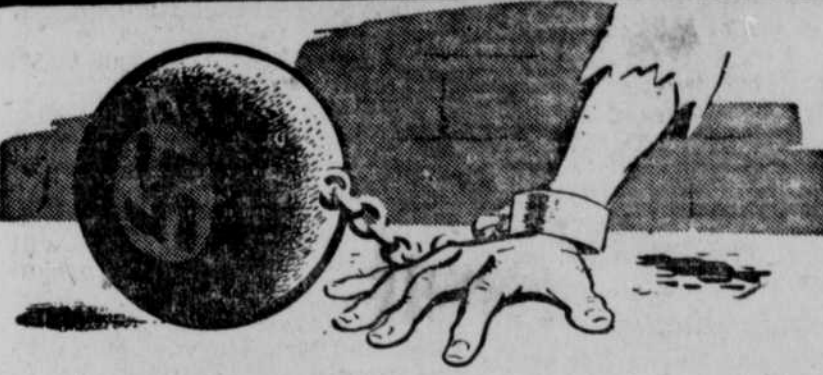


PAGE NEWS ITEMS
(Continued from page one)

Mr. and Mrs. Luella Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stewart and Neva and Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Stuart, Vera Veda and D. M. at

L. G. GILLESPIE INSURANCE AGENCY
Established in 1891 — O'Neill, Nebr.
FARM, CITY, AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY AND COMPENSATION INSURANCE WRITTEN
Surety and Court Bond Furnished
Notary Public

BONDS or BONDAGE?



KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

SIXTH WAR LOAN

METZ OMAHA NEB.
BREWING COMPANY
SINCE 1864

R. H. Shriner
GENERAL INSURANCE
O'Neill Nebraska
PHONE 106

Hail Bonds
Plate Glass
Live Stock
Farm Property

Wind & Tornado, Trucks & Tractor, Personal Property
REAL ESTATE, LOANS, FARM SERVICE, RENTALS

PUBLIC SALE

As I am quitting farming I will sell the following Personal Property at Public Auction at the place 6 miles North and 2 miles East of O'Neill, or 3 miles South and 3 1/2 miles West of Opportunity, on

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29th
SALE STARTS AT 12:00 NOON SHARP
LUNCH WILL BE SERVED ON THE GROUNDS

3 - - - HEAD OF HORSES - - - 3
1 Black Mare, smooth mouth, wt. 1600 lbs.; 2 Black Geldings, smooth mouth, wt. 1300 lbs. each.

44 - HEAD OF HEREFORD CATTLE - 44
6 Milk Cows, 4 to 6 years old, all fresh with calves at side; 2 Heifers, coming 3 years old; 18 Stock Cows, 4 to 6 years old; 6 Yearling Steer Calves; 6 Yearling Heifer Calves. These cows have all been bred to a Registered Hereford Bull.

FARM MACHINERY, ETC.

1 Hay Rack and Running Gear, 16-foot, good condition; 1 Wagon with Box; 1 McCormick 4-wheel Push Sweep; 1 John Deere single-row Lister, wide tread, nearly new; 1 John Deere 2-row Ell; 1 Grain Drill, 8 foot; 1 Emerson 14-inch Gang Plow; 1 Endgate Seeder; 2 McCormick-Deering 6-foot Mowers; One 4-section Harrow; 1 Case 2-row Cultivator; 1 John Deere 999 Corn Planter with Furrow Opener; 1 McCormick-Deering single-row Cultivator; 1 John Deere 16-inch Sulky Plow; 1 single-row Disc Cultivator; 1 two-row Emerson Lister; 2 Sets Harness and Collars; 1 Saddle; 1 Bridle; One 100-lb. Anvil; 1 Vise; 1 Hand Drill and Bits; and other articles too numerous to mention.
2 Stacks Hay 50 Bushels Old Ear Corn

HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ETC.

1 McCormick-Deering Cream Separator, size 15, good shape; 1 Dexter Double Tub Power Washing Machine; 1 Minnesota Sewing Machine; 1 Kitchen Range, nearly new; 1 small Heating Stove; 1 Kerosene Stove, 5 burner; 1 Bed, Springs and Mattress; 1 Dresser with Mirror.
4 Doz. Mixed Chickens 1 Pair Geese 1 Shepherd Dog
Terms—CASH, or see your banker before the sale.

