

**Weeping Water**

Helping Hand Society met Thursday afternoon at the home of Miss Daisy Johnson, with a large attendance. This was their annual election of officers, with the following officers chosen: President, Mrs. John Heebner; vice president, Mrs. Troy Murdock; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Frank Hunt; courtesy committee, Mrs. Ernest Norris and Mrs. Roy Harshman; Red Cross production chairman, Miss Edith Johnson. Friendly Neighbors held their

January meeting at the home of Mrs. Glen Taylor when a robe was completed for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Morris Penterman was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Taylor last Friday.

The Friendly Farm ladies met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Reuben Groesser. Mrs. Oscar Domingo was the assisting hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Baker received word that they are grandparents to Jeanette Irene, weight, 6 pounds, born to their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanson of Minneapolis, Minn., Monday, Jan. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Pehrson are planning to leave their farm and move into town as soon as their town

house is vacated. This is the house formerly the property of the late Henry Mogensen, in the north part of town. Bedford Harvey has rented the Pehrson farm and will move there the first of March. Mr. Pehrson has advertised his farm equipment for sale.

Miss Olga Pehrson, again resumed her work at the telephone office, Monday, after three months vacation on account of illness.

A letter received by Mrs. Clarence Pool, from Mrs. Irene Bill Carroll, told of the death of her mother, Mrs. John Bill, at Pasadena, Calif., on Christmas day, of cancer. Mr. and Mrs. Bill celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary last year. She

had been bedfast for the past six months and had suffered greatly. Their many friends in this community extend sympathy.

Mrs. S. Ray Smith was a Lincoln visitor Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Lake, visited his aunt and uncle, Miss Jones Rough, and Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Rough Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Lake has just completed his internship in a Detroit hospital, and is enroute to Camp Barkley, Tex., as a lieutenant in the marine corps. His wife, a lieutenant in the army, is returning to duty at Washington, D. C. They had been visiting the doctor's father, Dr. Guy Lake, at Lincoln, and his grandmother, Mrs. Lake of Murdock.

Eugene Colbert has advertised his farm equipment for sale, and will return to his town home. His son, Lloyd, who has been on a farm west of Avoca, will take charge of his father's farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Sudduth were in Omaha Sunday to visit the Dan Sudduth family.

Owing to a conflict in dates the Friday Evening Dinner club met on Thursday evening at Mac's Cafe, for dinner, and adjourned later to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Keckler, where they spent the evening playing bridge. The meeting took the form of a party honoring Richard Keckler, who leaves next week to enter the Navy.

Mrs. Arthur Berthold entertained the Idle-A-Wile Bridge club at her home Thursday afternoon, with eight guests present.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bender expect to move into their newly purchased home this coming week. New floors have been laid, and the interior has been newly decorated throughout, and the exterior painted. This will make the Benders a fine home and will be close to school, for their daughter, Joan, and close to the business part of town.

Nearly one hundred books from the library of the late Dr. M. U. Thomas have been presented to the Weeping Water library.

Miss Marie Grafe has been ill with the flu this past week.

Danish Ladies Aid met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Otto Mogensen, with a large attendance. The annual election of officers was held with the following result: President, Mrs. Chris Elgaard; vice president, Mrs. Chris Rasmussen; Mrs. Mogens Johnson, treasurer; Mrs. Ramus Lauritzen, Sr., flower fund, Mrs. Knud Jensen. The members enjoyed a fine lunch prepared by the hostess at the close of the business session. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Herman Rauth.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Stratton were quite ill with the flu last week.

Thursday Afternoon Bridge club met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Corley, with good attendance.

Mrs. Eleanor Mierdierks of Long Beach, Calif., was the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Taylor, last week.

Eight members were present at the regular meeting of the Knickerbocker Bridge club, Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Arthur Jones. One invited guest, Mrs. W. W. Jameson, was present.

Mrs. Sam Lingo and two children, Marilyn and Robert, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ranney, while waiting to secure a permanent home at Blair, where Mr. Lingo was transferred as county farm agent, from Walthill.

No-name club was entertained by Mrs. Mogens Johnson, at her home, Tuesday afternoon.

Lloyd Richards, of Camas, Wash., visited his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Moore, before returning to his home after having been called here by the death of his brother, Lt. Harold Richards, whose funeral was held at Elmwood, with burial in the Washburn cemetery.

Carpenters are busy remodeling

the home of the late Mrs. James McNamee. Water and gas has also been piped into the home, and connection has been made with the city sewer, making the home modern in every way. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rugha are preparing to move into the home this spring. Mr. Rugha has advertised his farm equipment for sale.

