

Trip to Europe Theme of Talk by Murray Banker

W. G. Boedeker Who Last Summer Made Auto Tour of Europe Gives Talk Before Garden Club.

The Plattsmouth Garden club met last evening in the dining room of the Hotel Plattsmouth. A large number were present to take the opportunity of hearing Mr. Glen Boedeker's speech on "A Trip to Europe."

LAND, FARM and RANCH BARGAINS

FOR SALE—Fodder by the shock. Phone 4211. 1tw

FOR SALE—Work horses, hedge posts and burr oak posts—Glenn Albin, Union, Nebraska. f6-2sw

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Have listed near Plattsmouth several improved five, ten, eight, forty, eighty and 160 acre tracts. Also city property. I buy, sell and match trades. See or write me at Plattsmouth. Frank E. Vallery. 1td-1tw

FOR SALE

115 theatre seats, one steel safe, one hot air furnace, two fireproof McCasky systems, one new farm light plant cheap, furniture and business equipment. Twenty tons haled hay, a few head of horses. See or write Frank E. Vallery, Plattsmouth. f3-1td-1tw

A short business meeting, which was in charge of Mrs. Luke Wiles and Mrs. William Schmidtman, Jr., preceded the talk. Mrs. P. T. Heineman, chairman of the library committee, read a beautiful poem entitled, "Grandma Called Carnal," by Bertha Damon. Mrs. L. O. Minor, chairman of the plant identification committee, presented a splendid talk on the "Saint Paulia," and "Ionantha," commonly called the African violet.

The following is the text of Mr. Boedeker's talk:

Rolling hills of fertile farm land, tree lined highways and rich green pastures gave us our first glimpse of rural Europe as we traveled through northern France from Boulogne to Paris. Traveling with our automobile gave us an unusual opportunity to observe farming methods.

While touring six continental countries: France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, we observed the limitless effort, unflagging ambition, and evicted thoroughness of the European farmer. With these qualities the farmer of the old world overcomes the handicaps of his old-fashioned methods. One finds traces of oxen replacing our ultra-modern and expensive tractor. Oxen are found in every European country we traveled except Holland and Belgium, but they are used most extensively in southern France and Italy. We were extremely attracted one day to see, while driving in northern Italy, eight yoke of oxen pulling a large plow. These oxen were manged by 3 men and were plowing deep in a small field of approximately five

acres. Fields of such small extremities are typical of European farms. In Germany particularly, farm land is divided into numberless plots of different sizes and shapes. A German farmer told us that if he had 100 acres of land, it would probably be cut up into 200 plots. For this reason large, modern machinery such as the average American farmer uses is unquestionably out of place in Europe. Small plots of ground call for small, primitive implements and much hard manual labor on the part of the farmer. However, great as is the lack of modern machinery and methods of the European farmer, these things do not keep him from being successful. Certainly if opportunities equal to those of our farmers in the United States were offered to a farmer of the old world, he would prove more than successful. Because he is an economical farmer not allowing an inch—no, not one inch of ground to go wasting or lay idle, the conservative European farmer probably could, with the expense account and waste of the average American farmer, make a living and put money in the bank.

Of keen interest to us was the live stock we saw on our tour. In northern France five Percheron horses were used for farming the rather rolling land, while in southern France, horses were replaced by large brown oxen. Long horned oxen of the Brahma type are typical of Italy. Switzerland is known to many for its fine cheese, and one realizes why this is so when one sees the many herds of beautiful Swiss cows. Throughout this small country are found the same breed of cows. Though many horses are seen in Germany, in certain sections of this country, the farmers work the milk cow. This comes about because of scarcity of horses since the World War and also because of their high price at this age.

It is interesting to note that it was in Germany that we first saw a team of horses hitched together. In France, we had seen the farmer working one horse, and we had also seen him working several horses hitched one behind the other. Upon reaching Holland we saw as many as three horses hitched together. Belgium has the large and very beautiful Belgian breed of horses for which that country is so noted. In the cities in Belgium it was not uncommon to see one of these fine large horses hitched to a very heavy wagon, pulling a load of as much as four tons through streets and being driven by the simple means of a jerk line. The Belgian farmer is proud of his horses, and we were told that he feeds each of his horses one loaf of bread each day besides their regular feed of grain.

Unfenced fields, charming farm villages, beautiful flowers and trees reaching the European countryside very picturesque. The small farm villages are quite unique to the American traveler. Instead of each farmer having his own farm home, many European farmers live in small settlements and go outside to farm their land. In sections of France, Italy and Germany one sees, however, many farm homes. These are often a combination house and barn. Though this would seem unsanitary, it is not. These houses and barns built together appear to be very clean and are quite attractive. Flowers are in great abundance throughout rural Europe. On one German farm home, we counted sixteen window boxes, all filled with gorgeous flowers. There are no weeds on the farm of the old world. A large amount of rainfall makes the grass and trees a scene of great beauty that is comparable with some of the more beautiful scenery such as the Swiss Alps and the French and Lignier Rivieras provide.

