

THE FRONTIER

Body of Aged Man Recovered

With the gruesome find last Saturday of the body submerged at the head of Spring creek in the rugged lands of northwest Holt county, the final chapter closed in the mystery of the disappearance of the aged T. D. Astelford in late February. The old gentleman had made his home with his son, Walter Astelford, whose ranch is some eight miles northwest of Phoenix. He had wandered some three miles from there and apparently fell over a high cliff or embankment into the water, drowned or perished from exposure.

Searching parties had been out on different dates and last Saturday searchers from O'Neill, headed by Sheriff Hubbard, tried it again, but the body was found by accident by John Obermire not many rods from his house. Mr. Obermire started out to look for a horse trailing a 50-foot rope that he had caught up to break when the horse got away. As he stepped down to the spring of the creek to cross over he found the

body submerged up to the neck in the cold spring water. Sand had gathered and partly covered the body, which lay full length face up and no marks of violence.

Word was taken to Sheriff Hubbard who was in the vicinity. By means of poles and other improvised rigging the body was got out and up the walls of the gulches, wrapped in a blanket though fully clothed with the cap drawn over head and ears, placed in the sheriff's car, Mr. Hubbard, in company with George Francis, a son-in-law of the old man, then started for Atkinson. When within a few miles of Atkinson the sheriff says they met and passed County Attorney J. D. Cronin, Undertakers W. J. Biglin and Leo Mullen. Turning about and catching up with them Mr. Cronin on behalf of the county consented to the removal of the body to Boyd county. It was then taken to Butte for burial at the request of members of the family.

The mystic streams of northern Holt have yielded up another gloomy mystery.

SMALL DOSES PAST AND PRESENT

By Romaine Saunders

Two—just call it Two.

"Well, I'll see you again." A nice way to tell you to get out.

The fine boys and girls we see everywhere makes us skeptical of the alarming stories of "juvenile delinquency."

A southern senator complains that the nation's salt pork supply has been shipped to Russia. Let them have it, brother; let them have it.

An Indiana dad shot and killed his 17-year-old son who had been discharged from the merchant marine, because the old man considered the discharge "a black mark on the family name." There are two black marks now. Which is the blackest?

This comes from the European war zone:

Oh come ye back, ye British soldier,

Come ye back to Mandalay! Oh come ye back, ye Yankee soldier,

Come ye back to U.S.A.!

The fad for foreign grasses has struck Holt county. Should it ever be that our native grasses are crowded out, that which gives the prairie land a transcending charm will be lost forever. The blue stem, the buffalo grass, nature's waving green stretching in endless miles to the earth's distant rim, touched with summer's bright floral bloom—this is the prairie as given to man. Palsied by the hand that would obliterate its native beauty by sowing the tares of a stranger.

The whereabouts of a few of the O'Neill offspring when "you and I were young" is of interest to the gray heads. At last accounts a partly gent was seen in Hollywood—that was Ernest Adams. Margrette Dayle serves as private secretary to Sen. Vandenberg of Michigan, one of the ablest in the senate. John Hopkins, postmaster at Omaha. Ed Tierney, shoeing race horses on the tracks in Old Mexico. Clinton Lowrie, doctor of divinity, had a large church at St. Paul, Minn., at last account. Madelene Dayle, wife of the United States marshal for northern Michigan. Mrs. L. T. Shanner, U. S. War Production Board, Washington, D. C. Frank Harrington, assistant U. S. Attorney, Seattle, Wash.

The boys in U. S. uniforms on the island of Leyte had to get a message to a ship anchored 200 yards off shore. The ship radio received only by code. The radio men on shore had only a voice transmitter. But they got busy, called San Francisco, the station there called Sydney, Australia. Sydney relayed the message to

New Guinea. There a naval station sent it by code to the ship 200 yards from where the message originated, and the men on shore had their answer back in five minutes. An outfit like that is too much for the Japs.

Maybe the lady had a pickle before she wrote it. In a syndicated column I read "If you're a healthy human you'll never be perfectly happy." Ask the young lovers about it, the guy who will sit all day in the shade on the bank of the creek and fish, the boy with his dog, the old prairie wolf astride the buckskin gelding, or the mother who cuddles her first born. If you are not "perfectly happy," are you happy at all?

"... some having... turned aside unto vain jangling." Jangle is explained to signify babble, discordant sound. In the light of this definition the whole world must plead guilty. A babble of voices that would point frustrated mankind to the verdant shores of peace and plenty; discordant sounds that bewilder and lead nowhere. Floundering in the mire of confusion men may turn the vision to the stars—stars glowing out of the depths of eternity and listen to that voice which calls: "Be still and know that I am God."

