

THE FRONTIER

D. H. Cronin, Editor and Owner

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CHAMBERS ITEMS

(Continued from page one)
Pastoral conference at Norfolk Wednesday. He left Norfolk on Thursday for Chicago to attend an International Walther League conference.

The Amelia Community was shocked and saddened Sunday at the sudden passing of Miles Minnehan, who died of a heart attack. The funeral services were held Wednesday in O'Neill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fullerton and family enjoyed a fish supper in the Chas. Spath home Sunday evening. The fish were the result of their son Donald's efforts. He caught them all Sunday afternoon in a lake near his home.

Funeral services were conducted at the Chambers Methodist church for J. A. O. Woods Thursday afternoon at 2:00 p. m., April 18, by Rev. Lloyd W. Mullis.

Honorary pallbearers were, Harry White, Hubert Smith, Dan Perkins, John Wintermote, Clarence Kiltz and John Walter, Sr.

Funeral services were conducted at the Chambers Methodist church for J. A. O. Woods Thursday afternoon at 2:00 p. m., April 18, by Rev. Lloyd W. Mullis.

Charlie Grimes acted as usher. The music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Leo Adams, Mabel Robertson and Ray Hoffman with Mrs. Elwyn Robertson at the piano. Mrs. C. F. Gillette and Mrs. Clair Grimes were in charge of the flowers. Following the services interment was made in the Chambers cemetery.

Joseph Alexander Woods, son of Harry and Samantha Woods was born August 19, 1866 near Grant, Virginia, where he grew to manhood. He passed away at his home in Chambers April 16, 1946, at the age of 79 years, seven months and twenty-seven days.

On January 30, 1885, he was united in marriage to Victoria Catherine Carson, after which they made their home on his farm near the old homestead. To this union were born seven children, Mrs. Ida Anderson, of Tilden; Mrs. Edith Osborn, of Wisner; Mrs. Lelia Grubb, Mrs. Wayne Farrier, Mrs. Chloe Adams and William Woods, all of Chambers. One daughter, Hattie Denton preceded him in death August 21, 1905.

He moved with his family to Nebraska in January, 1913, locating near Battle Creek where he formed until 1920. He then moved to Chambers where he made his home until the time of his death.

He was always active in church and community affairs. Mr. Woods attended church faithfully serving on the board of trustees of the Methodist church for a number of years. He will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved him. Those left to mourn his passing are his devoted wife, six children, one brother, John, of Grant, Virginia, twenty-five grandchildren, twenty-one great grandchildren, nieces and nephews and a host of friends.

PAGE NEWS ITEMS

(Continued from page one)
Horold Banta left Page about 6:15 for Hidden Paradise at Long Pine, arriving in Long Pine at 9:00 and going directly to the Park. The day was spent fishing, taking pictures, hiking, wading, climbing hills, visiting the Park's museum and eating. We left around 5:00 p. m. and went to visit the tourist camp and the dam that furnishes Long Pine's electricity and power. We ate supper at Bassett and Mrs. Banta's car load stopped in Stuart for

PETER HUDSON, 36, MEDICALLY DISCHARGED VET, GOT A BRAKEMAN'S JOB WITH UNION PACIFIC IN NEB.'S WHEAT-CORN-OATS LAND...

This is America!

WITH MONEY SAVED AND BORROWED, BOUGHT A CELERY TRANSPLANTER, CONVERTED IT FOR TOMATOES, PLANTED BORROWED ACRES IN TOMATOES, CORN, MELONS, ETC., PROMISING TO BUY CROPS...

THE CONVERTED PLANTER

SHIPPED 59 BOXCARS OF PRODUCE, FIRST SEASON...

FARMERS WILL MAKE \$300-600 AN ACRE. HUDSON PLANS TO PLANT 800 ACRES NEXT YEAR, LOCALLY FINANCED CANNERIES.

WINNING THRU INGENUITY, GRIT, OUR VETERANS WIN THE BATTLES OF PEACE.

A Run in Hosiery

By JERRY M. DARRELL
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

BID EVANS frowned as he watched the mob in front of the counter. He had had no idea that it would be like this when he told his sister he would buy a pair of stockings for her. Well-dressed women shoved and pushed worse than a bunch of soldiers just back from the front fought for places in the line at mail call.

