

MURDOCK

By Journal Field Representative

W. T. Weddell, who has been having apartments made at the lumber depot, has them in fine condition and nice and cozy where the farmers can find him at any time.

Visits Parents

Mrs. Bryan McDonald and the boys, last Sunday took Mr. McDonald and Chester Elsemann to work at Fort Crook, then returned to Plattsmouth to visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Thimman and her brother, Lester Thimman and fam-

ily. On their return home in the evening they took a collection of books for the Murdock library, donated by M. S. Briggs.

Spend Holiday Here

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bornemeier and infant son of Omaha, were at Murdock on Thursday to visit the parents of Mrs. Bornemeier, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Gorthey.

Henry E. Carson, better known as "Slatts," was out to the farm on Thanksgiving and enjoyed his dinner there.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Rikli, residing at Beatrice, came to Murdock for Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Zabel and also

visited at the home of W. E. Rikli and wife, and Albert Rikli.

E. E. Ganaway turned the key in his shoe shop Thursday and departed for Lincoln to spend the day with his daughter, Mrs. O. H. Robinson, and family.

Visits in Iowa

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tool were in Iowa on Thursday to visit with Mrs. Lena Tool, mother of Henry, following a yearly custom. Mrs. Lena Tool passed her 95th birthday and despite her years is able to look after the household affairs.

Mesdames M. Thurston and Mrs. Lena Anderson of Billings, Mont., were guests for a time at the home

of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Oehlerking of the Murdock church, they being old time friends.

Mrs. Roy Howard who is staying for the duration at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Oehlerking, in Murdock, states that the husband, Pfc. Roy Howard, is now at Hutchison, Kansas.

Henry Heineman, the carpenter, has been doing some work at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kuehn, getting the home ready for winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lyons of Lincoln and Meredith Weddell and family, also of Lincoln, were in Murdock Thanksgiving. They were visiting W. T. Weddell, father of Mrs. Lyons and Mr. Weddell.

Elmwood

By Journal Field Representative

Kenneth West, who has been in and out of St. Louis for the past year or more has recently been transferred to Newark, New Jersey. He looks after plane loadings. Claude West, better known as "Shorty" is still in a camp in Texas where he is awaiting disposition of his case.

Junior Class Play

The Junior class of the Elmwood high school presented their class play, "So Help Me Hannah," a comedy in three acts, on Thursday, Nov. 23rd. The members of the cast comprised: Shirley Schlanker, Richard Pratt, Margradelle Shreve, Vincent Selker, Roberta Kunz, Armin Vogt, Mary Hill, Opal Hunker, Wilia Widick, Dorothy Wendt, Marjorie Miller, Eugene Kuehn, Roy Williams and William Pederson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Greene, who conduct the Greene drug store, were enjoying their Thanksgiving dinner in Lincoln with their daughter, Mrs. Max Lamb and family.

Sells Corn

Henry Schafer picked something like a thousand bushels of corn, being of an extra dry quality passed the commercial grade when shelled and delivered. This brought over a thousand dollars in cash and saved building cribs.

Plays in Army Band

Mrs. Tessie Kelly, cook at the cafe, tells of her son, Donald Kelly, private first class, stationed in Hawaii, being engaged in an army band. He is in a consolidated band of some fifty-six pieces.

George Hall, who is well over three score and ten years, has been picking corn and has now completed his job, and is now working on the locker system for his son's store. He endeavored to pick a hundred bushel a day and last day but one, he reached 99 bushels and in the last day 98 bushels when the corn have out.

Corn Is Gathered

Mr. and Mrs. George Blessing who have been working in getting the corn crop out at the home of Mrs. Blessing, Sr., near Murdock, also printing the Leader-Echo, have completed their work. Mr. and Mrs. Blessing and family were Thanksgiving visitors at Beatrice.

Receives Promotion

Richard Blessing, stationed in the army base at Salt Lake City, has been advanced to the rank of sergeant and also given a furlough to visit with relatives and friends.

