

# The Plattsmouth Journal

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## MANLEY NEWS

WESTINGHOUSE refrigerator, in excellent condition, for sale. Inquire at Manley State Bank, Manley, Neb.  
George Rau and Father Plewa were in Omaha last Monday evening, where they visited friends.

Andrew Keckler and wife and Antone Auserwald spent the evening of the Fourth at Playmore park north of Plattsmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Keckler of Weeping Water were guests last Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rau.

Fred Brunkow was a visitor in Manley Wednesday morning of last week, getting ready for the beginning of his harvest that same day.

Paul Fleming had the misfortune to lose his best horse from an attack of sleeping sickness, the animal dying at the time when he needed it most.

Claude Breckenfeldt of Lincoln was a visitor in Manley at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. J. Rau and husband, for a few days during the past week.

John Malata and wife, of South Omaha, were guests last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Antone Auserwald, where they all enjoyed a pleasant visit, and returned home late that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mockenhaupt attended the celebration at Avoca last Saturday, July 2nd. It is a custom there to hold the celebration on that date instead of the Fourth. A large crowd attended.

Andrew Krecklow and wife and their two girls were visiting in Greenwood for a couple of days last week. And enjoyed meeting many of their old friends, as they resided there for a number of years.

Many of the friends of the late Rev. Theo. Hartman were in Omaha last week to attend the last sad rites of this excellent minister, who was compelled to give up his pastorate early this spring due to his rapidly failing health.

Misses Mary Alice and Betty Ault of Plattsmouth, nieces of Mrs. O. E. McDonald, were visiting at the McDonald home last Wednesday, enjoying the day with their aunt and uncle and returning to their home at Plattsmouth in the evening.

Father Plewa, supply pastor of St. Patrick's Catholic church while Father Hennessey is in Ireland visiting his mother, and George Rau were in Omaha with their Catholic Youth baseball team for a game with one of the teams there, which the local lads won by a score of 19 to 5.

Misses Anna Rauth and Lillian Tighe of Omaha spent last Sunday and the Fourth at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rauth, Mr. and Mrs. Rauth took them back to Omaha early Tuesday morning. Miss Anna

## Elmwood News

Elmwood business houses as a general rule were open for business all day the Fourth.

Jay Stanton and wife drove to South Bend the evening of the 4th, and report a large crowd at the swimming pool there.

Henry Bornemeier and Jose Parriott were combining their wheat during the past week, transporting the grain to market instead of storing it.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Monning were enjoying a few days' visit with relatives in Iowa City over Sunday and the Fourth.

Miss Phyllis Greene, who is attending summer school in Lincoln, visited at her home here over Sunday and the Fourth of July.

The F. W. Lorenz real estate agency reports the sale of an unimproved 80 acre tract adjoining O street last week for \$6,000 or about \$75 per acre.

James Smith, who has been staying in Elmwood the past couple of months, purchased a property at Salem and they will move there in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brinton were at Avoca on July 4th, where they visited at the home of Mrs. Brinton's mother, Mrs. Rachel Everett, her daughter Leona and son Silas.

M. E. Smalley, who is employed at the stock yards at South Omaha, spent Sunday and the Fourth in Elmwood with his wife, who is assistant postmistress at the office here.

Clifford Wright of Eagle, a veteran employee of the Trunkbolz Oil interests, was a visitor in Elmwood Tuesday, delivering gas and oil here, and also went to Nehawka to make further deliveries.

William Groat, who was stricken with paralysis some time ago, is slowly improving and is able to be out some at present. His wife, long poorly, continues to be confined to her home and bed, however.

Mrs. Emily Gonzales entertained the following relatives and friends at dinner last Sunday: Mrs. Eva Bailey, Mark Hodges and wife, Clark Gonzales, wife, son and daughter. A pleasant time is reported by all.

Sanford Clements and family, of Peru, where he is instructor in the State Teachers college, were guests in Elmwood at the home of his parents, B. I. Clements and wife, and were also visiting other members of the family and old friends.

Mrs. R. M. Dennis left last Wednesday morning for Los Angeles, going via the Union Pacific on their crack train, the Challenger, which got her through to her destination in exactly 48 hours. She will remain there for some thirty days, visiting at the home of her son, Leland Dennis and family.

