

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.

RONALD R. FURSE ----- Editor-Publisher

- Thelma Olson, Society Editor.
- Helen E. Heinrich, News Editor.
- Iola Ofe, Circulation-Office
- Merle D. Furse, Plant Superintendent
- Patrick Osbon, Pressroom Superintendent

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 city of Plattsmouth. By carrier in Plattsmouth, 15 cents for two weeks.

EDITORIALS

IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM

Freedom is always destroyed in the name of freedom.

This is because of the tragic lessons to be found in the bloody history of the modern world. Mussolini invented Fascism in the name of liberty for the Italian people—and promptly enslaved them in the police state he created. Hitler came to power with a rallying cry of German rights and liberties—and embarked upon an unparalleled reign of terror within the borders of the Reich. Today, the Soviet Union is pushing out the ruthless tenets of Communism—also in the name of freedom and democracy.

There is no other lesson modern history should have taught us all, and it is this: There can be no real freedom in the super-state. Liberty and all-powerful government are completely incompatible. Power, and the ruthlessness which power breeds, feed upon themselves. Well-intentioned men are cast aside, and dictators take their places. Every fundamental human right is brutally abrogated when it comes in conflict with the ambitions of the leaders.

A nation which weakens its basic liberties in any way gives a hostage to fortune. A nation which depends upon government to perform services which are the proper function of the private individual and of private enterprise is, unwittingly, preparing the way for regimentation and ultimate dictatorship. Now that England is socializing its basic industries, thoughtful observers see a weakening of liberties which have existed there for nearly a thousand years. There must be no vacillation on the part of the people of our country in opposing European philosophies in our domestic affairs.

TRIMMING SAILS

The theory that excessive business profits are the primary reason for high prices is a dangerous half-truth. It is true that certain types of manufacturing business, producing consumer goods, have shown large earnings. But this was obviously due in part to great demand caused by five years of shortages and scarcities. At the present time, the volume of sales at the retail level is on the decline.

Profits in certain basic lines—such as motors, steel, coal, etc.—have been moderate, despite the high level of demand. Extremely high labor costs, coupled with low worker productivity, have prevented anything resembling excessive profits in these fields. It thus becomes extremely difficult to see how substantial price decreases can be effected without a sharp rise in work done per man hour. To this extent, the industrial worker himself holds the key to the price problem.

The most encouraging sign is that there have been no late price increases of moment, and in a number of lines there have been small but significant declines. Much of the credit for this must be given to retail industry which has been fighting an aggressive battle in behalf of the consumer. The retailer is caught between high wholesale costs on the one hand and increasing consumer resistance on the other, and he knows better than anyone the problems and needs of the buying public. He is convinced that qualities must be improved, and that every possible step must be taken to bring prices down. He can't control inflation—but he is doing everything within his power to check it.

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

DREW PEARSON COMPARES V-E DAY 1945 WITH SPRING LETHARGY OF 1937; WASHINGTON BASKS IN POTOMAC SUNSHINE WHILE WAR COLLEGE STUDIES RUSSIAN WAR; CONGRESS CUTS REAL ATOMIC WEAPON-FRIENDSHIP.

WASHINGTON—Notes on the anniversary of an armistice—San Francisco, May 8, 1945: The United Nations being born . . . simultaneously, the end of the war in Europe. History in the making . . . delirious people, dizzy people, happy people . . . auto horns and ticker tape . . . Senator Tom Connally saying, "The war is over." . . . American Legion vets in uniform, older vets in gold-buff uniform: "Remember 1918 when you and I did this in Paris? We never thought it would happen again." . . . sailors kissing pretty girls. Soldiers singing. Secretary of State Stettinius beaming . . . a new union of nations. The United Nations . . . the end of our traditional isolation, the end of war . . . we won't make the same mistake we made after 1918. This time America will stick with the other nations, stick and pitch for peace.

Furse's Fresh Flashes

According to the Communists, the only solution to the labor problem is to toss the boss out, and let the workers run the plant.

A contractor stationed his foreman on the other side to a wall in a newly finished dwelling and called out, "Can you hear me?" "Yes," replied the foreman, "Can you see me?" asked the contractor, "No," said the foreman, "That," replied the contractor, "is what I call a good wall."

Flipper Fanny, our dainty little contour twister, came sneaking up out of the river bottoms the other morning and dashed into the drug store up the street for some perfume. She took one whiff of a new man-killer just arrived and said sweetly to the admiring druggist, "Listen, mister, I don't want to start a fire. I want to put one out."

A nose by any other name would smell the same.

A gardening expert informed us that our bulbs would come up quicker if we planted a small piece of fish with each plant. They did. We have a cat at our house.