The soil of European farms is varied in the different sections of each country. In France, most of the farm land is made up of shallow soil and much fertilization becomes necessary. In southern France one can note some of the land quite stony. In Italy you find the soil of similar quality. Much of the farm land in Germany is very stony and this is hard to work. Holland has the richest soil of any of the countries we visited.

Even though the consistency of the soil found in many sections of Europe is inferior, the farm land that we saw is quite productive. A great deal of small grain is raised, such as wheat and oats. The farmer preserves his grain by stacking it under cover or by stacking it in the open in neatly built stacks with a neat, protective covering of straw. The carefulness and extreme neatness shown by the European farmer in these methods of preserving his crops are admirable traits. Various crops grown in Europe are potatoes, grapes, olives, hops, hemp and beets.

Potatoes are one of the crops found in all of the six countries we were in. In Germany especially one finds large potato fields. At harvest time, men, women, and the children all help with the digging and sacking of the potatoes. However, we observed that women do the sacking, and hard working at any time. Often they are seen pitching hay, helping with the threshing of grain or hemp. Hemp is raised in northern Italy and is probably one of their chief crops. Southern France is noted for its large vineyards which cover mile after mile of territory. In northwestern Italy, along the Ligurian River, we were astounded to see the hillsides that were covered with olive groves. These hills are more like our mountains. The farmer terraces them by building up a wall of stone, thus leveling off a space for the trees. In this way, every inch of ground on that hillside is utilized. Perhaps the most fertile territory we saw was the famous Marne valley in central eastern France. Here on the rolling hills on each side of the Marne river are fields, pastures, and many vineyards. Very little corn was grown in the places we passed through. Most of that we saw was small and of inferior quality.

In the "hill country" of north central Italy, we experienced sights such as had never met our eyes before. The hills themselves reached the height of our small mountains and each hill was covered with small hills—so that the whole countryside was hills upon hills. Some were almost perpendicular and to look at them, one could never believe it possible to cultivate them for the growing of crops. As we progressed along the winding road, we noticed that the majority of these hills, gruesome in their aspect, were plowed and ready for planting. Later we came upon several teams of white oxen plodding slowly up the steep inclines, followed by their master.

Every inch of ground was used and not one fraction of a measure was left waste. Though the land was extremely arid, and in places very stony, these hindrances seemed to be blotted out by the faithful farmer who toiled along beside his oxen, unconcerned of the turn. He was aware only of the necessity to gain his living, and what a message existed in the hills. If ever in our lives we have seen true effort, we saw it there. A sight such as this was sad to see and yet it was touchingly hopeful to know that some brave souls trusted so much in a higher power to aid them.

From Italy, we entered Switzerland near Lugano. This beautiful city of Lugano is located on a lake by the same name. A great feature of Lugano's beauty is the multitude of pretty houses and gardens that cluster upon its shores and on the mountain-sides. As we began our ascent from Lugano, our eyes feasted upon an ever changing sight. The beautiful valleys where we find the streams that form the headwaters of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube. The lower slopes of the mountains are covered with vineyards, orchards, and meadows, with pleasant villages in every valley. Higher up are green forests of oak and walnut, then tall, dark pines and firs. And always through these forests of pine we see open spaces of meadow-land. Here little cottages, called chalets, are scattered about for the people who take care of the cows. And as you listen, you hear the tinkle of the cowbells in the distance, which seem to come from all directions. Still higher up in the mountains, beyond the forests and green pastures we see the tall, sharp peaks and glaciers, or rivers of ice. We were close to the Rhone glacier, whose melting ice gives rise to the river and opposite this glacier we saw the most beautiful natural picture imaginable. The Indian paint brush had painted the mountainside with splashes of vivid color and mixed through the brilliant reds were

beautiful blue bells and a delicate lavender flower. It was hard to bid good-bye to Switzerland. The picture of this beautiful country will fade in time, but we will always have the memory of it.

Flowers and trees are as inseparable from this European countryside as large liners are from the Atlantic ocean. In cities, in small villages, and along the tree lined highways of rural Europe, one finds an abundance of trees and gorgeous blossoms, radiant in their display of color.

Paris is widely known as one of the world's most beautiful cities. Words could not begin to describe the beauty found there, for it lies deep in the age and romantic background of the history of this great metropolis of France. However, history and romance of the olden days aren't the only factors of beauty in Paris. Large boulevards lined on each side with wide spreading chestnut trees and exquisite formal flower beds are kept attractive during the greater portion of the year.

In the spring the intricate and fanciful designs of these flower beds are made colorful with multi-varied tulips. Some of these tulip bulbs are of rare species and are sent by the queen of Holland to the French government. Later, as the trees begin to leaf out, the chestnuts blossom into hundreds of lacy white flowers, which with the fresh green of the new leaves, have a beauty all their own. Summer finds the experts who design the gardens of Paris bringing forth a diversified assemblage of flowers. Even the grass seems to be unusually green with a depth of color, those of us who live in dry countries have not seen before.

In the country, tall stately trees border the small fields. Some of them are trimmed in odd shapes instead of being allowed to grow naturally. A tree similar in shape to our walnut tree, grows naturally in the lower trunk and branches, then a portion of the trunk is trimmed of all branches and left bare. The top of the trees grow naturally also.

