

The Plattsmouth Journal

ESTABLISHED 1881

Published semi-weekly, Mondays and Thursdays, at 409-413 Main Street, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, by The Journal Publishing Company.

LESTER A. WALKER, PUBLISHER
DON J. ARUNDEL, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered at the Postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, as second class mail matter in accordance with the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE:—\$3 per year, cash in advance, by mail outside the Plattsmouth trade area.

DAILY JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—Delivered by carrier in the City of Plattsmouth, 15 cents per week, or \$7.00 per year cash in advance; by mail in the Plattsmouth trade area: \$3 per year, \$1.75 for six months, \$1.00 for three months, cash in advance. By mail outside the Plattsmouth trade area, \$5.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months, 60 cents per month, cash in advance.

AFTER THE DELUGE

Readers whose memory of the theater or movies spans 10 years or so may recall a play called "The Deluge." It was the story of a group of people, a small-town group full of social, political and personal animosities, who took refuge from a flood in a water-tight basement.

Though in temporary safety, all faced death from suffocation in their unventilated refuge. And as breathing became more difficult and death drew nearer, their enmities seemed less and less important. Two by two they resolved their differences, admitted the good points of their opponents' views and characters, and composed their souls to meet their imminent fate.

At last the oxygen in the room was nearly exhausted. Preferring quick drowning to suffocation, one of the characters threw open the door in expectation of a torrent of water. But the flood had receded. And, with peril past, the bad feeling returned. All departed for home as bitter as when they entered.

The point of that play is uncomfortably applicable to the present state of this country and of the world. The tragic truth is that it takes the dire peril of war to bring out the best in men.

So in this war nations forgot ambition and jealously and ideological differences, and pooled their strength to crush the forces of tyranny. Here at home workers and employers found a way to settle disputes and work together in turning out the arms that made victory possible.

But now that the flood of war has receded, the differences are with us again in greater intensity. Selfishness and stubbornness have returned. The domestic front is threatened with economic war. In London, the first post-war meeting of diplomatic representatives of the great Allies was a deadlock of opposing views which ended in discouragement and general frustration.

The knowledge that classes and nations cannot get along together unless they face extinction may not be new. But it is shocking to have to make that discovery again. Somehow, after the bitter battle to cleanse the earth of the fascist scourge, everyone hoped that perhaps the world might become a better and happier place.

Yet, though we made great scientific strides during the war years, we did not keep pace in human relations. Though we attained a high level of prosperity, we find the continuation of that prosperity endangered by disputes involving a few thousand of our multi-million population. Though we spread the doctrine of democracy far, our destinies are still shaped in the secret meetings of a few world statesmen.

As of today, there is precious little evidence that this country or the world has learned much from history's most terrible war.

Q—How much gold is mined in the United States?

A—In 1940, 6,000,000 troy ounces worth \$210,000,000. Gold mine operations were suspended in 1942, but resumed recently.

Q—What city was known as the "Gibraltar of the East?"

A—Singapore, Britain's big naval base.

Q—What is the history of the famous bronze bell in Seoul, Korean capital occupied by U. S. troops?

A—It was cast in the 15th century to ring a curfew in the city, at which time men had to leave the streets to make way for women.

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By BREW PEARSON

KANSAS CITY, Mo. — Navy insiders are hoping for a new deal regarding discharges, recognition of reserves and other navy injustices, following the shake-up in the navy's bureau of personnel and the impending exit of Navy Czar Adm. Ernie King. In fact, some fresh air already has blown into the navy department.

To get the full picture of what's happening, it's necessary to realize that for about five years the secretary of the navy has chiefly been the performing puppet of hard-boiled, high-handed Adm. Frank Knox. The late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox was at sword's point with King most of the time. The admirals would meet in formal session with him, show him a few routine cables and then adjourn.

Later, King and his close associates would handle the really important cables, which neither Knox nor Under Secretary James Forrestal knew existed.

Admiral King pulled his own Annapolis classmates around him. He formed the most powerful clique the navy has ever seen, with no one able to penetrate it, least of all the secretary of the navy. The older men of King's time at Annapolis (he is 65) got the chief plans, and the younger men bore the brunt of the fighting. Antagonism against King was especially bitter among Annapolis men between the classes of 1917 to 1933.

