

THE FRONTIER

Editorial & Business Offices: 112 South Fourth Street
O'NEILL, NEBR.

CARROLL W. STEWART, Editor and Publisher

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Girls' Trio to Sing Gershwin Selection

Three young ladies' voices will be heard in a Gershwin number at the Saturday, June 23, concert by the Municipal band. The voices will be those of Barbara Bennett, Phyllis Harmon and Verle Ralya.

The program: "Star Spangled Banner," by Key; march, "The Huntress," by King; march, "Law and Order," by Alford; waltz, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"; overture, "Orpheus," by Offenbach; march, "The Thunderer," by Sousa; vocal trio, Gershwin selection.

Overture, "Light Cavalry," by Von Suppe; "Galop Majestic," by King; hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," by Monk; march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," by Sousa.

Celebrate Anniversaries With Picnic Dinner

Mrs. Tillie Anderson, of Laurel, and her brother, Herman Meyers, of Atkinson, celebrated their birthday anniversaries with a family dinner at Ford's park Sunday afternoon.

Those present at the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. Jim Pokorny and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Black, of Spencer; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Neiman and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meyers and family, of Atkinson; Mr. and Mrs. Ed Luedke, of Wisner; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Luedke and family, of Lincoln; Mr. and Mrs. James Meyers and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Meyers, of Orchard; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meyers and Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Morrison and Billy, of Royal; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Prescott and family and Mrs. Tillie Anderson and Janet, of Laurel; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lamb, and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Anderson, of O'Neill.

GOES TO CONFERENCE

AMELIA—Glenn E. White, of Amelia, was one of the official delegates who attended the 23d quadrennial conference of the Free Methodist church of North America at Hillsdale, Mich., June 13-26. Elected by members of the Nebraska conference of the Free Methodist church, Mr. White, accompanied by Reverend Luginsland, Free Methodist pastor at Amelia, arrived in Hillsdale Wednesday, June 13.

"Voice of The Frontier," 780 kc.

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LYNCH NEWS

Leroy Barta, of Verdigré, visited friends and relatives here on Sunday.

Rev. John Wiczorek returned home from Ashland on Thursday, June 14, where he had spent 2 days superintending the cleaning of his resort cabin following the recent floods in that locality.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Holtz, of Norfolk, came Sunday to visit their children and families here, namely Orville Holtz, Harlan Holtz, and Mrs. Elmo Barnes. A picnic dinner was held at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Barta and Evelyn, of Dorsey, visited at George Barta's Sunday.

Mrs. Albert Peed, of Verdell, visited her sister, Mrs. Ina DeKay, at the Lynch hospital the first of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hoy and daughter were Butte visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pinkerman visited relatives in Holt county the first of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Deloss Malcolm and family, of Bristow, called on Mrs. Josephine Boska and son on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mills, of Riverton, Wyo., were dinner guests at the Lloyd Mills home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kirwan, of Ft. Randall, S. D., visited at the T. C. Norwood home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Peters and son, of Verdell, visited at the home of Mrs. Nata Bjornson on Sunday, June 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pishel and family, of Verdell, visited at E. V. Mulhair's Sunday. Dale Mulhair was also there.

Marlin Barnes celebrated his birthday anniversary on June 14 with birthday cake and ice cream topped with strawberries.

Orville Holtz went to Creighton on Monday, June 18.

Mrs. W. T. Alford returned home Thursday, June 14, from a week's stay in Omaha and other points.

The Alford brothers, of Omaha, are home for a visit at the parental W. T. Alford home.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rosicky, Joan and Billy Paul returned home Friday, June 15, from a 10-day visit with Mrs. Rosicky's sister and family in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hasenpflug, of Danbury, Ia., returned to their home after an extended visit with relatives in Knox and Boyd counties.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Norwood, of Lincoln, are visiting at the Guy Norwood home. The factory where Wallace is working is on a strike so Wallace and family are here visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Norwood and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mills, of Riverton, Wyo., and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Norwood, of Lincoln, enjoyed Sunday, June 17, dinner together.

Gene Bell and Urell Norwood were in Waverly from Saturday until Tuesday.

Frontier for printing!

Perfectly Mated



Prairieland Talk—'Sliver' Jim Triggs Helped Fight Chicago Fire, Played in Band, Organized Ball Club

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — For the information of The Frontier's intelligent compositor who thinks it ought to be "Silver," James Triggs' honorable title was "Sliver."

He was a little guy who hit O'Neill along about 1894 with his father and mother and 2 brothers.

He was a lively gent and maybe that gave him the nick name. A character in his own right, "Sliver" was known by everybody and as a young blood was quite a Beau Brummell. Moreover, he had a history. The Triggs

home before coming here was in an Indiana town close to Chicago.

Jim belonged to the fire department of his home town and when the cow kicked over the lantern and started the fire that wiped out Chicago, "Sliver" was one of the firemen who combated the flames. So out here he got a fire-fighting group organized, was in the band, and was the catcher for the first organized ball club.

