

# The Plattsmouth Journal

ESTABLISHED 1881

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### Anniversary Problems

The Big Four foreign ministers are meeting in Paris exactly one year after the United Nations delegates convened in San Francisco to draft a charter for the preservation of world peace. The Paris meeting will again take up the task of setting some paralyzing differences which have endured among the great powers for seven anxious months. And until that task is done the road to peace, progress and prosperity is blocked.

The United Nations, as a world organization, has taken some impressive strides in its first year. Already it has met with difficulties and solved them in an adequate if not brilliant manner. But, for all its hopeful activity, the UN has really been marking time. For it cannot protect and maintain peace until it knows what sort of a peace it will have to deal with.

There has been nothing impressive in the activities of the council of foreign ministers. Its London meeting of September-October ended a discouraging and complete failure.

A subsequent meeting in Moscow accomplished little more than to set the date for the later conferences.

Key differences were all too apparent at the London meeting. Russia, rather typically, insisted that the three most powerful prosecutors of the war should make all the decisions regarding the peace. In practice, it developed that Russia had certain demands to make from which she would not budge, and until they were met there would be no progress toward peace treaties or lasting peace.

At London, and later at Moscow, Secretary Byrnes did not show to particularly good advantage. He appeared to be handicapped by the lack of a definite, positive, long-range foreign policy.

Since the Moscow meeting in December, however, the American government's attitude has stiffened perceptibly, even though its foreign policy is still the vaguest in the Big Three, and there remains a strong popular and congressional disposition to reduce our armed forces below the danger line.

That attitude must be maintained, not to override other powers and impose our will upon them, but to impress upon them that compromise is the only solution, and that it must be arrived at quickly.

Justice or inequity, contentment or unrest, war or peace, and the fate of millions, are intimately concerned with the results of these compromises. No one nation can force its nationalistic aims upon the world. It is largely up to the United States, because of its strength and political ideals, to see that this prohibition is enforced.

Q—How many pairs of nylons are being made each month?

A—30,000,000, as well as 18,000,000 pairs of rayon and 5,000,000 pairs of cotton hose.

Q—What portion of world population is represented in the United Nations?

A—About three-fourths, more than 1,500,000,000 people.

Q—Has earth's population been increasing faster or slower than usual in recent times?

A—From 1900 to 1940 it increased faster than in any similar period: 19 per cent a year, say Princeton U. Office of Population Research.

# The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

(Note—Drew Pearson's column today takes the form of a letter to his younger sister, Mrs. Lockwood Fogg, jr. of Willinford, Pa., on the occasion of the birth of a baby.)

WASHINGTON.—

My dear sister:

I don't know whether my family appreciates my writing letters and then publishing them in the newspapers. My wife and daughter think it is a terrific practice, and the latter raised Cain when I forgot even to send her a carbon of what I sent out to 600 newspapers. She thought I might at least have done her the courtesy of giving her a copy first.

However, sometimes I can write better when I am talking to members of my family, rather than putting things down on a cold, impersonal page. And today I have been thinking about two important events—one the fact that you have just presented society with a new and charming daughter, and second, the fact that Jimmy Byrnes is sitting down in Paris today to try to begin writing a peace treaty.

To the world at large, of course, there is no reflection between those two events. To me, however, there is. For upon what Jimmy Byrnes does in Paris depends in large part whether that daughter of yours and young Lockwood and all the other sons and daughters being born into this world must endure the suffering of another war.

What Kind of World to Grow Up In

It has been just two years since Lock was born. At that time I remember writing you my fears for the kind of world he might grow up in. I said:

"I am just a bit fearful that Cordell Hull thinks of peace as a personal peace—one which can wait until he gets round to negotiating it, as a drink waits after a game of golf; not realizing perhaps, that the boys who are fighting over there, and their wives and children and the mothers who are bringing new sons into the world, have a much greater stake in future peace than Mr. Hull—and may jostle his elbow. "This, I realize is not the kind of letter one should write to the mother of a new-born daughter. But I have a hunch that the mothers of America would rather face these problems now, when they can be solved, than wait until it is too late."

That was written in March, 1944, with the war a long way from being over, and with Mr. Hull at that time down in Palm Beach putting on the golf course.

Peace Conference Twelve Months Late

Today, one year after the end of the European war, we are just sitting down to try to prepare for the final peace conference. We do not even know yet whether that final peace conference actually can be held.

I remember after the last war how resentful some people were over the slowness of the Paris peace conference. In contrast, it was an example of efficiency and speed. It got started Jan. 18, 1919, only two months after the armistice and was finished six months later, a total of eight months after the war. This peace conference is already 12 months late, and may never start.

The man who saw most clearly the need of arranging the peace while the war was on was thrown out of the administration in the very middle of the war with his job barely started. In my opinion this will go down in history as one of Franklin Roosevelt's greatest mistakes—a mistake to be paid for by your children and mine.

"Collect While Tears Are Hot"

Sumner Wells, the man Roosevelt fired as under secretary of state, believed in the lawyers' adage: "Collect your fee while your client's tears are hot."

He had begun, while the Russians were pining for help at Stalingrad and while the British were still in their bomb-proof shelters, to prepare the peace treaties which were to follow the war. Wells called in experts, asked them to work out a foundation for the United Nations. He had gone over Hull's head directly to Roosevelt and got permission to iron out the controversies of peace while the war was still on.

Then personal jealousy—which so often turns the tide of history—cut the ground from under Wells's work. His chief, Mr. Hull, made him a personal issue, told Roosevelt that either he or Wells must go. Roosevelt chose to keep the man with the greatest political power in the senate.

Immediately the plug was pulled on all Wells' work, the months went by before Hull picked up the pieces. Those were crucial months. During them, Stalingrad was turned from a defeat into a victory. The British no longer were worried about attack. The clients' tears had dried. The fee was now something to be hagglad about.

The only fee the great majority of the American people wanted was a permanent peace, and we have been hagglad over it ever since.

I am certain that the mothers of Russia—and their sons—are just as anxious to avoid war as we, and have little realization where their rulers are taking them. Our problem is to make them realize, to make them know that there are no basic differences between them and the great mass of the American people. When we can get that idea across, when we can get to know the Russian people, then the power to make war will be taken out of the hands of a few men, and wars will be no more.

That is our only certain guarantee of peace. With much love to your fine family,

Your Brother,  
Drew.

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## Science Invades Cowboy's Domain; Nebraskan Building Plastic West

NEW YORK, (U.P.)—The post-war cowboy, if he's up-to-date, won't have spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle. And he'll ride the range on a saddle that may never wear out.

He may even shoot jack-rabbits with a plastic gun, using plastic bullets.

"Why, if I have my way," W. B. Vandegrift, saddle manufacturer from Alliance, Nebr., said, "the whole blooming west is going to be plastic."

Vandegrift, along with his six-year-old pinto horse "Chief," was in town Tuesday visiting the national plastic show.

Vandegrift wears plastic spurs, plastic chaps, and bounces around in a red and white plastic saddle. "Not only that," he said, "but I put a plastic bit in old Chief's mouth and I keep him under control with plastic reins."

The saddle-maker said the west might not be so wild when he gets through with it, but it'll be 10 times as efficient.

"I've got everything figured out but a plastic rope," he said, showing a snow-white lasso coiled upon chief's slickieck saddle horn.

"This one works swell up to 600 pounds," he said, "but after that, you can't do a thing."

First to Lick Dempsey Vandegrift said that Chief got pretty bitter about it when he nailed a cow with the plastic rope, and then the darned thing broke.

"He's always leaning back to keep the rope taut," Vandegrift explained. "When the rope cracked, he almost spilled on his tail."

Chief, having horse-sense doesn't believe in giving a steer an even break.

"He just wants me to knock 'em there," Vandegrift said. "He doesn't like doing the same thing twice."

Get Vandegrift away from the subject of plastics long enough, and you'll discover the first man who ever licked Jack Dempsey.

"It was at school in Montrose, Colo.," he said. "I was 10 and Jack was 12. He punched me and I punched him—and I won, by golly."

But he and the old mauler are still the best of friends.

"I talked to Jack on the telephone last night. Why, we're like brothers," he said.

Chief's First Visit Vandegrift said that this was the chief's first visit to the big town, but that the nag absolutely refused to get excited.

"I've promised him a set of new plastic shoes, if he behaves himself," the saddle-maker revealed. "And so far he's doing fine."

Then Vandegrift told Chief: "Give me a kiss, boy."

Chief blushed, ducked his head and curled his lip, but he refused to buzz the boss.

"Chief's a little sore at the old man," one of the onlookers whispered. "Vandegrift's been carrying things too far."

"Why, he even tried to pay that pony off in plastic sugar."

There are 254 counties in Texas. The average size of each is 1,037 square miles.

## At the Movies

Hollywood's big star jamboree, "Duffy's Tavern," made famous on the radio, now comes to the screen and will start Sunday at the Cass theater.

Thirty-two movie luminaries will take their bows before the camera in this musical extravaganza. The cast of characters reads like Hollywood's Who's Who with such big-names as Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Alan Ladd, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arturo de Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald, Cass Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds, Barry Sullivan and last but by no means least, Archie (Himself) Ed Gardner.

Not only Archie of radio fame but other members of the radio show will be seen in the musical comedy. Charles (Finnegan) Cantor, Eddie (Eddie the waiter) Green and Ann (Miss Duffy) Thomas, who make the radio presentation one of the outstanding shows on the air, will join Hollywood's finest in providing a merry, tuneful evening of laughs.

Also in the cast are such stellar performers as Robert Benchley, William Demarest, Howard Da Silva, Billy De Wolfe, Walter Abel, Johnny Coy, Miriam Franklin, Olga San Juan, and the four youngsters of the Crosby clan, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lin.

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## EDSON'S WASHINGTON COLUMN

BY PETER EDSON  
NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D. C.—(NEA)—Are you a discharged veteran with a suppressed desire to go into business for yourself and unable to make up your mind whether to open a beauty shop or run a sawmill? If you are, Henry Wallace's Department of Commerce may help you.

Commerce has a whole series of booklets, in fact, giving advice on how to establish and operate all kinds of shops—bake shop, shoe-repair shop, or just plain grocery store or filling station.

It was the War Department's Information and Education Division—formerly the Morale Services—that started all this. Somebody got the idea that it would keep up the spirits of the troops if they had a series of booklets to help them plan for their futures after they got out of the Army. You can just picture how it would be—some five-star hero on Okinawa, sweating it out and trying to forget the war by studying how to run a beauty shop or sawmill.

The books are really educational. The beauty book, for instance, says that the first machine for permanent waving was invented in 1910.

HISTORICALLY, though, sawmilling is the older and prouder profession, the first sawmill in America having been opened at Jamestown in 1625. Beauty shops were few in number and didn't really get going till 300 years later, because up to the 1920's most self-respecting women shampooed their own hair at home.

To make up for this late start and lack of class, the beauty shop business is now trying to change its name to "cosmetology," and beauty shop operators call themselves "licensed cosmetologists." The word "hautician" is apparently out, probably because it rhymes with "mortician." But the highest practitioner of the sawmilling art is still called "the boss sawyer," and a proud lot they are, too, with all their traditions of Paul Bunyan.

There's apparently a lot more room in the cosmetology business than in sawmilling, though. The 1939 census reported 85,419 beauty shops. But today, says the other book, "the zing and buzz of more than 30,000 sawmills are heard in our forests."

In a lot of other ways the two businesses have much in common. Both books say you should have skill and experience. You have to know your machinery. You have to have good health and be able to stand on your feet eight hours a day, working. The danger of fire and injury is great in both businesses, and you had better have insurance. In both industries you apparently start with the same raw material—an old log that has rolled into your establishment.

Both lumber and curls need thorough drying. A permanent wave in a plank, though, would get the boss sawyer fired.

Better stick to sawmilling, buddy. It will keep you outdoors, and it won't be nearly so hard on your nerves.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

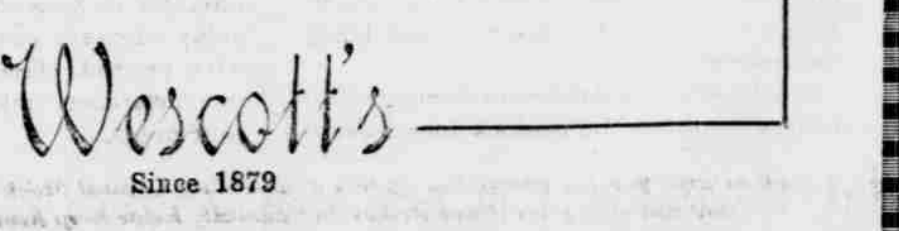


ANSWER: Meridians. The parallels are imaginary lines marking latitude.

NEXT: How much did the war cost?

## Journal Want Ads Bring Results

This month marks the 68th year this store has continuously been in the same business, in the same town under the same name. 68 years is a long time. It reaches back to the horse and buggy days—the days of lumber wagons and hitching posts and the kerosene lamp. To the days when the cinema and the automobile were unknown. Many changes have come since our founder, C. E. WESCOTT, hung out his sign "The Boss Clothier—one price and no monkey business." But one thing remains the same—our adherence to quality merchandise. You can be sure its good if you buy it at Wescotts. We proudly boast a 4th generation clientele.



WE WOULD BE GLAD TO RECEIVE THE NAMES OF THOSE NOW LIVING WHO TRADED WITH C. E. WESCOTT BETWEEN 1879 and 1889.

Journal Want Ads For Results