

# Weeping Water

Miss Imogene Van Every, who is attending a business school in Omaha, spent last week at home, on account of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Schoeman, who were called here by the death of Mrs. Andrew Schoeman, remained for a short visit with Mrs. Schoeman's aunt, Mrs. Joan Carter, before returning to their home at Ft. Collins, Colo.

Miss Julia Johnson informs us that her brother-in-law, Harold Martin, of Council Bluffs, has joined the

Scabees. Mr. Martin was a traveling salesman for the Liggett Myer Drug Co. Mrs. Martin is the former Genevieve Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson.

Miss Lela Myers returned home Tuesday from Clarkson hospital, Omaha, where she underwent an appendectomy. Though still weak, she is recovering rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Elgaard were called to Omaha, Friday morning by the serious illness of Mrs. Elgaard's mother, Mrs. Nelson.

We are just a little bit late about telling about the dinner at the Chas. Gibson home, Sunday, September 12, celebrating the second birthday of their granddaughter, Marsha Thurston, of Bellevue, and of Mrs. Merton

Norris, with the following guests present:—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd P. Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gibson, Mrs. Merton Norris and daughter Linda; Mrs. Leonard Houseman and son Larry; Mr. and Mrs. Harley Thurston, and daughter, Marsha, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Gibson and son, Richard, and Mrs. Thessie Kelley, of Elmwood.

Word received by friends here, from Howard Ellis, former agriculturalist in the Soil Conservation office, saying that he has been promoted to the rank of corporal, and is a soil technician at March Field, Cal., with the Engineers Air Corps.

Weeping Water will be represented this year at the Ak-Sar-Ben show by Lyman Rehmeier, who has been

so successful with his entries, in our county fair, and at the Ak-Sar-Ben show, and by Gerald Hansen. Lyman is planning to enter two calves and four hogs. Gerald expects to enter a litter of eight pigs.

Cpl. Carl W. Johnson (Wally Johnson), is now with the signal corps, and is located at Camp Crowder.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen attended the American Legion convention at Omaha, one day last week.

The Commandos, under the supervision of Joy Ann Lenker, were out collecting fats again last week.

A house to house canvass was made during the past week for the War Loan Bond drive under the supervision of Fred Allen chairman. We hope to have the final report ready for you in our next issue.

Evon Armstrong, of Greenwood, has resigned and Oscar Domingo has become chairman of the Cass county AAA committee. Although Mr. Armstrong has been inactive most of the time this summer, owing to the pressure of farm duties, at home, his resignation was not acted on until last Monday evening, when the board met.

A county institute of teachers brought many teachers to our town last Saturday. The meeting was held at the high school auditorium.

The "Eagle" or as Ika Chase called it, "The shuttle train, which runs between Lincoln, and Union," had a fire, which was confined to her motor, but which put her entirely out of commission for a few hours, one day last week. The fire started just west of town as it was arriving from Lincoln. Passengers were taken to the waiting "Eagle" at Union, which was held to accommodate the passengers among whom were several soldiers, by the use of privately owned automobiles.

Mrs. Frank Cook expects to leave Tuesday of this week, for Chicago, to make the acquaintance of her new grandchild. When she returns, she expects to bring her daughter, Mrs. Frederick Lingren, and baby home with her to remain for the duration of the war. Mr. Lingren is with the army in North Africa.

Mrs. Arthur Berthold and two children Mrs. Thomas Stacey and Miss Margaret Ranney were Nebraska City visitors Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Malvin Wiles made a business trip to Lincoln, Thursday. Miss Roberta Garrett has moved into one of the Lucille apartments. Her mother expects to come down from Lincoln and spend the week ends with her.

Miss Esther Tefft was hostess at the regular meeting of the Cheer-Abit club at her home Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Owen Welch is president of this club which is a group of congenial women who meet twice a month for an afternoon of visiting.

Mrs. Carl Day's music pupils gave a recital, at her home Wednesday evening, when each pupil invited two guests. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Day at the close of the program, and a social hour was enjoyed before the guests left for home. Those taking part on the program were Doris and Evelyn Lauritzen, Marilyn Akeson, Margaret Tefft, Pauline Emshoff, Naomi Anderson, Opal Wiles, Martha Jane Wallick, Lenora Lindsey, and Josephine Fitch.

One new member, Mrs. Stanley Wood, attended the meeting of the

500 club Thursday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. O. C. Hinds, making a total of twelve attending.

Mrs. Effie Masters left Friday evening for Kansas City, to make the acquaintance of a new granddaughter, remaining over the week end.

Mrs. Iva Clary visited her daughter in Otoe, last Friday.