Miss Lois Enterline, who has been making her home in Lincoln during the past year, arrived in Elmwood to spend her vacation at the home of her parents, David Enterline and wife. She is accompanied by two little friends, Arline and George Golde, of Lincoln, with whose care she has been entrusted during her employment in the capital city.

Word has been received by Mrs. Ralph Greene of the illness of her mother at Onawa, Iowa, where she is staying at the home of another daughter, Mrs. J. S. Dearing. Mr. and Mrs. Greene hastened to her bedside and were pleased to find her somewhat improved.

### J. P. Cobb Better

J. P. Cobb, who has been in poor health for several weeks, confined to his home and bed most of the time, is now able to get out for a car ride whenever the weather is favorable and finds the fresh air and sunshine assists his recovery materially. He hopes to be able to get back to the bank soon.

### Has Very Good Yield

In this year of hazards right from the time of sowing the grain last fall up to time of harvesting same, a really good piece of wheat is the exception and not the rule. And that is the kind George Bornemeier has, the grain yielding 39 bushels to the acre and testing 61 pounds to the bushel.

### Birthday Anniversary

A. H. Lorenz and wife who reside between Elmwood and Palmyra entertained relatives last Sunday, July 3rd, those present including Frank Lorenz and wife, Guy Clements and wife, Catherine Lorenz and Miss Etta Wirtz, the latter of Council Bluffs, who has been a house guest at the F. W. Lorenz home. A most pleasant day was spent and all enjoyed the fine dinner served by the hostess.

## AVOCA NEWS

Elmer Hennings and family spent the Fourth at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Hennings. The threshing outfit of C. O. Zaisler after being put in shape was given a trial run Tuesday and found all OK and ready to go.

Leo Hauptman and wife were in Lincoln last Sunday, where they visited at the home of their son, L. M. Hauptman and family for the day.

Elmer Hallstrom was in Plattsmouth Tuesday and Wednesday on county business, meeting with the commissioners at their regular first of the month session.

Mrs. Caroline Marquardt entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marquardt, Fred Marquardt and family and Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Brendel at dinner last Sunday.

Senator Fred L. Carsten, finding the weather too hot for the horses in plowing corn, secured the tractor of his son Calvin to lay his corn by on Monday and Tuesday.

Edward Schackley and daughter, Mueller, visited over Sunday and the Fourth at the home of their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Parmenter and family, at Northboro, Iowa.

George Maseman and wife, of Lincoln were visiting at the home of Harvey Mohr in Omaha and on their return stopped in Avoca for a short visit, also attending the celebration at Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Marquardt

were enjoying a visit and dinner on the Fourth at the home of their son, Francis Marquardt and wife at Lincoln. Clyde Hollenberger drove the car over and back.

Mrs. Anna Meyers was pleased when her daughter Clara of Lincoln came to visit her. Mrs. Ella Barker and two daughters, Deloris and Lois, of Malcolm, were her guests last Sunday.

Evelyn and John Moha, of Hamlet, in the western part of the state, who are attending school at Peru, visited over the week end at the home of their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gollner.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Everett, of Lincoln, together with Mr. and Mrs. George Brinton of Elmwood and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Terrell of Avoca were guests at the home of Mrs. Rachel Everett on the Fourth and with Silas and Leona made a very pleasant gathering.

Earl Tigner and family and Charles Freeman, the latter of Weeping Water, Dale Tigner and wife of Murray and Arthur Nickles and wife of Union made a merry party who drove to Topeka, Kansas, on the Fourth where they visited at the home of Charles Freeman and wife returning home that night.

Claude Hollenberger, who was working with Jack Butts on the painting, has been so busy assisting with the work at the elevator that he has not been able to do much on the painting of the business fronts in the business district. However, Mr. Betts has the same about completed and say it is looking fine.

### Enjoyed Community Dinner

One hundred and twenty-five relatives, friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Emschoff last Sunday for a most enjoyable social visit and an excellent dinner.

### Service Much Appreciated

Cass Sylvester, deputy sheriff, was in Avoca last Saturday and rendered a much appreciated service in the way of helping direct traffic and maintaining an orderly and good humored crowd during the celebration that brought many strangers to town.

### Entertained in Honor of Birthday

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Voyles entertained a number of friends and relatives last Sunday evening in honor of the passing of the birthday anniversary of Fred Meyers. Those present were Fred Meyers and family, Ora Voyles and family, George Wessell and family and Ernest Voyles and Mattie Voyles.

### See Much Country

The families of J. H. F. Ruhge and Fred McGrady went on a pleasure drive last Sunday that took them a considerable distance. Their first stop was at Lincoln, then Tecumseh, Auburn, Talmage and Otoe. They found crops excellent all along the way and prospects good for a corn crop this year. The small grain is being harvested rapidly.

### Large Crowd Attended Celebration

The ladies of the library board

were very well pleased with the fine turnout out at the celebration last Saturday, July 2nd. A large number of people came from a considerable distance to enjoy the band concert by the Plattsmouth WPA band; the picture show and other entertainment. Various stands were erected along the street at which ice cream and other items were sold, with the proceeds going to the benefit of the Avoca library and these were well patronized.

Everyone present had a good time and there is much enthusiasm to continue the practice of a July 2nd celebration each year, now that it has been revived with such pleasing results.

### MONEY FOR SEWING PROJECT

WASHINGTON, July 8 (UP)—Among WPA projects in the state of Nebraska designated eligible by the president, Senator Burke was advised today by David K. Niles, assistant WPA administrator that a project for maintenance and operation of a sewing room in Richardson county, Falls City had been allocated \$19,752.

### CITY ADOPTS PETUNIA

KANKAKEE, Ill. (UP)—The city of Kankakee today had an official flower—the petunia—and also a new slogan, "two petunias in every pot." The city council adopted the flower on request of the Garden Department of the Kankakee Women's club which threatened election day reprisals if their demand was not met.



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## Chapter One

### FATHER AND SON

Somewhere in the pattern of his life, Jason dimly sensed the thread of his mother's efforts to spare him the hardships forced on them both by his father's calling. Ethan Wilkins was an itinerant preacher. He had brought his wife, Mary, and their young son, Jason, to the craggy town of High Hill so that he might preach the Gospel to his hard-earned townfolk and carry the Word into the surrounding pioneer country.

Jason viewed his father with mixed emotions. He hated Ethan for his determination to bend him to humility and meekness; yet loved him fiercely with a pride born of the man's great courage. To his childish mind, it seemed only that Ethan, with one hand accomplished some great brave deed that won his heart—and with the other administered unjust punishment. His mother's understanding of his father's sensitive nature he took as a matter of course.

"Why have I such a rebellious son?" Ethan sighed at a particularly difficult time with Jason. "Perhaps to make you more understanding of children, dear," Mary answered softly.

"But he was insolent to me," Ethan protested. "You surely don't think me wrong in punishing him?" "I support you," said his loyal answer, "no matter what I think."

From their earliest arrival until the day he ran away, High Hill was a nightmare to Jason. He had to learn and read with no school to satisfy his craving, longing for companionship with only little Annie Hawks as playmate in spite of the bitter confines of the Wilkins' poverty. Jason felt like a soul entrapped.

Then, one day, he discovered Dr. Shingle. Dr. Shingle was the town physician, but a drunkard and outcast against whom his father thundered in Meeting House sermons.

"But he's the only man in this town with books," cried Jason when Ethan forbade him to speak to or visit the Doctor.

"I have a book you can read," was Ethan's stern reply. "I've read it," the boy retorted. "I know it by heart."

Mary soothed the troubled waters. Secretly she promised Jason she would send away for magazines. She sold two of her mother's precious silver spoons to Mr. Ames, who long had coveted them, to keep her promise.

By the time the magazines arrived, Jason no longer wanted them. He had found the kind of reading he was to pursue through life. In disobedience to his father's command he borrowed the only kind of books Doctor Shingle had—medical books from the doctor's library.

For several weeks after her discovery that Jason had defied his father, Mary harbored an uneasy conscience. Even though she knew he had hidden the book in the barn, reading it when Ethan was not at home she could not bring herself to reveal Jason's secret. The boy's delight and absorption in his new-found reading assuaged her feeling of disloyalty.

