

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Dick D. Heller President
J. H. Heller Vice-President
Chas. Holthouse Secretary-Treasurer

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The deal made in cheese by the Agriculture department over distribution smells like limburger.

The American League Yankees may be headed for another pennant but the White Sox, Indians and Red Sox are still contending and even the Tigers are hopeful.

Get the boys and girls ready for school! They start two weeks from Tuesday in Decatur and a few before that in the rural sections.

Reports indicate that Diane, just gave up and quit after pounding the Atlantic for eight days. It finally subsided after reaching North Carolina and blew itself out. Everyone is thankful.

Harry Truman doesn't seem interested in a campaign for himself but says he will start giving them something to talk about at the editorial meeting at French Lick, August 27 and at the Labor Day celebration in Detroit September 5.

Did you ever notice that the fellow who yells the loudest if he has to wait ten minutes in a restaurant for service will sit contentedly in a boat for six hours without a bite and think nothing of it, says the Davenport Democrat.

The retail division of the Decatur chamber of commerce announces several important dates to remember. The annual fish fry, always a sell-out, will be held October 13 and the Callithumpian parade will be held Monday night, October 31st. Plans are also underway by the busy committee for Christmas events and other happenings in and about Decatur.

Warren Bovey of the Nebraska penitentiary gave the 200 rebels who were staging a strike at the prison two minutes to get back in their cells and then gave orders to a dozen state troopers to "shoot on sight". That ended it and we wonder why similar methods are not used in other prisons when they have fought for days. They are bad actors to begin with and certainly do not deserve much sympathy when they start actions similar to those in Nebraska.

Several years ago the department of economics at Indiana university made a survey to determine what factor induced people to come to small cities and towns to do their shopping. It was discovered that the principal attraction was a good movie theater. The importance of a theater to a community is becoming more and more apparent, when due to lack of business theaters are forced to close. Several months ago when the theater in Hagerstown closed, a prominent industry in that town, took over its operation and underwrote the costs. Just recently, due to poor business, the theater in Bicknell, Ind. a town of 5,000 population was forced to close. The business men of that city formed a co-operative association and have re-opened the theater. They realized that without a theater the community becomes a ghost-town and potential buyers go elsewhere for their entertainment and shopping. A town without a theater is shunned by new industry that is seeking a location, real-estate values decline, and retail business falls off. It looks like the professors at Indiana U. knew what they were talking about.

20 Years Ago Today

August 20—Benjamin W. DeVor 56 of West Adams street died this morning at memorial hospital of asthma.

Adams county contracts for coal awarded Krick, Carroll and Cash Coal company on bids of \$5.85 per ton, delivered.

Trustee Doan asks for an increase of 26 cents in Washington township tax.

The American Legion band will go to Indianapolis Monday for the state convention.

The United States and Great Britain are making a final effort to prevent the Italy-Ethiopian war.

Modern Etiquette
BY ROBERTA LEE

Q. When a girl is entertaining a male caller in the evening, the hour is very late and he shows no indication of leaving, would it be all right for one of her parents to tell the young man that it is time to go?

A. No; but the girl has a perfect right to call his attention to the late hour.

Q. May the bride wear her engagement ring and have her bridegroom put the wedding ring above it?

A. No. On her wedding day, a bride either leaves her engagement ring at home, or wears it on her right hand.

Q. What is the proper form for a father to use when introducing his daughter to an older woman?

A. "Mrs. Lee, this is my daughter, Joan."

Household Scrapbook
BY ROBERTA LEE

The Bread Box
Wash and air the bread box once a week to insure its sweetness. The accumulation of the tiniest bread crumbs will cause an unpleasant odor, and mold on the larger pieces of bread.

In The Bathroom
If the stains in the bathroom bowl can not be removed with scouring soap, try using pumice stone.

Clear Coffee
Before the percolator begins to boil add the shell of an egg and see how it clarifies the coffee.

Detroit — Under present methods of manufacturing, about 15 to 20 percent of the total weight of an automobile is aluminum.

INTO EVERY LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL



LIBRARY NEWS

By the Librarian

An interesting card was received from Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Leonard, who conducted a successful antique show in Grand Haven, Mich. At the time of writing they were watching a steamship from Sweden come into harbor. The coast guard regatta was held there the previous week. This is the event of the season.

