

THE FRONTIER

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Bill Biglin

Death has come to Bill (William J.) Biglin, 59, one of O'Neill's best-known residents and a member of a pioneer family.

It becomes the task of every newspaper to chronicle from week-to-week the passing of persons from the scene—whether from an obscure family or whether from a socially prominent family with considerable means and prestige. Seldom, however, does a newspaper editorialize on these occasions.

Bill Biglin was a good neighbor to all with whom he came in contact. Few homes in the O'Neill region have not had occasion to intimately know Bill Biglin's neighborliness and kindness.

He was supremely capable in the art of funeral directing and in the art of comforting and looking after details for bereaved ones. Bill Biglin has, in his quiet, thoughtful way, been a part of hundreds—yes, thousands—of funerals in this area. Because of this contact his passing will be a distinct personal loss to many.

Others took over Tuesday as Bill Biglin was laid to rest in Calvary cemetery.

The customary obituary will not contain the things about Bill Biglin that those who knew him best will always remember.

They will remember him for the little intimacies he stored up regarding the people of all classes and creeds that he learned to know so well. Some families he served not once but several times. They will remember him as a respected and successful businessman, who, with his brother, Frank, took over a small mortuary, furniture store and implement business. This business grew and prospered and they served a community faithfully and well. Everyone will remember Bill as a man generous of heart, God-fearing, and as a substantial citizen. They will remember, too, his jokes, particularly those with an Irish flavor that he, himself of pure Irish descent, enjoyed telling.

Mr. Biglin was the head of a fine family, including his wife, two sons and two daughters. One son died in infancy and the other, Billy, died in Europe during World War II.

Bill Biglin's decline began several years ago. In late months he had received all attention that medical science could provide. His death was not easy.

At The Frontier we considered Bill Biglin a good neighbor. To thousands of persons with whom he came in contact professionally and socially, he was more than that: He was a fine man and a kind, considerate and indispensable servant.

School Redistricting

(Guest Editorial from The Neligh News)

To any who believe that no redistricting is needed in Antelope county or who fail to see that there are inequalities in the school set up, the figures easily available to everyone—those on the back of tax receipts—indicate just the opposite.

General fund levies (excluding the amounts levied for bonded indebtedness) vary from a low of 3.8 to a high of 30. While amounts levied do not give an accurate picture of educational opportunities, the extreme difference in total levies shows that taxes for schools vary enough to be termed unjust. This is a mild way of stating that some taxpayers are getting away with murder.

It has become a generally accepted principle that education is a valuable enough item in the United States to command taxes from everyone—disregarding whether or not a taxpayer has children, or at least relatives, to take advantage of public educational opportunities. This system of payment by everyone, not just the actual patrons of a school, has come about because of the principle that ignorance is an expense democracy can ill afford. Education has become one of the nation's valuable attributes and, as such, the burden of payments rests on everyone.

The problem of redistricting has arisen in Nebraska because of: 1) inequality in education; 2) inequality in school taxes. Because money is such an important item in the lives of Americans, the latter reason will probably become the most recognizable for bringing us to realize that there is a need to revamp Nebraska's schools. The purse is still all-important to most.

If we can completely overlook the need for investment in education by all citizens, then we can disregard as unimportant the 3.8 to 30 mill spread that exists here.

But for those who recognize a need for equality, the goal could well be equal educational facilities for every child at the actual coverage levied for all schools in Antelope county—some-where near 12 to 15 mills.

Harry Harpers Mark 38th Anniversary

PAGE—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Harper and family, of O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beelaert and family and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Stauffer and family spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harper to help them celebrate their 38th wedding anniversary. A lunch was served during the evening.

Miss Maude Reed and Harry Harper were married February 3, 1912, at the home of Dr. and

Mrs. H. A. Skelton at Spencer. They began housekeeping on a farm 2 miles south of Page and continued to live there until five years ago, when they moved to a home they had bought in Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper have three children: Gordon Harper, of O'Neill, Mrs. Beelaert and Mrs. Stauffer, of Page.

