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August is associated with "dog days" and now a writer comes along and warns about the month bringing tales of sea serpents. Having lived through days when people thought they saw flying saucers, the scare of sea serpents will not alarm too many around here.

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It has not been defined what constitutes an epidemic, but from the number of polio cases in Jay county, that area is fast approaching the epidemic stage. Sixty cases of poliomeylitis have already been reported there, the largest number in any county in the state. Possibly a change in weather may curb the spread of the disease which so far has the medical world baffled.

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Federal tax collections for the fiscal year ending last June were nearly forty and one-half billion dollars, a huge sum in any man's land, but only 18 percent of the nation's income, which is estimated at $228,200,000,000. A little less than half of the tax came from individual incomes. As long as national income remains high, Uncle Sam will not have too much trouble in meeting expenses, but as economists point out, taxes should not take 20 percent of the whole. Another year may see a revamping of the federal budget on a lower basis.

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Although it has been voted to hold the Bluffton Street Fair in September, plans are not running so smoothly toward a "bigger and better fair." The town seems divided on suggestions to "re-pattern" the fair and the board's policy that it would be held "along the same lines as last year." The latter plan includes operation of bingo stands and games of chance along the midway and there is opposition to these features of the fair. At this writing, it looks like Bluffton will either have a tame street fair, or that arrest of operators of the old corn game will enliven activities not listed on the program.

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On the strike front, it appears that the steelworkers and steel industry management will be able to negotiate and avoid a strike. At the Ford plant uneasiness is apparent and young Henry Ford has stated if a strike does come, the big factory will be closed a long while. When men want work so badly, it seems foolish to close down big industries, thus throwing additional thousands out of jobs. Their troubles should be solved around the table and plans made to increase employment, rather than reduce it. This country still needs its vast production lines.

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Zenger's Anniversary:

August 5 is an anniversary in the history of journalism. It was on that day in 1735 that a struggling young immigrant editor named John Peter Zenger was acquitted of seditious libel, thus setting an important precedent for the press of this country.

Zenger was the mouthpiece for a political party that had arisen in opposition to Governor Cosby, royal administrator of colonial New York. Zenger first published his paper, The New York Weekly Journal, on Nov. 5, 1733. It was the first newspaper in America founded to carry on political controversy. In the struggle with his rivals, Zenger discussed his theories of press freedom.

Zenger was jailed for eight months, but during this time he published his paper regularly "through the key hole of his cell." His wife served as editor during this time. When the trial came up, Zenger was defended by Andrew Hamilton, a liberal and able lawyer from Philadelphia, who volunteered the service.

Hamilton insisted that if a publisher printed the truth, he could not be penalized for unfavorable utterances. He also maintained that the jury had the right to determine not only whether a publisher had printed the alleged libel, but whether the statement actually was libelous. Both of these were denied by the courts of that day. To uphold truth as a defense and to allow a jury of ordinary men decide the guilt of the accused would have undermined the authority of the governing class. Not until these goals were achieved could we be said to have had a free press. For one of the major tenets of democracy is the right of the press to criticise its governors.

Hamilton won an acquittal for his client. Actually, nothing tangible was accomplished by the trial. The courts did not recognize truth as a defense until 1798. Not until 1821 was the right of the jury to determine the law and the fact established. Yet the Zenger trial established a tradition that was firmly rooted in America by the time the Constitution came to be written.

Painful Spinal Disease Which Attacks Men

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

THERE is an extremely painful disorder of the spine known as rheumatoid spondylitis which seems to pick its victims especially among otherwise healthy young men.

In the beginning, the pain which is a big feature of this disease is usually limited to the lower part of the back. Those afflicted describe it as sharp and stabbing and note that it occurs only at intervals with some tendency to be worse at night. Occasionally it may pass into the legs.

As the disease continues, the pain becomes more constant and more severe. Then there may be some stiffness of the lower part of the back and later of the entire spine. Often the hips and shoulders are affected. As the stiffness progresses, the pain decreases, though a dull, aching discomfort may persist to flare up in an acute attack of pain from time to time, particularly after exercise or strain.

Other symptoms, such as sleeplessness, loss of weight and poor appetite, are common in this condition. Frequently, too, these patients become mentally depressed. In most instances the disease develops gradually and occurs more often in persons who are tall and slender.

X-ray examination is helpful in making the diagnosis. Often changes are noted in the joints between the lowest part of the spine and the hip bone. The ligaments which hold the bones of the spine together may become calcified, that is, lime salts may be deposited in them.