Two cards were received from Becky and Tom Maddox — one from Hershey, Penna., where they visited the chocolate bar plant, and the other from historical Gettysburg. They had a wonderful time.

Susan Kay and Edward Morgan sent greetings from Mackinaw City, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schmitz enjoyed the wonderful scenery on their trip through West Virginia. Jimmy and Jean Hoffman spent a fine vacation traveling through California and other Western states.

Sandra, Derry and Leon Grote had a fine time fishing near Colon, Mich.

Dana and Bill Brentlinger spent the weekend in Detroit visiting with Mabel Hoagland in Highland Park.

Pamela Kay Koos spent her vacation in Gibson City, Ill.

Patrik Durkin reports that he saw many beautiful things on a

sight seeing tour of Chicago.

Janeen, Russell and Darrell Augsburg had a lot of fun on their vacation. They sent a card from Helenwood, Tenn.

Elaine Cochran spent several weeks visiting relatives in Wichita, Kan.

Daniel Durkin sent greetings from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., and spent a weekend in Chicago.

Karen Call had a fine time in Sparta, Wis.

Donald Germann visited many places of interest in Chicago.

The Library family had a letter from Miss Heller, librarian, who is having a good vacation. The days have been perfect except the Saturday when the hurricane Connie hit Chautauqua. She had visited with Mrs. A. D. Suttles and Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Edwards, who are also spending their vacation there.

Angela Andrews spent several days at the delightful vacation spot at Lake Tahoe, Nevada.

As the summer reading project comes to a most successful and happy close it finds the 1st and 2nd graders far in the lead. Patty Parrish has read 154 books, Patty Schuriger 138 and Donna Birch 122. All three have gold candles on the top layer of the birthday cake which means the parents have read at least three non-fiction books during the summer. At most 600 children have participated in the summer reading.

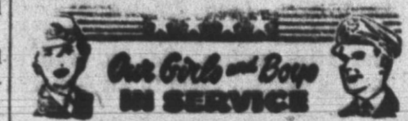
Trade in a Good Town — Decatur.

Ruth Etting Life At Adams Theater

The true-life story of one of the theater's most glamorous personalities, Ruth Etting, is brought dramatically to the screen by Doris Day in "Love Me or Leave Me" which shows at the Adams theater Sunday and Monday. James Cagney, as Marty "The Gimp" Snyder, her aggressive, two-fisted husband and manager, gives a performance that is mentioned for an Academy award. Cameron Mitchell, Robert Keith and Tom Tully are included in the cast of the picture which was photographed in Technicolor and features 15 song hits by Miss Day.

What happens to a small community when bank bandits take over is thrillingly portrayed in "Violent Saturday" a Cinemascope production to be seen at the Adams Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. In the large cast are Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Stephen McNally, Virginia Leigh, Sylvia Sydney and many more. Ernest Borgnine is seen as the Amish farmer who forgoes his policy of non-violence to rout the bandits.

Randolph Scott stars in an exciting Technicolor deluxe Western "Tall Man Riding" showing next Friday and Saturday. Included in the cast are Dorothy Malone and Peggie Castle.



Wilder On Cruise

ATLANTIC FLEET (PHTNC) — Enroute to Europe on the summer's second midshipman training cruise aboard the battleship USS Wisconsin is James E. Wilder, fireman, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Wilder of route 4, Decatur, Ind.

Fourteen slips of the Atlantic fleet left Norfolk, Va., July 11 with more than 1,700 naval ROTC midshipmen aboard. The ships' crews supervise the midshipmen's training during the two-month cruise.

