway. The engine of the soldiers car had gone dead and he was not in the car when it was struck and threw from the highway. Both cars were wrecked and the "kid from Norfolk" most seriously hurt, according to the gent who found his way to O'Neill where he sought to have an insurance report made but was not successful as he was driving the other occupants car without a driver's license. He told a newsman he lived between here and Emmet and gave a name that belongs neither here nor at Emmet. And he told others his home was five miles out of Ainsworth, confiding that his financial resources consisted of 75 cents.

Visitor From Canada

Charles McEvony of Althabasca, Alberta, Canada, has been spending the week in the city and making the rounds with his cousin, Sam Thompson, and did not find many he had formerly known. Mr. McEvony was a settler in Swan precinct under the section homestead act but for many years has been in Canada where he has prospered.

When the first world war broke loose in Europe Mr. McEvony came into O'Neill one day and announced to R. H. Parker that he had leased his ranch, turned his band of sheep over to the renter and was going to Canada to join the army. "They need a good licking over there and I can get there quicker to help do it by joining the British forces," he said. Since then he has been a British subject and citizen of Canada.

McEvony's relationship stems to the Hank McEvony family who settled down the river before O'Neill was founded. His father, Frank McEvony, whose home was in Wisconsin, was a half brother of "Old Hank" that many Frontier readers will remember.

CHILD CLINIC

The Division of Child Welfare and Services for Crippled Children will conduct a Crippled Children's Clinic in the O'Neill High School gymnasium on Saturday, January 12, 1946. Clinic hours are from 7:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m., though registration should be completed by 11:00 a. m. Children who are not now receiving services under the program of Crippled Children's Services may be admitted to the clinic when referred by the local physician, or, in certain cases, at the request of the child's parent or guardian.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Due to the heavy run of motor vehicle license and taxes both in the office and through the mail I find it necessary to keep the office closed all forenoon for the remainder of January, starting Monday, January 13, 1946.

The book work must be kept up to date and with this heavy run of business we cannot do it.

J. ED HANCOCK,
County Treasurer.

Dan O'Sullivan Died in Denver

J. B. O'Sullivan called The Frontier Tuesday to inform us that there had come across the wires from Denver to him a death message, his brother, Daniel P. O'Sullivan having been found dead in his bed at his home in that city. The body was cared for in Denver and rites of burial administered in St. Cecilia's Catholic Church. Daniel was born in O'Neill on November 20, 1885, and died in Denver on January 5, 1946.

It is a quarter of a century or more since Mr. O'Sullivan left O'Neill. He was associated here with M. F. Kirwin in home decorating and painting. A veteran of the first world war he had been in O'Neill but little since then. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. O'Sullivan, early settlers out from O'Neill and later just a mile northwest of town. His uncle, J. B. O'Sullivan started most of the children of the pioneers in town and country on the high road to learning, as he was a gentleman of letters who taught the early schools.

Three brothers survive the deceased, J. B., of O'Neill, Michael, of Phoenix, Arizona, and William C., of Rockford, Illinois.

Buildings, Water and Sewer Extension.

Local lumberman and builders are bragging about the many orders placed with them for new homes and business houses here. Inquiries about city water and sewer accommodations are being constantly made. Certainly the water and sewer shortage in O'Neill has been apparent to everybody for a long time. Have our public officials no appreciation of their sworn responsibility that something be done to provide adequate water and sewer facilities for the people of O'Neill.

Husband of Sister of O'Neill Woman Jap Prisoner for 38 Months

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gerard and daughter, Mary Lenora, have been visiting at the J. J. Harrington home, Mr. Gerard leaving early in the week for Chicago, his wife and daughter remaining here for a time. He was a war prisoner in Manila for 38 months, a long time to have been at the mercy of the Japanese, and when released the good word was brought to him by a personal friend back at their home in Chicago who was serving in the United States army. When taken prisoner Mr. Gerard was president of an East Asia district of the United States Automatic Telephone company. He is not returning to Asia but will go to Montevideo, Uruguay, South America. Mrs. Gerard is a sister of Mrs. Harrington.

Annual Bank Meetings

The two National banks in O'Neill closed 1945 with vaults full of money and securities. The annual stockholder's meetings were held Tuesday with no change made in the personnel of either bank. Officers and directors are as follows:

O'Neill National:
Directors—Emma Dickinson Weekes, Charles E. Abbott, Julius D. Cronin, E. F. Quinn, F. N. Cronin.

Officers—Emma Dickinson Weekes, President; F. N. Cronin, Vice President; E. F. Quinn, Cashier.

First National Bank
Directors—Edward M. Gallagher, Joe A. Mann, Elizabeth Gallagher, Ed T. Campbell, Donald Gallagher.

Officers—Edward M. Gallagher, President; Joe A. Mann, Vice President; E. T. Campbell, Vice President and Cashier; Helen Biglin, Assistant Cashier.

O'Neill women staged a riot Tuesday, all but wrecked the pavement, mobbed a department store and maybe tramped a few toes. Policeman Bert Peterson was on hand to carry out any casualties or summon the Fire Department. The store had put on sale a few dozen pairs of stockings, those rayon, nylon, silk or whatever the fascinating flimsy stuff is, and the army of ladies came with the cry, "Give me stockings or I perish."

BRIEFLY STATED

Yoeman 2-c Robert Bowen departed Wednesday night of last week for the navy station at Chicago, after a visit here at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bowen.

Over in the Annex the other day a check showed the ratio 5 to 1 for the ladies. Maybe men are too clumsy for office detail and just like to be looked to as boss.

