

## DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Movie goers will go along with Hollywood's award of the coveted "Oscar" to Judy Holliday, a good actress. After all, Bette Davis, queen of the films, has been smothered with movie honors.

The spring downpour washed the streets and gave the city a clean-up look. Now if the weatherman further cooperates, early work on street repairs can get underway.

Open house will be held Sunday at the Thrift Homes built by Ralph Schirmeyer in the Grant Park addition, bounded by Cleveland and Grant streets in the southeast part of the city. These houses are the first of a number planned by the builder and your inspection of them is invited.

Crime is not solely confined to gambling rings, big-time operators and those who gyp the government. In Chicago, police became suspicious of the large amount of refuse hauled from a chain drug store and found that the janitor was "sweeping out" big loads of candy and cigarettes. In cahoots with his brother, the janitor was sweeping away about \$2,500 worth of good merchandise a month. There are crooks in high and low positions in this country, sorry to say.

There are three contests on the Democrat ticket for party nominations in the May primary. Adrian Baker and John B. Stults seek the majority nomination and in two of the councilmanic wards there are contests. These contests should create interest in the primary election and be a stimulus in getting out the vote. In the meantime, the candidates will do their own campaigning and as American citizens who believe in free elections, we should give an attentive ear to their sales story.

The late George Bernard Shaw's home at Ayot St. Lawrence, England, has been made a shrine to which his admirers may make pilgrimages. Shaw's permanent place in literature cannot yet be justly appraised. He was a brilliant presenter of new ideas, and a questioner of old notions he thought had lost their value. Many who had not read a word of his writings had heard of his epigrams and his coruscating wit. It may be his destiny to survive less for his writings, than for his powers as a conversationalist.

## Good Health in America

AMERICA'S health is, to an extent, dependent on the nation's hospitals. Since the beginning of civilization, the role of the hospital in caring for the sick has been recognized until today such institutions have become an indispensable part of modern life. This is largely due to the fact that the successful treatment of many diseases is complicated, requiring more equipment and precision than the home could ever supply. It is estimated that during one recent year, 15 million people were admitted to hospitals. This means that more than one out of every 10 people in this country found hospital care necessary at least once during the year. In the same period more than two million babies were born in hospitals and the number is probably higher today.

At the present time, there are some 6,250 hospitals in this country, and they have a bed capacity of nearly one and one-half million. Despite the fact that this is a staggering number, it would appear that there are only about half enough hospital beds at the present time to supply the needs of our country.

During years of depression, few hospitals are built. During times of prosperity, new hospitals are

The Committee for Economic Development, an organization supported by businessmen and industry, not the government, proposes a five per cent sales tax as a means of raising federal taxes necessary to balance next year's budget. The CED says that this proposed tax would raise about \$2,750,000,000 a year, with food, housing, utilities and other items eliminated. Congress has turned down the sales tax proposals, but with a larger federal budget looming next year, additional sources of revenue will become necessary. Income taxes are high, both for individuals and corporations and the sales tax may be the last resort in the financing of the defense program. The average person, which takes in most of us, is opposed to the sales tax, but states like Ohio, Illinois and Michigan seem to get by with it.

## Will He Run?

Will President Truman run for re-election in 1952? In a press conference, Mr. Truman told the correspondents that he has decided whether he will run, but will keep his decision secret. He will inform the country in due time, he says. Simultaneously, the Undersecretary of Labor making a speech in Washington, predicts that President Truman will be re-elected next year. To win, he must run. If the speaker knows the inside of the political story.

We are willing to wait until President Truman makes his own announcement concerning his political future, but the average newspaper reader gains the impression that probably he wishes to retire from the backbreaking job.

The names of Gen. Eisenhower, Senator Douglas, Senator Kefauver and others have already been mentioned as possible Democrat candidates, in the event Mr. Truman declines the nomination.

With prosperity and employment at high peaks, the voters will not favor a change, especially if Senator Taft becomes the GOP standard bearer.

## Life Terms Escapes From Women's Prison

Miss Frances Goins, 25, a life-terminer, convicted of stabbing a man to death with a dinner fork, escaped from the Indiana Women's prison last night while the superintendent played the organ at chapel services.

Mrs. Loretta Neff, the institution's superintendent, said she usually watches prisoners during services but departed from routine to play the organ last night.

Constructed in the greatest number. So it was after the First World War, and so it is at the present time following the Second World War.

