

# SEASONED TIMBER

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

## CHAPTER XIII (This is the final installment.)

The Academy opened its doors. Not only was there the crowd of rustic freshmen disgorged every morning from Eli's buses, and thirty-five new students from out of the state scattered through the four classes, but there were three new resident teachers and three part-time teachers.

It seemed to the older teachers that everything was to be organized anew. The old stone building, full to the eaves now, gave forth an almost audible humming. The disorder and uncertainty of the first of the term, which usually lasted three or four days, stretched out through the first three or four weeks, full of mistakes, false starts, failures, although everybody was extended to the limit of his powers.

But those weeks had more in them than failures. They were flushed with promise. For all the reasons in the world Timothy was thankful to have such difficulties in the opening months of the new term, when Susan and Canby still came once in a while for an hour or two in Clifford. People said to each other, said to Canby and Susan, "My! Professor Hulme's got his nose to the grindstone this fall! With all those new students, and the new teachers to look out for, a person can't hardly get a word out of him, about anything but the 'cademy.'"

Once a strange thought flew into his mind and alighted for a moment, looking at him out of alien eyes, the thought that Susan was after all, only a very nice Clifford girl. But he could make nothing of it and it flew away at once, back into the unknown country whence it had come.

The back road on which Eli Kemp had been born and brought up became impassable in winter. He consulted Timothy about getting a lodging. Timothy had suggested with hesitation, on account of Aunt Lavinia, his sleeping in the slant-celled room across the hall from his study, and having breakfast with them.

Fearing one of Aunt Lavinia's explosions, Timothy thought of various ways to break the news to her, or to forewarn Eli of breakers ahead. But in the end, when Eli brought his new pastebord suitcase in through the door, he said only "Hello Eli—oh, yes, I remember. This was the day you were to come." And, "Aunt Lavinia, this is Eli Kemp, who's running the new student bus service. He's going to use that extra room on the third floor this winter."

Apparently this offhand introduction was the best. The two strangely assorted housemates settled down with no fireworks under the same roof.

December brought a welter of snow. The town plows kept only the most necessary thoroughfares open. Eli's buses could not get up the steep back hills, but waited for his passengers below at the junction of the side roads with the highways.

Eli, on his way to bed in his third-story room, hesitated once in a while as he passed the door of the study and went in. If Timothy looked up welcomingly, and said, "Have a chair, Eli." In the first weeks their chat was plain and factual. But as Eli grew used to the house, he sometimes talked about his half-formulated hopes for a success. "Mr. Hulme, you know those two extra bus trips a day—well, sir, they're turning out pretty nearly velvet. I bet a regular bus line straight across this part of the state would make money. Real money."

One afternoon in January, Timothy was stopped on the street by Bill Peck, Eli's middle-aged partner. "Say, Professor Hulme, do you know that Eli Kemp is somebody—darned if he's not! I just bet that kid'll turn out to be one of the money-makers."

One evening when they had wandered into reminiscences of the campaign—by far the most exciting event in Eli's life so far—the boy asked, "Say, what kind of a man was that Mr. Wheaton, anyhow?"

Timothy told the story of Wheaton's early life—how, in Eli's thought, and drew a portrait of Mr. Wheaton's character, ending, "A Stone Age man living in the Twentieth century. Just because Mr. Wheaton was extra clever at making money, people kept putting him in positions where his say-so helped decide what pictures should hang in museums, and what subjects should be taught in schools. It's very bad for a person's character to be constantly passing judgment on what he doesn't understand. I wonder why—Timothy went on musingly—"I really do wonder why business is so different from everything else modern men do? Why should the man with a gift for business be the only human who expects to get paid for the use of his brains just all he



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can extract from the people who can't get along without it?"

"But Mr. Hulme, he can't get me that just so much—competition keeps that down."

So there was talk, very simple talk in short words, about competition compared to co-operation. A few days later at breakfast Eli said, "Say, Professor Hulme, you know that idea of yours about not just getting all the profit there is for yourself is a good business plan?"

