

## DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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August is a great vacation month and it seems unfair to the young fry to launch "the back-to-school" movement so early.

The 4-H Clubs invite you to their annual fair at Monroe. The big exposition gets underway tomorrow, continuing through Friday.

The President and Mrs. Eisenhower entertained their three grandchildren at Ike's hideaway in Maryland's Catoctin mountains over the weekend. The news item didn't infer that the Eisenhowers had gone to their mountain retreat for a rest.

The election-year tax reduction bill will spread a little more than one billion dollars in reductions, but the government still expects to collect 30 billions in individual income taxes, along with another 30 billions in corporation and excise levies.

Boy Scouts and adult leaders are enroute to Philmont Scout Ranch, near Cimarron, New Mexico. They will travel over some hot roads before reaching the high altitude of the ranch retreat, but without doubt will have a good time. Seven adults accompanied the boys on the motor trip.

Any hope of unifying Korea without fighting is without foundation. Korean President Syngman Rhee knows this and, patriot that he is, it is a bitter pill for him to accept a divided country. Congress warmly received the aged fighter for Korean independence, but did not encourage him in his plea to resume fighting in North Korea. The Reds now have a strong foothold there and only time will give the answer as to how correctly the situation was handled.

It appears that support for the admission of Hawaii and Alaska to statehood is a flower that blooms best in an election year and all but dies when congress is in session. Another session of congress is in its waning days and the possibility that either of these territories will be admitted has vanished. It is difficult to understand why. In 1952 both political parties favored the idea. Yet nothing has been done. The noble declaration favoring admittance to the United States was swamped in politics.

Dale W. McMillen, Jr., is the new president of Central Soya Company, succeeding Fred W. Thomas, who retired after six years of executive leadership with the company. "Bud" McMillen, as

he is known to Decatur friends, started his career with the company in 1936 and was a resident here for several years. Paul E. Hensel, who has had an outstanding success as personnel director, joins the executive family of this steadily growing industry as a vice-president. Mr. Hensel joined the company in 1943 and has had wide experience in this interesting field of work.

The shake-up in Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill's cabinet is taken as an indication that he does not intend to retire from office, for a time at least. His doctor, as well as his wife, want him to retire. Certainly the years of service he has given his country entitle him to a rest. But he is not the sort to leave the field merely because he is tired. It is said that Churchill had one remaining ambition when he became prime minister this last time. He wanted to achieve a workable peace, to demonstrate that he could lead his countrymen to that peace as ably as he led them through war. It does not seem likely that any real peace will be realized, but his leadership has been useful.

In his press conference President Eisenhower pointed out that Communist strategy in the recent firing on British and American planes may have been designed to split the Western allies. He cited the fact that Peiping immediately apologized for the shooting down of the British plane but refused to apologize for firing on ours. It may have been the Reds' plan to provoke the United States into making belligerent statements which would worry our allies. The President made clear that our planes will fight back if they are attacked. This may go a long way toward preventing further such incidents. It is high time the Reds were made to realize that firing on our planes will bring swift and disastrous results. We cannot afford to be timid in the matter.

## From Nine To Nine:—

Decatur stores will be open Wednesday from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. to accommodate Dollar Day shoppers.

Today's issue of this newspaper contains a section entirely devoted to bargains offered you in this great semi-annual shopping feast.

Come to Decatur Wednesday and earn non-taxable dividends on every Dollar you spend for seasonable merchandise.

Declare your own holiday and join the happy throng of shoppers!

## Treating Motion Sickness

by HERMAN N. HUNDENSON, M.D.

DEAFNESS in the inner ear serves as a rather drastic cure for motion sickness. People with much damage in both ears are almost never subject to motion sickness or seasickness. The vestibular or balance mechanism of the inner ear is destroyed in most cases of inner ear deafness, thus doing away with seasickness.

Motion sickness need not come only from riding in a boat. It may come from riding in a car, airplane, or any other type of vehicle.

They Get Dizzy  
People who suffer from this disturbance usually get dizzy, have a full, terrible feeling just below the angle of their ribs in the stomach, and may vomit. The room seems to spin around them and they lose their equilibrium or balance.

Today, the person who suffers from motion sickness can obtain remedies that may help him

overcome his difficulty. Many drugs are now available. One of the drugs that has been used for some time now is called Dramamine.

A New Drug  
An entirely new substance, known as bonamine, was recently devised. It is a drug that is effective for twenty-four hours at a time.

