

DECATUR  
DAILY DEMOCRAT

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A month ago southern Indiana  
was fighting floods. Now they are  
trying to control forest and field  
fires that have swept over thou-  
sands of acres.

D. C. Stephenson is continuing to  
find out that it's easier to break  
into prison than to get out. After  
twenty years he has lost another  
round in his effort to get a new  
trial and be free again.

That new Easter bonnet may get  
dampened this year as showers are  
due and the spring so far has been  
short of rainfall. Regardless of the  
weather it should be a glorious  
occasion.

Farmers are advised to pasture  
their wheat fields to prevent the  
crop from growing rank. They say  
this spring's crop is a month ahead  
of average years and may not turn  
out well if permitted to continue  
to grow wild.

Japan and Germany can stop the  
war whenever they feel they are  
ready to quit and admit they have  
had enough and are willing to  
live with other nations in a peace-  
able world. And surely they will  
soon feel that way.

Increase your weekly payroll de-  
duction for bonds the next three  
months if possible and buy as  
many extras as you can. This is  
the most important bond campaign  
yet made and we must meet it,  
heads up and smilingly.

It's been a long while since a  
guy had to mow his lawn in March.

Lewis may be wrong and about  
every one seems to think he is but  
the miners supported him five to  
one in their vote favoring a strike  
unless a contract is agreed upon  
by tonight.

Don't cash your bonds now. They  
are growing in value and they  
will buy more after while. The  
more you hold the more you help  
to prevent inflation which we must  
avoid if we wish to check the most  
dangerous part of the postwar  
period.

Every church in Adams county  
should be filled to overflowing with  
sincere people tomorrow to observe  
another Easter. Never did it mean  
more to a world that is trying to  
find its way back to the teachings  
of the lowly Jesus 1,945 years ago.

The rabies epidemic could be-  
come quite serious and it behooves

every one in the community to  
assist in meeting it by complying  
with the quarantine orders. If you  
have a pet dog, keep him on the  
premises and watch him carefully  
to guard against any development  
of the disease.

Hitler's speeches now don't have  
the old ring for he hasn't any  
means of backing up his threats.  
He is crushed and his advisors  
have known for some time that  
further resistance is useless. If he  
knows of a safe hiding place he  
should not delay further in getting  
there.

Now comes the bad news that  
the heavy ice of the past winter  
killed many fish in the northern  
Indiana lakes, so the Walton Leagu-  
ers may expect poor catches this  
season. This is particularly true  
in the shallow lakes where the ice  
became so thick that it deprived  
the fish of oxygen and sunlight. It  
will take a couple of years to re-  
stock the lakes according to the  
conservation department.

Stories of the atrocities and  
starving of American prisoners in  
the camps in Germany and Japan  
are almost beyond belief. War pris-  
oners in this country have been  
well fed, clothed and given medical  
attention but in the prison camps  
of our enemies many of our boys  
have died from starvation and mis-  
treatment. Such reports may not  
help the losing nations when final  
settlements and adjustments are  
made.

When the Yanks reached the  
much talked about Siegfried line  
in Germany it didn't take long to  
shatter it. Now its out of the way  
and the troops are moving forward  
on the other side so rapidly that  
even headquarters in Cologne can't  
keep up with the armies. The  
Siegfried was supposed to be per-  
fect as a defensive precaution but  
it's destruction shows there is no  
wall that can stand the assaults of  
modern equipment.

Now a number of writers who  
enjoy finding fault with the na-  
tional administration are asking  
whether or not we are ready for  
peace. Of course we are ready  
and the sooner it comes the easier  
it will be to meet the problems that  
arise. If we wait until every thing  
is perfect, we will never have  
peace. When it comes we will  
meet the requirements in the best  
way possible and much better than  
some of the critics now playing  
politics are predicting. Let it come  
and let's make it permanent.

"Women of America: you would  
give your diamonds and jewels to  
have your boys back from the fight-  
ing fronts, still you hesitate to  
give that extra minute that is  
necessary to prepare a tin can for  
the salvage collection. Do you  
realize that much of the food your  
son eats must be packed in tin for  
its protection? Do you know that  
the equipment for war that he uses  
must have tin in its manufacture?  
Do you know that his medical sup-  
plies must be encased in tin to pro-  
tect them so that they will be ready  
for his use in case of an emer-  
gency?"—Statement from the War  
Production Board.

