

The Plattsmouth Journal

ESTABLISHED 1881

Published semi-weekly, Mondays and Thursdays, at 09-413 Main Street, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, by The Journal Publishing Company.

LESTER A. WALKER, Publisher
B. J. ALCOTT, General Manager

Entered at the Postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, as second class 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.

A LAST MINUTE SOLUTION

During the infamous days of the Munich meeting, Winston Churchill was advising the British government, with great foresight and wisdom, to cease the appeasement of Hitler, which was leading to war. His voice was unheeded until it was too late.

Now Mr. Churchill has spoken again in an effort to avert a crisis. This time his foresight is less apparent than his wisdom. For he is speaking in what may be the closing minutes of the eleventh hour when he urges his government to turn over its Palestine mandate to the United Nations.

Such a move would not solve the problem of Palestine. But it might check the headlong approach to chaos in that unhappy land. The situation there has now deteriorated to a point where the only prospect is for more terrorism and sterner repressive measures.

One of the most tragic aspects of the situation is that the basic question is all but forgotten. The homeless Jews

are still in European DP camps or detained on Cyprus.

To say that all the fault is not Britain's provides no helpful answer. Jewish terrorism has made any sane or responsible action hopeless at the moment. The violence is inexcusable, and demands quick, decisive steps to prevent any more loss of life.

But how are the terrorists to be stopped short of military action? Neither the British nor the moderate Jews are able to say to them "Only cease your terrorism and we will reach an agreement." So the terror continues.

It is not a fight between Jew and Arab. But between the anarchist Jew and everything British. There seems to be no hope for peace except through the withdrawal of the British from Palestine and their replacement by a new and stronger authority until order is restored.

Mr. Churchill suggests, as an alternative to UN responsibility, a 50-50 sharing by the United States of "all the bloodshed, odium, trouble and expense" in Palestine. This seems neither very wise nor very gracious.

We have found in China, as Britain has in Palestine, that the would-be peacemaker is not always blessed.

The logical solution, then, is united action by the United Nations with a genuinely representative committee engaged in the actual work.

It is the UN's stated purpose to incorporate territories now under mandate into an international trusteeship system. And there ought to be some way for the UN to put a stop to the present terrorism and bloodshed even though technically, they may not constitute a threat to international peace.

Walter H. **Smith & Lebens**
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Phone 46

Leo Darling, Tom Nicholson and Lawrence Addelman of near Springfield have arranged for a Polio Benefit Coyote hunt to be held in Sarpy County on Sunday Feb. 2.

Wilbur Heil and his plane will help in the drive. Two drives will be made, one in the morning and another beginning at 1:30 p.m. Dinner may be obtained in Springfield and the hunters will be taken to the lines and returned to town.

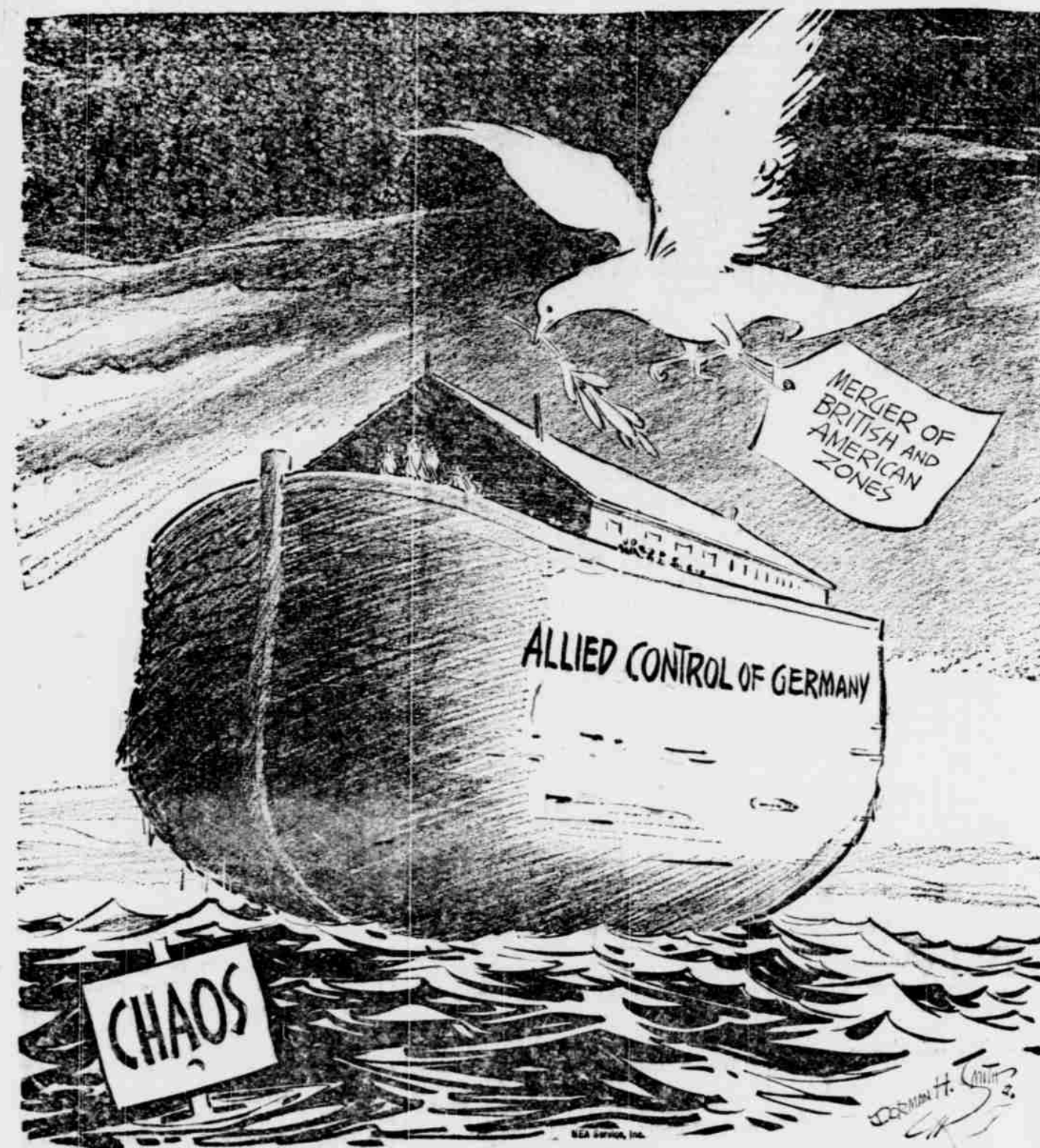
Ed Stierkema of Weeping Water and member of the Board of the Cass Novovius Weed District has arranged for a meeting of farmers and landowners in Louisville and Eight Mile Grove Precincts to be held at the Louisville City Hall on Friday evening Feb. 7.