Henry Miller Ill

Henry J. Miller, former county commissioner from the third district, is quite ill at a hospital at Lincoln. His daughter, Mrs. Woods, is at Lincoln assisting in the care of the father. Mr. Miller is 86 years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hayes were entertaining at their home Thanksgiving day, the father of Mrs. Hayes, Josiah Mears, also Miss Darlene Hayes who has been in Plattsmouth for some time. The occasion was a farewell to a son of Mr. and Hayes soon leaving for the army.

KEEP ON
Backing the Attack
WITH WAR BONDS

A Lasting MEMORIAL



Mrs. Ed Morley and Mrs. Earl Freeman were hostesses to the Ladies Aid of the Avoca church the past week—the meeting being held in the basement of the church.

Floral Orders Cared For
CALDWELL MORTUARY
702 Ave. "B" PLATTSMOUTH NEBRASKA Phone 15

Greenwood

Special Journal Correspondence

Mrs. Glen Loder Johnson passed away at her home Sunday evening at the age of 75 years. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Ray F. Magnuson. Mrs. Charlie Dyer sang, accompanied by Mrs. Vernon Greer. Pallbearers were: Evan Armstrong, E. A. Landon, N. O. Coleman, Paul White, Ernest Leaver, Charlie Dyer, Interment was in Greenwood cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Wallace, Marion and Leonard, of Friend, Mrs. H. Wallace of Winton, Wyo., Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles and Paul were 6 o'clock dinner guests Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Kinney and family at Aivo.

Mrs. Louise Erskine of Lincoln spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Landgreen and Edith.

Mrs. Roy Comstock was shopping in Lincoln Monday.

The Friendship Extension club met at the home of Mrs. Charlie Bell Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 23, with 15 members present and one guest. An interesting lesson was given by Mrs. Roy Comstock, Mrs. Francis Berger and Mrs. Truly Wall leaders, on "Morale in the Home." Our next meeting will be a Christmas party at the Legion hall, Dec. 13. A program and an exchange of gifts will be held. A lovely lunch was served by Mrs. Lila Wall, Mrs. Margaret Leesley and Miss Bell.

The Youth Fellowship circle met at the Methodist church last Friday evening. A large group of young people were present. After the lesson games were played and a delicious lunch served.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Marvin spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Knolle and Mary at Sioux City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slater and Mrs. Lula Clymer of Lincoln were in town Monday afternoon calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wall left Tuesday evening for Crawford to spend Thanksgiving.

Greenwood Woman's club met Tuesday afternoon at the Christian church. Hostesses were Mrs. Florence Armstrong and Mrs. Myrtle Coleman.

Mr. Wallace Holder spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. Holder and Mrs. Florence Armstrong.

Mrs. Jo Brown suffered with another heart attack and is very weak.

Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Coleman and Lawrence spent Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson in Lincoln.

The Junior class play, "Two Weeks Vacation," will be held Thursday evening, Dec. 2, at the school auditorium.

Mr. Joe Kyles received word that his brother, Morris, of Waverly, suffered with a heart attack Tuesday and was taken to the Veterans hospital in Lincoln. Doctors report he is in serious condition.

Jesse C. Sturm, passed away Saturday at the age of 77 years. The funeral services were held at the Methodist church at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Ray F. Magnuson. The pallbearers were E. A. Landon, E. M. Erickson, William Kelly, L. C. Marvin, Travis Cameron and J. S. Gribble. Mrs. S. R. Parks and Mrs. Warren Robinson sang, accompanied by Mrs. Kenneth Marcy. Interment was in the Waverly cemetery.

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.

WEDNESDAY CASH & CARRY SPECIAL
2 Ladies' 2-piece mannish suits, Mens 3-piece suit, Spring coat, Top coat or Hats for \$1.00
No pastel shades or ladies dresses included on special

Lugsch Cleaners
429 Main St. Phone 166

THERE IS TODAY

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

CHAPTER VIII

Big-hearted Sarah Daffodil acts in every capacity for the four-family home in Garset after her husband's death. The frugal, elderly Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn and the newly-wed Andrew and Candace Thane occupy the two top-floor apartments and below them middle-aged Bert Fitts and his wife—who is too engrossed in war activities to care for her name—and King Waters, veteran of World War I, and his wife Emma, a devotee of fine crocheting. The Thanes plan to invite six couples to the Thanksgiving feast and great preparations are afoot.

