

Giant Broad breasted

Bronze Turkey POULTS

50c each

NORFOLK HATCHERY

116-118 So. 3d St. Norfolk, Nebraska

Official Proceedings Holt County Supervisors

Continued from page four.)
 A. B. Hubbard (Care of Prisoners) 49.50
 W. B. Wulf 21.00
 K-B Printing Co. 12.00
 W. E. Wulf 45.00

Motion by Hubbard, seconded by Clark, that Elmer Bowen, Janitor of the Court House, be instructed not to loan any furniture belonging in the Court House to anyone.

Petition of Lewis Humphrey for a Tax Refund was read. Motion was made by Stein, seconded by Hubbard, that the prayer of the above petitioner be granted and a refund warrant in the amount of \$4.22 be issued him.

The following resignation of G. E. Miles was read:
 February 11, 1946.
 To County Board of Supervisors:

Please accept my resignation as a member of the Soldier's and Sailors Relief Commission, effective this date.

G. E. Miles.
 Motion by Clark, seconded by Collins, that the resignation of G. E. Miles as a member of the Soldier's and Sailor's Relief Commission be accepted and Paul Beha be appointed to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation. Carried.

5:00 p. m. On motion the Board adjourned until 10:00 a. m., March 26, unless called in before that date by the Clerk.

ED J. MATOUSEK, Chairman.
 Ruth Hoffman, County Clerk.

O'Neill, Nebraska, March 26, 1946, 10:00 a. m.
 Holt County Board of Supervisors (See column five for Continuation)

Killing Frost

By ELSIE WILLIAMS
 McClure Syndicate
 WNU Features.

OLLIE BURNSIDES walked up to his neighbor's when the moon rose. Wanted to find out a thing or two. Jennings Milton was a cattleman and had ought to know about land laws. That winnie field now—if he could just hang on to it for another six months—or was it a year?

Jen was on the porch, smoking his pipe. "Evenin'," he said to Ollie. "Come on in."

Ain't no need for Jen to always be so short with me, Ollie thought. "No, I'll just sit here on the edge o' the porch. Tol' Myrt I wouldn't stay but jus' a minute. . . . Pretty night, ain't it?"

"Yeah."
 Ollie's Adam's apple bobbed up and down before the next words would come out. "Come t' see—know anythin' 'bout law, Jen?"

"Enough t' git by. More'n you can say, I reckon."

"You're the man I want t' see, then." Ollie said. "Ain't there a law, Jen, what says does a man farm a piece o' land seven years it's his'n—man what farms it?"

"What's on your mind, Ollie? That piece you call your 'winnie field'?"

"That's right, Jen." Ollie drew one knee up against his chest and gripped it with both hands. "Hadn't it ought t' be mine by law in six months? Or is it a winnie bit more'n that? Not long's a year, is it?"

Jen laughed. His white teeth gleamed in the moonlight. "You've lost out in your squattin' on the other man's land, Ollie. I done leased all that Abner Langford section for



"Ain't there a law. . ."

pasture. Means you gotta take down the fence from around your dag-nabbed winnie field!"

Ollie Burnsides' jaw dropped. "But—but, looky here, man—I ain't dug my 'taters. An' I ain't cut my cane off'n that winnie field yet!"

Jen sat back in his rocker comfortably. "Well, I'd be within my rights, I reckon, t' order you t' take down the fence now. Just t' show you I got a heart I say leave it on—till you can git your stuff off."

Ollie hedged for time. "Cane ain't sweetened enough yet, Jen. An', man, them 'taters ain't noways ready t' be dug!"

Jen said, "Tol' you I had a heart, didn't I? Well, reckon you can leave them 'taters on till frost kills the vines."

Ollie rose from the porch. "Be bad news t' Myrt. She's sot her heart on that winnie field. Grubbed 'meeter roots in there, Myrt did."

Ollie owned ten acres of swamp-land along the creek bank. Water come up every summer and flooded his place. Then when the land was in shape to farm again the creek would drain it dry as a match stick. A man couldn't raise a crop o' stick-tights on it, let alone cane or taters.

Pleasant fall weather lasted into December. Jen came to see Ollie. "Ain't dug them 'taters yet?" he asked.

"No, sho' ain't. You said dig 'em when frost killed the vines. Ain't done that yet."