"It's not exactly my idea, Eli. It's pretty common, nowadays." Timothy had not meant to drive over the mountain to Drury. When he slid down the long straight descent from the top of The Wall into the Drury valley and went past the marker showing that he had come into Drury township, he still had no intention of stopping there.

But he took his foot from the accelerator and slowed the car, looking from side to side, at one white clapboard house after another. He knew now what had brought him there. A longing to see Susan that was desperation. When he came to a house with a litter of building materials around it and a scaffolding up around a half rebuilt chimney, he slipped his clutch, set his brake, stopped the engine and got out.

Across a wide stretch of April-tender grass, Susan turned from where she stood under a young apple tree. She held a rake in her hand.

She saw him now, she saw who it was. She dropped her rake and with a cry of passionate welcome, "Oh, Uncle Tim! Dear, dear Uncle Tim!" she tried to run to him. When he moved to meet her, she flung her arms around his neck, kissing him with all her heart.

"Uncle Tim, how glad I am you've come!" There were tears in his own middle-aged eyes as he held her tenderly to him, feeling with a strange turmoil the pressure against him of her misshapen body. He let her go, he wiped his eyes, he said—the first simple words that came into his mind—"Well, Susan—well! How are you? And how is Canby?"

Canby was there, a hammer in one hand, the other one stretched. "Well, here you are! Susan and I were just saying this very morning that if you didn't get over this way soon—" He forgot what he was saying, shaking Timothy's hand up and down, up and down.

"Stay for lunch," cried Susan. "I'll make a chocolate souffle. Miss Peck showed me just how to do it."

"Come on in for the love of Mike and let me show you what I'm doing to the house," said Canby.

They went in through the walls of the house, anywhere, stepping between the open uprights, and began to lay a table standing in a litter of sawdust and shavings. Canby transferred a pile of flooring boards to make room for the third chair. There he sat, Timothy, sharing the food that Susan had prepared for Canby.

"We certainly have missed you all this winter," Susan told him. A tapping of hammers began at the back of the house. Canby let down the front legs of his chair to the floor, leaned across the table and asked seriously, "Say, Uncle Tim, I wish you'd tell me whether you honest-to-goodness think we're on the right track with this funny business I've cooked up. It's darned different from what most folks seem to want. This is the third house Susan's kept house in, in less than a year. It's kind of a funny way to live, isn't it—for Susan?"

"I love it! I simply love it!" cried Susan.

"All the same," Canby murmured, "all the same! There are times when camping out is not so hot!"

He himself Timothy said, "Let yourself go! Don't stiffen up!" To Canby and Susan he spoke

easily, naturally. "See here—I have an idea. What you young people need is one permanent place to go back to between campings-out. Well, I hardly ever use that old house I bought up on the Crandall Pitch road. Why don't you go there for your' between-times camping?"

They gazed at him, their faces blank, their eyes wide, and then Canby cried, bringing his fist down on the table, "Why, Uncle Tim, that's one swell idea, sure, can go there when she comes out from the hospital in May, and have the nurse with her for a while. Uncle Tim, you're swell!"

Susan leaned across the table and for an instant took Timothy's hand silently in hers with a long beautiful look of gratitude, the deep look that came from her heart.

She was thanking him for providing a home for Canby's child. So strange a turmoil about Timothy's dizziness that he closed his eyes as if he were falling, and clenched his hands hard on the arms of his chair. He could not have said for his life what he was feeling.

Working steadily down through the pile of letters on his desk, Timothy came on an envelope sprawlingly addressed to him in pencil. It was from Canby, scribbled in the Ashley hospital, to tell him that the baby was there, O. K.—a boy—that Susan was O. K. too—that the boy was to be named Timothy Hulme Hunter, if Uncle Tim did not object.

He sat trying to think what it would be like to have a child named for him. But he could not imagine it. He had had no experience with little children and could not conceive that a new baby meant a new human being.

