

THE FRONTIER

D. H. Cronin, Editor and Owner
 Entered at Postoffice at O'Neill, Nebraska, as Second Class Matter
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CHAMBERS ITEMS

(Continued from Page 1)
 Carolina. Ivan Stevens came up from Omaha for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens' other son, Pfc. Dean Stevens is in a hospital in England recovering from wounds received in Germany.
 Word has been received of the birth of a son to Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Walker of Boise, Idaho on January 30. Mrs. Walker was formerly La Vonne Hansen. Lt. Walker is with the U. S. Air Forces in Italy.
 Mrs. Belle Widman, of Amelia, spent the week-end visiting friends in O'Neill.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Steskal and family, of Emmet, visited Sunday with Mrs. Steskal's mother, Mrs. Margaret Jungbluth.
 Carol Page was a dinner guest at the George Atkinson home Sunday.
 Denny and Rodney Sullivan came up from Norfolk Thursday of last week to spend the rest of the month with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ressel.
 The following guests enjoyed a bridge party at the Elmer Wandersee home last week: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Roth, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Thorin and Mr. and Mrs. George Kelly. Mrs. Gillette won high score for the women and George Kelly high score for the men.
 C. F. Gillette and Mrs. Thoren Frank Porter took a load of received low scores to Ewing Friday evening for roller skating.
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fullerton, of Atkinson, were Sunday guests at the George Fullerton home.
 The Helping Hand Club met Thursday of last week at the home of Mrs. Allie Sammons. Sixteen members were present. A covered dish luncheon was served at noon. An interesting lesson on "The War and Rural Construction" was conducted by Mrs. Vern Sageser. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Raymond Wickham.
 Mrs. Victor Harley spent Friday of last week with her sister, Mrs. Earl Doolittle at Amelia.
 Lt. and Mrs. W. O. Wilson are visiting Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Deirking.
 Lyman Robertson and Sid Farewell trucked a load of cattle to Sioux City Tuesday.
 Mrs. Lloyd Gled, Armetta and Doren, Mrs. Sarah Adams and Rev. Park had Sunday dinner at the Glen Adams home.
 Mrs. A. A. Walter returned Monday from Stanton, where she had spent several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Clara Peltzer and visiting other relatives.
 Pfc. Frank Spath, who has been stationed at Camp Marana, Tucson, Arizona, has been sent to Willow Run, Ypsilanti, Michigan, to attend a B-24 engine school. He was one of forty boys chosen from Camp Marana to attend this school.
 Elaine Adams and Mrs. Stanley Jarman drove to Norfolk Monday on business.
 Luella Crandall left Saturday for San Diego, Cal., after a two weeks visit with home folks.
 The Chambers and Inman Basketball Teams played an interesting game on the home floor Monday evening. The second team lost by a score of 19 to 28 and the first team by a score of 21 to 28.
 Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Spath and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Spath, of Page, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spath and daughters and Mr. and Mrs. George Fullerton and family had Sunday dinner at the F. W. Spath home.
 Pvt. Richard Smith left Madison, Wis., Thursday for his new station at Scott Field, Ill.
 Installation Services were held in the Lutheran church in Chambers Sunday evening for their new minister, Rev. Lawrence Dale, who is coming here from Hiawatha, Kansas. He is a graduate of the Seminary at Springfield, Ill. Following the services a social hour was spent in the parlors of the church where refreshments of sandwiches, fruit salad, cookies and coffee was served. A gift of money was presented the new minister. Out of town guests were Rev. Dale's father of Hiawatha, Kansas, and his fiancée, Miss Meta Dargatz of Detroit, Mich.
 Mrs. Troxel Green and daughter left Wednesday from O'Neill via train for Tyler, Texas, to join her husband, Pvt. Troxel Green, who is stationed at Camp Fanning. She was accompanied by Mrs. Floyd Harding, of O'Neill, whose husband is also at Camp Fanning.
 A group of about fifty friends and neighbors gathered at the Ed Eisenhauer home Friday evening for a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gartner and family, who are moving from