Navy Storm Breaks

With the end of the war, however, the storm broke. Reserve officers and regular navy officers found strict censorship lifted and began to speak out.

Long before this, however, some of the younger officers on Secretary Forrestal's staff had tipped him off as to what was going on. They told him that the important telegrams were not being shown him. They suggested that he go up to the communications room himself and look them over. Forrestal did, and from that time on, he has had more to say about running the navy.

The man who handled promotions, transfers and discharges for King was Adm. Randall Jacobs, chief of the bureau of naval personnel or "Bupers." If you control "Bupers," you can pretty much dominate the navy. And between them, King and Jacobs did.

But the end of the war caught both King and Jacobs completely off-guard. They had never expected it so soon.

In fact they were making all preparations for a full-scale invasion of Japan this fall. Furthermore, King did not want to see the navy reduced to anywhere near its peacetime size, so was the last man to want to speed naval discharges.

Forrestal Gets Tough

It was at about this point that Jim Forrestal, for the most part a meek and mild little man, began to get tough. Though he had been wise to King for a long time, he had been handicapped by the fact that King was the special pet of FDR, and the late president considered it his own job to run the navy. Forrestal was almost helpless.

With Truman, however, it was different. Truman not only believes in each cabinet member being responsible for his own department, but he also knew something about the way Admiral King had ridden roughshod over the civilian secretaries of the navy. So the first move made by Secretary Forrestal was to remove Admiral Jacobs, the man with the key to promotions, transfers and discharges. Jacobs never wanted to go. He had a fine house at the naval hospital supplied him by the government, together with a couple of Filipino servants. However he had no choice in the matter.

At first a special job was created for Jacobs. He was to be a full admiral with the magnificent title of "inspector general of the Pacific."

By this time, however, Forrestal was really feeling his oats. He was determined to run the navy himself. And public criticism against Jacobs' slow discharge system strengthened Forrestal's hand. He took away the glittering job in the Pacific and reduced Jacobs to the humdrum chore of running the Bremerton naval base near Seattle, Washington.

Furthermore, Forrestal brought into the navy a man who does not play on Admiral King's team, Adm. Lou Denfield, and made him chief of personnel. King kicked like a Missouri mule, but Forrestal overrode him.

The Navy's Eisenhower

Then, to make matters worse, Forrestal brought in as Denfield's assistant, Capt. John Gingrich, another man who does not play on King's team.

Gingrich's career, in a way, might be compared to that of General Eisenhower. Like Eisenhower, he is the product of the Kansas prairies. Born in Dodge City, Kan., he graduated from Annapolis and did a great job in the war as commander of the cruiser Pittsburgh. It was Gingrich who largely towed the flaming carrier Franklin out of danger, incidentally covering up some glaring mistakes by other commanders which have never leaked out.

It was Gingrich who nursed the Pittsburgh all the way across the Pacific when 100 feet of her bow was torn off by a typhoon—once again covering up some faulty construction which the navy didn't want advertised.

But, somewhat like Eisenhower, who was fired by General MacArthur when they served together in Manila in 1938, Gingrich was "fired" by Admiral King. As a reward for his heroism, he was relegated to the sidelines, removed from command of the Pittsburgh, and given the innocuous job of chief of personnel at Miami, Fla. Gingrich had been offered several important jobs by admirals in the Pacific, but King "sent him to Liberia" instead.

At this point, however, Secretary Forrestal stepped in. He ordered young Captain Gingrich back to Washington as deputy chief of the powerful bureau of personnel.

The mothers, wives and sweethearts of navy men have a lot to be thankful for as a result of this transfer. Both Denfield and Gingrich, though Annapolis graduates, believe in recognizing the reserves, believe in speeding discharges, and understand the problems of navy men. There should be a new hurry-up of navy discharges as a result.

(Copyright, 1945, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Honorable Deflation Now a Fact



ESME OF PARIS by Esme Davis

Esme Davis Matr. Distributed by NEA

I
IF I wasn't born precisely in the traditional dressing room trunk, it was the next best thing, for I spent the first years of my life in theater and circus dressing rooms in many lands, playing between wardrobe trunks and slumbering in an atmosphere of greasepaint with the distant throb of the orchestra as my lullaby.

Grandmother often told me that I had been inconsiderate enough to arrive in the world feet first. But perhaps I should begin at the beginning.

I was born on January 18, 1906, in Wheeling, West Virginia, during one of the wildest storms and coldest winters ever known in that region. Mother was visiting my grandmother, who was assembling her company for the southern tour of the Sells-Floto Circus, Wheeling being in those days a sort of taking-off point for acts going south for the winter circus dates. My father was in Canada, and mother had intended joining him for the "blessed event," but I was born three weeks prematurely, the result of an accident mother experienced while out driving with grandmama, in which she broke her wrist. The shock not only precipitated my birth but caused complications which nearly cost mother her life.

My mother, Sofia Oswald, was an exceedingly beautiful woman, with a dead-white skin and copper-colored hair that contrasted strangely with her vividly green eyes. She was very tiny, with exquisite little feet but ugly hands of which she was morbidly ashamed, especially when this defect was reproduced in me.

Grandmama used to say that mother was a seventh child of a seventh child and as a result had second sight. I don't know just how true this is, but mother insisted that she encountered ghosts almost everywhere we went, often announcing she had just seen "Tio Enrique," a favorite uncle, or some other defunct relative who sent his regards to everybody. This happened so frequently we eventually took it as a matter of course.

In addition to her beauty, mother had a magnificent soprano voice and was a finished musician. She played both piano and guitar perfectly and had a vast knowledge of music. She had made a considerable reputation for herself as a concert and grand opera singer, under the stage name of Maria de Lisle, both in Europe and in the Americas. She had a childish disregard for the practical things in life, living only for music, yet she was devoted to me, and looking back, I have a feeling of intense admiration for her and the things for which she stood.

In appearance she was totally different from my grandmother, who was also very tiny but with a dark, almost oriental beauty frequently seen in the Andalusian gypsies, lovely feet and hands, and jet-black hair so long she could almost stand on it. She smoked black Cuban cigars incessantly, loved to gamble and, like all gypsies, preferred to "borrow" rather than buy anything she wanted.

GRANDMOTHER married very young, in the Spanish custom, and couldn't have been more than 16 when she was already a famous flamenco dancer known through-



(Illustrated by George Searbo)

In Spain a woman in her early thirties is considered too old to dance professionally, so Grandmama decided to turn her uncanny gift of snake-charming to account. With this talent and her great beauty, she created her famous act, "A Night in India."

out Spain as "La Maravilla" (the Marvel). Her diminutive green satin gowns are still preserved in a glass case in the Posada de la Sañero, an ancient hangout of bullfighters in the gypsy quarter of Seville, where the autographed dancing slippers of many great dancers of Spain are reverently kept, together with the glowering black heads of famous bulls.

Grandmama's maiden name was Lolita Bazil de Delgado, and her husband, my grandfather, was Guillermo Oswald. He must have been very handsome, to judge from the little faded photograph grandmama always carried. His family had been owners for three or four generations of a fleet of small freighters that plied in and out of the Port of Cadiz with cargoes of fruit. Grandfather was also an "abogado," as lawyers are called in Spain, and he died rather young to have had such a large family, for grandmama managed to have 14 children—and keep her figure.

She was very slender as I first knew her, and as she got older, she seemed to shrink till there was nothing left but her great black eyes. After grandfather's death she found herself obliged to return to the stage, for he had left very little money. As far as her own people were concerned she could look for no assistance whatsoever, having married out of the gypsy race, and thus, in their eyes, automatically forfeited her right to make any call on them.

In Spain a woman in her early thirties is considered almost decrepit and far too old to dance professionally, so after months of struggling to make a "come-back," grandmama conceived the idea of turning to account her gift of snake-charming which she had learned from her infancy and for which she had an uncanny talent.