Jen jerked his horse's head up from nibbling the grass. "I know it—dag-nab it! Mighty unusual weather. Cuttin' your cane, I see."

"That's right. Had jus' enough cold weather t' make good syrup."

"An' no killin' frost!" said Jen Milton bitterly. "Them 'taters had ought t' be dug anyway."

"Man o' your word, ain't you?" Ollie asked. "Leastways that's the name you got around here."

Frost came a few weeks later, but only a few tender leaves were nipped. Then warm weather held until all danger of another freeze was past.

Again Jen went to see Ollie. Ollie grinned at him. "Ain't no use you buckin' an' a-rearin' like that, Jen. Won't be frost now until sometime in the fall. That winnie field is mine. I got squatter's claim t' it. Went t' see o' Judge James."

"That scoundrel!" Jen broke in angrily.

"Well, he sent me up oncet, Judge James did, but I thank him for puttin' me wise t' some state laws. Ol' Abner Langford slipped up on some o' the taxes on the winnie-field piece years ago. I got them tax certificates now. The judge says was I kicked off last fall— Funny things 'bout law—and weather—eh, Jen?"

The Last Bullet

By F. L. WHITMAN
 McClure Syndicate
 WNU Features.

DARKNESS had not lessened the heat in the tin-roofed shanty. The dead, hot air hung in a smothering curtain about the two men. Hunched, arms hanging like clubs at his sides, Herman whispered to his younger companion, "Did you hear that?"

Jake reached for the iron bar, ready on the floor. Fear dried his throat. "What is it?" Motionless, they looked out the open end of the hut toward the yucca bush. "What did you hear?" Jake repeated.

Before he answered, Herman flashed a light on the ground, then the old miner shrugged. "I thought I heard a rattler."

Jake's short laugh was bitter. "I hope it wasn't the mate to the one on which you used our last bullet."

"Quit worryin' about ammunition, son. By tomorrow night those lead pills won't make any difference."

No, the younger man thought; tomorrow night they'd be in Las Vegas and the gold would be safe. He leaned on the iron bar. "Listen, Pops, I'd feel a lot better if that gold was here in the shanty."

An owl in the sage hooted twice before the old man answered. "We'd be cornered in here like rats if anyone came in—trust me. I think it's best to leave it buried under the yucca 'til morning. You catch some sleep, son, and I'll take the first watch."

Jake threshed about, hunting for the gunny sack which he'd filled with dried moss from above the pine line. "Where's that pillow got to?"

Herman tossed a jacket to him. "Here, use this. I don't want to show a light looking for it."

Jake thought with pleasure of sleeping again in a bed. Seven months since he'd worn pajamas. Seven months of back-breaking labor following the black veins with pick and shovel, but worth it if they got out with the gold; every beat and high grader in the region knew they were ready to pull stakes. And every mother's son of them would kill for less than that heavy sack buried outside.

He awakened at Herman's tight grip on his shoulder. The clouds slithered across the moon, revealing the old man's dead-white face as he stooped over him. The gold! Someone had discovered the hiding place! There was a low sound to the right of the shanty; a small clatter of disturbed gravel.

They crawled toward the open end of the cabin, stopping after each movement to listen, eyes strained toward the yucca. The intruder was on the path now! Something brushed against the water bucket with a metallic clink.

The bush was distinct in the moonlight. A figure darted straight toward it. Someone had watched them bury the sack! Jake had moved forward before Herman gripped hard on his arms. "I'm going to holler at this cuss," he said, "and when I do you flash the light full on him."

Jake nodded agreement. Herman held the empty revolver in his right hand, and for an endless minute there was no sound. Then he yelled, "Stand right where you are, stranger! I got you covered."

The light caught the prowler—and something else. "Rattler," yelled Jake.

The big snake, venomous head raised, was coiled at the roots of the yucca, not more than three feet from the intruder's rigid legs. "Don't move," Herman cautioned. Uselessly, for the man stood transfixed, staring. The old miner turned to Jake. "Keep that light on the rattler. I'm going out to get this coyote's gun. If he tries any monkey business, turn the light on him."

He aimed their empty gun at the prowler's middle. As if he knew that the snake would spring at the slightest sound, he did not speak while he removed the man's revolver from the belt. "Now git goin', mister." He turned the frightened man around with one quick thrust of his arm. The man stumbled, fell to his knees. Terror glazed his bulging eyes as he clawed the sand and started to run before he was entirely erect. Herman broke into a loud guffaw as the padded sound of his footsteps faded.

