

The Plattsmouth Journal

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AT PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA
Entered at Postoffice, Plattsmouth, Neb., as second-class matter

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 A YEAR IN FIRST POSTAL ZONE
Subscribers living in Second Postal Zone, \$2.50 per year. Beyond 500 miles, \$3.00 per year. Rate to Canada and foreign countries, \$3.50 per year. All subscriptions are payable strictly in advance.

MANLEY NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Krecklow were visiting with friends and doing some shopping in Plattsmouth last Friday.

Mrs. Rachel Cochran of Ashland was visiting for a few days during the past week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fleischman, enjoying a very fine time.

Walter Mockenhaupt and wife were in Plattsmouth last Saturday, where they went to do some trading, taking advantage of the special prices which the merchants were offering.

There is joy at the home of Fred Baur over the arrival at the home of a seven pound son, who born on Wednesday of last week and will make his home with them in the future.

The Rev. Father Harte was called to Omaha last Monday to look after some business affairs connected with the administration of the church and was also visiting with his friends there.

Another large crowd of farmers was in Manley last Monday night to witness the splendid moving picture show which was given by the citizens of Manley and which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all.

A field of wheat belonging to Art Willes, residing near the banks of the Weeping Water, was combined last week, showing a very good yield of 23 bushels to the acre, while the grain tested sixty-one pounds to the bushel.

Frank Dall recently purchased a new bicycle, securing the same from a dealer at Murdock. He is well pleased with the new machine and is able to get much enjoyment out of riding it, as do also many of his boy friends.

Christian E. Mockenhaupt was feeling quite poorly last week and was not able to be down town as is his usual custom, even being compelled to remain in bed a part of the time. He is somewhat improved at this writing, however.

George Vogel had the misfortune to lose another horse, being the second one this summer. The hot weather has been very severe on horses in the corn and harvest field, as well as on human beings who true to Biblical tradition have been earning their livelihood by the sweat of their respective brows.

Den Bourke and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson, of Omaha, and Mrs. Catherine Ash, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, were stopping here for a short visit as they were passing through Manley, returning to their home after having attended the Bourke family reunion at the home of George Bickert a number of miles west of Elmwood on last Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph R. Kelley of Plattsmouth, who has been spending some two weeks at the home of her daughter, Mrs. O. E. McDonald and granddaughter, Mrs. Will Meyers, of near Ashland, returned to her home in the county seat after having enjoyed a very pleasant two weeks' visit. Mrs. Kelley was very anxious to get home, as the stork had brought her daughter and son-in-law, Emil Koukal and wife, a brand new daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Bergman were enjoying a visit last week from a niece of Mr. Bergman and her husband, as they were returning to their home at Dayton, Ohio, after having visited for some two months at Los Angeles. The visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Smith, after remaining here over night, continued on their way the next day and planned to stop that night at Rock Island, Ill., then another stop at Chicago before they finally arrived home.

Louisville Farmers Union Band
It is with pleasure we are able to announce that the Farmers Union Band of Louisville, comprising many of the well known and talented musicians of this portion of Cass county, has been secured to play a concert on the streets of Plattsmouth Wednesday evening, July 24.

Attention of our readers is also directed to the fact that Plattsmouth merchants are joining in the giving of special certified values on Wednesday of each week, the bargains for this Wednesday being listed in a 3-column ad appearing elsewhere in this issue. Stores are open Wednesday

Cass County Farm Bureau Notes

Copy furnished from Office of County Agent Wainscott

Bread Study Shows Saving Through Home Baking

Records show that counting pound for pound homemakers make better than 50 percent in baking their own bread. The cost of bread per pound runs quite close to the cost of flour per pound. It varies somewhat with the amount of fat and sugar added and the kind of yeast. Fuel expense was not included since in practically all cases the stove was used for other purposes at the same time.

The records kept showed the kinds of bread baked at each baking, the amounts and cost of all ingredients used, the length of time the oven was in use and the number and weight of loaves and rolls when baked.