WITH this talent and her great beauty, grandmama created her famous act, "A Night in India," which rapidly became a star attraction throughout Europe and the United States. She had her own orchestra of Indian musicians

playing specially written music on native instruments, with marvelous drum effects, and wore vividly colored Indian costume. All this, together with her ability as a dancer, produced a sensational artistic triumph. Her power over snakes was fantastic; she bought them wild and trained them herself and could handle any poisonous reptile without getting bitten, often demonstrating this ability to directors of zoological societies and scientists. She said it was because snake-charming was done not by force but through the eyes and with the mind. Snakes have to be washed daily, and this was one of my duties. I would put them in a bathtub of tepid water, stir them around for a while, then take them out and dry them carefully, after which I rubbed them with warm olive oil. Snakes love to be oiled because it helps them to slide. Some big ones (like the boa I later kept for years in my apartment in Paris) lubricate themselves by spitting out something that looks like whipped cream. This has an awful effect on servants, especially if they happen to suspect where it came from. The business of "milking" poisonous snakes was a more serious proceeding. Grandmama used to put a piece of absorbent cotton in a wine glass and cover it with antiseptic gauze; then she took the glass in her left hand and the snake in her right, and with a gentle pressure of her fingers forced its mouth open and pushed the fangs into the soft gauze. The infuriated reptile would eject his venom where it would drop harmlessly on to the cotton. She took the greatest care of her snakes, holding them in deep respect, and I can still recall her when some momentous decision was to be made, consulting with them in the middle of the night, by the light of a small lamp. The greatest benefit I ever derived from them was their usefulness in getting unwanted guests out of the house in a hurry and in negotiating the customs when traveling.

(To Be Continued)

EDSON'S WASHINGTON COLUMN

BY PETER EDSON
NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson will not be named presiding officer of the forthcoming labor-management conference after all. His health will not permit him to take the arduous assignment. No announcement was made of it at the time, but the venerable statesman had a heart attack at the White House on his 78th birthday. This was the day he left Washington. He recovered remarkably and was able to leave on his own feet, though the attack did delay his takeoff from Washington airport by nearly an hour.



Edson

The 5000 Jap prisoners of war now held in the United States will be shipped back where they came from in the near future. General MacArthur has advised Washington the POWs can be absorbed without difficulty and Major General Leitch, the Provost Marshal General, has flown to Japan to complete arrangements for the transfer. Most of the Jap prisoners in the U. S. were captured in earlier Pacific campaigns and remained obstinately irreconcilable up to the day the Emperor threw in the sponge, towel, glove and works.

ERIC A. JOHNSTON, new head of the motion picture producers' and successor to "Czar" Will Hays, recently installed a profit-sharing plan for employees in his electrical concerns in the northwest. Briefly, the plan called for setting aside 25 per cent of the net profits after taxes for division among employees on the basis of their seniority in service and salary scales. After the plan was put in effect a group of the employees protested. It wasn't fair, they said, to the stability of the company or the stockholders. To Johnston's surprise, what they proposed was that 6 per cent net profits be set aside for the stockholders first, before any allocation was made for profit-sharing among the employees.

SO many plans for the government of Germany have been made that it is almost impossible to keep up with them. That fact led former Secretary of Treasury Henry W. Morgenthau to say the other day when he criticized the government because it had not made public its plan known as IC-1067—Joint Chiefs of Staff Memo No. 1067. Morgenthau made this criticism of his former pals while putting in a plug for his own forthcoming book, "Germany is Our Problem," in which he finally reveals—with President Roosevelt's deathbed permission—the famous Morgenthau plan of 1944 for governing Germany. Morgenthau's criticism of the Truman administration for not making public 1067 doesn't add up because he had it in his hands when he was Secretary of Treasury, he was asked to make it public, and didn't.

Avoca

LEONE EVERETT, Correspondent

Avoca women club met Wednesday October 3 with Phyllis Straub. The program as follows: Roll Call, Music, "Hard Times Come Again No More," World Problems: Foods and nutrition, Mrs. Henry Smith; Clothing, Mrs. Claire Wulber; Heating, Mrs. Fred Meyer.

Visitors were Mrs. Nelson Berger, Nehawka; Mrs. Ray Norris, Weeping Water.

Henry Shaeffer was here putting out his sale bills for a general farm sale north west of Avoca on Tuesday October 9.

Ed Morley was a business visitor to Nebraska City Wed.

Mrs. Alvin Gustavson, Portland, Ore. has been a guest at the George Meyer home. They took her to Omaha where she took a train for home.

Mrs. William Kepler Jr. received a letter saying her husband was in Manila.

Nora Jean McDonald is the proud owner of a new bicycle.

Miss Dorothy Jorjensen formerly with the waves at Great Lades training hospital is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jorjensen.

Mrs. Buchanan and Alma Larne of Nebraska City were visiting with Mrs. Attie Nutzman Wednesday.

The men of the community got together Wed. night in the town hall and organized a mens community club. They had a fish fry and 75 lbs. of fish were on hand for lunch. The following officers were elected: Carl Zaiser, chairman, Otto Hauschild, treasurer and Henry Maseman, secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kunz announce the birth of a daughter Friday, October 5 at the St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

Mrs. Ralph Stuebendick is at Sterling, Colo. in the hospital. She suffered several attacks of asthma and had to go to Colo. for relief.

At this writing she is somewhat improved.

Mr. Roy Ruhge came home Thursday from the separation center at San Antonio, Texas. He is now on inactive duty and after 30 days will receive his discharge papers. He will help his father in the grocery store for the present.

State Department at Odds With Senators

WASHINGTON (AP)—The state department, already locked in conflict with Russia over plans for European peace treaties, found itself at odds with senators and Latin-American nations Saturday on methods for adopting a permanent western hemisphere security pact.

Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson was handed a sharp diplomatic rebuff late Friday by the governing board of the Pan-American union. Acheson asked that the Oct. 20 Rio de Janeiro conference called to draft a permanent military aid treaty to replace the wartime act of Chapultepec be postponed indefinitely.

The Pan-American board representing all American nations except Canada, agreed to postpone the meeting but voted to meet again Nov. 20th to consider fixing a future date for the postponed Rio conference.

Acheson went along with the plan for the Nov. 20 meeting. But he indicated quite clearly earlier this week that the United States preferred cancellation of the Rio conference entirely and the drafting of the hemisphere security treaty through diplomatic channels, thus making it possible to leave Argentina out. The reason, he explained at this time, was this country's willingness to make military pacts with the present Argentine regime.

First Harvard President GREENVILLE, N. H. (AP)—Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College, is buried in an old cemetery in Greenville.

relief. At this writing she is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kunz announce the birth of a daughter Friday, October 5 at the St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

Mrs. Ralph Stuebendick is at Sterling, Colo. in the hospital. She suffered several attacks of asthma and had to go to Colo. for relief.

At this writing she is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kunz announce the birth of a daughter Friday, October 5 at the St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

Mrs. Ralph Stuebendick is at Sterling, Colo. in the hospital. She suffered several attacks of asthma and had to go to Colo. for relief.

At this writing she is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kunz announce the birth of a daughter Friday, October 5 at the St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

Mrs. Ralph Stuebendick is at Sterling, Colo. in the hospital. She suffered several attacks of asthma and had to go to Colo. for relief.

At this writing she is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kunz announce the birth of a daughter Friday, October 5 at the St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

Mrs. Ralph Stuebendick is at Sterling, Colo. in the hospital. She suffered several attacks of asthma and had to go to Colo. for relief.

At this writing she is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kunz announce the birth of a daughter Friday, October 5 at the St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Fergusson



YOU DON'T NEED TO RUN FROM A SNAKE! THE FASTEST AMERICAN SPECIES CAN TRAVEL ONLY 3 MILES PER HOUR.

Quoting Odds
A TYPIST MAY HAVE A PERFECT TOUCH SYSTEM, YET NEVER BORROW.
Says R. BILL WILLIAMSON,
Lafayette, Louisiana



THE THERMOMETER IS MISNAMED! ITS NAME COMES FROM THE GREEK THERMOS (HEAT) AND METRON (MEASURE) BUT ACTUALLY IT MEASURES TEMPERATURE... NOT HEAT.

NEXT: Square meal for an Eskimo.