The construction of a hospital, however, is an extremely costly procedure. Under the best possible circumstances and the most economical methods of construction, the sum of \$10,000 is required to supply one hospital bed. To build a hospital containing 100 beds would require a large amount of funds.

Despite the staggering sums involved, we must continue to build as many hospitals as possible, for most of the serious illnesses to which man is heir can best be treated in a hospital where the doctor has at hand all the resources of a laboratory, a blood bank and the surgery required to aid him in his fight to save life.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Reader: What would you advise for a baby six months old that has tetralogy of fallot?

Answer: This disorder refers to heart malformation which is present at the time of birth.

I know of no particular treatment for this condition. Sometimes surgery is effective in this type of heart disease.

## ATOM AND EVA



## 20 YEARS AGO TODAY

March 31.—Knut Rockne, Notre Dame football coach, killed this morning in an airplane crash at Bazaar, Kansas. Eight others died in the accident.

French Quinn gives address over WOW in interest of the proposed Lumberport Lake project.

Levi Waikell, 85, and Daniel Auer, 99, both Civil War veterans, died in Fort Wayne. Both were with Sherman on his march to the sea.

The Rev. Charles Girardot of Fort Wayne gives last of the series of Lenten sermons at St. Mary's Catholic church here.

Managers of Kroger stores in this district hold meeting at the Rice hotel.

## Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. When a college girl is wearing a man's fraternity pin, but wishes to go out with other men, what should she do?

A. She should return the fraternity pin to its owner until she arrives at the age where she realizes the significance of being engaged—

which, of course, the wearing of a fraternity pin implies.

Q. When children are eating at the same table with adults, should they be served first, last, or in regular rotation?

A. Serve the children in the same rotation as the adults.

Q. If I should have the privilege of introducing ex-President Herbert Hoover to someone, what title would I use?

A. You would introduce him simply as "Mr. Hoover."

## Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Soft Collars  
Try ironing men's soft collars on a Turkish towel doubled to four thicknesses. The collars will iron much more easily, they will be smoother, and shine like new when finished.

Evergreens  
Evergreen shrubs and trees are best transplanted during the two months of the year beginning with the letter "A"—April and August.

Ice Cream  
Ice cream freezers should not be filled more than two-thirds full, to allow room for expansion.

Democrat Want Ads Bring Results

River's Rim  
by Jane AbbottCopyright, 1950, by Jane Abbott  
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CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR  
THAT EVENING Quint rode to Mistress Sabrina's. He found her sitting at her table, tying her kerchiefs into little packets, sorting them out. She looked up at him and then down at her work. "The girl? You are bringing her?"

"Not to you, aere—if you will come to us, October's the time." Sabrina gave him one of her rare smiles. "I didn't think you would send her away." She was going to utter one of her dire prophecies, Quint thought with some impatience.

But she didn't. She nodded her head, took up a packet of herbs and laid it beside the others. "I will be there, when I am needed."

On his way home he was forced to draw aside to let a company of soldiers' foot pass him. Regulars, he knew by their uniforms, and a tattered-looking lot. They slouched along, some sulen-faced, some half-drunk and singing. No officer commanding them. One or two halted him, but the rest paid no attention to him.

Quint had heard from a trader who had stopped in Buffalo that regulars were coming into the village from the east; to be sent to Fort Niagara at the lower end of the river. But if they were all like these—he thought of Erron Piers among them and his ready anger flared.

It was good to get back to the tavern. A few neighbors were in the taproom and two drovers who were staying the night. Sarah had gone to her daughter-in-law's; Jennet and Becky were in the parlor sewing. Becky had kindled a fire on the hearth and they sat close in the glow of it. Quint lit a pipe and drew up a chair, making a small circle.

It seemed more than six months since the day Jennet had ridden up to the tavern on Aladdin. She had changed, he reflected, moving his glance to her. She never decked herself out now; mostly she wore her boy's outfit or the nunlike gray dress. Her fair skin had tanned during the summer, her hands and forearms, but it made her look more golden, and her eyes as she lifted them from her needlework still had their little dancing flecks of light, her wide smile's provocation.

"Uncle Quint, ask Becky to recite 'Lord Lovell's Bride' to you! She does it beautifully. When there is a sing somewhere she must do it before everyone."