Friday is the day of doom for a young man in the death cell down at the penitentiary. Convicted of one of the most revolting crimes human fiends are capable of there are soft heads over the state that have written a lot of gushing nonsense protesting the execution. The condemned young man has gone the rounds of the courts for a year in fruitless search of a loophole to escape the consequences of his crime. His bloody hand stained his own soul, disgraced the uniform he wore and left a Nebraska home desolated. He has had a year to make his peace with the Creator and nought but his life will atone to society.

Ad writing "experts" are causing printers to turn out monstrosities. An ad blaring at you in ugly black lines jars the nerves. Much of it comes about by taking the composition of the ads out of the hands of the local printers and "experts" doing the work and furnishing the papers with "mats." The publisher has no choice but to run the blackened mass. P. J. McManus was something of a clever ad writer in his mercantile days in O'Neill. I recall one ad it was my pleasure to design for P. J. that was reproduced in the National Printer-Journalist of Chicago and commended both as a work of art and exceptionally appealingly written—the two primary essentials to appeal to the buying fancy of most persons. Art has an appeal, a jumble of black and white repels.

BRIEFLY STATED

A sack of potatoes parked in front of a grocery is a fine target for a dog to shoot at.

Mrs. Wm. Spelts returned Saturday from a visit at Winner, South Dakota.

Mrs. Lowell Irwin, of Bassett, visited her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. George Fox, last week.

Joe Mann and Art Cowperthwait took in the attractions at the Atkinson sale ring Tuesday.

Lyle Peterson, who has been employed at a local lumber yard, is leaving for war work at Hastings.

Mrs. Glen Tomlinson, Mrs. H. W. Tomlinson and Mrs. O. A. Kilpatrick visited Norfolk last week-end.

Mrs. John Conard, Mrs. Guy Cole and Mrs. John Krsenbrock formed a party headed for Sioux City Thursday, planning to return Friday.

Mrs. O. A. Kilpatrick accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Glen Tomlinson departed Tuesday for Harlan, Iowa, on a visit at the home of her brother.

A New Industry in O'Neill

A door or two below the post office on upper Fourth street is the entrance to a building crowded with an amazing assortment of tools, machines, irons and stock in trade. It is all bewildering to the layman, but Ed Hagensick, the boss, proprietor and master mechanic knows what it is all about. That Ed is a master genius has proved a "life saver" for a lot of folks. One of the latest groups of citizens to turn to him to solve their problem is the ranchmen.

And thereby hangs the tale of a new industry for O'Neill. How many in town would know a horn weight if they saw one? Out on the ranches the horns on the bulls are not allowed to grow at a dangerous angle—a bull's horn pointing straight at you can do a lot of damage. The cowboys take the horns off of the heifers but no self-respecting young bull would care to appear on the range grounds without his horny head adornment. To make the young bovine aristocrats safe to handle weights are put on the horns so they will grow at a drooping angle. Thus they are less able to "hook."

Not long ago a cattle man asked Mr. Hagensick if he had horn weights. That was all Greek to Ed but he asked to be shown one. He was. Now there is a horn weight factory in operation right under our noses that we knew nothing about until a few days ago.

The weights are made of soft metal in molds, holes drilled so they may be fastened to the horns with screws, and are made in three sizes, one-half pound, one pound and one and one-half pound. Stockmen from over Holt and adjoining counties are availing themselves of the output of this new industry. Mr. Hagensick is experiencing some difficulty in securing the proper metal in adequate quantities but thinks he has enough of the manufactured product on hand to supply the present demands.

The community finds our unostentatious Ed an indispensable citizen when the unusual thing is to be made.

BRIEFLY STATED

And now the boys want to fly their kites but can't buy a ball of string in the town.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet Gillespie and little son spent Sunday with Mrs. Gillespie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eby at Page.

Four O'Neill church groups join in a Good Friday service at the Methodist church at 2 in the afternoon on Friday.

Walter T. Einkotf, druggist at Chambers, was in the city Sunday to meet Mrs. Einkotf, who came in on an evening bus from South Dakota, where she had been visiting.

Has O'Neill repudiated St. Patrick? Not a green ribbon was in evidence the 17th. What would the grand old Irishman like John Dwyer, John McCafferty, Neil Brennan and Pat Hagerty think of such indifference on the part of the successors to their heritage?

L. G. Gillespie encountered difficulty returning from Page last Thursday night in a dense fog. He got onto the wrong trail, stopped, got out of the car to investigate when the car rolled back and knocked him over. Minor injury resulted but Lloyd got back to O'Neill at an early hour Friday morning and is as good as ever.

W. H. Harvey was in from the Meeek neighborhood Monday and called at The Frontier on business. Mr. Harvey is one of the "old timers" out north and recalls that the old gentleman Astelford, whose body was found last Saturday, lived on a homestead a mile and a half from his father's homestead in the early eighties. Astelford subsequently located in the community about Phoenix.

Red Cross Meeting a Notable Gathering

The high school auditorium was filled with a capacity audience Wednesday evening when the community responded in a large way to the announced program under the auspices of the Holt County Red Cross. The program was a notable event of the season. While the crowds were working their way in the band played several selections and Mrs. Ralph Rayla sang.

R. H. Shriner, chairman of the Red Cross, introduced Julius D. Cronin, who gave a stirring patriotic address, urged unstinted support of the Red Cross and introduced the next speaker, Lieut. Magdelene Ullom. Miss Ullom spoke for half an hour, disclosed no war secrets and amused the audience by her keen sense of humor born even out of the tragedies of the far Pacific Islands, where she had served as an army nurse before interned as a prisoner of the Japanese. Miss Ullom appeared in full service uniform

and with her in uniform on the platform were five soldiers and one sailor, Pfc. John Brennan (wounded recently in Germany) Staff Sgt. John McCaffrey, Pfc. Jack Hartly, Radioman 3.c Fritz Yantzi, Pfc. Vernon Lorenz and Pvt. George Nachtmann. These, with all on the rostrum, rose and stood at salute when the drums rattled and the band broke into the national air.

Miss Elizabeth Gernes, of Columbus, Red Cross Supervisor for this area, gave an interesting report of conditions in German prison camps, assuring all that the Red Cross was keeping American prisoners supplied with many things for their comfort.

On behalf of the citizens of the community Mr. Shriner presented Miss Ullom with a writing set and a check for \$62.00 Miss Ullom expressed her gratitude and handed the check back to Mr. Shriner with the request that it be added to the Red Cross funds.

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OBITUARY

Thomas Densimore Astleford was born in New York state on February 24, 1860, and passed away on February 28, 1945, being 85 years and four days of age. He came to Niobrara, Nebr., at the age of eight with his father and the family and there grew to manhood.

For some time he drove the stage and carried mail from Yankton, S. D., to Niobrara, later homesteading near Meeek.

On August 16, 1887, he was united in marriage to Carolyn Reynolds. To this union were born three children, Icie Ruth who became Mrs. Kent Rakes, Olive Irene, now Mrs. George Francis of Spencer, and Walter Evert of Holt county. His wife and daughter, Ruth, have preceded him in death.

In 1894 he moved with his family to Boone, Iowa, returning to northeastern Nebraska after three years. He homesteaded three miles north of Phoenix in Holt county in 1910, where he lived until nearly three years ago. Since that time he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. George Francis and his son, Walter Astleford.

In his early married life he was converted and shortly after moving to Phoenix he became a member of the Free Methodist church at Butte, of which he remained a loyal and consistent member.

Besides his two children he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Emma Kelley, of Los Angeles, Cal.; fourteen grandchildren, two of whom are in the armed forces, and three who were present at the funeral services, Daniel Rakes, of O'Neill; Joe Francis of Spencer; Claude Astleford, of Michigan. Also twenty-two great

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Pfc. John Brennan, who has been with Patton's invincible army of the Rhine battling the daylight out of the Germans, is resting from the scars and grim realities of battle with home folks in O'Neill, while permitted to be away from it all on a soldier's furlough.

D. E. Bowen, of Page, was in the city Wednesday and favored The Frontier with a combined business and friendly visit. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen have retired from the strenuous life of ranchers and are taking things easy in the quiet and charming village of Page and after many years residence in the prairie land are still convinced that Holt county is a fine place to live.

Palefaces are cleaning up the wigwams, raking up the dead leaf-accumulations and worthless contributions of autumn and winter. The curling smoke on calm evenings luring to a camp in the open is just a thrifty householder's "bonfire." Next the spades and hoes will be brought out for another garden planting season. We are well ed in Yankee, land and not a little of the best of life's sustaining things comes from the garden in the back yard.

Word from Rochester, Minn., is to the effect that C. E. Stout is recovering from a throat operation, which his many friends here will be glad to learn.

After a visit with home folks a Virgil Tomlinson, crew chief at an army air base at Greenville, S. C., returned to his base this week. He was accompanied by his wife.

Grant Alder came down from Rushville last week for a hand clasp with his brother, Delbert, here from the Italy battle zone, where he is serving in Uncle Sam's winged army, and for a visit with other relatives of this community.

A few no-fund checks for small amounts have got into the hands of O'Neill merchants during the past week said to be the work of a young man from the southeast corner of the county. No court action has been instituted up to Wednesday.

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