

Weeping Water
 Subscription payments for The Plattsmouth Journal may be paid locally to Mrs. THOS. MURTEY, Representative

Pvt. William Walters
 Parents, wives and sweethearts of our soldiers who are fighting overseas, have breathlessly watched the papers and listened to the radio watching for word from their loved

ones. We have tried to steel ourselves against the first blow which might come to our community. The first definite message of death in action arrived here saying that Pvt. William R. Walters, 20, of Weeping Water, was killed in action in France, August 23, 1944. This message came from Adjutant General J. A. Uho, and was followed by a letter which arrived in Tuesday of last week. Pvt. Walters was inducted last January. He was in the infantry and received his training at Camp Blanding, Fla. He was at home on a

furlough from the 10th to the 25th of June, visiting his wife, the former Maxine Grubb, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Walters. He arrived in England, July 19th, and landed in France July 23, just one month before his death. Pvt. Walters was born December 31, on a farm near Syracuse. His parents moved to Cass county and he attended Laurel Hill school and Avoca High school. October 14, he married Miss Maxine Grubb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Grubb, at Rockport, Mo., and they made their home in Weeping Water.

Surviving beside the widow are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Walters, who live on the Wallace Philpot farm, east of Weeping Water, two brothers, Herman and Lawrence, who live with the parents; two half brothers, Alfred Davis and Harry Davis. Alfred Davis has recently been sent home with a medical discharge after contracting malaria overseas.

Weeping Water American Legion will conduct memorial services in honor of Pvt. Walters, Sunday, September 24, at the Weeping Water auditorium.

The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved young wife and to the parents and brothers of this young soldier who gave his life for his country, while in the very prime of his youth.

Billy Grieb, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Binger, arrived home last week from Los Angeles, California, where he spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Jamesen and young son, Gregg, of Alton, Illinois, are expected to arrive here today for a visit with Mr. Jamesen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Jamesen. Glen is a chemist with an oil company at Alton.

Helen Tyner, daughter of Mrs. Letha Tyner, underwent an appendectomy at Bryan Memorial hospital a week ago Sunday. She was expected to return home yesterday.

Thursday Afternoon Bridge club met last week at the home of Mrs. Helen Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Pollard, Jr., of Seymour, Iowa, came last week to attend the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. Pollard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pollard of Nehawka. Mrs. Pollard remained until Saturday, visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt.

Miss Mary Ann Pryor left for Grinnell, Ia., for her second year's work at Grinnell College.

Two Weeping Water boys and one Louisville boy, who had their boot training together at Farragut, Idaho have been transferred to Treasure Island, and the three were greatly surprised on arriving at their destination, to find that all three were on the same plane, and are together again. The three are David Schomaker, Louisville, Robert Homan and Eugene Stratton.

Mrs. R. W. Rector and daughter, Conny, Mrs. Ethel Bouton and Mrs. Harold Johnson and two sons were Nebraska City visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Harold Domingo entertained a group of small children, Thursday afternoon, surprising her young daughter, Yvonne, on her fifth birthday.

In the year 1909 a young man by the name of Fred Rehmeier came to America from Denmark. Four years later Miss Alma Frederickson arrived here from the same country. The next year, or 1914, September 5th, this couple were united in marriage, in Omaha. Three years later they came to Weeping Water to make their home, and in 1919 they moved to the farm northwest of Weeping Water, where they have lived since that time. Three children have brought happiness to their home. They are Vincent Rehmeier, who with his wife and young daughter live on a farm not far from the parents, Frances, now Mrs. Arnold Dettmer, wife of a soldier who is on duty in this country, and her young son, who are making their home with the parents for the duration of the war, and Lyman, who is yet at home. Mrs. Dettmer has accepted a position as teacher in Weeping Water high school this year, to aid in relieving the teacher shortage. This family have always been active in 4-H club work, and extension club work of all kinds, especially the raising of line livestock. Fred Rehmeier is president of the Cass County Fair board, a member of the State Fair board, superintendent of the sheep department at the state fair. He is prominent in the Masonic lodge and Mrs. Rehmeier is past worthy matron of the Elizabeth chapter of O. E. S., and is an active member of the Woman's Association of the Congregational church.

