

"Murder!" They Cried

By DOROTHY STALEY

STORY: Arrogantly beautiful Phillipa Willson, Fletcher's wife, announces to the gathered Willson clan that she has sent her small twin sons away until Friday. Everyone is dismayed because Fletcher leaves in up Thursday. "Damn you, Phillip! Fletcher says, 'Some day, so help me, I'll kill you...'"

II

PHIL tilted her head at Fletcher's outburst and said coldly and smoothly, "How dare you speak to me that way before servants?" Betsy, still leaning toward her, burst out fiercely. "Nana isn't a servant." Loyal little Betsy. Yet I suppose I am a servant. I was Jenny Stites' governess from the day she was 3 until she was almost 16 and went off to school. I had to be more than governess, for she had no mother and big, bluff Joel Stites depended on me to look after Jenny. Then I was only away from her for three years. Late in 1913 I fell and broke my hip and when it had healed, I was crippled, and no one wanted a governess who limped very badly. I had some money and I was going home to England where I might have been able to manage on it, but then the war came. I had only one friend to whom to turn, Joel Stites. "And right you are, Jenima Harrold," he said, "to come to me. My Jenny needs someone to talk to." Jenny did indeed need someone to talk to, but she wanted no one to listen to. So I've been with my Miss Jenny ever since and except for when Fletcher and Betsy were small and we ate in the nursery, I've taken my meals with the family.



Dru's face flamed and she stood up as though she would leave the table.

Phillipa gave her head a little toss in reply to Betsy's remark. "I didn't mean Nana," she answered.

Fletcher said, "If you meant Dru... Dru Ellis' face flamed. Dru is 27, the same age as Fletcher, and she has been Mr. Willson's secretary for eight years. Often when he doesn't want to go into the office, she comes out and stays at the house and works with him there. The Willsons are very fond of her. Her parents named her Druella and probably expected her to grow up to the name, but instead she is a sparkling sort of person, all fresh and dewy-looking. She is almost as tall as Fletcher and her hair is the color of chestnuts when they first burst from the burr, and her eyes are wide and gray and steady like Fletcher's. Beside her Phillipa looks counterfeited, and looking at Phillipa at that moment, I thought, "And Phillipa knows it."

DRU stood up as though she would leave the table, but Mr. Willson spoke up at that moment. "Sit down, Dru," he said. "And you, too, Fletcher." Mr. Willson is a very just man and when he speaks, people listen. "Now, Phillipa," he continued as Fletcher picked up his chair and sat down, "Why have you sent the children away? We all seem to be excited about it without knowing your reason."

"Yes, Phillipa," my Miss Jenny says, "you must have had a good reason." My Miss Jenny is apt to be a little flutery when she is excited. Phillipa sipped her coffee and we all waited. Finally she put down the cup and said, "I don't approve of this nonsense tomorrow. I won't have them paraded up and down the streets and exploited for the benefit of the Willson fortune."

Just another chance to be irritating. I don't know what it was that made Phillipa that way. She was bitter at Fletcher, I knew, for insisting when they were first married that they live on his salary instead of coasting along on the Willson money, and in those days Fletcher's salary was not much, for Fletcher was learning the business from the mills up and Mr. Willson would not pay him a penny more than the rates in the mills. I think Fletcher learned very early why Phillipa had married him. Then she was bitter about the twins coming in the first year of their marriage. She hadn't wanted children. But shortly after the twins were born, Phillipa began to have plenty of money of her own. She said an uncle in California had died and left her an income. No one knew much about her or her family. I suppose Mr. Willson could have found out, but he was the kind who figured that Fletcher had married her and now he could do the right thing by her. He never inquired about her background.

Mr. Willson said, "We have no intention of exploiting the children, Phillipa. It's just a custom. I have taken part in Westbrook's Fourth of July parade all my life, so has Fletcher."

The glance he gave Fletcher was for the moment unguarded and I knew in that instant what it meant to him to have Fletcher away. "Tomorrow, I thought the four of us might march together."

I FELT sick inside, as I remembered it might be their only chance. Some people, I suppose, would laugh at the Westbrook parade, but for years Westbrook has paraded to mark Independence Day. The mills and the churches, rich men and poor men, the Legion and the Elks, the Masons and the Knights of Columbus. It is as traditional and as important to Westbrook as the Assembly to Philadelphia or the Cottons to Baltimore or the Camellia Ball to Charleston. "And the picnic here?" Again Phillipa spoke too sweetly. "The picnic here," Mr. Willson

answered, "is for those men in the mills who have worked in them for as long as I have and for their children and grandchildren. For the men who are the second and third generation in the mill, like Fletcher, and their families."

"The picnic tomorrow," Phillipa said, "is to remind the men that the Willson family is one of them, so that when the Union election is held, they will vote the right way—for the Willsons, of course."