However, all of these drugs should be used only under the careful directions of a physician.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
Q. A.: Is it true that there are certain guller areas in the United States?

Answer: There are certain districts in the United States where the water does not contain sufficient amounts of iodine and therefore gullers are more prevalent. In order to counteract this, small amounts of iodine should be included in the daily diet, by means of iodized salt.

## TROUBLE AT (PEACE) PROSPECT POINT

Modern Etiquette  
BY ROBERTA LEE

Q. How late at night is it proper for a young man to telephone a girl at her home?

A. This depends entirely upon the custom of the girl's family, and their usual hour for retiring. Probably ten o'clock should be the latest.

Q. If the wedding is so small that engraved invitations are considered unnecessary, how should the invitations be sent?

A. Personally-written invitations may be sent by the bride.

Q. If, after inviting guests to dinner, you find you must leave town on urgent business, what should you do?

A. Telephone each guest, explain, apologize, and mention a definite future date.

Household Scrapbook  
BY ROBERTA LEE

Dirty Pots

Instead of scouring and scraping the dirty pots, boil water in them, to which add a little washing soda. This is a much easier

method and just as satisfactory.

The longer the clothes lay damp before ironing, the better is the result. Sprinkle starched clothes with hot water half an hour before ironing.

Darning Stockings  
When darning cotton socks or stockings try using a crochet cotton, which does not harden when it is washed.

20 Years Ago  
Today

August 2—President Von Hindenburg of Germany died this morning. Adolf Hitler took over his job. Mr. and Mrs. David Rice will open a third theater in the city, opening Saturday, August 4.

The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette says R. Earl Peters will be appointed head of the national emergency council for Indiana and national recovery administrator.

Dent Baltzell, tree surgeon, is taking care of the trees in the B. P. O. Elks yard.

The Adams county gold medal club has given their O. K. to 40 colts to enter the 4-H exhibit at Berne August 9 to 11.

## Court News

Marriage Licenses

Robert Burkhardt, 19, Decatur route six, and Ruth Ann Ross, 16, Decatur.

Slusher Burnett, 22, Fort Wayne, and Viola Saylor, 19, Fort Wayne. Eugene Leedy, 24, Mansfield, O., and Patty Lee Lowe, 19, Ashland, O.

Kenneth Tigner, 33, Buffalo, N. Y., and Jennie Brennan, 34, Buffalo, N. Y.

Frederick Bittner, 24, Decatur, route five, and Patricia Abbott, 26, Decatur, route five.

The Taming of Carney Wilde  
by BART SPICER

SYNOPSIS  
A dated scrap of paper marked "Delta Lines, Cabin 5," sends detective Carney Wilde aboard a luxury boat cruising from Cincinnati to New Orleans. In the hope of apprehending one Charles Alexander Stewart, this youthful clerk had absconded with funds belonging to a bank in Philadelphia, and in the course of his flight, had killed a policeman. As Wilde's identity is revealed, he is surprised by the sudden appearance of its occupant, Miss Pomeroy, a professional photographer on her way to the Mardi Gras. The tall, handsome, self-sufficient young woman orders a drink at gun-point, from her room. Out on deck, Carney chats with amiable "Doc" Riggs, who gently refers to himself as a sounder and a cosman.

## CHAPTER NINE

RUSSELL led me into a spacious foyer and bar and then into the dining-saloon, a wide room. All the walls were windows and the curtains were pulled back, despite the darkness. A dozen small clusters of people were scattered around the room. Most of them stayed close to a small service bar in one corner and another knot was formed around a circular table in the center of the room. Up forward, in the apex of the room, was a small platform, probably a stage for amateur theatricals. A white piano was shoved back against the windows.

"Those two staring out the window," Russell said softly. "Rev. Dr. Dunbar and lady. Bedroom Two. They don't look very possible, do they? Up front, leaning against the piano, is Mr. Ed Boltneck, manufacturer and banker from Goldsboro, N.C. Don't see the missus, does he call her. Her name is Bebe. They have bedroom Eight. If you get close to him, take a gander at that watch he's wearing. I'd like to have one like it."

Ed Boltneck was a nondescript gray-faced man in a gray suit. Russell went on: "There's Mr. and Mrs. John Carlton Buttram against the wall. Bedroom One. They're retired," Russell said. "If they ain't, I'll eat them both. They managed to live a long, hard life and now they aim to have some fun if it kills them."

"I guess Mr. and Mrs. Buttram haven't robbed any banks lately," I muttered.