Carl Wirth and wife of Leigh visited in Louisville Sunday.

Ned Walker, who was operated on at Omaha two weeks ago returned last Thursday and went to First Haven Home in Weeping Water to remain while he is regaining his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Zimmerman

The First Sign of Relief



man of Springfield are the parents of a daughter born recently in an Omaha Hospital. They have one other child a daughter. Mrs. Zimmerman was formerly

Phyllis Cornish. Gail Wirt, and wife of Lincoln spent Sunday visiting in Louisville. Bruce Hirsch has been out of

flu this week with a touch of flu. Alan Snyder and Joe Zastera, Jr., both students at Creighton had a few days vacation at home

Gather Ye Rosebuds

By JEANNETTE COVERT NOLAN
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THE STORY: Sidney Cameron, 16, sworn persistent suitor, Basil Earle, but decides privately she just might marry him some day after all. Sidney doesn't believe in any nonsense about love. All the same, she wonders why she doesn't hear from Ace Eastday.

VII

OF course, you could never guess what Ace would or wouldn't do; he was slippery as quicksilver; Sidney had known that from the beginning, and it was probably part of his charm. And what was the beginning? Sidney didn't have to concentrate, remembering. It was a day in September, she was visiting Norma in Henderson; he had gone to the county fair, taking in the races, the side-shows, the tents of freaks, everything, until they hadn't a red cent left and had laughed themselves into a state of sheer exhaustion.

Sidney had had to close her eyes to bring it all back, the heat of the afternoon, the white sunshine, the dust rising in clouds from the race track.

Sidney and Norma had been eating popcorn and cotton candy, their throats were dry, and they thought that maybe if they went to the refreshments pavilion, some friend of Norma's might come by and treat them to pink lemonade. But the person who bought the lemonade turned out to be Ace Eastday—though, of course, they didn't know his name then.

Sidney would probably never forget her first impression of him, leaning against the humping-wrapped pillar of the pavilion; blond, nonchalant, a smile in his calculating eyes, the straw hat on the side of his head secured by a black cord to the lapel of his blue serge coat. His trousers were white—ice cream pants! He was carrying a thin Malacca cane, twirling it in his fingers. He looked exactly like the dude your mother always warns you about; and he must

have been watching Sidney and Norma from the minute they crossed the grass toward the lemonade stand, for no sooner had they stopped, giggling and casting yearning glances at the big bowl of swimming pink liquid, than he stepped right up.

"Ladies, allow me!" He said it to both of them, he laid a dollar bill on the counter—but he was staring right at Sidney.

AND Sidney stared at him, wondering if she oughtn't to ignore him, and then knowing it wasn't a question of whether she ought, but whether she could. As their eyes held, she knew she couldn't. So she nodded.

The three of them drank quantities of lemonade; they drank a dollar's worth, before Norma said that they really must go, it was almost supper time.

"Allow me to see you home, ladies," Sidney nodded again. It was a glorious ride, neither of the girls had ever ridden so far in a hack and Norma wondered how much it cost. Not that the cost seemed to matter. Their new friend peeled off dollar bills from a great roll in his vest pocket.

