

Weeping Water

John Bender, who has been attending a bakers school in a camp near Big Springs, Tex., visited Mrs. Bender's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Patterson, and his brother, Joe Bender and family, Thursday. From here he went to Sutton to visit his relatives there.

Miss Esther Tefft returned home from Chicago, Thursday evening. Mrs. Tefft expects to remain with Ward until he is fully recovered.

Dick Power arrived home Friday morning from Farragut, Idaho where he has been attending a cook and bakers school. Dick is now a first class seaman.

Mrs. Frank Wood, matron at the Odd Fellows Home, at York, and Miss Edith Lancaster, vice president of Rebekah Assembly, also of York, were in Cass County visiting three Rebekah lodges last week. Thursday afternoon they were guests at a called meeting of the Elmwood Lodge, and Thursday evening of the Nehawka Lodge. Thursday night they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gibson, in Weeping Water, and at noon had dinner at the

home of Mr. and Mrs. Mogen Johnson. Friday evening a covered dish dinner was served at the IOOF Hall, preceding the regular meeting of the lodge, when Mrs. Wood had the privilege of meeting old friends, and Miss Lancaster of getting acquainted with the members. Mrs. Wood informed us that it was just one year ago the fourth of August when she had her accident. She is still walking with crutches, but is optimistic about soon being able to do without them.

Out at the Walter Andersen farm there was a family reunion Sunday, honoring the birthday of Mr. Andersen's aunt, Mrs. Henry Snell. Those

attending were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Andersen; Mrs. Henry Snell; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Grosser, and son, Donald; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snell, and son, of Murray; Mr. and Mrs. Renos Andersen, and family; Frank Domingo; Mrs. S. Ray Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Domingo, and family; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Domingo, and family; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Domingo, and family; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rauth; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anderson, and daughter, Miss Naoma Anderson.

Joe Zaloudek arrived home with a medical discharge from the army, on account of foot trouble. He returned home Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Petersen and daughter, Pat, left Saturday for Upton, Wyo., their former home. It is with regret that we lose these people from our community. Mr. Petersen was manager for the United Mineral Products Co., for some time, and the family have been active in all community affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Potts are rejoicing over the birth of a son, born Tuesday, August 3, 1943, at the Bryan Memorial hospital in Lincoln. This is their second child; their older child is a daughter, aged three.

Mrs. A. O. Specht enjoyed a visit from two of her sisters last week. They were Mrs. Kenneth Jacobson, Lexington, and Mrs. Helen Warner, Crete.

Mrs. Fred Gorder had as her guests part of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Turner McKinnon, of Alvo. Mrs. McKinnon and Mrs. Gorder are sisters.

Harley Thurston and small daughter, Marsha, were down from Bellevue, Saturday evening of last week. Mrs. Thurston was unable to come as she had to be at her post at the bomber plant.

Robert Homan is the new attendant at the Pennsylvania Consumers Oil Co., taking the place of E. B. Taylor, who has resigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Ambler had as their guests, Sunday, their son-in-law and daughter, Mrs. Donald Boesiger, and their young granddaughter from Firth.

Miss Agnes Rough expects to leave Tuesday for Chicago, then to Detroit to visit her nephew, Dr. Max Lake, who is interning at the Ford hospital. From there she will go to Columbia, O., to visit her niece, Mrs. Maxine Lake Guelzo.

Frank Hunt informed us of the death of Ira Glasco, about 65 years old, week before last. The report was that he was killed while at work in shipyards in the state of Washington. The body was brought to Sidney, Ia., his home since leaving Weeping Water, for burial, last Sunday.

Joe John was called to Arcadia, last week, by the death of his father, Charles R. John, 73. Mr. John had been in failing health for the past two years.

Red Cross swimming lessons are well attended this year. Ninety young people left Weeping Water each morning last week, for Louisville. Ten of these came from the neighborhood southeast of town. All met at the corner by the Nebraska State Bank, and were taken from there by trucks. Mrs. Neil Munkres, the water safety chairman, accompanied them. Mrs. Roy Norris, county Red Cross chairman, and six Louisville young people, who have taken the work in preceding years, assisted. Miss Arlene Church of Lincoln is the instructor.

Thursday afternoon the members of the Helping Hand society held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Lester Heebner, near Newark. Mrs. Heebner was an active worker in this society for several years, while living in this community, and it was a treat for the members to accept her invitation to be their guests last Thursday.