Thirty years have passed since the Rehmeier's were married at Omaha. It was not convenient to celebrate the occasion on September 5th, so last Sunday, Sept. 10, more than a hundred of their friends arrived at their home with overflowing baskets of food, and spent the day at their home. It was a day of visiting and reminiscing with friends coming from Omaha, Alvo and Avoca, for the occasion, with a fine dinner served at the noon hour, and coffee served during the afternoon.

Old settlers who visited in Weeping Water last week were Judge and

Mrs. Robert Ewart of Wahoo, who visited Mrs. Joan Carter. Mrs. Ewart is the former Miss Mamie Mills, and from Sioux Falls, S. D., came Dr. Fred Evans, and his daughter, Mrs. Claude Watson, who visited at the home of Mrs. W. W. Davis and other relatives.

Tuesday evening of this week will be a long looked for event for the Weeping Water group of Boy Scouts when investiture services and a court of honor will be held at their regular meeting place, which is the gymnasium in the old high school building. Ray Arringdale, scout executive, of Lincoln, will be present at the meeting.

Another group which is looking forward to Tuesday, is the Woman's club group, which opens its season with a meeting at the home of Mrs. Arthur H. Jones, when Mrs. W. L. Dwyer will review the book, "Yankee From Olympus," after which another of their popular swap parties will be held.

Mrs. Roy Wiles, Mrs. Henry Christensen, Mrs. Beryl Hansen and son, Larry, spent Thursday in Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rector received an interesting souvenir, taken from the pocket of a Jap which was killed by their son, Ivan Rector, who is in Burma, China. It is ten cents in paper money, which the Jap planned to use during the invasion. Ivan Rector was wounded the last of May and has been in a hospital in India ever since that time.

Mrs. Fred Gorder went to Murdock Saturday evening to remain until this (Monday) evening at the home of her brother, Harold Too.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Pool of Lincoln visited at the home of Dr. Pool's brother, Clarence Pool and Mrs. Pool, Wednesday night and Thursday. They had been visiting friends at Peru before coming to Weeping Water. As they had spent the summer at their summer home at Estes Park, it was their first visit here since their return.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knaup and their two children, Ronald and Roberta, were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Knaup's aunts, Miss Anna and Miss Ida McFall, in Elmwood.

The large group of men, who went to Colorado to pick peaches, arrived home Tuesday. The large supply of peaches shipped here, as the consequence of their work out there, has caused the housekeepers to be unusually busy, canning peaches the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorden Heneger received a letter recently from their son Howard, who is in England, saying that he has been promoted to the rank of technical sergeant. Howard is in the Air Corps and has been flying over Germany and over England.

A bit of good news about another Weeping Water flyer is that Lt. Russell Van Every has been transferred from a hospital in England, to the new soldiers hospital at Colorado Springs, and he has been able to talk with his wife over the telephone. Lt. Van Every had his eyes injured and has been hospitalized in England.

Miss Nina Freeman and Miss Rose Mae Livingston are again assisting with music at a series of meetings. This time it's at the Douglas Christian church, where the Rev. Austin J. Hollingsworth of Lincoln is the evangelist. The young ladies came home Saturday morning and remained until Sunday evening, when they returned to Douglas in time for the evening service. Miss Freeman leads the singing and Miss Livingston presides at the organ.

Miss Charlotte Rieke has enrolled at the State Agricultural college for a four-year home economic course. Miss Rieke has been an active member of 4-H clubs for several years, and has done outstanding work in the clubs and we predict that she will take her college work just as seriously, and will reach the goal which she has in view.

The South Side Pincolo club had another of their enjoyable birthday parties, Monday, at the home of Mrs. Fred Wildrick, when they honored three of their members whose birthdays come this week. The honored guests were the hostess, Mrs. Fred Wildrick, Mrs. S. Ray Smith and Mrs. Robert O. Baker. A covered dish dinner was held at the noon hour and the afternoon was spent playing their favorite game of pincolo.