## Don't Give Up:

When Abraham Lincoln was a  
young man he ran for the legisla-  
ture in Illinois and was badly de-  
feated. He then tried to get an ap-  
pointment to the United States  
Land Office, but failed. He became  
a candidate for the United States  
Senate and was badly defeated. In

1856 he became a candidate for  
the vice presidency and again was  
defeated. In 1858 he was defeated  
by Douglas.

But in the face of all this defeat  
and failure, he eventually achieved  
the highest success attainable in  
life and undying fame to the end of  
time.—Indiana Chamber of Com-  
merce News.

Twenty Years Ago  
Today

March 31—William Drew, 91, of  
Geneva believed oldest person in  
county dies at his home. He was a  
well known attorney and justice of  
the peace.

Rev. Alleston is conducting a two  
weeks pre-Easter service at the  
First Presbyterian church here.

The storm relief fund is now  
\$520, including \$334 sent in from  
Berne.

The Erie railroad announces they  
will operate motor coaches starting  
on this division in two weeks.

Gasoline goes up another cent  
per gallon and is now 23.4 cents.

A New York banking firm buys  
the Dodge Motor plant at Detroit  
at a reported price of \$150,000,000.

Modern Etiquette  
By ROBERTA LEE

Q. Is it obligatory that a bride  
write a note of thanks to someone  
who has given her a check as a gift?

A. Yes, in most instances, the  
bride would make this letter of  
thanks her most effusive.

Q. What should be worn by a  
waitress when her mistress is giv-  
ing a luncheon?

A. Black, gray or white uniform,  
according to the season, with white  
apron and cap.

Q. Is it proper to say, "There is  
no use in my writing to you?"

A. No; one should say, "There is  
no use in my writing to you."

Household Scrapbook  
By ROBERTA LEE

**Darning**  
If you hem tablecloths, save the  
pieces that are cut off, pull out the  
threads and wrap onto a spool; it  
makes the very best thread for  
darning.

**Cut Flowers**  
A small quantity of camphor or  
charcoal dissolved in the vase or  
receptacle will keep cut flowers  
fresh for a long time.

**Chickens**  
If chickens are washed in strong  
baking soda water they will not re-  
tain the usual disagreeable odor.

## Ration Calendar

**Processed Foods**  
Blue stamps X5 through Z5 and  
A2 and B2 valid through March 31.  
Blue stamps C2 through G2 valid  
through M2 valid through June 1.  
through April 28. Blue stamps H2  
Blue stamps N2 through S2 valid  
through June 30.

**Fuel Oil**  
Period 4 and 5 coupons valid  
through Aug. 31, 1945 have the fol-  
lowing values: 1 unit, 10 gallons;  
5 units, 50 gallons; 25 units, 250  
gallons. All change-making cou-  
pons and reserve coupons are now

**Meats**  
Red stamps Q5 R5, S5 valid  
through March 31; T5 through X5



Left, sarong type bathing suit; center, rayon-linen suit; right, pin-checked border print sun dress.

It doesn't take a fortune to gather together a slick, smart wardrobe that will be chic and comfort-  
able no matter how high the thermometer soars. The answer is, of course, to make your own. The  
three simply designed costumes pictured above are typical of what can be done with a bit of effort.  
At the left is a sarong type bathing suit made of printed material. It consists of a sarong and well-fit-  
ting bra. There is a fingertip jacket that can be worn when the sun is too scorching. The two-piece  
rayon-linen suit, center, has bracelet-length sleeves and a scalloped front closing, and may be worn  
for almost any summer occasion. For a daily sun bath on the roof or nearby park, the sleeveless sun  
dress, right, is just right. It is made of a pin-checked border print with the print used as trimming  
for bodice and skirt hem. A tiny bolero jacket can be worn if desired.

## Easter Prayer

To Thee, O Lord,  
On this Easter Day,  
We give thanks

For thy protection,  
The comfort of Thy presence,  
The good things of life,  
That we have known—  
For all of these things do we thank Thee,

May this day set aside  
To mark the Resurrection of Him  
Who was, and is,  
The Prince of Peace—  
May it be a day of renewed promise  
That from this troubled world  
The cloud of war will be lifted,  
And all men live together,  
Free and unfettered,  
In tranquility and understanding.

