By Journal Field Representative

W. T. Weddell, who has been having apartments made at the lumber can find him at any time.

Visits Parents

Mrs. Bryan McDonald and the ald and Chester Elseman to work at there. Fort Crook, then returned to Plattsmouth to visit with her parents, Mr.

ily. On their return home in the visited at the home of W. E. Rikli evening they took a collection of and wife, and Albert Rikli. books for the Murdock library, donat

Spend Holiday Here

ed by M. S. Briggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bornemeier and infant son of Omaha, were at depot, has them in fine condition Murdock on Thursday to visit the Visits in Iowa and nice and cozy where the farmers parents of Mrs. Bornemeier, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Corthey.

as "Slatts," was out to the farm on Tool passed her 98th birthday and Kuehn, getting the home ready for boys, last Sunday took Mr. McDon- Thanksgiving and enjoyed his dinner despite her years is able to look winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Rikli, residing at Beatrice, came to Murdock and Mrs. E. W. Thimgan and her for Thanksgiving at the home of Lena Anderson of Billings, Mont.

E. E. Ganaway turned the key time friends. in his shoe shop Thursday and de-

parted for Lincoln to spend the day with his daughter, Mrs. O. H. Robinson, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tool were in Iowa on Thursday to visit with Mrs. Henry E. Carson, better known ing out a yearly custom, Mrs. Lena after the household affairs.

Mesdames M. Thurston and Mrs. brother, Lester Thimgan and fam- Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Zabel and also were guests for a time at the home

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

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, Lena Tool, mother of Henry, follow- has been doing some work at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph

> 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.

AVOCA By Journal Field Representative

Home-Church Day

The Congregational church held "Home Day" at the church the past week beginning with a breakfast served at 9 o'clock which was largely attended by the membership. Following this came the Bible School and preaching services. This fellowship gathering was very successful and another is planned in the near future.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Brendel and Mrs. Henry Maseman, with June, Richard and Marilyn made up a party who visited at Nebraska City Plays in Army Band on last Friday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Ford at St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City on last Friday. All are reported as doing nice-

Last Sunday night a car driven by Robert McCann collided with one driven by Herb Sudman, but fortunately no one was injured. The accident was caused, aparently, by the drivers being blinded by bright

visiting with relatives in Lincoln on cut. last Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alwine were Corn Is Gathered guests of the parents of Mrs. Alwine, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gollner. over last week end.

announce the arrival of a daughter printing the Leader-Echo, have born last Sunday at St. Mary's hos- completed their work. Mr. and Mrs. pital in Nebraska City. "Bud" as he Blessing and family were Thanksis better known, reports all are doing giving visitors at Beatrice.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lenhardt and Johnnie of Waverly visited with friends in Avoca over last Sunday and Monday.

Edward Morley who returned about a week ago from undergoing | Henry Miller III an operation at St Mary's hospital at Nebraska City is improving nicely and is now able to be about and is quite ill at a hospital at Lincoln. meet his friends.

Mrs. Christine Sailing and daughter Miss Anna Marie were in Omaha on last Tuesday visiting and attending to some shopping in the big city.

Lee Brinton, who has been in ser-Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Brinton of Elmwood, and with relatives at Avoca and Weeping Water. He is a grand- soon leaving for the army. son of Mrs. Rachel Everett.

Jesse Voyles held a very successful closing out sale on Saturday of last week, reporting a large crowd in attendance and good prices pre-

ter Marilyn visited in Omaha last Tuesday attending to some matters of business.

Elmer Corbin, formerly a citizen of Avoca, visited here last week meeting old friends. He reports they are well pleased with their location in Elmwood and like their new home

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.

WHERE THE FUEL GOES

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

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 Seiker, Roberta Kunz, Armin Vogt, Mary Hill, Opal Hunker, Willa 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.

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 Monte Lum, the lumberman, was day 98 bushels when the corn have

Mr. and Mrs. George Blessing who have been working in getting the spend Thanksgiving. corn crop out at the home of Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Greenrod Blessing, Sr., near Murdock, also

Receives Promotion

Rehard 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 J. Miller, former county commissioner from the third district. 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, vice for over a year, is spending a Josiah Mears, also Miss Darlene fifteen day furlough with his parents Hayes who has been in Plattsmouth for some time. The occasion was a farewell to a son of Mr. and Hayes



A Lasting **MEMORIAL**



The Egyptian sphinx is an eternal tribute to the memory of the dead. Honor your loved ones with our dignified service. Standardized, modern

Floral Orders Cared For CALDWELL MORTUARY 702 Ave. "B"

Greenwood Special Journal Correspondence

Mrs. Glen Loder Johnson passed away at her home Sunday evening torium. at the age of 75 years. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church at 2 o'clock Wednesday af- his brother, Morris, of Waverly, suf-Pallbearers were: Evan Armstrong, is in serious condition. E. A. Landon, N. O. Coleman, Paul White, Ernest Leaver, Charlie Dyer, Interment was in Greenwood ceme-

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

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

Mrs. Roy Comstock was shopping in Lincoln Monday.

The Friendship Extension club me tat the home of Mrs. Charlie Beil Tuesday atteronon, Nov. 23, with 16 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. Margrett 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 own Monday afternoon calling on

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wall left

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

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

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

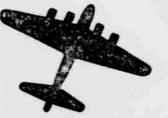
Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Coleman and Lawrence spent Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson in Lincoln.

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

Mr. Joe Kyles received word that ternoon, conducted by Rev. Ray F. fered with a heart attack Tuesday Magnuson. Mrs. Charlie Dyer sang, and was taken to the Veterans' hosaccompanied by Mrs. Vernon Greer. pital in Lincoln. Doctors report he

> 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 compenied by Mrs. Kenneth Marcy. Interment was in the Waverly ceme-

WHERE THE FUEL GOES



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

WEDNESDAY **CASH & CARRY** SPECIAL

2 Ladies' 2-piece mannish suits, Mens 3-piece suit, Spring coat, Top coat or Hats for

No pastel shades or ladies dresses included on special

Lugsch Cleaners

HURRY! HURRY! **HURRY!**



Brown Stamps G, H, J, K expire next Saturday, December 4. Count your Brown Stamps and plan to spend them early this week to avoid a week-end stamp-ede.

PORK CHOPS TENDER FLAVORFUL Pound 36	1 °
PORK LIVER YOUNG TENDER Pound 19)¢
NECK BONES MEATY 5 Pounds 2) ¢
HAMBURGER OF PATTIES Pound 2	
BACON FANCY SUGAR CURED 18 Sliced Ends 21	1¢
RING BOLOGNA OR MINCED Pound 2	7°
CRANBERRIES DEEP RED. Pound 33 CABBAGE FIRM SOLID SOLID HEADS 2 Pounds 9 CELERY FIRM, CRISP WELL-BLEACHED Stalk 19	
YAMS U.S. NO. 1 LOUISIANA PORTO RICAN Pound 10 APPLES Fancy Washington Spitzenbergers, LB. 10° Fancy West Virginia 10	¢
FLUF-TEX PUDDING MIX 16 SERVINGS PKG. 1	D¢

FLUF-TEX PUDDING MIX 16 SERVINGS	REG.	10°
FARINA VICTOR CREAM 11°	4-LB. PK S.	20°
SNO-SHEEN CAKE FLOUR FOR HOLIDAY TREATS	2%-LB.	26°
RAISINS THOMPSON SEEDLESS 4 GR. Pts. Per Pound		35
PICKLES GOLDSMITH KOSHER		29

Prices in this ad effective November 29 through December 1 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits, meats and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.

THERE IS TODAY Man to the second CHAPTER VIII

Big-hearted Sarah Daffodil acts in ev-ery capacity for the four-family house 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 home-and King Waters, veteran of World War I, and his wife Emma, a devotce of fine crocheting. The Thanes plan to invite six couples to their 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. was buying meat, Toni Fitts stood counting oranges into a bag. Before the dairy counter Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn, Doggie tucked secureunder the old man's arm, watched the scales as the clerk cut

a pound of tub butter for them. "Awful, 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. 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

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 of mine-a buddy who saw service abroad with me.' "Yes, I think of good old Barrows, every time I see the war news," King Waters was saying briskly. "He's in the Reserve and

likely to be called, if things get any more serious. I had lunch with Barrows last week and he said he didn't know how the Government could use him-he has fallen arches, sinus trouble, his arteries are in bad shape and he has been out of active business for several years. But he said to me, 'King, if Uncle Sam needs me, if my country calls, I'll go.' I suppose he'll get a desk job in Washington and release a younger man for field service. The salary," Waters added contempla-

tively, "would be a godsend to She couldn't help wondering, Sarah murmured knowing that she had no business to wonder, if it wasn't a reserve officer's patriotic duty to keep himself in good physical shape. "He'd be more of an asset if he were halfway fit."

No one could expect a veteran to be as resilient as a younger man, Waters reproved. Physical deterioration wasn't serious, where the mind remained unimpaired. "Barrows won't have to endure long marches or be under fire-it's the youngsters' turn to undergo all that. We served our time at it." As she watched him make his

that she understood how such complacency drove younger people to profane and rude retorts. Sarah Daffodil considered the question of waiting on herself to save the clerk's time, but the Peppercorns were coming toward her, all smiles. Doggie's tail wagged in

way to the door, Sarah told herself

friendly greeting, too. "The store looks so nice!" Old Mrs. Peppercorn beamed. Her black coat, cut full like a cape, seemed to weigh her down and its hem almost touched the floor. She went on to say that she loved to smell the freshly ground coffee and to see the bright colors of the oranges and lemons, the bunches of yellow bananas, the mountains of polished apples. "It makes you hungry for Thanksgiving dinner,"

Their Thanksgiving? Oh, yes,



Murial Wright rang the door bell. She was alone and looked pincked and cold.

they were invited out, she replied happily, answering Sarah's ques-Hen, the junkman, 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 Hen 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

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 One had to listen attentively to hear her, for she spoke aintly 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 hootwhat 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

hold, 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 all this for someone else, not unless I had something of my own to go home to, Candace thought watching Zither's

important in her auntie's house-

absorbed face as she counted out the dessert plates. Leila Orton and Kurt Hermann arrived first because Kurt, Leila said, was still on daylight saving time. "He liked it last Summer and

he sees no reason for ever chang-ing anything he once liked." 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

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 uptown to see an old friend. "Give him time, give him time," Andy's placid voice advised her. "Here's your warmer-upper, Muri-el. 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 be-

cause she wore glasses. Every-

thing 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

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 en gagement, 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 evide "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'd 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 unselfishness in the man in 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, pulseracing 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 single function and the brightly blazing fire drew the group to sit in a semicircle around the hearth, Minnie said that her brother would soon be called for selective training. "It's all right to say for a year-call it a year's training, if it makes you feel any better. He's lived through

a depression and maybe we will live through a war." "I wonder if ours is the lost generation 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. "Wethe 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 raisins when our cake was sliced."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. Henry Maseman and daugh-