"Don't see the girls," Russell said. "Couple of college girls. They belong with the tourist-class cruise, but they had enough money to take bedroom Three. But there's the captain coming in. That's all of them, Wilde, except for the girl." Up forward, on the right side of the stage, is the captain's table. You'll be there along with all the other deluxe passengers. Just hover around there and maybe the girls will check in."

Russell slid away and approached a brisk man in dark blue and both of them jumped up to the small platform. Russell rolled a standard out from the wall, adjusted a microphone to suit the captain's height and then stepped back. The captain went to the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he roared, "welcome to the Dixie Dandy." The boat in yours. We're going to have a fine trip down to New Orleans, a lot of fun at Mardi Gras and a wonderful trip back up the river again. And everybody on the Dixie Dandy intends to have as much fun as you have, including me. And maybe even more."

about sports and bridge tournaments and gambling on races in the bar before dinner and dancing afterwards and the places we could visit ashore.

I stopped at a wide windowseat just back of the table and rested there. Mr. Russell was busy retelling two stewards behind tables with lists to sign up people for shuffleboard and deck tennis and bridge contests. I settled back and began to query the big room carefully, trying to get a look at everyone. I wouldn't recognize Stewart from just a brief glimpse of the back of his head. I didn't know him that well. But something would cue me, I felt sure. I searched the crowd slowly.

"What's your rank, Wilde?" Doc Riggs asked softly.

I'd forgotten he was beside me. I glanced down at the dapper little man. "What's that?"

He pursed his thin mouth and cocked his head at me wisely. "Since it's a one-man stalk, you'll be in the detective division. Or would you be one of those dashing G-men we all admire so much?"

"I'm on vacation, Doc," I said. "Very well, my young friend," Doc said readily. "Mine not to pry and poke." He thrust his right hand up and tapped quickly, once, at my 33. "From the rear it is slightly obvious. Take up the chest strap a notch or two. Or carry your left arm back a trifle."

I moved two steps and sat beside him. "What's the pitch this time, Doc?"

"The indecent curiosity of an aged sounder!" Doc said readily. "I watched you scanning that roomful of reubens like a thirsty man searches for water in a desert. Need any help?"

I shook my head.

Doc said: "It would have been a novel experience, assisting a lawfully pursued. I must confess I am more skilled in evasion than in hunting. Yes, it would have been interesting. However, I thought I must say you are in singularly poor physical condition for a man-hunt."

"I'm in fine shape for a vacation, Doc," I said.

"Indeed, yes," Doc agreed. "Well, shall we go and be introduced to the captain, or shall we skulk here until we're dragged out by the ears?"

I followed Doc's glance and saw Russell signaling to us from the other side of the table. By then he had managed most of his introductions. Doc Riggs and I were the last to join our table partners.

"Mr. Riggs and Mr. Wilde, sir," he said to the captain. "Capt. Jellison, gentlemen."

The captain shook our hands. "Pleasure, gentlemen, a real pleasure," he said.

I glanced along the table and saw Miss Pomeroy's eyes on me and she didn't look away when I found her. She sat tall and straight and her eyes were puzzled and lovely. Then I heard what the captain was saying and saying in a tone designed to carry distinction and meaning through a heavy gauge.

"Detective Russell mentioned. Think you'd join your bank robber on board, Mr. Wilde?"

I just stared at him. I couldn't speak. I looked beyond him at Russell's stricken face.

The captain had more to say. It was past 10 o'clock before I

got back to my room. I slammed the door and sat stiffly in the big chair. Doc Riggs had done his best to smother the captain's announcement. He slid into an involved story about a man named Flyaway Fulton who had dreamed of wealth through a sea-circus monopoly. But all the time I was looking at the people around the table and they were watching me as if I were something to be frightened of. All except Miss Pomeroy.

Dinner was tedious and protracted. No references were made to my shocking trade, but the avoidance merely emphasized the reaction. I was well tagged now and as soon as I left, the discussion would start. And it wouldn't stop with just the people at the captain's table.

Russell and Doc Riggs walked to my room with me, both of them properly solicitous, though Doc was just a little smug about having spotted me earlier. Russell took the blame for the captain's blunder, explaining that the captain had somehow got the idea that the chase was off just because Stewart had not taken up his reservations. He knew better now and that was supposed to console me.

I forced myself to say something polite, just as I'd forced myself to speak normally through dinner, but it was a tongue trained on social responses that did the talking. There was no contact, was it? I was the dull frustrated anger in my mind.