Remember the good old days before the New Deal when your congressman sent you garden seeds about this time of year? Now they send you a check.

She could swing a six-pound dumbbell. She could tennis and she could box. She could row upon the river. She could clamber 'mong the rocks; She could golf from morn to evening. And dance the whole night long; But she couldn't help her mother. 'Cause she wasn't very strong!

The old man next door to us got his neck caught in the new electric refrigerator the other night. He was trying to see if the light went out after he closed the door.

We have noticed that a lot of people who are sure the country is doomed all have twelve-month calendars.

Sailors kissing pretty girls, strange girls . . . Texas Tom shaking hands, snipping backs, pumping hands. "The war's over in Europe, Hitler's finished." . . . Senator Vandenberg beaming . . . Ed Stettinius grinning . . . back on my desk, a letter from an old schoolmate, his son missing in action . . . but now there'll be new hope—through the new United Nations . . . no more boys missing in action . . . the Russians, it's true, acted strangely at the Armistice, holding up the final announcement. But they've suffered a lot. Gone through hell. You have to understand them . . . then there was that story of mine which everyone denied—the story of how Stalin ordered American troops out of Potsdam, back to the River Elbe . . . we were practically in Berlin, trying to help win the war as quickly as possible. But the Russians wanted us out . . . well, if they wanted to waste their own men, taking Berlin themselves, that's their business. Peculiar people, the Russians . . . meanwhile, let's get ahead with building up this new United Nations.

Washington D. C., May 8, 1947: Seems a long time since war. The anti-aircraft guns are gone from Potomac Park. The grass is reseeded and greener than ever. Nothing to remind us of war—except the wave of barracks. And a sailor with an accordion serenading a wave . . . willow skies dipping low over the Potomac . . . lovers lounging on park benches. Skies reaching down to caress the horizon. Pansies preening themselves in gaudy, prideful glory . . . war seems long ago, very long ago—but not quite forgotten.

STUDYING NEXT WAR— Across the tidal basin under the willow sits the war college. Dull, unimaginative brick buildings. Inside goes on the imaginative business of moving troops, guns, ships, planes on checkerboards, planning the possibilities of war . . . George Kennan, crack student of Russian affairs, lives in that building; brought back from Moscow to lecture army-navy officers, tell them what to expect from Russia in regard to war . . . across the tidal basin, girls riding on bicycles. White-faced clerks drinking in the sunshine . . . an ex-GI strolling with his new bride. They may be living in a shack or a trailer or with a mother-in-law, but along the Potomac all outdoors belong to them.

Times change. Even nature changes . . . there was a time when my father-in-law, strolling through these same fields with Teddy Roosevelt, was dared by Teddy to swim the Potomac, cide with the thaws of March . . . both swam it—over and back—and the now cultivated parkland with its cherry trees and pansy beds was then such a deserted swamp-land that they were able to walk to the back door of the White House, dripping and half undraped, unseen even by Mrs. Roosevelt . . . Yes, times change. Imagine President Truman getting away with that in teeming, thriving Potomac park today! . . . my father-in-law believed in war, believed in war's inevitability. He was sent by T. R. to Germany to study the Kaiser's military machine, brought back to the U. S. army its present system of indirect artillery fire—then considered revolutionary . . . now atomic bombs make artillery as out of date as bows and arrows . . . even war changes—at least its methods of killing. The only thing that doesn't change is the fact that we keep on killing.

A manufacturer announces a cut in the cost of baby buggies. Eventually only the baby will be taken for a ride.

Flu tip to youngsters: Give the spoon that serves good medicine a good licking.

Failure of horse-race fans to cash winning tickets melted New York State over a million dollars in seven years. Too bad for the horses, but that ain't hay.

A judge says habitual traffic law violators have their head examined. To determine the influence of mind over motor, no doubt.

The Fly in the Loving Cup



Union

Mrs. L. G. Todd

Mrs. Grace Hartar of Weeping Water spent Sunday night and Monday with her sister-in-law Mrs. Emma Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Thacker of Denver, Colo. have been visiting relatives and friends around Union.

Mrs. G. E. Patterson, Mrs. Earl Zorn and daughter Evelyn shopped in Lincoln last Wednesday.

Ray Bramblet and sisters Nell and Pearl and Mrs. Todd were shopping in Nebraska City last Saturday.

The Junior-Senior banquet of Union high school was held at the Cornhusker Hotel in Lincoln last Thursday evening at 6 o'clock. The faculty and Seniors and Juniors attended. They went right seeing later and also attended a show.

Mrs. Earl Zorn spent last weekend in Auburn visiting her daughters.