Miss Margaret Baker and her brother, Charles Baker, arrived here Sunday from Rock Island, Illinois, after a years stay in that city. Charles has enrolled in school, and has affiliated himself with the Boy Scouts, so he is busy. They are with their mother, Mrs. Vesta Baker.

RAT CONTROL IN NEBRASKA

Rats were always considered a menace and were fought before their role as vectors of disease was understood. Because of the economic losses they cause to industry and commerce and the annoyance they create in homes, they are objects of hatred. Today, at least six diseases which are transmitted to man from the rat are known. These are plague, typhus, trichinosis, a form of jaundice, tapeworm and food poisoning. The whole story of the role of rats as carriers of disease is yet untold. It is therefore imperative that a continuing rat control program be inaugurated in every community and especially every farmstead. Rats like other living things require food and shelter if they are to propagate and increase in numbers. Destroy either one, and the rats suffer. The destruction of the shelter appears to be the more important of the two. This includes the employing of rat proof design in buildings that eliminates enclosed spaces, using rat proof materials of construction, especially rat proof methods of construction and installation, and providing for periodic inspection of buildings to insure permanent upkeep. This program will force the rat out into the open when its destruction will be possible.

The second control measure is to eliminate the food supply. This consists of storing all foods in rat proofed buildings or in rat proof containers, the proper storage and disposal of garbage, the proper fencing of stock and chickens to prevent waste feed being picked up by the rats.

The above measures now force the rat into the open where trapping or killing by dogs or cats will be possible. Slowly but consistently the rat will be eliminated and the community will benefit not only in the eradication of a nuisance, but will benefit from the standpoint of savings caused by damage done to food and buildings and will undoubtedly improve the health of the community.

C. A. SELBY, M. D.

AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATOR TRAINEES NEEDED

Qualified applicants for the position of Aircraft Communicator

(Trainee), \$2190 a year including overtime pay, for duty in the fifth region of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, are now being sought by the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Henry A. Hughson, civil service secretary at the local post office announced today.

Interested persons should immediately get in touch with the 9th U. S. civil service region or with the civil service secretary at any first or second class post office in this state, for full information and application blanks. Age limits (which are waived for veterans) are: minimum, 18; maximum, 40.

Completed applications should be filed soon as possible with the Manager, Branch Regional Office of the 9th U. S. Civil Service Region, 208 Mutual Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri; applications are not desired, however, from persons engaged on war work unless the position applied for requires higher skills than are presently being used.

With the country fifty million pounds of butter short and a large percent of the stores in the east without butter or allowing only one-fourth to one-half a pound a week to a family there is need for more Butter Fat than ever before. With the price 48 cents for butter fat and 10 cents from the government, we know the cream producers will come to the aid of the country and not let the government down as the government did the farmers on eggs and chickens.

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CHAPTER XI

The Princess Meridel of Gratzan and her cousins arrive in Canada to visit Baron Kudi the Marquis, her uncle. He had been employed by Madame Fabre-Lusignan, who turned the estate over to the Baron in order that he could entertain the Princess about her knowing of his reduced circumstances. Roger Fabre of the Canadian Air Force and nephew of the Madame's falls in love with the Princess. Fol Martin and Rosine find a photograph on the Madame's table and learn that it is the man whom Roger has vowed to kill. They then learn that the man is Roger's brother. The Princess learned that the Baron was not the owner of the castle, so they all left for Cog d'or where he bought an interest in the Golden Cock. Roger returns to find the Princess gone and Madame's fortune in a bad way. He sets out with Madame to find the Princess and have her and the children return. While they were together Michel and a companion, escaping from a prison camp, appear out at a general alarm for Michel. While search was in progress orders were received for Roger to report back to his command.

"What's in the wind, Peter? Any idea?"

"Ah, well!" Roger looked at the clear blue sky and thought of Meridel's eyes and closed his own. It would be good to fly again, to range the heavens wide and free.

