

ABBE AN' SLATS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



OUT OUR WAY



Today's Short Story—

THE DEATH WATCH

By MARTIN ROWAN

A WOMAN of great beauty was Una Dhonn.

I do not say this merely because she was my grandmother, for from my earliest recollection until her death at the age of 58 when I was 14 I recall that her charm and personality won the palm from every man, woman and child in Carrigan-Affrin.

Her finely chisled features were gentle in repose. When red anger struck, her great brown eyes closed to two small slits. Her thin lips became compressed into a fine straight line, and it was not necessary for her to breathe one word, for her expression withered the transgressor.

It was seldom indeed that she was seen in that grim mood for it was difficult to ruffle or excite her. It was only in the face of rank injustice that she assumed that poise.

Most of the time her countenance bespoke cheer and hospitality and when she laughed, which was often, there was no trepidation in it. Her laughter came from the bottom of her heart and reverberated like a silver bell.

Tall she was—almost 5 feet 11—and graceful. Even the heavy burden of the years had been unable to bow her head or droop her shoulders. Time also had failed to make but slight ravages on the clustered brown hair.

TO EVERY ONE in the barony she was a ministering angel. The gentle, patient woman who came to their aid in the hour of need, who helped usher their offspring into the world, and who prepared their dead for the eternal sleep.

A knowledge of herbs she had which was beyond the understanding of learned men, for although it was scant book-learning she had, yet she made healing salves from the herbs and mosses and her treatment of wounds invariably brought relief and recovery. It was neither reward nor praise that she sought. Sufficient for her was the knowledge that she had "lightened the cross."

I was her favorite grandchild. Maybe it was because I was the youngest. Or perhaps it was because my name was Owen and that I was named after the grandfather who was her husband.

Owen More ("Big-Owen"), he was called and although he had been dead over 50 years and there was no other one of that name within miles, to her I was always Owen Beag ("Little Owen").

At the age of 93 she took to her bed one day after she had walked home the nine miles from a funeral in the glen.

"It is how I will not be going gallivanting anymore, Una," she said to my mother. "It is how the death-man is coming on me at last and it was myself that fooled him the long time"—and she chuckled. "Send Tim for the priest, Una," she said.

THERE WAS no gainsaying a request of that kind in our part of Ireland. It did not take my father long to go nor did it take the priest long to come. That night the neighbors came from far and near. A lot of them wanted to stay until morning to keep the watch.

"Arrah--It is how I will not be bothering ye like that at all," my grandmother said. "It is no company I will want tonight except Owen Beag. Will ye sit and hold the watch with me until the dawning, Owen Beag?" she asked me.

"I will sit, and hold the watch with you," I replied. When every one had gone to bed I sat watching Una Dhonn with the flames of the fire laughing and sticking out their tongues at me.

"Get my pipe out of the hob-hole and light it, Owen Beag," she said. I took the pipe out of the hob-hole lit it and gave it to her.

"Musha--It is how a old woman do get great comfort out of a smoke of the pipe, Owen Beag," she said. "It is not from the taste of the tobacco at all. It is from the pictures one do see in the smoke. It is many the time I see beside the fire when the rest of ye were in bed and lit my pipe and watched the pictures. It is often I saw Owen More running with the hurley across the field like he was the first time I saw him 75 years ago."

SHE HANDED me the pipe then and fell asleep. She awoke at the break of day.

"Now I want you to do something"

FUNNY BUSINESS



THIS CURIOUS WORLD



ANSWER—March 21st. Vernal means spring.

COUNTY FARM YOUTH TO STAGE FESTIVAL

Marion County farm boys in overalls and girls in gingham dresses will frolic at a barn dance to be sponsored by the Marion County Rural Youth Club tomorrow night in the home of Miss Gladys Schuh, 5840 Rockville Road.

All young men and women between 18 and 30 who live on farms in Marion County and those with farming interests have been invited.

"A 'hill-billy' orchestra will play while the dances are called by Vance Lockhart, Paul Norris and Kenneth Truax. Warren Heath, vice president of the club, is general chairman.

The club will arrange a picnic at Long Acre Park, south of Indianapolis, July 13.

1567 ENROLLED IN I. U. SUMMER SCHOOL

Times Special BLOOMINGTON, Ind., June 20.—Enrollment for Indiana University's summer session today totaled 1567 compared to 1884 last summer.

Registrar Thomas A. Cookson said the drop in enrollment apparently was due to the large number of prospective students called to Army duty.

Late registrations are expected to raise the total summer enrollment to 1700.

LI'L ABNER



NANCY



RED RYDER



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS' AND HER BUDDIES

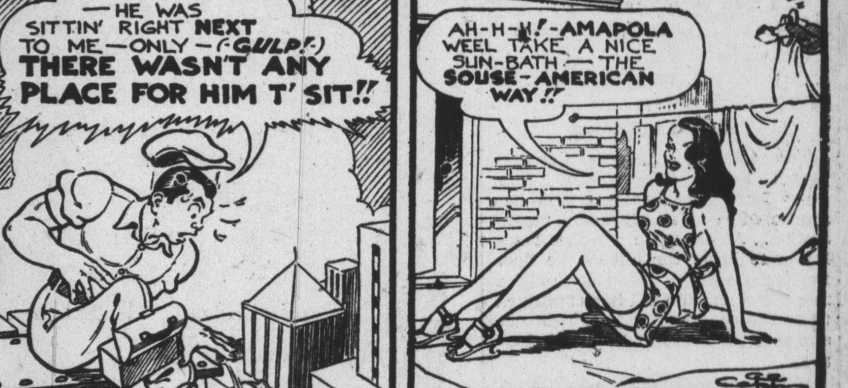


WINSOME WINNIE

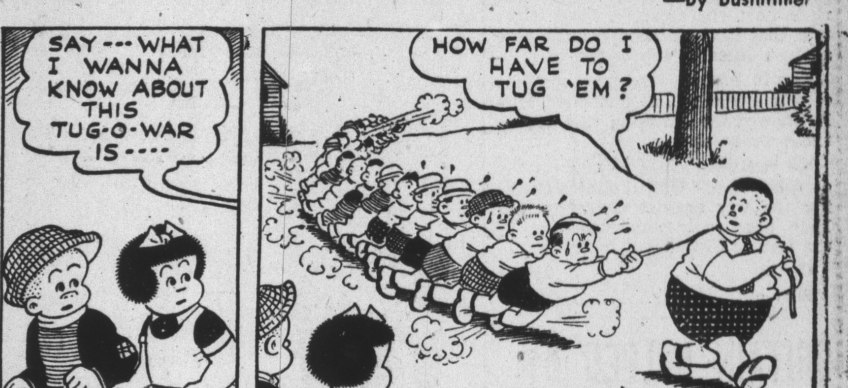


YEAST? ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT YEAST... FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST... HAS THOSE VALUABLE VITAMINS? GOSH, I'M TRYING TO FEEL BETTER IN THE VITAMIN B COMPLEX AND YOU CAN'T LOOK OR FEEL YOUR BEST WITHOUT ENOUGH OF THOSE VITAMINS. IT'S CHEAP, TOO.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN



By Al Capp



By Bushmiller



By Fred Harman



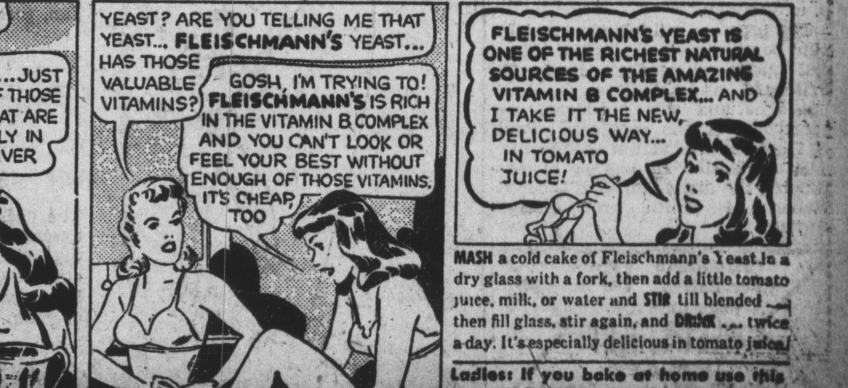
By Crane



By Blosser



By Martin



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX... AND I TAKE IT THE NEW, DELICIOUS WAY... IN TOMATO JUICE!

MASH a cold cake of Fleischmann's Yeast in a dry glass with a fork, then add a little tomato juice, milk, or water and STIR till blended... then fill glass, stir again, and DRINK... twice a day. It's especially delicious in tomato juice!