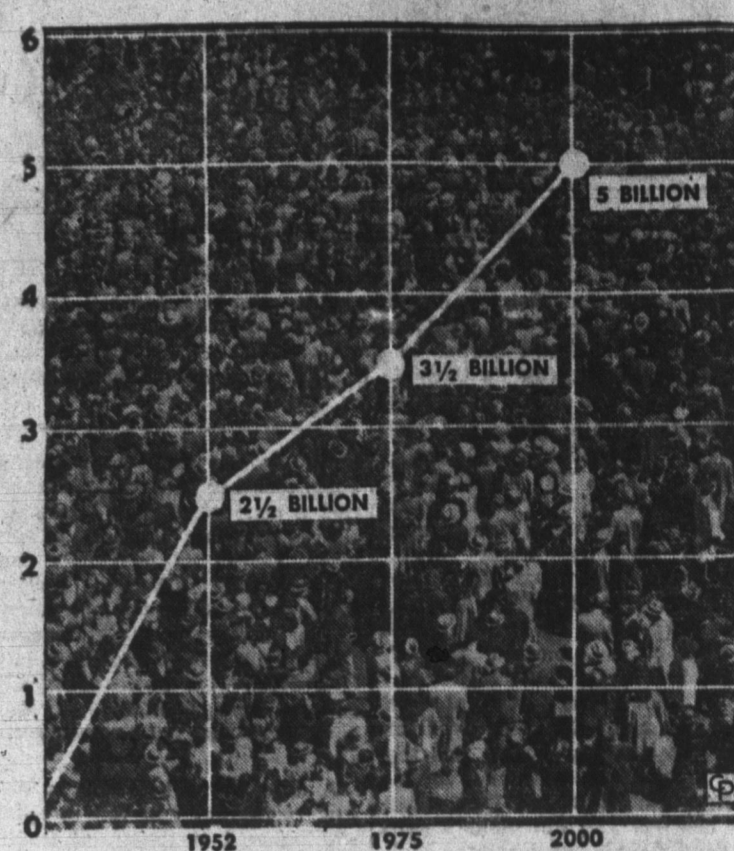
The ships will visit Edinburgh, Scotland; Copenhagen, Denmark; Oslo and Bergen, Norway; and Stockholm, Sweden.

Chicago — Average American family uses 500 percent more frozen peas and about five percent more canned peas, but 75 percent less of fresh peas than before World War II.

Court News

Marriage License
Glen Smith, 25, Port Wayne, and Dorothy C. Crosby, 23, Decatur route three.

Divorce Filed
A complaint for divorce charging cruel and inhuman treatment has been filed by Mary Ladd against Melvyn Ladd. The plaintiff seeks custody of two minor children. A summons has been ordered issued returnable Sept.



THIS GRAPH illustrates prospective growth of world population to twice its present size in the next 45 years, as reported at Geneva by the UN. The report envisions this growth barring wars and economic crises. Population is increasing by 1 1/4% a year.

6. An affidavit and application for temporary allowance and attorney fees has been set for hearing Aug. 25.

Alias Notice
In the divorce case of Helen M. Taylor against Charles L. Taylor, an alias notice has been ordered issued for the defendant in Allen county returnable Aug. 25.

Appearance Entered
Hubert R. McClenahan has entered appearance for Barbara Jean Crownover, defendant in a divorce action filed by Robert L. Crownover. An application and affidavit for allowance has been filed by the defendant and a notice has been ordered returnable Aug. 26.

Motion to Dismiss
In the complaint for damages filed by the Inter-city Flying Service against the Cons. Aircraft Repair, Inc., venue from Allen county, a motion for dismissal has been filed.

Estate Cases
A petition for a decree of no administration for the estate of Earl Sudduth has been submitted and sustained. The value of the estate does not exceed \$2,500 and all assets have been set aside to the surviving spouse and sole devisees.

The inventory and appraisement of the Marion T. McKean estate has been filed and approved. It shows a total value of \$2,432.46. A petition to operate as executor has been submitted and sustained.

The inheritance tax appraiser's report has been filed in the Donald D. Colter estate and a notice has been ordered issued returnable Sept. 15. The widow and four sons are heirs to the estate which is valued at \$20,996.83, plus \$13,280 outside the estate.

In the Jymima Mae Johnson estate for temporary allowance and attorney fees has been filed showing a net value of \$13,886.32. Heirs are a son and a daughter. A notice has been ordered issued returnable Sept. 15.

The final report for the Charles Hildand estate showing distribution of \$11,690 to the widow has been submitted and approved. The administrator has been ordered to make distribution.

Proofs of the publication of notices of appointment and final settlement of the Laura Glendenning estate have been filed and the final report has been submitted and approved. Distribution of \$4,607.88 has been ordered.

In the estate of Hiram C. Wall, the final report has been filed and a notice has been issued returnable Sept. 9. The report shows a balance of \$12,668.30 for distribution to several heirs.

The supplemental report showing distribution of the Ruth B. Moser estate has been filed. The administrator has been discharged and the estate is closed.

The final report for the Wilbert Stahley estate showing no balance for distribution has been filed. A notice has been ordered issued returnable Sept. 9.

The schedule to determine the inheritance tax due from the Miles F. Koop estate has been filed with reference to the county assessor. The net estate is \$5,198.37 and heirs are two sons and a daughter.

The final report of the estate of Daniel A. Rumble has been filed. The report shows a balance of \$42,857.66 for distribution to the heirs. A notice has been ordered issued returnable Sept. 9.

THE BOSS OF BROKEN SPUR

By Nick Summer

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

CALDER glared at him out of pain-dulled eyes. "You'd sell your own brother. You going to turn me out without a roof to my head, when I'm hurt?"

"If they'd got you in your gun-arm," Cameron retorted grimly, "I might have finished you off myself an' called it good riddance. But long as it's just your left, I still got a use for you once you get back in shape. You can hide out in Lita's cabin. She'll take care of you."

Calder had assented to that, still smarting from Cameron's tongue-lashing—but the idea of being taken care of by Lita had its attractions. She'd made no "artificial" demur at taking him in when Cameron asked her, and she'd done a good enough job of making him comfortable. By evening, propped up on pillows with some of Corny's whiskey inside him to ease the ache of his shoulder, he was feeling well enough to look around him and crave amusement.

Lita was curled up in a split-bottomed chair, one leg tucked under her, the other swinging temptingly beneath the skimpy skirt. The lamp on the table behind her threw its yellow glow over her face and scooped deep shadows over her body.

Calder had never paid too much attention to her in the past—she'd been definitely Cameron's girl. But now the green eyes appraised her in the lamp light. She was an appetizing little piece! She wasn't Margie, but Margie was a long way away, and Lita was very much at hand. After what he'd been through, a man needed a little fun—and he didn't owe Wayne Cameron any loyalty, after the way he'd turned on him. Serve him right if Calder cut the ground out from under his feet! A smile spread over the scar-torn mouth as he called softly, "Lita, come over here."

She crossed the room slowly, hips swinging to her lazy walk in a way that fired Calder's blood. "What you want, Lon?"

"Just a little company. Sit down and talk to me." She settled herself comfortably on the edge of the bed. He let her feel the force of his pleased, intimate glance. "You're a good-looking woman, Lita!"

"Mebbe not. It's nice to hear." She swayed tantalizingly back from him.

"Don't stay so far away." He reached out his good arm, and she let herself be circled and drawn toward him. He kissed her.

"Quit it Lon!" she said.

"Why, don't you like me?"

"Sure, I like you. But not that way."

"Go on, Lita." His voice dropped to a practiced, caressing note. "You're not spun sugar. You're a woman—too much to be scared of letting a man love you!"

She moved away from the bed, lifting a round, bare arm to pat her tumbled hair. "I'm not scared—if it's the right man."

Her casualness was like a slap across the face.

"Wayne's the right man, I guess?"

"You know 'bout Wayne an' me," the girl retorted indifferently. "Yeah, I know. I know all about it." He made his voice regretful.

"Hate to see a woman like you made a fool of, Lita."

"Who's makin' a fool of me?"

"Why, Wayne Cameron, of course. You think he's going to marry you?"

"He is."

"Just waiting till he gets his hands on Broken Spur?"

"Sure."

"And then he's going to make a fine lady out of you—put you in a big house, string you with diamonds—Why, you poor little fool, he's just stringing you along till you've pulled his chestnuts out of the fire! Mr. Cameron's a business man. When he marries, he aims to make a profit on the deal—a big profit—like Slash T—"

He wasn't prepared for the effect of his words. She flew at him, eyes blazing, fingers clawed. "You're lying! You know you're lying—say you are!"

He caught her wrists with his good hand. "You know I'm not lying, Lita! Why, you think a man that was really in love with you would have thrown you at Riordan and Larrabee the way he's done?"

"I wouldn't," he insisted. "If you were mine, I wouldn't let any other man get near you. But Wayne's a cold fish—he doesn't know how to appreciate a woman like you."

her wagon, all right. And when she'd worked off her tantrum, she'd be all the readier for another man who wanted her. He knew Lita's kind of woman.

Or he thought he did. Lita believed his story, because in the for a long time, how slim her hold on Cameron was, but she'd refused to believe her instincts. Cameron was important to her as no other man had ever been. She withdrew toward the man on the bed.

"Lon, I'm takin' your horse. I gotta make a ride, and I won't ride that ol' crowbar of Paps's."

"Where you going this time or night?" An uneasy sense that he'd set more in motion than he'd bargained for put its chill into the gambler's blood.

"Wouldn't you like I know?" she taunted him. "Well, why shouldn't I tell you? You're in no shape 't stop me. I'm goin' t' Broken Spur 't have a little talk with Rob Mallory!"

It seemed strange to Kerry to be lying quietly in his own bed at Broken Spur again. His eyes, following Christie around the room, held a new gravity. "You look older, Kerry," she murmured.

"Ages 'n' man some," he agreed soberly, "to be as close to dyin' as I was. There was a minute last night when I was sure I'd already died and gone to heaven, when Rob lugged me out of the jail-house and I saw you there—I still can't get over it, Christie, you riding into that crazy mob—"

"Would you expect me to sit home and wait? You're not marrying that kind of girl, Kerry! Last night was one time I wished I were a gun—I think I could have shot it out with that crowd single-handed! Easy to talk," she laughed. "When Rob didn't give me or anybody else a chance to do anything!"

"He was," really something, wasn't he?" Kerry mused. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it, that anybody could have had those loosed nesters acting so much like a bunch of whipped kids! Every time I think about him walking into the cage of wildcats, taking a chance on getting his head clawed off—and leaving Broken Spur wide open while he went kiting off to pull me out of a mess—I'm not worth it!"

She twisted out of his grip. He lay back on the pillows with an inward smile of satisfaction, as she flung herself up and down the room in fury. He'd fixed his part-

ner's wagon, all right. And when she'd worked off her tantrum, she'd be all the readier for another man who wanted her. He knew Lita's kind of woman.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

ROB STOOD in the doorway, his face gaunt.

Christie smiled at him. "I'll leave you two alone. I guess you've got things to talk over. Don't keep Kerry talking long, Rob! He ought to rest."

"All right, Christie," Rob dropped into a chair by the bed. Silence lay heavy between them, and Kerry didn't know how to break it. At last she spoke hesitantly. "I know how you must feel about—Sandy, Rob. They—they didn't come any better."

"They didn't."

"I've got a notion," Kerry said slowly, "that this is the way he'd have liked to go, if he'd had his say—standing up for Broken Spur, the way he always did."

"You could be right," Rob gazed down at his locked hands. "I keep thinking about something I want to say to him once, I never did. I wish now I had."

It was the first time in his remembrance that Kerry had ever heard Rob express regret for anything. He didn't know how to answer, in words. Almost timidly, he reached out to touch one of the brown hands that lay clasped on Rob's knee. It closed hard over his, and they sat like that in silence for a moment. Then Rob stood up.

"Muchacho," he said huskily, "that day I stumbled across you was the luckiest day I ever lived. If I ever said any different—or if I ever do again—don't believe it!"

Rob sat alone in the living room after Christie, exhausted, had gone home to bed. He was tired himself—in his own mind he acknowledged that a man of his age couldn't take nights like the last one the way he had twenty years ago—but a barrier was down between him and his boy, and for all it had cost him, or was likely to, Rob was feeling that life could be good.

There was a knock at the door. None of his crew would knock. And any outsider these days probably spelled trouble. Rousing himself, he went to open up.

Whatever he'd expected, it wasn't Lita Dawson. The girl, with her hair whipped around her by the wind of her riding, her eyes dark and wild-looking, her breast swelling and falling with her rapid breathing, was a handsome baggage—no wonder she'd caused so much trouble. Rob's eyes paid her that involuntary tribute, even as he

insulation. Special!

insulation. Special!

insulation. Special!

insulation. Special!

insulation. Special!

insulation. Special!

"Miss Dawson!" There was ironic courtesy in his tone and his slight bow. "I'm afraid Kerry's not up to seeing visitors this evening."

"It's not Kerry I came to see, Mr. Mallory—it's you. I gotta talk 't you. I got somethin' t' tell you—somethin' important!" As he didn't move from his place in the doorway, she added urgently, "Wouldn't you like t' know what's back o' all this trouble you been havin'?"

"Come in," he said.

Inside the living-room, she took time to smooth her disheveled hair, her eyes darting around her, taking in the spaciousness and rugged comfort of the room, shooting quick speculative glances under her lashes at Rob. As well as if she had spoken, he could read her thoughts in that busy little brain.

"This information of yours—I suppose there'd be a price on it?" Her eyes widened. "How much'd it be worth t' you?"

"Depends on how much use I can make of it." Then, too impatient for bargaining, he rapped out, "I'll give you five hundred dollars."

The brown eyes opened wider still. That was probably at least five times as much money as she'd ever seen at one time in her life. "All right, let's have it."

She braced herself. The nesters were stirred up agin' you a-purpose. They was told you was aimin' t' take their land, an' 'en they was told your title wasn't no good, by a lawyer that was paid t' say it. An' Joe Larrabee was shot t' out the blame on you, after he wouldn't fight you himself no more. An' the one behind it all was Wayne Cameron!"

Rob's first reaction was skepticism. Then he said, "Cameron—why would he be so anxious to make trouble for me?"

"Cause he wanted your ranch himself, o' course!"

"And now do you know all this?"

"How you s'pose? I was his girl—till he decided he wanted t' marry Christie Poland an' get her place, too!"

"And I suppose he figured to get Kerry out of his way by havin' you egg him and Larrabee on to shoot each other?"

"Yeah." Lita was too angry herself, at the recollection of her own wrongs, to notice the danger signals in Rob's eyes or the way his hands were knotted at his sides. "An' that's not all. He's the one

who's aimin' at you, an' that red-head fella bein' wanted in Dodge. It was a friend o' his that k'lin' they're wanted for!"

Rob didn't let a muscle of his face betray the excitement he felt. "It's a good story, Lita—but I understand you're quite a hand at stories. Why should I believe you?"

"You got hold o' Wayne—make him talk!"

"And suppose he won't talk—can you prove any of it? Is there anybody else who can back you up?" He saw her hesitation, and added, "If you could give me proof, it might be worth another five hundred."

The girl stood estating. He strode across the room and caught her shoulders in hands that bit into the soft flesh. "If you're tellin' the truth, you knew who killed Larrabee and kept it to yourself. That makes you an accessory to murder. Maybe being locked in a cell would loosen your tongue the rest of the way!"

She was scared then. He could tell it in the quick rigidity of the supple body under his hands. But the next minute she'd made herself soft again, lifting swimming brown eyes to his face. "You wouldn't do that to me, would you, Mr. Mallory?"

"Yes I would. I'm giving you a chance to get off clear, and make yourself a thousand dollars. But I'm holdin' it open just five minutes. If you haven't told me everything you know by then, I'm taking you in to the sheriff. And, the thought of Kerry put steel files into his voice, "It'd be a pleasure!"

In his own mind, Rob wasn't by any means sure he could get Lacey to hold the gun on any such sketchy testimony. That was the only reason he'd offered to deal with her. But no such doubt seemed to have occurred to her.

"Awright, Mr. Mallory," she breathed. "The was a lot o' 'bout—the one that killed the fella in Dodge—he's at my cabin. He's in on the whole business. He can tell you I'm tellin' the truth."

"What makes you think he will?"

Lita shrugged. "He's hurt. I reckon he'll talk all right, if you git rough with him."

"You don't draw the line at anything, do you, Lita?" But his contempt glanced off her like a handful of feathers. Moral judgments didn't figure in Lita's scheme of things.

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(To Be Continued)