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Frank Scott Burial Set at Jamestown

Services for Frank Scott, retired Jamestown farmer, will be at 2 p. m. in Kenneth G. Walker Funeral Home at Jamestown. Burial will be in Odd Fellows Cemetery there.

Mr. Scott, who was 84, died Friday in an Indianapolis nursing home. He lived in Jamestown most of his life and was a member of Methodist Church there. He was a native of Pittsburgh.

Surviving are two stepsons, Dr. J. O. Ashley, Michigantown, Ind., and Harry K. Ashley, San Leandro, Cal.; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Robert Billingsly, Jamesport, and a sister, Mrs. Nancy Henneky, Osgood.

Mrs. Lottie I. Grubb

Mrs. Lottie I. Grubb, resident of Indianapolis for 70 years, died today in her home, 921 N. Tuxedo St. She was 75.

Mrs. Grubb was born in Zanesville, O. She was a member of Evangelical United Brethren Church.

Services will be at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday in G. H. Herrmann Funeral Home. Burial will be in Crown Hill.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Lottie Klingensmith, Indianapolis, six grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

William H. East Rites Tomorrow

Services for William Howard East, builder of garden furniture, will be at 1:30 p. m. tomorrow at the Moore & Kirk Irvington Chapel. Burial will be in Washington Park.

Mr. East, who died at 1564 S. Emerson Ave., died Saturday of a heart attack. He was 76.

A native of Erie, near Eltonville, Mr. East lived there 32 years and was formerly a member of the Modern Woodmen Lodge. He was a former blacksmith at Eltonville and for the past 20 years had been self-employed as a builder of garden furniture. He was a member of the Eltonville Baptist Church.

Surviving are his wife, Evelyn Belle; three brothers, James, Ford; Everett, Bloomington, and Homer, Eltonville, and a sister, Mrs. Alpha Lively, Louisville.

Mrs. Howard Huffman

Mrs. Mayme C. Huffman, a former St. Louis, Mo. school teacher, will be buried in Crown Hill after services at 11 a. m. tomorrow in the St. Philip's Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Huffman, who lived at 2619 Indianapolis Ave., died Saturday at General Hospital.

She was a member of St. Philip's Church, its Women's Auxiliary, Altar Guild, and the YWCA.

Surviving are her husband, Dr. Howard; a daughter, Mrs. Cynthia Jan Strother, Philadelphia; a son, Howard Jr., Maywood, Ill.; four sisters, Mrs. Lula T. Duckett, Maywood, Ill.; Mrs. Rebecca Quinton and Mrs. James T. Bush, St. Louis, and Mrs. Estella Godman, Columbus, O.

Mrs. Alice Raardon

A requiem high mass will be sung for Mrs. Alice A. Raardon in Holy Cross-Catholic Church following services at 8:30 a. m. tomorrow in Grinsteiner's Funeral Home. Burial will be in Holy Cross.

Mrs. Raardon, a lifelong resident of Indianapolis, died Friday in her home, 441 N. Arsenal Ave. A member of Holy Cross Church, she was 75.

Surviving are a son, Frank G. Raardon; a sister, Mrs. Mary E. Lott, and three grandchildren, all of Indianapolis.

Mrs. Emil Elder

Services for Mrs. Edna O. Elder, lifelong resident of Indianapolis, will be held at 1:30 p. m. tomorrow in Flanner & Buchanan mortuary. Burial will be in Crown Hill.

Mrs. Elder died Saturday in her home, 4726 College Ave. She was a member of General Hospital Guild, the Redeemer Lutheran Church, and the Dorcas Society of the church.

Surviving are her husband, Emil R.; a sister, Miss Lottie Ostermeyer, and two brothers, Harry and Alvin Ostermeyer, all of Indianapolis.

Samuel E. Fraze

Times State Service

UNION CITY, Oct. 30—Samuel E. Fraze, an Indiana mortician for 64 years, died yesterday at his home. Mr. Fraze, who operated the Fraze Funeral Home, was 85.

Services will be at 2 p. m. tomorrow in the First Methodist Church.

Joseph Sullivan Burial Tomorrow

Services for Joseph E. Sullivan, buyer for the Stokes Pharmacy Co. for 10 years, will be at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow in Flanner & Buchanan mortuary. Burial will be in Crown Hill.

Mr. Sullivan died Saturday in St. Vincent's Hospital. A lifelong resident of Indianapolis, he lived at 848 N. Keystone Ave. He was formerly a flour salesman for

Pillsbury Co. He attended Second Church of Christ, Scientist.

Surviving are his wife, Mary Etta; two sons, Joseph W. and Robert D., Indianapolis, and a grandson.

Wesley Sweat Jr.

Services for Wesley Sweat Jr., who died Saturday in General Hospital from injuries suffered in a traffic accident, will be at 1 p. m. Wednesday in the Patton Funeral Home. Burial will be in Floral Park.

Mr. Sweat, 22, was injured Oct. 18 when he fell from a truck near Elwood. He was employed by the Wil-

iam D. Vogel Construction Co.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Sweat; three sisters, Mrs. Venia Smith, Mrs. Mae Bryant and Mrs. Elsie Holder and two brothers, Ralph and John, all of Indianapolis.

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ASPIRIN AT ITS BEST ALWAYS DEMAND St. Joseph ASPIRIN

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The itching torment of eczema is enough to make anyone wretched and anxious for relief. Sufferers from itching eczema, pimples, angry blisters, get Peterson's Ointment, 40¢ all drugists. One application must delight you or money refunded. Also for itching feet, cracked between toes.

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• Dorsey's Private Ambulance Service assures safety and comfort in transporting invalids or injured persons.

• Who wants to be led astray by superstitious persons?" was the popular cry. "Let's be wise like the political leaders in Russia. This very month they discovered what the priests have been trying to keep from them for centuries: that there is no God or a life after death!"

Yes, it was October, 1917, and atheistic Communism was being unleashed upon Russia and the world. Once again the Devil was making use of certain wicked men in an effort to snatch souls to himself, to keep them from occupying the places in heaven which he and his angels had forfeited so long ago.

"Perhaps that's why the Blessed Virgin came to the Cova," certain people told themselves. "She wants to defeat the Devil, and she knows that the Rosary is one of the most powerful weapons against him."

"It's that's true, we ought to learn whatever Fatima has to teach us about saying the Rosary daily with real care and devotion," said others. "Then maybe the Devil's campaign in Russia will fail, and there'll be a chance to have real peace in the world."

"Yes," agreed still more people. "The Devil is behind most of the world's troubles. Despite appearances, it is he who sets different classes and nations against one another."

The three little shepherds never guessed that these and similar conversations were taking place throughout all Portugal, that suddenly thousands of men and women had taken to saying the Rosary every day, that several colorful reports of the great miracle had appeared in the country's leading newspapers. No, after the sixth apparition, just as after the first, the children remained simple and unspoiled. Not even the crowds which continued to come on pilgrimages to Fatima could make them consider themselves important. Indeed, in one sense Lucia had small chance to become converted, since her family still misunderstood and criticized her.

"The Cova used to be a good place to grow potatoes," grumbled her father one day. "I could get at least 50 sacks there a year. And beans and spinach, too. But now, the place is so trampled by pilgrims that nothing will grow at all!"

Tears filled Lucia's eyes: "I'm . . . I'm sorry," she muttered.

"Yes, and there's absolutely no place for me any more," complained her sister, 20-year-old Gloria. "People are always asking for you, Lucia. Then I have to leave my housework, and go out to find someone to bring you home from the pasture."

"What about me?" put in 15-year-old Caroline. "Many times I have to take Lucia's place and watch the sheep while she sits chatting with all sorts of important people. Oh, it really isn't fair!"