But when, after Susan's return from the hospital, he first went up to the stone house that had been his and was not now, and first saw his namesake in the flesh, he realized that he need give himself no concern about anything he was to say or do. Susan would not notice. She could hear, she could see, nothing but the roll of pink blanket in the small basket set on the bench under the maple trees. With the baby in her arms, Susan fell into a long, brooding silence. Then, dreamily, "You can't think how nice it is to be back in the stone house," she told him.

"It seems so safe for the baby." "Yes, it is safe," agreed Timothy.

A woman in a white uniform came to the door of the house and said professionally, "All ready, Mrs. Hunter." Susan turned her head, nodded, put the baby back in the basket. She stooped low over it, put her cheek against the round blooming one within, and was gone.

Left alone on the bench, Timothy, with a long breath, leaned back, took off his hat and laid it beside him. The sun shone warmly on his head. He thought of frustration and all that he had taken as proof of its inevitability. And after reflecting on this for a time, asked himself tentatively, "Can what seems like frustration be anything but only the resisting of growth?"

At this his mind, conditioned to the acrid taste of doubt, leaped up suspiciously to examine the idea for sentimentality. "Growth? A fine-sounding name for dying. To accept all this—for I've accepted it or I wouldn't be here. To let it happen, for I've let it happen. I can call that accepting growth. But it really is a tame acceptance of death."

He leaned forward to look into the basket. The smooth bland face had not stirred. Wrapped in his cocoon of sleep, the baby lay breathing lightly, glowing with life as the morning star glows with light.

Timothy sank back on the bench. "Oh, well, what do we all do every day but die to what we leave behind?" he asked himself, his eyes dreamily fixed on a life that had just begun.

THE END.

## Ship MacCawley Had Brilliant Pacific Record

Transport Sank by Japanese Had Big Part in Carrying Invading U. S. Forces

Los Angeles, July 2.—(UP)—The navy department announcement that the Japanese finally got the 7700-ton transport MacCawley off Rendova Island during the New Georgia Island invasion revealed today that the Japs had removed from the Pacific one of the fightingest transports in the Pacific war.

The former Grace Liner Santa Barbara, the MacCawley was built for the elite South American passenger trade and her builders never thought she would destroy nearly a score of Japanese fighters and torpedo bombers, have her decks sprayed with shrapnel and salt water from bursting 1,000-pound bombs and yet safely transport thousands of American troops to South Pacific battle fronts before succumbing to a Japanese torpedo.

The famed MacCawley led the transports into Guadalcanal that fateful Aug. 6, when the Solomons invasion began, and her gunners accounted for at least eight torpedo bombers within the next three days when the sister ships of the invasion armada unloading off Guadalcanal.

It was the MacCawley which led the second convoy into Guadalcanal a few weeks later, ducking past a huge Japanese task force waiting to intercept her off the southern Solomons.

From then on her hull was a familiar sight off Guadalcanal and each visit seemed destined to be her last one. Torpedoes from low-flying Japanese torpedo planes just grazed her stern on one occasion and later a Jap bomber downed by her alert gunners crashed in flames a few yards off her bow when the enemy pilot failed in his suicide crash dive.

Supposedly a vulnerable target for enemy aircraft and carrying only guns mounted as accessories, the MacCawley became one of the Navy's most deadly marksmen of the South Pacific and her aerial gunners had nearly a score of notches in their guns prior to the ill-fated trip to Rendova Island.

She carried a mixed complement of Navy and Merchant Marine Personnel and many of her Officers were former Grace line men who accepted Navy Commissions and stayed with the ship when she was taken over by the navy.

## An Appreciation

To the friends and neighbors we wish most gratefully to express our deepest appreciation for the acts of kindness and words of sympathy, as well as the beautiful flowers tendered our loved one. We will long remember and cherish all of these expressions and the services of those who took part in the funeral services.

Mrs. P. A. Hild and family

## Expression of Thanks

It is with deep sincerity that I take this means of expressing my thanks to each and everyone who was so thoughtful of me during my stay at the hospital. Being so far away from home and friends, your cards, flowers and gifts were more than doubly appreciated.

Mrs. Peter Carr

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## Leaves for Washington

Frank Reed, who for a number of years has been engaged with the county highway maintaining system, leaves Omaha Sunday night for the west coast where he expects to be located. Mr. Reed is joining his wife, who left some time ago for Seattle, Wash., to be with the children, Miss Bette Reed and William Reed, who is stationed there in the United States Coast Guard service. The son has been enjoying a seven-day leave with the mother and sister at their new home.

## Wants Investigation

Washington, July 2 (UP)—Commerce Secretary Jesse Jones today reiterated his desire for a congressional investigation of the obstructionist charges brought against him by Vice-President Henry A. Wallace. He said he doesn't care whether the inquiry is made by the senate or the house.

Jones attended a House Rules committee hearing on proposed investigation of loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the Aluminum Company of Canada for development of the shipwreck power project. He was asked if he still

## Here for Week-End

Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Van Anda, of Fremont, arrive this evening to spend Sunday and over the Fourth of July holiday as guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Robertson and family. The Van Andas are friends of many years standing of the Robertson family

## Two More Internment Camps for Nebraska

Omaha, Neb., July 3. (UP)—Col. O. G. Hoas, army district engineer, announced yesterday that two contracts, totaling \$2,500,000, have been let jointly to the Peter Kiewit Sons company and the Big Horn Construction company for the construction of internment camps at Atlanta, Neb. and Indianola, Neb.

Construction will be beginning immediately under direction of Capt. L. G. Youngs, area engineer at Kearney, Col. Hoas said.

Cost of the camp at Indianola will be \$1,500,000. The one at Atlanta will cost one million dollars, district engineers said. Nationality of the internees was not announced.

## Allies Supervise Guerilla Armies In Greece, Balkans

Equipment and Arms Reported in Hands of Liberator Forces in Nazi Held Territory

London, July 3. (UP)—The allied middle-eastern command, as part of the general Anglo-American preparations for an invasion of Europe, has taken over direct supervision of well-armed guerilla armies in Greece, a Cairo dispatch reported today.

Axis broadcasts continued to insist that the "zero hour" for invasion was sometime today or tonight and the Nazi Paris radio was heard broadcasting that "it is no longer a question of days or hours, nor even perhaps a question of minutes."

To be first with the news of invasion, the Paris station said, it had sent reporters to "all points where the Anglo-Saxons are likely to try to land in France."

Allied sources were inclined to dismiss the broadcasts as a propaganda stunt to enable the axis to claim that there has been a hitch in the allied plans if no landing actually is attempted.

Reports reaching allied air observers indicated that Germany is completing the re-grouping of its waning aerial strength for a showdown fight when allied troops set foot in Europe.

The plan calls for the concentration of 2,200 fighters and 1,100 bombers of Germany's entire first-line strength of 5,000 to 6,000 combat planes along the invasion coast from the northern tip of Norway, through occupied western Europe, to eastern Greece. Upwards of 15,000 other planes, varying in quality, are being held in reserve, these sources said.

A Cairo dispatch, telling of the inclusion of Greek guerillas into these sources said.

A Cairo dispatch, telling of the inclusion of Greek guerillas into the organized forces of the United Nations, said the patriot armies have received adequate supplies of modern arms and have pledged themselves to carry out every military task allotted them by the supreme allied command.

Thus the allies for the first time have disciplined armed forces under their command in occupied Europe. Disclosure of the inclusion of Greek guerillas under the middle-eastern command followed closely reports of street fighting in the Greek towns of Canea, Rethimno and Candia in the wake of allied air raids on axis installations in Greece and its island approaches.

Several divisions of German reinforcements were reported to have been dispatched to Greece.

## Enters the WAAC

Miss Shirley Grassman, of Alliance, daughter of Mrs. Blanch Grassman and the late Charles Grassman, has entered the service of the United States. She has enlisted in the Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps.

Miss Grassman enlisted some time ago and received orders to report on Thursday, at Des Moines, for training for active service. Enroute to Des Moines she stopped in this city and visited with her relatives here as the guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry White on High school hill.

Miss Grassman is a niece of Mrs. John Wehrbein, Mrs. Harry White and Mrs. Fred Kaffenberger of this city.

## Spends Week-End Here

Miss Margaret Newton of Omaha, former teacher in the Plattsmouth city schools, is a week end visitor in the city. She is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry White.

## Claim Great Profits Made On War Contracts

Congressman From Michigan Claim Many Figure Their Taxes as Part of Production

Washington, July 3.—(UP)—Rep. Albert J. Engel, R., Mich., reported to the house today that 48 corporations holding war contracts have made "sensational excessive profits" by figuring their taxes as a part of the cost of production which is paid by the government.

During the last two years, he said, these companies have paid \$3,000,000,000 in taxes out of Uncle Sam's pocket.

"The government pays these sums out of the treasury as war costs and they are then paid back into the treasury as taxes," he said.

"The \$3,000,000,000 does not include millions of dollars paid by these companies for social security, unemployment insurance, state corporation and real estate taxes, and other taxes, which likewise come out of the Federal Treasury in the cost of production, but are not returned to it."

Engel's report followed another made last Tuesday on excessive wages paid in war industries.

"If there is one thing that will set the returning soldier against this government," he warned, "it is the excess profits paid to corporations or individuals on invested capital and excess wages paid to labor."

"If socialism or communism get a foothold in this country, it will be because of these wartime profiteers in the ranks of labor and industry."

The survey included such companies as the E. I. DuPont de Nemours corporation, Wilmington, Del. General Motors Corporation, The Chrysler Corporation, and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. It should, according to Engel, net corporate earnings ranging as high as 53 per cent of the dollar market stock value in 1941 and 1942.

Even greater profits, the report stated, are being made by other companies, whose principal capital is furnished by the government, either directly or through the defense plant corporation.

"We find these companies earning a profit on a large government capital, but distributing that profit to a small group of stockholders who have very little capital invested," he said.

He cited the case of the Jack & Heintz Co., of Cleveland, which he said started with \$100,000 in capital and surplus in 1940 and earned 7,740 per cent of its capital

## Release Bus Driver

Denver, Colo., July 3.(UP)—Edwin Roach, 27, driver of a transcontinental bus which plunged into the Platte river, injuring 30 persons, was released by police today on his promise to appear for further hearings.

Police said Roach took his eyes off the road momentarily last night when a jar dislodged his papers and reports from their cubbyhole above the driver's seat, scattering them on the floor. As Roach leaned down to pick them up, police said, the front wheels apparently struck a rut and the heavy bus plunged through a guard rail and into the river.

Passengers and luggage were thrown to the floor, and several persons were submerged momentarily in water entering the bus. The fact that no one drowned was attributed to the shallowness of the river, which is only about two feet deep as it flows through South Denver where the accident occurred.

Miss Vivian Lowell, 21, Omaha, Neb., was credited with saving the lives of two small children who were swept downstream. She spied the children, Roland Sena, 11 months, and his sister, Rita, 4, waded into the river and saved them.

Many of the injured were released from hospitals last night, and others were being released today.

stock and paid in capital.

"Thus," the report added, "in 1942, after setting aside \$173,680 for depreciation and obsolescence; after paying the three top officers \$116,645 each; after giving a christmas bonus of \$944,390; after paying wages that—average an annual rate of \$5,172 per employe, and after paying \$6,000,000 in income and excess profits taxes, this company showed a total 1942 earnings of \$1,740,839."

Another class of corporation, Engel said, start with no capital or property of their own, use money furnished by the government, take excessive profits and add a management fee.

In this category, he named the high standards manufacturing company, which the report said earned 7,500 per cent on the par value of its stock in 1942. An affiliate, the Dixwell corporation, was paid management and engineering fees of six per cent on the high company's gross sales of \$50,771,000, he said.

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