JOSEPH DIETSCH, Owner

COL. JAMES MOORE, Auctioneer
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, O'Neill, Clerk

For Best Results

and satisfactory returns,
bring your livestock
to the

O'Neill Livestock Com. Co.

H. S. Moses and G. P. Colman, Managers
Phone 2 O'Neill, Nebraska

WHERE BUYER AND SELLER MEET

We Sell Every Monday

an ice cream supper Monday evening.

Mrs. Sam Coover arrived home Saturday, after a month's visit at the home of a sister in Illinois.

J. N. Carson had the misfortune to lose a case containing a pair of glasses at O'Neill or Page last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Neisius are the parents of a son, Don LeRoy, born Thursday, November 16, Mrs. Neisius was formerly Se.ma Kirschmer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Rakow and Ross, Mrs. Dorothy Rakow, Mrs. Evelyn Gray and Mrs. Elsie Cork spent Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Rakow.

Pvt. and Mrs. Laurence Haynes and daughters, who have spent the past two weeks visiting relatives and friends at Page, left for Amarillo, Texas, Tuesday. They were accompanied to Omaha by Roy Haynes and son, Elwin.

Mrs. Maude Boise returned to Page Monday night, after an extended visit at the home of an aunt at Crawford, Nebr.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Canaday and family, of Seattle, Wash., spent from Tuesday evening until Friday visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Emma Canaday and other relatives and friends. They were enroute to Rochester, Minn., where Mr. Canaday will receive medical care.

Roy Carter, of Bruening, Nebr., accompanied by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. West spent from Saturday night until Tuesday morning visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carter at Middlebranch. He was also accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Keith Waring and son, of Fairbury, Nebr., who visited at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Waring.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stauffer, sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tegeler and Harold were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stauffer Sunday.

The Page Project Club met with Mrs. Edgar Stauffer on Thursday, November 16. Mrs. Harry Snyder, the music leader, led in singing, "When They Ring Those Golden Bells." Mrs. M. G. French discussed Easter Island; Mrs. Elmer Trowbridge reported on work by the war artist, Ogden Pleissner and Mrs. R. L. Heiss reported on, "Go North, Young Man."

Mrs. H. S. Harper and Mrs. Harold Kelly gave a demonstration on "Christmas in War Time." War darkens the life of those of us at home as well as the dear ones in the service. This is impossible to escape but is all the more reason why we should do everything in our power to guard against the bad influence of war in our homes. No other event in the year carries to children so much pleasant anticipation before hand, with such joy when it arrives and which leaves such memories when it is gone, as does Christmas time. A glowing letter to the member of the family who is in the service or a kodak picture of those present, will be enjoyed by him and will make his lonely, hard life easier by his anticipation of a future day when he will be a part of those Christmas activities.

The interest of the lesson centered on gifts made of materials on hand. New ideas were given for hot pan holders, one being a hen which could be placed on a bowl filled with eggs to make a gift which would be appreciated by a city friend or relative. Towels and aprons were exhibited as well as Christmas tree decorations, and gift wrappings, using colored straws and pine cones for decoration. The circular also contained jingles to accompany gifts.

The next meeting on "Potatoes in Popular Ways," will be given Friday, November 24 at the home of Mrs. H. S. Harper, beginning at 10 a. m. Since potato dishes will be demonstrated and served, those who attend are asked not to bring starchy food for the noon meal.

Miss Helen Matschullat, of San Diego, Cal., came Wednesday to spend two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Matschullat.

The Royal Neighbor Kensington met with Mrs. Robert Gray Wednesday afternoon. Four guests, Mrs. N. G. Miller, Mrs. Arnold Stewart, Mrs. Nona Bedford and Miss Helen Matschullat and nineteen members were present. The afternoon was spent doing needle work for the hostess. A covered dish lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beelaert and children accompanied by Mrs. Alfonso Beelaert, of Ewing, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Jennie Bartak at Deloit.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Matschullat and other guests were entertained at a deer and antelope feed Tuesday evening at the Hans Anderson home at Clearwater. The evening was spent playing pinocle.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Larson and family arrived from Cheyenne, Wyo., Tuesday and are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Amelia Larson.