Suddenly, he noticed her. Very pretty, probably not more than 23. She was dressed in that sleek mannish style he liked because it always made a pretty woman look twice as feminine as ruffly things did. "She's a girl out of a moving picture," he told himself, "a technician at that."

He took in her gray suit, shoes and gloves, her yellow hat, scarf and huge purse. All were set off by her gleaming, copper-colored hair. Sympathetically he noticed that she wore a little pin — three stars on a field of white. Two of the stars were blue, the other gold. Attached to the pin were three guards — an airplane, a gun and an anchor.

Interested, he watched her maneuver to get through the crowd. She stopped elbowing and gave up. Then she considered a moment, went around the end of the mob, picked up a couple of pairs of stockings, walked to the near-by door, compared them, then rolled them up and slipped them into her roomy purse. Next she strolled to the lingerie counter.

Bid whistled softly, "A shoplifter, and cool as a cucumber. Anyone seeing her would think she had a



He hurried after her and took her arm.

right to them. Little fool, wonder how long she thinks she can get away with it."

He followed her. When a saleslady approached, the girl smiled, shook her head no and sauntered on. "Steady as a veteran. She's no rookie at the game. But, darn it, she's too nice for that type of thing." Impulsively he hurried after her and took her arm. "Where can we go and talk? Here in the store."

"Why—" she looked up at him with large gray eyes "—on the mezzanine. There's a lounge for shoppers there. We can go up these stairs—"

"O. K., sister. But don't think you're going to give me the slip. I'm on to you and you're not getting away. You see, I saw you lift those stockings."

"Oh, that's what's on your mind." "You're a cool one." He seated himself. "Suppose you think that because you're pretty you can get away with murder."

"No." She studied him levelly. "But tell me who you are and by what right you censor what I do."

"Think I'm a crook too? Well, I'm not. I'm a discharged soldier who was a detective before he went into the army. In the old days I'd have turned you in without a qualm."

"And why don't you now?" "Because of that pin you're wearing, sister. A girl with a pin like that, if she has a right to it, belongs to a mighty fine bunch."

"I have a right to it." Her eyes clouded and her finger touched the pin gently. "The sailor is in the Pacific, the infantryman in Germany — the flyer didn't return from a mission in Italy."

"Good guys, I bet." "The best brothers a girl ever had." She smiled wistfully.

"Evidently not the kind to approve of what you're doing. Men aren't fighting for women who go around taking what doesn't belong to them. They don't know what you're up to."

"They sure do know," she grinned impudently, "and approve." "What do you mean—approve?" he demanded belligerently.

"Always the dick." She viewed him loftily. "I simply helped myself to the stockings because they were having a run in hosiery and were too busy to wait on me. You see, Mr. Dick, I was filling a telephone order. I happen to be in charge of the shopping service here."

She rose. "However, you appear to be a nice person, so when you're in the store again drop in to see me. That's my office over there."

He watched her disappear into a glass encased cubby on the door of which was printed, "Ruth Edgemont, Shopping Service."

The Wolf

By JIM KJELGAARD
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

FERGUSON shifted the frozen beaver from his left hand to his right and ruffled snow curled in tiny cascades over the tips of his snowshoes as he broke into a trot. He came out of the spruces into the clearing where his cabin squatted. Blue smoke curled out of the chimney. But his wife's snowshoes no longer hung on their pegs over the door. She was away on her trap line.

Ferguson swung a little faster down the trail he had made when he left the cabin that morning. He grinned whimsically. It took ten years' experience successfully to run a trap line. But Ann had insisted on having her own and occasionally she brought in a pelt.

He reached the cabin and stopped short. Sharp and clear in the new snow the imprints of his wife's snowshoes led straight away from the cabin, down the trail she took through the spruces. Just as sharp and clear, and just as fresh, another line of snowshoe tracks swerved out of the spruces to join them.

After a moment Ferguson was shocked into sluggishness. Five months before, a week after he had brought Ann here, he came out of the forest toward the cabin late one night and heard her scream. He started to run and burst into the lighted hut without stopping to see what danger threatened. Ann was there, a trickle of blood running



The two snowshoe trails intermingled.

down her cheek and her clothes half ripped from her back. With her was a renegade half-breed named Anatik.

Charging in with bull-like rage, Ferguson had beaten Anatik with his fists, knocked him down again and again, smashed his face to a pulp, and would have killed him if Ann hadn't interfered.

