

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Experienced, mature thinkers of the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant clergy have exposed the "right to wreck" laws for what they really are — attempts by greedy interests to destroy the labor movement, and enlarge their own profits. Two archbishops, and four bishops have stated that the so-called right to work laws are unnecessary and unwise, in a release through the Ohio Catholic Welfare Conference. A farmer-editor of the Idaho Farm Journal explains why the laws will hurt every farmer. Even many businessmen oppose it, including RCA, Allison division of General Motors, Seagrams, and many others. Politicians opposed include many different parties and types, such as Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard M. Nixon, Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert H. Lehman, Alf M. Landon, Charles P. Taft, and Ed C. Johnson. Paul M. Butler, national committeeman from Indiana, has sent out a series of pamphlets explaining the Democratic party's stand against the measure, one of the most harmful of the past legislature.

Just because news is received over the AP or UPI wire does not mean that it is free from political taint. Quite often news stories are written with the unannounced purpose of leading (or misleading) the reader, even by the press service. For example, a recent wire story mentions a poll in Evansville which shows Hartke as trailing for senator, but fails to mention that the paper which conducted the poll and publicized the results has been violently opposed to the election of the Schricker-like candidate. In fact, this same paper held up the Evansville city budget, which had a reduced tax rate, and ran it a week later with the Evansville school budget, which had a higher tax rate, under the heading "Hartke Raises Taxes" even though the city council and mayor have no control over school budgets. Yes, even the Republican press slants the news. America will remain strong only as long as the press is free—with both Republican Democratic newspapers to show both sides of any discussion.



PROGRAMS

Central Daylight Time

11:30—Concentration
Afternoon
12:00—News at Noon
12:15—The Weatherman
12:15—Farms and Farming
6:00—Married Joan
1:30—Showcase 33
2:30—The Lone Rangers
3:30—Harris Baggs
3:30—Today Is Ours
3:30—From These Roots
4:00—Quiesce for a Day
4:45—Western Romances
5:00—Cartoon Express
5:30—Peril

Evening
6:00—Gateway to Sports
6:15—News
6:25—The Weatherman
6:30—Yesterday's Newsreel
6:45—The Big Payoff
7:00—Union Pacific
7:30—Tic Tac Dough
8:00—Best of Groucho
8:30—The People's Choice
9:30—Buckskin
10:00—The Price Is Right
10:30—The Big Bounce
11:00—News and Weather
11:15—Sports Today
11:20—The Jack Paar Show

WPTA-TV
CHANNEL 21
WEDNESDAY

Evening
6:00—Popeye and the Rascals
7:00—The Eds
7:30—Disneyland
8:30—Ozzie and Harriet
9:00—Wednesday Night Fights
9:30—The Big Bounce
10:00—Tombstone Territory
10:30—10:30" Report
10:45—Movietime

THURSDAY

Afternoon
3:00—American Bandstand
4:00—Who Do You Trust
5:00—American Bandstand
6:00—Woody Woodpecker

Evening
6:00—Popeye and the Rascals
7:00—The Eds
7:30—Disneyland
8:30—Ozzie and Harriet
9:00—Wednesday Night Fights
9:30—The Big Bounce
10:00—Tombstone Territory
10:30—10:30" Report
10:45—Movietime

FRIDAY

6:00—Whirlybirds
7:30—Wagon Train
8:30—Father Knows Best
9:00—Kirk Douglas Theatre
10:00—It Could Be You
10:30—Frontier Doctor
11:00—Sports Tonight
11:20—The Jack Paar Show

THURSDAY

Morning
7:30—This Day
8:00—Leave It to Beaver
8:30—Johnson's Playhouse
8:30—I've Got a Secret
9:00—Circus Theatre
10:00—Country Caravan
10:30—Highway Patrol
11:00—Award Theatre

WKJG-TV
CHANNEL 23
WEDNESDAY

Evening
7:30—Whirlybirds
8:30—Wagon Train
8:30—Father Knows Best
9:00—Kirk Douglas Theatre
10:00—It Could Be You
10:30—Frontier Doctor
11:00—Sports Tonight
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WEDNESDAY

Movies

—DRIVE-IN—
"Kathy-O" and "Wolf Dog" Tues
Wed Thurs at dusk

Towering Silos Boost Soybean Storage Space

By Barbara Fleicher

One of the kinds of architecture the midwest is well acquainted with, the silo, has undergone some changes of late. Evidence of that can be seen on the northwest edge of the city: two columns of towering concrete cylinders. Their makers have changed the usual idea of the silo, as we know it mechanism, size, and purpose.