Jake's laugh echoed with Herman's but his eyes, intent on the rattler, were aware of the danger which Herman had forgotten. "Stop snickering long enough to shoot that snake!"

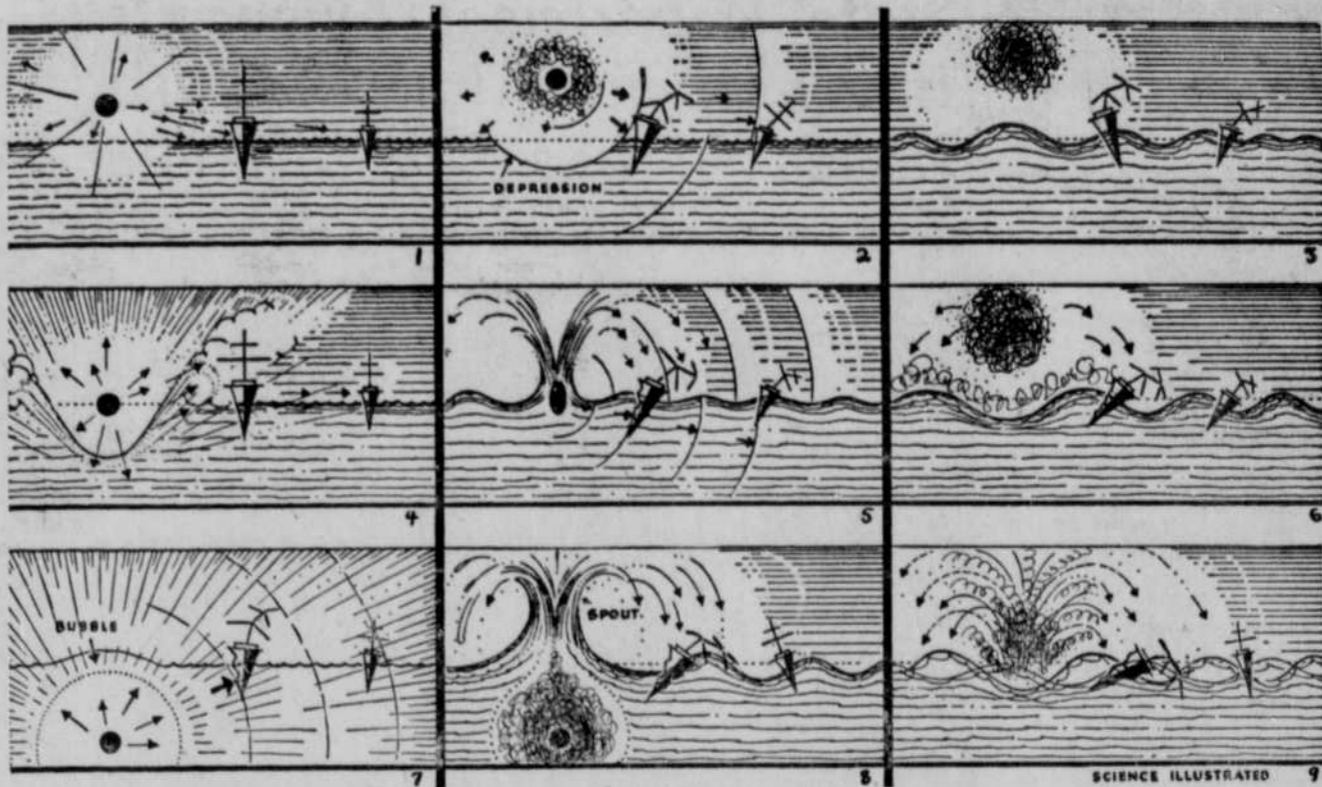
The old man laughed harder, stepping into the circle of light at the base of the yucca. "Pops! Jake's shouted warning came with the thought that the old man had lost his senses. Dropping the flashlight as he ran, he reached the bush just as Herman picked up the snake. Head still raised, it hung like a coiled bracelet from his fingers.

He handed the prowler's gun to Jake. "There. Now that we got a loaded gun, I guess we'll take the gold inside with us."

Jake forced words through his gaping mouth. "Why . . . why, you old fox!"

