

# Giant Broad breasted

# Bronze Turkey POULTS

50c each

NORFOLK HATCHERY

116-118 So. 3d St. Norfolk, Nebraska

### EMMETT NEWS

(Continued from page Four) of O'Neill, spent Sunday visiting at the Dean Perry home.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil McMillan were Sunday dinner guests at the Rufus Classen home near Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Hank Schaaf of Atkinson, were guests at the Joe Winkler home Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ann Ramold spent several days last week visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Deerner and family of Stuart.

Jerrold Dusatko visited at the Bernard Dusatko home in O'Neill Saturday afternoon.

Mary Jurgensmeier, of O'Neill, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jurgensmeier.

Gerard J. Babl returned home last Wednesday from a two weeks business and pleasure trip visiting friends and army buddies in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilman and son, of Atkinson, visited at the Frank Foreman home Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dusatko and son, Jimmie of O'Neill, and Mrs. Joe Babl and family visited at the Henry Benze home Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim O'Connor and daughter, Marybelle, were guests at the Bill O'Connor home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foreman and daughters visited at the James Foreman home in Atkinson Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. John Conrad and Mary Lou, Mrs. Guy Cole and daughter, Jeanie and Mrs. Fred Saunto, of O'Neill, were shoppers in Sioux City on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Foreman of Atkinson, spent the week-end at the Frank Foreman and Claude Bates homes.

H. Heizenbuttle, of Norfolk, was a business caller at the C. and N. W. depot Wednesday, taking estimates for redecorating the living quarters.

Charles, Harold and Florence Winkler visited at the Joe Kunz home near Stuart Sunday evening.

ing. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Butterfield and children, of the Green Valley community, visited friends in this vicinity on Sunday.

Mrs. Grant Peacock visited Mrs. Lloyd Mullis in O'Neill Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geary Enbody and son, Jeffrey, visited Mrs. Minnie Enbody in Atkinson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox received a telegram and telephone call from their son S. Sgt. Wayne Fox, who arrived in New York recently from Le Havre, France. Sgt. Fox will be honorably discharged this week at Fort Leavenworth. The Fox's have two other sons yet in the service, S-1c Gilbert Fox and S-2c Charles Fox.

W. R. Tenborg and Gary Enbody sawed lumber Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Beckwith and children were guests at the Dean Beckwith home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foreman and girls and Mr. and Mrs. James Foreman were dinner guests at the Frank Tomjack home near Ewing Sunday.

Mrs. Alice Cole of Richmond, Calif., is spending some time visiting friends and relatives in this and the Atkinson communities.

Many from this community attended the funeral of Rev. Ohmart at the Presbyterian church in O'Neill on Monday. Rev. Ohmart with his family were residents of this community for many years before moving to O'Neill. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved ones in this time of sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. DeVere Fox and family, of Atkinson, visited at the Charles Fox home on Sunday.

John Conrad, Henry Werner, Guy Cole and Dean Perry spent Sunday fishing and report a fine catch.

Mrs. Agnes Gaffney is having her house redecorated this week.

Zane Cole returned from Omaha last week-end, after spending several days there, where he was to have undergone a major operation but due to the crowded condition of the hospital his case was postponed until a later date.

The returns of the National Motion Picture Campaign for the Infantile Paralysis Fund, have been received for the county amounting to \$373.59, half of which was sent to the County Treasurer, Mr. Quinn. This brings the total for Holt county's 1946 collection to \$2,319.87.

### Escape to Home

By MIRIAM GILBERT

M. Clure Syndicate, WNU Features.

HE CROSSED to the other side of Vine street so that the light from the lamp post wouldn't shine on his face. He glanced around furtively, his head low. The walk from the train depot to the center of town hadn't been bad, but now he had to cross Main street in order to get home.


Someone passed him and Tommy pulled up his coat collar. He wondered how he could slip past the theater. He decided to stroll casually. A sudden shout startled him. "Tommy, Tommy Mitchell," the blond cashier called.

Panic-stricken, Tommy started to run. Couldn't they leave him in peace?

This wasn't the way he wanted to come home. But they had invited trouble. They shouldn't have left him alone when they changed trains at Chicago. They had told him to hide in the shadows to avoid the crowd. It was easy then to jump back on the westbound train as it pulled out. They would be after him pretty soon, but in the meantime—

He swung open the front door. What would Ma say when she saw him? He tiptoed in and stood quietly in the kitchen doorway. Ma had her back to him and was stirring a cake batter. Alice's baby was sitting on a cushion on the floor. The baby looked up and spied Tommy. "Gamma, Gamma," he prattled. She turned around still mixing. "Tommy, my Tommy!"

He rushed forward as the bowl slipped from her hands. She clung to him, her hands running up and down his sleeve. "Why didn't you tell us somehow that you were coming home?"



He decided to stroll casually.

"I don't know how long I can stay. Ma, you see—"

"Here, take off your things. Alice is upstairs."

"Skipper's sure gotten big." Tommy swung the baby up in his arms. "He was just a handful of pink flesh and blue eyes when I last saw him."

"Baby looks like Rick, doesn't he?" Ma said softly. "That's Alice's only consolation. Go up and say hello to her. I'll fix something for you to eat." Her fingers pressed deep into his arms. "You're thin as a scarecrow."

"Where's Dad?"

"Dad closed the garage. Ted was drafted and Dad can't find another mechanic to replace him. Ted's in the Pacific now," she added quietly.

"In the Pacific." Tommy ground out the words.

"I'm sorry, Tommy. Go up and see Alice."

He started up the steps, then turned back. "Ma, for tonight and maybe tomorrow, don't let any strangers in the house."

"I understand, Tommy. I'm proud of you no matter what."

He awoke with a start. His fingers touched the wall unbelievably. Rose-colored wallpaper. He was in his own room. He had spent one night at home.

Alice was sitting in the rocker. "It's after eleven. Dad waited for you to get up, then went to the garage. He wants to talk to you. Tommy—"

He looked at her, then swallowed. "They sent someone after me."

She nodded. "Tommy, for Rick's sake and mine, go downstairs. People have to know the truth. Much as you hate it, tell them everything."

"I'll be down in a few minutes."

As soon as Ma heard him coming, she ran to him. "I couldn't chase him away, Tommy. He told me all about you, more than the newspapers did."

"It's all right, Ma." He turned to the man and sighed. "Hello, MacCarthy. Did you use bloodhounds to trace me?"

"No, just common sense. I figured you were homesick. Don't you realize you're the first man who escaped from the Jap prison camp on Corregidor? Now the others on the island are free but you're still the important one. It's as if you paved the way for them." He nodded. "We should have let you come home first but the people needed to hear your story right away. That's why we booked you solid for bond rallies and lectures."

"I won't run away again, MacCarthy. I needed one smell of home to make me mad all over again at what the Japs made me and mine lose." He swung around to MacCarthy. "O. K., what's the day's schedule?"

### The Persuader

E. E. M. PARKINSON

M. Clure Syndicate, WNU Features.

UNDER ordinary circumstances everyone in the club would have expected Irene Smythe to be our delegate to the northern states annual convention. Irene was our secretary and certainly expected the appointment. And Mary Dixon our president, stubborn and contrary as she is, is a stickler for conventions. So when most of us agreed that little Elsie Latham ought to go, we knew Mary would never see it our way.

"It's a shame," Madge Leigh declared. "Did you notice the wistful light in poor Elsie's eyes when Mary announced that the convention's to be in Detroit? All Elsie's people live there, and she hasn't been able to go back in the fifteen years she's been married. Of course she's never held a club office or asked for one, but she's been a hard worker."

"Who's going to make Mary listen to that?" I demanded.

"I am!" Anne Herrick said firmly. Anne's fairly new in town.

"You don't know Mary," Madge said with a rueful laugh.

"I know what stubborn, contrary people are like," Anne said grimly. "I've been married to one of them a good many years, and I've become quite a psychologist, if I do say so."

"But Mary will argue that Elsie's shy and retiring and a little dowdy—"

"Don't worry," Anne said briskly. "I'll persuade her, provided that you'll let me have my way. Not one of us is to say a word to Mary about it."

Madge phoned me the next day. "Anne's gone right to work on Mary. I saw them having coffee at Kaap's. Anne was doing all the talking."

"How did Mary look?" I asked skeptically.

"Stubborn and contrary as ever," Madge admitted.

Madge and I met Anne on Saturday. "Have you persuaded Mary?" we demanded.

"Not yet. But I will."

"But she makes the appointment Thursday — the convention's only two weeks off."

Thursday, I was relieved when Madge told me that Elsie Latham would not be at the meeting. "Elsie says she has a cold, but I think she just can't bear to hear Irene Smythe appointed."

At our meeting that afternoon the air was tense. Anne's expression told us nothing. Mary seemed contrarier than ever, if possible. And Irene Smythe looked very smug. Mary called the meeting to order, and we hurried through the other business. At last Mary rose to "discuss the convention."

"As you know," she said sweetly, "the delegates are appointed by the club presidents, according to past records and suitability. Now, we have a secretary who has been faithfully at her post at every meeting this year. She knows the club history, and its aims."

Madge poked me. "I'll never trust Anne Herrick and her psychology again."

Anne, in the front row, leaned forward as Mary went on. "Then we have a member whose home town is Detroit. A very faithful member who, in her quiet way, has done a great deal for us. Elsie Latham is not here and so I feel at liberty to talk freely, for I know that she won't be embarrassed."

"You'll all give me credit, I believe, for being fair-minded. You know that I like to look at both sides of a problem and that I do not make my decisions hastily."

"Or change them, once they're made!" Madge hissed.

Mary continued, with her sweetest smile. "We all love Elsie Latham, of course, and we know that Elsie is a bit on the retiring side. She would be first to admit that she can't make a speech, while our efficient secretary, Irene Smythe, has addressed many groups and can represent any club in a manner of which it can be proud."

Someone clapped. Irene smirked. Anne Herrick just listened.

Mary went on. "You'll grant that experience is — well, experience. Irene Smythe has traveled widely and is equal to any occasion. However, there are some provincial and sentimental folk who feel that it is more fitting that a member who hasn't even held office should be appointed the delegate—partly as a reward for faithfulness and partly, I suppose, to give her a trip back home."

Mary paused with a little shrug. Madge squeezed my arm. But Anne Herrick—who knows how to handle contrary people psychologically—never changed expression.

"Well, I'll confess that I'm one of those provincial and sentimental folk—and that's why I'm appointing little Elsie Latham as delegate," Mary concluded.

The moment the meeting adjourned we found out how Anne had persuaded her. Mary went straight to Anne and said sweetly, "I do hope you'll understand, Mrs. Herrick. I can't help being sentimental. But I know you're practical, dear, and I realize that you were acting conscientiously when you tried to hard to convince me that Elsie wouldn't do at all."

## Special Notice

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

Please call for your cleaning on or before April 30th as the new owner will take possession May 1st.

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O'Neill, Nebr.

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FANCY SPINACH	2 No. 2 Cans 34c	PINEAPPLE	Large Size 30c Each
FRUIT COCKTAIL	Brimfull, No. 2 1/2 Can 39c	Grapefruit, Lemons, Cabbage, New Potatoes, Lettuce, Sweet Potatoes, Green Onions, Dry Onions, Carrots, Cucumbers, Strawberries, Celery, Dill Pickles and Sweet Pickles.	
BRIMFULL PEACHES	In Syrup, No. 2 1/2 Can 31c	SPECIAL Housecleaning Items	
WHILE THEY LAST PEACHES	In Syrup, GAL. \$1.09	See Our North Window	
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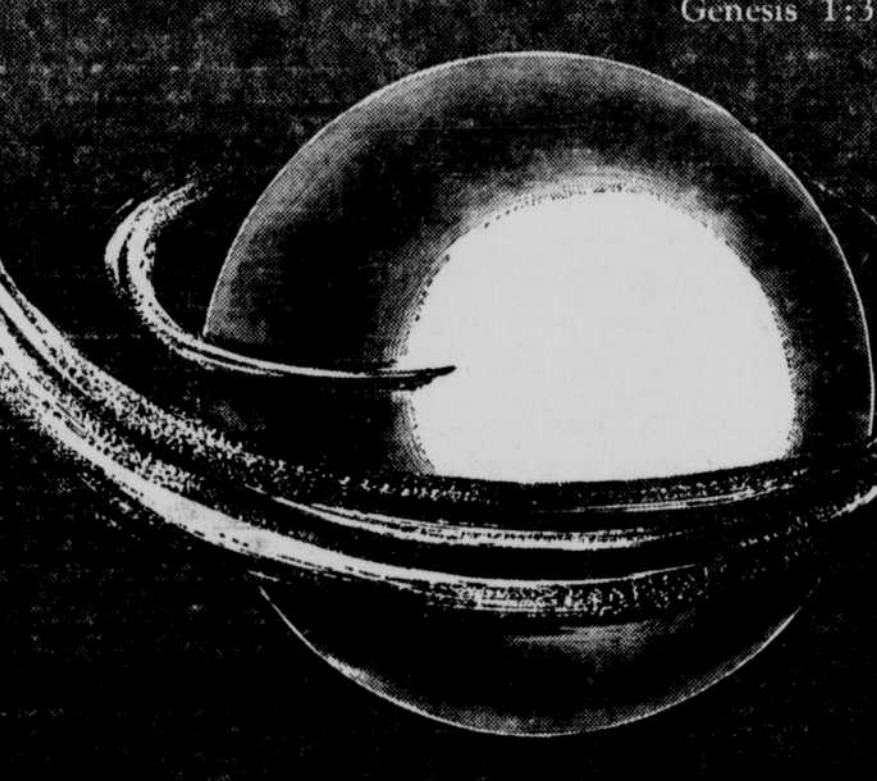
"And God said,

# Let there be light:

and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness."

Genesis 1:3,4



Go To Church Somewhere Sunday

CONSUMERS PUBLIC POWER DISTRICT