In treating this disorder, three things are necessary to relieve the pain, to prevent deformity of the spine and to build up the patient's general health.

The latter requires rest and a diet rich in all the necessary food parts, supplemented by vitamins.

It is important that efforts be made to keep the patient from becoming apprehensive and depressed. It has been suggested that X-ray treatments over the back may be effective in controlling the pain. Pain-relieving preparations also may be used under the direction of the physician.

In helping to correct deformities of the spine, exercises are advised. If the patient is confined to bed, his back should be supported during this period and only a small pillow is allowed for the head. Occasionally a brace or belt may be of help in relieving the pain.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

P. F.: What are the symptoms of chronic appendicitis? Is there any treatment except operation?

Answer: Chronic appendicitis may cause pain in the lower right part of the abdomen. There may be occasional attacks of constipation or diarrhea. There may be fever, and the number of white cells in the blood may be increased.

Operation is the only form of treatment available.

Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Wall Cleaner

The following is a good cleanser for painted walls: Dissolve one ounce of soap flakes in 16 ounces (one pint) of water, and add about three ounces of turpentine. Stir the mixture rapidly and apply with a brush or sponge.

Fruit

All fruit should be wiped with a damp cloth when it comes from the market. This will not only clean it from dust, but will also check any rot infected fruit with which it may have come in contact.

Acid Soil

Although lime is not a plant food it has its value in correcting sour or acid soil conditions, and in making clay soils looser and more pliable.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

Aug. 2. — The Graf Zeppelin is enroute to Lakehurst, N. J., from Germany on her maiden trip

Dr. Burt Mangold elected president of the Decatur school board.

Jesse Rice is defying hot weather by wearing cream colored pajamas as his attire.

Congressman LaGuardia is being boomed for mayor of New York City by the Republicians.

Misses Vivian Thomas, Anna and Ruth Winnes, Gretchen Winans, Martha Moser and Edwina Shroll return from Franklin, where they attended the annual Baptist assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H Briede of Portland visit their son Paul, and family here.

HOUSE PASSES

(Cont. From Page One)

for surplus American farm products. This may prolong a tie-up over the already-overdue foreign aid bill.

Reports Month Of July Hot And Wet

Berne, Aug. 2. — The month of July was hot and wet in Berne, according to H. M. Reusser's monthly weather summary released yesterday. The mean temperature for the month was 77.1 degrees, which has been exceeded only five times since 1910. The high reading for the months was 94, the low 57. Rainfall totaled 5.11 inches, nearly two inches above the 30-year- average here.

Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. What should a man do if a woman makes a social call at his office, and keeps talking and taking up his time?

A. He may, at the first opportunity, rise and tell her he is glad she stopped in to see him - or, if this has no effect, he may tell her he has an urgent appointment.

Q. On which arm of her father should a bride proceed down the aisle of a church?

A. On his right arm.

Q. Is it all right to eat an open-face sandwich with the fingers?

A. No; it should be eaten with the knife and fork, never with the fingers.

Court News

Estate Cases

Inventory No. 1 in the estate of Warren G. Kleinknight has been filed in county clerk's office.

Application for letters of administration in the Robert Berning estate were filed Monday.

Marriage Licenses

Richard Striker, Geneva, and Linda Bultemeier, Adams county.

Angus Williams, Strongsville, O., and Marjorie Yoblonski, Middlebury Heights, O.

Wilbur Lengerich and Margaret Wolpert, both route four, Decatur.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF ADDITIONAL APPROPRIATIONS

Notice is hereby given the taxpayers of Preble Township, Adams County, Indiana, that the proper legal officers of said municipality at their regular meeting place, on 30th day of August, 1949 will consider the following additional appropriations which said officers consider necessary to meet the extraordinary emergency existing at this time.

Township Fund, No. 7, Care of cemeteries ..... $ 15.00
Special School Fund, No. 17, Fuel for Schools 300.00
Special School Fund, No. 23, Transportation 1,000.00

Taxpayers appearing at such meeting shall have a right to be heard thereon. The additional appropriation as finally made will be automatically referred to the State Board of Tax Commissioners which Board will hold a further hearing within fifteen days at the County Auditor's office of Adams County, Indiana, or at such other place as may be designated. At such hearing, taxpayers objecting to any of such additional appropriations may be heard and interested taxpayers may inquire of the County Auditor when and where such hearing will be held.

