

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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One of the greatest horse races of all time will occur Wednesday when two of the best, Nashua and Swaps meet for a \$100,000 purse, at Washington Park in Chicago. Both horses have arrived and are working out at the track. Swaps won the Kentucky Derby from Nashua and has been winning ever since. So has Nashua.

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The Hospital:-

Frank T. Mills, state commissioner of revenue says Indiana is in good financial condition with 76 million dollars still on hand. He points out that it costs 26 million dollars per month to operate Indiana but they hope to reduce this, we presume, before campaign time. It wouldn't be a bad idea whatever the reasons, for the economical effort.

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Dr. Lee De Forest known as the "father of radio" was 82 years old the other day and stated he wanted to live long enough to be invited as a plane guest on an actual trip to the moon. We sure wish him good luck, but fast as we seem to be going these days, we doubt if he or any other inventor or scientist will make it. De Forest says they have already bounced messages off the old "green fellow's" hide.

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Old Duke Snyder has gone along for quite a while as the real home run hitter and batting leader. For the past month or so he has been slipping and he can't get used to it. He fell down the other night and the fans booed him until he exploded. He sure exploded but the next day he said he didn't mean what he said for all the fans, as some of them are genuine. "You can't beat fun at the old ball park," says Bert Wilson.

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The Social Security Act is now twenty years old. It became the law August 14, 1935 and while there were many criticisms at the time of its passage, most of them have been proved wrong. Amendments have been added and the law is now recognized as an established part of the American way of life and millions have accepted

20 Years Ago
Today

August 29—Allen D. Albert congratulates city of Decatur as being the first small city admitted to Rotary.

Applications filed for a 45 percent federal grant towards building the estimated \$107,866 school building at Geneva.

Mrs. Joseph Smith, 74, died this morning at her home on Fifth street.

Will Roger leaves his \$5,000,000 estate to his widow.

Berne plans a new \$100,000 school house and files application for a PWA loan.

The state tax board orders construction of new school building at Geneva.

Burl Johnson of Decatur will be sworn in Sunday as a state patrolman.

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37 Demonstrations

During State Fair

Two Adams County Girls In Contest

Thirty-seven demonstrations by 4-H girls are scheduled in the youth building at the state fair September 6 through 8.

Miss Edna Troth, assistant state 4-H leader at Purdue University says demonstrations will relate to dairy, vegetables, electricity, cherry pie and baking. Demonstrations in each division were selected from district contests in July.

Dairy demonstrations are: Frances Regal and Sandra Spreng, Wilkinson; Janet Conner, Peru; Mary Klipsch, Evansville; Jane Reed, Terre Haute; Margaret Springer, Paoli; Judy Kunnett, Deputy; Evelyn Mann, Geneva and Judy Cook, South Bend.

Girls who will demonstrate cherry pie baking include Kay Sowers, Hillsboro; Annette Hunt, Indianapolis; Janice Breiner, Poseyville; Venita Reisner, Farmersburg; Bonita Richards, Unionville; Carol Kaehr, Decatur, and Germaine Tuholksi, LaPorte.

The two Adams County demonstrations won the right to appear in the state contest at the special demonstration contest in July.

Evelyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mann of Wabash township and Carol is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Kaehr of Kirkland township.

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Court News

Household Scrapbook
BY ROBERTA LEE

Crochet Baskets

A crochet basket can be stiffened by dissolving bum arabic in warm water until it is of the consistency of thick glue, then dipping the basket in the hot solution after which it should be thoroughly dried. If the basket is not stiff enough, repeat the process.

New Brushes

The dust or powder, that is used to keep out moths, should be removed from new brushes. This should be thoroughly worked out with the fingers before using.

Wet Shoes

After being out in a heavy rain the leather shoes will not harden if they are washed with warm water and then rubbed thoroughly with castor oil.

Marriage Licenses

James M. Benroth, 22, Bluffton, O., and Imogene Griffin, 20, Fort Wayne.

Moses E. Schmidt, 19, Monroe route one, and Christene Wickey,

19, Berne route one.

Richard Berry, 21, Kenton, O., and Carol Beiser, 18, Kenton, O.

Cleo J. Landis, 21, Monroe route one, and Jane Harvey, 18, Decatur route one.

Credit Bureau Will
Open Here Sept. 6

Credit Bureau of Adams county is the name of a new organization which will start operation Tuesday, September 6, with headquarters in the Repper building at 137 West Madison street, Edward Boggess, manager, announced today.

The Adams county bureau will be affiliated with Associated Credit Bureaus of America, with 2,000 offices in every state in the nation, the manager said.

The bureau also will operate a collection department to liquidate delinquent accounts. Manager Boggess is calling on local retailers this week to acquaint them with the new services.

If you have something to sell or rooms for rent, try a Democrat Want Ad. It brings results.

Want Ad. It brings results.

MARRIAGE for THREE
By: ELIZABETH SEIFERT

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CHAPTER ONE
ADAM LAIRD happened to marry Ann Oatman. He might just as well, just as easily and as reasonably, have married Linda or Pinky—he might just as easily have fallen in love with them. And they with him.

Adam was a nice-looking, clean-cut chap, with an engaging, boyish manner which appealed to women; therefore his choice of women was wide.

But he chose Ann. She was sweet, and she was pretty—but maybe Adam married her because he knew her before he met Linda or Pinky; maybe it was because, at that period in his life, he was vulnerable.

The time was 1946, and Adam Laird had been out of the Seabees for more than a year. He'd served as boss carpenter, and had done a fine job. Had he had more formal schooling, he might have done something about studying architecture. But that, he decided, could come later. Just at first, since he had saved quite a lot from his pay, he would try taking a few contracting jobs on his own. His father had died during the war, but Adam could have worked for any contractor in that part of Missouri. However, he wanted to be his own boss, work out his own ideas. If he failed, he could work for another man. Or go to school. College.

Meanwhile, he seemed to have a talent for realizing ideas, his own as well as those in the minds of other people. That first year he put up screens and built a porch. He converted a house into two apartments, and got his first contract to build a new house from scratch.

It was a nice problem, and he was bubbling with enthusiasm for it when he walked into the office of the Kennerly Lumber company on that summer morning. In that mood, he was especially surprised, and pleasantly, too, to find Ann sitting behind the desk, instead of old Mr. Belcher. Ann lifted her brown eyes to him, and her soft red lips parted a little to show very white teeth.

"Well," said Adam, "where did you come from?"

"I'm the new office girl," said Ann with dignity.

"You mean you're going to be here right along?"

"If I make good . . ."

"You'll make good," said the tall, blue-eyed man. "I'll give you all my business."

"That's wonderful," said Ann. "At least—I hope it is."

"I hope it is, too," said Adam, laughing.

And the first thing both knew, he was sitting on the corner of her desk, telling Ann all about the house. It was to be for a man confined to a wheel chair. It must sit flat on the ground with no sills and if there were ramps, they must be on very slight inclines, and—

He went on and on and didn't get any work done that morning, except that Ann's ideas, coupled with his own, had just about solved the problems of the house.

After that Adam visited Ann at her office frequently and soon came to believe he had fallen in love with her. To Ann, Adam seemed the handsomest man on earth, the most thrilling; out of all the girls who would surely be ready to love him, why had he picked her?

"This girl's different, son," Adam told his mother. "She's a nice girl—sweet and decent and fine. You want to watch your step, boy?"

They were in love, and for the rest of that summer, in the good clean smell of fresh-sawn lumber, and then surrounded by the sharp pungency of paint and varnish, they grew to know the warmth of their love, to cherish their familiarity with it and with each other.

In the house which he had built, he said to her one day: "We're going to get married, Ann."

To Ann, Adam seemed the handsomest man on earth, the most thrilling; out of all the girls who would surely be ready to love him, why had he picked her?

So Adam was very busy. He kept three crews at work, and spent a long day riding from job to job. His evenings were occupied with figuring and planning. Ann was busy, too. She served as Adam's secretary.

One day Adam sat thoughtful.

In recent weeks a deep thought had etched itself between his eyes.

"Let's look at our books," he said gravely.

"I haven't made any mistakes!"

Ann laughed.

"No. But maybe I have."

"What do you mean?"

Adam looked at her oddly, a bit sadly. "In running a contracting business," he said, "there are four steps a man has to take all at once. Get jobs, get paid for jobs, get men to work on the jobs and keep money on hand to pay those men."

"There's still another one," said Ann helpfully, brightly. "To pay your material bills."

She looked up, trying to see his face, but he held her so close that about all she could see was his chin. "Oh, Adam, could you?" she breathed.

"Sure could," he promised excitedly.

"Could you . . .?" She broke off.

Then, visibly taking her courage in hand, she began again. If they were going to be married, she had a right to ask—to know—

"Could you afford it?" she asked.

Adam held her close. The way he felt about Ann— "I can afford anything you want, Ann," he said rashly. "I may have a little trouble meeting my payroll, but for you—with you—even going broke looks good!"

It was lovers' talk, and Ann knew it. Relished it.

That night it was black dark when he drove her to see a build-

(To be continued)

when he drove her to see a build-

when he drove her to see a build-