"By the way," said Peter Ayscough, "I heard they found that ritz station wagon of yours abandoned at Sainte-Barbe, not far from the border. The fugitives grabbed some farmer's truck there and took it almost to the line. And they're over, I guess. They seem to have vanished into thin air."

"I thought they'd get away. Nerve beggars."

"It's a devil of a note. That Kehl—Captain Manfred Kehl—is a big shot Nazi; the other lad, Faber, was a hell-raiser too. No end of trouble with him in the camp. I heard from a chap who did duty there. They'll find some pals in the States, you may be sure. I suppose they'll turn up next in Tobruk."

Roger, deep in his heart, did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Michel had escaped. For while he had thought, with Tante Mimi, that perhaps a bullet from a pursuer's gun would be the best answer to it all. Now he did not know. His own happiness was so great, so wonderful. Perhaps the Americans, this time, would grant no ball, would take the men and hold them prisoners until the war was over. Certainly it would be foolhardy to let those two escape. Well, anyway, it wasn't his worry any more.

The children had presented Peter Ayscough with a huge basket of ribbon-candy, barley toots, bonbons, fruit and nuts, which he consumed happily along the way at the constant hazard of wrecking the machine and breaking their necks.

"It will be a relief to get up in the air again, Pete," said Roger as they slewed away from the edge of a gully and grazed a telephone pole on the other side of the road.

"So safe up there."

"It is a bit slippery, sir. Gosh, you must have had a swell time at your aunt's place, if this is a sample of it. Was that pretty girl the princess?"

"Yes—that was the princess."

"Boy! She looked it. War surely has its compensations."

"Yes," said Roger wryly. "It's been a great war for the Fabres. We'll all be sorry to see it end."

He fell silent, thinking of that last lovely picture he had taken away with him, the bright faces of the children, Madame's burning black eyes and the pride in them and the tears that were like jewels in the eyes of Meridel. Behind them the gray walls of their faces belied their words. But I do my best, my very best, and do it every day. Always the first to spring to arms at the



"I think it's over the big lake for you, sir," said Ayscough.

call of duty, that's me, Pete."

Gradually, quiet descended on the great house as the laughter, the busy tongues were stilled by sleep. Rudolph, the incorrigible, went to the kitchen soon after dinner, to sit in the chair he loved, to talk gravely with Gesner and the cook and Florian and the other domestics, of wars and the aftermath of war, of his own experience in the army of France in the First World War. He spoke of the great generals of history, of the first great Churchill, Corporal John, Duke of Marlborough; of Prince Eugene, of Napoleon, Wellington and Elucher. He loved kitchens, did Rudolph, were they of castles, inns or cottages. He, who was "to the manner born," found his greatest ease and happiness in the inglenook.

Madame and Meridel shared the fire in the room upstairs. It had been a good day. The events of last night had not faded, any more than the wine stain on the taupe carpet. But the beauties of the day had taken some of the ugliness from them; the sweet and gentle spirit, the love that had pervaded the house had driven those dark shadows into hiding and both of them prayed, the old lady and the young girl, in whose eyes the dreams refused to die, that they would not come again.

"You sent Roger away happy this time," said Madame. "Never before have I seen him go so gayly, leave so much that he loved behind and depart singing. But it was so today, I think he must have taken something very precious away with him."

Meridel colored, looked at her hand that he had kissed. "Something very small I think, Madame. He asked for my love, and I told him it was freely given."

The old lady looked at her shrewdly for a moment; then at the fire. She rubbed her chin on the gleaming knob of her stick. "Freely, yes," she said after a moment. "Sometimes, I know, it is not in our power to give as we should like to give."

"And is not that selfishness, Madame?"

The thin shoulders shrugged. "Say, rather, it is human nature—a perverse, stubborn, sometimes hateful thing. Logic stops at human nature. Why do we do the things we do, hein? Why should we cause pain to those who love us most? Roger adores you, but you know what it is in love—one who loves, one who permits herself to be loved. It is like that in any match. There is no balance. One gives, the other takes. Oh, I have seen it often, often."