He should have known that Anatik would never forget or forgive. For a moment he stared as if hypnotized at the double line of tracks.

Then he dropped the beaver in the snow. Not stopping to remove his own snowshoes he ran into the cabin, snatched his deer rifle and, as fast as he could, ran down the plainly marked trail.

But even as he ran he looked carefully both at the trail ahead and at the tracks he followed. The two snowshoe trails intermingled, and earlier that morning a big timber wolf had also run down the trail. The wolf, with characteristic cunning, had run at the side where traps were least likely to be.

Ferguson reached up with his left hand to brush his hat from his head. Without breaking stride, transferring his rifle from his right hand to his left, he slipped his arms out of his coat sleeves.

Just ahead, at the top of a little rise and to one side of the trail, a bushy spruce showed sharply green against the white background. Ferguson raced up the slope and stopped suddenly to swing his rifle around.

He stood with his legs braced, his chest heaving mightily as he strove to get his breath. Anatik lay stretched out at the foot of the evergreen, trying to shrink into the snow, his fear-filled eyes staring at Ferguson. Ferguson cocked his rifle, raised it and brought it down again.

"I reckon not," he said slowly. "I ought to blast you where you lie. But for her sake I'll let you live."

He read the signs etched plainly in the snow. Anatik, indeed, had not forgotten who had beaten him. He had known that Ferguson would follow the double trail, had planned that he would run to his death in so doing. There was a deep depression on the trail where he had stayed a long time in ambush. Then, seeking better concealment, he had crawled under the spruce. But the big timber wolf had also walked beneath the tree.

Ferguson smiled tenderly. A trapper, wanting to take that wolf, would plan to shoot or trap it on a ridge or in some thicket a wolf might go. Only an inexperienced woman, seeing wolf tracks under the spruce, would expect it to be in the same place the next day.

Ferguson smiled again at seeing the heavy wolf traps clamped on each of Anatik's wrists.

PAGE NEWS NOTES

to Sioux City by their uncle L. B. Taylor who was going to Sioux Falls, S. D., to spend two weeks on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Finley entertained at a dinner Sunday when all their children were present: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Finley, California; Mr. and Mrs. Gailen Miller and family, Niobrara; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker and son, Milford; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Allen and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. La Verne Finley and family, Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Asher on week-end with their mothers, Mrs. Ethel Asher and Mrs. Margaret Anderson.

Miss Viola Haynes spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hayne. Mrs. E. A. Wolker was hostess to the Just a Mere Club Friday

afternoon, with nine members present.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Asher and son, Freddie, were dinner guests Saturday noon of his mother, Mrs. Ethel Asher. Saturday evening they were all supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stewart.

Dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Walker were: Mr. and Mrs. James McNally and family of Humphrey; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Walker of Ainsworth, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Woker and family.

Mrs. Robert Gray entertained the members of the Bid or Bye Bridge Club last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Herbert Steinberg and Mrs. Bernard Allen were guests. Mrs. Melvin Carson won high score and Mrs. Frank Cronk traveling prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Asher and son, Jimmie, of Fremont, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stewart and Sherry (Continued on page five.)

LIFE WITH Schmidt's CITY CLUB

NO LIQUIDS, HUM? AND I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE A COUPLE OF BOTTLES OF SCHMIDT'S. NOW I'LL HAVE TO DRINK 'EM MYSELF.

IF HIS TONGUE HANGS OUT ANY FURTHER HE CAN WEAR IT FOR A NECKTIE.

We have a full line of **OMAR & GOOCH'S BEST Poultry and Live Stock Feeds.**

SALT OF ALL KINDS
Lump Rock Salt for your pastures

26% CONCENTRATE

26% BALANCER PELLETS

CHICK & GROWING SCRATCH

It will pay you to feed your cattle on **CUBES** in the pasture this year

LET US do your Grinding and Mixing

McNeilly Superior Seed Corn - Millet - Sudan Grass - Alfalfa - Brome Grass and Other Forage Seed

O'Neill Grain Co.

To The Public

We have taken possession of the **Harty Dry Cleaners** and are now busy remodeling the interior and installing new equipment, which we expect to have completed by the end of the month.

We will be open for business during our remodeling and will then be equipped to give the most modern cleaning service that can be obtained.

We respectfully solicit a continuation of your patronage.

O'Neill Cleaners
Charles A. Weatherford, Mgr.