

Avoca

Mrs. Henry Maseman

Marsha Gunn who had an emergency appendectomy Thursday morning at St. Mary's is getting along very well.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Meyer a daughter May 2, at a Lincoln hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. William Behrn and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bollman were in Lincoln to visit a brother of Mrs. Behrn at Bryan Memorial hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Habel and daughters of Louisville and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stuebendick were Sunday guests of Mrs. Laura Stovall and George.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Linhardt visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. Fred Linhardt and her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Meyer over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur High of Bertrand announce the engagement of their daughter Martha Ann to Stuart Maseman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maseman.

The date of the wedding has been set for June 15. Miss High is a graduate nurse at Eryan Memorial hospital.

Sunday guests at the Henry Maseman home were John and Stuart Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nutter and family of Havelock, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Halm and Cheryl of Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lingle announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter Eva Mae to Maynard Rippe, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rippe. The wedding will be May 29 at North Branch Lutheran church.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Freeman had Sunday dinner at the William Kunz home.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo McCann and Robert of Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Greenrod of Syracuse, Dora and Bill Kemple were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob McCann.

Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. True Harmon and Don for Mothers day were Mr. and Mrs. Hal Garnett, Greth and Madge of Plattsmouth, Mrs. Clifford Burton and children of Omaha, Mr. Loomis and Earl Harmon of Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. Will Klemme

Gather Ye Rosebuds

By JEANNETTE COVERT NOLAN

XXIX
SIDNEY went into the St. George Hotel at two o'clock in the afternoon and asked the clerk where she could find Mr. Hubert Milgrim. Not that she really thought it would do any good; but this was Friday, this was the deadline, and even the futile effort was better than none at all.

The clerk said he had no idea under the sun where Mr. Milgrim was to be found.

"Isn't he registered here?" "He was," the clerk admitted. "Mr. Milgrim has been our guest since last April. He checked out a while ago. And Mr. Breen, too."

"Breen?" "His friend and comrade," the clerk smiled pleasantly, having an eye for a girl with a face like that. "I think they left at once, but maybe not. It's possible they're in the cafe, or still up in the rooms they've been occupying. Third floor, 320 and 322, if you want to look for them."

Sidney said, "Thank you," and went to the door of the cafe. But she wouldn't know Mr. Milgrim if she saw him; she'd never even heard of Mr. Breen. She asked the head waiter if the gentlemen were dining there; the head waiter said no, not today. She went back through the lobby to the elevator and got off at the third floor. It was a forlorn hope, nothing more.

Room 320 was empty—as she had feared; though showing signs of recent tenancy, it was neat. Room 322 was just as empty, but not so neat. Cigaret ash and stubs soiled the carpet, paper torn or wadded into balls cluttered the bureau top and spilled over into a brimming waste-basket. A discarded envelope was addressed to "Mr. Richard Breen." This must have been his room then, and Mr. Breen obviously was a person of slovenly habits who had left in

some haste. Well, the point was, and the only point, that he had gone, and Mr. Milgrim with him—and with Mr. Milgrim the money Papa had borrowed from Jeff which belonged rightfully to Jeff and nobody else and would have taken him to New York—which Sidney had thought she somehow might recover, probably by putting the case squarely before Mr. Milgrim and beseeching his better instincts.

"No soap," Sidney thought. "That's that. The jig is up." She was turning away when she saw the torn shreds of the letter. They were lying on the carpet and a little draft of wind, perhaps only the flutter of Sidney's skirt as she moved, stirred them so that they seemed to be alive, beckoning. Strips of paper, somebody's letter in lengthwise letters. Of course, Sidney didn't know whose letter it was. But she looked down, and then she knew.

Rose's writing, a schoolgirl Spencerian, very legible; and the letterhead that of the Willard Hotel, Washington.

"Darling Rick, I miss you so much. . . . Nothing matters to me but. . . . Do you remember how we. . . . Every minute we're apart. . . . I've loved you since that day. . . ."

Sidney read the fragmentary sentences; she could guess how they had ended, with phrases equally ingenuous, but that didn't help her to understand them. Not at first.

"Rick, dearest, the convocation is. . . . All I'm thinking of, dreaming. . . . You know how I hated coming. . . . I'll never love anybody but you, and. . . ."

Leaning against the wall, reading, fingering the shreds, Sidney began to see in them not only Rose's artless avowals; other things too, small and puzzling inconsistencies of behavior, evasions, contradictions, a Rose who had

changed gradually yet greatly since—

Richard Breen. He had been here in Blakesville, the clerk said, since last April.

Yes, that would be about the time, wouldn't it? Before the night at Mrs. Rutherford Earle's house and Rose's election as the Daughters of the Old Dominion's delegate, before her meeting with Dixon Thayer, and Dixon's visit and proposal. April? "Darling Rick, dearest!"

Poor Dixon! Why, he'd never had a chance!

Spring, summer, and now September, and Richard gone. But he must have been lost to Rose, dropping out of the picture somewhere, somehow, in those intervening months. What was he like? What could he have been like? "I'll never love anybody but you."

Was that true, Sidney wondered. Because if it was, Rose would be terribly hurt. Or already had been hurt. Or—

Sidney believed suddenly that she ought to go home.

At almost that very moment, Major Cameron, feeling rather raddled, was entering Judge Logan's office. Just over the sill, the Major halted, for he saw that someone had preceded him. Judge Logan and this other caller were standing by the window, they seemed to be in argument.

"You're not telling me, Logan," the caller shouted, "that this old buzzard knew nothing about—"

"Now don't burst a blood vessel," Judge Logan said. "But, first it, I wasn't born yesterday!"

"Take it easy," Judge Logan said. "The Major coughed. 'Oh, hello, Major Cameron. Let me introduce you to Mr. Lardner, the county prosecutor.'"

The Major bowed; Mr. Lardner only grunted.

"Sit down," Judge Logan said. They all sat down, the Major diffidently, on the edge of a chair. Mr. Lardner fingering himself into the depths of his chair, grunting biting off the end of a cigar, lighting the cigar.

(To Be Continued)



Photo above just proves that it's nice to be mayor in a city where there's a beauty contest. Margaret Mohlin, happy at being chosen Miss Photoflash of 1947, kisses Chicago's new mayor, Martin H. Kennelly.

WABASH (Special)—A Colbert family reunion was held at the Tom Colbert home in Weeping Water Sunday when 34 relatives gathered with well filled baskets. Guests included Mrs. Emma Colbert and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brown and Clayton of Wauweta; Mr. and Mrs. Perry Colbert, Mrs. Mary Cassel, Mrs. Ralph Colbert, Miss Eloise Pool, Mrs. Clifford Doran, Donna Lou and Ronald all of Lincoln; Mr. and Mrs. Alford Stroemer of Alvo; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colbert and Theresa of Wabash; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Colbert, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Heneger, Mr. and Mrs.

James Kivett, Janice and Jerry Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Doty, Winona and Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pool and Homer Fleeman all of Weeping Water.

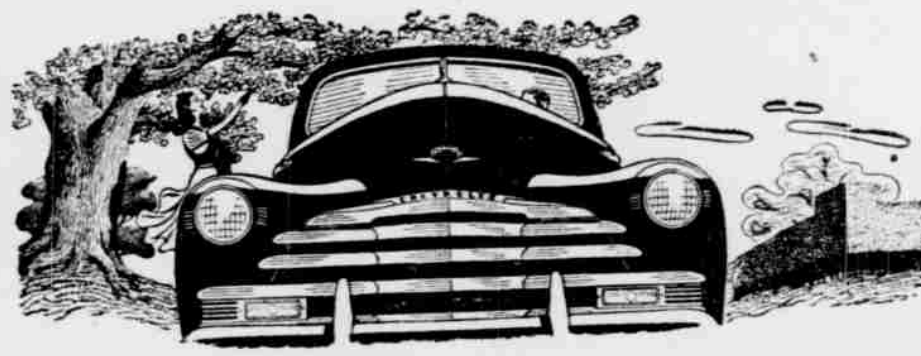
RETURNS FROM HOSPITAL
Mrs. Glen Carneal returned from Clarkson hospital in Omaha where she recently underwent an operation.

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By V. T. HAMLIN

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exclusive with Toni HOME PERMANENT THE CREME COLD WAVE
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Regular Kit, fiber curlers \$1.25
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All prices plus tax

SCHREINERS PHARMACY

ALLEY OOP

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? A SECRET ROOM!
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO IN... AFTER YOU, SISTER!
BEHOLD THE ENTRANCE TO THE BASHAN'S TREASURY!
IF THIS TURNS OUT TO BE A TRAP, JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE IN IT, TOO!
HOLY COY!
GOSH, OSCAR, WITH THIS LOOT DOG COULD RUN HIS GADGETS FROM NOW ON... BUT HOW WE GONNA GET AWAY WITH ALL OF IT?
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE SATISFIED WITH WHAT WE CAN GET OUT OF THIS CHEST OF GEN'S, FOR EXAMPLE.
AT LAST WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR... NOW IF ONLY THE MACHINE WOULD START DOIN' ITS STUFF!
MAYNARD! LOOK DOCTOR! I BELIEVE OUR SEARCH FOR THE TIME-TRAVELERS IS ABOUT OVER.
WELL, ABOUT TIME!
OSCAR AND ALLEY ARE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AREA ALL RIGHT... BEST REACTION IS SOUTH, SOME DEGREES WEST OF CENTER!
CHECK! I'LL JUMP THE DIAMETERS A FEW TEN THOUSANDS!
THAT'S BETTER DOCTOR, BUT THE IMAGE LACKS ANOTHER NOTCH!



A surprise honeymoon in Hawaii was the wedding present given to 13-year-old Kenneth Thompson, left, of Oakland, Calif., and his bride, Jacqueline, 17, from her father, Capt. H. L. Turner, right. The threesome is pictured on the beach at Waikiki. After their recent wedding in Oakland, the newlyweds, both high school students, planned a motor trip through California. But Captain Turner, a Pan American Airways pilot, "kidnaped" them and flew them to Hawaii without their knowing their destination.

mona Johnson, Mrs. Fannie McFarland and Mrs. Lulu Buss.
chapter of Omega Epsilon Phi of the Northern Illinois college. Dr. Amato will be recognized for his achievements in promoting ethical work in optometry among graduate students and young doctors. The dinner will be at Hyde Park hotel.
Dr. Amato's office will be closed all day Monday and Tuesday morning. He will return Tuesday noon.

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Gambles

"The Friendly Store"

BARBS

BY HAL COCHRAN
FIFTY-THREE per cent of office employes have visual problems. Too much watching the clock?
A fraternity house at Colgate University was damaged by fire—not started by burning the midnight oil.
An old law forbids kite-flying in Washington. And just think of all the wind there!
The Post Office Department plans to ban nude ladies on 1948 calendars. No clothes, no dates!
Two ears and one mouth suggest that you should listen twice as much as you talk.

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The extra cream on every bottle often makes the purchase of cream unnecessary.

Alamito Golden Guernsey Milk comes from the Champion herd on the Model JO-BE Farm at 90th and Maple Streets

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