Gardens are a part of every stone house in France and other parts of Europe. They are small, but immaculately clean and well kept. In northern Italy, along the coast line of the Mediterranean, we saw gardens of asparagus, cabbage, and many other vegetables. These were especially attractive to us because they were so carefully tended.

Europe is beautiful itself. On every side one sees some phase of it. Trees, flowers, green meadows, and charming, rustic homes make a heaven for those who love such beauty.

Our journey abroad took us over 5,000 miles in six interesting European countries. In every country, we experienced travel on some of the finest highways we've ever driven over. The famous Corniche highway in Italy was probably the most outstanding one we encountered. Built on the rugged mountains which rise above the Mediterranean sea, it gives to the driver opportunities for superb scenic driving on an ultra modern thoroughfare. It was extremely interesting to us to be able to travel on the new and world known "Reichsautobahn" in Germany. We traveled this splendid new highway from Bonn to Cologne to Duisburg. It is a four lane highway with a parking in the center which is sown in green grass. This highway passes through no towns or cities and has no intersections or railroad crossings, the latter being provided for by overheads and underpasses.

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Florida Wife Learns Husband Slayer of First

Frank Lawson Flake Confesses He Is Former Pittsburgh Wife and Child Slayer.

TAMPA, Florida, Feb. 4 (UP)—Mrs. Frank Lawson Flake, who learned from a newspaper story that her husband had gone to Pittsburgh and confessed the murder of his first wife and baby, said today that she loved him but never wanted to see him again.

She had known him only as Flake bartender in the Jacksonville hotel where she had been cashier. They were married last August and kept it secret for a while because the management forbade employees to intermarry. He had told her he had been married previously, and that his wife and baby had died in an automobile accident. He had not liked to discuss details. Last week he disappeared it and she did not press him for with \$386 of the hotel's funds. She reported his absence to police, believing he had deserted her.

Newspapers revealed the truth to her yesterday. At Pittsburgh Flake had confessed that he was Norman Stewart, a dentist who on June 14, 1935 had murdered his wife and four year old son with a hammer and butcher knife and fled. Poverty and despondency had driven him to it. He had been unable to get work as a dentist, had been trying to sustain his family on a \$15 a week job and despaired of it.

KALTENBORN AT OMAHA

H. V. Kaltenborn, writer, world traveler and ace news commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System, will appear in Omaha on the evening of March 20 in a lecture under the sponsorship of the Omaha Post No. 1 of the American Legion. Announcement that Mr. Kaltenborn has been signed for an Omaha



H. V. Kaltenborn

speaking engagement was made today by Morris Jacobs, chairman of the Legion's finance committee. The lecture will be presented in the Technical high school auditorium. Mr. Jacobs said, because of the popularity of the speaker, Mr. Kaltenborn's recent digest of current affairs in war-threatened Europe has made him a much demanded and popular lecturer.

Tickets for the lecture will go on sale late this week at the Legion headquarters in the Omaha city hall. All seats will be \$1. There will be no reserved seats. Mail orders will be filled at the Legion headquarters. Proceeds from the event will go to the Legion's welfare fund, Mr. Jacobs indicated. It has long been the policy of the Legion to sponsor worthwhile events in Omaha. Appearance of Mr. Kaltenborn here is deemed timely because of his ability to explain the current European happenings.

FORMER SENATOR STEIWER DIES

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3 (UP)—Former Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon died at Walter Reed hospital today. The senator's death was announced by the registrar's office. Steiwer was 55. He resigned his senator post January 31, 1938 and did not seek re-election.

Hammermill Bond Stationery, in both Social and Secretary sizes, 100 sheets and 100 envelopes, printed complete, \$2.50 and \$2.75. Ideal birthday gifts. Journal Job Department.

OLD FASHIONED FLAVOR

SMITH'S POTATO BREAD

Back to Childhood Days

THE JOURNAL SNAPSHOTS

Maris Wrixon, vivacious and lovely film discovery, for whom critics predict great things.

Fred Allen, (right) known for and wide for his persimmon-like puss, shows W. J. Golder, president of the Anti-Sourpuss League, the can smile with the best of them. Fred's "Town Hall Tonight" program is broadcast over the NBC-Red network on Wednesdays at 9:00 p.m., EST. (Repeat for western listeners at 9:00 p.m., PST).

School for Future Aviators—With cross-country flying an important part of training, these students wisely consult with the chief instructor before taking off on a week-end trip.

Ambassador for Mate-Manoel Correia, representative of the Instituto Nacional de Mate, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, who recently arrived in New York, stands over a barrel of prepared mate, willing to hand out samples. He's here to popularize the beverage brewed from the dried leaf.

New Super Cold-Maker—The small, steel-enclosed mechanism being held by the young lady is the result of ten years of work by household refrigeration engineers. It is called a "Polaraphere" and is claimed to be the most powerful electric refrigerator unit for its size ever perfected. It revolutionizes household refrigeration, and is being introduced this year in the new Kelvinators, one of which is shown.

Schnozzola—Or, if we must be technical, the Grosbeak, was snapped with a telescopic lens at Clarendon, Iowa.