Then the children had dedicated themselves with fresh fervor to a life of sacrifice.

For a moment Lucia was silent. Yes—

Jacinta and Francisco were right. It was a wonderful privilege to be able to suffer for souls and to save them from hell. And to think that it was something which anyone could do, even children like themselves who didn't know how to read or write. . . .

"What?"

"It's easy enough to make one sacrifice, even two or three, but it's not so easy to keep on making them."

The little girl nodded solemnly. "I know. But there's always the lady."

"Yes. If we ask her, she can give us some of her love for sinners, and then the suffering will be easier. Oh, Lucia! I'm sure that she always hears this kind of prayer!"

"I'm sure of it, too," added Francisco soberly. "After all, just think of what she told you on the August visit?"

"What?"

"Do you remember? She said to pray, to pray a great deal, and to make sacrifices for sinners, for many souls go to hell because they have no one to sacrifice and to pray for them."

"That's right," declared Jacinta. "Certainly we ought to ask her every day for strength and courage to keep on praying and suffering."

Soon, the children had dedicated themselves with fresh fervor to a life of sacrifice.

CATHOLICS, PROTESTANTS AND JEWS—ALL INTERESTED CITIZENS—ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THE PRAYERS

The Children of Fatima

by Mary Fabian Windatt

Illustrated by George Johnson

The Grail

St. Meinrad Indians

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Victims

All Fatima was swept out of every appearance of normalcy by the miracle, and for the rest of the day there were nothing but demands to see and speak with the children. Indeed, before 24 hours had passed, the story of the sun's mysterious whirling had spread throughout all Portugal. However, there were still those who were not convinced that it was a miracle at all, and on the night of October 23 a group of atheists crept into the Cova and destroyed a wooden arch which devout pilgrims had erected over the place of the apparitions. They also overturned a table wherein the faithful were accustomed to leave their offerings, stole the lamps burning there and other pious objects as well. Then they cut down what they thought to be the holm oak upon which Our Lady's feet had rested.

Fortunately the atheists overlooked the real tree (now little more than a root in the ground), but in a spirit of malice the tree they did choose was tied to the back of their automobile and dragged over the dusty road to the city of Santarem. Here, on the night of October 24, it was paraded through the streets, together with the other pious objects stolen from the Cova, while hundreds jeered and mocked at the mere mention of Our Lady of the Rosary, the three little shepherds, the Catholic faith.

Francisco nodded. "Yes. And do you know something? I've found out that suffering isn't hard if we ask Our Lady to help us to bear it or Our Lord bore His—for the love of souls! It's only hard when you try to run away from it."

Jacinta's dark eyes lit up with a strange glow. "I've found that out, too," she said. "That's why I try to suffer a little sometimes—knowing every day for souls. Only sometimes I know I could do a lot more, particularly when people are nice to me and everything goes well at home. Then I feel as though I ought to go out and find some suffering."

Lucia squirmed uneasily. "Jacinta, you're always talking about suffering for souls! But other people don't concern themselves with it. Why, they try to have things easy all the time!"

Now the light in Jacinta's eyes fairly sparkled. "Other people? But they never had a glimpse of hell as we did, Lucia! Oh, don't you remember that day in July when the lady showed us the billions and billions of souls in hell?"

Recalling the dreadful vision, and how all three of them had nearly died from terror, the older girl shivered. "Of course I remember! Who could ever forget how awful it was?"

Jacinta clasped her hands fervently. "It's too late to help those souls, but we can help others and keep them from going to hell by making reparation for them as the lady told us to do."

"You mean by offering sacrifices for them—like giving away our lunches to the poor children?"

"Yes. And wearing the rope around our waists."

"Don't forget the headaches," put in Francisco. "When I go all day without eating and drinking, my head hurts a lot. But deep down inside I'm glad about it when I remember that it can help make up for other people's sins."

For a moment Lucia was silent. Yes—

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MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1950

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