Mrs. E. L. Rand of LaMesa, Tex., left Wednesday for her home after having spent three weeks visiting at the S. L. Brandt home, and with her grandmother, Mrs. Anna Smith of Otoe. She expects to spend a few days in Lincoln enroute.

Keith Tankersley left Sunday after spending a 10-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Tankersley. He will be stationed at Tampa, Fla. Enroute he expected to stop over at Macon, Ga., to visit his brother, Ray Tankersley, Jr.

Mrs. S. Ray Smith informs us that her nephew, Dale Reed, has been re-classified and that he is now an electrician helper on the Alcan highway. Another Weeping Water man, "Bugs" Dill is in the same crew. At present they are working between Ft. St. John and White Horse, and are hoping to reach Fairbanks by spring.

**Have New Son**

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davenport of this city, are the proud parents of a fine son born to them Friday morning at 10:45 at St. Catherine's hospital at Omaha.

The mother and son are doing well and the occasion has brought much happiness to the members of the family circle.

Mrs. Davenport was formerly Miss Ruth Ann Hatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hatt of this city.

**Twenty-Four Hours Leave**  
BY RENEE SHANN

**CHAPTER I**

They were hurrying this morning, those of them who were snatching their twenty-four hours' leave. It didn't come very often—only once in every fourteen days. That was why they had to make the most of it. They worked hard—harder, they often thought, than many of the girls in the Waafs. They were plotters—girls who had enlisted for "special duties" in the most interesting branch of the service where they were right in the thick of it all. In the Operations rooms they needed to use their brains and needed to have plenty to use, too. Cherry Pycroft had plenty. She was quick as lightning, small, with dark hair and blue eyes, vital, alive, full of restless energy. She was breaking her neck now to catch the one-thirty to town instead of hitchhiking with the others. This was a grand and most economical way of getting to the city, and a girl in uniform could always get a lift.

But today Cherry wasn't trusting to any chance way of getting to London. Denise expected her at the apartment as soon as she arrived. And it had been a long time since she'd seen her or heard any news had gone to America with the War Purchasing Commission, but Denise had said in her last letter: "Simon will be back any day now. It seems quite incredible to think he's been gone nearly six months. The time has simply flown. But I suppose that's because I've been enjoying myself."

Cherry, giving her uniform a quick, hard brush, wondered anxiously just how well Denise had enjoyed herself. She wished she had kept in closer touch with her, though it wasn't easy now that she was working so hard. When Simon had left she had consented willingly to stay at the apartment with Denise, who firmly refused to let Simon's wishes that she live outside London while he was gone. Then the unexpected had happened. Madame Hayden, Cherry's boss, had suddenly closed her shop. She hated sackling Cherry but there was nothing she could do.

Cherry had said that night to Denise, "I don't feel like taking another civilian job, Denise. I'm awfully tempted to join one of the women's services. The Waafs are advertising for girls for 'special duties.' If it wouldn't mean letting you down..."

Denise had answered that, if Cherry felt that way, of course she must do her duty to her king and country. She'd be perfectly all right. Only the other day Sandy Drake, a friend, had said how much she would like to share the apartment with her.

"But what about Simon, darling?" Cherry had objected. "I said I'd look after you for him." Denise had laughed lightly at this and added, a trifle tartly, that she was perfectly capable of looking after herself. "You go and be a Waaf, my pet. You'll look positively stunning in that Air Force blue uniform."

Which hadn't—though Cherry had never been able to make Denise believe it—had anything to do with her reason for joining the service. It was true she felt a thrill of satisfaction the first day she'd seen herself in uniform. But that was trivial. What counted was her deep inner satisfaction. Right from the outbreak of war she had been dissatisfied with her civilian job. She was young—twenty-three on her birthday—strong—without responsibilities. It was only right that she should be doing her bit. So she had left Denise's comfortable flat to begin a fortnight's disciplinary training at a big camp just outside London. Life had suddenly become so different! With Denise she had enjoyed every comfort. At the camp...

Sometimes she wished she had waited and joined up in the Summer. Getting up at six o'clock on a raw Winter's morning, lighting fires, cleaning the hut in which she slept with a dozen other girls, drilling, going on route marches, eating unpalatable food from a bare table, never, it would seem, having any rest—all this certainly brought out the toughness in a girl, a toughness Cherry had never believed she possessed. It had done her good. Later she had been posted to an air-drome well drilled in the fact that an officer's word was law and no Waaf ever answered back.

She felt now as if she had been in service all her life. She was quite at home on the station, used to answering to her surname, popular among the other Waafs. And, most important, she no longer thought quite so often of Simon.