I gasped. I don't know how that girl always managed to know everything. Of course, the way she put it, it sounded bad, and that wasn't the way Mr. Willson had meant it. I had heard him talking to Miss Jenny. He had said, "I'm not against the Union, Jenny. It has been fair with the men and fair with us. But it has always been controlled by the men who have been in the mills for years. Men who know the mills and have cool, steady heads. Now if these few agitators got hold of it, God knows what will happen. Strikes, slow downs. The men lose money they need, the mill loses production. I just want to remind them that we have worked together all these years with understanding and harmony. With the right leaders, men who have their interest at heart and aren't bent on exploiting them, we can continue."

Phillipa stood up now. "It's nothing but Willson, Willson, Willson," she cried. "The Willson Mills. You would think they were God the way people speak of them. The Willson name. You mustn't do this because you're a Willson; you must do that because you're a Willson. Mustn't go here; must go there. The Willson money must go only to the Willsons." Uncle Andrew who had been quite still through all this looked up suddenly at me, and I saw Mr. Willson and Miss Jenny exchange quick glances. "It's nothing but Willson, Willson, Willson," Phillipa's voice was high and shrill now. "The Willson twins. Oh, yes. The Willson twins. Well, they're mine, too, and it's about time you people realized it."

"The picnic here," Mr. Willson

"Buck Rogers" Bomb Directed By Television

SANTA MONICA, Cal. (U.P.)—One of the strangest Buck Rogers inventions of World War II was revealed here when Douglas Aircraft took the wraps off the "Roc," a robot bomb directed by television which sought out its target through an electric eye.

First projected in 1941, the "Roc" was fully tested and ready for combat when the atomic bomb put a halt to the Pacific war. And the pilots who tested it say it would have found any target, blown it to bits and sent back a movie of how it was done.

In its final stages, the "Roc" resembled a long cigar with a ring-type shroud about the tail. Carrying 1,000 pounds of high explosive, and nicknamed the "Double Cookie Cutter," it could be directed against lights or any other target from miles away.

Two Alternate "Brains" The tail shroud was actuated by electricity-driven jack screws and could be rocked to make the "Roc" lift in any direction. The fixed tail was also a circular shroud.

By the time development had reached the prediction stage in 1945, the "Roc" had two alternate "brains"—one a radio control operated by the bombardier of the parent plane. Using a trick bombsight telescope the bombardier observed a flare on the tail of the bomb, sailed it in to the target with remote radio control and a goggle gyro system.

The second—and most remarkable—"brain" of the "Roc" was a complete television link between missile and bombardier, allowing him to see where the bomb was going and watch its explosion when it got there.

The amazing, compact television apparatus in the bomb itself was developed by RCA's laboratory at Princeton, N. J., and the bomb could be controlled from either ground or air.

Work of Many Columbia University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Navy, Army Air Forces, California Institute of Technology and Douglas cooperated in designing, testing and building the "Roc" and new special training equipment for the crews who were to handle it.

Model training and simulating devices showing replica targets and robot bombs were built and a television trainer rigged up exactly to duplicate combat conditions in testing.

Early model "Rocks," resembling the German V-1 and V-2 weapons and with conventional tails and wings, carried motion-picture cameras in their nose, filmed their own path and through the target.

The final model, trimmed down and with the circular wing and tail beneath Army or Navy bombers, also filmed its own progress in tests held in the Mojave Desert at night by picked crews keeping the bomb under a "nightgown" at all times except when in flight.

One test-model "Roc" buried itself so deeply beneath 28 feet of silt and earth that a huge clam shell digger took three weeks to retrieve it.

GI Leave Pay Is Sought by Legion WASHINGTON, D. C. — Early hearings on an American Legion-backed bill to give enlisted men terminal leave with allowances for quarters and subsistence upon discharge as now provided for officers, have been promised by both houses of congress. A House military affairs subcommittee already has recommended to the full committee favorable action on the bill of Rep. Dwight Rogers of Florida which is the Legion measure. Prompt consideration of the legion has been pledged by U. S. Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, chairman of the Senate military affairs committee.

The Rogers bill would give enlisted men two and one-half days of leave for each month of active duty and allowances for quarters and subsistence at about \$3.05 a day. It would be retroactive to apply to all men already discharged. "If enlisted men get terminal leave they will be getting only what they have earned and have not received," National Legislative Director John Thomas Taylor of the American Legion said. "Men in service are supposed to have two and one-half days of leave per month but because of wartime emergencies they didn't get that leave in many cases. Officers get 30 days of terminal leave for each year of service upon discharge. Enlisted men are entitled to it, too. The Legion is fighting to get it for them."

Arizona produced over 2,550 carloads of oranges in 1945.

"If She Can, I Can"



That threatened fad for bare bosom evening attire is bustin' out all over, and the latest communique from the front is accompanied by the photo above, which shows Roberto, of the dance team of Roberto and Sarita, with his open-chested full-dress suit. "If she can do it, I can do it," declared Roberto, as he stepped out with his partner at a San Francisco night club.

Returned Vet Writes to Pals Still on Okinawa

By Edward Ellis

Chicago, (U.P.) — Dear Fellows: I thought you guys still on Okinawa would want to know how I've found things here since getting back, so I'm going to tell you about an important discovery I've made:

The spring fashion picture is one of glitter and colors now are relaxing. I got the dope straight from Mrs. Eva Kiely, color consultant to a cosmetics house. She and I got pretty worked up about trends in lipstick and nail polish.