Mrs. Rasmus Lauritzen will present the play "Two Masters," at the meeting of the Woman's Association of the Congregational church, Wednesday afternoon.



AMERICAN PARATROOPERS IN ACTION—After having effected a night landing, these sky troopers are now advancing behind Italian lines in Sicily. They opened the way for the general advance.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hoback are moving back into town this week. Since returning from St. Louis they have been at the Ray Norris farm, where Mr. Hoback has been assisting with the care of the large flock of turkeys. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Detmer, from south of Avoca, will move to the Norris farm.

Weeping Water Welfare Club held their annual indoor picnic Monday afternoon, with a covered dish luncheon at one o'clock, in the basement of the Methodist church.

Rev. John C. Pryor, of Gilbertsville, Mass., has accepted the call from the Congregational church, at Weeping Water, and will arrive here in time to fill the pulpit September 5. Their daughter, who is still at home, will enter Grinnell College, in Iowa, this fall.

Mrs. Lois Tefft entertained at a picnic supper Tuesday evening honoring Mrs. Clarence Norris and Robert Tefft, who had birthdays last week.

Ray Tankersley, Jr., returned last week from Salem and Portland, Ore., where he has spent the past two months visiting relatives.

Mrs. Ernest Bates went to Omaha, Thursday and brought her mother, Mrs. Jay Embury home from the hospital. Mrs. Embury is now at her own home, with her daughter, Mrs. Virgil Bryant, of Lincoln here caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Grow, Mrs. Max Gribble, and Mrs. Bert Philpot, were Lincoln visitors Thursday evening.

Mrs. William Gussett, of Lincoln, was in town Wednesday attending the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Marks, of Union. Funeral services were held at the Hobson funeral home.

The Business Men's Luncheon club had as their guests, Wednesday, three of our boys who were at home on furloughs. They were Flight Officer Warren James Wolcott, of the glider corps; Cpl. Wm. Thornton; and Pvt. George Miller. W. F. Thornton, father of Corporal Thornton, was also a guest.

Miss Villa Jamesen entertained at a dinner, at her home, Tuesday, when

her guests were her aunt, Mrs. Ernest Jamesen, Mrs. L. J. Lane, Mrs. Joan Carter and Mrs. W. H. Tuck.

The many friends of Mrs. F. C. Linville will regret to learn that she entered Bryan Memorial hospital, Wednesday. Mrs. Linville has been suffering from gallstones and decided to go to the hospital for treatment.

While Mrs. J. J. Meier was in town visiting last week a deal was made, when she sold her former home, just south of Rest Haven, to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Raines to be used as an annex to Rest Haven.

Flight Officer Ronald Switzer, formerly of Weeping Water, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Switzer, was honor guest at a family reunion held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seward Day, in Lincoln, Sunday, Aug. 1. Those present from Weeping Water

ter were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Day, his grandparents, Mrs. George Corley, and Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mead attended a family reunion at Nebraska City, Sunday.

AIR FORCE GIRL

By Ren'ee Shann

CHAPTER V

Jane, a fashion artist, shares an apartment in London with Stella, a free lance Journalist. Jane joins the WAAF. The night before leaving her job she walks through dim streets and collides with a flight lieutenant of the RAF. She accepts his invitation to dinner but refuses to see him again. Her training finished, Jane is assigned to an airbase where the lieutenant is stationed. Meeting by accident, he asks her to marry him. She agrees to dine with him later in London. Stopping to break her engagement with Stella she discovers that the lieutenant, Timothy Poel Sanders—nicknamed "Tips"—is Stella's divorced husband. She meets Tips at Ketter's. Hearing that Tips may soon fly over Germany, Jane tries to see him but hides when he enters a car with Mrs. Iris Stanton, wife of Guy Stanton another RAF flyer who is also watching the couple.

Iris Stanton sipped her orange juice and recalled the time when she'd breakfasted gluttonously. Now she knew better. Orange juice and dry toast was her early morning diet. Lunch was a skimpy meal, too. It was only at dinner that she dared let herself eat anything. Even then she had to be careful. Tips had said last night, jokingly of course: "You know, Iris, if you don't look out you'll be getting fat. Better not do that. I don't like fat women."

She'd laughed and told him he needn't worry. "I'm the skinny kind, Tips. I always have been." But she felt a little uneasy. She looked across the table at her husband, who was forty-five and in her opinion looked nearer fifty. Their eyes met at that moment and he said irritably: "Why the blazes don't you eat something?"

"You know I loathe breakfast," Guy grunted. "You used not to." She glanced at the clock and then at her husband. "Aren't you going to be late?" she asked mildly. "Guy Stanton's eyes narrowed. "Anxious to get rid of me?" "Not particularly."

Guy glared at her. He wished from the bottom of his heart he wasn't still in love with her. Quite dispassionately he knew she wasn't worth it. He pushed back his chair angrily and, turning, reached for his pipe and tobacco pouch from the mantelpiece behind him.

"About Tips," he began aggressively, filling the bowl of his pipe as he spoke. "You know, Iris, I've stood for a good deal, but I'm not going to have you always around with that fellow. People will begin to talk again as they talked before. And that's no good to you, to Tips or to me."

Iris laughed shortly. "That's absurd. Who's talking about me anyway?" "A great many people soon will be if you take to inviting Tips here when you're alone. I tell you I won't stand for it."

Iris rocked gently backward and forward on her heels and her toes. She was deciding that perhaps it would be foolish to have a real row with Guy over Tips, at any rate while she was so uncertain of him. She said gently, rather like a mother speaking to a refractory child, "You know you're being awfully stupid, Guy."

He came round the table and stood close to her, looking down at her. He wished he could be sure she was speaking the truth. He said, "I'm only jealous because I'm so much in love with you."

Iris braced herself. Didn't he know that all she wanted was to be left alone? All the same, as suddenly he held her close, she remained in his arms for a moment though the longing to drag herself fiercely away was almost too much for her. Only when he bent his head and tried to kiss her did she laughingly protest. "No, Guy, please!"

His arms fell away from her. "Sometimes I wonder if you care a darn about me."

She didn't answer. If she were so much as to open her mouth she knew she'd tell him the truth.

"Or if you'd mind in the least if I went off on one of these stunts and never returned," he went on. "I hadn't meant to tell you, but since you're my wife I suppose I may as well, though you must keep it to yourself. There's a big show coming on, far bigger than anything we've undertaken before. And if it means anything to you I doubt very much whether any of us will return—either I or Tips Poel-Sanders for that matter."

He turned on his heel and strode from the room, banging the front door behind him.

There had been a letter from Stella this morning that had decided Jane, since she had a few hours off duty, to make a flying visit to London. She wouldn't have very long, but at least she'd find out if Stella were really as worried as her letter had sounded.



I'm so glad you dropped in, Tips.

"Nice to see you, Evans. No bombs yet?"

Evans laughed this to scorn. "No, miss. We have been lucky so far." He whisked her up in the elevator and she rang the bell. In a moment Stella was there in the door smiling at her. "Darling, this is a lovely surprise!"

"I thought it would be nice to nip up and see you."

"Come along in. I've got tea ready."

It was fun to be having tea with Stella again. They had not met since the night Jane had dined with Tips. In a letter she'd said she proposed to see very little more of him. In an answering letter Stella had said, "About Tips—I suggest we just don't talk about him." So they didn't at first. There was so much else to talk about.

"Are things really sticky, Stella?"

"They are. But I'll be all right."

"Haven't you any work, darling?" Jane asked anxiously.

Stella shook her head. "Not a thing. But one never knows at this stage. Something may turn up as soon as tomorrow morning. That's the best part about writing for one's living. One never knows what's round the corner."

Jane knew that this cut both ways. Sometimes it was pleasant to be sure of one's bread and butter. She prayed that there was nothing or no one unpleasant round Stella's particular corner. She said a little unhappily, "I feel awfully guilty at having left you in the lurch like this."

Stella looked at her in genuine distress. "Darling, that's just ridiculous. There's no reason why two of us should be in a mess. Oh, don't let's spend our time talking about me! Let's be cheerful. Have some more tea. Try one of these buns. Do you get cake for tea at the air-drome?"

Jane helped herself to a bun. "Yes, darling. The O. makes them for us twice a week. No, my pet, don't be silly. We get the oddest things for tea. Pease pudding sometimes."

Stella shuddered. "Oh, my Lord! Thank heaven I'm not in the Air Force!"

"I wish you were. It would be grand if we were together. If . . ." She stopped short suddenly. She had been going to say: "If we were both down on the station together." But that might open up a difficult line of thought and might bring the conversation round to Tips.

Tips! Jane thought of him suddenly from quite a different angle. Tips had his own car and plenty of money; more than he knew what to do with, judging from the lavish car he spent it. And Stella was worried to death because she was badly hit by the war and from the look of things unable to make any money. It struck her suddenly as being all wrong. Why shouldn't Tips do something for Stella? Doubtless he'd want to if he knew she was seriously up against it. She thought of all the women divorced from their husbands who lived comfortably on their alimony. The trouble was Stella's stubborn pride. Jane looked at Stella and decided to take a chance. "Hit me on the head if you like for what I'm going to say, but I've got to say it. Consider that Tips seems to have far more than his fair share of money. I don't quite see why he shouldn't be told you're finding things difficult. Oh, as she saw Stella change color, "I know we weren't going to discuss him and all the rest of it but, darling, please won't you let me tell him you and I are friends?"

Stella said angrily, "If you tell Tips one single thing about me I'll leave this flat and never let you know where I am. I don't want to see him again, ever!"

Jane, head bent, hands in her pockets, collided with Tips a second time and with almost a moment's force. He held her for a moment to steady her. Then he let her go. He said, "It's four days since I've seen a glimpse of you. Darling, this

is the first evening I've had free for a week. Would you spend it with me?"

She looked at him. Then she withdrew her arm. No, no, she wouldn't, she told herself firmly, fighting against a very real urge to fall in with this suggestion. "No, I can't, Tips. I'm on duty at ten," she said, as if that settled it.

"That's all right. It's barely seven now. I'll get you back in plenty of time."

"No."

He gripped her arms. He shook her half playfully, half in earnest. "Listen to me. Why won't you ever come out with me?"

Jane lied convincingly: "Because I don't want to."

"You don't really care a darn about me?"

"No."

He stood looking down at her, his eyes searching her face in the dim light. A bleak depression held Jane. She wished from the very bottom of her heart that she'd never met him. She wondered what was the matter with her. Why hadn't she the courage to do what she wanted and spend the evening with him? Why hang back? Why bother about Iris Stanton? But she was bothering, so much that she said, a sharp edge

to her voice and a gleam in her eyes: "If I won't dine with you, I take it you won't necessarily spend a lonely evening?"

He drew a long whistle. His face cleared. "So that's it, is it? You're jealous of Iris?"

"Oh, don't be silly! Of course I'm not jealous."

His hands came down on her shoulders. "You are, but you haven't the honesty to admit it either to yourself or to me. Well, that's all right with me. I'll wait. One day you'll come to your senses. But I'm sick of groveling and scraping and begging you to come out with me. Next time you and I go places together it will be because you ask me, and maybe I'll throw a fit of temperment then and say I don't want to."

With this he was gone, striding angrily away from her toward his car parked outside the main building. He drove swiftly away and she watched him in the rear-view mirror. Blast the girl! He thought bitterly. Blast all women! Then he paused, found a coin and in the light from the dashboard tossed it. "Heads you go to town alone. Tails you drop in to see Iris."

It came down tails. He tried again and it was tails a second time. He drew up outside Iris's door and tooted the horn. In a moment she was beside the car. "Aren't you coming in?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. I thought you might like to come up to town and have dinner with me."

Iris said she would and then decided that she wouldn't. It was a rotten night for a twenty-mile drive. "We'll soon get there."

"Not in a blackout. No, come in and have some food with me. I'm all alone. Guy's not coming back till God knows what hour. There's some cold chicken and a salad. Alice is out but she's left everything ready."

Tips hesitated. Food, he decided, didn't really interest him.

"And there's plenty of drink," went on Iris encouragingly.

That settled it. He ran the car over to the side of the road, followed Iris into the house and closed the door. There was a fire burning in the hearth and in a moment she was shaking him a cocktail. He had three and felt very much better. He had a fourth and felt grand. She said slyly, "I'm so glad you dropped in, Tips. It seems ages since I saw you."

He got up from his chair and strolled over to the fireplace. He stood with his back to it, looking across at Iris. "Chicken and salad were promised me," he reminded her, purposely changing the conversation, and added that he was hungry.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)