Weeping Water Garden club scheduled for Friday evening, was postponed until a later date.

Weeping Water High School Pep club have elected officers for this year and are preparing to boost the morale of the high school ball players with some good hearty cheers this year. Carlotta Rieke was elected as president; Peggy Amick, vice president; Marguerite Stohman, secretary; Echoe Bouton, treasurer, and Naomi Anderson, manager. Cheer leaders are Charlotte Rieke, Naomi Anderson, Peggy Amick, Donna Philpot, Opal Reche and Shirley Tankersley. W. R. Zaiman, high school principal, is their sponsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Stock and family have returned to Weeping Water, to live after an absence of several months. They have an apartment in the Wm. Gussett house.

Mrs. C. E. Tefft, and son Ward, who is visiting here, from Chicago, made a business trip to Sidney, Nebraska last week.

Elgaard's Hardware store is being moved into the building adjoining their present location on the west. This building has been remodelled and redecored, and being made ready for his hardware, and plumbing business.

Mrs. Spencer Marshall spent a week at St. Joe, visiting her sister, Mrs. Maud Glason, returning home Friday of last week.

A letter from Clinton Heath to friends here, said that he is able to sit up, and has been able to walk around his bed. You will probably remember that his back was broken, while in North Africa, and that he was returned to Portsmouth, Va., to the base hospital, and has been in a plaster cast since his return. This latest news will be received with joy by his many friends here. He has not yet been transferred to the Chicago hospital, as he expected to be.

Mrs. Durwood Cameron returned home from Texas, last week, and will remain at the home to her parents while her husband is on maneuvers, with the army.

Miss Amy Wright, of Nebraska City was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Leiffer, and at the Jack Philpot home.

The No-Name club was entertained Tuesday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Ralph Keckler, with only one member absent. The afternoon was spent with sewing, and visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. DeForest Philpot entertained at a dinner, Friday evening, honoring the birthday of their nephew, Donald Resso, when their guests were Robert Resso, Melvin Resso, George Boedecker and Kenneth Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Wiles had their seven-months-old grandson, Roger Wipf, out at the farm, visiting with them for a few days last week. As this was his first visit without his mother, it was quite an event for grandparents.

Mrs. Mary E. Askew returned to Oakland, California, with her daughter, Mrs. P. L. Nelson, who spent

three weeks here visiting her mother and at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gibson.

Mrs. John Mead and Mrs. Willis Lorensen entertained at a shower for Mrs. Hubert Cappen, Thursday afternoon, when their guests were Mrs. Carl Rector, Mrs. Russell Root, Mrs. Wilson Bickford Mrs. Henry Knaup, Mrs. A. I. Bickford, Mrs. Henry Friessel, Mrs. Earl Cappen, Mrs. Ira Cappen, Mrs. S. L. Brandt, Mrs. Leo Christensen, Mrs. George Miller, Mrs. Chas. Seeley, Mrs. Harlan Stock, Mrs. Heebner, Mrs. Stanley Miller, Mrs. Dick Rhodes, Mrs. Walter Luhring, Mrs. Russell Newham.

Royal Neighbors met Friday afternoon, with three guests from Lincoln, Mrs. Alma Snyder, state supervisor deputy; Mrs. Nellie McCoy, deputy and Mrs. George. Initiatory work was put on for one new member, Mrs. Harlan Stock.

Mrs. Carl Rector had an unfortunate accident, last week, when she was cleaning out some weeds in her flower garden, and a hollyhock stem struck her eye. It has been very painful.

Mrs. George Corley spent last week at Fremont, where she stayed with her niece, Helen Switzer, while the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Switzer visited their son, stationed at McCook. Mrs. Corley and Mrs. Switzer are sisters.

Peggy Amick has the honor of being elected as the senior class president over at the high school; Stanley Miller is the junior class president; Harley Rector the sophomore class president and James Specht, the freshman class president.

Another country road which is being surfaced with crushed rock is the road running south from the Johnson farm owned and operated by Miss Edith and Miss Daisy Johnson, then east to the Louis Allgayer farm.

The surgical dressings group completed a total of 728 dressings Wednesday afternoon.

underwent a major operation, was able to return home last week and is convalescing nicely at this time.

Marion C. Pittman, carrier of the rural mail route, visited in Lincoln last week with his brother, Ward Pittman, who at this time is a patient at the Veteran's hospital. He found his brother's condition to be fair.

The Avoca Garden club met on last Monday evening with Mrs. Gust Ruge. A very interesting time was reported in discussions of the gardens.

The Father and Son banquet was held on last Tuesday evening in the parlors of the Congregational church, and attended by a large number. The banquet was served by the ladies of the church and was much enjoyed.

Miss Anna Marie Salling visited in Omaha on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Lloyd Behrus has returned to her home from some time spent at the St. Catherine's hospital at Omaha following an operation.

Henry Jurgenesen, who recently purchased the former home of Mrs. Anna Ruge, has remodeled same and is now settled in the new home.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

# AIR FORCE-GIRL

By Ren'ee Shann

CHAPTER XII

Jane, a fashion artist, shares an apartment in London with Stella, a free lance journalist. Jane joins the WAAF. The night before entering service she walks through dim streets and collides with a flight lieutenant of the RAF. Stopping to break her engagement with Stella she discovers that the lieutenant, Timothy Piel Sanders, nicknamed "Tips" is Stella's divorced husband. Jane hears that Tips' squadron flies at 10 o'clock and that they are searching for him. She pedals to the home of Mr. Stanton, where she finds the flier. He leaves at once. Mrs. Stanton accuses Jane of sending Tips to the death. She misses the flight from which Flight Lieutenant Stanton and Jimmie Stafford fail to return. Later, Stanton returns, as from the dead, and sees Tips kissing his wife at the gate. He threatens to divorce her. Stanton walks in on Tips after Tips has taken Jane for a drive and warns him to leave his wife alone. Tips advises Stanton not to get a divorce.



Her eyes flew wide open with a sense of impending calamity. Looking back on that hour, she knew it had been her fault that they'd said such galling things to each other. She'd goaded him into them. She'd let herself down badly and she felt the hot color rush to her cheeks as she recalled the spiteful note that had been in her voice as she'd told him of her meeting with Jane Lambert the previous night.

Oh, yes, she'd made it a good story. She'd allowed him to think Jane had been in that man's flat all night. She had, of course, gone very much too far. He hadn't believed her story of that nocturnal meeting or at least he hadn't believed the implications she had given it.

Mary Leighton, up and dressed and about to go off to her job of war work, put her head in the door. After she had left, Iris sipped her orange juice and wondered how she could possibly get through the day.

Then she heard the telephone ring in the hall and Ellen going to answer it. Her heart gave a sudden leap. Tips! Tips calling to say he was sorry he'd been such a beast to her yesterday and he hadn't meant a word he'd said! She held her breath. She heard Ellen say, "If you'll hold on a moment, sir, I'll tell Mrs. Stanton you want her."

She was pulling her soft blue velvet dressing gown around her as Ellen knocked on the door. "There's a gentleman to speak to you, please, madam."

"Thank you, Ellen."

The telephone was in Mary's bedroom. Iris sat down heavily on the low divan bed and picked up the receiver. A gentleman to speak to her. . . . Ellen hadn't asked his name. . . . she should have done so. Still, there was only one gentleman likely to telephone to her. But she was wrong. "Is that you, Iris? This is Guy."

She could have cried with disappointment. "Listen, Iris! I'm going to be in town today. I wonder if you'll meet me for lunch. There's something I rather badly want to talk over with you." There was a difficult, almost pleading, note in Guy's voice.

Oddly enough, she found herself touched by it. She remembered quite suddenly what a ghastly time he'd had since the night of the big raid. She knew a quite surprising desire to make amends. After all, at one time she'd been very much in love with him. Perhaps if a day ever came when she could forget Tips. . . .

"Could you manage it, Iris? I'd be so glad if you would."

Her heart melted a little. There was a note in his voice that was almost her undoing. "All right, Guy. At what time shall we meet and where shall we go?"

"Shall we make it the Berkeley at one o'clock?"

Iris kept Guy waiting for a quarter of an hour. She had looked at herself in the mirror after she'd finished speaking to him on the telephone and decided that she couldn't turn up looking as she'd been looking that morning. However, a couple of hours at a beauty parlor had made a different woman of her. It was a very finished and very lovely wife who arrived to meet Guy Stanton and gave him a cool little smile in greeting. "I'm sorry I'm late, Guy."

"That's all right. Shall we have a cocktail first?" said Guy.

She laughed lightly, a trifle mockingly. "I think that might help to make things a little easier. It's quite a time, isn't it, since we lunched out together?"

"You were surprised when I telephoned to you?"

"Very."

When the waiter had brought their cocktails and they were alone, Guy said quietly, "I saw Tips last night."

"Oh! Just the mention of his name threatened to unnerve her. She said, trying to keep her voice steady, "Was that your doing?"

"I'm afraid it was. Darling, I'm sorry. I just don't know what

came over me the night I returned. Perhaps it was the fortnight I'd been through. It had been such sheer hell. I was so terribly looking forward to seeing you. Then when I came home and found you were away. . . . Iris, can you ever forgive me? I never have doubted your word. You told me the truth and I didn't believe you. I know now. . . ."

He broke off, looking at her in mute appeal. She felt suddenly desperately sorry for him and for herself, too. "How do you know now, Guy?" she asked, her voice shaking a little.

"I've talked to Tips. I know when a man's speaking the truth."

She caught her breath swiftly. If only he realized how much that hurt her. If he only knew how she was visualizing that scene that must have taken place. "But you didn't believe me?" she said caustically.

His hand found hers and held it. She allowed her own to remain passively within his grasp. For since Tips had finished with her, perhaps she had better go back to Guy. She had an idea she would be very glad to. She didn't want to be alone in the world. Guy was saying, his voice low with emotion, "I know I didn't. But I was crazy that night. Oh, Iris, if we could only forget these last few weeks and start again."

She met his eyes. She said hesitatingly, "You think it would be a success?" Because she felt perhaps it might be best to be honest, she added, "You remember I told you I was in love with Tips?"

A shadow crossed his eyes. The hope left them. Then it came back to them as he said quickly, urgently, "But you didn't mean it, Iris. You only said that because you were angry. At least, that's what I've been trying to tell myself ever since I talked to Tips last night. Oh, I know you're very fond of each other and that you're the best of good friends. But, Iris, please tell me, darling, that there never was anything more in it than that?"

Iris met his eyes. "No—no, I don't suppose there was really," she said.

Guy told the waiter to reserve a table for lunch. He smiled at Iris and said this must be a celebration. He had forty-eight hours' leave from the airdrome. He could spend the time in town, and then—"I'll try to get in on the night. I think I don't know how you'll feel about it, but I'd like a change and I think it's very likely I'll be able to manage it."

Iris said eagerly that this was indeed something she wanted. The sooner they met the better. If Guy would arrange it quickly. . . .

"I'll try, darling."

She put her hand in his with an impulsive little gesture. "Thank you, Guy. You're sweet. Far sweeter to me than I deserve, but I'll try after this to make our life together happier."

Stella got off the bus and told herself that for all the good she'd done she might as well have stayed at home, except that her new room depressed her. Since she had no work commissioned, she had known it would be extremely difficult to settle down to do anything. So she'd set off that morning to storm the offices of the various editors with whom in the past her work had been so popular. There was nothing doing. No one wanted to buy any articles, short stories or serials. From the look of things, they'd never feel in a buying mood against her.

She hurried along the street now and slipped her key in the lock of her new home. She was greeted by Mrs. Blake, the landlady, with the news that there had been three telephone calls for her while she was out. A young lady called Miss Sparks had called up. "She said she'd ring again. Ah, there goes the bell! Maybe that'll be her now. I said as you'd be home before very long, I thought." And for a moment, "Yes, it is for you, miss."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

There came a glimmer of hope into Guy Stanton's eyes. "But there'll always be you standing between us," he said.

Tips paused again before replying. He was trying to protect Guy from making a fool of himself. "If you proceed," he said slowly and steadily, "I ought to make clear to you that even if the case succeeds, I shan't marry Iris."

Guy's hands clenched. He bent forward. "Why not?" he said.

"Because I don't love her. I've told you that. I know it's the honorable and decent thing to do in such circumstances even if, as in my case, there's no cause whatever for the divorce."

Guy stood up. He seemed a changed man. "The strain had gone from his face. "I'm obliged to you," he said. "I think I understand things better now."

"And you'll do the best you can with Iris?"

"I will. I shall apply for a transfer. I think I can get it."

"Not a bad idea," Tips escorted him to the door and left him.

As Jane went back in her mind over the last few weeks, it seemed to her that she had been to blame all along. She had taken her place a chance. Every time he'd tried to be sweet to her she'd snubbed him. It would be her fault if Guy brought this divorce. She'd thrown Tips into Iris Stanton's arms. She'd only herself to thank for what was happening.

She pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. If only she could sleep for a little while and forget. But now there was no time. Already the girls were beginning to rouse themselves. It was half-past three and at quarter to four they were needed until six-thirty.

Looking back on that particular spell of duty, as she emerged into the cold chill of a gusty dawn, Jane wondered how she had ever lived through it. The first thing she had heard as she'd taken her place was that the squadron that had gone out on a raid at midnight was returning, and that Flight Lieutenant Piel-Sanders, who had been acting Squadron Leader, was not among them!

Mechanically she'd done her job. Her brain had worked coolly and efficiently. But she'd felt as if she were dying. When the time had arrived for her to be relieved, she'd taken no notice at first of the girl standing at her elbow waiting to take her place. Blindly she'd risen to her feet and filed out with the rest of the girls who had been relieved. She couldn't go straight back to her billet. She wanted to be alone. She pushed her way beneath the wire fence that bordered the flying fields and now she was on the rough, stubble open space beyond. It was nothing new to her to hear the sound of an approaching plane engine. The drone of it, too, would have a rapid crescendo. Her numbed senses at first failed to realize that the roar had a staccato sound in it. It had a terrifying unevenness.

It was only when her eyes flew wide open with a sense of impending calamity that she turned. She saw a black shape hurtling toward her in the gloom. It was rocking and drunken in its movement. With a sob of fright she started instinctively to fling herself to the ground but the wing tip touched her, throwing her with terrific force to the earth, unconscious.

"Good morning, madam. It's a lovely day. Shall I pull the curtains?"

"No, thank you, Ellen. At least, only a very little."

Ellen, Mary Leighton's trim little maid, set Iris' orange juice down beside the bed and went quietly out of the room. Iris had slept badly and her head ached. The day stretched drearily before her and she wondered how she would fill it. Not with thoughts of Tips, if she had any sense. He'd told her outright that he'd never been in love with her. He'd told her that even if Guy sued for a divorce and got it, he wouldn't marry her.

## Notice to Farmers in need of Corn Pickers.

Corn picking in this area is expected to start in mid-October. In an effort to stabilize rates in Cass County on corn picking, the committee has approved these wages for hands:

Where farmer furnishes board and room and all equipment, including an elevator, 9 cents a bushel. Where farmer furnishes board and room and all equipment but no elevator for unloading, or when farmer furnishes all equipment including an elevator but picker furnishes his own board and room, 10 cents. When picker furnishes his own board and room and skips his loads by hand, 11 cents. When picker furnishes team, wagon, board and room and unloads by hand, 12 cents.

If in need of help contact THE PLATTSMOUTH CREAMERY or your County Agent at Weeping Water.

## PLATTSMOUTH CREAMERY

Home of CASCO Butter  
Lower Main St. Phone 94

## Avoca

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Brendel visited on last Sunday with Mrs. W. L. Seybolt at Murray, as well as with Mrs. Margaret Brendel there.

Roy J. Ruge, who has been in training as an aerial gunner, has completed his primary schooling and received his silver wings. He departed on last Saturday for Houston, Texas, where he will receive additional training, after spending a fortnight with his parents and friends here.

John Mueller, who has been at Bryan Memorial hospital, where he

## APPLE TIME IS HERE!

FANCY VIRGINIA DELICIOUS or JONATHANS Pound 15¢  
FULL RING-PACKED BUSHEL \$5.50

FANCY WEST VIRGINIA Grimes Golden Pound 13¢  
FULL RING-PACKED BUSHEL \$4.89

U. S. NO. 1 MICHIGAN Wealthies Pound 11¢  
FULL RING-PACKED BUSHEL \$3.89

MASSACHUSETTS CRANBERRIES FANCY NEW CROP Pound 25¢

CELERY LARGE WELL BLEACHED STALK 20¢

CRAPES CALIFORNIA RED FLAME TOKAY LARGE FULL CLUSTERS POUND 14¢

LAST CALL! RED STAMPS X, Y, Z and BROWN STAMPS A, B MEATS, EDIBLE FATS, OILS AND CANNED FISH AT HINKY-DINKY.

MILK LEADWAY TALL CANS 26¢  
1 Point Per Can

CRISCO 24¢  
1-LB. GLASS

CAKE FLOUR VICTOR 20¢  
2 1/2-LB. Package

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES 15¢  
11-02 PKGS.

PEACHES DEL MONTE SLICED No. 2 1/2 Cans 26¢

FLOUR MOTHER'S BEST 48 or 50-LB. SACK \$1

MACARONI SKINNER'S REG. PKG. 8¢

SPRY 3-LB. SIZE 68¢  
1-LB. SIZE 24¢  
4 Points per pound

## HINKY-DINKY

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective September 27 through September 29 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.

### KEEP POSTED

Even if you don't need a FARM LOAN now, you may later and will want the best:

- ✓ 4% Guaranteed 40 Years
- ✓ The Farm Income Privilege
- ✓ The Prepayment Reserve Plan
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Keep posted so that when a friend or relative asks for advice you can tell him that the Equitable Society's *Modern and Complete Farm Loan* has ALL the good features. They are described in the booklet which will be sent without cost or obligation.

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Plattsmouth, Nebraska

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Please send me your free booklet on Farm Loans.

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