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The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON—There are now 53 separate items on the agenda to be discussed at the United Nations, but No. 1 on the list when it comes to explosiveness is the Cuban proposal to end the veto.
The man who thus had the nerve to snap his fingers in the face of the big five is young Cuban ambassador Guillermo Belt, who is accustomed to doing things that require courage.

President," said Miss Smith once she got to the White House, gloves and all. "You know, I am a native Washingtonian."

Disgusted by the contractual snarls with Hollywood producers during the war, the army and navy have quietly decided that they will use no more Hollywood film or talent in making training pictures.

Hollywood talent in the army signal corps, particularly during the war, played hand in glove with their former bosses in okaying these contracts. Result has been that even now, 14 months after the end of the war, more than 5,000 films cannot be released by the services for showing to the public.

Capital Chaff
North Carolina Republican Calvin Zimmerman claims he was misquoted by this column regarding his views on refunding OPA penalties. Here are his complete, full, and official views on the subject: "I plan to join with a group of good American citizens in urging the prompt repeal of the OPA and to refund to all victims of treble damages the amounts they have paid less a reasonable penalty. We will urge the refund on the ground that tax violators by the thousands have settled with the government by paying from 5 per cent to 25 per cent penalty, and that the OPA violators not be required to pay any more penalty than tax violators."

Delighted to republish Mr. Zimmerman's views for two reasons: 1. In fairness to him, 2. To let the country know that it may be in for under Republicanism... It was significant that Vincent Impelleretti, son of an Italian immigrant, now acting Mayor of New York, gave the address of welcome at the United Nations, an organization to which Italy now seeks admission...

Credit the army with a forthright stand on post-exchange money. It is turning \$22,000,000 of post-exchange profits back to the treasury. The fund could have been kept by the Army for its own uses, but Secretary Patterson ruled otherwise...

Ambassador Belt apologizes for his blunt candor at diplomatic functions. "My grandfather, Jehonathan Belt," he explains, "was a hard-shelled Yankee trader from Boston, so that may be that's what's the matter with me."

"Who, Him? Oh, He's My Speeder-Upper Man"



Eagle

Miss Dorothea Keil

The Eagle High School football team won over the Douglas team last Friday afternoon. The score was 48-0.

This is the fourth victory for the Eagle team this season. They formerly won over Nebraska, Millard and Murdock.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Underwood drove to Missouri last Saturday to attend the funeral services for Mr. Underwood's uncle. They returned home the first part of this week.

Mrs. Johnson of Minden spent last weekend with her son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Harold Mitchell and daughter.

Mrs. C. E. Allen and Jack of Lincoln were the guests at the home of Mrs. S. E. Allen last Saturday.

Wabash

Theresa Colbert

Jimmie Brown has returned home from the hospital where he has been recovering from a broken leg sustained the last of August. It will be several weeks before he can return to school.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Munford had as their supper guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Rutherford of Lincoln who have returned from Washington state where they went early this summer to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Smith and Roberta are vacationing in Yuma, Colorado where they are visiting relatives and deer hunting.

Mrs. Warren Richards has returned home from Neodesha, Kansas, where she, accompanied by her niece, Miss Opal Thigpen of Lincoln was visiting her sister, Mrs. Ida Beach and Mr. Beach.

Another sister Mrs. Laura Miller of Keego Harbor, Mich. and brother, Charles Stearns and Mrs. Stearns stopped there on their way from Joliet, Illinois to Houston, Texas to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Colbert of Lincoln had supper last Tuesday evening at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colbert.

Shade of Sycamore

By PERCY MARKS Author of "The Plastic Age" "A Tree Crown Straight" Etc.

XXVI
ON New Year's Day, 1941, Gayle sat in her living room smoking a cigarette and staring into the fireplace. She could hear active movements in the kitchen and dining room. Mrs. Mays, Tom, and the maid were all extremely busy, because there would be many people coming later in the afternoon for cocktails and egg nog. Bart was sleeping. He had awakened in the middle of the morning, had breakfast, and then gone back to sleep again. Gayle knew she would have to rouse him soon. Well, she would—and she would hide the fact that her world had fallen in ruins around her along with all the rest of the world.

She felt tired, too numb and beaten to think, but thoughts seemed to push their way into her resisting brain. They formed themselves in spite of her, and once formed, they taunted her with their blindness and stupidity.

"I ought to have known months ago," she told herself wearily. "It was as plain as anything."

In the past months Bart's flirtations had grown both more numerous and more open. She wondered sometimes if he actually thought she did not care. Once she had protested, "You owe me some consideration, Bart," she had said, careful to keep her voice quiet and controlled. "Maybe it is just flattery to you, but it's humiliation to me—public humiliation. I suppose you aren't serious, but you are serious. If Beth didn't get the idea tonight you were mad about her, she must be terribly stupid, and I don't think she is."

"Oh, don't be silly, Gayle," he had protested, laughing. "You know I don't give a darn about Beth. She's a good-looking girl with lots of the old sex appeal. You can't help playing up to her. But what's a little play?"

"I doesn't look like play to me, Bart, and it doesn't look like it to anybody else but you. I didn't mind very much when I knew you were just playing, but now—well, Bart, I feel ashamed."

He had apologized then and promised never to humiliate her again, and until the New Year's Eve party at the Country Club the night before she had had no cause to complain. But he had drunk more than he usually did, and his attentions to Beth Morse had been too obvious for anyone to miss. Then just after midnight the two of them had disappeared for more than an hour. When Gayle had asked on the way home where they had gone, he had said he hadn't been with her. "Some of the fellows were down in the locker room swapping stories," he had explained glibly, "and I was with them. I don't know where Beth was."

He had left the bathroom with Beth. Gayle had seen them go, and it had just happened that her partner swung her past the main doorway when they came down the stairs together. He had lied. Gayle knew he had. But she had been so swept with emotion, and shaken with shame, anger, and despair, that she had been afraid to speak.

FOR three weeks Gayle kept her discovery entirely to herself. Pride would permit her to confide in no one, and she could not bring herself to speak to Bart. But the pain she was suffering, the disillusionment and shame, killed all her zest in living.

Then, altogether unexpectedly, even to herself, she spoke. She and Bart came home from a bridge party, and once they had taken off their wraps, he asked, "What's got into you anyway, Gayle? You go around looking like a ghost in a fog, and tonight you played like a dope. Honestly, I was ashamed of you. You did everything except trump your partner's ace."

"Did I?" said Gayle. She set down, lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers and repeated, "Did I?"

"Did I? Did I?" he mimicked. "I'll say you did. What's got into you? You've been acting queer for weeks."

"Let's say from New Year's Day, just to be exact," Gayle's whole body was so taut that she felt as if she must scream. Where the sudden rush of rage came from she never knew; but without warning, the control she had exercised so carefully was all gone. "Yes, I'll tell you what's wrong. I didn't think I would, but you asked, and now I'm going to tell you. I've been acting queer because my husband lied to me."

"Lied to you?" Bart's eyes opened wide. "What's got into you? I haven't lied to you."

"Oh, yes you have. You said you weren't with Beth New Year's Eve. You said you were down in the locker room. Well, you lied. You lied, I tell you! I saw you go upstairs with her, and I saw you come down with her. You'd been—"

"Gayle! No! I tell you, no! You've got it all wrong. He loomed forward in his urgency and reached for her hand, but she snatched it angrily out of reach. "I have not got it wrong. You lied. I know you lied."

"I lied," he confessed. His head sank and his cheeks reddened. "I lied all right."

"You lied because—"

EDSON'S WASHINGTON COLUMN

BY PETER EDSON NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D. C.—(NEA)—Jonathan Daniels, son of Josephus, who was for a time press secretary to both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, has written another book about Washington.

If you want the inside story of what Jonathan did as an assistant director of the Office of Civilian Defense—remember?—or as confidential White House Palace Guardsmen with a passion for anonymity, this isn't it. If you want a good, colorful background picture of what wartime Washington was like, with some expert political philosophizing on the side, this is it.

"That hot wind in Washington is the country blowing on the back of Washington's neck," writes Jonathan on his first page. "I have blown. And I have also felt it singe the bottom of my hair."

Jonathan got burned pretty badly over OCD and over trying to get Harry Slattery to resign as head of Rural Electrification. But he doesn't go into that. The things he remembers are things like these: Roosevelt wore his pajamas four nights at a stretch before sending them to the wash, and one morning Jonathan noticed a cigaret hole burned just below the second button.

Efficient Rudolph Forster, Executive Clerk at the White House, once told Jonathan, "You would be terrified if you knew how little I care," about the important state papers he juggled daily.

Speaker Sam Rayburn confessed, "The truth is—they'll always deny it—but the people like something of a dictator. They always like a President who pushes Congress hard."