"Yep," Herman admitted. "I figured it this way: If I'd used the last bullet on that snake, the next best thing was to have the snake guard the gold. I did some taxi-derry with the moss in that gunny-sack pillow of yours while you was sleeping."

Preview of Atom Bomb Tests



Shown above is an illustration of the atom bomb test scheduled to be made on naval vessels in the South Pacific as described in the April issue of Science Illustrated magazine by Dr. Hans Bethe, professor of physics at Cornell University, who worked on the development of the atom bombs that hit Hiroshima and Nagasaki. (1) Produces intense heat, gamma rays; (2) followed by terrific air pressure. (3) Somewhat later, water is agitated. (4) Heat boils water. Gamma rays emitted. (5) Terrific air and water pressure. (6) Gamma rays. Torrent tosses ships. (7) Intense heat and water pressure. (8) Tossing damages wrenched hull. (9) Blast leaves vessel a total loss.

SUPERVISOR PROCEEDNGE CONTINUED

Supervisors met as per adjournment. All members present.

Meeting called to order by the Chairman.

Minutes of the previous meeting read and approved as read.

Motion by Wulf, seconded by Stein, that the following Salary and Expense Claims be allowed and warrants ordered drawn on the General Fund in payment of same:

Vivian Allendorfer	\$100.00
Marion Bosh	100.00
Elmer R. Bowen	140.00
Elmer R. Bowen	10.00
Alice E. Bridges	100.00
Julius D. Cronin	108.33
Roy L. Dickerson	133.33
L. G. Gillespie	50.00
L. G. Gillespie	19.50
Thomas F. Hannaberry	40.60
J. Ed Hancock	166.66
J. Ed Hancock	162.99
Esther Cole Harris	125.00
Esther Cole Harris	12.60
Ruth Hoffman	166.67
Ruth Hoffman	12.21
Holt County Farm Bureau	132.92
A. B. Hubbard	150.00
A. B. Hubbard	53.99
A. B. Hubbard (Prisoner's Care)	101.25
Beatrice Jardee	100.00
Dorothy Kratochvil	100.00
J. A. Lansworth	100.00
J. A. Lansworth	33.93
Eldora Lowery	50.00
Myrtle L. Manzer	85.00
Myrtle L. Manzer	15.00
Neva Miller	100.00
Ira H. Moss	166.66
Ira H. Moss	82.85
Nora A. Mullen	133.33
D. Noreen Murray	100.00
Elja McCullough	13.00
Elja McCullough	13.00
Elja McCullough	39.10
Louis W. Reimer	183.33
Louis W. Reimer	3.91
Mary L. Shroder	100.00
12:00 Noon. On motion the Board adjourned until 1:00 p. m.	

O'Neill, Nebraska, March 26, 1946, 1:00 p. m.

Holt County Board of Supervisors met as per adjournment. All members present.

Meeting called to order by the Chairman.

Mr. Hupp and a group of other men from Deloit Precinct appeared before the Board requesting the improvement of the road running west from Hupps store.

The Chairman of the finance committee reported as follows: We, your Finance Committee, beg to report that all fees from the various offices for the month of February have been remitted to the Treasurer as required by law.

Motion was made by Stein, seconded by Wulf, that the report of the Finance Committee be accepted. Motion carried.

Motion by Wulf, seconded by Schollmeyer, that Supervisor Matousek be given permission to purchase a tractor at any time he is able to find one.

Motion by Wulf, seconded by Hubbard, that the following Claims be allowed and warrants ordered drawn on the Road Fund in payment of same:

Atkinson Sand & Gravel Co.	-906.40
James C. Kirkland	10.40
Leo Baitch	11.00
Albert Kopejka	64.35
Warren Beck	7.00
Fred Krames	3.50
Bergstrom Bros.	4.20
Lincoln Road Eqt. Co.	65.12
Boise Service Station	23.05
Francis Luben	3.50
Bud Carsten	15.00
Ed J. Matousek	27.50
Central Supply Co.	35.02
Midwest Motor Co.	76.28
Joe Cihlar	10.00
Richard Minton	129.60
Andy Clark	27.50
Missouri Valley Mach. Co.	18.60
Guy Cole	5.00
Missouri Valley Mach. Co.	2.61