CHAS. A. FUHRMAN,
Trustee Preble Township
August 1st, 1949.
AUG. 2—9

Hougham Appointed As Fund Secretary

Indianapolis, Aug. 2 — (UP) — Governor Schricker said today Robert B. Hougham, Franklin, had been appointed to a full term as executive secretary of the state teachers' retirement fund, effective Aug. 15.

Hougham, who served more 12 years in the post during Demcratic administrations in the and early 1940's, is the fund tary now. He was appointed January to succeed Forrest michael, Columbus, who re

Trade in a Good Town — Ge

The Leaf shall be Green

by Marion Chamberlain

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

WITH THE ARRIVAL of Art Johnson, a big, dark man of rasping monosyllabic speech, Marvell spent less and less time with Kit. Companionship with men was a fresh thing to Marvell. Ever since he had come to Colcord, he had missed it. Except for the casual give-and-take in his work, he had moved in a dominantly female world—Kit, Nedda and Mrs. Crane. And he was also almost foolishly pleased with the way these young men listened to him, his advice, his decisions, his tall stories. He had the satisfying feeling that he was making more of his own life, which was pretty rusty up here when he came to think about it, through their eyes. But after the first six months, he confided to Kit, "he didn't have much use for Art." Art had been disappointed in the smallness of New England compared to the length and breadth of Yakima Valley and after urging Furse to overshoot the mark in their initial outlay, he became discouraged and backtracked into puttering around with small fruits, poultry and dairy. Everything he began stood half finished because it never matched the impossible scale he had set.

"He's a half-wit," Kit agreed indifferently. She made it quite plain that Art and Furse had no interest for her. For that matter, she was non-committal with Marvell. He looked at her sharply. At fourteen she had none of the intensity she had had about everything as a little girl. Only, occasionally, when they read aloud together, did her responsiveness, which had been one of the most charming things about her, renew itself.

"What makes you think he's as bad as all that?" asked Marvell, trying to draw her out.

"Oh, he talks tough and big, but he looks and sulks like a baby."

"You wouldn't go into business with him, then? Now use your head, Kit. I want your impression."

"No, I'd rather have Piny."

If it's as obvious as that to Kit, why doesn't Furse see it himself and get rid of him, Marvell fumed. Furse now had the set, driven look of a man who has gotten in too deep. But he was stubborn, as if he owed Art something for getting him out here, and he took the blame for everything, almost determined to be a failure before he gave himself a chance.

The break came with the fire. Marvell saw the glare from his windows. "That's Nedda's or Furse's," he cried to Kit.

"Let's go over, let's go over," Kit cried. If Nedda's house should burn... she shivered in apprehension. Mrs. Crane went along, too. The whole town always turned out for a fire.

By the time they got there, Furse's barn was as good as gone. Kit could smell the strong odor of burning flesh, for three cows had been locked in the stanchions. "They ought to make a law to have a door at either end of a barn," said Mrs. Crane. "It's inhuman to watch 'em burn like that."

"They was chickens there—that's what started it, an oil burner to keep the baby chicks warm," someone cried. "They won't get a cent insurance."

Kit stood back and watched the bucket brigade. Marvell was in it, now, and she could see Peter and Poldi in the line. Poldi must have been there from the beginning. Her dress was torn, her face was streaked with sweat. Audrey stood next to Kit, shrieking with excitement. "Poldi tried to save the chicks, Gee, she hates to have animals hurt." Kit wished Audrey would shut up. It was almost beautiful to watch Poldi move, quick and graceful, her shining face filled, not with anguish as Kit expected, but a deep compassion. She'd never hurt anything or be hurt, thought Kit, and found herself fiercely wanting whatever it was that gave Poldi her strength, her serene submission.

Kit drew away from Audrey and kept a watch for sparks that might blow over to Nedda's carriage house and sheds. She must not forget her allegiance. The smoke hung all around the blackened timbers as if to shut out the ugly sight of destruction. Marvell couldn't see Art anywhere. He, too, had been fascinated by Poldi struggling against the fiery shadows. Now she had been swallowed up. He touched Furse's arm. "Do you see Art or Kit?" he asked.

"I'm here," said Kit. "It's good Nedda's house is safe."

"But it might have gone," said Furse bitterly. "And yours, too. I'd better get out of here. I don't bring anything but bad luck anywhere."