Becky bent her head lower in a

nod or semi-consciousness. "No, I wouldn't do it never!" she mumbled.

"Ever, Becky," corrected Jennet. Quint suppressed a desire to laugh at Jennet's seriousness over her pupil. Was she getting the younger girl ready for Erron's return?

Late, the next afternoon, a tow-headed boy came to the taproom door. He was breathless from running. "Mr. Darby—I got to see Mr. Darby!"

Quint was in his office. At Toby's summons he rushed to the taproom. He recognized the boy as one of the half-dozen children who lived on the creek near the shipyard.

"You're to go to the yard straightaways," the boy got out over a panting breath. "Old Dan told me to run fast as I could for you. There're soldiers there!"

British? Quint's face went white with fury and his hand moved to the bulge of his pistol, to be sure he had strapped it on. Late he hadn't been doing so.

"No. They're our soldiers!" The boy threw out a skinny chest in his pride of knowing the distinction.

"Start off. I'll go along with you," Quint moved toward the door. Over his shoulder he said to Toby, "Tell Miss Jennet—no, don't tell her anything."

Nearing the yard he checked his speed, not so much for lack of breath as because of the same that met his eyes. Men seemed to swarm everywhere, but they were in sailor uniforms. Three were on the deck of the brig. Others were examining the smaller craft. Dan and an officer were just emerging from the shed where Duval had set up his forge.

The officer walked up to them; the boy sidled away to hide behind the fence.

"You've come," muttered Dan. His face had a dully puzzled look.

The officer saluted. He was a fresh-skinned young man with keen eyes and an alert bearing, with nothing of General Van Rensselaer's pomposity in it. He said at once, "You own the brig down in the creek, I'm told."

"A third of it," Quint answered. "Dan Piers here and his son share its ownership with me."

"Trim little ship," said the young officer, turning his glance toward it. "And you built it?" He looked at Dan.

"Aye," said Dan.

## Our Girls and Boys IN SERVICE



Pfc. Jerome Heimann, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Heimann of route four, has been evacuated to a base hospital in Japan after being wounded in action in Korea March 8. Heimann wrote to his parents recently explaining that a machine gun slug had entered his leg, fracturing the bone, but he was getting along alright. He was inducted into service in December, 1948, and reenlisted after his term of service was up. His present address is: Pfc. Jerome Heimann, 29th General Hospital, P.O. 53, % P. M., San Francisco, Calif.

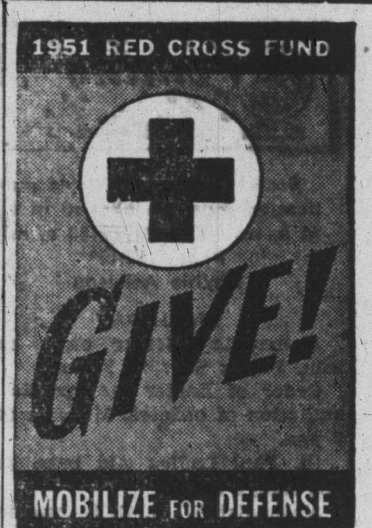
Edward Dick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dick of near Decatur, who is stationed in Frankfurt, Germany, has been promoted to the rating of sergeant. His address is: Sgt. Edward E. Dick, AF 16310760; 1945 AACs Sqd. A.P.O. 57, % P.M., New York, N. Y.

## Coy Will Address U. O. Law Students

Bloomington, Ind., March 31.—(UP)—Federal communications commission chairman Wayne Coy will address the fourth annual Indiana Law Journal dinner here tonight.

The banquet is sponsored by the legal periodical edited and published by students in the Indiana University school of law. Several prominent jurists, among them judges Ryan, Duffy and Nathan Swalm of the U. S. Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago, were expected to attend.

Democrat Want Ads Bring Results



## 1951 RED CROSS FUND

GOAL—\$10,551.00

Previously reported	\$5,640.85
Henry Heimann, Sec. 28	
Washington Twp.	6.00
Pleasant Neighbors Home	
Ec. Club	5.00
Ira Stucky, Sec. 34 Monroeville Twp.	12.00
Ralph McAlhany, Sec. 34 French Twp.	8.00
Eli Dubach, Sec. 15 Hartford Twp.	7.00
Hartford Twp. Home Ec. Club	5.00
Town of Pleasant Mills, Mrs. Wm. Noll, Chrm.	35.25
John B. Faure, Sec. 27 Washington Twp.	10.00
William Schnepf, Sr., Sec. 29, Root Twp.	10.00
Arnold Scheumann, Sec. 18, Preble Twp.	13.00
Paul Yoder, Sec. 3 Hartford Twp.	14.00
Decatur Res. Zone No. 1, Mrs. Floyd Morrison, Chrm.	
Mrs. Lloyd Bowman	6.00
Mrs. Clint Hersh	17.00
Decatur Res. Zone No. 14, Mrs. Robert Garard, Chrm.	
Mrs. Ethel Gaffer, Addl.	2.00
Mrs. Ray Moser, Addl.	3.00
Rosary Society, St. Marys Church	10.00
Root Twp. Home Ec. Club	5.00
Union Twp. Women's Club	5.00
Total Reported	\$5,814.10

## Berne Man Wins WOWO Citation

Herman Ryf, of Berne, was duly honored at the WOWO sponsored farmer's achievement banquet held in Fort Wayne in which he was awarded the top tomato citation for the tri-state area within the radio station's district.

Judged on both yield and quality, Ryf was the only winner from Adams county to be awarded such acclaim. Those in attendance from the county included Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Archbold, Adams county agent; Miss Anna K. Williams, home demonstration agent, and Russell Veech, manager of the Lumberlost Canning company, of Geneva.

A. W. Marion, director of natural resources for the state of Ohio and a former Mercer county agent was the principal speaker.

Democrat Want Ads Bring Results

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

DAN WAS to stay at the shipyard, and the two French-Canadians. They'd get navy pay. "And you will get it," Lieutenant Jerry Cameron put in with a meaning smile. Barracks of a sort would be put up for the sailors stationed here. Some cannon mounted at the mouth of the creek. Timber—could Dan negotiate for cut timber before snow set in? The talk went on but it was between the officer and Dan. Quint took no part in it.

"Where's your smith work done that forge?" asked Lieutenant Cameron.

Quint suddenly realized he had not seen Duval about. Dan answered. "They came from the Buffalo village and took him. He was Canadian-born."

The Vigilance Committee... Quint half-sprang from his chair with a muttered curse. But the officer was nodding approval. "We've men to put at the forge."

It was past suppertime when Quint walked back up the beach. Rage still burned in him. Duval in jail... he cursed again; Cyrus Caton, this time. He had taken the guard at the landing, the shutting-down of the ferry—he'd had to take it. And now it was the brig!

He entered an empty kitchen; there was no sign of supper, and the fire on the hearth had died down to embers. As he looked about the room, puzzled, a low moan came from a room above.

He was starting for the stairs when Jennet came running down them. Her face was white, hollowed by terror, her eyes wide with it. She threw herself against him. "Go—go get a doctor—she's brina! It's—the baby!" Her voice came strangled. "I'd have gone, but she wouldn't let me leave her."

At that very moment the kitchen door opened. Mistress Sabrina came into the room, a stuffed bag in her hand. "I'm here," she said, pushing the old cap from her head and putting the bag on the table. Becky's baby was arriving sooner than they expected it.

When Quint had started off down the beach, Jennet and Becky had been at work in the kitchen. Suddenly they heard loud whinnying from Aladdin's shed and the crack of his hooves against the sides of her stall.

"Some animal's in Aladdin's shed," cried Jennet, springing toward the door.

"Don't go! Don't go out there!" begged Becky.

"And let Aladdin be hurt?" Jennet hung over her shoulder as she raced out.

The door of the shed was open. Jennet remembered closing it when she had given Aladdin water at noon. Animals couldn't open doors...

Her feet step on the soft ground made no sound. The young man in the stall, struggling to untie Aladdin's halter and keep out of the range of his hooves at the same time, cursing as he did so, did not know she was behind him until she spoke.

"Take your hands off my horse," she demanded.

He swung around to see a pistol, absurdly small and aglim with silver, but no less deadly for all that, leveled at him; eyes dark with anger, steady on him.

He came out of the stall. "Don't pull that trigger, my pretty. I was only admiring the brute."

Jennet did not lower the pistol. "Get out of here." She stood a little aside to let him pass through the door.

"All right, all right." He went through the door, grinning, a little swagger in his step, but his eyes watching her warily. Outside he turned to her, said with a leer, "Mebbe next time we meet you won't have that little side piece along and we could get sort o' acquainted. I'd like to know you better—yeah, I'd sure like it!"

