

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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How did you get along with your dialing?

Our best wishes are extended to the management and employees of Citizens Telephone Company as they start a new page in utility service, with the switch-over to the dial system.

This month not only brings an abundance of nature's colors, but a heavier levy in federal taxes. Pay envelopes will feel the "take" as the new defense taxes are applied throughout the country. Even though taxes are high, Uncle Sam does give us something to live for and by, and no American would want to change places with any other national.

A clever and entertaining program was staged by Central Soya Company employees in the presentation of their Fall Fun Fair. A midway, resembling the best ever seen at a street fair was a big attraction, along with the Pet Parade by the youngsters and the water battles between the visiting firemen. It was a big reunion for everybody and the hope is extended that the Fun Fair will be repeated next fall at McMillen park.

To the young women who have been, or are still employed at the Citizens Telephone Company, this newspaper extends a word of thanks for their kind services. The operators, or "Central" as they are called always very efficiently served this newspaper. The telephone is widely used in a newspaper office and at all times, whether in the transaction of routine calls, or in rush periods on election night and exciting basketball tournaments, the operators always served us courteously and quickly. We appreciate our telephone service, for without it, it would be most difficult to gather the news and publish a newspaper. Thanks to all and to all good luck.

Newspaper Week:

As weeks go, this is National Newspaper Week, a time designated by the Fourth Estate, to call public attention to the commercial and civic services rendered by newspapers and to reiterate that Freedom of the Press belongs to the people.

The first duty of a newspaper is to gather and print the news. For that particular service, individuals subscribe for the paper. The columns of the newspaper

also serve manufacturer, merchant and individual in the movement of goods and services. Circulation is what makes the newspaper the country's most active and effective salesman.

Freedom of the press, was not won in this country until the acquittal of Peter Zenger, in 1734, who was charged with seditious libel by the then royal governor of New York. The first amendment to our Constitution guarantees this freedom, along with free exercise of religion and speech. As long as Americans are willing to fight for these freedoms the freedom will remain theirs.

The slogan during this year's observance is, "Truth to a Free People."

To that creed we heartily subscribe and renew our pledge to its fulfillment.

After The Peace:

After peace comes in Korea, what does the United States do? As soon as it began to appear that the Korea war might be ended sooner than originally expected, Washington officials began to anticipate this question, and to ponder ways to prevent relaxation of the defense effort. They quickly let it be understood that no change can be expected in mobilization plans as a fruit of peace in Korea.

The end of the Korea incident will find our defenses more rather than less strained than they were before that conflict. Some forces must remain committed in Korea pending accomplishment of a final settlement. The general situation requires the strengthening of troops in Japan and Europe. The concept of Navy and Air Force needs has been altered. And it can be seen that a standing army of defense size must be maintained at home, available for instant employment.

These demands are much greater than those which were recognized before the invasion of South Korea. They will necessitate higher taxes, greater diversion from civilian production, more military man-power calls, probably more controls on the economy. Despite peace in Korea, the defense effort will claim the attention of Americans as long as we face this other question: What will the Communists do next? Until that question can be reduced to one of little importance, we shall have need for enough military strength to meet any emergency.

If Blood Clot Forms in Leg

By Herman N. Sundesen, M.D.
FORMATION of a clot in the veins of the feet or legs is always attended by the possibility of pulmonary embolism. This serious and frequently fatal condition results when a bit of the clot breaks off from its original location and travels through the blood stream to lodge in one of the tiny arteries of the lungs.

Ordinarily, the victim will have no previous warning that such an attack is imminent, but is suddenly stricken with severe pain under the breast bone and extreme shortness of breath. However, later investigation will usually reveal that a certain amount of strain preceded the attack and it is supposed that some such activity produces the dislodgment of the clot.

Other symptoms vary according to the size of the embolus or clot. The patient's general condition and particularly the condition of the lungs. In general, they are much like those which occur during an attack of acute coronary thrombosis when a blood clot blocks one of the arteries which supply the heart with blood. In both instances the patient turns ashen gray, the heart beat is rapid and weak, and the blood pressure is low. There is profuse sweating and the temperature often is below normal.

Not all cases, however, are so severe. In the milder cases, the patient may only feel a slight

blood, and have but a slight pain over the lower part of the chest, the upper part of the abdomen, or in the shoulder.

As a rule, the condition is not difficult to diagnose. X-ray of the chest is helpful and the making of an electrocardiogram, which is an electrical tracing of the heart beat, is helpful in distinguishing the pulmonary embolism from a heart attack.