The majority of women keeping the bread baking records said they found it very interesting and while they had supposed that home baking was a saving they had not realized it was to quite such an extent as the actual figures showed.

An Ideal Vacation for Mother

What a fine vacation it would be for mother to attend the Vacation Camp at Camp Brewster, July 25-28. After the rush of cooking for harvest hands and the hot days spent over the cook stove canning fruits and vegetables we are sure she would find a real thrill in resting and enjoying the leisure hours under the cool inviting shade of the big trees surrounding the lodge and club house, and the screened and electrically lighted cabins which serve as sleeping quarters. A large outdoor swimming pool centered with a spurting water fountain is too tempting to be resisted by most of the women, so bring your bathing suit if you have one, if not you can get one of the camp management.

An interesting program, which includes book reviews, round table discussions, various types of recreation, etc., is planned so that the time passes quickly and the women have a chance to really get acquainted and to discuss timely topics. Plan to meet your best friend and to make many new ones, at Camp Brewster. The Home Agent can supply you with all the necessary information on what to bring, etc. The registration fee of \$4.50 may be paid upon arrival at the camp, however if you intend to enroll notification should be sent to the Home Agent so arrangements will be made for you.

CCC Camp and Erosion Control

Friday evening, July 19, at 8 p. m. farmers of Cass county will have an opportunity to familiarize themselves with soil erosion control service. The meeting will be held at the Farm Bureau office in Weeping Water.

D. L. Gross of the Extension Service at the College of Agriculture, Lincoln, will present the agronomist's viewpoint regarding crops and cropping systems and the possibilities in this county. Ivan Wood, also of the Extension Service will present the plan of actually putting into operation an erosion program and the cost to the farmer.

Homer A. Wendling, project director of the CCC camp will be present to explain to farmers how they may secure the services of the camp and the agreements that will be arranged between farmers and the camp.

Other supervisors will be present to help carry on the discussion and answer questions. The building of the camp has been delayed somewhat due to the lumber strikes holding up shipments of lumber. Three cars of lumber have just arrived and progress will be speeded up considerably now.

The mess hall and latrine are now completed leaving about seven buildings to erect. The boys that will be in the camp are temporarily placed at the old camp at Nebraska City and will be moved to Weeping Water as soon as this camp is completed. Preliminary work with the farmers desiring work done will start immediately after the meeting Friday evening. This work will include inspection of proposed projects, surveys and topographical maps of farms.

4-H Clubs Busy With Summer Activities

A check up on the records of 4-H clubs shows that most of the clubs are "up on their toes" this season. Meetings have been held regularly, reports have been coming in nicely and indications are that most of the clubs have their work well up to date. Many clubs, especially cooking clubs, have completed requirements and are reporting dates of their achievement programs. Tours, picnics and swimming parties seem to be popular so-

cial activities of the clubs. With 4-H club camp only a few days away, applicants for enrollments at camp are busy getting their work up to date so they will be eligible to attend.

Many other 4-H activities lie ahead. With state and county fairs only a few weeks away it is time to turn our thoughts toward new goals. Of first importance are the exhibits by individual members. We want our work to be of good quality, good workmanship and of accepted standards. With these points in mind the best exhibits of work done in 4-H clubs are chosen for competition at fairs. And in this connection remember the 4-H slogan, "Win without boasting and lose without squealing."

Other activities in which 4-H clubs should plan to participate are team demonstrations, judging contests, song contest, health contest and style show. Demonstration work and judging practice should have been started within the clubs so that interested members will be ready to participate in county try-outs after one or two district judging practices. Details regarding the song and health contests and style show will be announced later and more definite information will be sent to club leaders a little later.

4-H club leaders have received the advance Class R premium lists for state fair and should be able to line up their exhibits at an early date. Special premiums and awards, such as trips to the National 4-H Club Congress, Club Week, etc., are listed in Circular 0-10-2 for 1935, and should be indicative to a little time and effort on the part of 4-H members now in order to win when in competition within the county and at state fair.

Save the Little Trees

Recent inspections made in several counties of tree plantings made this spring under the Clarke-McNary Act, show splendid survival up to now but many are weedy and show neglect. This is a critical time with these trees and every effort should be made to kill the weeds and give the trees the best possible care the balance of the season. Cultivation to conserve the moisture and a little extra care now will be worth a lot. We need the trees—let's not neglect them now.

4-H Club Camp Next Week

Seventy applications for 4-H club camp have been received from Cass county members. About 200 members from Cass, Otoe, Sarpy and Douglas counties are expected to attend the camp which will be held at Camp Brewster, July 21-24. A list of the necessary articles to bring to camp has been mailed to applicants and they have been especially invited to bring musical instruments or other equipment for the amateur night program.

Corn Loan Refund Checks Being Taken

About half of the corn loan refund checks had been taken the first of the week. If you had a corn loan a year ago on your corn you probably have a check at the Farm Bureau office and are requested to call for it at the earliest possible time. The smallest checks are for \$1.20 and the largest run close to \$100. Most farmers have been both surprised and pleased with the amount of their refunds.

Pasture Tour Planned

Improved pasture management practices, vitally important in Cass county due to the devastating damage done by the 1934 drought and over-grazing in the past, will be observed on August 5th when farmers go on a pasture tour. Plans for the day include six or eight stops to be made in various communities.

Stops will be made at various farms in the county where recommended pasture management practices have been carried on. The tour will probably demonstrate: (1) The use of brome grass. (2) Use of temporary pasture crops such as sudan, sweet clover, and rye. (3) Rejuvenated permanent pastures on which the owner has been using such methods in 1935 as delayed or reduced grazing, clipping weeds, and which are showing results. (4) Spring or fall seeded permanent pasture mixtures. (5) Alfalfa in pure stands or mixture for cow pastures. (6) Good permanent pastures which due to excellent management survived the drought and heat of 1934.

Farmers having pastures of brome grass or a mixture where brome grass predominates are asked to report such to the agricultural agent so stops may be made at such areas. Tentative plans for the tour call for a picnic lunch at noon with an weed identification contest as an added feature. P. H. Stewart, extension agronomist from the college of agriculture will be on the tour.

Journal ads bring you news of timely bargains. Read them!

Former Resident Writes of Pleasing Trip to Mexico

Mrs. W. E. Purviance of Los Angeles Writes to Her Aunt, Mrs. A. D. Asch, of Interesting Trip.

Mrs. A. D. Asch of near Murray, has just received from her niece, Mrs. W. E. Purviance of Los Angeles, a very fine letter that deals with the trip of Mrs. Purviance into old Mexico and which is printed for the benefit of the Journal readers:

Willis had never visited a foreign land, and as he felt he had been denied something rather important, it was a tender subject with him. When the Southern Pacific railroad put on a round trip excursion to Mazatlan, Mexico, over thirteen hundred miles away from Los Angeles for the sum of \$37.25, Willis was joyfied with the prospect of seeing another country. As I had taken a trip across the continent and back, I was going to remain at home. As the time drew nearer the day of departure his enthusiasm waned, and he was about ready to give up the vacation. When I agreed to go along his fervor returned, for he had dreaded the loneliness of traveling alone.

Leaving Los Angeles at eight o'clock, p. m., February 26th, we arrived at the Mexican border, at Nogales, about noon the next day. After a short stop for baggage inspection, we crossed over into Mexico. Our baggage had been sealed, so there was not much delay for inspection after we reached the Mexican side. There were two day coaches on our train. They were old, with no upholstery. The Mexican travelers carried a folded blanket, or a pillow (with or without a cover) to place on the hard seats.

We began observing the peculiar customs of this foreign land. Instead of automobiles, the burro seemed to be the popular means of transportation, with an occasional ox cart with heavy, home-made wooden wheels. When stops were made at the larger towns, the natives crowded along the tracks on either side of the day coaches, carrying (mostly on their heads), glass covered cases, baskets, or trays, on which were native foods, such as tortillas, cooked cactus, papayas, cakes frosted with red sugar, oranges and Mexican turnips, which were bought by the passenger in the day coaches. One Indian had a large pail of milk-colored water, made of ground rice, soaked, flavored with cinnamon sticks, and strained. This was sold by the glass. Goat and cow milk were sold in pop bottles. Slices of candied papayas, melons, etc., were sold to the Mexicans. These things were sold by men, women, or children of nearly all ages. Coffee, black as tar, and unpalatable for Americans, was sold from small coffee pots, often not holding more than four cups. There were oranges, lemons, limes, papayas, coconuts, and other fruits grown through the tropics. The annual rainfall at Mazatlan is sixty inches.

About two or three hours before we arrived at Mazatlan we passed into the Tropic of Cancer. There was a sign to that effect by the side of the road.

For many miles the broad valley through which we traveled was covered with dense mesquite brush, and saharo cactus, thirty feet high, interspersed with trees. After we passed into the Tropic of Cancer the trees were larger and the jungle more dense. In the rainy season, which begins in June, one may pick orchids which hang from trees along the railroad.

Mazatlan is a peninsula, jutting out into the Pacific ocean just east of the Peninsula of Lower California. There is a beautiful harbor and a quaint old city of 30,000 inhabitants; narrow streets, many miniature shops, no large stores, all the buildings are built around the outer edge of the block, with patio in center. There are no front yards; all the buildings come to the narrow sidewalk on the street. The mail bags are about the size of ours, made of green, red and white striped canvas.

The inhabitants of the town are very friendly. Some speak English. All with whom I talked who had lived in the United States, said they would rather live here than in Mexico. Many of the women and girls wear a black shawl about one yard square, called rebosa, made of cotton or thin wool; the more prosperous wear one of lace, called mantilla. These are tied over the head.

The town looks small for the number of inhabitants. It is very primitive. A family often lives in one room, with a patio and porch; the patio often serving as pig pen, goat lot, chicken, or dog lot. The doors of the poorer classes are tamped dirt. The women and girls sweep the floors every day, with a broom made by tying a bunch of long, stiff grass around an old broom handle, or a round piece of tree or limb, or brush. Many make their own sandals, and give on very simple food. Their children have rickets, spindly legs, and big abdomens. They are undernourished in a land of plenty. Seven percent of the babies die.

The stoves on which they cook tortillas, make coffee, and any other cooking, consist of a small pair of five-gallon oil can with rectangular hole cut in side for a draft, a hollowed out wooden block or anything that will hold some broken pieces of tile roofing; a few pieces of charcoal, with an old piece of sheet metal laid over for a lid. completes this home-made kitchen necessity. The iron for ironing the family washing are also heated in this crude manner. The washing is all done with cold water, and, strange to say, the clothes look clean. Their wash tubs are shallow trays,

about thirty inches wide by forty long, built on legs, about the height of a table. After pouring a little water on each garment it is soaped and rolled up. After the soiled clothes are thus made ready, the woman takes one piece, unrolls it and turns a handful back over the rest of garment, using it to rub the rest of the cloth; then pours a stew pan of water over it and squeezes it a little, then another pan of water over it and wrings it out and goes out to the clothes line and hangs it up, stuffing a corner up through the twisted strands of the rope line, and then a foot or so farther, puts another corner through the line, so that a clothes line of washing looks much like ours. Then put up with clothes pins. Then the woman returns to the wash tray and washes one more piece, which she goes out into patio to hang, and continues this performance, one piece at a time, until quite a washing is finished. This work is done on the porch. They seem to work all the time. The restaurants all serve soup, and the meals in courses, as they can not cook many dishes at a time on the charcoal burning stoves with so little heat, and such primitive utensils.

One place of interest is the public market, covering a whole block. The merchants have spaces a few feet across, facing the numerous aisles. The butcher has a table with a thin strip of meat, sometimes three feet long, hung on wooden pegs in a board on the partition behind them. None of them had more than twenty pieces of meat, which was thickly covered with flies. The purchases made are very small, sufficient for one meal. A child would buy two tablespoons of lard, which was weighed on a small piece of grayish paper, and carried home without being covered or wrapped. Tortilla dough was sold in a round loaf, laid on gray paper, and covered only with flies. The cook does not roll these tortillas out as we do a pie crust, but pinches off a piece of dough and pats and slaps it until it looks like a pancake; then cooks it until some parts of it look almost raw, and other parts slightly burned. One can was at the curb outside the market with oil-can stove, charcoal burning, on which a rack covered with husked sweet corn, which he kept turning so it would roast evenly, but which was too brown to suit fastidious tastes. One stall in the market had panama hats. A native woman sat at a sewing machine, putting fancy stitching around the brim with black thread. She had no pattern to guide her, but the stitching was even and artistic. Oyster fishermen had baskets of oysters, which they sold raw, after opening the shells for the customer. They had catsup and salt and pepper, and the oysters were served on the shell, eaten with the fingers. Shredded remains was put onto a tortilla, the salesman using his dirty hand to lick the green salad, and the buyer picked off the tortilla with his hand to eat it, afterward rolling the tortilla before biting it.

Many of the natives eat their meals at the "portable restaurants" along the curb. Each salesman will have just what he can carry on his head, or in two pails or baskets on the ends of a sort of wooden yoke across his head and neck. His whole store of edibles may only be native beans, which he peels and lays in one side of his basket against the unwashed tournips. By the time he peels all around the turnip it is pretty well covered with earth. A hungry man will buy one turnip for five centavos (pennies) and sit there on the edge of the sidewalk and eat it. That will be his complete meal, and he looks as satisfied as we do with a complete dinner. The tortillas are rolled and eaten without butter, syrup, or jelly, as we would eat them. The houses are adobe, usually one story, many plastered, some calcasined pink, blue, or white. The roofs are all red-hand-made tile, except the very poor ones, which have grass thatched roofs. Each apartment, or house, built around the square block, has a high wall of adobe, sometimes with broken glass bottles, cemented up-right to the top, as a barrier to intruders.

The best hotel, facing the harbor, had a large entrance, through which the guests walk into the hotel. The ball room is first, at the left of entrance, then dining room, with patio at side and back of it, in which there are twenty tables for those who prefer to eat in the open. While we were eating an ice truck drove in, using the same entrance that guests walk in, then a man with a short pole across his shoulders, on each end of which were hung three chickens. At the right of entrance is the office, back of which there is a room containing the bar, with nice oil painting on the wall; on one side there are a number of empty packing cases, and two barrels of empty liquor bottles back of the bar, which gives the place a disorderly appearance.

There are no screens on the windows in Mazatlan; and chimneys, which would be superfluous, when they use charcoal for fuel. The hotel was nice, but we could not relish the food, as the flies lighting on it did not act as an appetizer. We did not have enough to eat, where there is a simple food of fruit and vegetables. The guests at the hotel, walked up a ramp to the second floor, where the bedrooms are located.

On the side of Mazatlan facing the bay were numerous fishermen's huts, built as they are in the South Seas. The sides were of small sticks, set either horizontally or perpendicularly, or of palm branches, and all with thatched roofs, usually with swamp grass, but sometimes of palm branches. Some huts had chimneys partly filled with pieces of tile, broken bricks, rock, tin, or any waste material, held together with mud. At night the hen, hog, goat, dog or what-have-you, is tied in the one room adobe, where the family sleeps on the uneven dirt floor. The children are nude, except for an out-

grown sweater or old shirt. Believe it or not, but their clothes are fairly clean.

The oyster traps are stakes driven in the sand at low tide, and at high tide the oysters are washed in. Small boys wade into the water inside the trap and pick up the oysters, putting them in home made grass baskets for the men to sell on the street. One fisherman had a sort of pen about a foot high, made of rock, brick bats and debris, over which he had placed scraps of sheet iron, dirt and all; on top of this crude "stove top" he laid slices of baracuda fish, covering the whole with another layer of old sheet iron and tin. Then he built a small fire of finely split wood, over which he sprinkled water, and smoked the fish. He was going to sell this fish on the street uptown.

There are some shark in the waters around Mazatlan; and twenty miles away in the swamps are many alligators, which the natives catch, and tan the hide for purses, sandals, belts, etc, which are made by hand and sold along the water front.

There is an island across the bay, on which is a long grove of coconut trees. Hollywood film companies make many of the South Seas motion pictures at this location.

Tourists ride over the town in aransas (pronounced a-ran'ya). They are two wheel carts, with top, and the driver raises half of the seat for the passenger to enter from the rear. Two passengers and one driver sit on the one seat.

There is no health department in Mazatlan. Buzzards are the only scavengers. It is unlawful to kill them, as they help prevent epidemics. We visited the soap factory, where both peanuts and copra are used in the manufacture. The soap is blue and light gray, variegated, something like a marble cake in appearance. It is a great peanut country. The copra is brought from the Philippines.

There are many small boy boot-blacks. They carry a small wooden case with the polish and shining cloth in it, and a miniature wooden stool to sit on. The stool looks like a doll's table. Small boys, riding burros, sell milk. The home made carriers are slung over the burrow's back, with two rows of three bottles, on each side.

We were in Mazatlan during the four day annual carnival, or fiesta. The railroad put the excursion on for that occasion. At one plaza the more prosperous people danced. There was an orchestra in the center, with wide walk all around, and shrubbery on the outer edge. The young men marched around one way and the girls the opposite direction. This was kept up all evening. Whole families attended. At another plaza the poorer people celebrated in the same manner. Our arana driver told us that was for the people who did not wear shoes. However, many there were wearing shoes, but more wore home-made sandals. All were behaving in a very circumspect manner. One little colored girl, only two and a half years old, quite an outstanding figure. He had on a shrunken, faded wool sweater, and new red socks and sandals, which constituted his whole wearing apparel. He was having a glorious time, running out among the dancers, falling on the cement walk, and smiling through it all.

On the return trip many bought Indian baskets and rugs, from the peddlers along the side of the train. There were wooden salad spoons, with the ornamentation burned in, made by Toluca Indians; rectangular baskets with lids, made of kitle fibre from the maguay tree, made by Yaqui Indians; round baskets of woven braid, in designs of many colors, made by Pueblo Indians; mats made by Tolucas; blankets and rugs of hand made yarn made by Navajos.

Articles are usually carried on the head in baskets or pans. Even a small boy can step up on the curb without holding the container with his hands.

Most of the land is owned by the Mexican government, and the people in small villages along the tracks build their homes on such land. There are some villages with tile roofs, but most of them are grass thatched roof huts.

All films must be finished before being taken out of Mexico, and those depicting poverty are confiscated. The school rooms are similar to ours, but the pupils all study out loud at the same time. That gives a teacher the impression that they are all preparing their lessons, when often they are just making a noise.

The Mexican beds have rope laced across to hold up the mattress, and the rope stretches and lets mattress sink into quite a hollow in the center. The pillows are hunks of cotton instead of feathers, and are not conducive to restfulness.

As we went to Mexico a money changer came into the train at Nogales and exchanged our American money for Mexican. On the return trip we had to go to the Bank at Nogales to get it exchanged back into American money. An American dollar is now worth three dollars and fifty-five cents Mexican. Their dollar is called peso (pay'so).

The trip was very interesting, but we were very glad to get back to our comforts and cleanliness, and American cooking.

Willis laughingly remarked that I have omitted the most appealing sight, which was a pretty Mexican young lady selling lottery tickets. She carried a white canvas bag, about ten inches long and six inches wide, filled with silver coin. She met the evening train, and came and conning in the bus, a distance of about three miles. People treated her courteously, and no one snatched her money. The railroad is built on the mainland, connected to Mazatlan by a causeway built along the narrow peninsula.

Nebraska is one of but very few states that has no bonded indebtedness.