Mrs. E. A. Walker left last week for Omaha, where she is visiting at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James McNally.

A family dinner was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Waring Sunday. Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Keith Waring and son, Fairbury, Nebr.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Finch, jr., and family; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Waring and family; Mr. and Mrs. Glen Waring and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Waring and family; Mrs. Dale Waring and son and Maxine Waring.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Matschullat received word that their son, Lt. Col. Carl Matschullat arrived in the States last Friday, after spending nearly a year in the European theater.

Benny, 7-year-old son of Mr.

Blake Howard, The Second

By CLARA BRAUTOVICK
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

KAY hurried along through the misty shipyard, trying to catch up with the launching party ahead that was being guided to the Liberty ship S. S. Blake Howard. She was late because she'd been caught in the melee of tin-helmeted men and kerchiefed women coming off the graveyard shift. Approval lighted the tired eyes of the younger men as they passed her.

Carlene, Blake's sister, must have suggested her name, for the invitation from the shipyard read, "Guest of the sponsor." Carlene never resented her as the older Howards had.

It might embarrass the family to have her here. It wouldn't hurt her—for suffering had drained her dry of emotion. She had lived in a vacuum ever since word had come that Blake had lost his life in covering the Pacific war as a foreign correspondent. She didn't even care now who won. There could never be any sort of victory for her.

Ahead, a long sleek car halted. Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Carlene stepped out and led the way. Kay stayed in the rear. As she rounded a corner she saw the shining new stern of a Liberty ship, and on its side the name Blake Howard. She lost some of her numbness and was afraid she would cry. "Not now!" she told herself severely.

Winding steps mounted to a platform built to the keel. The faces of the workmen were expectant and proud. From beneath the great hull came the sound of blocks being removed. The Howards ascended to a smaller, higher platform. The women carried large sprays of red roses. Blake had always brought just such roses to Kay. . . .

Cameras clicked. Of course newspapermen would be at the launching of a ship honoring a reporter who'd been killed covering the biggest story of all!

A shipyard representative showed Carlene how to hold and swing the red, white and blue encased bottle of champagne. Then, trotting to the microphone, he boasted that this ship had been built in twenty-six days and that well over three hundred and fifty had gone down the ways since the war began.

Then a noted editor spoke of Blake Howard, the man. It was hard to hear everything above the roar. But Kay did get the references to the "curly-headed kid" with the shining eyes." He told of the great stories Blake had written. But nothing of the woman he'd loved—the most important part of a man's life!

The first speaker explained that the steel plates were all that now held back the ship. He said he'd count as torches burned through them. "Burn number one!" he cried dramatically.

Till now Kay had kept out of sight of the Howards. Interested, she stepped forward. Her name was called and she glanced up. Mrs. Howard, holding out a thin hand, said, "Come quickly!"

Someone prodded Kay from behind. She found herself mounting the steps as the second order came, "Number two!"

Carlene, poised the bottle, yelled, "Take this, Kay. You're the one who should launch this ship!"

"No!"

Mrs. Howard grabbed her hand and pulled her to Carlene's side. "Both of you hold on!" she ordered. Kay's old awe of Mrs. Howard made her obey.

"Number three!"

The ship began to tremble and lurch forward. As it started to move away Kay swung the bottle. It crashed against the hull and the champagne foamed in a weird design. The second Blake Howard slipped away from her to go into active service. Only this time Kay was glad! Looking at the bottle that she still clutched tensely, she was suddenly aware that it had broken in a perfect deep "V."

Kay thought, I've launched a ship—Blake's ship! For Carlene had taken her fingers off. Suddenly Kay felt alive. Her eyes met the friendly ones of the Howards. "They don't resent me any longer!" she told herself, and watched the ship float away.

Someone said, "Now she goes to the fitting-out dock and in two weeks she'll be ready for service."

Ready for service! Blake had been ready. Was Kay?

Men and women had fallen into their places and were already working. They were building another Liberty ship, started even before the S. S. Blake Howard hit water!

