



There aren't many of these grand old warriors left, but 7 million of the great-grandsons and great, great-grandsons of these men and their comrades are in fighting uniform today. They're united in a common cause—to lick the Axis. Place a wreath in memory of those who are gone; carry on with another War Bond for those who fight today.

U. S. Treasury Department



The Letter from Home...

A Memorial Day Message to those Americans who sometimes ask themselves: "Are we fighting each other—or the Axis?"

THE eve of Memorial Day—somewhere on an American battlefield!

An American boy and a letter from home. It sure is good to get mail.

I wonder if Mom and Helen and Jack really know what it's like for those who are doing the fighting—the constant alert, the nearness of death, and those moments when fear creeps in—fear which can be fought off only by reminding yourself of everything that's at stake, and of the terror, the nameless terror, that would sweep the world if by any chance we should lose this war.

He begins to read the letter. And at first it rambles on, as good homey letters always do, through the little events of the week back in America—his brother's marks in school, a movie, a promotion for Dad at the factory.

But what's this? "People are complaining about the gasoline shortage. Meat is being rationed, and there is not always as much as some are used to having."

War is tough on civilians, he muses. But someone ought to explain to them how many gallons of gas it takes to push a tank ten miles through jungle. Someone ought to point out that, if there is not enough meat at the front—yes, and an excess to allow for submarine and bombing losses—our army or our allies just won't have enough to keep them going.

He turns the page. "There's talk about the Peace. And there are those who say we mustn't let ourselves be carried off our feet with a lot of idealistic words on World Cooperation."

Is this the old isolationist gang in there punching again? Haven't they got the idea yet that Memorial Day itself stands for all the wars we have had to fight just because there was no way to keep international bullies under control? *Have they forgotten the hell that Dad had to go through in France in 1917 just because somebody killed a duke in the Balkans?* Must kids like me go to war every twenty-five years just because of those who would rather not "take a risk" for peace?

"Food prices are going up," the letter goes on. "The farmers say that Congress should permit higher prices for wheat and hogs. Labor is grumbling about the cost of living; business men about taxes.

Congress is on the rampage, sniping, criticizing, playing politics as usual—a tightening up of party lines in preparation for next year's elections."

Haven't these folks back home learned the facts of life? Conflict, strife, dissension! *Between* nations, it means war, and stinking death in fox-holes. *Within* a nation, it means disunity, weakness, and the discord that gets decent men fighting each other instead of the enemy.

Farmers against labor, whites against blacks, motorists against ration boards, labor against management! This is the sort of thing the enemy himself is trying to stir up. And in every speech that smacks of selfish sectionalism, in every yelp of special interests, in the repetition of every sneaking lie of the Axis rumor-mongers to stir up racial and religious bigotry—in all these the Nazis and the Japs have allies in our midst.

Don't people know that it was just this sort of Nazi-concocted propaganda—first a fantastic campaign of lies against one religious group, then against every other group—that enabled Hitler to rabble-rouse his way to power?

Someone, somehow, must warn America in time.

PRAY GOD IT MAY BE IN TIME!



MURDOCK

By Journal Field Representative

Attend Graduation

Louis Neitzel was at Lincoln the past week to visit his daughter, Mrs. O. J. Hitecock and family, and also enjoyed the graduation of his grandson, John Hitecock, from the University of Nebraska.

Entertained at Farm

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Neitzel, at their farm home northeast of Murdock, entertained the entire family who make their home in this portion of the state. There were also present Miss Rhoda Neitzel and Mr. and Mrs. Outman of Kansas City.

Training for Army

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Boyd have received a letter from their son, now in a training camp in California, stating that he is well and enjoying the job of soldiering very much.

Memorial at Cemetery

The cemetery at Wabash is used by the Murdock and the Wabash communities, many from the two communities being at rest in the cemetery.

On last Sunday, May 23rd, memorial services were held at the cemetery with decoration of the graves of the departed. The address of the occasion was given by Rev. Harvey A. Schwab, who eulogized the departed that were at rest. A number of hymns were also given.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Brunkow were at Plattsmouth one day the past week to look after some business matters.

Fred A. Lau, who sustained a fracture of a leg when a team he was using ran away with him, is still unable to be around.

E. E. Ganaway was over to Lincoln Sunday where he visited his daughter, Mrs. O. G. Robson, who has been the driver of a truck for the water board. She has now been promoted to drive a car for the officers of the board.

August Kupke, who is an expert sheep shearer, has been finding much work in this line near Plattsmouth and along the Platte river farms to Louisville.

Hold Picnic

The senior class of the Murdock high school one day last week held their picnic and enjoyed a fine supper and later a show at Weeping Water.

Guests at the Theo. Harms home last Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Peters of Talmage and Mrs. Mary and Letha Peters; the latter two being the mother and sister of Mrs. Harms. An enjoyable visit and dinner was had.

Walter Flemming, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flemming, who has been ill for some time is still unable to work.

Miss Donna Flemming was assisting with the housework at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Bergman during the illness of Mrs. Bergman. Herman Rauth completed planting of his 75 acres of corn on Friday of last week.

Harold Krecklow and George Davis have been building a milk house at the farm of Arthur Wiles. Mr. Wiles has a large number of cows and the new addition will be very convenient.

I. G. Hornbeck, the Misses Mary and Elsie Hornbeck of Murdock made up a trio who visited in Otoe on last Thursday.

Hopes for Furlough
Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Rhoden have received a letter from their son, Wilson, last week, stating he was

anticipating receiving a furlough and to be able to visit his parents some time in June.

Takes Checkup
Mrs. R. Bergman, who has been confined to her home in Manley with a broken leg, has had a check-up in an Omaha hospital. She has received word that her son, Harvey Bergman, who has been stationed at Springfield, Mo., has been moved to

another location.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my thanks to all my friends and neighbors who during my illness and time spent in the hospital, sent flowers, cards, letters and visited me, making my stay more pleasant. I am at home now and will be pleased to have my friends call.

John Rohrdanz

Good Second Hand Foot Wear Not RATIONED
E. E. Ganaway Shop
Murdock, Nebraska

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A FEW BILLIONS—
A MERE TRIFLE



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