Ethan's discovery of Jason's "doctoring" of Pilgrim changed his attitude and in time made the preacher more tolerant of Dr. Shingle. Thus, in the coming years Jason sought out the Doctor more and more, his ambition and enthusiasm kindled and re-kindled by the older man's interest.

Despite the fact that Ethan counseled the thought that Jason someday might be a doctor, he nevertheless insisted that his son accompany him on his rounds of preaching.

It was one of these trips which sent him forever out of Ethan's life. On this day, they had covered many miles, Ethan on Pilgrim and Jason on a mule, riding through the wild country of High Hill. An old crane, withered and sore with years in the back country, a dirty, dank pipe dangling from last mouth, grazed voraciously ahead. As Jason and his father rode into view she rose to her feet in excitement.

"Can't you live in excitement," said the Circuit Rider. "It's the Circuit Rider!"

"Evening, Sister Clark! How's water-filled bucket clutched in her hand. He gritted his teeth in an agony of distaste at the thought that their food would be prepared with that water. By the time she called them to table, his insides were quivering."

Whatever Ethan's reaction to the food spread before them, he hid it manfully. He threw his son a warning look, at the same time placing his spoonful of mush in his mouth. Jason's eyes opened up with horror. For, showing clearly through the mush in the spoon, was a frog which Sister Clark must have drawn up from the well and cooked, all uncooked in the cornmeal.

"I'm not hungry," he gasped. "I must see to Pilgrim—"

Sister Clark looked after him questioning. Ethan, with a hasty glance at his spoon, set his jaw and swallowed the mush, frog and all, hastening to explain that Jason was a poor eater.

Later that night, after the old woman had gone to bed, Ethan tried to make the boy understand his viewpoint. "This is an important event in Sister Clark's life. She

never had a minister visit her before. If I had called her attention to the frog—told her it was there—she would never have recovered from the mortification. It made me choke—but I swallowed it. That Jason, is my idea of courtesy. I wish you not to forget it."

Jason attempted some protest, then turned back to his book. His father would never understand his viewpoint on anything. And, in his heart, he knew he could never accept his father's viewpoint.

The door opened suddenly and Sister Clark poked in her head. "Excuse me, Parson—but if you're goin' up into the mountains tomorrow—it'll be cold here—an' I got somethin' here for your boy. A present!" She smiled toothlessly and held out an ancient coat, mouldy with age. "It was my husband's," she explained. "Kept it for twenty years. But your boy kin have it."

"It's a handsome present!" exclaimed Ethan and he bade Jason put it on so that she might admire him in it. Everything within him revolted in rage and humiliation, but Jason did as his father asked. At last, Sister Clark, her lined face aglow with happiness, said a final goodnight.

As the door closed behind her, Jason ripped the coat off and threw it to the floor. "I don't want it! I won't wear it!"

"Jason! She saved you that coat out of the fulness of her heart. It belonged to the man she loved. She's cherished it for twenty years in remembrance of him!"

"Then let her keep it!" Jason shouted. "I don't want it. It's old—it's ragged and dirty."

"Ah," sighed Ethan. "But if it was new and pretty you'd like it. He turned on his son angrily. 'Pride!

Pride and selfishness. They're out of place in our family, Jason!' His voice rose. 'All you care about is that unholly book!'

"Suppose I do!" cried Jason. "I'd rather save bodies than souls any day!"

There was a shocked pause. "I'm sorry you said that, boy," Ethan said quietly. He walked to the door and opened it. "Come outside, please."

Jason clenched his fists. "Wait a minute, Pop! You're not going to whip me any more. I'm too old. If you lay a hand on me, I'll protect myself—"

His father seized his shoulder and pushed him out into the yard. "You'll never be too old while I'm alive."

"I warn you, Pop—"

Ethan reached out and let go with a resounding slap across Jason's face.

The boy staggered under the impact of the blow. Then, like a man possessed, he swung his fists like wind-mills, forcing back the older man. For a moment he overpowered Ethan by the sheer avalanche of



Ethan Wilkins had brought his wife and their young son to the craggy town of High Hill.

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Where is Jason going? Will he ever again be reconciled to his father? What will Mary do? CONTINUED NEXT MONDAY