"I've just felt the trend on the market," she said, "and it has the glitter of the butterfly. Now that metal is coming back, women are wearing bright, bright buttons, nail heads on their shoes and, just gobs of jewelry!"

By the way, Jim, are you keeping your carbine as shiny as you used to?

"Color is as definite a trend as fashion itself," Mrs. Kiely added. "There's absolutely nothing in the world as important as color. . . Or almost nothing. Of course, back in my perfume days I thought fragrance was the most important."

But color is so psychological. You remember the fuchsia cycle, of course? . . .

You remember, don't you, Kieth?

"After the fuchsia cycle," Mrs. Kiely continued, "there was the trend of daintiness. Women wore pinks. Then there was a dark, dramatic trend when women used such lipstick as black and black rose. The latest trend has been the reds. But now we're going into scarlet. That's a bright, alive, gay, gay color and a newness in the picture. . .

Hey, Pete, is that coral mud as mustard-yellow as ever? Maybe you're up to your knees in a color trend, and don't know it.

"Yes," Mrs. Kiely said, "colors are now relaxing. They're going more wholesome, reflecting the post-war times. There's going to be more legitimate marriage and less fly-by-night stuff. . .

Are you still waiting for that letter from your wife, Kieth? Let me know how things come out.

"Clothes are coming back and it's no longer bad taste to go formal. Women are getting away from the simple, work-style clothes of war days. They've been starved for feminine fluff. . .

Bob, are you getting enough soap these days to boil your jungle greens in those old oil cans?

Hollywood Film Shop

HOLLYWOOD (U.P.)—Ann Richards, former Australian stage and screen star who is now clicking in a big way in Hollywood, claims victory over her British accent and her British pride, but she's still having trouble with her British idioms.

"I have to watch my accent constantly," she said, "but I'm able to control it now. You listen and see if I don't sound American. We have to report she did. But it's the idioms that cross her up."

The other day I told someone that another girl we know was one of the 'homeliest' persons I'd ever met. My friend howled, because the person we were talking about was a very pretty girl. I didn't realize till then that 'homely' here doesn't mean what it does in Australia—a very complimentary term for a housekeeper."

Likewise, she recalled, when she asked for "a reel of white cotton, size about 50," a clerk brought out a 50-pound bolt of yard-wide cotton. What she wanted was a spool of thread.

Still unable to believe that she has lost her accent, producers insist on fitting her up with roles that call for at least a broad "A." In her hit picture, "Love Letters," she plays a British woman, and she currently plays a Boston girl in RKO Radio's big historical drama of early Oklahoma, "Badman's Territory."

Her accent, however, kept her from getting some of the plum parts she felt her prestige "down under" warranted. She was the outstanding young woman star of Australia's rapidly growing film industry before she came to Hollywood in 1942 as an MGM import.

Her prestige had spread to New Zealand and South Africa and even to Britain itself. Her name blazed big over the titles of her many starring vehicles. She clicked on the stage in a big way, too.

"So naturally," she admitted with delightful frankness, "I came to America a little spoiled. I bridled under coaching at first, not realizing I was a smaller toad in a larger puddle. Not that language difficulties—accent and idiom, at any rate—were a real problem."

Miss Richards now claims she can handle any dialect, from broad Western to Cockney. If a Hollywood producer wants to do her a favor, he'll let her do a character with a typical American drawl.

HOLLYWOOD (U.P.)—Al Jolson, reassuring actors just out of the service, believes that it's not the fans who abandon their old favorites, but the favorites who abandon the fans.

Jolson, who has left the screen for long intervals to return with untarnished popularity, said he didn't think Robert Taylor, who said he was afraid he and other service stars would be forgotten, had anything to worry about. The public is not fickle, Jolson said.

and it has a long memory. "The public and the fans have been unfairly attacked for abandoning old favorites," commented the veteran actor, in Hollywood to make one of his sporadic returns to the screen. This time it's by proxy, so to speak, in Columbia's "The Al Jolson Story," based on his life.

"Actually the fans don't abandon the old favorites," he said. "More often it's the old favorites who abandon the fans."

"Because I believe that Bob Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Glenn Ford, Bill Holden and the other veterans, plus their advisers, know too much about the principles of good showmanship to commit this 'sin,' I'm convinced that any misgivings they have are completely without foundation."

Jolson added that there are subtle changes in public taste, and that when an actor fails to recognize them, he is in effect turning his back on his fans. He recalled the experience of Richard Barthelme.

"It was back in 1938, I think, that Dick decided to come out of retirement and do one picture—as an experiment. He made the movie 'Four Hours to Kill' from the stage play 'Small Miracle' and it was one of the successes of the year at Paramount."

"Then, his point proved, he went back in retirement."

Jolson himself, after being the first actor to score a hit in sound pictures in "The Jazz Singer," never hesitated to leave the movies.

Jolson himself, after being the first actor to score a hit in sound pictures in "The Jazz Singer," never hesitated to leave the movies.

"My only secret for staying with the public—one I'm sure Taylor, Stewart, Gable and others will use—is to keep my ear to the ground," he said.

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