

THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.

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Recurring Blizzards of 1949

This is an unusual, extraordinary and historic Winter. One might say it is a record-breaking Winter in most respects. But that might be an exaggeration, and it is very easy to exaggerate about things, especially the weather.

On a cold day one is likely to say something to this effect, "This is the coldest day I have ever known!" And, on hot or rainy days, one is likely to make equally broad statements; but, as a plain matter of fact, none of the comments may be strictly true. They may only seem to be at the moment because we feel that way. As a matter of history—and our prized Frontier files may bear us out—there have been days in the past which were colder, hotter, rainer, and so on.

However, there is no disputing the obvious fact that this is an unusual Winter or that this will be a historic and memorable Winter.

In The Frontier office we have a copy of Addison Erwin Sheldon's "History and Stories of Nebraska". This volume has been the Nebraska history bible for several generations of the state's school pupils.

Mr. Sheldon terms Nebraska's second great storm the one Joel Parker referred to in last week's issue of The Frontier. This was the storm, Mr. Parker said, which precipitated the greatest flood in history in the Elkhorn river valley.

About this storm Mr. Sheldon wrote:

"The second great Nebraska storm came at the end of Winter, instead of the beginning. It had been raining on Easter Sunday, April 13, 1873. Just before dark the wind changed from the southwest to the northwest, the rain changed to sleet, and the sleet to fine snow. At daybreak on the 14th, the air was filled with what seemed solid snow. It was so wet and driven so swiftly before the wind that it was impossible to face it. All day Monday, Monday night, Tuesday and Tuesday night, the storm increased in fury. Dugouts, sod houses and stables were buried in snowdrifts. Nearly all of the stock in some counties were frozen to death. There were many cases where settlers took horses, cows, pigs and chickens into their houses, where all lived together until the storm passed. One settler remembers that the snow was as fine as flour and was driven so fiercely before that wind that it found every crevice and filled the stables until the cattle, tramping to keep it down, had their backs forced up through the roofs. Many settlers perished in this storm. How many we do not know, for no perfect record was kept; but nearly every county had its victims."

The third great storm came on January 12, 1888, according to Mr. Sheldon, who is probably the best-known and ablest historian Nebraska has produced. Many of our readers remember the day vividly, but here is Mr. Sheldon's version:

"The day had been so mild that men went about in their shirt-sleeves and cattle grazed in the fields. School children played out-of-doors. Suddenly the wind changed to the north, blowing more furiously each minute thick blinding snow, first in large flakes and later in smaller ones fierce as bullets from a gun. There seemed no limit to the fury of the wind, nor the increasing density of the driven snow. Men driving their teams could not see the horses' heads. The storm and the intense cold which followed lasted three days. It was two weeks before the news from the farms and ranches began to slowly come into the newspaper offices. Then it was learned that the loss of life was the greatest ever known in the West. In Dakota over one thousand persons were reported frozen to death and in Nebraska over one hundred. The wind blew at the rate of 56 miles-per-hour and the mercury fell to 34 degrees below zero. In Holt county alone more than 20 people lost their lives and one-half of the livestock in the county perished."

It is by no means The Frontier's intention to minimize in any sense the severity of the Easter Storm of 1873 or the Great Blizzard of 1888. Yet it seems that Nebraska history fails to record any period in which so vast a population of people and livestock have been subjected to the weatherman's wrath for so long a time as has been experienced in the O'Neill area during the Recurring Blizzards of 1949.

Except for air transportation, radio, telephone, automobiles, mechanized snow-removal equipment and other modern devices, this catastrophe which now envelopes a wide area would have accounted for a colossal number of lives. At best its toll in livestock will mount into the thousands before Spring comes.

For blizzards to start in the late Fall and to continue during the Winter months, growing worse and worse, is an unprecedented blow to a people. There is no section of the country which has been harder hit by the present Winter than Holt county. The citizens of the O'Neill region have been bucking snow drifts and chopping ice in one terrible storm after another for many weary weeks.

The Frontier gladly leaves all statistical comparisons between the Recurring Blizzards of 1949 with all others to the meteorologists and their million dollar laboratories. History in due time will make other comparisons.

For close-range objective reporting and fully mindful of the tendency to exaggerate, The Frontier nominates the Recurring Blizzards of 1949 for the infamous honor of bringing about the worst Winter on record!

In a sense, people of the present day suffer more during a hard Winter than the pioneers. The pioneers were few in number, their habits were simple, and they dug in in preparation for cold weather. In this modern age, people are scattered everywhere and are often caught unawares by a bad storm.

One consolation is that the pioneers still living won't have so much reason to brag about the days "way back when" after this record-breaking Winter.

"When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," according to a very old adage and it is certainly true this year.

The growth of O'Neill along various lines during 1948 encourages expectation of still greater expansion during the coming year.

O'Neill has an unusually good prospect for growth and expansion in 1949.

Think of what the 1949 crop is going to be and take courage.

If you have any heavy underwear, this is the time to wear it.

How about those New Year resolutions as of this date?

Keep up with local events by reading The Frontier.

About time for those seed catalogues to appear.

Dividing the Spoils



Prairie Land Talk —

Truman's Inauguration May Be January's Biggest News Story

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—The greatest news story for January will probably be ascribed to the inauguration. A scarcely noticed incident, told in a few words, may well be given first place. Inaugurations take place every four years.

The story of a blind news vendor being given a trip to a distant state to visit a brother is once in a generation. A blind man sat daily in front of a public eating place. The proprietor of this cafe learned that the blind man had a brother more than half way across the continent whom he would like to visit. Maybe that cafe owner was in the habit of putting a little more substance in his sandwiches than some others. He bought a round-trip ticket and gave it to the blind news vendor to go and visit his brother.

Does that not convince you that human nobility survives in a society you may have left had become wholly selfish. The gift of a return ticket for a long train ride for a blind paper peddler bestowed by one individual was the biggest news in January.

The romance of the land went out with the introduction of the modern methods of farming. Back and forth the plowman goes across his fields a robot performing mechanical motions lifting and lowering levers. The odor of sweating horses and the old social function of talking to your teams is gone. There is the stench of grease and fumes of burning gasoline, the jolts from riding a tractor, the time lost going to town for a bolt or casting. Some farms have neither horse, cow nor chick. No contact with living things. Machines, a head of wheat, an ear of corn—inanimate, dead, lifeless things. Pride in a sleek horse, the stimulus of bringing in the cows, the thrill of finding a nest of eggs—all of these have disappeared on many farms and the men and women of such farms get into the car and go to town, buy store butter, candied eggs and canned milk.

At each session of the legislature the old age assistance comes up as a hangover from the last session, more adequate provision for those under the necessity of seeking aid having both supporters and opposers. The latter are the more aggressive while the old folks have never really had a champion that could swing support for assistance measures. Maybe present allotments are adequate; I don't know. But here we are sending train loads of provisions abroad and appropriating millions of dollars thrown far-and-wide across the earth. Charity should always begin at home. If the blind, maimed and halt, the aged indigent and any unfortunates among us are now not properly provided for such condition should be remedied, and that without this biennial monkey business of the legislature.

Fruitlessly meandering about some acres of floor space in a big store I found a vacant chair by a gent who had concluded to sit down while his better half did the buying. Ladies have the credit as talkers, but men thrown together find something to say. He told me he was a wheat farmer 20 miles out, a former teacher turned farmer. He finds wheat a more reliable crop than corn owing to uncertain weather conditions for maturing corn, and the farm upon the whole gives him a greater feeling of security than the school room. And it was interesting to learn that he had relatives in

my former neighborhood near Amelia. . . . The story is told of a frog apparently stranded in a rut of the road. Companion frogs offered their advice on how to get out but leap as he would the frog seemed unable to scale the side of the rut. The companion frogs withdrew after making many suggestions feeling their friend was hopelessly imprisoned. However, next day they found him hopping happily about on the meadow and inquired as to how he got out of the rut. Simple enough, replied the frog. I saw a truck coming down the road toward me and I had to get out. . . . Democracy was in full flower the other day along Pennsylvania avenue. It took a \$650,000 splurge to inaugurate Mr. Truman. If the federal constitution provided that the majority of the popular vote should determine the result there would have been five instead of one inaugurated president. Mr. Truman received at the November election 24,104,542 votes. Gov. Dewey and four other candidates for president received a total of 24,552,200 votes, or in other words 567,652 more citizens voted for other candidates than Truman. Nobody had a majority of the popular vote. . . . A southern Nebraska grain farmer informs me his income tax, real estate and personal tax and support of his church for 1948 totaled \$4,000. That is about one-third of his total grain crop. . . . It is up again, the two percent sales tax. As often as the legislature meets so often appears one or more senators with a bill in the coat pocket to hook the citizens a tax on life's necessities. There is a hero medal awaiting the legislator who comes forward with a program to curtail expenditures as a means of leveling off the budget. . . . Nebraska Townsend clubs still function. They have entered the arena to oppose a two percent sales tax that undoubtedly will be proposed in the legislature which meets next month. The only suggestion offered by the compiler of this department is that the legislature meet, make the appropriations and adjourn sine die. . . . So you think freight and passenger rates are high. Did you know that Nebraska's take in taxes from the one railroad crossing the north section of the state this year is \$304,551.39? Holt county's share has been around \$16,000 in some past years, but I have not seen the figures for the county in recent years. . . . A state senator decries capital punishment and would do away with the electric chair. Maybe he would feel different about it if a revolting death stroke dealt by a criminal took the honor and the life of a daughter from his household. The individual convicted of murder has forfeited their right to life. . . . An 86-year-old Wisconsin patriot died and preached his funeral sermon to an audience of 2,000. He had prepared a sermon five years before he died and got it across by means of phonograph records. . . . Out of that knock down federal budget 76 per cent goes to the war fund and 24 per cent to sustain civilian activities of government. . . . According to Mr. Truman's

plans the vice-president will have a coat of arms and a \$2,500,000 mansion to live in.

As related to the southeastern section of Nebraska weather forecasts are about as reliable as public opinion polls.

With pleasure, Mr. Truman signed the first measure to come to him from the 81st congress. He thereby receives a yearly stipend of \$190,000, the 90 being for presidential expenses and entertainments. Mr. Hoover returned his salary checks as president.

Senatorial district 39 is composed of 10 counties, not 170 as appeared in this department January 13. No. 39 is in the heart of the sandhill cow district.

Letters to Editor

Emmet Nebraska January 8, 1949. The Frontier, O'Neill, Nebr. Dear Sirs:

This is just a note to tell you how much we appreciate the radio broadcasts you are sponsoring. The little items about the roads, etc., are very good at this time and the announcements you made this morning concerning the "Off the Campus College Class" for next Saturday, being postponed, and about highway 11 from Atkinson to Butte to be opened today.

I know many people in the isolated farm areas do appreciate those announcements. My daughter is teaching out in the Phoenix neighborhood and those people get their mail out of O'Neill. When the roads are so bad someone from out there tries to get to O'Neill via Atkinson on highway 11 and then they get the mail for the whole neighborhood.

I talked to Leona by long distance this morning and she said they heard the broadcast so a couple of the men were going to try to get over to highway 11, a distance of three miles, and see if they could get to O'Neill for the mail. They have had no mail since Friday, December 31.

Leona was glad to know the history class had been postponed. Her mind will be relieved on that score anyway.

We do enjoy Johnny and Jeannie Mullen's harmonizing. They are very good and being born and reared in this vicinity, we appreciate them all the more.

And, of course, we like the specials the various establishments advertise too.

You may enter our subscription for The Frontier. I am enclosing a check for \$2.50. If this isn't right please let me know.

Yours Sincerely, MRS. LEON BECKWITH Emmet, Nebr.

CHAMBERS NEWS

Delores and Dean Wilkinson, who live 14 miles from Chambers, were brought into town Saturday, January 15, via airplane so they would be able to attend school. Deloris is a sophomore and Dean is a freshman.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Roth left Friday, January 14, for a vacation trip to California. They will stop and visit relatives and friends at many places along the way.

Mrs. Albert Gigax, a n d daughter, Ruth Ann, of Columbus, arrived Thursday, January 13, to stay with Mary Jo Roth and manage the hotel while Mr. and Mrs. Roth are vacationing. Mrs. Gigax is Mr. Roth's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Eason, who were "snowed in" here after a short vacation, were able to return home via bus on Friday, January 7. The Easons live at Lexington, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Harley have purchased the Jackson house.

Services at the Methodist church have not been held for three weeks, despite the fact that they have installed a new oil furnace.

DELOIT NEWS

Mrs. Martha Kinney and Elvion, of near Elgin, are spending a few days at the Maynard Stearns home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kaster and daughter and Henry Trenniphahl came home by plane Sunday and Monday, January 16 and 17, after being "snowed in" at Elgin. The two Kaster girls are still in Elgin.

Janis and Donnie Bauer spent three weeks "snowed in" at Bill Days'. Jackie and Ronnie Kallhoff spent three weeks at G. A. Bauers' home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdie Hupp were O'Neill visitors Friday. G. A. Bauers and Sylvester Bauers were Elgin visitors Friday.

O'NEILL AUTO REBUILDERS

5 Blocks North of Bus Depot SPECIALIZING IN Body & Fender ★ Repairing ★ Repainting LINDQUIST & SONS PHONE 133

High Tribute Paid to Mail Carriers

By A. STOLLER

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Jan. 18—I met an old friend the other day. It was a chilly, rainy day; but, as usual, he greeted me in a friendly, cheerful way. We exchanged some brief comments about the weather and, then, went our separate ways. As always, I had enjoyed the brief visit.

Who was this old friend, you ask. To tell the truth, I can't even give you his name and I don't know anything about him except that he is a friend. I don't know his name, how old he is, where he lives, whether he has a family or not or any other facts about him.

All I know is that I have known him for years, have seen him usually once or twice a day during that time, have met him in all kinds of weather—extremely hot, extremely cold and extremely wet—and have always found him to be the same friendly, pleasant and courteous person.

To come to the point, my friend is the mail carrier in the part of the city where I live and all I know in regard to him is that I have always found him to be efficient, polite and obliging.

It so happens that, for many years, I have been living in the same neighborhood in Phoenix, although not in the same house, and this mail carrier has always, during that time, delivered the mail on that route.

I suppose that he has his ups and downs, his trials and tribulations the same as the rest of us, but I have never seen any change in his manner under any circumstances. He is always cheerful, patient and methodical.

An interesting story could be written about a man like that and it would be especially interesting to know how much mail—how many letters, papers, magazines and other kinds of mail—he has delivered in the years I have known him; but, of course, we can only speculate about that.

One thing is obvious—my friend, the U. S. mailman, is a high type man and I know that

he is only one of a vast army of such men who carry Uncle Sam's mail. (Next week: Fur Caps in Phoenix.)

O'NEILL LOCALS

Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Theresa Murray and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson were Mr. and Mrs. William W. Watson and daughter, Betty Jo. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ray returned from Omaha Friday. They were gone a week.

Maintaining High Tavern Standards by Education

Encouraging the maintenance of good conditions in places where beer is sold is the chief aim of the brewing industry and the Nebraska Division, U. S. Brewers Foundation.

Since the best informed tavern owners are generally those who best conduct their places in the public interest, our dealers educational program for 1949 will be continued through the year in an effort to make it still more effective.

In addition to personal educational work by trained fieldmen, helpful posters are provided in an effort to secure the cooperation of patrons whose age or conduct might be involved.

As a result of years of constant education, Nebraska tavern owners have improved conditions in their places and, with continued help, these conditions will be improved even more.

Mortgage Loans

Business properties Farm & FHA Home loans. Term & payments to fit the individual case.

Kloke Investment Co. Omaha 2, Nebraska

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United States Brewers Foundation

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- DOCTOR BILLS. Charges of a licensed physician for treatment of such sickness.
• HOSPITAL BILLS: Hospital room and board, all services of regular hospital attendants and use of any hospital apparatus or medicines used for such treatment.
• NURSE. Pays charges made by registered nurse, up to twelve dollars per day of such attendance.
• IRON LUNG. Pays for the rental of an iron lung or similar mechanical apparatus.
• AMBULANCE & TRANSPORTATION: The usual and customary charges for emergency transportation if transportation to another locality is required.

Effective Date: 10 Days After Policy Issue Date Yearly Premium: \$3 for Each Individual of Family Group.

WRITE, PHONE OR ASK FOR FURTHER DETAILS

O'NEILL INSURANCE AGENCY

— Woody Grim and Ben Oetter — Phone 434 O'Neill

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