His wife nodded. It didn't make sense, she soothed him, perhaps it was quite true that many of the tasks she had Zither perform, or helped her to perform, would pass unnoticed and in any case would not compensate if the dinner failed. "But I do think Andy," maintained the clear voice, "that everyone is more at ease in a house that is clean and in order. Not stiff, mind you, but livably neat. It's more a feeling than a matter of actual vision, or perhaps it is only that the hostess is more relaxed if she knows her house is clean."

The cash grocery store, Sarah Daffodil reflected, might lack the props of the old-time general store and might operate on a shorter day, but its atmosphere, clientele and social advantages, with some allowance for general alterations, remained essentially unchanged.

Tonight as she waited in the background of the late shoppers she saw most of her tenants in the group pressing purposefully up against the counters. King Waters was buying meat, Toni Fitts stood counting oranges into a bag. Before the dairy counter Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn, Doggie tucked securely under the old man's arm, watched the scales as the clerk cut a pound of tub butter for them.

"Awwf, trying to get waited on, isn't it?" Toni Fitts had spied Sarah. "I'm having soup and orange salad tonight, nothing else. It's so hard to keep food from accumulating, but we're going away for Thanksgiving—down to Atlantic City. Bert's taking me for a rest. She had been working day and night, she asserted, trying to be fair to every organization, anxious to do her best for each. "And fancy, they want us to ask some of the Service men for Thanksgiving dinner. Selectees from camp. I simply couldn't undertake another thing and Bert put his foot down. It's a good story, if one can imagine Bert Fitts putting his foot down. Sarah reflected. "I can't. "Hello, Mr. Waters—you're luckier than I am, for you're on your way out."

King Waters removed his hat, smiled mechanically. "Thanksgiving rush, I guess. I hope you're planning a pleasant day. Mrs. Daffodil. My wife and I are dining with an old friend working day and night, she asserted, trying to be fair to every organization, anxious to do her best for each. "And fancy, they want us to ask some of the Service men for Thanksgiving dinner. Selectees from camp. I simply couldn't undertake another thing and Bert put his foot down. It's a good story, if one can imagine Bert Fitts putting his foot down. Sarah reflected. "I can't. "Hello, Mr. Waters—you're luckier than I am, for you're on your way out."

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they were invited out, she replied happily, answering Sarah's question. Her husband, she had promised to provide a complete dinner for the family he had befriended and who occupied the second floor of his house still.

"They get along," chimed in old Mr. Peppercorn, "but they don't have many luxuries, that's to be expected. He has no family of his own and he got the idea that he'd like to get up a turkey dinner with all the fixings. Mother and me are going down to his house to cook it. He's got a right nice kitchen down there, gas stove and all. You'd be surprised to see how handy he is at housekeeping, though of course a real Thanksgiving dinner is a little too much for him to tackle all alone."

Zither, when she came at one o'clock Thanksgiving Day, reported that the wind was raw and felt like snow. She still disliked to answer bells or to speak to strangers, but now that she had accustomed herself to the Thanes, she sometimes talked a good deal while she worked. One had to listen attentively to hear her, for she spoke faintly and unless she faced her listener many of her words, as Andy complained, seemed to fall back into her throat. If she had something to say, she was likely to say it whether she had auditors or not, but this, Candace insisted, should not be regarded as talking to herself.

"If no one's there and she starts a conversation, who's she talking to if she isn't talking to herself?" Andy not unreasonably demanded.

She couldn't explain it properly. Candace informed him, but it was not the same as talking to oneself. "It's different. You needn't hoot—what I mean is that if Zither talks she's talking to me, whether I'm there or not. It's the way she talks at home, I think—whenever she has something to say she says it and takes a chance that someone will hear her say it. You get the impression that she isn't terribly important in her auntie's household, even if she does help finance it."

To Candace there was something pathetic in the colored girl's admiration of the pretty, convenient kitchen and the simple furnishings of the other rooms. Zither was as eager, too, today for the dinner to be a success as the young host and hostess whose anxiety she shared. "I couldn't do this for someone else, not unless I had something of my own to go home to, Candace thought watching Zither's absorbed face as she counted out the dessert plates.