Adhesives Find Many Uses in Modern Industry

Adhesives derived from starch enter into the manufacture of an almost limitless variety of products. In the latter part of the 18th century, the manufacture of starch adhesives and sizes, became important in industry. In the United States the growing need for starch was realized by John Biddis of Pennsylvania, who devised a method of manufacturing starch from potatoes and was granted a patent in 1802. The introduction of postage stamps in 1840 and the subsequent invention of gummed envelopes stimulated the demand for adhesives.
 About the same time the development of photography created new uses for adhesives in mounting photographs. The introduction of matches offered another use for adhesives in the manufacture of the cardboard match box. Through the use of the cardboard tubular cartridge, adhesives aided in revolutionizing the shotgun from the muzzle to the breechloader type. From this beginning, tubes for various purposes were developed.
 The introduction of the paper bag was the first step toward modern packaging. Adhesives are especially advantageous because they cause no health or industrial hazards.

Expert Outlines Simple Method of Fur Glazing

Glazing a fur coat, which gives it a nice gloss and an appearance of newness, can be done at home by fairly simple methods, says Nian Reilly, of the textiles and clothing department of Michigan State college.
 Use plain water or secure Chinese Wood from a furriers' supply house. Soak the wood in water for several days. Using a clean comb and a large brush, comb and brush the garment with the flow of the hair. Continue until fur is thoroughly wet. With a smooth wooden stick, push the fur backward against the flow of the hair. Then, using a dry brush, smooth the fur down.
 Finally, apply a warm iron with the flow of the hair. The iron can be used directly on the hair, but it is safer to place a piece of oiled paper or a newspaper between the warm iron and the fur. If waxed paper is used, care must be taken that the fur doesn't become sticky or waxy. Flat-haired furs, those that have moire patterns in the curl, and those with dyes that run or rub off, should not be ironed.

Jap Quakes

Earthquakes were recorded in Japan as early as 285 B. C. Records of modern age show 18,000 tremors in the period from 1884 to 1897. Severe shocks have occurred about every six or seven years, with three to four minor shudders a day. Major shocks usually have taken heavy tolls of life. The great earthquake of 1703 caused an estimated loss of 200,000 lives throughout Japan. Earth disruptions in 1911 creating the Neo valley fault, cutting across the central reaches of Honshu, were accompanied by more than 7,000 fatalities. In 1923 a series of quakes turned Tokyo and Yokohama into shambles. A furious upheaval took place in 1927 in Wakasa bay, a deep bite into the west coast of Honshu, snuffing out thousands of lives. Half the houses in Tottori, a city of 37,200 people, on the sea of Japan, were razed by a quake that rattled southern Honshu in 1943. The dead and seriously injured were estimated at 1,400.

Old Blankets

That old wool blanket you were tempted to discard last spring can be put to a number of uses. Among them is a silence cloth for the dining table, a mattress pad or a pad for the ironing board.
 If the blanket isn't too badly patched or worn, it could be made into a quilt covered with a lightweight cotton, the pieced cover loosely tied to prevent slipping; or it might be converted into an extra warm interlining for a child's coat or a baby bunting. A light-colored one might be dyed to make the bright wool lining for a child's coat. Extra pieces could be cut down for potholders or ironing board pads.
 A bright lumber jacket could be fashioned from the blanket if it was plaid. Additional material left over might be used for filling thin chair-seat cushions or pin cushions or as polishing cloths.
 If the blanket is thin, it would be useful in a sick room, placed around the patient's shoulders for extra warmth. As long as the blanket hangs together, the clever homemaker can find ways of using it.

Leap Year

Leap year generally, but not always, occurs at four-year intervals. The true astronomical year, however, is 365 days, five hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds, while the calendar year is an even 365 days. This means that for each calendar year that is observed there is a surplus of nearly six hours in the astronomical year. This is absorbed by adding one day to the calendar at four-year intervals. But this, then, gives the average calendar year a length 11 minutes and 14 seconds in excess of the true astronomical year. To make the necessary adjustment in the calendar a year which has two ciphers, (1600, 2000, etc.) is a leap year only when exactly divisible by 400.

