

Teen-Agers Can Help to 'Fix Up' Home

By MAUREEN DALY

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As GUYS AND GALS get bigger and older their homes often get smaller—and older. Your walls and a roof, and gravity are attractive at first. For all their return under 12 a back yard can be a fascinating place, convertible into anything from a baseball diamond to a picnic grounds or the wide open space for playing cow-boy and Indian.

After 12 it is just a small fenced-in space for hanging clothes, where the grass must be cut in the summer, the leaves raked in the fall, and the snow or ice shoveled in the winter. And the same thing happens to the basement and the attic. The places that used to be fun to play in are suddenly just new corners for storing old clothes and newspapers and extra spots to clean on Saturdays.

And again the same sudden change takes place in almost every part of the house. The front room used to be fun. It was a comfortable, honey-place where you and your family could sit in comfort, talk or listen to the radio. And suddenly you see it as it really is.

You notice that the arm of the big chair in the corner sags a little or a spring is pushing thru the middle cushion of theavenport. The drapes are faded at the edges where the sun shines thru, and the rug is worn a little at the foot of the stairs.

With a help look around the upstairs of your home you find it equally impossible. Everywhere you turn you latch your eyes on something new to complain about. The bed sags on one side where you sit to put on your shoes and socks in the morning; the bedroom curtains are exactly the same bedroom curtains (with new starch and a few darts) that have been hanging in your room ever since spring of your freshman year; the wallpaper has an all-over floral design which looked attractive five years ago but is irritating now that you want something chic and striped.

Until children are teen-aged a home is the total responsibility of

parents, but when a guy and gal reach high school age that responsibility is split up into as many parts as there are "adults" living in the house. So if your home isn't exactly as you want it to be it's partly your fault. And if you don't like it you know what you can do about it. Fix it up.

If you are interested in redecorating (even done it in war time, of course) you won't be considered unless you start with your own bedroom. Besides, for a beginner, your chief interest will be there, and maybe your family, like their own rooms just as they are.

The first rule is always simplicity. You're not thinking for a moment with quilted walls and pink satin sheets, so think out a plan and make the most of what you already have. Your bedroom may need brightening—your dad or your brother might be willing to paint the walls for you—and if you don't like the finish of the furniture (and if your mother doesn't like it, either) you might persuade the painter to re-stain that, too.

Your part will probably come in selecting colors, rearranging the furniture, and in sewing. Unless you're an A student in home economics you'll need your mother's

help. To avoid that bedchamber sag you might buy a hammock and re-cover and cushion it in the same material. Be sure to visualize the final effect and do your redecorating slowly.

Often one small change can improve a whole room. If you have possessions, tell your mother and dad. You aren't articulating—the house belongs to every one who lives in it, and you're all working together. A home should be fun to make it the place you like to live in.

3 Priests Advising on 'Bell for Adano' Film

LOS ANGELES—Three priests have been acting as technical advisors on the 20th Century Fox film of "A Bell for Adano" now nearing completion under the direction of Henry King who made "The Song of Bernadette." They are Father John Dowlin, Pastor of St. Victor's Church, West Hollywood, and his assistant Father Francis Keane and Father Giovanni Malorana of Meridina, Sicily.

A Challenge

Before the war Europe and Canada with a Catholic population of two hundred and five million supplied the missionary world with about 87,000 priests, brothers and sisters. The twenty-three million Catholics of the United States in 1942 had only 2,759 representatives in the missions including those in our own country. Four out of every 100 missionaries, therefore, are from the United States, while the other 96 are from Europe or Canada.

Obviously this constitutes a challenge to American Catholics, but one which it is hoped, a world minded people will be eager and willing to accept.

500 Catholic Schools in Chicago Report

CHICAGO—The 100th anniversary of the Catholic School system of Chicago has been observed here and the Very Rev. Mgr. Daniel F. Cunningham, Archbishop Superintendent of Schools, reported a total of 126,126 pupils attend the 500 elementary schools, high schools, colleges and universities, an increase of 2,322. Number of teachers total 4,300.

Children's Corner THE BOY WITH WINGS

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By "Father Leo"

"How would you like to be able to fly like a bird?" I think it would be great fun, don't you? Once I read a story about a boy who was able to fly. This morning I'm going to tell you that story.