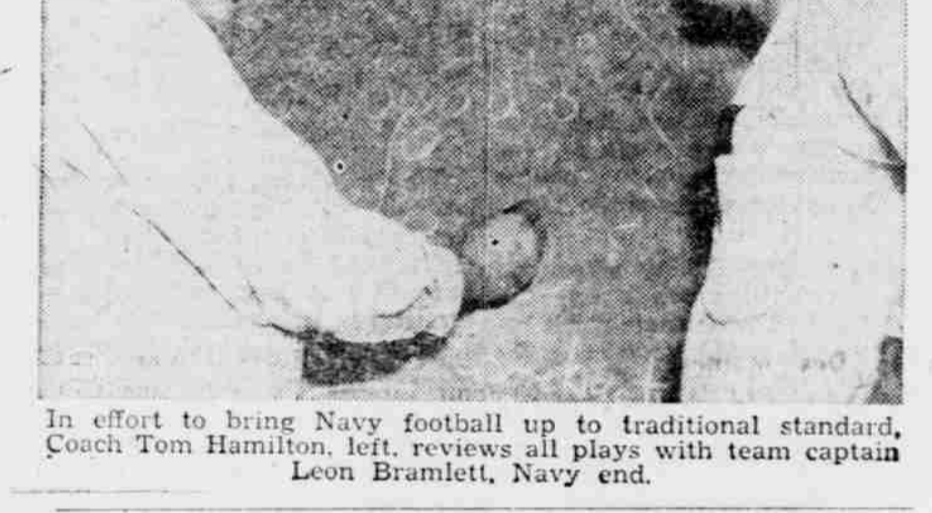
Harry Truman as a senator had to put his wife on the government payroll as his secretary to get enough money to pay taxes. The senators call Secretary Leslie Biffle's office, "Biffle's Tavern."

One night at Sen. Lister Hill's house, Majority Leader Alben Barkley sang "Wagon Wheels" in a baritone that was only beginning to crack. Some congressmen make coffee in their offices and some keep bottles behind the bookcase. One toasted, "Here's to Congress. It could be better and it might be worse."

"The truth is," one expert on government administration revealed to the author, "that most of the confusion in government begins at the top." Secretary Forrestal told him that what the Navy needed was men with imagination and a dustpan and a bicycle, to follow after top officials and see that they got things done.

Jonathan calls the Pentagon "Homesick House" because everybody there wants to go home. "Homesickness," he observes, "is a stronger, American force than world domination."

A general asked his aide one day what the White House thought about some policy. The aide said he didn't know because that day everybody over there was playing with those jars of liquid and wire loops that throw bubbles. "I've heard about those," said the general, "will you get me one?"



In effort to bring Navy football up to traditional standard, Coach Tom Hamilton, left, reviews all plays with team captain Leon Bramlett, Navy end.

Housing Agency Strikes Back

Washington, (UPI)—The National Housing Agency Monday hit back at criticism by Senator Owen Brewster R., Me. sayin there was no substantiation of general charges made in what he described as a "long suppressed" report on wartime housing.

Why Are Rectal Troubles Feared?

FREE BOOK—Explains Many Associated Conditions

Advertisement for a medical book about rectal troubles, listing various conditions like hemorrhoids, piles, and constipation. Includes a small diagram of the human body showing the location of the rectum.

Deafened People May Now Hear Clearly

Science has now made it possible for the deafened to hear faint sounds. It is a hearing device so small that it fits in the hand and enables thousands to enjoy sermons, music and friendly companionship.

Accepted by the council on physical medicine of the American Medical Assoc. This device does not require separate battery pack, battery wire, case or garment to bulge or weigh you down. The tone is clear and adjust it yourself to suit your power. So made that you can hearing changes. The makers of Beltone, Dept. 2035, 1459 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill., are so proud of their achievement that they will gladly send free descriptive booklet and explain how you may get a full demonstration of this remarkable hearing device in your own home without risking a penny. Write Beltone today.

112-Year Old Cherry Tree Yields Bountiful Crop

MADISONVILLE, Ky. (UP)—Thomas H. Mitchell, farmer, is bragging of the most remarkable cherry tree in the United States. The tree, said to be 112 years old, is believed to be growing on an old Indian burial mound. The tree is 50 feet high, has a limb spread of 34 feet from trunk to tip, and still bears a bountiful crop annually. In one year Mitchell gathered and sold 4,000 gallons of cherries.

Advertisement for Daniel E. Roberts for Director of Eastern Nebraska Public Power District. Includes a small graphic of a power plant or similar structure.

Advertisement for Shade of Sycamore by Percy Marks, author of 'The Plastic Age' and 'A Tree Crown Straight'.

Continuation of the 'Shade of Sycamore' story. "I didn't look like play to me, Bart, and it doesn't look like it to anybody else but you. I didn't mind very much when I knew you were just playing, but now—well, Bart, I feel ashamed."

Advertisement for BARBS by Hal Cochran, describing a movie camera developed in France that takes 100 images a second.

Advertisement for THIS CURIOUS WORLD by William Ferguson, featuring a tree that contains a greater volume of water in winter than in summer.

Advertisement for KWIZ KORNER, a quiz game about the five official languages of the United Nations. Includes a small illustration of a person and a globe.