Mrs. Albert Willis and daughter Katherine Ann of Portland, Oregon, are visiting Mrs. Emma Willis, and other relatives in Union and Plattsmouth.

Mrs. H. B. Fair of Nebraska City was a Monday afternoon caller at the Mitchell Rich home.

Miss Margaret Roddy is visiting with her brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Roddy.

Helen Mary Meredith of Omaha spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bennett visited Mrs. Bennett's mother at Tecumseh, last Saturday.

Ruth Morris and Mary Lou Garrison attended a luncheon at Murray last Friday evening given by the Masonic Lodge and Eastern Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Snodgrass entertained their Pinochle club last Friday evening.

Avoca

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Spencer of Talmadge visited Mrs. Rawait, Thursday.

Mrs. Carl Zaiser attended the state convention of postmasters at Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Zimmerer have returned from Rochester, Minn., where they spent two weeks.

Mrs. Agnes Owen, Sioux City, Ia., visited her mother, Mrs. Florine Durham over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Gammel, Omaha visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gunn last week. The ladies are sisters.

Mrs. Ernest Gollner and son have gone to be with Ernest in Chicago. Phyllis Gunn is the assistant at

NEXT SUNDAY IS MOTHER'S DAY Remember Your Mother!

SHE ALWAYS REMEMBERED YOU! No Matter Where You Buy Your Gift, or How Much or How Little it May Cost—Give Her Something

MAY WE SUGGEST?

HOSIERY by MUNSING and PRIM

NYLONS \$1.50 to \$2.25

ALSO RAYON HOSE, pair \$1.00

BEAUTIFUL HANDKERCHIEFS

35c to \$2.00

Blouses Sizes 32 to 44

\$2.98 and Up

HATS by GAGE and FISK that Mother Will Love! Choice of Colors

HOUSE DRESSES -- ALSO SILK DRESSES NICE SELECTION OF COATS and SUITS

Prices Lower Than Ever

See Our Windows for Further Suggestions and Come In and See Us!

Ladies' Toggery

them to a show in Nebraska City. Mrs. Emma Rawait had a taffy pull at her home last Friday for the senior class. She also served pop corn.

The pupils of the high school went to Nebraska City skating rink for a party last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gunn spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bernes.

Thursday afternoon aid society met with Mrs. Albert Carr and Mrs. Susan Carr. Mrs. Clara Ruhge led the devotions and also had the woman's gift service. Her scripture was verses on giving. Words to the song "Love Thyself Last" were read in unison. As this was the birthday party all were invited to the church parlors where tables were set. A rainbow in the center with a pot of gold at each end formed the decorative scheme. Each guest paid as many pennies as she is old into the pot of gold. Every one received a package of flower seed as a gift. Paper umbrellas and small candles were favors. A lunch was served by the hostess.

DOANE MADRIGALS

AT JOSLYN SUNDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bourke and Marilyn and Mrs. Mabel Sutton attended the recital of the Doane College Madrigal singers at Joslyn Memorial, Omaha, Sunday afternoon.

The group of twenty voices gave a forty-five minute program.

Phyllis Bourke, a daughter, is a member of the chorus.

Use Journal Want Ads

J. Howard Davis INSURANCE AGENCY

A dependable, established agency representing the largest and oldest insurance companies in America.

PHONE 16

Use Journal Want Ads



NEED A FLEXIBLE BUILDING?

See the QUONSET 24

Manufacturers and farmers have found the "Quonset 24" the answer to their widely varied needs. For this flexible, all-steel structure is readily adaptable to many uses . . . vehicle shelter, implement shed, repair shop, animal shelter, loading dock and many others. Durable, fire-resistant, impervious to rot and rodents. Call or write us today for details.

WALCO, Inc.

72nd and Pacific St.

Omaha, Nebraska

QUONSETS ARE PRODUCTS OF GREAT LAKES STEEL CORPORATION



This Mother's Day . . . May 11

. . . is a very special day set apart to show our love for the best mother in all the world . . . from the brand new Mom to Grandmother.



What could be more acceptable than these wonderful nylons . . . from the loveliest of sheers to semi-weights . . .

\$1.00 -- \$1.75

Isn't it nice to be able to choose slips again . . . to actually select Mother's foamy lace-trimmed or tailored favorites . . .

\$2.98 to \$5.98

OTHER GIFTED IDEAS

Gowns \$3.98 to \$5.98

Costume Jewelry \$1.00 Up

Aprons \$1 Hats \$3.98

For a smart costume accent that's still a practical choice give Mother a bag . . . in the season's newest styles . . .

\$2.98 to \$7.98

The Style Shop