

## Mrs. C. A. Baguet Tells of Trip to North Africa

The enclosed letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gaines from their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Baguet, following her trip to Port Lyautey, French Morocco. Tuesday, March 15, 1949

Port Lyautey, French Morocco.  
Hi Folks,  
Well I am here and am sending that letter I promised about my trip. Maybe it's pretty long but you asked for it you know. Chapter One: Flight.

Mr. and Mrs. Choate took me to the bus station and I left Washington, D. C. at 3:30 Sunday, March 6th. I arrived at the gate of the Poutextant river Naval base air station around 5 p. m. While waiting at the gate for a station wagon to come down and pick me up I got acquainted with a girl also going to Port Lyautey (pronounced Lee-o-ty), her name was Bonnie Jack and from then on we stayed together until we reached our destination.

We were taken to the air terminal where our baggage was checked, then were sent to the civilian cafeteria to eat. Ci-

vilian personnel, even though they are dependents, are expected to pay for their food.

We returned to the terminal after eating and sat around for an hour and a half waiting for transportation to our sleeping quarters. We were assigned to a double room with private bath in the Bachelor Officers quarters which I think was more of our good luck as women dependents of enlisted men are usually put in barracks with bunks or in WAVE quarters.

Our flight was scheduled to leave at 7 a. m. Monday, March 7th, so were were to report at the air terminal at 6 a. m. Yes, we made a deposit of \$2.50 for our room but the \$2 was returned to us in the morning and the 50 cents kept for linen service.

Our flight did not leave until 8:15 due to the stupidity of an incoming pilot who opened the baggage compartment of his plane and scattered luggage all along the runway.

Our plane was a special flight and the plane, a new one, has been attached to the base here. In Navy lingo it's called a "Plush Job". It's exactly like a commercial plane with some added Navy features. More of our luck I guess. There were 32 passengers, four women, four children and the rest sailors. One other enlisted man's wife had a three-year-old boy and a baby about two-months-old.

Our first stop was Argentina, Newfoundland. A more barren or cold place I can't imagine. You could see from one side of the island to the other and the ocean all around. The wind was blowing so hard that the heavy flight steps had to be held in place by the sailors. All the women had to be helped down the steps including yours truly and you know I am no feather. Later I learned from our radio man that the control tower on Argentina had refused to bring us in because of the heavy cross winds and our co-pilot took us in. We had a terrible landing, hopping down the runway like a rabbit. A few times I thought that my safety belt would surely break. Up to that bad landing we had a very smooth flight, not even an air pocket.

We stayed at Argentina about two hours. That's where we all got acquainted. I made the mistake of telling Chuck's rate and work and from then on I was teased. You see all of the sailors were what we called "Air-e-Dales" meaning connected with plane work and to think of a Boatswain Mate on land and worse of all on shore patrol was real fun for them. Hence I am now Boats or Mrs. Patrol to the whole bunch.

During that stay on Argentina we made bets to see who would see the first blade of grass, weed or tree, but were were informed by the sailors stationed there that we need not look for there were none at all. They know.

Our take-off was smooth and started our night flying. Our next stop was on the island of Lagenis, in the Azores. We were given our breakfast there at 4 a. m. As it was dark I couldn't tell much about the place but when we took off at 7 a. m. it was fairly light. The whole island was green and the weather springlike. Might have been a nice place.

We were then over nothing but water and the sun was coming up. The clouds were all shades of pink, the sky a clear blue, and the ocean a deep purple. It was a beautiful sight and I know no artist could do it justice.

The only time I was really scared was about two hours out of the Azores. I was sound asleep when the buzzer sounded to fasten your safety belts. I awakened so suddenly and so did the rest. We knew it was not time for a landing. However we soon began to hit the bumps and then we realized that rough going was the reason for safety belts.

To me it was just like a roller coaster, bumps for about 20 minutes and the smooth about 15 minutes. It didn't frighten me a bit but some of the sailors got pretty sick. It was that way for the rest of the trip.

As we came into Port Lyautey I could see a river coming down to the sea. The Sabe I have since learned. Everything looked green and flowers were in bloom. We could see the whole air base and part of the town before landing.

It was then 1 p. m. March 8, 1949. Chapter Two: First Impressions. Bonnie's husband had seen the passenger list and told Chuck I'd be there, so he and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Eggeing were there to meet me.

Customs men came running up from all directions but I had no trouble as Chuck's friend, a French inspector, was there and they didn't even open my bags. The rest were well packed through and messed up. I had to declare my American money and a ship was made out. If I don't show up and exchange it at the legal rate in so long a time they will be after me I guess.

It seems the French (Frogs as the Navy calls them) are trying to get bossy with the Navy lately. At least here. Before a U. S. Navy officer could get to the customs office they made one sailor open his sealed orders. Just as he started to open them an officer came in and snapped him to attention. It was plain to see the officer was in a "controlled rage." He grabbed the orders so the French couldn't see them and called all concerned with the U. S. seal and the squadron seal and the sailor must not open them for anyone or they would surely be sorry. That sure ended it and the French went away back and sat down.

Chuck said when he come over he had the orders for six as he was in charge of them. When customs tried to make him open them he refused and walked out. They screamed after him they'd have his stripes for that so he told his officer. The officer said if he had the authority he'd have another stripe for it instead of losing them.

Mr. and Mrs. Eggeing took me to their hut for dinner and a shower. The huts are nicer than many apartments I have seen in D. C.

It was funny how Mr. Eggeing and Chuck found out that they both knew Plattsmouth and that I had always lived there.

It seems that Mr. Eggeing and Chuck were visiting one evening about jobs, etc. Mr. Eggeing mentioned that he knew one fellow that had become sheriff of his home town county when he returned from service. Chuck said he guessed he knew of one too for he had met a girl friend of mine who had married the changed sheriff in Nebraska. Then Mrs. Eggeing said they both said "Solomon!" and she thought that the hut would lose its roof for the next few minutes.

It seems that my not getting in on the 17th upset a party the shore patrol had planned. They were going to meet me with their motorcycles and take me to town in the Paddy wagon.

Eggeings brought us to our room and it was too dark to see much except it was creepy to see the Arabs sleeping in the streets. Also Chuck lost the house he had promised since I didn't get here on the 17th. We have a room in a private house. The house is all cement and white-washed inside and out. We have a separate entrance. Even the floor is cement and no rugs. So far I've managed to get white wash on everything I wear. There is no hot water so our first shopping trip was into town for canned heat, a kettle and a thermos jug. Now I spend a part of my day heating water to keep the jug full.

Please send me some magazines and books. Chuck don't want me to work for a while as then I couldn't go anywhere. And I sure can use some reading. Chuck's Christmas Reader's Digest goes all over the base. It sure was the right Christmas gift for him.

Boy when I come back home look out on the ice cream. What they have here is more like our sherbert but likely its better for the figure.

All the young girls here say they would do anything to get to America. They all speak good English. Learned from the sailors you see.

Our front yard is beautiful, orange and lemon trees, roses and other flowers. Incidentally it is surrounded by a high white wall and the gate in the wall is locked at sundown.

Our landlady, Madame La-forrage, does not speak English so the first morning I just nodded to her. Now Chuck

gabs with them all. How he learned so much French and Arabic in so short a time is beyond me. But guess I'll have to do it too, or I won't be able to understand even my own husband.

We have to eat in town as we have no cooking facilities or utensils yet. For breakfast we went to a milk bar and I sure didn't like what I got to eat.

We went for a walk around town. First we stopped by the Shore Patrol office which is in the basement of the police station. All the police wear a dark blue uniform trimmed in red, very pretty. They ride bicycles, have one old jeep and a paddy wagon about to fall apart and they call themselves "a mechanized force." However, they don't get any back talk from these people. They tell me the cells in their jails are all dirt, no beds, and they put just as many in one cell as they can. Chuck says he has seen them beat prisoners until he thought they were dead. The big city prison is five stories underground and only two men know the way out. Chuck has never seen this and I personally even with my curiosity have no desire to see it.

Women here are "a sorry lot." When a woman is arrested and can't pay her fine, she is put in the "Medina" to work it out as a prostitute. The "Medina" is a walled off section of the Arab city. Lots of the young girls live with sailors. All they have to do is go to the French police and make a declaration that they are going to live together. Then if the girl is ever seen with anyone else she is put in the Medina.

After leaving the Shore Patrol station we walked all around town. Chuck knew everyone from the cutest little shoe shine boy to the Pasha who is head of the Arab Vice Squad. The

little shoe shine boy spoke better English than I, and French and Arabic as well. All the Arabs speak French as well as Arabic and there are more Arabs than true French. They seem all mixed up like a mongrel dog to me.

I have not been in the Arab town but Mr. and Mrs. Eggeing said they would take me on a special pass when Chuck can go with us.

None of them will bother me as Chuck is known on the Shore Patrol, but some of the American wives have a hard time getting through the streets because of beggars. I've already learned the Arabic for "get away" and it sure works after they have seen me with Chuck.

The streets are all paved and I have yet to see one of them as rough as Georgetown, D. C. However, I believe Mr. Zimmet (former lawyer Ruth worked for) would have a time settling tort claims here. When you come to an intersection you just honk your horn and the one who honked first has the right-of-way. The only speed limit is one set by the navy for personnel.

Everyone walks in the center of the streets until you reach the center of town. I forgot about it when I reached the center and the French police screamed at me. I didn't wait to find out what he said but beat it for home. I say "screamed," because that's what it sounds like to me.

I am not to go shopping without Chuck as they have three prices. Arabic (cheap) French (Medium) and American (high as you can go). He knows the proper price and see that we pay only that or none at all.

When he goes on duty at night I must lock my door and never let anyone in. You see I am a mile and a half from the base and no phone.

I will probably go batty trying to behave and mind orders

when he goes out of town for several days at a time. He has a couple of trips coming up to Casa Blanca to escort airplanes here. It takes about a week, although it's less than a hundred miles. They can go only 15 mph and they have to go around all towns for the walls have no gates big enough to let the plane through.

I've always wondered how people can drink wine and like it. Maybe by this time next year I'll know the answer. The water here is terrible. Wednesday night we went out to dinner and had a fine one. Started with vegetable soup. I have since found that all soup here is vegetable as they grind up even the potato peelings in it.

After dinner, Chuck said we had to make the rounds of the bars and I must be presented. He has to go to all those places in his work and tries to keep friends with the proprietors.

We started out, but believe me if I had known what I do now, I think they could have been insulted for all of me.

They all had to call their wives down from the living quarters above and get out their best wines and serve me. As you know how I like that stuff, you can imagine how much I did for Chuck's benefit by trying to drink a little at each place.

At the last place there were a bunch of sailors and they thought they had to treat us to Champagne. Well I made it home without even Chuck realizing how sick I was but Never Again for me.

Thursday afternoon while Chuck was on duty, I sat with Madame (the landlady) in the garden and we talked. She would point to something and say it in French and I'd say it in English. Then we tried to imitate each other.

She has a young Arab girl working for her and she scares (Continued on Page Six)

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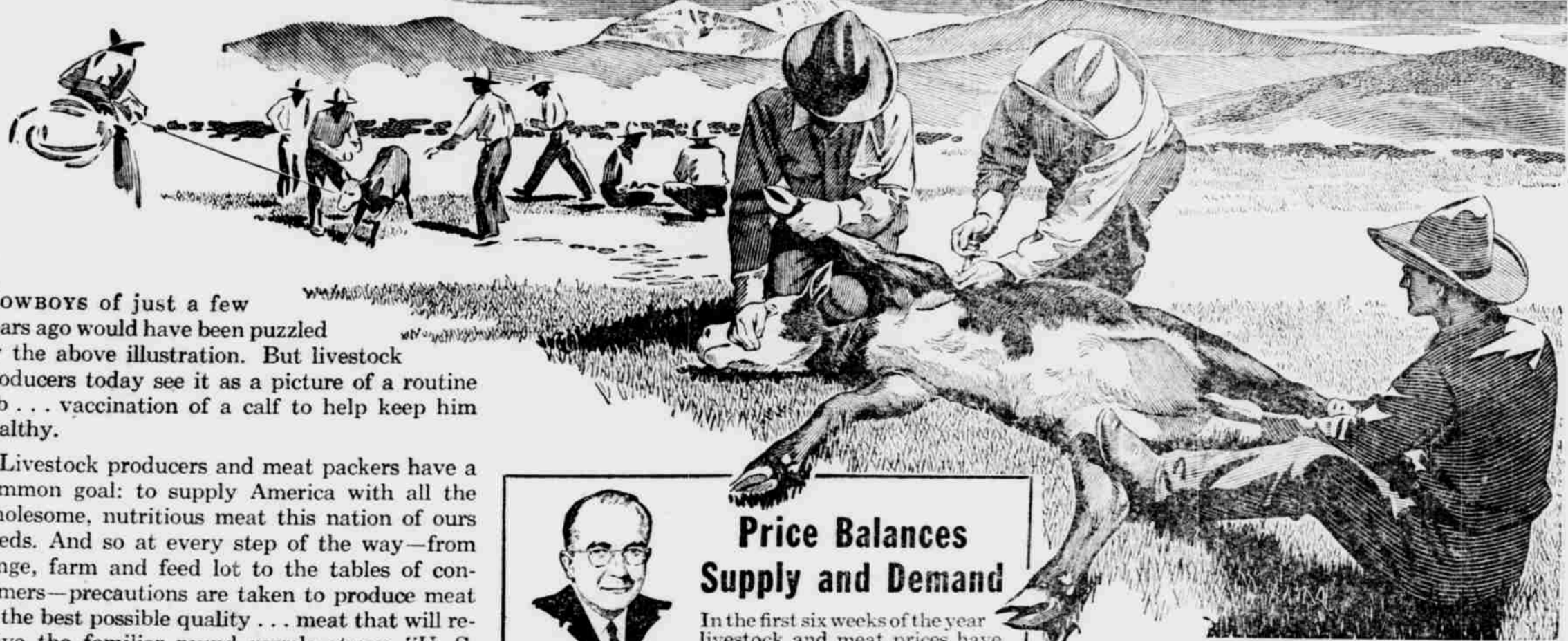
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# Ounce of Prevention...



Cowboys of just a few years ago would have been puzzled by the above illustration. But livestock producers today see it as a picture of a routine job... vaccination of a calf to help keep him healthy.

Livestock producers and meat packers have a common goal: to supply America with all the wholesome, nutritious meat this nation of ours needs. And so at every step of the way—from range, farm and feed lot to the tables of consumers—precautions are taken to produce meat of the best possible quality... meat that will receive the familiar round purple stamp "U. S. Inspected & Passed." This purple circle, found on every important cut supplied by federally inspected packers, is the housewife's guarantee of good, wholesome meat.

Growing animals are subject to various ailments. Meat, milk, wool and other valuable by-products... enough to supply a good-sized nation... are lost on farms and ranches each year. Add to this the lost grain and grass fed to animals which never live to maturity, or fed to unthrifty livestock that gain slowly. Total dollar losses run into billions.

Much has been done toward reducing these losses. New drugs and chemicals, such as the sulfas, penicillin and phenothiazine, are conquering livestock ailments, pests and parasites. But some of these causes of reduced production and profit are stubborn. To lack them will take increased knowledge, cooperation among neighbors and a constant watch for danger signs. But the increased earnings which can result from these efforts make them more than worth while. Production of healthy livestock is the only way to keep the markets for the meat you produce supplied and expanding. In solving your problems your local, state and federal veterinarians are good men to turn to for help.

### Soda Bill Sez:

It's a good idea to save tough problems for a brainy day. Dirt farmers and desk farmers both get calluses—but in different places.



OUR CITY COUSIN April rain and April flood Make City Cousin A stick-in-the-mud!

## Price Balances Supply and Demand

In the first six weeks of the year livestock and meat prices have dropped with great rapidity. In my 24 years with Swift & Company I have never seen so violent a drop. On the other hand, I have never seen prices start down from so high a level. It is the law of supply and demand at work.

When the wholesale prices of meat—the amount meat packers can get for it—go down, it means lower prices for livestock. It always has been and always will be that way. When demand for meat increases, we are able to pay producers more for their livestock. The prices Swift & Company, and the other 26,000 meat packers and commercial slaughterers, pay for livestock are governed by what they can get for the total available supply of meat and the by-products. As in the past, so in the future, livestock prices will result entirely from the balance between supply and demand.

Let's Be For Things Seems to me that most of us spend too much time and blood pressure being against things. Let's be for things. Let's be for freedom of choice and initiative. Let's be for a system which allows a man to choose freely his own work, to make his own opportunities, to plan his own production. Which lets him decide where and how he lives; how he spends or invests his earnings. Let's be for our country, where a man's the boss of his own time, his own thoughts and his own political and religious beliefs. Let's take a good look at the rest of the world, then reverently thank God, and be for the United States.

Hope you have a prosperous summer, and we'll be looking forward to being with you again. Meanwhile, if you're in Chicago, plan to visit us at Swift & Company. All of us in the Agricultural Research Department cordially invite you to drop in for a chat. We'll be looking for you!

F. M. Simpson, Agricultural Research Dept.

## Martha Logan's Recipe for DELUXE CORNED BEEF HASH PATTIES

- 1 can corned beef hash
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- ½ cup thinly sliced onion
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 No. 2 can peas (2½ cups)
- ¾ teaspoon salt

Melt 1 tablespoon shortening in a frying pan and brown onions lightly. Sprinkle flour over onions and combine thoroughly. Drain juice from peas (approximately 1 cup). Add salt and juice from peas to onions and flour. Cook until sauce has thickened. Add ½ cup peas, stirring gently. Open can of hash at both ends. Push hash out on a board. Slice in four portions. Brown in 1 tablespoon shortening in a frying pan. Serve Corned Beef Hash Patties with vegetable sauce.

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## Quotes of the Month

The livestock producer, both by nature and by necessity, is a true conservationist. He would no more deliberately ruin the property on which he depends for his livelihood, and which he hopes to pass on to his children, than the manufacturer would deliberately tear down the plant in which he operates.

A. A. SMITH, President American National Livestock Assoc.

Livestock provides one-third of all the food energy in the American diet, and 80 per cent of all the land used to produce the nation's food supply is devoted to livestock production. That is the story of a big business, vital to all Americans.

CHARLES A. BURMEISTER, Production & Marketing Administration—USDA

## Economy of Production

By Dean H. J. Reed  
Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana

It is the net income that enables farmers to have the things they want for their homes and families. Prices of farm products are going down. Taxes, transportation costs, labor, materials, and operating costs will remain high. That puts the old squeeze play on net income. The answer, obviously, is reducing production costs to the bone—making every production unit efficient, whether it be an acre of ground, a hog, a cow, or a chicken.

High producing, adapted varieties of crops, adequately fertilized, planted at the right time in well prepared soil, will cut the cost of production.

Most farmers feed their hay and corn to livestock, and the herds and flocks convert this feed into milk, pork, eggs, etc. Therefore, we must be sure that they are efficient. It is your livestock that settles the price you get for your feed and labor. Low producing animals and birds should be disposed of now, and they should be replaced with high producers.

Can the proper use of electricity, machinery, and power cut your labor costs? Study causes of livestock mortality and correct any bad conditions. Sanitation pays. Analyze your production figures and costs; they will reveal your weak and strong spots. Keep overhead cost down.

Every farmer can improve his operations, and it will pay from here on out.

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