But how difficult it had been! Traveling to town, Cherry went back over the last three years, remembering the first time she had seen him. She had been walking across Hampstead Heath on a warm Sunday in Spring. She had tripped and hurt her ankle and he'd taken her home in a taxi. When he said good-bye he had said,



"No, darling, I mean I'm going to avoid meeting him."

"Couldn't we meet again sometime?"

For Cherry that had been the beginning. There was something about him, the way he looked and spoke, that she had been unable to put into words even to herself. But her heart turned over and her pulses quickened whenever he was near her, and she had known—almost with a sense of foreboding, which she was to learn later had certainly been justified—that there could never be any other man for her.

At the time she and Denise had been sharing an apartment. Denise had been a much sought after photographer's model. Her lovely face smiled at you from billboards. From magazine advertisements and newspapers, too.

Denise had been away when Cherry had met Simon. When she returned Cherry said, "I've met rather a nice man while you've been out of town. He's coming around this evening. His name's Simon Linton."

"Shall I like him?" Denise had asked.

"I'm sure you will. No one could help it."

Denise had liked him so much that within six weeks she had married him. From the very first moment they met Cherry had known it was going to happen. She hadn't blamed Denise. It wasn't her fault that she was so beautiful that every man she met fell in love with her. It wasn't as if she, Cherry, had even given her a hint as to how she herself felt about Simon. If she'd said, perhaps, before they met, "Please, darling, even if you do like him, leave him for me. After all, I found him first. You have so many other men. And, you see, I've fallen in love with him."

If she had only said something like this, then everything would have been different. And yet... No, she didn't really think so, because Denise would still no doubt have wanted Simon and Denise always got what she wanted. So Cherry had said nothing, just taken herself in hand and shut her heart against him. What else could she do without letting Denise know how much she loved him? Her only prayer had been that the other girl would make him happy.

Hurrying from the station to the Lindons' apartment, Cherry hoped that Denise would make Simon's return a welcome one after their six months' separation. She must surely be longing to see him again.

Connie, Denise's maid, opened the door to her. "Madam's in her room, Miss Cherry."

Denise's voice floated across the hall. "That you, Cherry? Come on in. I was hoping you'd be here soon. There are one or two things I want you to do for me."

Cherry was amazed at the confusion in Denise's charming bedroom. "Packing?" she asked stupidly.

"Yes," Denise bent her head low over a drawer and flung out a heap of silk undies.

"What's happening?" asked Cherry.

"I'm going away. And turning she looked full at Cherry, an oddly defiant expression in her eyes. 'I've had a cable from Simon from Lisbon. He's arriving this evening.' But Denise made a little gesture. 'You mean you're going to meet him?'

proving! But, Denise, I just can't believe it!"

Yes, though Denise mentioned no names, Cherry felt convinced it was Jerry Miller she wanted to take Denise by the shoulders and shake her or else lock her up until she came to her senses. She said bitterly, "It will break Simon's heart to come back here and find you've gone. I still somehow can't believe that you're really serious."

Denise fastened one of her bags and straightened her slim back. She gave a brittle little laugh. "Don't be idiotic, Cherry. Hearts don't break. Simon will get over it."

Then, her curious green eyes with their thick dark curling lashes narrowing as they met Cherry's honest blue ones, "Perhaps, my pet, this is where at long last you're going to be lucky."

So Denise knew Cherry's cheeks flamed. As she said in a little rush, "Since you've brought that out into the open, I'm not going to deny it. I've always believed you didn't know. But it doesn't matter. You must realize that I don't count with Simon. I never have. It won't make any difference because Simon will never love any other woman. Some men are unfortunately made that way. Some women, too. Only I suppose you're too shallow and worthless to understand it. Oh, Denise... her voice changed.

Amber, Denise said, "I've found that there was only an urgent pleading and a heartbreaking ring of sincerity. 'Denise, I didn't mean to say harsh things to you. It's just that I'm so unhappy for Simon. Darling, he loves you so terribly.'"

"You're just being foolishly sentimental, Cherry," said Denise practically. She gave a little tolerant superior smile. "But you always were, weren't you? I've often said you're the most sentimental girl I know. You can't get it out of your head that all men and women don't marry and live happily ever after. Let's not argue any more. I've got fifty things to do before I get away. I'm taking the three-thirty to Bristol and whatever happens I don't want to miss it. I hoped perhaps you'd be an angel and help me. Or are you by any chance going to stand sentry over that door and refuse to let me leave the apartment?"

Cherry said heatedly, "I'd very much like to."

Denise laughed. "Oh, darling, don't be so ridiculous. Cherry, listen—this was bound to happen. Simon and I just aren't made to run in double harness. It's far better for one of us to realize it and make the break. To be perfectly frank, I've been sick of Simon for some time. He's so darned dull."

"Denise!" It was a cry of reproach from Cherry's very heart.

"He is, Cherry, my pet."

"Oh, Denise, how can you!"

"Easily, darling. Oh, doubtless Simon is attractive enough to some women—yourself, for instance—but I find him horribly, boringly dull."

"And this other man? I take it it's Jerry Miller?"

Denise turned and looked at her. "Who said it was Jerry Miller?"

Cherry thought she'd try to put me off. But she's not succeeding. It was Jerry Miller, she was certain. She'd seen Denise's whole face had come alive the night he'd called for her. If only Simon were not involved, his happiness not at stake! She said dully, "Are you leaving some word for Simon?"

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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

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**To Assist Taxpayers**

A Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue will be at the following location at the time specified to assist income tax payers to file their income tax returns for the calendar year ending December 31, 1943, due on or before March 15, 1944.

- Jan. 10—Greenwood, Bank
- Jan. 11—Alvo, Post Office
- Jan. 12 & 13—Eagle, Bank
- Jan. 14 & 15—Murdock, Bank
- Jan. 17 & 18—Elmwood, Bank
- Jan. 19 to 26 incl.—Weeping Water, Hotel Laurel
- Jan. 27 to 29 incl.—Nehawka, Bank
- Jan. 31—Lincoln, Zone Office
- Feb. 1 & 2—Union, Bank
- Feb. 3—Avoca, Bank
- Feb. 4 & 5—Marilyn, Bank
- Feb. 7 to 11, incl.—Louisville, Bank
- Feb. 12—Louisville, Louisville Hotel
- Feb. 14, 15 & 16—Murray, Bank
- Feb. 17 to 26 incl.—Plattsmouth, Hotel
- Feb. 28 & 29—Lincoln, Zone Office

Mar. 1 to 4 incl.—Plattsmouth, Hotel

Mar. 6 to 15 incl.—Lincoln, Zone Office



Wayne Robert Emen, 19, of Terre Haute, Ind., who was named National Champion Vegetable Grower at the junior vegetable growers convention in Chicago. Some of his sweet potatoes which covered 17 acres are shown here.



**DIES WHILE AT PRAYER**—Chaplain Keith Munro, of the 87th Airborne Engineer Aviation Battalion, was killed instantly when an enemy plane crashed and exploded while he was conducting services for the men of his battalion in the Southwest Pacific. His commanding officer wrote his parents in Berkeley, California: "He died with God's words on his lips and could have chosen the time of God's calling, he would have had it. He was buried last evening in a grove of coconut palms surrounded by full blooming poinsettias. He gave his life that those he loved could live in peace and freedom."

**HOW MUCH FOOD Did You Save Today?**  
Food is a weapon of War. Far too much is wasted. Do your share; Shop wisely, waste nothing and try Hinky-Dinky first.

SPARE RIBS	LEAN MEATY, 1 pt. USE SPARE STAMP NO. 2	Pound	21c
PORK LIVER	YOUNG TENDER SLICED, 2 pts.	Pound	19c
PORK CHOPS	CENTER CUT 7 Points	Pound	34c
SIRLOIN STEAK	GRADE A TENDER, JUICY, 8 pts.	Pound	36c
BEEF HEARTS	DELICIOUS BAKED WITH DRESSING, 3 pts.	Pound	19c
BACON SQUARES	Fancy Sugar Cured Squares Jowl Style, lb. 10¢	Cut. lb.	21c
RING BOLOGNA	or MINCED LUNCHEON	Pound	27c
DRIED BEEF	DELICIOUS CREAMED ON TOAST	1-4 LB. PKG.	21c
ORANGES	CALIFORNIA SUNKIST SEEDLESS NAVELS	Pound	10c
GRAPEFRUIT	TEXAS MARSH SEEDLESS	Pound	6c
LETTUCE	ARIZONA ICEBERG 4 Dozen Size	Head	13c
CELERY	CALIFORNIA WELL-BLEACHED	Stalk	19c
RADISHES	TEXAS, FRESH FULL RED	Bunch	5c
GREEN BEANS	KUNER'S CUT UN-RATIONED	No. 2 Cans	14c
PEAS	BLUEBIRD GARDEN RUN 15 POINTS	No. 2 Cans	11c
TOMATOES	CHEERIO STANDARD 13 POINTS	No. 2 Cans	11c
MACARONI	CUT OR SPAGHETTI	2-LB. CELLO	21c
KELLOGG'S	CORN FLAKES CRISP TASTY	REG. 2 PKGS.	15c

**HINKY-DINKY**  
Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective January 10 through January 12 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.