No Medal

By GEORGE EKAHAU
 McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.
ANDREWS was gone. We got the news from the C. O., Tex and I, standing in the sticky Italian heat while the colonel looked us over. "You two were his buddies," he said. "You should have some idea where to locate him. Get him. And remember, the general is to decorate him at 1500 hours. I don't pretend to know what made him skip like this, but try to keep him from making this outfit the laughingstock of the army." He handed over a requisition. "Take a jeep, and buzz it."
 "He woulda thought this over," Tex said, his eyes on the road. "Jest naturally bein' careful, he wouldn't stow away in a truck, knowin' the M.P.s would get him quickest that way."
 "So we gotta be mind readers and figure what he plans?"
 "Yeah." He squinted into the dust ahead. "That village on the side of the mountain beyond Aretulla, I disremember its name, but I know how to get there. He has a pal there would hide him out for a few days."
 "So maybe we ought to figure how come he wants to hide and have some nasty explaining to do when he's in line for a gonging, he being a machine-gun-nest-wiping-out public hero."
 Tex grunted. "Reckon I know all about why he wants to stall this off, and so do you if you'll churn your sawdust a little. I wish he coulda done better than this, but now I reckon the thing to do is fetch him back before he gets into worse trouble."
 A big black-browed technical sergeant in this little half-ruined town didn't like us as visitors at all. "If you are Andy's sidekicks you should know enough to let him alone," he told us. "All he wants is to lie doggo for a few days."
 Tex scratched his left ear. "How long is it till his birthday?"
 "Ten days. Can't ya just go look somewhere else?"
 "We just wanna talk to him," Tex said. "I hate to see him in a fix when he don't need to be."
 Andy was in the storeroom, behind supply boxes. "If you're pals you haven't seen me," he said.
 Tex clucked. "He can't take it," says he to me. "One of these guys who can get so hopped up in a battle he can shut his eyes and still go knockin' over enemies. But when it comes to standin' up and takin' credit for their wild ways in public, they can't take it. Got to run and hide."
 "Oh, yeah?" Andy flared. "Don't hand me that. You know it's because I'm under age. Heck, I'd take a chance, now I'm this far, but the general happens to know me. Once he gets a load of my pan he'll savvy right away that something's fishy. Then he'll investigate. Aw, no medal's worth that. I'd rather duck this time, if it gives me the chance to stick around long enough so I can go in again with you mugs on the next push, instead of being sent home."
 "That's jest it, Andy," Tex said. They already know about you. They aim to let it ride until you get your brass. Right now you're booked out. The only thing is, do you go all clear with an honorable discharge, or the other way? Kid, I hate to see you do this to yourself. Will you come back with us?"
 Andy looked mighty low. "If that's the way it is, I might as well."
 We made it with about two seconds to spare. Tex kept stealing looks at the general's face. "How come you knew so much about them finding out about Andy?" I asked.
 "You know we been guarding that secret for months, and there was not even a peep of a rumor."
 "One of those critters they call a white lie. I knew well enough they'd be diggin' into his record, find him, bust him and send him back before the time is up. I'm gamblin' on the general's bein' a certain kind of feller."
 They began to read Andy's citation. The general pinned on the medal and shook him by the hand. He was smiling. "Andrews, your face is darned familiar, your name too. Haven't I seen you prowling my yard on the end of a lawn mower?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "I've been looking up your record, Andrews. Always do before giving a decoration. Seems to me you must be a little young to be here until your next birthday. Am I right?"
 Andy swallowed. "Yes, sir."
 "When is this birthday?"
 "In ten days, sir."
 "You know," the general said, "I always like to make a complete investigation. Hardly see how I can get around to it for a couple of weeks. Will you mind, soldier?"
 Andy's face split into a grin a yard wide. "No, SIR!"
 "Hot doggy," Tex murmured in his ear. "Never saw the general before, but I was right about him all the time."