For us who have left those close to our hearts  
To engage in a war  
That was thrust upon us  
By forces of evil,  
Speed our victory  
And our return to the land  
That ever claims our hearts, and our minds,

Gather unto Thyself  
Those of us who fall  
In the battle we wage  
To defend the good and the right.

May the peace that follows  
Be a just one.

Bless those at home.

All this we ask,  
Humbly and with reverence,  
On this Easter Day.

AMEN.  
—Cpl. Alvin L. Krieg, Belgium.

valid through April 28. Y5 and Z5  
and A2 through D2 valid through  
June 1. E2 through J2 valid through  
June 30.

**Sugar**  
Stamp 35 valid through June 2.  
New stamp to be validated May 1.

**Shoes**  
Airplane stamps 1, 2 and 3 in  
book 3 good indefinitely. Always  
present book 3 when making pur-  
chase as stamps are invalid if re-  
moved from the book.

**Gasoline**  
No. 15 coupons now good for four  
gallons each, through June 21. B  
and C coupons good for five gal-  
lons.

**Fuel Oil**  
Period 4 and 5 coupons valid  
through Aug. 31, 1945 have the fol-  
lowing values: 1 unit, 10 gallons;  
5 units, 50 gallons; 25 units, 250  
gallons. All change-making cou-  
pons and reserve coupons are now

good. New periods 1, 2, 3, 4 cou-  
pons also valid now and good  
throughout the heating year.

**Stoves**  
All new heating, cooking and  
combination heating and cooking  
stoves, designed for domestic use,  
for installation on or above the  
floor and for the use of oil, kero-  
sene, gasoline and gas, are rationed.  
Certificates must be obtained  
from local board.

**Used Fats**  
Each pound of waste fat is good  
for two meat-ration points.

**Chipped Enamelware**  
Enamelware and thin metal uten-  
sils suffer most often from scor-  
ching, and enamelware is likely to  
crack and chip when scorched. Once  
chipped, an enamelware pan is un-  
safe to use, as further chipping may  
mean glass particles in the food.



A Child's Conception of Immortality  
A four-year-old girl was in a  
cemetery for the first time, looked  
at the mounds of earth and asked,  
"What are these for?" Somewhat  
puzzled as to how to give an an-  
swer, her father finally said, "They  
belong to the people who have gone  
to heaven."

"To the angels?" queried the  
child.

When her father assented, the  
little girl concluded, "Then this is  
where they have left their clothes." She  
was right.

## Coal Used Early

Coal was used early in China,  
but the first knowledge of this was  
not known to the western world un-  
til recorded by Marco Polo in 1275



MAJ. GEN. SHERMAN MILES, First  
Service Command commanding  
officer, kisses the cheek of Kay  
Rumels, Everett, Mass., radio  
station operator, after giving her  
a bouquet of roses as an Easter  
gift from her boy friend, Cpl. Ben  
Mitchell, with the airborne engi-  
neers in Germany. General Miles  
said it was an "honor" and a  
"pleasure" for him to do this "er-  
rand" for a GI overseas. Mitchell  
had sent \$10 to the local USO,  
asking them to send a bouquet to  
his sweetheart. (International)

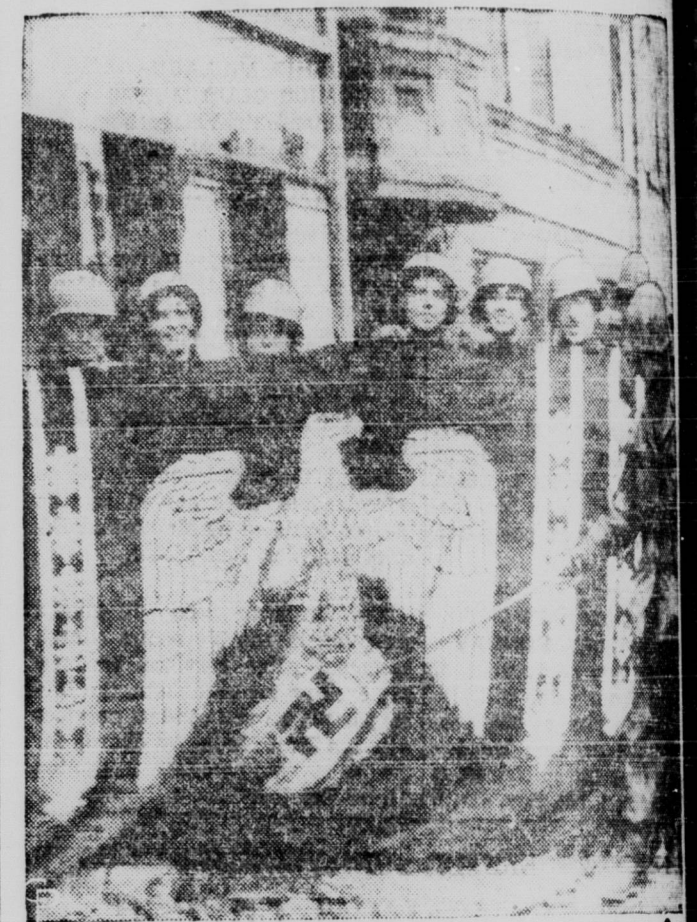
## Lenten Meditation

(Dr. Merrill O. Lester, First Methodist Church)

Matt. 5:5—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

It may appear to be asking too much to think on weakness when the whole world seems to be committed to the creed of aggressive self-assertion must be a topic of meditation. Certainly Jesus is on the other side, and His trusted followers throughout the centuries have been marked by humility and gentleness.

Truly meekness is not weakness, but strength. The self-sufficient and arrogant individual, institution or state, does not have the full-hearted support of the soul. Dogmatic authority and coerciveness may for a period compel human creatures to a submission, but soul freedom is found when one rejects all egoism and centers his life in God. Moses is described as the meekest of men. Moses was the greatest leader of those centuries. St. Francis said, "It is the mighty who are weak, and will not conquer anything because always there will be those who are mightier than they, who will overcome them. But anyone who possesses nothing in the worldly sense and relies completely on the Lord is invincible, for God stands by him." We will make the largest contribution in winning the world to Christ by thinking of the Kingdom of God first and our own ambitions last. If after the war the nations, the denominations, the different religious groups can together come to God in meekness, humanity will be on the way to redemption.



INFANTRYMEN of the 64th division, U. S. Third Army, hold an elaborate Nazi banner which they captured in Buss, Germany, the front-line town where soldiers of the Third and Seventh U. S. Armies formed a junction. The Yank in the foreground appears to be scoring a bull's-eye with his sword on the swastika. This is a United States Army Signal Corps radiophoto. (International)

ROMANTIC MASQUERADE  
by MARIE BLIZARD

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## SYNOPSIS

Daphne Willoughby had thrilled North Wintridge when she eloped at 17 with Carlo Abruzzi, a concert violinist. For eight years, until his death, she lived abroad. Letters from her to Kate Dennison and other friends back home were masterpieces of romantic imagination. After Carlo's death, Daphne worked for four years with Corinne Hollis, New York decorator. Then she returned to the old home town where she was welcomed as a glamorous personality. Daphne remodeled the house with her by a cousin and hired a part-time gardener called "Steve." A vivacious sub-deb, "Buff" Turner, and the latter's beau, Perry Dawson, are helping with the gardening. One day Corinne Hollis arrived with an airload of gay spirits from the Big City, including Alan Pembroke, architect and Daphne's ardent suitor. This hilarious rout lasted but a few hours. Later Alan returned, interrupting a talk between Daphne and Steve. When the latter left, Alan lost no time. She protested his kiss but there was no annoyance in her voice. . . . Two months later, the village celebrated the Fourth of July. After Kate's supper that evening, Alan dances with Daphne to the end of the terrace, lifts her over the rail, and actually carries her off.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

"We're taking a walk," he informed her. "I've got to take an early train, and there are a lot of things I want to say to you."  
Soon they reached a bench in front of a house on the tree-lined avenue.  
Alan dusted it and invited her to sit. "I shall probably kneel," he said. "That's the conventional pose for a gentleman about to ask for a lady's hand."  
"I've always thought that was a foolish idea," Daphne demurred. "How childish a man must feel at a woman's knee. I should think he'd remember his spankings and—"  
"Stop!" he growled. "You can't put me off with palaver."  
"All right, I won't try," she said. "I think you are simply grand. I've enjoyed every minute I've ever been with you. I hope we'll go on—"  
"Being friends. I know." In the moonlight she saw that Alan was grinning as he grumbled. "Why don't you wait until you're proposed to, before turning me down?"  
Daphne didn't know whether she was relieved or embarrassed.  
"I'm a methodical man, and I like to follow all the rules. I will begin at the beginning. It began," Alan said, "that day in April when we had lunch. The lunch, as you know, was a plot designed to make you think I wanted a job. It was only because I wanted to see you again."

"Was that lightning I saw just then?" she interrupted.  
"Heat lightning, and—kindly conceal your obvious lack of interest in what I'm telling you. I could read your mind that day. You thought I needed the job. You knew you didn't need an architect any more than you needed a cigar store Indian. But you considered ways and means of squeezing me in on some work. Didn't you?"  
"Yes," she murmured.  
"That was so sweet. I got thinking that over and came to the conclusion not long after that, while I didn't need a job, I needed you."  
"That was lightning," she said. "The stars have disappeared and you can hear the thunder—"  
"Of my heart, darling," he added. "So, you didn't really want to remodel my house? You didn't need work?"  
"Not exactly. I'm blessed with a fairly good business and surely I have enough for a man and his wife to scratch along on. This brings me back to you and me, and what you did to me."  
"I don't seem to remember doing anything but eating an expensive lunch."  
"Up to that day, there was another girl," Alan interjected.  
Daphne quickly looked at him, but his gaze was still fixed on the place where a star had been.  
"I'd known her for a long time, and I thought she was the girl, but she didn't walk, or talk, or think like you. Nor does any other girl I shall probably ever know."  
"We'd better hurry back, Alan. It's going to rain hard."  
"I've just started, my dear, and you're going to hear me out. That's what you call the premise. Now for the case—my case."  
Daphne looked at him hopelessly. A wind sprang up, rippling the grass, stirring the trees, making Daphne shiver a little. She drew an inch closer to him.  
"But well I know," Alan went on, "I haven't got anywhere in courting you and I fully realize it isn't going to do me any good to ask you to marry me now."  
"I'm sorry, Alan. I shouldn't have let you go on. I wish I could explain—"  
"There's nothing to explain. You haven't yet discovered that you love me. That's all. But you might, you know. I don't need any blueprints to prove you're attracted to me, and you are (to use a trite phrase) fond of me. Right?"  
"Right."  
"And you have no other suitors?"  
"Right."  
"And soon absence may make the heart grow fonder."  
"You're going away?"  
"Yes. Washington's decided that I can be of service in the Navy Department where my mechanical

drawing talent might come in handy. So I'm about to become a sailor, sweetie."  
"Alan, how splendid!"  
"I'll not be hanging around like a love-sick schoolboy anymore, but I'll write, and you can send me sweaters and fudge."  
His voice dropped to a deeper, graver note: "I'll be thinking of you up here in that house you put so much store in, hoping you find it lonely. Lonely enough to make you forget its fascination and think of mine. I can give you all the houses you want, Daphne, and something you'll never get in any house by yourself. That's love, honey, and fun, and all the other things a girl like you should have."  
Heavy rain began to fall and Alan wrapped his coat around her. "We'd better wait on the porch of the house," Daphne said. Alan picked her up, carried her across the lawn, and set her down on the porch.  
A crash of thunder shook the air and he drew her into his arms. She hid her face against his shoulder, trembling. It was only when he kissed her that she was still.  
"That's what I want you to remember," Alan said, "That's what you'll send for me."  
He was very small and thin. In the waxlike triangle of his tiny face, his eyes were like black velvet, with diamond centers as he entered the office where Daphne was checking boxes that had been packed for shipping by the Red Cross that day. She'd been at headquarters since morning, as she was most every day. Now it was dusk and she was waiting for Buff who had telephoned her earlier, asking her to wait, that she had something important to say.  
Daphne thought she was alone until she felt something compelling her gaze, and she looked down to see that small face with its big eyes, just over the top of her desk beyond the rim of the drop light. She noticed the sweater, the dirt on his face, and the shy smile that greeted her.  
"Are you lost?" she asked.  
His smile disappeared as he edged away, thrusting his hands into his tiny pants pockets. She shook his head.  
"Hadden't you better run along? Your mommie will be looking for you."  
"I came to play. Mia madre is sick."  
"Come to play? Here?"  
Without answering her, he edged around the corner of the desk, scuttled to a far corner of the office, climbed on a chair and took a cigar box off a shelf, never once removing his fearful eyes from her.  
(To be continued)

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