Thinner and more beautiful than ever, Leila in her almond-green sweater and matching skirt looked, Andy told her appreciatively, like an endorsement for a cold cream advertisement. She wore her thick hair parted in the center and knotted low on her neck. Kurt, she remarked casually, hated a fussy hair-do.

The arrival of Minnie Davis and Halsey Kenneth set Andy to mixing highballs and a few minutes later Muriel Wright rang the doorbell. She was alone and looked pinched and cold. "Isn't Hugh here?" She gazed nervously around the room after the introductions. "He was to meet me—I gave him the address." Her husband, she murmured, had gone upstairs to see an old friend. "Give him time, give him time," Andy's placid voice advised her. "Here's your warmer-upper, Muriel. It's all right to call you Muriel, Dace said, if you don't mind."

Muriel Wright was rather large, pleasant-faced and looked older than the other women, perhaps because she wore glasses. Everything she had on, dress, shoes, even her too tight permanent, appeared to be new—Candace surmised that

she had spent money, perhaps saved with difficulty, to make herself attractive for her husband's return.

They had had one round of highballs and Zither was manifesting uneasiness about the dinner, when the house phone rang. Someone asked to speak to Mrs. Wright on the outside phone, Sarah Daffodil said. She had just locked her door, ready to start for her dinner engagement, when the ringing bell had called her back.

Andy took Muriel down to the first floor, waited for her in the hall. When they returned, the girl's embarrassment was evident.

"I don't know what you'll think, Dace—Hugh isn't coming." She sounded close to tears. "These people he went to see have asked him to stay for dinner and go to a show. I told him we already accepted your invitation and that we were waiting dinner for him, but he—well, he wants to go to the show. I don't know what to say, Dace, there isn't anything I can say to excuse him."

But after they were seated, with the silver at Hugh's place hastily removed and the colorful fruit cups before each guest, Muriel made one more attempt. It was because Hugh was a soldier, she declared, the Army did nothing to foster usefulness in the civilian service. "I suppose when they have to sacrifice so much, nothing should be asked of them. Hugh has forgotten how to be a husband—he's so used now to having a fuss made over him that he thinks he can get away with anything he chooses to do."

The yellow candles burned steadily, their shining light reflected in Candace's great, soft eyes. "I think that thousands of men who see service will find it hard to settle down to normal, ordinary living," she agreed.

"Sure," Halsey Kenneth put down his fork. "You take the Air Corps. Aviators get a dozen thrills a day, every flight is a gorgeous, pulse-racing adventure. Those fellows won't be able to settle down to a humdrum existence, once they're discharged. They'll be restless, always wanting to be on the go, impatient of drudgery, eating their hearts out for the spectacular."

"What are you trying to do—scare Dace?" Leila Orton challenged belligerently.

She didn't scare worth a cent, Dace smiled as Zither brought in the turkey. "The secret is to marry your man first—ahead of camp, or ahead of war. If he's a husband before he's a soldier—well, I think you both have a greater chance of being happy when he comes back."

After dinner, when the living room had been restored to its simple function and the brightly blazing fire drew the group to sit in a semicircle around the hearth, Muriel said that her brother would soon be called for selective training. "It's all right to say for a year—all the year's training, if it makes you a real manly. He's lived through a depression and maybe we will live through a war."

"I wonder if ours is the last generation that has to go through the war you hear about?" Halsey Kenneth lighted a cigarette for her, avoiding her eyes.

Muriel Wright, her face turned from the fire, laughed cynically. "Generations have been lost for the last thirty years, haven't they? It's an old story."

"No—Minnie's right," Andy said and for all his calmness he managed to gain their attention. "We—the ones who got out of high school between 1930 and 1935—have played out of luck. That's not a whine, just a statement of fact. We tramped our feet off looking for jobs, and those we got were poorly paid and led nowhere. We couldn't marry, because we had to help out at home, for no one had much work. Between our dependents and our small wages Dace and I had to stay engaged three years. Nobody's fault—we just didn't get the raises when our case was needed."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHERE THE FUEL GOES

A PURSUIT PLANE, at cruising speed of 200 m.p.h. requires one gallon of gasoline for every four miles of flight.