Lucky Lady

By EVELYN SMITH
 McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.
AT THE far end of the row of pole beans, Davie North crouched on his heels, watching Mrs. Meek's angular body inch backward along the row of carrots. Not until she reached the screen of corn would it be safe to dash to the garage.
 Mrs. Meek straightened suddenly to ease her back and her eyes skewered Davie. "What you sittin' there for, boy?" Davie stared and blinked solemnly, his impatience urging her back to her task. "I declare! Eight-year-olds are a queer lot." Mrs. Meek assayed him grimly. "But I 'spect takin' a boy from the Home for a spell'll my Christian duty." Davie had seen her looking over the fence at Mr. Dyer's Victory garden and she was always cross after that—for Mr. Dyer's beans were longer and his corn taller than Mrs. Meek's. "Now if I could just afford a little more fertilizer," she grumbled, "some of the quick-grow stuff they got down at Giffin's Hardware, I might still beat him out of the prize—but three weeks till Judgin' don't give a body much time."
 As she settled back to work Davie's breath exploded in a sigh. In another minute it would be safe to approach the old garage. Davie might need water or something. For two precarious days, food had taken wing behind Mrs. Meek's uncompromising back, and Davie's skinny little arms still felt the warm softness of Lady's plump body. "La-



"Land o' heaven!"

dy" seemed like a nice name for the gentle friendly dog he'd found wandering the streets alone. The remembering choked him—maybe this one he could keep! Davie shifted with eagerness. The movement brought Mrs. Meek's eyes back to him, narrowing suspiciously. "You ain't got another dog hid around some place—to ruin my garden?"
 "Another dog!" she muttered. "It's bad enough things won't grow without havin' a dog tear 'em up." The door of the abandoned garage sprang open suddenly. Mrs. Meek's mouth, too, opened, her words rising to a wail. "Oh—"
 Davie's eyes filled his small face and he looked stupidly from Mrs. Meek to Lady—and the four mites wriggling beside her. "Puppies!" he breathed in a tone associated with Sunday school and Christmas trees.
 "Land o' heaven!" Mrs. Meek shrieked, "one ain't bad enough—it's gotta be five this time! You get rid of them, Davie North. Every last one of them—before tonight. Hear? Or back to the Home you go!"
 The noonday sun was blistering the exposed pavement of the quiet tree-shaded street when Davie stopped before the last house in the block. He'd knocked at all except this, but no one, it seemed, wanted a dog with four puppies. His finger left the bell and one bare foot dug into the other as he blinked at the tall man who filled the doorway. A timid smile took root, blossomed into a grin at the unexpected answer to his monotonous question.
 "We might even look for her owner, huh, lad?" he asked after hearing Davie's story.
 Davie's head was still bobbing happily as he sprinted away to complete the transfer, lest his new-found friend change his mind.
 Mrs. Meek's call to supper brought the boy to the fence, a small ball of fur cupped in his hands. "What you doin' over there?" she demanded, "annoyin' the neighbors?"
 "It's all right Mrs. Meek. Davie just brought me a dog." Mr. Dyer let the screen door slam behind him. "You're a fool, Bill Dyer—or don't you know what a dog can do to a garden?"
 "Plenty!" he chuckled. "Thanks to Davie here, I can buy more fertilizer for mine."
 At the word "fertilizer" her scrawny eyebrows met over slitted eyes. "Don't you be pullin' my leg, Bill Dyer!"
 "It's the truth." His laughter kindled a fire in Davie's thin chest, warming him. "We went looking for Lady's owner this afternoon, Davie and I. Seems she got out of the baggage room down at the depot."
 "And they gave me a puppy!" Davie repeated pointedly. "The man's coming for Lady tomorrow—with ten dollars reward."
 Mrs. Meek didn't say anything, but when she went inside she slammed the door with an awful bang.

CHAMBERS NEWS

The community soon. The evening was spent playing games, after which refreshments were served. The Gartner family was presented with a lovely gift in remembrance of their many friends.
 Vern Sageser and Ernie Johnston took Mrs. Johnston's mother, Mrs. Wagner to Holdridge Tuesday, where she will visit there and at Kearney before going on to her home at Burley, Idaho. Mrs. Wagner has spent a month visiting her daughter and son-in-law.
 Mrs. Nellie Starr, Mrs. Coral Calhoun and Mrs. Wm. Woods were dinner guests of Mrs. and Robertson Sunday.
 Hale Osborne left Thursday for Leavenworth, Kansas to enter the service.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Peltzer visited at the Wayne Smith home Friday evening.
 The Baptist Missionary Society met Thursday with Mrs. Bernice Platt. Sixteen members were present. Mrs. Valo Edwards and Mrs. Richard Jarman gave the lesson from the study book, "West of the Date Line."
 Rev. and Mrs. Koopp, of O'Neill, Miss Luella Rohe and Rev. Dale and father were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Walter Sunday evening.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith wrote to their daughter, Mrs. Richard Jarman, that their son Pfc. Myron Smith had been