The silo itself is a trademark of farming; it represents one of man's ways of preserving food for his animals through the winter. And one kind of silo is not only a trademark, but a landmark for the midwest: the tall, usually slim cylinders that stand alongside the farmstead's barn.

The first were made of wood; their first owners found they could preserve green fodder for the winter in them, making it possible to give cattle a feed that holds many of the same nutrients that the animals receive in their summer pasture diets. The fodder included corn-stalk, leaves, ears and all—grass, and sometimes sorghum, harvested and chopped when young. Added to each other in the silo, they made a mixture that fermented, literally pickling in its own juice, and making acids that prevented them from spoiling.

The silo on the farm still performs the same jobs, although today there are silos lined with glass, and others, trench silos, that are pits in the ground.

These columns of silos or storage bins which passersby on U. S. 27 can see, however, have a different purpose, in addition to a different size and a different kind of loading and unloading mechanism from the usual silos on the farms. Made of concrete, they provide storage for soybeans produced at Central Soya.

Thirteen of the silos, on the north side of the battery, look a lighter grey, slightly shorter, and a lot rounder than the ones on the south. Part of a new construction job there, the thirteen are receiving the finishing touches before the 1958 soybean crop starts flowing.

The new ones are 110 feet high, just as the older ones are, although the newer ones appear shorter because of a 21/2-foot difference in elevation. The diameter of part of the new ones is what makes them different: their 80-foot width makes them the largest

of the forms which were set around the forms

slanted toward each other at the top, with the top a little less than ten inches, for the sections which were to be ten inches wide, and a little more than ten at the bottom, with the actual ten-inch measure in the center of the four-foot deep forms. This slant insured that the concrete, while drying, would not bond to the sides of the form and be lifted up, instead of permitting the form to slip up so that new concrete could be poured.

This part of the construction project, pouring the concrete for the walls, was scheduled for two sessions, during which the crews would work on a 24-hour basis, so that the slip forms would be moving up and the concrete being poured continuously until the 110 feet of concrete and steel were reached.

Lifting the forms, workers and roof trusses on the second set of silos were 240 hydraulic jacks,

which were set around the forms

NOT BY GUNS ALONE
By E.M. Barker

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CHAPTER 26

YOU WERE going to tell me why Jim Ned Wheeler went up the Escabroso Canyon trail," Slade prodded Martha Kilgore's memory.

The girl hesitated a moment before speaking. "Jim Ned told me Wynn has claimed for years that he hasn't used the Valle Medio. But the trail up there is good and there are lots of fresh tracks on it. About a mile up above where this trail takes off, Jim Ned found a branding iron."

"A T Anchor iron?" Slade asked.

Martha nodded. She saw the same grim look come into his face that had been on Jim Ned's.

"Jim Ned sent me back. He pretended he was going up there to look for some of Granny's bulls. I knew he wasn't. I didn't want to come back, but I'm not a very good rider and I was afraid I would be in his way. Then after I got here I heard a shot back that way. I thought then perhaps he had found one of the bulls. Granny told him to shoot any he thought he couldn't drive home."

"I think I'd better mosey up that way and see what's going on," Slade said a bit too casually.

Martha wasn't fooled. When she started up the hill toward his horse, she ran down to the bay, gathered the reins and swung into the saddle. This time she wasn't going to be left out.

Slade headed her off as she started up the trail. "Martha, this is no place for you. Go on back!" She shook her head stubbornly.

"I won't be in the way," she promised. "Besides—I don't know the way home."

"Give your horse his head. He'll take you home."

She shook her head stubbornly and set her chin in a way that was faintly reminiscent of her grandmother. "We're wasting time."

Slade gave up the argument because he couldn't see that there was anything else he could do. He eyed the bay. "That horse can keep up if he starts lagging, use your spurs. I'm going to ride fast."

The girl nodded, catching something of his spirit of grim haste.

Slade smiled at her briefly, then swung his sorrel about and up the trail.

He had expected to have to ride far up Escabroso Creek, perhaps even to the Valle Medio, but not much more than half a mile beyond the first deep bend in the trail they found Jim Ned's body. He was lying on his back, his arms and legs spread-eagled in four directions. His horse was nowhere in sight.

"I'll do whatever you say, Slade. But you will come out to the house and talk to Granny tonight, won't you? I think she'll want to see you."

The cowboy hesitated. "All right. If I can make it."

Late afternoon sunlight slanted through the wide windows of the living room in the big old Walking K ranch house. It touched to copper flame Beulah Denhardt's head, and even brought a youthful glisten to Rachel Kilgore's grey-sprinkled black hair, as both were bent over the chess board between them.

Slade nodded to the anguished question in her eyes. "He's dead, Martha."

His fingers went gently over the limp body. Both legs seemed to be broken and one wrist, and there was a queer, concave spot on his left side over his heart that indicated a number of broken ribs. His clothes were covered with dirt, and his face was a mangled mass of blood and grime.

The back of Jim Ned's shirt was torn to ribbons, and his back a welter of deep cuts and bruises, but although he felt him over carefully, Slade could find no sign of any deeper wound.

Up on the trail a dozen yards a sixgun gleamed in the sun. Slade picked it up and broke it open. There was an empty shell in the cylinder.

Martha watched him, her eyes asking the questions she didn't seem to be able to find voice for.

"Looks like his horse may have spooked at something and thrown him." Slade came back and stood over the body. He pointed to the right boot, the only part of the clothing on the entire body that was clean of dirt and cuts. Across the ankle was a wide rubbed spot, but the grain of the leather hadn't been broken. "His boot must have hung in the stirrup, and the horse dragged him to death. You can see where something has been dragged along the trail."

"He—he wasn't shot?"

Slade shook his head. "There is no gun wound on him. And there has been a bullet fired from his own gun. That is probably the one you heard."

"He was going to look for Jim Ned's horse. He—"

"The horse knows his own way," Slade said dryly.

Without knowing why, Martha felt her chest catch at her heart. "Slade was afraid maybe he had hurt himself, and was trapped somewhere. Then he was going to town and report to the sheriff."

"Martha, I'm going to put him on my horse. Then, if you won't be afraid, I would like you to take him home. I want to scout around here afoot for awhile and see if I can find what happened to Jim Ned's horse to be sure he isn't in trouble. Then if I don't find him I will go on down to Frenchy's, get a horse and ride in and report to the sheriff."

Slade was still too dazed by his first encounter with sudden and violent death to offer him the opposition he had been dreading.

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Kentucky Couple Killed In Accident

SCOTTSBURG, Ind. (UPI) — A Jamestown, Ky., man was killed outright and his wife died a short time later following an automobile-truck collision Tuesday night on U.S. 31 near here.

State Police said Arvis Helms, 43, was killed instantly. His wife, Bonnie Marie, 23, died shortly after she was rushed to a New Albany hospital.

Authorities said Helms was driving south on the highway and passing another car when he hit the truck head-on. James B. Newman, 36, Louisville, the trucker, was hurt.

meter, and were placed six inches apart.

As the pouring began, the crew, including 30 laborers, 6 carpenters, 2 hoist operators, 24 iron workers in three shifts, and six cement finishers in two shifts, prepared to keep up with the transit concrete mixers scheduled to arrive every eight minutes, pouring 50 cubic yards of concrete each hour, on the second set. Trucks drivers worked in twelve-hour shifts, with four trucks of the Decatur-Mix Ready company. A plant in Paulding, O., was opened to the construction project on a 24-hour basis, as were quarries from which the stone was taken. Helping the concrete trucks, which were radio dispatched, were Decatur city police, during the hours of the heaviest traffic, especially over the weekends. Officers regulated other traffic, permitting the trucks to come through on their Second street route on schedule.

Although the "operation pour" is over, work will continue until December. Actually, the concrete has not completed its change yet on the second set of silos; after its initial setting, when it first holds its shape (up to two hours and 45 minutes after it is poured) it must set for 28 more days until it is hard and permanent.

Now workers are completing the gallery, or bridge, between the two groups of silo, along with the conveyor machinery. The grain will be taken out of the bins, eventually, by underground conveyor belts, when all the machinery is installed. Soybeans dumped by truck and railroad car at the older silos will be placed in through the top, also on the conveyor belt. A tripper which moves through each of the rows of silos, will release the beans from the conveyor belt at the desired place.

Beans which are not clean will be released in the 30-foot silo, where a blower and cleaning machines will get them ready for storage. From the cleaning bin, they will be taken away in a ground level conveyor.

Come October, the machinery will be installed so that the new silos will be able to hold new grain; the thirteen in the new set add 5 1/2 million bushel capacity, making the total capacity there 13 million bushels.

With their completion in December, the thirteen silos will be another landmark of Decatur and the area: inn shape, a trademark of the farming industry, in size and actual purpose the sign of farming cooperating with business, and the result of months of planning and construction by engineers and builders.

Shirtdress Delight

Printed Pattern



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