Then he shot out his arm to knock the pistol from her hold. But Jennet was quicker—she swung around in a half-circle out of his reach. "Go!"

As he snarled a curse there came a sharp cry of terror from behind them. From Becky, and she was running back to the house. "You'd better get out of sight fast," Jennet said coolly. "She'll call the guard—they won't hesitate to shoot you for horse-stealing!"

"Not me! I'm too useful to them! I'll go but mebbe I'll be meeting you again—mebbe on the road there where you used to meet the half-breed!"

The pistol exploded. But Jennet's hand was shaking so that the discharge hit a tree, wide apart from the intruder.



IT'S A PREHISTORIC HORSE, say two German scientists, Prof. Lutz and Heinz Heck of Munich. The horse, shown in Frankfurt, is of a type which lived 15,000 years ago, the brothers say. They achieved the animal, which has iron-hard hooves, flashing eyes and a big body and short mane, by cross-breeding wild tarpan and przewalski horses with Iceland stallions and Gotland mares. (International)

## Court News

## Reports Filed

Report of the appraisal of real estate of the Frederick Hoenes estate filed by Fern Bowsher, executrix of the estate, and approved by Gerald Strickler and Harry Essex, the total value of real estate being \$9,710.

Report of the sale of real estate of the Minnie Harkless estate filed by executor Richard Harkless, the report showing the property sold at public auction to Doris Harkless for \$2,850. Harkless also filed the final report for the estate revealing that a balance of \$4,198.71 distributed to four heirs.

The inheritance tax appraiser's report submitted for the Nettie Busche estate finding that the net value of the estate is \$13,902.69, and tax of \$26.34 is due from Ernest, Louis and Louise Busche.

Inventory Filed  
Inventory and appraisal of real estate filed for the George Hindenland, Sr. estate by Joseph Stevens and Lewis Miller, the inventory showing the real estate valued at \$1,500.

Complain Filed  
Complaint to annul marriage was filed in circuit court by Elizabeth Ort against Gerald Ort, the complainant stating that on October 21, 1950 the couple was married but did not live together, that the defendant forced marriage upon the plaintiff. Plaintiff asks for annulment and restoration of maiden name.

There are 2,500,000 trucks on farms now, nearly twice as many as in 1941.

Democrat Want Ads Bring Results



GRAFT TOTALING \$25,000,000 yearly is paid to New York policemen, Judge Samuel Leibowitz tells the Senate's Kefauver crime committee in Washington. One gambler, Harry Gross, paid a million a year to Brooklyn police, the judge stated. (International)

Democrat Want Ads Bring Results

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He waved a hand airily to her and disappeared in the woods. She found Becky, her face white with terror, huddled on the settle in the kitchen. "That was him," she whispered through working lips.

"Oh." The abject fright of the younger girl had the effect of steadying Jennet. "Well, I look care of him! You needn't have come out. Look at your dress..."

The skirt of it was stained with mud. Becky looked at it. "I-I fell down. I stumbled over a root. I didn't hurt myself."

Jennet put her pistol back in its hiding place. Now she was feeling considerable pride in the cool way she had faced the intruder. She wished she hadn't missed him when she fired at him, for he was the one who had spied on her and Peter. He had done that to Becky... She had never in her life killed even the smallest wild thing, but she was wishing violently now that she had killed that horrible creature.

But she said to Becky, in a tone that implied that the incident just over wasn't of enough importance to delay supper. "Come, now, we'll finish those potatoes."

Becky came to the table. But she had no more taken a potato up in her shaking hands than she dropped it and pressed both hands to her belly. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she moaned. And she caught at Jennet's sleeve, tearing at it with blind, desperate fingers.

Mistress Sabrina came into the kitchen, where Quint and Jennet waited. "It's all over," she said.

Jennet sprang to her feet, her face alight. "What is it, Mistress Sabrina?" She was halfway to the door before she finished speaking.

"Stay where you are. The girl's sleeping." Sabrina put her hands in the water she had ladled up. "It was a boy." There was sadness in her voice.

"You mean..." Jennet could not finish. She was staring at the old woman, fighting to disbelieve what her words implied.

Sabrina answered with only a nod of her head. Jennet dropped down into a chair. "Oh, I wanted so to take care of it!"

(To Be Continued)