If the patient can survive the first crisis, he is likely to recover, but this largely depends on the size of the embolus and his general condition.

It is fortunate that the condition seems to occur for the most part in patients who are already in a hospital so that immediate treatment is possible by giving a sedative or "flying" drug. By doing the patient breathe pure oxygen and, then, after several hours by giving an injection of heparin which is an anticoagulant by mouth. These substances slow down clotting of the blood.

It is important that pulmonary embolism be recognized promptly if it occurs. The treatment outlined will aid greatly in the patient's recovery.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
A.P.C. Is there any treatment for the relief of an enlarged prostate gland?

Answer: The only treatment for enlargement of the prostate gland is to have the gland removed surgically.

THE PRICE-AND WHO ISN'T WILLING TO PAY IT

Household Scrapbook
By ROBERTA LEE

Curtains
To change the color of white curtains to cream, boil one tablespoon of black tea in one quart of water, and use as much of the clear tea as necessary for the desired tint. Or, dip them in coffee; the stronger the coffee the darker the curtain.

Potato Poultice
Potatoes are often as effective as linseed for a poultice. Boil the potatoes in a bag and when soft, mash in the bag and apply as hot as can be borne.

Slippery Hangers
Wind rubber bands around the ends of all the slippery dress hangers and this will prevent the annoyance of dresses slipping off onto the floor.

Modern Etiquette
By ROBERTA LEE

Q. Don't you think it rude for a man to take a girl to a dance, and then dance with other girls for

four or five consecutive dances?
A. This is extremely ill-mannered. A man, when escorting a girl to a dance, assumes full responsibility for her and should never dance with another girl unless he knows that his companion has a partner for that dance.

Q. Which is the proper expression, "The boy was named for his father," or, "The boy was named after his father?"
A. The preferred form is, "The boy was named for his father."

Q. Is it necessary for a bereaved person to return calls of condolence?
A. No; this is not required nor expected.

20 YEARS AGO
TODAY

Oct. 2—The Philadelphia Athletics cop the second game of the series from St. Louis 6 to 1, making it two straight. They go to St. Louis for the next three games. First game A's 5, Cards 2.

J. B. Corson, nearly 53, has cut seven acres of corn for a total of 233 shocks.

Isaac L. Babcock, 74, died at

SHADOW on the RANGE
By NORMAN A. FOX

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

THE WOMAN dried her hands on her apron. She was tall and raw-boned and her hair kept falling into her eyes. She brushed at her forehead with the back of her hand. She was wearing a thick gold wedding ring.

"Come in," she said to Ives.

This shack was not as large as Lund's; it had only one room, and all of living was done in this room. The child's bed was in a far corner; the child lay there listlessly. He looked to be about twelve. Ives went to him and looked down and smiled and said, "Hello, young feller," trying to be brisk and professional and comforting, but there was a feeling in this shack that made him defensive; they had him pegged as belonging to Hammer.

The boy looked at him with large eyes; the boy looked scared. Ives glanced at the parents. "Tell me about it."

Jensen moved his weight from one foot to the other, still frowning. Mrs. Jensen said, "He started getting headaches a few days ago. He just didn't have no gumption at all. He doesn't want to eat, and he doesn't sleep at night. He just tosses and turns."

Ives placed his case upon a chair and opened it. He took the boy's temperature and began a careful examination. He placed his hand on the boy's abdomen in the appendiceal region; he found a slight distention there. He said, "Tummy hurt?" and the boy nodded. Ives looked for rose spots on the abdomen, but there were none. He turned to the parents. "There are other children sick in this same manner?"

"Half a dozen," Jensen said. He had a deep, rumbling voice. "Beams' is the worst, from what I've heard."

Ives snapped his case shut and picked it from the chair. "Don't go near him any more than you have to," he said. "I'll drop in again. Probably tomorrow."

Jensen said, "Ain't you going to do nothing? Ain't you going to give him medicine? What kind of doctor are you?"

It was there, the belligerency, pushed out into the open; and against it Ives put a professional aloofness. "We have to study these things to know what they are. And we have to know what they are before we begin doctoring. He might have appendicitis. He might have something else."

Ives went to the door; Jensen stood aside to let him pass, and Mrs. Jensen said in a small voice,

"We're obliged to you, Doctor." "I'll be back tomorrow," Ives said.

Marybelle sat upon the platform over the well, her back to the pump. Ives looked at the pump, then looked to see the location of the outhouse. He frowned. He said, "Will you take me to Beams' place?"