Marvell shook his arm. "The fire's out. We'd better find Art." This was Furse's chance, thought Marvell. Art's burned up his share, if he ever had one. Now he can break this partner stuff and hire him, and drive him and fire him if necessary. But he couldn't see Furse doing that tonight. He was hypnotized by self-pity, self-depreciation. Marvell could tell the signs. He grabbed Kit's hand. "I'll walk home with Kit. And then I'm coming back. I want to talk to you and Art. Tonight. Tomorrow won't do. Cheer up, kid. You're not licked yet."

Furse didn't move and now the smoke was lifting Kit could see the faces of the two men more plainly. The one, eager and excited, the other a mask where the sweat and despair and soot had left their mark. She sensed as she never had before the closeness between the two men. For a moment she was torn between irritation at being pushed along home and sympathy for Furse's lostness. She freed her hand and spoke decisively. "You needn't come now. I'll walk home with Mrs. Crane."

In Furse's raw, unfinished living room, Marvell waited for Furse to fix a drink. Everything reminded him of Art, the guns over the mantel, the gaudy covered mysteries and Westerns on the bookshelf, the dusty pile of dance records—cowboy songs and blues—stacked against the victrola. Furse came in from the kitchen with glasses and a bottle. He set them on the table and stood silently as if he, too, were aware of Art and were waiting for him to speak up. In that half second, Marvell heard the whispers of loneliness that permeated the house, the drip of water in the kitchen, the faint heart beat of a distant clock. The creak of an unseen chair. "Where is Art?" he demanded. He had the uncanny sensation that Art had left the empty room just before they crossed its threshold and that he would never come back.

"Sit down, he may have gone off to town. He wouldn't want to sit around grousing tonight, he'd want to forget it."

They sat opposite each other in worn leather chairs that had been left before the cold, dusty fireplace littered with cigarette stubs. It is like a wake, thought Marvell cheerlessly. Furse spoke. "This will set us back five years." He took a long drink. "I guess I expected that. That first day in Boston when you saw me going into Prentice's office, I shook all over. I thought, then, it was just the emptiness of returning from the war. Just a kind of nervous argument. I'd been afraid before—for different reasons. Some of those fears were so small and others so enormous that I recognized them right off. But that day they all blended together into a kind of numbness, so that I wouldn't admit to myself the plain and simple truth that I could fail at this job, no matter how much I wanted to forget the boring agony of war, to spite my mother and make a new start. I knew all the time I was taking an impossible chance."

"Look," said Marvell, leaning forward. "So you've lost your shirt. But don't make it a hair shirt that you cling to like a martyr. You're too expectant of trouble, Furse. Everything you do, you allow a margin of failure. You can't win that way, that margin keeps getting wider. I know. You've got to act as if there was only one thing you could do—succeed. Don't keep Art on as an excuse, hire him or fire him. Don't keep thinking, well, if the apples fail, I've got the house. I can just sink back into oblivion and wait for old age to creep up. Make up your mind that you're going to *buy* Edith Searle's orchards some day and stick to it. You must have wanted to do this, or you'd never have started."

"I want to do it now," said Furse. "I don't know that I did in the beginning. You make a fight and a struggle seem the only worthwhile thing." He smiled for the first time that night. All the time Marvell had been talking, Furse had watched him intently. The light in the room cast shadows on Marvell's face that idealized his blunt features much as Furse's admiration did the man. He had been attracted from the first by his vitality, his cock-sureness because they were so foreign to his own cautiousness. Now he wanted to be like him and to make room for the model he was ready to discard some of the old images he had guarded closely for a long time.

"Do you know how I happened to come up to Colcord? Just before my father died, he told my mother and me that he had bought a country place. It had always been a dream of my father's. My mother and father never got on. She took a direct line of opposition to everything he said or did. She remarked at the time she supposed he was showing off, that it would be way beyond his means. We never saw the place until after he had died. My mother thought she could sell the estate, the mansion, whatever it was he had splurged on, for a fine price. You can imagine her disappointment and anger when she saw what it was—a weather-beaten, unworked farm."

"So you came up together to live on it," Marvell tried to see his face but it was in shadow.

"Yes, for about a year and a half before I went into the army. My mother hated the place so, and there was such little cash value in it, that she didn't argue long against my keeping it for myself. She went back to Indiana living on an annuity my father left her, which was above his means.

"When I had to come back to something after the war, I had this. Under the circumstances it seemed a godsend and it gave me a chance to make something of what my father wanted so. Oh, there were other things, too—Art's proposition, but the main thing was to make up for his loss which my mother didn't do."

(To Be Continued)

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