Mrs. F. N. Cronin was hostess to the Martez Club Tuesday evening at a 7 o'clock dinner at the M and M followed by cards at the Cronin home. Mrs. Homer Mullen, Mrs. L. A. Burgess and Mrs. H. J. Birmingham won high scores.

Signalman Billy Grady boarded a bus Saturday morning heading for Philadelphia after a visit with the folks here. His ship is docked at Philadelphia and gathering navy boys aboard for a cruise in South American waters.

After a month under the tutelage of the teacher in one of the grades of the public school, a boy who spelled wrong forty-eight of the fifty words given in the first of his tests comes along now with 100% correct. It's a lot in the teacher.

The board of commissioners of insanity met January 3 and ordered Raymond P. Schilousky temporarily committed to the custody of the sheriff and is held in the county jail until such time as the hospital at Norfolk can receive him.

Mrs. J. P. Brown entertained sixteen guests at a 6:30 dinner at the M and M Thursday evening. Following dinner cards were played at the Brown home. Mrs. Frank Froelich, Mrs. Ed Campbell, Mrs. Ira Moss and Mrs. W. J. Froelich winning high scores.

Floyd Butterfield was in the city from over west on Monday when he took occasion to visit the printers. He and Mrs. Butterfield have transplanted their fire-side after ten years getting their mail out of Emmet to a ranch southwest of Atkinson on the Josie mail route, whence The Frontier will accompany them.

Herb Hammond, a before daylight figure on the streets, came down Saturday dressed for a hunting trip, lace boots and all. He joined a party of gents who headed for South Dakota to shoot the pheasants up again, South Dakota permitting a longer hunting season on pheasants than obtains over here:

Mrs. C. E. Stout and Mrs. Ed Campbell were co-hostesses to ten guests at a dinner Friday evening at the M and M honoring Mrs. J. J. Harrington's sisters, Mrs. Dolan and Mrs. Gerard, who were guests at the Harrington home. After the dinner the guests played cards at the C. E. Stout home. Mrs. Frank Froelich and Mrs. H. J. Birmingham received high scores.

First Sgt. Phillip Simmons has been visiting his brother and sisters and friends of boyhood in the city. He is now stationed at Battle Creek, Mich., in command of the army forces that have charge of the government hospital, the old Battle Creek sanitarium. Sergeant Simmons, son of the late Sheridan Simmons, has been in army service since long before the war set the world aflame and has just enlisted for another stretch of army life which he says is O. K. He has accumulated time that allows him a furlough until March.

County Supervisors Organize

The board of supervisors met on Tuesday and elected Ed J. Matousek chairman and perfected the further organization for the coming year.

The court house committees for 1946 are as follows:

Court House—Clark, Wulf, Collins.
Finance—Schollmeyer, Hubbard, Stein.
Printing—Stein, Collins, Clark.
Tax—Clark, Hubbard, Schollmeyer.
Bonds—Hubbard, Wulf, Schollmeyer.
Bridge—Collins, Stein, Clark.
Road—Schollmeyer, Hubbard, Collins.
Settlement County Officers—Stein and entire board.
Claims—Wulf and entire board.

O'Neill Livestock Market Sold to Ernie Weller

Ernie Weller of Atkinson is scheduled to meet with the O'Neill Commercial Club Friday evening when the members of the club will be fully informed of Mr. Weller's plans in taking over the livestock sale ring here, announcement of the purchase of the sale ring by Mr. Weller appearing today in The Frontier.

As a sale manager and auctioneer Mr. Weller has made an outstanding record for efficiency and fair dealing since coming to Holt county to head the Atkinson sale ring some ten years ago and his wide acquaintance with stock raisers coupled with his years of experience assures the success of the enterprise at the county seat.

Billy Hagerty

The funeral of William Hagerty was held from St. Patrick's church last Friday morning, interment in Calveary cemetery.

William Hagerty was born in Gover, Gascow, Scotland, on January 6, 1857 and was 88 years, 11 months and 27 days old at the time of his death.

On December 31, 1878, he was united in marriage to Bridget Marie Brennan at East Grenock, Scotland. Seven children were born of this union, six of whom are living and all were present at the funeral. The children are: Mrs. W. H. Wagne, Mrs. Fred H. Kemper, Stanton, Nebr.; John Haggerty, Casper, Wyo.; Mrs. Gertie Englebart, Norfolk; Wm. P. Haggerty, Stanton; Mrs. Mary Lawson, Columbus, Nebr.

In July, 1888, Billy Hagerty with his wife and two daughters came to the United States and to O'Neill. He was a brother-in-law of the late Col. Neil Brennan and Mr. Haggeray worked for him for years in his hardware store and tin shop. He was a boiler maker in Scotland and he naturally was right at home in the tin shop.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the many old friends and neighbors for their kindness to us on our recent visit, the burial of our beloved father, William Haggeray. Your kindness will ever be gratefully remembered.

The Haggerty Children.

Marriage Licenses

Calvin Wm. Eppenbach of Ewing and Betty Jean Giesich of Santa Monica, Calif.

Elwyn E. Allum of Rapid City, S. D., and Maria Cecelia Demuth of Gregory, S. D.

Alfred A. Straka and Margaret Engler, both of Stuart.

Robert C. Eppenbach of Ewing and Florence E. Keebough of Newport.

Ernest W. Larsen and Sadie M. Smith, both of Naper.

The last two couples were married by County Judge Reimer.

Will pay cash for either bulk or service station or both. Write me now.—Box No. 100 The Frontier, O'Neill.