

## DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

Published Every Evening Except Sunday By

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Look out any day now for a good frost. It's that time of year, and the clearing weather might bring a good "Killer."

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Be sure to learn whether you are properly registered or not. Monday is the final day for this important duty. Watch it.

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Parts of Decatur are ill-lit: parts of Decatur still have horse and buggy streets but we're going to have a big powerful street sweeper, come hell or high water and it will get here just in time to wrap it up for winter.

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If you're planning to attend the Fish Fry October 13, you'd better arrange for tickets at once. There are just a few remaining. It will be a great evening with plenty of good entertainment after the fish dinner.

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You must be registered by Monday October 10 if you desire to vote in the municipal election November 8. It is everybody's duty to voice their choices for officials who will run our city and spend our money for the next four years.

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Weather forecasters promise another good week-end for football and other outdoor sports activities. If you plan to spend the week-end in your automobile, remember to drive with care and the fellow you're passing is entitled to half the road.

—0—

Governor George N. Craig who is having a big time down in Miami this week while Lieut. Governor Handley struggles with the situation in the big strike in Indiana issues a statement that he will not be a candidate for president this coming year. We doubt if he ever has been a candidate but this is a cheap way to get publicity.

## TV PROGRAMS

(Central Daylight Time)

WKJG-TV  
(Channel 33)  
FRIDAYEvening  
6:00 Gateway To Sports  
6:15 News, Jack Gray  
6:25 Weather  
6:30 Eddie Fisher  
6:45 News Caravan

7:00 Trials of Consequences

7:30 Roy of Riley

8:00 The Big Story

8:30 City Detective

9:00 Cavalcade of Sports

9:45 The Weatherman

10:00 The Weatherman

Sports Today

10:15 Tex Strasser, News

10:30 Frank Leahy Show

10:45 The Weatherman

11:15 Armchair Theater

SATURDAY

Morning

8:55 Sign-on Preview

9:00 The Buffalo Bill Jr.

10:30 Commander Cody

11:00 Ramar of the Jungle

11:30 Uncle Dave &amp; Pete

11:30 Meet Mr. Wizard

12:00 Trail Riders

12:30 Two Gun Playhouse

12:30 Open Road

12:45 The Little Theater

1:00 Film

4:30 Musical Moments

5:00 Bowling

Evening

6:00 The Builders of Fortune

6:30 The Big Surprise

6:45 Perry Como Show

8:00 People Are Funny

8:30 Little Margie

9:00 George Gobel

9:30 Hit Parade

10:00 Guy Lombardo Show

10:30 The Lone Wolf

11:00 Armchair Theater

SUNDAY

Morning

11:30 Program Preview

12:00 Church of the Air

12:30 This is the Life

1:00 The Wayne Forum

1:30 Film Festival

1:45 Christian Science Heals

2:00 Frontiers of Faith

2:45 I Have Your Trouble

3:00 Industry Parade

3:00 The Big Picture

3:30 1976

4:30 Captain Gallant

4:30 Uncle Kid

4:30 Roy Rogers

Evening

6:00 It's a Great Life

6:30 The Big Picture

6:45 Colgate Variety Hour

8:00 TV Playhouse

9:00 Loretta Young Show

9:30 Bad Boys

10:30 News, Weather, Sports

10:35 Armchair Theater

ADAMS THEATER  
"Canyon Crossroads" Fri. at 7:45;  
9:45. Sat. at 2:20; 4:25; 6:30; 8:35;  
10:15. "Lady & the Tramp" Sun. at 2:05;  
4:15; 6:15; 8:20; 10:25.

## MOVIES

ADAMS THEATER

"Canyon Crossroads" Fri. at 7:45;

9:45. Sat. at 2:20; 4:25; 6:30; 8:35;

10:15. "Lady &amp; the Tramp" Sun. at 2:05;

4:15; 6:15; 8:20; 10:25.

"Canyon Crossroads" Fri. at 7:45;  
9:45. Sat. at 2:20; 4:25; 6:30; 8:35;  
10:15. "Lady & the Tramp" Sun. at 2:05;  
4:15; 6:15; 8:20; 10:25.

Ann stood looking into the glass,

20 Years Ago  
Today

Oct. 7 — Perry Ogg, 49, former used furniture dealer in Decatur, died at Methodist hospital in Fort Wayne.

L. E. Archbold reelected county agent by township trustees. He has served five years.

Mrs. Laura Bohnke, 27, died Saturday evening at Adams county memorial hospital.

John W. Brown, 74, of Kirkland township died Sunday morning at his home.

Fort Wayne Central defeats Yellow Jacket eleven, 29 to 0.

Modern Etiquette  
BY ROBERTA LEE

Q. When Mrs. Gordon has been introduced to a person and that person persists in addressing her as "Mrs. Gorman," should Mrs. Gordon correct her?

A. The error can be passed unnoticed for a time or two, but if the person persists, one may say, "If you please, my name is Gordon."

Q. When a friend gives the reception for a bride and bridegroom at a club, may this fact be included on the reception card?

A. Yes; the words "Through the courtesy of Mrs. Thomas Ferguson" may be put in the right-hand corner of the card.

Q. When one is to have a small wedding in the minister's home, is it all right to mail out wedding invitations?

A. Yes.

Household Scrapbook  
BY ROBERTA LEE

Identification

Each purse and hand-bag should be equipped with a card bearing one's name, address, and telephone number. If the bag is lost and the finder is honest, the card makes it easy to return the article.

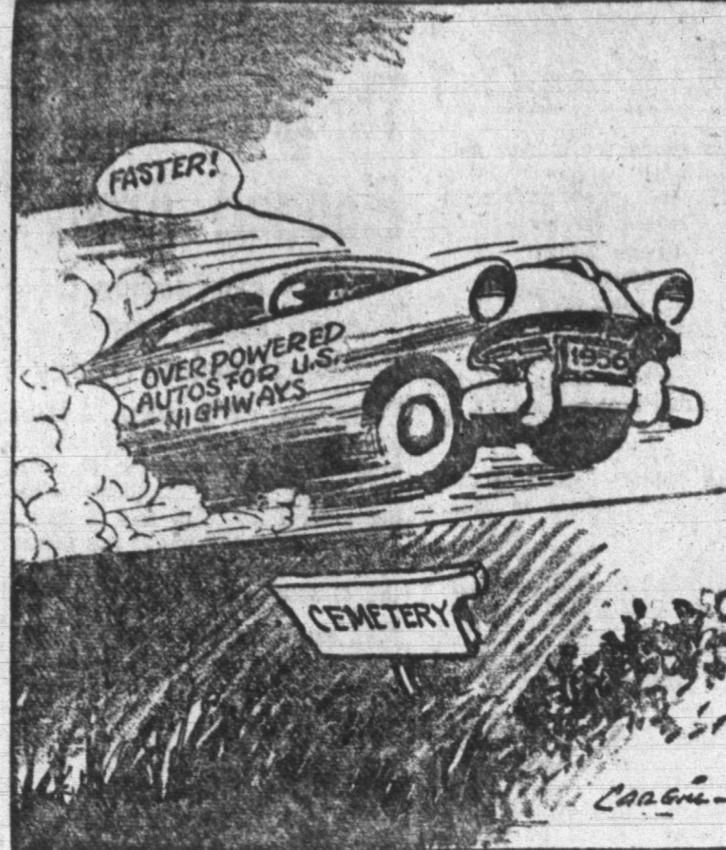
Kitchen Rugs

A few small washable rugs in the kitchen, during the winter, will take away the cold appearance of the linoleum.

Washing Clothes

Soiled clothes should not be

## 'GIT THAR FUSTEST WITH THE MOSTEST'

\$10 Is Stolen From  
Local Confectionery

Wertzberger's Confectionery on Monroe street was broken into and robbed of approximately \$10 in change between 8:30 and 9:15 o'clock Thursday night. The entrance was made through the rear of the building and only the cash register was bothered.

Bud Wertzberger, one of the brothers who operate the business, left the building at about 8:30, and Dick, the other partner, returned at 9:15 to discover the robbery. They reported that nothing else, including the safe was molested, and the money taken was the change kept on hand for the following morning's business.

The identity of the thief is not known, but the city police will investigate thoroughly. The fact that nothing but the cash register was touched makes the case more puzzling. No cigarettes, gun or any of the other small articles laying on the counter were taken.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

## MARRIAGE for THREE

By: ELIZABETH SEIFERT

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN  
IT WAS something of a relief when Adam called up to her—an exact hour after Pinky had left—to ask when lunch would be?

"Any time you get hungry, I'll fix something," said Ann, her voice thin with her effort at control.

"You mind if I run in to talk to Hermann instead, and go on to the barber's? I'll get a sandwich in town."

"Go ahead," said Ann. "And see Pinky, too!" her thoughts added. "She'll be waiting. She'll tell you an earful."

Ann would have the other earful ready when Adam came home again. One of her plans was to force a showdown with him. She was well on her way to the proper mood for it.

Before his car door slammed, and the engine started, she had picked up the ashtray which Pinky had used, and hurled it shattering into the deep fireplace.

She only wished she'd thrown it at Adam's head!

She was angry, and the time had come for that man to know it. He wouldn't like a row—of course not! Men didn't like scenes. They liked doing the things that brought on scenes, but they disliked women who called them to account.

Well, what if they did? What if it was the worst possible thing Ann could do, to fly into a rage with Adam and break things? That young man needed to be told!

And she'd tell him. She had meant to unpack dishes, wash them, put them in the kitchen cupboards. Her trembling hands warned her that she was in no state for the job; she'd better stow bedding and linens.

So she went into the empty bedroom where those boxes had been placed, and tipped open the first of them. Her lips still moved with the speech she was planning to make to Adam. She carried an armful of towels to the bathroom. "Nobody," she said aloud, "could expect me not to be angry, Adam Laird!" She had every right and cause to resent the way you've behaved. I wouldn't be human if I didn't resent it. The very thought that you would choose that bold, cheap woman—that red-headed tramp—ready to pick up any man in La Fonda's dining room. She says she is!

"And the bold way you've done, too! Right out in public. At the Lodge! You took her out to Mrs. Bohbrink's—you park with her on the Square in your truck. The whole town knows she's a tramp, and that you—"

Ann thrust the last towel into its place, turned—there was a wide mirror across one end of the bathroom; the washbasin was set into a shelf below it, making a dressing table.

Ann stood looking into the glass,

startled at the reflection it gave, Pinky; he had left her reluctantly. Her small brown-haired girl in a white blouse and denim skirt, with her fists clenched so that her arms were hard and corded, the young soft lips twisted in anger, the cheeks blotched with rage, and the eyes . . .

Ann's hand moved to her mouth, as if to smooth those ugly lines away, to straighten her lips free of contortion.

She walked toward the mirror, and leaned across the brown marble shelf. Her eyes were red-rimmed. Why, if she sounded half as ugly as she looked . . . She turned on the cold water, cupped some in her hand, and dashed it upon her cheeks.

To look as she'd done in the mirror . . . what would it get? Pinky might be everything Ann knew her to be, but she always looked to a man, at least, like babe rum. Smooth, cool, exciting—not ugly. Never, never ugly!

Ann gulped and sniffed. She went out to the living room and collapsed on the couch. She sat there, staring at nothing.

It was May, and except in winter the blazing white sunlight of this country could not enter this room. But it came close enough, at noon, for its reflection upon the bold design of the painting over the fireplace. The great triangular blob of yellow glowed like a second sun, demanding Ann's attention.

She seemed to be waiting for Adam to say something which he did not say, and finally she turned to look at him, purpose in her face. "Why do we sit here?" she demanded, "and waste time?"

"I like it here. Don't you?"

"It's a beautiful day."

"It would be very nice out at Bishop's Lodge—and there'll be a moon tonight . . ."

"Be one here, too, I'll bet."

"I'd like to see what that place is like in the spring." Pinky's eyes widened in question.

"It's pretty, I'll bet. Into the mountains that way, with the aspens and all."

"Or we could drive up to Taos again. Remember, when we did go, we said we'd come back," her mouth drew down comically, "and look at the museum."

Adam laughed, and recrossed his legs.

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