"You think it is like that with— with Roger and me?"

"Isn't it?"

"I—" she covered her face with her hands. "I do not know. Oh, he is so fine. He is what you call a noble knight. I am nothing. By accident of birth I was taught to consider myself something for a while. Not now. Where is my nobility compared with his, with that of so many thousands of men like him—kings, princes, knights—"

"Butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers," said Madame. "Every man, given a chance, can be a Bayard. If these wars prove nothing else they have shown that the heart of the peasant beats with the same stroke as the heart of a king. Well—but you are going to marry Roger Fabre?"

"I promised. When he returns, if he wants me still, I shall marry him."

"You could not do better," said Madame coolly. "Nor could he. You have my blessing, both of you. It's too bad there was ever a sour note in this symphony of yours."

"That sour note—?"

"You heard it last night." The old lady's voice was harsh. "In this room. You know what I mean."

"I will not think of him."

"You can't forget him. No more can I."

"But I—I must forget him. You would not have me go on thinking of him after—"

"Can you help yourself?"

"Please, Madame, you are merciful."

"I am a woman, and I am old."

"But—"

"And here it is. Being a woman I know what a man, one man, the man can do to your heart when you are young; being old, I will not deny it. The finest women have loved the greatest knaves who ever walked this earth."

"It is wrong to love like that."

"Mon Dieu! Who shall say what it is wrong to love? Not I, be assured of that, my little one."

"But who is to tell me? Oh, I try not to think of him! It was only for a little while I knew him—"

"A moment is long enough," murmured the Sibyl. "A portion of a moment. It is all done by a spark, I think. The fire is lit from that spark. Sometimes, most often, in fact, the fire needs to be nursed and replenished; sometimes—and here I speak of great loves—the fire, unattended and unfed except by dreams, burns on all through one's life."

"You mean I shall always—always remember him?"

"You will keep what you have of him," said Madame gently. "That is woman's burden. To carry with her things that can only hurt her, burn her, bring her misery. But she cannot be rid of them and she is so made that I doubt she would rid herself of them if she could."

"Are we such poor things then, Madame?"

"I'm afraid we are, my child."

"Then—then I cannot, because I made some lovely image of that one, ever hope to be worthy of the love that Roger offers me? I can never really be given to him because there is some part of me that he can never win?"

"No one can be given completely to another. It is a pity, but there is the truth of it. If you can make him happy, my dear, it will be enough."

"I will try. With all my heart."

"Then you cannot fail, Meridel."

The too-short holidays and the great feast of New Year's passed on into the steady merciful cold of the iron months of January and February. Life went on evenly enough at Phillibert. Although Roger had gone, Meridel and the children did not return to the city when vacation ended, and Rudolph spent most of his time at the mansion that he had, from long pretense of ownership, come to look upon rather as the place where he belonged. Meridel stayed because Madame needed her now and the children could have good schooling from Miss Carrick and the other teachers whom the government had provided.

Roger was still in England. Never a great one to write letters, he contented himself now with the odd cable, a verbal message entrusted to some homing associate in the Air Force, a few lines on a post-card, a letter or two to Meridel. One she received in February said: "I hope to be with you soon. In the long weeks that have passed since we said goodby at Phillibert, I have often wondered if I did not dream all the lovely things that happened there—as well as those unlovely. You are still mine, Meridel? You did say you would marry me when I come home again—did you not?"

"Yes, yes; I could not be such a self-deceiver. You told me when we sat in front of the fire, while the rest of the household slept. I remember so well the sweetness of your lips, the sicken softness of your hair. I hear still the music of your voice, so like little bells. In the air I dream sometimes that you are at my side and I hear your voice whispering to me at the foot of the wind. And I, to whom you have given so much of beauty, never think of death. I have known you; what could a man ask more? I fear I have become greedy; I long so for the time to come when I shall fly back to you, and I know the first glimpse of those misty shores of Canada will be to me, as to so many others, like seeing the battlements of heaven."

"So you will begin to think of your trousseau now. You will know that I love you always. Roger."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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