Gorge E. Collins	20.00
Missouri Valley Mach. Co.	127.74
George E. Collins	10.00
Chet McClennahan	53.30
Contractors Supplyk Co.	22.97
Lyle Beckim	130.76
Crabb Oil Co.	20.39
Frank Osborne	93.80
Crabb Oil Co.	102.87
R. M. Pease	3.50
Dan Crandall	96.95
Walter Pease	4.50
John Dalton	3.50
Andrew Ramold	30.00
Chet Fees	38.85
Jos. Schallmeyer	15.00
Fehrs Tractor & Equip Co	91.52
Frank Skradia	4226
Gamble Store No. 189	9.26
J. C. Stein	10.00
C. F. Gillette & Son	213.33
A. & M. Syfia	6.00
Gerald Hansen	3.00
Edwin Thorin	18.20
Harley Hardware	22.14
Leo S. Tomjack	114.15
Virgil Hubby	3.00
Wagner's Machine Shop	33.50
Interstate Oil Co.	40.70
Harvey Wahl	11.70
Interstate Oil Co.	103.60
Wentz Equip. Co.	11.56
Karl Jeffers	9.10
W. E. Wulf	30.00
Elwin R. Johnson	8.10
M. J. Wallace	170.00
Francis M. Johnson	11.10
Motion by Wulf, seconded by Stein, that the following Claims be allowed and warrants ordered drawn on the Drag Fund in payment of same:	
Carl Kallhoff	\$20.00
Walt Slaymaker	2.00
C. W. Kirkland	27.95
Joseph Thoendel Jr.	15.40
Joe Mimar, Jr.	12.25
Motion by Clark, seconded by Stein, that the following Claims be allowed and warrants ordered drawn on the Bridge Fund in payment of same:	
Armoco Drainage & Metal Products	\$180.48
Clifford Harding	12.00
Midwest Motor Co.	61.34
H. W. Hubbard	5.00
Fred Bacon	10.50
Austin Hynes	14.00
Ernest Bradshaw	45.00
Alfred Kazda	90.40
Roy Cearns	7.20
C. W. Kirkland	13.50
Central Supply Co.	367.72
Frank Skrdria	24.70
Central Supply Co.	5.79
Lawrence Thurlow	67.80
Central Supply Co.	274.62
Roy Thurlow	66.00
EEwing Lbr. & Coal Co	12.52
Ed J. Matousek	17.50

the above described property for the years 1935 to 1945, inclusive, (Continued on Page 8)

Have You Seen Beer Licensee Violations?

Is there a beer licensee in your community who carelessly or willfully violates the provisions of the Nebraska liquor control law?

If so, now is your time to act because hearings are being called on applications for new licenses for the year beginning May 1. For the good of your community, it is your duty to protest against any retailer whose past record will not bear inspection.

The Nebraska brewing industry constantly is active with a program of self-regulation. A field man regularly checks taverns throughout the state, and wherever improper operations are found the tavern owner is warned. Failure to make correction results in the case being given to legal authorities for whatever action they may deem necessary.

These efforts are fruitful, but they will be even more so if all citizens will remember—the public, not the beer industry, selects the licensees.

NEBRASKA COMMITTEE

United States Brewers Foundation

Charles E. Sandall, State Director
 710 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Lincoln

SALSBUARY SAL



"Listen, boss, I'm really seething. Give me something to ease my breathing. Spray me with some CAN-PHO-SAL. Then I bet I'll sure feel swell."

DR. SALSBUARY'S CAN-PHO-SAL helps loosen mucus and phlegm—from nostrils and throat—helps chests breathe easier. Don't let those birds suffer needlessly. Use CAN-PHO-SAL as a spray, inhalant or cleansing nasal wash.

HEADQUARTERS FOR QUARTERS HELP

Neill Hatchery



Spring tonic for tired cars:

Rx CHAMPLIN HI-VI Motor Oil

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When you make that spring oil change, try Champlin HI-VI. . . the new fighting aviation oil. Refined by an utterly new and different dual solvent process . . . from 100% Paraffin Base Mid-Continent Crude . . . the finest obtainable . . . it's so clear, so pure, so free from carbon, gum and other power robbing formations . . . it helps take the sludge out of sluggish motors like a tonic. Available now in refinery sealed cans from friendly Champlin Service Stations and dealers. And for a real "touch-and-go" gas, ask for Champlin Ethyl or Champlin Presto gasoline.



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ON THE GROUND . . . OR IN THE SKY