

DECATUR
DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Charter Members of The
Indiana League of Home Dailies.

Send a book to the boys in camp.
If you have a good fiction story or
text books take them to the library
or the Legion Home.

The things to hoard these days
are defense bonds and stamps.
Stack away all of them you can
buy and find room for.

Buy bonds. It's voluntary, but
unless we all do so, it will have to
be made mandatory. Great sums
of money are needed for the de-
fense war and we must all assist
as we can.

Last call for those who have
postponed purchase of their 1942
automobile plates and according to
the local bureau there are many
who will have to do this by Saturday
if they wish to operate their
cars.

Premier Stalin of Russia does
not brag, does not exaggerate, does
not underestimate the job ahead,
but declares that his armies will
continue to hold their lines and go
forward until every foot of land
has been recovered from the Nazi
forces. His address was given on
the 24th anniversary of the Soviet.

Eleven were killed in Indiana
over the week end, due to traffic
accidents. While the number of
casualties on the highways has
slowed up considerably, due to the
reduction in the number of cars on
the highways, it seems that as long
as the cars can travel, there will
be accidents. The old advice—be
careful—is still good for those who
follow it.

The city will be host to the nine
public high schools of Adams
county from Thursday evening to
Saturday, the occasion being the
annual tournament for this section.
Of course the boys will be accom-
panied by many rooters and the
occasion promises to be a very in-
teresting and exciting one. A cordial
welcome is extended to all
visitors.

The big national lottery to de-
termine the order of liability for
military service, affecting the nine
million men who registered re-
cently, will be held on St. Patrick's
day, March 17th. The drawing will
occur in Washington and will be
similar to the two previously con-
ducted. The men will not be called
for several months, until the
previous registrants have been
passed on.

The Silver anniversary of the
First Evangelical church edifice in
this city will be observed next
week with a series of services
starting Tuesday evening, and con-
tinuing until and including the fol-
lowing Sunday. During the week
Rev. George Lozier will be assisted
by four former pastors of the local
church, the Revs. Disney, Loosie,

Sundermann and Wise and by Dr.
A. H. Doescher of Cleveland, Ohio.
Much interest is being manifested
by members and friends of the
church.

President Roosevelt is sincere.
He is wise and has the information
from every sector of the war. He
loves America and American tradi-
tions and our way of life. He is
working day and night to win the
war and keep our democracy. His
fireside chat last evening was
wholesome and his advice should
be supported by the people of
America one hundred percent. We
will defend the country against
whatever comes and we will wield
a great influence in forming a new
world that will be happier and
better in every way. Buy bonds,
work at your job, follow the orders
for rationing, do your part. The
dark days will pass and we can
again be a happy, care-free people.

In a joint announcement, Secre-
tary of Agriculture Wickard and
Price Administrator Henderson re-
cently said that food stocks in this
country are abundant and that
there is no need or justification for
hoarding or abnormal buying. Con-
sumers should remember that
"scare buying" is one of the surest
ways to produce inflation of prices.
Temporary shortages are created
as demand runs far ahead of sup-
ply. Retail stores are doing a
magnificent job in the consumers
interest by buying carefully and
keeping their stocks in season.
War will cause us all to forego
many a luxury but there will be
plenty of necessities to go around.
An intelligent, calm public is essen-
tial to the best interests of all of
us.

There is much good common
sense in the movement now on to
train less men for service in the
armed forces and more in produc-
tion. We cannot gain by just hav-
ing a lot of men in uniform. They
must be equipped constantly, fed
and clothed. They must have ships
and planes and tanks and guns and
the job of keeping them well pre-
pared is as important as any other
phase of winning the war. The
war will be won by mechanized
equipment, tanks and planes and
ships. We must produce them and
at the same time keep up the
morale of the people at home. We
must and will continue building
the army and navy but we should
not do so any faster than we can
support them.

Medical science continues to pro-
duce miracles—miracles that cheat
death, that give life and health
and happiness to mankind. Writ-
ing in the Reader's Digest, Paul de
Kruif tells of one of them. In the
past, peritonitis following acute
appendicitis has meant a death
rate running as high as 75 percent.
Each year some 25,000 Americans
have died after appendectomies.
Medical authorities knew that
when an appendix burst, billions of
intestinal microbes were sprayed
out. But they had no remedy. Ex-
perimentation went on. And final-
ly, a way was found to use that
amazing saver of life, sulfanilamide,
in treating peritonitis. The
result: One doctor and his co-
workers last year handled 331 suc-
cessive emergency cases of acute
appendicitis—without a single
death. Other physicians had com-
parable success.

What does the war mean to you?
How will it change your life? No
one can look into crystal ball
and see reflected there the days
and months ahead. Yet certain
facts are clear, and clear enough,
to outline the future for us. Rub-
ber and sugar are being rationed
now; tin cans are getting scarce.
Industry has stopped turning out
automobiles to speed up plane pro-
duction. In the golden dreamland
of plenty that is America such
shortages have been rare within
the memories of most of us. We've
been a prodigal people, secure in
our industrial skill and superiority.

U. S. Pilot Tells Of
Attack On JapaneseAmerican Bombers
Smack Jap Vessels

(By William B. McDougal)
Allied Air Base, In Java, Feb. 24
—(UPI)—"Each pilot picked a ship
and we let 'em have it!"

In those words, a tight-lipped
drive-bomber pilot from Arkansas—
Capt. L. H. Galusha of Little Rock
—told me today how American air-
planes scored their greatest

triumph of the war in blasting a
Japanese invasion fleet off the
island of Bali.

So far as the American pilots
returning to this base after meet-
ing the Japanese in the air are
concerned the words "we let 'em
have it" just about summed up
their attack by dive bombers and
heavy bombers.

In high quarters the results of
one attack by American craft was
summed up as one cruiser sunk,
six others hit including one badly
damaged; one transport sunk and
another hit; and at least four
Japanese fighter planes shot down.
One American craft is missing.

But the Japanese invasion fleet,
which landed 3,000 men near the
airdrome of Den Pasar on Bali, was
plastered until it fled northward.

The last we saw was one Jap
cruiser towing a damaged destroy-
er and destroyer towing a dam-
aged cruiser," a reconnaissance
pilot told me.

Among the American fliers who
described the attack were Galusha;
Lieut. J. B. Summers; Capt. D. H.
Skiles; Capt. E. L. Vandevanter of
Washington; D. C.; Capt. Ray
Swanson of Flagstaff, Ariz.; and
Lieut. P. L. Mathewson of Rich-
mond, Va.

Ten American fliers are getting
a silver star for gallantry in action
during the battles against the
Japanese.

The action which was described
to me by weary but satisfied Amer-
ican fliers occurred off the south
coast of Bali and in the Lombok
Strait, east of Bali.

REVIVAL TONIGHT
Church of God

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

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one mile offshore and fired ap-
proximately 15 shells from a deck
gun.

One direct hit was registered
on a well, causing minor damage
to the pumping unit and the derrick.
There were several close misses
on a crude oil storage tank and a
gasoline tank.

"Apparently no damage was
caused by these shells. A complete
survey of the ground has not
yet been made and there may be
superficial damage. Whatever
other damage is discovered will
not be extensive.

"No fires were started as a re-
sult of the firing. No tanks were
hit. From fragments of shell
found and marks on the ground it
is believed a four or five inch gun
was used. The firing was done
leisurely, apparently only one gun
being used. It required about 25
minutes to fire the approximately
15 shells."

The shelling came at the end of
a day marked by the forced evacu-
ation of Japanese aliens from
Terminal Island in Los Angeles
harbor and other strategic California
areas where fifth column
activities have been feared. It
was followed by a black-out which
went into effect at 8 p. m., 25 minutes
after the last shell was fired.

The black-out extended along the
coast from Santa Barbara to Ven-
tura, 30 miles to the southeast
and was not lifted until 12:10 a.m.
today. A number of Japanese
aliens and Japanese-American
citizens were found wandering in
the black-out in Ventura and were
arrested.

Police said two of those arrested
were armed and were cruising in
a blacked out station wagon. The
men admitted visiting the Goleta
area earlier, police said. No

The Berne Red Cross fund now
totals \$982.51, according to the list
published in the Berne Witness.
The drive will continue this week,
during which time additional con-
tributions are expected to send the
total over the \$1,000 mark, the quo-
ta for that place.

The county drive has not been
completed, although the amount
raised exceeds \$7,000, the latest
table shows.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

While Brinda was worrying about
Dick Malden, that tall and thought-
ful young man was pursuing a
search of his own.

At first, the object of his quest
was Lady Gladys; his purpose,
to learn whether she or Vaslav had
selected the moment for staging the
surprise black-out. The drive had
been coincidence, but the lights had
certainly gone off at a convenient
time for whoever had stabbed
Brinda's guardian.

But neither Lady Gladys nor
Prince Vaslav was in evidence.
After canvassing the ball room and
the halls, he started for the front
door. Lord Mountwyn almost col-
lided with him in the hall.

"Deuced queer!" Dick remarked.
"Uncle!" His Lordship re-
joined. "There's no one out and a
look around."

"Uncle!" His Lordship re-
joined. "There's no one out and a
look around."

"We better have a look," Dick
said. "Come on, sir."

As though reluctant, Lord Mount-
wyn followed him through the door
and across the broad veranda and
down the steps to the broad sweep
of lawn. "Desperate devils!" Dick
observed. "Attacking like that,
Wonder what they were after?"

Lord Mountwyn shrugged. "Blessed if I know! Think they
were Jerries?"

"No doubt of it!" Suddenly Dick
stopped. Ahead of him, at the side
of the great house, he saw two dark
figures moving rapidly away and
they seemed to be carrying an inert
figure between them. Dick's fingers
dug into Lord Mountwyn's arm.
"Look!" It seemed to Dick that the
other trembled.

"Servants, perhaps," said Mount-
wyn.

"Servants my grandmother! Come on!"

"They may be dangerous," Lord
Mountwyn protested. "If they are
enemies, undoubtedly they are
armed." He held on to Dick's arm.
But Dick tore himself away.

"I'll go alone," he cried and was
off toward the corner of the house
around which the men had dis-
appeared. He heard a motor start.

A car shot away along the drive-
way, its tall light winking at him.
He saw another car standing in the
drive, leaped into it and shoved his
foot on the starter. There was no
response in the motor. "Fool!" He
hadn't switched on the key. He
found it, turned it and then the
motor started. Dick jammed the car
in gear and sent it racing after the
rapidly fading light.

The needle of the speedometer
swung past the fifty mark, hovered
in the sixty, crawled on to seventy
and then to eighty. Ahead he could
see the head lamps went out. Sure
of it, in fact. Won't be hard to trace."

The constable found his bicycle,
straddled it. "On the bars," the
constable said. "Not dignified for
a gentleman but it's all I have, sir."

Dick grinned. "It's a noble equip-
ment," he said and perched himself
on the bars.

In this slow fashion they moved
north along the road. After a while
they saw a figure trudging along in
the darkness and they hailed him.

He stopped and peered at them ca-
riously, leaning on his shotgun.

"Seen a car with one light?" Dick
asked.

"I have that," the man said. "Not
a quarter of an hour ago. Turned
in the lane yonder."

"Why the gun?" Dick asked.

"Looking for parachutists. I'm
Squire May. Every night I go out
and look for the blighters. My
duty, sir."

"We can use you," Dick said and
quickly told his story.

"Ah!" nodded the squire and he
smiled fiercely, jamming his gun un-
der his arm. "Lead on, MacDuff!
Let me at them! A woman, you say?"

The dirty rogues!"

"We'll leave that bicycle," said
Dick. They dismounted and
trudged toward the lane half a mile
away. When they reached it, the
Squire whispered: "There's a house
a quarter of a mile yonder. That
must be it."

Quietly they moved forward and
presently saw the house standing
amid the trees. The fog had lifted
a little, wafer of moon shedding
a pale light on the dark and sinister
scene. They crept toward it, then
Dick stopped and held up his hand
in caution.

"A guard!" he whispered. "I'll
get him!"

Crouching low, Dick kept in
the cover of the trees, creeping toward
the lone figure standing at the spot
where a driveway led from the lane.

He made his way around behind the
man, dropped down and crawled
inch by inch toward him. Once
he was near him and Dick lay still,
trying not to breathe, excepting every
moment to receive a bullet. Then
the man turned again and Dick
crawled closer. He stood up and
launched his body through the air,
feet it collide with the other, both
went down. Then the constable and
Squire May were beside him and the
three of them were pummeling the
prostrate guard.

"That does for him," the Squire
said. "He'll be asleep for a little
while." He considered the man
and tapped him lightly for good
measure with the butt of his heavy,
double-barreled shotgun.