I sat and cursed and then I got up and walked up and down from window to door, moving nervously, too tense to sit any longer. And gradually I made myself loosen up. My luck was out, all the way out. The breaks were all bad. They came that way sometimes and when they did, there was nothing to do but ride it out, just as a professional gambler slides out a losing streak.

Everything had gone wrong from the very beginning. The back of Stewart's spotting the elevator escape hatch which alone made his robbery possible. The bad luck of my getting an efficiency award at the moment Stewart was proving how inefficient I could be. The bad luck to get shot seriously by a frightened kid with no training in shooting. The bad luck that would probably wreck my agency. And now the worst luck of all—the kickover. Everyone on board knew what I had come for. If, by some wild chance, Stewart should be on board the Dixie Dandy, he could avoid me easily. Jump off any time. My only chance was gone now and I was on an archaic river boat heading downstream surrounded by people who watched me with the awe of people watching a two-headed goat.

I paced the floor, working off some of my tension. I stubbed my toe twice against the luggage rack and then stopped. I measured the distance, took a short stride forward and kicked my big suitcase a good four feet across the room. It was a fine, well-timed kick and it made me feel a lot better, even if my clothes were scattered along the floor. I scooped up the loose things and rammed them into a dresser drawer. I hung up my shirt, slid the bag under the bed and straightened up again.

(To Be Continued.)



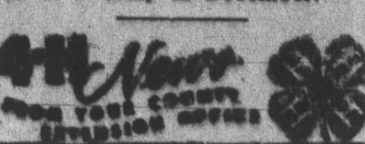
At Fort Riley

Pvt. Louis B. Laurent, 20, son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Laurent, 703 N. Fifth st., is serving with the 10th infantry division at Fort Riley, Kan.

A surveyor in the division's 35th field artillery battalion, he was a student at the University of Dayton (Ohio) before entering the army in February of this year.

Hormann At Incheon

Cpl. Carl R. Hormann, whose wife, Della, resides near Decatur, has been assigned to the Incheon Military Post in Korea. Son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hormann, of Fort Wayne, route 10, he entered the U. S. army in December.



Union Pals

The Union Pals 4-H club held their last meeting at the Immanuel Lutheran school July 21. The meeting was opened with group singing. Pledges were led by Shirley Wass and roll call was answered by favorite boy friend. A demonstration was given by Lois Jean Gerke and Dorothy Schlemmer. The meeting was adjourned and refreshments were served by the junior leaders.

Merry Maids

The Monmouth Merry Maids 4-H club held their regularly scheduled meeting July 22 at the Monmouth high school. The meeting was called to order and the pledges led by Gladys Myers. Demonstrations were given by Grace Fahrman on "How to make an Angel Food Cake" and Edwina Booth on "How to label your projects." Plans were made for the 4-H fair and a swimming party for the members who complete their projects. Refreshments were served by Carolyn Drake, Marsha King, Gladys Myers, and Jona Fleming.

Keklongas

The St. Mary's Keklongas 4-H club held their tenth regular meeting recently at the Bobo school. Roll call was answered by naming your favorite flower. The pledges were led by Karen Lough and Sharon Bebout. A health and safety talk was given by Marlene Oehler and the record books were checked by the adult leaders. Plans for the 4-H fair were discussed. A demonstration on baking a butter cake was given by Johnny Noll, Jim Buettner, and Everett Curie. Also Judy Shoaf and Louise Currie gave a demonstration on preparing cake pans. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting by Cheryl and Sue Shackley, Virginia Smith, Janice Smith, and Mary Ann Jones.

She pivoted and walked quickly away.

I went to my room, which was not as I had left it. My suitcase had been pulled out from under the bed. The suits I had hung in the closet were crumpled inside the bag, wadded and crumpled. Pinned to a sleeve was a crumpled piece of paper, a rectangular piece of paper, I ripped it loose. Mr. Russell had given me a stack of pamphlets when I came aboard, I remembered. This was one of them. The strip of shiny paper listed the itinerary for the Dixie Dandy. A thick, black crayon circle was drawn around the second item listed.

"Sunday, Feb. 8, 1953. Arrive Louisville, Ky., in early morning. Leave 10 a.m. Mail and telegraph stop. Leaving Louisville, the Dixie Dandy will proceed through the Portland canal and locks around the Falls of the Ohio into the lower river. Pass through the Oxbow Bend about 4 p.m."

Below the circled entry, scrawled in the same black crayon was this, printed in black letters: "GET OFF."

I awoke suddenly in the darkness. I was sure something was wrong but was unable to think what it could be. Then I realized that the constant, soothing vibration had stopped. The Dixie Dandy was docked at Louisville.

There was a tap on the door and a voice called, "Wilde, you awake?"

I mumbled something and opened the door. Russell came in and I said: "What's the trouble? What time is it?" I got back into bed.

"Seven-thirty and there's no trouble," Russell said. "There's a telegram for you and I figured you might want to send an answer before we leave."

He threw a yellow envelope on to the bed. I picked it up, held it in my teeth and ripped it open. It read:

"Carney Wilde  
On Board Dixie Dandy  
c/o Delta Line,  
Louisville, Ky.

"Girl friend, ducked Friday night. No trace, Mary McVicker, age 25, height five six, weight 120, light brown hair, gray eyes. General alarm Monday. Ell sends best wishes."

It was signed "Gronnik" and had been sent from Philadelphia late Saturday night, probably after Gronnik had felt fairly sure Stewart's girl would be coming home after a late date.

Gronnik planned to wait until Monday before he sent out a general alarm for Mary McVicker. That made sense. If the girl had

Air Pilots' Strike  
May Hit Other LinesAmerican Airlines  
Strike May Spread

CHICAGO (INS) — C. N. Sayen, president of the AFL Air Lines Pilots Association, said Sunday night that the strike against American Airlines may soon spread to United and Trans-World Airlines.

Sayen said the United and Trans-World pilots have approved a strike against their companies but that no walk-out date has been set yet.

A pilots' strike against American Airlines — the nation's largest passenger carrier — went into its third day today with all American planes grounded and some 1,200 pilots off their jobs.

Rival lines put on extra flights to carry the freight and passenger ordinarily handled by American. In dispute is American's scheduling of non-stop transcontinental flights in which pilots spend more

than eight consecutive hours flying.

Michigan City Man  
Is Drowned in Lake

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind. (INS) — Coast guardsmen Sunday recovered the body of Walter Valentine, 35, from Lake Michigan near the spot where he went in swimming several hours before.

Valentine had called for help and James Haus, 17, had started to his aid. But the youth cut his leg on some rocks and had to be sent to a hospital.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur.

1954

## CHEVROLET

Deluxe 4-Door Sedan  
4,000 Miles

## SAYLORS

Eppey Sisters  
Gospel Quintet

In Song and Musical Numbers

## TONIGHT

at

## CHURCH of GOD

7:30 P.M.

Public Is Invited! Free-will Offering!

gave out for an innocent weekend, she would be back by then. It didn't seem likely that Gronnik's man trailing her would have been thrown off accidentally, but it had happened.

"I told the steward to bring you some breakfast," Russell said. "Figured I might get an extra cup of coffee that way. Every time I stick my head inside, old Grenier has another job for me."

"Good," I said, not really listening.

"Want to send an answer to that wire?"

Before I could speak, someone dipped a fingernail along the louver of the door, and Russell reached back to let the steward roll his wagon inside. As it passed, Russell picked up the check, folded it and rammed it inside his pocket. Then he waved the steward out.

"Bacon and scrambled eggs, toast and coffee, and lots of everything," he said cheerfully.

He uncovered a warm plate and set it on my knees, balancing a fork on the rim. He picked up a slice of hot toast from the rack and handed it to me. "Then he poured himself a cup of coffee, sat back in the big chair and watched me eat my breakfast. The food was fine. Maybe dinner last night had been that good, too, but I didn't remember anything about it.

Russell perched himself on the foot of the bed.

"The telegram a secret?"

I shook my head. "Stewart's girl dropped out of sight on Friday night. May mean something. May not. Will you send an acknowledgment for me?"

"Sure," he said agreeably. "Who to?"

"Capt. Gronnik, Homicide Division, Police Department, Philadelphia," I said. "Receipt acknowledged. Thanks."

"That'll do."

"It's enough," I said. "Tell him I'm having a wonderful time if it makes you feel better."

"Anything I can do for you first?"

"Yes," I said, remembering. "You might rip open the left sleeve of one of those shirts for me." I nodded toward my cast.

"Won't go on otherwise."

Russell picked a white shirt out of a half-open drawer, and used a knife from the breakfast tray to start the seam. Then he slit it to the shoulder. "Will it go on all right now?"

"Sure."

"How about the tie? How do you manage that?"

"I'm half horse, half alligator," I grinned. "And I clamp one end in my teeth to hold it. Nothing to it."

(To Be Continued.)