Marybelle said, "It's back down the river."

They mounted and headed southward in silence; when Jensen's place was a piece behind them, Marybelle said, "You look worried. Is it bad?"

"I don't know yet," he said.

They came to Beams' place within the hour; here, too, was another tar-papered shack, another scattering of out-buildings, and it might have been Jensen's scrawny chickens that scratched in the yard. Beams kept pigs; they squealed in their pen. Beams was chopping wood; he put down his ax when the pair rode up, and he came forward slowly, another gaunt, harassed man. He said, "You'd be the doctor, and he looked at Marybelle as if to find some confirmation from her that Ives' presence was professional."

Ives said, "I've heard you have a sick child. I'd like a look at the child, if you don't mind."

Again there was that belligerency, that feeling that he was suspect and unwanted, but this gave way to a strange gratefulness in Beams' eyes. He said, "Come in. Come in."

His wife had come to the shack's door; she was slattern and rail-thin, and worry had put years onto her. Again there was the one room, and the bed in the corner, but the patient was a girl, possibly fourteen. Fever had covered the child's lips and tongue with a dirty brown crust, and she muttered deliriously. Marybelle had followed as far as the door. Ives turned and said sharply to her, "Stay out of here!"

For now he knew what he was up against, and the knowledge filled him with fear.

He looked at the parents. "How long has this been going on?"

"Two, three weeks," the woman said.

Beams said, "When she kept getting worse, I went to town. Mr. Stoll gave me medicine." He took a bottle down from a shelf. "Here it is."

Ives pulled the cork and smelled the bottle's contents and walked to the door and flung the bottle as far out into the yard as he could. When he turned, anger had drawn

home in Fort Wayne. He formerly lived in Kirkland township.

Samuel Jackson, Fort Wayne lawyer, will speak to the men's class of the First Presbyterian church here Sunday morning.

Bob Vogtweide of Chicago is enjoying a visit with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hocker leave for a week's visit with their son, Thetus and family in Austin, Minn.

Court News

Schedule Filed
Inheritance tax schedule filed for the Laurella Hoffman estate, the report revealing that the estate is valued at \$3,236 with \$28.93 in taxes due from Amos Hoffman and Ina Horther.

Petition Filed
Ivan Barkley, administrator for the Elva Mae Barkley estate, filed petition for an agreed amended order determining the inheritance tax, the petition finding that there is an additional tax of \$3.40 due.

A petition through attorney Ferd Litterer was filed by Lafayette Swygart, who had been appointed by the court as administrator of the Leah Swygart estate for the purpose of defending a cause of action in the Adams circuit court, seeks release from duties. The petition states that the civil action was dismissed in the Wells circuit court where it had been venue.

To Distribute
Jerome Dilts, executor of the Jerome Dilts estate, ordered to make proper distribution to Robert Fox and Anna Saurer—and file report of same.

Authorization
The court authorized Wallace Liniger, administrator of the Frank Liniger estate, to settle claim that estate had against Riss and company, an action resulting from an accident. The court advises that upon payment of \$1,000 the executor release the claim.

Consequently, three claims against Riss and company, one by Wallace Liniger, as administrator, another by Mable Liniger and the third by Chas. Liniger Parrish were dismissed with prejudice following motion for such action.

Dismissed
The divorce action, Annaple Lehman vs. Myron Lehman was also dismissed upon motion of the plaintiff.

Marriage Licenses
Earl Bowen and Velma Sills, both of Akron, O.
Clarence Sebesta and Florence Hoffman, both of Glenview, Ill.

Recompense injury with justice, and unkindness with kindness. Confucius.



THE FIRST ALL-NEW models to enter the low-priced car field in nearly a quarter-century are the Henry J and Henry J Deluxe, the 1951 sedans now being introduced by Kaiser-Fraser Corporation dealers. Smartly styled and available with four- or six-cylinder Kaiser Superonic engines, the new models promise exceptional fuel economy of 30 miles to the gallon. Design features include a folding rear seat arrangement which provides more than 50 cubic feet of luggage space. The six-cylinder deluxe model is illustrated.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

AND NOW there was nothing to do but ride. Ives had met calamity once today; he had met it again, and he was beyond thinking. They neared southward; Marybelle found her way through the maze of fences, and they said nothing to each other on that ride, but Marybelle's face was a dead woman's face. The day was about ended; the shadows marched down from the hills, and the river reflected the setting sun and ran bloody. Ives looked upon the river and shuddered.

They came to Lund's place to find the yard teeming; wagons were here, and men and women and children. More than one messenger had carried the news; Ives decided, to have caused so many to assemble so soon. Ives and Marybelle stepped from their horses in this milling crowd, and the people opened a lane for them, giving their sympathy to Marybelle by their silence; and through this lane the two moved to the shack. Elisha Lund was here; they had laid him out, as was the custom; they had placed boards upon sawhorses in the largest room, moving the table with its silver-clasped Bible aside, and Lund lay upon these boards, a blanket thrown over him, his head rigid.

Only then did Marybelle begin weeping.

Cory Lund was in the room; he sat with his head bowed, not even looking up when the two entered. Marco Stoll was here, too; Ives remembered now that the square-type buggy had been in the yard. Stoll filled a chair and kept a respectful silence; Stoll looked properly solemn.

Ives said, "How did it happen?"

Stoll's rubbery lips moved. Stoll said, "I just got here. They tell me that the wagon came back, and Lund was in it. Some of the nesters were still here from last night; they rode out to look for sign. They found blood just beyond the fork. Lund had got that far and turned north toward Hammer. That's where he was shot, we'd guess. The tracks were pretty badly scrambled, but it looks like the wagon was turned around by

a man on foot. One of Hammer's crew, likely; there may have been more of them. It might have been the colonel himself. Tana seems to have gone on by horseback from there—on her own horse."

Ives said angrily, "Are these fools going to jump at that—a few tracks in the dirt?" And a fear was in him, a fear for Tana.

Stoll shrugged. "That's not for me to say." He gestured toward the laid-out body. "He's dead. That's sign enough."

The anger was still in Ives, a futile anger, a wanting to strike at something not having no tangible opponent. But from the one anger came another, and he crossed to Stoll and reached down and closed his fingers over Stoll's left wrist. Ives said, "I just came from Beams' place. I saw the medicine you sold him. In the name of sanity, man, why don't you find out what's wrong with a patient before you start mixing a prescription?"

Stoll's little eyes glinted and he wrenched his wrist free of Ives' grasp. Stoll said, "I've tried to be friendly with you, Doc. I want to stay friendly. But keep your hands off me! I've never let any man lay a hand on me. I'm not starting now!"

Ives said, "But to be that careless about medicine! It's pure murder!"

Marybelle said, "Do you have to bicker here?"

Ives stepped back from Stoll. "I'm sorry," Ives said.

Cory Lund looked up. He saw Ives, but he looked through Ives without seeing him. Cory said to Marybelle, "We'll bury him tonight. Some of the neighbors are doing the digging."

Ives said, "So soon?"

Cory had that coldness in his eyes. "We've work to do, mister."

Ives said desperately, "Let me look into this. I'll dig whoever did this to Benedict's jail, if you'll give me time. Even if it's the colonel."

"It was the colonel," Cory said emphatically. "No matter who pulled the trigger. He never could stand to take a beating. Any kind of beating. Dad wasn't even packing a gun. What kind of a chance did Dad have?"

He was raging inside, Cory was; he was being swept by an anger so great that it had no outward manifestation. There was only the coldness in his eyes. There was only the steel in his voice.

Stoll said, "You might as well know all of it, Doc. Half a dozen men got off the noon stage today. Hardcase fellows with tied-down guns. They came in from Cheyenne. They put up at the hotel, and they asked the way to Hammer."

Cory glared at Ives. "And you want to fool around trying to put a man in jail! We've wasted too much time. We should have hit days ago when our chance was better."

Ives looked at Marybelle, and in his look was an entreaty; he implored her support. And, looking at her, he suddenly stood alone. She had ceased her weeping; he judged that she would never weep again. She was there beside her father, and grief had torn her face apart, and she was a stranger to Brian Ives now—no, she was more alien than that; she was an enemy. She said coldly, passionately, "Cory's right. I was a fool not to have seen it before."

Ives had the reckless feeling of a gambler down to his last chip, and he flung this chip out, not caring whether it brought him anything, yet caring desperately. He said, "You start leading your men toward Hammer, Cory, and I take the stage out tonight!"

"Take it," Cory said.

"You don't understand, Cory. I'm the only doctor on this range. When I go, you're left with this fat fool who hands out any kind of medicine. You need me, but you're not going to have me if you start your war. That's a promise."

Cory said, "Then we'll get along without you."

"You can't," Ives said. "You have a typhoid fever epidemic on your hands."

Cory looked at him unbelievably. This news was a blow to Cory; it left him stricken; it left him furious. And there the last chip lay.

(To Be Continued)