The necessity for speed, the thought that every second counted because the enemy also had that second in which to work, struck Kay all at once.

As the shipyard representative thanked her and presented her with a gift, Mrs. Howard asked Kay to go home with her.

"Thanks, but—"

"We objected to Blake's marriage but now we want to thank you for having made Blake happy."

Kay kissed the leathery cheek "I'll come soon, but not now. I've something to do." She motioned toward the overalled women, riveting "I'm ashamed of all the days I've wasted. I'm going to the employment office to ask the name of a school where I can learn to do my part."

A Cottage All Paid For

By Cpl. E. SMOLLETT
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

TWO couples were straggling along behind the rest, but the guide shrugged. Nobody got lost in the Broomberg Caves.

That elderly couple had most likely used up their wind climbing the hill from the hotel. As for the towheaded corporal and his pretty bride—they just didn't know anyone existed. Kids like that came to Niagara Falls because they had blissfully planned to come. Once they were there, the rest was hazy. They looked at each other, they ate, they breathed. They toured the caves because the caves lay behind the old Broomberg Hotel, and the tour was free to its patrons. . . .

"Look, Hattie," white-haired Sam Smith said. "This one here is called—what's it say?—Acoustics Cavern."

His wife peered into the dimness. "Well, we've missed hearing the guide explain it, haven't we? But, Sam, look, Benches!"

Inside, they sank down and admired the pale grace of the stalactites that coned in silent splendor from the ceilings, and the stalagmites that shimmered upward. After a moment, the Smiths laughed and bent and eased off their shoes.

"I wonder," Hattie Smith mused, "why they call it Acoustics Cavern?"

That was when the younger couple caught up with them. "Some day, honey," the towheaded corporal was saying, "I'll show you the real thing—those big caves down in New Mexico!" He stopped short with his slim bride, seeing the Smiths. The Smiths smiled a little. Then they stopped smiling, in surprise, for the corporal exclaimed: "Heck! I thought we'd be alone in here!"

And his bride replied, just as clearly, "But it's only that old couple, Ted. They look nice, and not snooty. Let's go sit across from them."

The Smiths turned to stare at each other, catching their breaths a little. Then it struck them both at once, and Sam Smith grinned at his wife. So they called this place Acoustics Cavern, did they? But it was too late to put their fingers in their ears. . . .

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" The girl leaned her bright head on the young corporal's shoulder. "Ted, just look at that pinkish stuff, the way the light hits it. The whole place is lovely. Even . . . even those two people sitting there, Ted. . . . Why, it's just like seeing into a crystal!"

"What do you mean, honey?"

"Oh, Ted, I don't exactly know. Just that—Ted, what will you bet they're on their second honeymoon, maybe even celebrating their golden anniversary?"

Sam Smith's hand crept tenderly over his wife's still fingers.

"I'll bet they're not," the corporal said. "I'll bet they always wanted to come to Niagara Falls just as we did, and he got a good war job or something, and it's the first time they could ever afford it."

. . . with the kids all grown up and married," put in the girl eagerly, "and the cottage all paid for, and maybe their grandchildren coming to stay every summer."

They looked at each other, smiling. "I guess I understand now what you meant about seeing into a crystal," the towheaded corporal said softly. "All those things are what we're going to have, aren't they, honey?"

"Yes, Ted. All those things. . . . You can tell, by the way fate put us here, looking at those two!"

The Smiths sat very still. They heard the corporal say, though he seemed only to be whispering it: "Honey, you mustn't ever be afraid I won't come back. I'll bet they went through a war too, and he came back! So you keep right on looking into your crystal, and everything will come out O. K."

When they rose to leave, the Smiths followed them with their eyes. The corporal and his bride stopped at the entrance. "I wonder," he said, "why they call this place Acoustics Cavern? See the sign? I didn't hear anything funny in there. Did you?"

When they had disappeared, the Smiths turned to each other swiftly, and Sam Smith took his wife's trembling hands in his. She said, "Sam, I'll never forget a word they said. That's . . . that's the way I'll think about us from now on. I'll believe in all those things about . . . about our golden anniversary, and our cottage all paid for, and the children staying for the summer—"

Sam Smith grinned. "All right, Hattie, dream if you like, but I'm going to think of us just as we are! Nothing could have been more wonderful than the way you came into my life—not that anything's too much to expect from you warplant women. There I was, foreman for a good twenty years, with never a female in the place!"