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Prairieland Talk —

This Generation Prefers Economic Stilts To Down-to-Earth Wooden Shoes

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — The opening paragraph of a letter from Homer Campbell, of Seattle, Wash., reads:

"Well, the North Pole finally tumbled over Puget Sound, with frigid winds racing with powered snow from Bering Sea—nearly two weeks of it now off-and-on, with a Chinook thaw in between. Today the sharp edge of the North wind again jabs the tenderfoot's face. We're so used to temperate Winters we can't take it. Used to be the Japanese current warmed our shores. It hasn't really showed up since the war. Like a lot of other good things, gone where the whandoodle mourneth."



Romaine Saunders

Homer thinks this generation is to be pitied for its stupid optimism. "It prefers," he says, "the economic stilts they are walking on to the down-to-earth wooden shoes."

"A doped-up commentator last night bragged we now have twice as many automobiles we had horses in 1900. He forgot to say the horses were paid for."

One year ago prairieland was bucking snow banks. Forty-one years ago we were walking over them. Yesterday and today mark the 41st anniversary of a big blow.

As night enfolded the town and far-flung landscape the evening of Monday, February 8, 1909, it came with fearsome import out of the crease of storm clouds to the northwest. A light snow floated in like feathers plucked from Arctic birds and increased in volume as the February night wore on. By dawn there was a whirling, maddening blizzard beating across the land. For a day and a night, on into Tuesday night a repetition of the '88 visitation baffled man and beast on prairieland.

On the morning of the 10th we looked out on a frozen waste of white glowing under a fair sky. The big blow was over.

All night Monday Jack Cain and a helper as night watchman of the town were on the alert and sent word by early morning by telephone or in person to parents to not let their children leave for school. Business places in O'Neill were closed all day Tuesday. Trains were stalled and roads in all directions blocked. Burlington trains from Sioux City did not get through for days. Men joined the shovel brigade and worked east of O'Neill to open the road. Snow had piled up to a depth along the right of the way that the tops of telegraph poles were within reach of the men. The North Western trains plowed through by the second day.

The loss of livestock was considerable but I do not recall of any settler perishing as was the case in the '88 blizzard. The Ditch company was wintering 7,000 head of cattle. Ed Eno and the cow hands were out looking after the herds and Ed had a beautiful probosis the rest of the winter as the result of being frozen that day. The Ditch company reported a loss of 70 head of cattle. A few seasons later almost their entire herd was wiped out and the company liquidated.

Smaller losses were sustained by various ranches over the county. Beef hides were hauled to town in quantities as soon as roads were open.

Vivian, a homesteader over in Wheeler county, was in the hide shipping business out of O'Neill and Ewing and supplied the tanneries with a car load of Holt county beef hides from each shipping point.

A gentleman of the cloth visited one of his church group, a patriarch 95-years-old. The old boy congratulated himself that he had no enemies. You have lived for 95 years and have no enemies, that is remarkable, said the clergyman. No, I haven't an enemy—I've outlived them all, explained the oldtimer.

Personal friendship is a thing to be cherished, but it is going too far to make that an excuse in defense of anyone convicted of a grave national crime. Things are coming to light reflecting on some entrusted with government responsibilities that calls for a thorough housecleaning at the nation's capital.

An Englishman who had been giving a public address in a hall in his native Westmoreland concluded his discourse by saying he was English born, had lived as an Englishman, and would die English. Out on the floor a Scotchman bobbed up to say, "Mon, have ye na ambition!"

Czar Nicholas was liquidated to be succeeded by another absolute boss of the Muscovites, more than a boss, deified as god. We have some alleged dictators over here. Without batting an eye a pudgy gent of color from New York City's black belt states in brazen nigger English that he is god. And he gets away with it among many sons and daughters of Africa, to the extent that he is probably the richest nigger extant.

Oddly enough the first human deified was a colored man, Nimrod, the great-grandson if Noah.

A halo of diety has been attached to monarchs ever since. Some set up movie mugs as their gods and a lot of us have a political god. And after all we might as well admit that we are a pretty shoddy outfit.

Young children left without father or mother out at Hampton, by the relentless grind of the juggernaut of the highways. A Nebraskan family left homeless by a night fire during which an 11-year-old girl perished on act of heroism in saving the lives of her little brother and sister, when both parents were not at home. The father had gone for the mother who had been away at work and the brave young girl, aroused from sleep by alarming smoke got herself and 3 little ones to safety.

Those qualified to know say alcoholism is a disease. The virus of disease may strike anywhere. The alcoholic volunteers to make of himself a victim.

A hitherto unknown high-brow comes forward with what it termed a remedy for human ills. It goes like this: "The goodness - badness concepts of the church and the knowledge-ignorance of educators must give way to maturity - immaturity hookup with physiology." Sure that ought to do it.

Assessors in a number of Nebraska counties which formerly functioned for a few months in the year are now on a status with other county officials in full time service. This has made the job more attractive. If there is a county official upon whose head there is heaped the maledictions of an outraged taxpayer it is the assessor. A number have offered themselves as a sacrifice upon the altar of the taxpayers' wrath for the nomination in Holt county.

Assessor Lloyd Gillespie has weathered successfully two campaigns and, like the late boy orator of the Platte, comes up as fresh as ever for the third. Lloyd's tribal roots go back into the 1870's when they were anchored in the gulches out on the river and with such pioneer hardihood as a background politician tenderfoots maybe better be on their guard.

I take it the assessor's job entails some years of study of the mandatory laws to develop a degree of perfection and with an exacting public to deal with it is something of a marvel that any such official in Nebraska is able to repeat.

Mr. Gustavson, the able chancellor of the state university, takes his stand with the leaders of educational and religious thought with respect to the deadly bomb. It is a travesty on civilization and an outrage on humanity or the big stick that holds the key to world peace, according to the way you look at it. That bombs every where might be outwitted is a consumption devoutly to be wished. But we are in a world that harbors dangerous men at the head of remorseless nations. The H-bomb is said to be a thousand times more destructive than those that brought Japanese to their knees. If this new agent of death will do the half of what scientists say it will and is turned loose to blow up the earth the race will be getting about what's coming to it.

It was a mild morning in mid-October. John Sullivan, then chairman of the board of supervisors, was headed for the courthouse. Passing in view of the city jail a prisoner stowed away by Pete Duffy, sheriff at the time, motioned for John to

step over to the jail. Now John's official dignity never rested so heavy on him but what he could stop any time to help a fellow.

But this prisoner was asking too much. He wanted two or three hack saws. He was a Beau (Continued on page 7.)

PUBLIC SALE

Following the recent death of my husband I must offer for Public Auction all of my Personal Property at our Farm Home 5 1/2 miles North and One-half mile West of Chambers; or 13 miles South and 6 1/2 miles West of O'Neill, on

FRIDAY, FEB. 17

Sale Starts at 12:00 O'Clock Noon - Lunch on the Grounds

31 - HEAD OF CATTLE - 31

5 good Milk Cows to freshen in February, good ages; 8 Black Angus Heifers, 3 years old, 1 with calf by side; 3 Black Angus Heifers, 2 years old; 2 Black Angus Heifers, 1 year old; 4 Black Angus Steers, 1 year old; 2 Holstein Heifers, 2 years old, 1 fresh; 1 Guernsey Heifer, 2 years old; 2 White-face Stock Cows; 2 Brockface Cows; 2 Registered Aberdeen-Angus Bulls, 2 and 3 years old.

4 - - HEAD OF HORSES - - 4

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1 Brood Sow to farrow in April. Some Turkeys Ducks and Geese.

FARM MACHINERY, Etc.

2 Wagons and Hay Racks, one with steel wheels; 1 steel-wheeled Wagon and Box; 1 Hay Stacker; Two 12-ft. Rakes; Two 7-foot Mowers; One 8-foot Disk; 1 Walking Plow; 1 Cultivator; 1 Corn Planter; One 400-egg Incubator; 1 Hudson 500-Chick Brooder; several Oil Barrels, and many other articles too numerous to mention. 1939 CHEVROLET COACH.

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