He was a dare devil, climbed the steeple that stood 110 feet high on the hill, entered burning buildings and was seen one day as he leaped into a moving buggy to stop a runaway team.

He was the first at the holocaust that reduced to ashes the Bridges mill and looked on helplessly when the old Potter house and the convent went up in flames. He was as provident as he was daring.

The community gave him fitting burial. An Omaha paper once devoted more than a column to the picturesque "Sliver," en-

shrining him as a hero of the Chicago fire.

He passed out of the picture by the route all flesh travels in the early 1930's.

Hundreds of tons of them have

been destroyed and dumped into the sea. But a baked potato today is something of a luxury. The week of June 11 opened with the retail price of \$3.40 per bushel. That would have been a knock out in the Bohemian settlement of sod houses over on Dry creek, the Irish from upper Michigan northeast of town and the Scranton, Pa., folks to the northwest, who sold tons of the best spuds ever grown to Mike Sullivan, John Mann and Pat Hagerty for 11 cents per bushel. I ventured into the potato growing business just once. Two 4-horse loads were taken by ranchers at 50 cents the bushel. They were no penny pinchers. But those 2 loads enabled the amateur agronomist to take care of an obligation with the banker that otherwise might have proved humiliating or even disastrous.

At any guess you care to make, General Wedemeyer has not been trying to save his own military skin. What he has told that senate committee comes straight from him without fear and trembling over reaction at the White House.

What is it that induces men to enter the arena and take off on the marathon for public office? The emoluments are not such as to constitute a prize worth striving for in view of the mud bath that many are subjected to. In the realm of the higher offices of state and nation it resolves itself into either the jackass vanity with which so many of us are afflicted or lofty patriotic motives to put across a program that we think enhances the public welfare, incidentally the thought of "making a name" sprouting the while in cerebral recesses. Then, too, most specimens of the genus homo have their ego lifted if they can be exalted to the pinnacle of "boss." Well, we must have public officials and most of them are doing a conscientious service. Those who do not are soon sent to the scrap heap.

Editors of some of our Nebraska daily papers are writing col-

umns of sundried editorials telling us what ought to be done to curb the wrath of the pride-swollen Blue, arrogant Salt creek and other swollen streams. But it is something of a tragedy that the editors are wasting printers' ink on the desert air.

This flood business has been with us since before this generation of able editors came into the picture.

A half-century ago a country town editor, Denny Cronin, put across a state aid bridge law that gave local communities needed assistance in bridge building. Denny didn't do it by the "heavy editorial" route but went to the legislature and fought the thing through as a member of that body. What has become of state aid for bridge building? I go out over the state from time to time, mostly to the great grasslands and find neither torn bridges nor impassable highways.

What is the matter with Nebraska highways? They are about like they are elsewhere—Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California and in many states to the east you can't travel 40 rods in a straight line.

The main trouble is our Nebraska highways, as in other states, were not laid deep enough to carry the heavy traffic now racing over them.

The Platte today ripples over the sands, its limpid waters from shore to shore as we fancy it did when the first wagon train on the Oregon trail halted by the river and made camp. It is a beautiful stream and this early

summer hurries on to the muddy Missouri with a full volume of clear water. The moderns roll across the stately bridge. The pioneers wallowed and swam their teams from shore to shore. The Loup and the Elkhorn contribute to the flood emptied by the Platte into the Missouri. The valleys of Nebraska are well watered and maybe some day more direct use will be found for its streams.

I crossed the Elkhorn south of O'Neill a day recently. That stream, the bridges over which you travel as you head for Fourth street, revived memories. It is where we had spent long summer evenings bathing in the nude in those cooling waters, where we had hooked out 5-pound pickerel and had our share of trouble moving the McClure herds out into the grazing lands, urging reluctant 2-year-olds through the water or across the bridges. There were 2 of them borne up on wooden piers, to which a steer might get caught when we would rope him and pull him to land.

Prairie fires swept up to the river brink and sometimes leaped across. Wooden bridges have been replaced by concrete. But concrete cannot bury memories in its solid embrace. So out of the memory of years now gone I turn to a poem of Longfellow's.

And I think how many thousands Of care-encumbered men, (Continued on page 7.)

Dr. Edw. J. Norwood, O. D.
Optometrist,
from Crawford, Nebraska,
will be in O'Neill on
JUNE 23
9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
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Apples, 2 Lbs. 29¢ | Celery, Ea. 19¢
Bananas, 2 Lbs. 33¢ | Tomatoes, Lb. 23¢

LUX SOAP, bar 9¢ 2 bath size 27¢ | **BREEZE**, large 32¢
LUX FLAKES, large pkg. 32¢ | **SURF**, giant... 63¢...large 32¢
RIMSO, giant 63¢...large 32¢ | **SILVERDUST**, giant 65¢ lge. 33¢

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PURE PORK SAUSAGE ROLLS Armour's Star, 1-Lb. Roll 39¢

COUNCIL OAK Sliced BACON 57¢ Special Top Grade, Pound

SUMMER SAUSAGE "Sliced", Pound 69¢

SKINLESS FRANKS Plump and Tender, Pound 49¢

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