"And there was I," said Hattie Smith as they bent to fasten their shoes, "never finding the right man till I took a job filling hooks for Navy planes. . . ."

The elderly couple left Acoustics Cavern just in time to merge with the other sightseers, now on their way back. The guide glanced at them out of the corner of his eye.

Nice old pair. The kind that always stopped to take their shoes off, to get their second wind.

Japs Think They Do

Will of the Gods

According to Encyclopaedia Britannica, the Japanese race by virtue of its genealogical and emotional identification with the great Kami (descendant of the Royal Dynasty and Sun Goddess) of the ages of Gods, is braver, more virtuous and more intelligent than all the other races of mankind; that the god-descended emperor is ordained by the will of the gods to extend his sway over the entire earth; and that the Japanese race is divinely endowed to do that which is morally right without the need of the external precepts which less favored peoples are obliged to depend upon. These doctrines underlie Japanese politics and education.

One authority quoted in Encyclopaedia Britannica says, "The divine will has expressed itself through the life of the Yamato (Japanese) race. We accordingly believe that the national experience of the Japanese people and the will of the gods are one and identical, and that the Japanese race was placed on earth as the realization of the life of the gods and is possessed of their divine attributes."

All the wars of Japan are holy; military officers as the chief mediators of the will of the divine emperor are responsible only to the throne and are partakers thereby of a sacred personality; the determination to make the entire world "one family" is inspired by a religious faith.

Develop New Drug for

Treatment of Liver Flukes

Liver flukes are troublesome parasites and affect adult cattle in areas where marshes, overflowing streams and similar conditions favor the growth of snails in which the flukes spend part of their life.

Scientists of the U. S. department of agriculture have achieved successful results in the use of a new drug, hexachloroethane, in treating cattle infested with liver flukes. It was used as a drench, prepared by mixing it with powdered bentonite and then adding water.

Of infested animals treated in a test conducted in Texas by the department's bureau of animal industry, 91 per cent showed no liver fluke eggs when examined two to three weeks later.

The cattle were treated under field conditions without fasting and were kept under pasture conditions throughout the tests. Only one drenching was administered, and even though some of the animals treated were in a weakened condition, no deaths traceable to the drug occurred.

Paraguayan Industry

Meat packing is the most important industry in Paraguay. Modern methods are followed and everything is recovered from over one and one-quarter million cattle and one and three-quarter million sheep and a good many hogs slaughtered annually. The slaughtering goes through a peak in the summer and remains at an even keel during the rest of the year. The most important by-product is the hides. They are exported dried or salted or tanned. All of the leather required for domestic consumption comes from tanneries and all the leather goods consumed are domestic made. Fat is either exported or processed to soap and glycerin; the production of soap fulfills the domestic requirements and the raw glycerin is exported for its final refinement. Paraffin is also produced and used in the candle industry and in the industry of matches.

Leaf Miner

Dying of the locust leaves is caused by the adult beetles of the leaf miner which skeletonize the foliage and by the larvae or immature beetles which work between the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves, causing blotch mines. The attacks are more severe on upland trees and the tops are preferred to the lower branches. The adult beetles are about one-quarter inch long and are angular, orange-yellow in color, with a black stripe down the middle of their wing covers.

There is little that can be done to protect entire hillsides of black locust against this pest. The insects are killed by spraying with lead arsenate at the rate of two pounds in 50 gallons of water, but the method is practical only in the case of prized shade trees and ornamentals. Black locust is the preferred host, but on rare occasions apple and a few other trees may be attacked.

PAGE NEWS ITEMS

and Mrs. Ben Knudtson had the misfortune to break a bone in his right leg above the ankle, while playing on the school grounds Tuesday.

Soren Sorenson and son, Junior went to Norfolk Monday, where Junior joined the Navy. He left for Omaha Monday night for physical examination, returning Tuesday night. He expects to be called within from three to seven weeks.

Miss Margaret Cronk, of Omaha, has spent a few days visiting at the home of her father, Fred Cronk and with other relatives.