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES

Sunday School 11 a. m.
 Youth Fellowship 7:30 p. m.
 Evening Worship 8:15 p. m.
 Pfc. Art Walter left Wednesday for Fort Dix, N. J., after spending a two weeks furlough with his wife and son and other relatives.
4-H CLUB MEETS
 The Silver Star Sewing Sisters met at the home of the president, Armetta Gled at 2 p. m., Saturday February 9. Ten members were in attendance.
 The use of the thimble and the making of simple stitches were practiced. We also painted our sewing boxes white.
 Lunch, consisting of fruit salad, cakes and cookies was served by our hostesses, Mrs. Lloyd Gled and daughter, Armetta.
 Our next meeting will also be at Armetta Gled's, at which we will make pin cushions and needle cases.

INMAN ITEMS

Mrs. Virgil Tomlinson, is here from Greenville, S. C., where her husband, Pvt. Tomlinson is stationed. She is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Watson.
 Sgt. Lorin Keyes, who is

stationed at Camp Walters, Texas, has arrived to spend several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd E. Keyes.
 Marjorie Rouse, of Omaha, came home Saturday to visit her

For IRRITATED UDDERS

STAYS CREAMY IN COLD WEATHER
 Dr. Salsbury's Udder Ointment is creamy-pleasant to use. Disappears as you rub. Soothes and softens teats and udders irritated by cracking, chapping, abrasions. Antiseptic on contact. Keep a jar handy.
 Be sure it's Dr. Salsbury's!
GET IT HERE
O'Neill Hatchery

CHAS. E. SANDALL SAYS:

THREE FACTORS IN GOOD TAVERN CONTROL



Director of the Brewing Industry's self regulation program in Nebraska; prominent member of state bar; former county attorney, state senator; U. S. District Attorney during prohibition era.

Three factors enter into effective beer and liquor control: First, a good law with strong public approval such as Nebraska's. This law with supplementary regulations and with continued able administration by the Nebraska Liquor Control Commission, provides ample power to cope with any alcoholic beverage problem which may arise.
 Second, a good class of licensed retailers; approved as they are by local and state licensing authorities who are charged by law with the duty of endorsing only competent, qualified and law-abiding licensees.
 Third, an intelligent, exacting public;

citizens who believe in and demand the strict enforcement of law, temperance and moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages and who frown upon excessive drinking and unsocial conduct.
 Cooperating with all three—the law, the retailer and the public—the Nebraska Committee pledges continuance of its efforts for clean, law-abiding conditions wherever beer is sold.

THE PUBLIC—NOT THE BREWING INDUSTRY—CHOOSES NEBRASKA'S BEER RETAILERS

NEBRASKA COMMITTEE U. S. BREWERS FOUNDATION

CHARLES E. SANDALL, State Director • 710 FIRST NATIONAL BLDG., LINCOLN

MORE TELEPHONES FOR RURAL AREAS

As rapidly as materials, equipment and manpower become available, it is the plan of this Company to extend the scope and usefulness of telephone service in each community it serves by making good telephone service available to all rural residents.

In the early 1930's adverse economic conditions forced many farmers to give up their telephones. With the return of better times and a continuous program of service improvement and promotion, substantial increases in farm telephones resulted. Although the installation of telephones had to be curtailed during the war period, more than 10,000 additional rural telephones have been put into service by this Company in the past two years. The percentage of farms with telephones in many parts of the territory served by this Company is higher than anywhere else in the country.

We have always recognized the great usefulness of telephone service to farmers and have constantly endeavored to supply their needs. Every reasonable and practicable step will be undertaken to advance this program as rapidly as possible.

NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY