

Secrets

By FAYE McGOVERN
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"PLEASE," Chu Teh begged her old neighbor, "do not take the children away."

He looked at her imploring face in consternation. "But they might reveal to the enemy where their elder brother, San, is hidden. We had no time to burn his wrecked plane. Hardly was there time to secrete him here. Only after dark will it be safe to move him."

"No. No. They will not speak. And I have heard the enemy will harm us so long as we remain peaceable."

Her neighbor sighed deeply. "Very well. I will go lest my presence make them suspicious."

Chu Teh turned quickly back to her baking. With her husband dead her children were her whole world. She could not bear to have them away from her—especially with the foe so near. She went to the rear door of her small cottage and called, "Chan! Lotus!"

A boy of eleven, and a small girl appeared from behind a ramshackle stable. Both were incredibly dirty. The boy carried a length of hollow bamboo, and Chu Teh knew he had been playing his favorite guerrilla warfare game again with small Lotus. But there was no time for reprimands.

"Guests are coming," she said with feigned brightness, "and we are going to play 'secrets.' Remember—evasions, yes, but no lies. And the one who fails gets not one sweet cake. Now do all of you understand, my little ones?"

Covetously the children eyed the delicacies cooling on the table. Seldom were they allowed even a taste, for their mother sold them for a living. At the sound of approaching steps Chu Teh said quickly, "The question is, 'Where is San?'"

Young Chan's eyes sought hers so swiftly she realized he appreciated the significance of the question, and felt a pang of fear. In his intense desire to prove how clever he could be in outwitting the enemy he might easily blunder into revealing San's hiding place. She looked at him pointedly. "Even when we are asked, 'Where is San?' we will not tell, will we?"

"Noooo," said small Lotus. Young Chan reached toward the table, then turned abruptly toward the rear of the house.

Chu Teh stiffened as five Japanese soldiers entered without knocking, their glances darting everywhere. "Where is the one called San?" demanded the leader, with typical Jap curtness.

But there was only a deathly silence.

"You—his mother," he shot at Chu Teh. "Where have you hidden him?" "My son is with his ancestors," she said with gentle dignity, and put refreshments before them.

"Then where is the body?" the spokesman sneered. "You there, small girl. Tell us lest I cut off your ears."

He took hold of Lotus roughly. The child's frightened eyes sought hers, and quickly Chu Teh held up the largest cake. "Yes, small Lotus," she said brightly. "Where is San?" The little girl vaguely flung out a small hand. "They took him away."

Suddenly Chu Teh realized Chan was not there. If he had run to the ancient graveyard over the hill to warn San he would surely be seen, he thought.

"Enough! We will search the place!" Pitchfork tines prodded deep into the rice-straw rick. Seeing soon that the tiny house afforded no hiding place the soldiers headed for the rickety stable.

Behind the barn, thatch missing from its roof, a shallow pit told his mother that Chan had practiced breathing through the hollow bamboo while buried beneath straw and dirt.

The soldiers held a hasty consultation. Then Chu Teh was told they were satisfied and would leave. With horror she saw that they took the path toward the ancient cemetery. First they would make certain that she had told the truth. Why had she mentioned that San was with his ancestors! With only caved-in graves to hide in they would undoubtedly discover him, she thought in horror.

She waited for an agonizingly long time, then crept after them, and almost fainted at the sight of a freshly covered grave. They had found him and—Chu Teh moved nearer. But wasn't it odd for the enemy to make food offerings? There was one of her own sweets.

"So this is where you lead us!" It was the sneering voice of the soldier behind her, and she realized they had deliberately left her alone in order to follow her.

She burst into tears and rocked back and forth. "Aye, and here my son is buried. You can see I did not lie."

The man looked at her huddled figure, then spat contemptuously, rasped an order, and the unwelcome visitors stamped off toward the town.

Chu Teh sat motionless for a while. Then very carefully she leaned over and whispered, "San, my son, are you all right?"

"Yes, Mother, thanks to my clever little brother," answered a muffled voice from a barely perceptible protruding stick of hollow bamboo.

Run Wolf Run

By WILLIAM MURDOCH
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"YOU know Lige—my boy friend Lige Waters?" asked Mabel Wheeler incredulously. Her round blue eyes were large and unblinking as she placed an order of stew on the counter before Private Mack Jellaby, in town on leave from camp nearby.

"Aw, sure I know Lige," Jellaby replied with bland untruthfulness. Tell her anything, that was his motto. "You say he was stationed on the coast for a while? Sure, I was there with him." Jellaby twisted his lean, dark face into a thoughtful frown. "Let's see, your name is—"

"Mabel Wheeler," she said.

"Sure, Mabel," Jellaby replied. "Why, I've heard him speak of you dozens of times. In fact," he said, lowering his voice and leaning across the counter toward the plump, comely girl whose eager smile was made vivid by her red lips and white teeth, "he gave me a message for you when he heard I'd be stationed near his old home town."

"He did? Lige gave you a message for me?" Mabel exclaimed delightedly. "Tell me!"

Private Mack Jellaby glanced around the lunchroom, then returned his cautious scrutiny to Mabel's expectant smile. "Not here," he said. "It's—well, it's personal. Can I meet you somewhere tonight? Alone? I know Lige wouldn't want anyone to overhear what I have to tell you."

Mabel hesitated. Her pap had told her to be careful of these soldiers. So had Lige. And if Pap or anyone

else saw her with this young fellow, smart-aleck that he was—

"No, I couldn't do that," she said. "If my pap ever learned—"

"Ah!" said Jellaby in haughty deprecation. "He doesn't need to know." He closed one eye then, and sighed. "Lige sure gave me an awful to tell you. He wouldn't trust it to paper, else he'd have written."

That did it. Mabel's blue eyes swam. "All right, soldier," she said quickly. "I'll—meet you in the village park at the edge of town at nine o'clock tonight. I'll be waiting on the bench at the end of the middle path."

Jellaby concealed his triumphant smile behind a paper napkin. "I'll be there," he promised.

Finally the clock in the tower of the little village hall said 8:45. Jellaby started toward the designated place. He was breathless in anticipation.

The park loomed as a vague blur in the dim light cast by a lonely street lamp. Jellaby's feet made no noise as he turned from the sidewalk and entered the soft shadows. The path wound through groves of trees and clumps of shrubbery, and as Jellaby neared the rendezvous his pulse beat fast at the thought of Mabel awaiting him. He rounded a bend and saw her, a dim figure in white.

Then he froze in his tracks. Jumpin' Jeeps! Directly behind Mabel he saw another figure, tall and rangy, a slouch that pulled down low on its forehead. A rifle was cradled in the long arms. For several seconds Private Mack Jellaby was rooted to the spot. Armed himself, he would have enjoyed combat. Liar, trifier—he admitted to himself. But he was no coward. But he was no fool, either. His glib tongue couldn't get him out of this jam. And all he had to fortify his speech were his two fists, while that other guy—it must be Mabel's old man—had a rifle.

He had been tricked! The girl had purposely led him on. She had told her father about him, and this was a trap. They thought they'd make an example of him to discourage other soldiers. But there was still time to run. Jellaby turned and crashed through thickets and shrubs, expecting any minute a bullet in his back.

He didn't stop racing until he reached the sentry. Then he stood and panted his relief. For the first time in his life he was glad to see one of those guys.

Mabel Wheeler was peeved, too—because the soldier had failed to keep his appointment. She really did want to hear what Lige had told him. So badly did she want to hear it, in fact, that she had waited half the night, and her only company was that statue of the Civil War Confederate volunteer which stood behind the bench.

Maps and Men

By MART COLES
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

THE colonel's temporary headquarters were in his hotel bedroom. At noon, ten young men stood before the plain board table that had been brought up from the dining room to serve as a desk.

One of the young officers wore a captain's bars; eight, those of first lieutenants and one, who stood at the extreme left, the single bronze bars of a second lieutenant. His name on the roster was John Sherman, but his fellows dubbed him "Agricultural" when they learned that he had been a farmer prior to enlistment. The colonel spoke.

"We have been assigned to this sector," he moved his pencil across the map which lay before him. "Note the boundaries carefully. The officers crowded around, leaving John Sherman to peer over their shoulders.

"As you see," continued the colonel, "our area is roughly square, about fifteen miles on a side. Beginning tomorrow I want to move fifteen batteries into position. The terrain is hilly. There is a good deal of plowed land, and there are a number of wooded spots." He pushed the chart to one side.

"I want a map showing the hills, the groves of trees and all the dirt roads. And I want it fast." Lieutenant Sherman tried to get closer, but the broad back of Captain Jorg blocked the way, and the captain's elbow dug the lieutenant in the ribs.

"Now, gentlemen, I shall not judge your success by anything but results. If you can find a print showing the region I have indicated, complete in detail, bring that in, or a fair copy. But Captain Jorg believes, and I agree with him, that the quickest way to get the data is to estimate the tract ourselves. Any questions?"

No one answered.

"Very well, gentlemen, carry on. Five cars with drivers have been allotted to you for the afternoon. Divide as you think best. Report to me here immediately after evening mess." Colonel Shore smiled. "To add a sporting feature, I will grant a three day leave to the man or group bringing in the most useful instrument." The young men saluted and nine of them hurried from the room.

Second Lieutenant John Sherman remained, his face flushed with embarrassment. "Sir, may I see the map?"

"Certainly."

It was an ordinary Government survey. The locality to which the colonel had referred was marked in red. John copied the section and township numbers in the zone, saluted, and stumbled from the room.

By the time he reached the street four of the jeeps had left. The fifth, with two men in the rear seat, was just starting from the curb. "Do I go with you?" John asked.

"Not as I understand it, Agricultural," said one of the passengers. "Captain Jorg is alone in one car and I heard him say that he would get paper and pencils and come back to pick you up. You're both from the same town, aren't you?"

"Better than that," said the other. "They both get letters from the same girl. Be nice if Jorg and Agricultural win the leave. They can visit her together." The little car whirled off.

John waited for thirty minutes. He did not expect Captain Jorg to return, and soon was convinced that the whole thing was a trick. Jorg had prevented him from seeing the map; Jorg had arranged that the other lieutenants would pair off and leave him without transportation; Jorg had made sure that if he did not win the leave, there would be no chance whatever for John to do so.

A jeep, empty except for a corporal who was driving, pulling up. John forgot the formality that governed between officers and enlisted men. "Any chance of your driving me this afternoon? I've territory to measure."

The corporal looked astonished, then amused. These shavetails, they didn't know nothing. "Sorry, sir," he said, "this car isn't free. The lieutenant would have to have an order, anyway." Then he added sarcastically, "Perhaps the lieutenant could catch a bus." John thanked him for the suggestion and rushed to the bus station.

That evening the same ten officers stood before Colonel Shore. A pile of sketches lay before him. Captain Jorg had an air of easy confidence. Second Lieutenant John Sherman looked anything but happy.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "I have examined all of these. Considering the speed with which you worked, they are quite good. Captain Jorg's especially. But," the colonel pulled a large sheet of thin paper from the bottom of the pile, "this one turned in by Lieutenant Sherman is by far the most complete."

"Lieutenant Sherman explained that through his carelessness he was left without a conveyance," said the colonel. "But in the emergency he used his head. Once a farmer, it occurred to him that the local center of the Agricultural Department would have air maps, which of course are in detail. He went to the county seat by bus and made a tracing. Since I wanted results irrespective of method, the three day leave is properly awarded to Lieutenant Sherman. Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all."

CLASSIFIED ADS

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NOW IS THE TIME FOR INSULATION, save fuel and be cooler in summer and warmer in winter. I have Balsam Wool and Zonolite. Come in and investigate.—Seth Noble. 11-1f

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FOR SALE—Ear corn and oats and hay in stack. See R. H. Parker, O'Neill, Nebr.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARMS. at 5 per cent. No commission.—L. G. Gillespie, O'Neill. 31-1f

JAPS AT SAIPAN DASH TO TEMPLE, COMMIT SUICIDE

By Sgt. Jack Vincent (Delayed)—Many Japs crawled back to their temple to die.

Eye witness to the hara-kiri deaths of two enemy soldiers in the shadow of the temple during the battle of Saipan was Private First Class Anton Ring, a Marine of West Allis, Wis.

Pfc. Ring, a member of an engineering unit of the Fourth Marine Division, was "sight-seeing" at the temple when he saw two Jap soldiers running toward him with hand grenades.

Unarmed and thinking that they were going to attack him, the Marine turned and fled. As he ran, he accidentally kicked a drum on the steps of the temple.

"It caused a heavy boom and at first I thought a grenade had landed back of me," Pfc. Ring related. He sprinted to the place where he had left his weapon, grabbed it, and started back up the temple steps toward the two Japs.

By that time, however, the Japs had reached a small clearing directly behind the temple pavilion. There they held hand grenades to their bodies and killed themselves.

Pfc. Ring went forward to investigate.

"I found 40 or 50 dead Japanese soldiers there," he continued. "All of them apparently had sneaked back to the temple to commit hara-kiri. Some of them had blown themselves to pieces with grenades and land mines. We found others who had taken off their shoes and discharged their rifles into their heads with their toes."

In some cases, it developed, Jap soldiers had sneaked back through American lines to reach the temple. The edifice where the incident occurred was the most elaborate Jap shrine found on the island.

The shrine had a long line of steps leading up to it and it was typical of many of the temples found in the Japanese homeland. Pfc. Ring regretted the suicide of the two Japs he encountered.

"I would have preferred to shoot them," he remarked.

CONSERVE FUEL OIL
"All optimism regarding fuel oil supply has disappeared, so far as this heating season is concerned," stated M. E. Rawlings, Sioux City district OPA director, recently. Widespread indications that many householders have dipped too heavily into their fuel rations and are burning oil at a rate considerably in excess of what they should have used up to the present point in the 1944-45 heating season brought a warning this week from the Office of Price Administration.

Cold homes later on this winter, with no extra rations available, will be the inevitable result of over-consumption of oil now, said Mr. Rawlings. "With war needs continuing to be extremely heavy, civilian stocks are adequate for rationed uses, but will not cover emergencies resulting from wasteful burning of oil."

The Cow with a Complacent Ego



POLIO DRIVE OBSERVED ALL OVER THE WORLD

With more events scheduled than ever before in the history of the March of Dimes, the annual fund-raising appeal of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, was launched January 14 by Basil O'Connor, president of the foundation. The appeal will be climaxed by hundreds of birthday parties and other celebrations on President Roosevelt's birthday, January 30, and will conclude on January 31.

Many March of Dimes events are scheduled in all parts of the world where American service men and women are fighting a global war. Many of these events are adapted to the particular locale, such as the "Kilometre de Diecis" instead of Miles of Dimes in Italy, and a March of Rials (an Iranian coin worth about 8 cents) in Iran instead of the March of Dimes. Card parties, shooting contests, dances, and other events are being planned by various American posts in foreign fields.

'I KNOW YOU'RE NEAR'

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER POET 'TALKS' TO GOD

Somewhere in Italy before the enemies' guns silenced his voice and pen, a soldier poet, inspired by his discovery of God in the midst of hell on earth, composed the following poem. Although it has been previously been printed in The News it is printed again by request:

In simple, terse, humble eloquence the unknown soldier-poet transcends the gamut of human emotions as he contemplates his God. It is an answer to agnostics and a sombre challenge to fascism. With pious devotion and plaintive hope, the unknown soldier wrote:

"Look God, I have never spoke to You,
But now I want to say, How do You do;
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist,
And like a fool, I believed all this. Last night from a shellhole, I saw Your sky,
figured right then, they had told me a lie;
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand,
Somehow I feel that You will understand;
Funny, I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had time to see Your face. Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today;
I guess the "Zero Hour" will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid, since I know You're near.
The Signal—well, God, I'll have to go,
I like You lots, this I want You to know;
Look now, this will be a horrible fight,
Who knows—I may come to Your house tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder God, if You'd wait at Your door;
Look! I'm crying—me, shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well . . . I have to go now, God—good-bye!
Strange . . . since I met You—I'm not afraid to die!"

WARNING TO PURCHASERS OF TRUCKS ISSUED BY ODT

The Office of Defense Transportation again today repeated a serious warning to potential purchasers of motor trucks, either used or new.

They pointed out that under the order issued by the Office of Defense Transportation effective October 25, 1943, newly inaugurated services or extended operations must first have the prior approval of the Office of Defense Transportation. The office further stated that they are encountering many instances where transactions have been made and possession of the motor truck has changed hands, and it has been necessary for the Office of Defense Transportation to advise the applicant that his chosen line of occupational endeavor is not considered to be a contribution to the direct war effort or not on the essential civilian economy, and therefore denial of the application is made, leaving the applicant with an investment he cannot use.

ODT will be pleased to furnish a prior opinion as to whether or not it will issue a certificate of war necessity prior to the purchase.

However, the Office of Defense Transportation does not state that new or extended operations cannot and will not be predicated upon the economic status of, or the personal convenience or comfort to an individual or company.

They repeat their request that an expression from their office be obtained prior to the actual purchase of the vehicle.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS NEEDED IN HAWAII

Construction workers can now get jobs with the U. S. army engineers in Hawaii, it was announced recently by J. R. Kinder, state director for the War Manpower Commission.

Mr. Kinder said that transportation would be furnished by the war department and that pay is good. Among positions open for immediate appointment are those for construction laborers, heavy duty equipment mechanics, checker, typists, topographical and architectural draftsmen, construction inspectors, surveymen and engineering aides. Applications will also be accepted from building craftsmen such as carpenters, painters, cement finishers, etc., for later appointments. Two years' experience in the trade is sufficient to qualify for most journeyman positions. Six months' experience will qualify for the helper positions.

A representative of the U. S. Engineers will be at the United States Employment Service Office at Norfolk on January 18, 19 and 20 to conduct interviews and offer immediate appointment, according to Walter A. Steffen, area WMC Director. Persons now employed in war work should not apply.

Of the 1,120 traffic accidents reported in Los Angeles during June, 270 involved drivers or pedestrians who had been drinking, police statistics revealed.

Christ Lutheran

Missouri Synod
Reinhard Koepf, Pastor
Sunday, January 21st
Sunday school, 2:00 p. m., "The Flight to Egypt."
Worship, 3:00 p. m. Text: Rom. 12, 16-21, "The Christian's Manifestation Among His Enemies."
Monday, January 22nd
Confirmation instruction, 6:30 p. m.
Thursday, January 25th
Confirmation instruction, 6:40 p. m.
Sunday school teachers' meeting, 8:00 p. m.

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Rupture

SHIELD-EXPERT, H. L. HOFFMANN of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will demonstrate, without charge, his "Rupture Shields" in O'Neill, Nebraska, at Hotel Golden, on Wednesday, Jan. 24, 1945.

From 10 to 4 P. M. Please come early. Evenings by appointment. I have specialized in the field of Rupture Shield service since 1928. I have fitted thousands of cases in the United States during this time. There are many of my satisfied customers right here in your community.

Mrs. J. S. of Ogallah, Kans., says: "I cannot speak highly enough for it. I have tried a good many other makes but found your make the best."

Mr. W. O. L. of Houston, Tex., writes about his brother, one of our clients: "He was recently inducted into the armed forces . . . thinking he was not well, but five government doctors passed upon him, put him through tests, and said there was nothing wrong with him."

CAUTION: If neglected, rupture may cause weakness, backache, nervousness, stomach and gas pains. People having ruptures, which have returned after surgical operations or injection treatments, are especially invited. "If you want it done right, don't experiment. See Hoffmann." If unable to see him at this time, address:

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