Miss Viola Haynes, of Lynch, spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Haynes.

Mrs. H. F. Rakow, Mrs. E. C.

Wilbur and Mrs. Elsie Cork were guests of Mrs. Evelyn Gray last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Etta Church, of Independence, Iowa, has been visiting at the home of her cousin, P. T. Stevens.

Miss Alice French, of O'Neill, spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace French.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stevens and family visited at the Ray Neisius home Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Feodor Kattner entertained the School faculty Wednesday evening of last week. The evening was spent playing games. A delicious lunch was served.

CHAMBERS ITEMS

Phyllis Carpenter, Reporter

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES

Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
Youth Fellowship 7:30 p. m.
Evening Worship 8:15 p. m.

All jars of fruit or vegetables for the Booth Festival, to be held in Page November 27, should be at the Church by Sunday, November 26, or the postoffice up to five o'clock Monday, November 27th.

Hiss Hazel Cox, who is a nurse in the Stuart hospital, came Monday to visit her mother, Mrs. John Cox, sister Mrs. Edgar DeHart and Mr. DeHart and girls.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carpenter, Marian, Phyllis and Mrs. Genevieve Bell enjoyed ice cream and cake at the Donald Grimes home Friday evening, in honor of Mrs. Bell's birthday.

Carolyn Adams spent Saturday at the Lloyd Glead home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson received word from Mrs. Willard Thompson that she and the children were returning from California, because her husband, Sgt. Willard Thompson is being moved.

A. M. 1-c and Mrs. Harold Thorin left Wednesday of last week for San Diego, Cal., where he will report for transfer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Hubbard drove to Grand Island Tuesday, to meet Capt. and Mrs. Clair Eason, who came from Seattle, Wash., on a furlough.

Lt. and Mrs. Lloyd Jutte arrived Tuesday from Washington, for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jutte and other relatives.

Mrs. Charles Grimes went to Stuart to the hospital Tuesday, for observation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gibson and family visited at the Mark Gribble home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Roth and family left Sunday afternoon for Denver, Col., to see Mrs. Roth's mother, who is ill and to visit relatives.

Ed Pavel had the misfortune of breaking his right wrist, while working on the barn at the Charles Grimes home. Dr. Gill took him to O'Neill to have it X-rayed.

Patricia Wood, who is taking Cadet nursing in Omaha, spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood.

Mrs. Frank Senseney and Ernes of Manson, Wash., spent the week-end visiting at the Harry Ressel home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wankersee and Jean visited with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Farrier and sons Sunday afternoon.

H. A. 1-c Kathryn Wood, of San Diego, Cal., spent several days visiting with home folks, while enroute to Vero Beach Florida, where she is to be stationed. She left Wednesday.

A group of neighbors gathered at the John Nachtmann home Wednesday evening of last week, in honor of George who was leaving for the army. He left the following night for Ft. Leavenworth for induction.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Grimes and Bonnie spent Sunday evening at the Glee Grimes home.

A family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grimes and sons Sunday, in honor of C. M. 2-c Kermit Grimes and Cpl. Keith Newhouse, who are home on furlough. . . . Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Newhouse, James and Kathryn, Mrs. Clara Newhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Clair Grimes and Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Glee Grimes, Jim Grimes, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grimes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Grimes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coolidge and son, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Grimes a d Bonnie, Bob Brittel, Mrs. Genevieve Bell and Neva Jarman. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Ben Verley, of Lincoln, and Mrs. Art Senn, of Bartlett, were visiting relatives and friends at Chambers Tuesday of last week.

Cpl. Arnold Sorensen came home Monday of last week from Fort Benning, Ga., to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Sorensen and sister, Elvera. He returned to Camp Monday last.

Cpl. Keith Newhouse left Monday for Camp at Muskogee, Okla., after spending a week with relatives and friends at Chambers.

Mrs. Wesley Cobb drove down from Stuart Wednesday of last week. She accompanied her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Gillette to Grand Island on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hoffman and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hoffman and family had Sunday dinner at the Ray Hoffman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Leiswald, sr., Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert Leiswald and Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert Hoge and son were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs.