

# MANLEY

By Journal Field Representative

### Waits for Assignment

A letter from Glen Fleischman, who is at Camp Upton, New York, tells of his being in camp for the past six weeks and not yet assigned. He has been placed in an office to superintend and proved so efficient that he has been held there.

### Attend Deary Meeting

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Rauth were at Avoca, Tuesday, where Mr. Rauth stopped to visit Charles Gerlack at

his farm, while Mrs. Rauth, Mrs. Carl Zaiser and Mrs. J. J. Cullen made a party to drive to Paul. The ladies attended the meeting of the Plattsmouth dearyery.

### Hears of Relative's Honor

The World-Herald has an article covering the awarding of recognition to Staff Sgt. George Davis, who is in the United States on leave and has been in 277 air raids over Belgium and Germany. Sergeant Davis is a nephew of George Davis of Manley.

### Getting Along Fine

Billy Sheehan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Sheehan, who is at the Bryan Memorial hospital at Lincoln,

has been recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Mrs. C. Holt, who is a patient at the Clarkson hospital at Omaha, is reported as getting along very well from her operation.

Mrs. Henry Snell and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snell and their little son, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Grosser, the latter of near Myard, were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rauth.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stohman and George Rau were in Omaha on last Tuesday where they were looking after some business.

### Loading Gravel Here

The Lyman-Richey company, who

is showing excellent improvement. He have been graveling highway No. 1, from Murray to near Elmwood, have changed their leading apparatus to Manley.

Leonard Stohman and William Lau were at Weeping Water Thursday to look after some business.

Mrs. Paul Fleming was a visitor in Omaha this week to visit her daughter, Miss Lauretta, who is taking nursing training at the Clarkson hospital.

Miss Maggie Wolpert who has been bedfast for several weeks is still under treatment and is being cared for by her sister Miss Fannie.

### Will Give Chicken Dinner

The ladies of the St. Patrick's church are to serve their annual chicken dinner at their hall on Sunday October 17th. The serving will start at 5:30 in the evening.

John Crane, manager of the Louisville lumber yard, was in Manley Sunday to visit old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fleischman were at Plattsmouth one day the past week to look after some business.

John C. Rauth was repairing his corn cribs in order to hold the crop of corn that is expected this fall from the farm.

coin visitors on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stocker of Lincoln were Sunday guests at the Lewis Hollenbeck home.

Quite a group met at the Methodist parsonage on Monday evening to discuss plans for the church, with their minister, Rev. Lind. This group was made up of representatives of the different committees of the church.

Cpl. Robert Wade, nephew of James Wade and a son of the late Harrison Wade who has been serving in the army was discharged because of an injured knee. He arrived home last week and is now busy assisting with the work at the Blacksmith shop.

E. M. Pierce and B. I. Clements were visitors in Plattsmouth on Tuesday of last week, attending to some matters at the court house.

Albert Alford has been looking after the home of Peter Nickles, Jr., for the past week, also doing some painting.

Herman Brunkow, who recently made the purchase of a residence in Alvo, was in Elmwood on last Tuesday securing paint to paint the new house.

### Opens New Cafe

E. M. Pierce and wife have opened a cafe in the old location of the Stewart Cafe, and have been doing business for over a week. They report business as being very good.

### Visited Cousins at Kansas City

Mr. and Mrs. George Blessing and the children enjoyed a very pleasant visit at Kansas City recently, the guests of their cousins, Myron Blessing and family.

### Renews Acquaintance of Old Friend

James L. Hayes, was at Lincoln last week and there met a former Elmwood citizen, Robert Rothman, now 92 years of age, who is making his home in the capital city. Mr. Rothman enjoyed meeting a friend from "the old home town."

### Cpl. and Mrs. Bryce Quellhorst

announce the birth of a daughter at Bryan Memorial hospital last week. Cpl. Quellhorst is now located at a training camp in California.

E. D. Friend of Alvo was a visitor in Elmwood on Tuesday afternoon of last week, where Dr. E. O. Linton performed an operation for the removal of a cyst on the forefinger of his left hand.

### FOR SALE

We have from forty to fifty head of calves, white face, red and roan, weight from 200 to 600 lbs; 2 nice Guernsey heifers, some good milk cows, some sows with litters; 109 feeder lambs, 40 full mouth breeding ewes, for sale.

Also want middle aged man to do chores. Pierce Stock Co., Elmwood, Nebr.

### All Clear



A Russian mother and her child emerge from their cellar after the Russian army chased the Germans from the village of Staritsa.

## THERE IS TODAY

By Josephine Lawrence

The story of a young husband who faced the draft—and a barrage of questions from friends and neighbors. Here is a serial that touches realistically upon many of the personal problems that face the youth of today.

STARTING MONDAY, OCTOBER, 11

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# AIR FORCE-GIRL

By Renee Shann

### CHAPTER XIII

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 Post, 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 Mrs. Stanton, where she finds the fier. He leaves at once. Mrs. Stanton accuses Jane of sending Tips to his death. Tips 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. Stanton thanks him for his advice and promises to do the best he can with his wife, Mrs. He comes into the room, but she is disappointed. However, she agrees to meet him at Berkeley's, where the couple agree to forgive and forget. When Stella returns to her apartment she learns that there were three telephone calls for her while she was out, one from a young lady called Miss Sparks.

Stella took the receiver. "Hello, yes? This is Miss Carruthers speaking."

A pleasant voice explained that Stella wouldn't know its owner's name. "I'm ringing up about Jane Lambert. I believe she's a great friend of yours."

"Jane! Why 'yes!' Stella's voice sharpened and her heart beat more quickly in sudden apprehension. "Is anything wrong?"

Mrs. Blake, standing on the stairs, listened wide-eyed and deeply interested to the one-sided conversation that followed. Miss Carruthers' friend had had an accident and been taken to the hospital. The wing of an airplane had knocked her down and she was still unconscious. Mrs. Blake shook her head. Stella replaced the receiver. She told Mrs. Blake that she was going out again at once. Yes, her greatest friend had had a serious accident. She was going to her immediately.

"Is she far away, miss?" "Yes, some little distance unfortunately. I'll take me about an hour to get there."

It took her just under. She was lucky in having only a very few minutes to wait at Victoria Station. There was just time to telephone Rupert and tell him that she couldn't dine with him that evening. "It's Jane, Rupert. There's been an accident. She's badly hurt."

The quick concern in Rupert's voice touched her heart. "Darling, I'm so sorry. Can I do anything?" "I don't think so. I'll telephone you this evening, if you're likely to be at your apartment, and tell you when I'll be coming back to town. I just don't know quite what I shall do until I get there. If it's really serious I shall want to stay."

"If it's really serious, will you telephone to me and let me come down and be with you?" Stella promised she would. She hung up the receiver, and leaned for a moment against the side of the telephone booth, thinking how grateful she was to be able to turn to Rupert in her anxiety.

The girl who had telephoned—Sparks, she'd said was her name—had sounded so dreadfully concerned about what had happened. She'd heard of Stella from Jane and, when the accident had happened, had guessed that Jane would want her to be told. She'd called the Duke Street apartment first, that being the telephone number that she'd found among Jane's papers—and had then been given Mrs. Blake's number.

Stella hurried up the steps of the hospital and found the inquiry office. She asked for Jane. After some little delay the man traced her. "That would be the young lady who's a WAAF, miss?" he asked with friendly interest.

"Yes. She's a great friend of mine. I'm terribly anxious to know how she is and to see her if it's possible."

She waited while inquiries were made. It was an agonizing few minutes. Suddenly the worst had happened? A hundred fears haunted her. The man stuck his head through the little cubbyhole of his office. "She's on the third floor, miss. If you will go up, the nurse will see you."

Stella took the elevator. She emerged into a long wide corridor, shining with cleanliness and smelling faintly of disinfectant. A nurse came toward her. She was an elderly woman, with a kindly sympathetic smile. "You want to inquire about Miss Lambert?"

"Please. She has no relations. I'm really the nearest person to her. I've been so dreadfully worried..." The nurse smiled reassuringly. Briefly she told Stella what had happened and went on, "The officer who was in the plane has been



Tips loved her and would always love her.

quite beside himself with anxiety. I'm expecting him back at any moment. Poor man, he's been here on and off nearly all day. He's most terribly upset, though of course there isn't the slightest blame attached to him."

Stella could well imagine how he must be feeling. "Is it possible to see her?" she asked. The nurse shook her head. "I think perhaps it would be better to wait just a little while. If you would care to sit in the waiting room downstairs—no, that's such a cheerless place. Come in here, this is my sitting room. Please do make yourself at home."

"Thank you. You're very kind." The nurse closed the door upon her. Stella walked to the window and looked down on the street below. She stood there quite still, praying for Jane's recovery. She didn't hear the door behind her open. Only as it closed again was she aware of any sound. She turned and her breath caught in her throat. "Tips!"

They stared at each other. They said simultaneously, "What are you doing here?" Stella said, "Jane's my dearest friend."

Tips looked as if he couldn't believe it. "Why didn't she tell me?" Stella felt the color creep into her cheeks. "That was my fault. I didn't want her to. I—just sort of thought I'd rather you didn't know where I was. I had an idea that if Jane told you she and I were such friends, you might feel you ought to do something about me."

"Oh, Stella! There was a wealth of reproach in his voice. Stella said gently, "I'm sorry, Tips. I wish now I'd let her tell you."

Tips ran a hand back over his hair. "I'm beginning to see now what must have happened. That was why she suddenly changed. At first she was sweet to me and it was all plain sailing—or looked as if it were going to be. Then one night when I dined with her she was utterly different. That must have been when she'd discovered that you and I had once been married. His eyes darkened. "I take it you give me a very good character."

Stella said desperately, and as she felt, wholly inadequately, "I'm sorry, Tips. Oh, Tips, please don't look at me like that. I didn't know that you and she..." He laughed shortly. "My dear Stella, she wouldn't have anything to do with me. I fell in love with her the first moment I saw her."

Stella went to him and laid a hand on his arm. "It will be all right, Tips dear. I feel quite sure it will be. You, I take it, were in the machine that hurt her?"

"Yes, I'd had a good bit of it shot away and only just managed to get back. As it was, I couldn't quite make it. I landed on the rough ground outside the airframe. I'd no time to think that anyone would be walking there. And I never saw her. I didn't know it had happened till they came running along to tell me."

Stella looked at him pityingly. Time ticked slowly away. The nurse came in at last and said that there were signs of returning consciousness. She'd tell them at once if there were any real change... she went away again and they were left alone together. Tips looked across at Stella. "What's been happening to you, these last few years?"

She told him briefly what she'd been doing, of her meeting with Jane and their subsequent joining up together. "You're not married again?"

"No, but I think I'm going to be." "I'm glad. I'd like to think you'll be happy. Who is he, Stella?" "A man called Rupert Grant. I've known him for some years." A warm glow ran through her as she said these words. It was odd how quite suddenly she knew that now she had met Tips again she could

marry Rupert. She'd been in love with a dream and now she had awakened. "And you, Tips? What's been happening to you?" "Nothing very much. Until I met Jane..."

She went back across the years and asked a question, bringing back to their minds a time that both wanted to forget but knowing that after this once it would never be mentioned again. "What happened to Fay, Tips?"

A shadow crossed his face. "She died." "Oh, Tips!"

"The man she was engaged to chucked her when the divorce went through, even though her name wasn't brought in. She was run down at the time and she became very ill. I don't really think she wanted to live."

Stella looked at him bleakly. What could she say, she asked herself? To tell him she was sorry was so desperately inadequate. "You were wrong about Fay and me, Stella," he said quietly. "I told you that once before and you wouldn't believe me."

"I just don't know what to say, Tips." "That's all right." "I was such a little fool in those days."

"We were both rather young. Maybe that was what was wrong with us." She held out her hand to him. "Can we be friends now?"

He took the hand and held it tightly for a moment. "Of course, my dear."

"Thank you, Tips. That's very generous of you."

There was the sound of footsteps in the corridor and the door opened. The nurse smiled from one to the other. "Sigs' recovered consciousness and Doctor Davidson is feeling most confident about her. I wonder which of you would like to see her first?"

Stella hesitated. Tips said, "You go first, Stella."

Stella followed the nurse down the long corridor into a private room where they had put Jane. She looked as white as the snowy coverlet, a bandage round her head, a little stray dark curl showing. She gave Stella a faint smile. "Darling, how nice of you to come!"

Stella bent and kissed her. Jane felt for Stella's hand and held it. "I'm going to be all right. Have you seen Tips, darling?" "Yes. I've just had a long talk with him."

Stella felt Jane's fingers tighten convulsively in her own. Whatever happened she mustn't let Stella see how it affected her. Besides, she had to be glad for Stella's sake. But instead Stella was saying gently, "I'm going to marry Rupert, Jane."

"Oh, Stella! But Tips... I always thought you were still in love with him?" "Stella shook her head. "So did I. But I'm not, darling."

Jane closed her eyes after Stella had left her. She was feeling so much happier. Because now, if Stella didn't want Tips...

The door opened again. She heard the nurse's quiet voice. "Please remember she's already just had one visitor. She mustn't talk too much."

Jane opened her eyes. She held out her arms to him. "Tips, darling!" "Oh, Jane." He held her close to him, then stood looking down at her. "The figure in the carpet. Jane. You've got to admit at last that you can't get away from it!" Jane reached up a hand and drew him down to her again. "I don't want to. I never did really. But I was just scared."

But as he kissed her again she knew that she needn't be frightened any longer. Tips loved her and would always love her. From now on, despite the war, despite all that might happen, they were on the threshold of a new life together. [THE END]

### Price Reduction Fails

Washington, Oct. 2. (UP)—Informed sources said today that Office of Price Administration plans to reduce the consumer price of apples to reduce the retail price of oranges and some 18 fresh vegetables also appears to be doomed.

OPA general manager, Chester Bowles, told reporters on Sept. 13th that price reductions then contemplated would lower living costs 2.3 per cent.

The first obstacle appeared when OPA prepared a regulation establishing apple ceiling prices of 9 to 10 cents a pound. Pressure from the growers, however, resulted in raising the proposed ceiling by one cent on orders by Economic Stabilization Director Fred M. Vinson, it was said.

The new regulation as amended has not yet been officially announced. The OPA also was preparing an orange regulation establishing an annual average ceiling of 9.7c a pound. In this instance, too, it was said grower protests backed by congressmen may force a change of plans.

A similar fate for the winter vegetable ceilings was foreseen if the citrus measure is altered.

Electric Chair Repair Costly

Lincoln Nebr., Oct. 2. (UP)—The State of Nebraska will have to spend at least \$1,000 on its \$100.00 homemade electric chair in order to electrocute Joseph MacAvoy, 24, Brooklyn, New York soldier, who has been sentenced to die December 30th for the murder of 16-year-old Anna Milroy.

C. J. McCarthy, chief engineer for the board of control, made the estimate. He said it will be necessary to buy new transformers, electrodes and additional wires.

### Two Fliers Killed

Alliance, Nebr., Oct. 3. (UP)—The public relations office of the Alliance army air base has announced the death of two Atlantic seaboard fliers in the crash of their C-47 transport plane near here Thursday.

The victims were: Second Lt. Robert G. Bartels, Bladell, N. Y., and Second Lt. Wm. Cardie, Plainfield, N. Y.

They were killed when their plane fell on the Dell Walker ranch a few miles southeast of Alliance some time between two and four o'clock Thursday morning.

The wreckage was not discovered until mid-afternoon Thursday when it was spotted by another plane from the base flying over the ranch.

### GET IN THE SCRAP!



## GRAPES

RED FLAME TOKAY

LARGE BEAUTIFUL CLUSTERS POUND 14¢

CRANBERRIES MASSACHUSETTS NEW CROP POUND 25¢

LEMONS CALIFORNIA SUNKIST 252 SIZE DOZ. 43¢

APPLES WEALETHIES FOR COOKING FULL BUSHEL BASKET \$3.89 POUND 11¢

Fancy Virginia Jonathans, Bushel \$5.50 Pound 15¢

CABBAGE FIRM, SOLID, GREEN 2 POUNDS 7¢

BACAN SQUARES FOR THRIFTY MEALS POUND 22¢

MINCED LUNCHEON MEAT LB. 27¢

RING BOLOGNA SERVE HOT OR COLD POUND 27¢

HAMBURGER FOR LOAF OR PATTIES POUND 25¢

MILK LEADWAY TALL CANS FOR 1 Point Per Can 25¢

GREEN BEANS KUNERS CUT EXTRA STANDARD NO. 2 CAN 8 Points 14¢

CORN SELECT BRAND NO. 2 CAN 13 Points 10¢

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES 11-OZ PKGS FOR 15¢

TENDERONI VAN CAMP'S REG. PKG. 8¢

Pancake Flour AUNT JEMIMA 3 1/2-LB. SACK 28¢

# HINKY DINKY

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective October 4 through October 6 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealer.

### WHERE THE FUEL GOES



A HEAVY BOMBER cruising at a speed of 250 m.p.h. may use 200 gallons of gasoline in one hour.

## JOE GISH