For the next three days, Sidney and Norma went to the fair every afternoon, always happening to run into Ace, and then strolling, a threesome, through the grounds until evening, but by the end of the week (and of the fair) Norma was generously suggesting that Sidney and Ace might want to dispense with her society.

"You're the one he's stuck on," Norma said. "I feel like a chaperon."

Since Norma somehow didn't think it wise for Ace to come to the hangar, Sidney's meetings with him occurred downtown, at a soda fountain or the nickelodeon. This clandestine aspect of what was certainly an innocent affair

(Sidney hadn't lost her head, or even been on the verge of it; she was just as cool as a cucumber, though more provocative), this air of furtiveness seemed to suit Ace Eastday; and it was he who suggested the scheme for their communication when Sidney had to return to Blakesville. Their letters, he said, could be sent back and forth by Norma, the sealed envelopes resealed in an outer envelope and addressed either to or from the parsonage.

ABUNDANT as autumn leaves, the letters flew, through October and November, until Thanksgiving when Sidney visited in Henderson again. She was there for a few days at Christmas, too. The Lyons were hospitable folk, though maybe rather bewildered by Sidney's devotion to them. Ace was still in Henderson on January fifteenth, but then he went to Chicago to confer with his partner on a business deal. Sidney didn't know who the partner was, or what the deal. Really, she knew almost nothing about Ace, except that he was foot-loose and fancy free. His letters were light in vein, mostly about Sidney and how remarkable she was.

His spelling was terrible. Sidney, in her answering letters, was much more restrained. She had never said she was in love with Ace, never would say it, for probably she wasn't. Just the same, she had been chagrined when the letters came irregularly in February, ceased altogether in mid-March. Sidney had written last, which was a mark against her.

And now Ace was in Blakesville. Or was he?

Silence, ten days of blank silence. In those ten days Sidney evaluated romance and repudiated it forever. She was convinced now that she'd never hear again from Ace, never lay eyes on him.

She did wish, though, that she, and not Ace, had ended it. She wished she could banish this feeling of something more to come, an aftermath, a sequel. She kept expecting that damned telephone to ring! . . .

(To Be Continued)

Edson's Washington Column

BY PETER EDSON
NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D. C.—(NEA)—There has been more than the usual amount of grief in high places, trying to make government budget estimates for the fiscal year beginning next July 1. Exact amounts requested for each federal agency are still restricted information. They will be released only when the President's budget message goes to Congress.

It is safe to bet that no government department asked for less money than it is now getting. But there have been two pressures to pare these amounts down. First is the President's own desire for economy. Second is pressure from the new Republican majorities in Congress, who have been talking big but vaguely about cutting the budget from this year's \$41.5 billion to \$25 or even \$20 billion.

What congressmen and politicians are prone to forget is that they themselves are the worst offenders against government economy.

Congressmen as a whole talk good economy, but don't act it. They pass authorizations for big projects. The authorizations themselves don't cost a dime. But later on appropriations must be made to cover the authorizations. That's where lots of the money goes.

ALL the legislation enacted by previous Congresses and now in effect authorizes certain minimum expenditures below which the government cannot go until some of these laws are repealed, some of these programs stopped. This figure has been estimated at \$25 billion. It covers only non-military items.

When you add about \$13 billion for national defense, you may have a pretty close estimate of what it will take to run the federal government next year. The Army and Navy, incidentally, can't be cut below their present strengths if present occupational commitments in Europe and the Pacific are to be carried out.

This is the kind of realistic thinking people must follow when talking about reducing government expenses. Most of the post-election economy talk by victorious Republicans has been strictly bunk.

ECONOMIES can be made—yes. Some items in this year's budget won't recur next year. War agencies are disappearing. No more loans to Britain. Subsidies are over. So is UNRRA. But the public debt is still more than \$260 billion—over \$180 per capita—and the interest on it alone is \$5 billion a year—one-eighth of present government expenditures.

Government payrolls run about one-sixth of the total expense. Promises to cut federal employment to 500,000 are poppycock when it takes 440,000 to run the Post Office Department and half that number to run the Veterans' Administration.

Logical consideration of the principal items of the present budget, which amounts to \$41.5 billion, indicates that the total can scarcely be reduced by more than \$10 billion. This would leave the total for the new budget \$31.5 billion, excluding, of course, any new appropriations which may be granted.

John G. Hansen of Fremont, a brother of Mrs. Christina Nes- sen has been promoted to Gen- eral Agent for the eastern half of South Dakota by the Bank- ers Life of Lincoln. His head- quarters will be at Sioux Falls.

Mr. Hansen was born near Louisville. He has been a teach- er for several years and was Superintendent of Fremont pub- lic schools for seven years. He left this work about a year and a half ago to take up insurance work.

Rev. H. L. Dickerson of Nebraska City is now at home from St. Marys Hospital in Nebraska City after a week's stay there due to Virus pneumonia. He is reported to be getting along satisfactorily.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brun-

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