Many, many years ago there lived a very smart man. This man had a son whose name was Icar. Icar and his father were prisoners of a wicked King. The King sent them to a prison far away from their own country. The prison was surrounded by water. It was on a little island.

The King wanted to make sure that Icar and his father could never escape. Ships came to the island, but they were always so well guarded that it was impossible to sneak away on them. Every time Icar and his father tried, they were caught. So, they gave up the idea of escaping that way.

The days passed slowly. The father and his son spent most of their time down by the sea shore. One day as Icar was playing in the water, his father began watching the birds. All of a sudden he got an idea. As the birds flew over the water, this clever boy said to himself, "Wings! Why not make a pair of wings?"

Flight away he went to work gathering feathers. They were all sizes. Some were large and some were small. The next thing was to fasten the feathers together. This he did with thread and wax. When he finished, he had made two beautiful wings. They were large like the wings of an eagle.

Of course, he was all excited. He could hardly wait to try them out. With great care he tied the wings to his shoulders and arms. Then, up and down, up and down, he waded his arms, and soon he was able to raise himself up in the air. After a little more practice he had learned to fly.

Without delay Icar's father got busy on a pair of wings for his son. Icar had no time in learning how to use his wings.

At last the day came for the two prisoners to make their escape. The father warned Icar to be careful. "Remember, son, do not fly too high," said his father. "There is danger in going too high." Icar promised to remember.

Then, with one big sweep of their wings, they were off. Flying was a great experience. For a time they flew side by side over

the water. After they were a safe distance from the island, Icar decided to leave his father's side to fly by himself.

It was great to be free again. Free like the birds that flew above him. As he looked up, Icar began to think, "I wonder what it is like up there, where the birds are." Just then, he remembered what his father had said. It was dangerous to fly too high.

"If it isn't dangerous for the birds," Icar thought to himself, "why will it be dangerous for me?" So, Icar turned and upward he flew. Higher and higher he rose until he reached the birds. It was a great thrill flying with the birds. When he looked down, he saw his father far below. He was far above of Icar.

This didn't bother Icar. He was having the time of his life, but his father didn't last long. Something began to happen to his wings. What it was, he didn't know. One by one the feathers began to fall. Icar got scared. He flapped his wings frantically, but the more he did so, the faster the feathers fell. In terror he screamed to his father for help.

The father heard the cry of his son and turned around. But alas, he was too far away. Down, down, down fell Icar, and with a big splash, he sank beneath the waves. His father flew no fast as he could. When he got back, all he could find were feathers floating on top of the water. Alas, Icar was drowned.

What a sad ending for poor Icar! If he had only obeyed, but he thought he knew more than his father. After all, his father made the wings. He knew what would happen if Icar went too high. He knew that the fast sun would melt the wax. The feathers would separate from the threads and the wings would fall apart. That's just what happened.

The story of Icar is the story of what happens to all children who disobey. Remember, boys and girls, your mother and father are older than you are. They are wiser than you are, too. There are two pretty good reasons why you should obey them. Isn't that true? Well, here's another reason. It is the best reason of all. YOUR PARENTS TAKE CARE OF YOU. Your father and mother know what's best for you. Night? They, OBEY THEM! Don't ever be foolish like Icar.



MAUREEN DALY

Movie Guide

NEW FILMS REVIEWED

- The Fighting Lady, A-1
- Hitchhike to Happiness, A-1
- Marked for Murder, A-1
- The Big Show-Off, A-1
- Double Exposure, A-1
- Grimsby's Millions, A-1
- Franklin's Younger, A-1
- The Magnet, A-1
- Naughty Rhythm, B

AT THE THEATRES

- LOWE'S ROCHSTER
- Ahead With Two Yanks, A-1
- Caroline Mon, A-1
- H-K-O PALACE
- Hollywood Casino, A-1
- THEATRE
- Leave It to the Boys, A-1
- CENTURY
- The Very Thought of You, A-1
- The Jade Mask (not classified)
- REGENT
- Belle of the Yukon, A-1
- The Big Noise, A-1
- CAPITOL
- Irish Eyes Are Smiling, A-1
- The Great Moment, A-1

