

Saturday, Sept. 11th 10 to 10 P. M.

WEEKLY HOLY HOUR OF THE WOMEN'S Eucharistic League

Women's Viewpoint College Means More

MARIE WEIDMAN

While the gamut of tea dances, and frosh mixers is being duly run, and while we're still of the opinion that the spirit of American college youth is wonderful, it might be well to exhort these plaid clad youngsters to think a bit beyond next week's big game and consider their aims in aspiring to higher education.



It is only the fall college semester that seems to be launched through the combined efforts of sports writers, society editors and advertising moguls who try to tell you that you start Weidman can't properly pursue Plato unless you're wearing grey gabardine slacks, argyle socks and saddle shoes; then amid liver-colored rah-rah and victory dances it is no wonder students drift with the academic tide and may either finish up with a conglomerate mixture of snap courses from which he has gained nothing, or else college may finish him, leaving him labeled a failure.

Although it may be a great deal to expect young people should have a few serious thoughts about futures and about

proper values. The student who goes to college because it is the thing to do, or because it gives prestige, has missed the academic boat. Education, like the rest of life, can only give back to us the joy and satisfaction of knowledge in the exact proportion to the effort we have put into it.

AT THE RISK of being considered dull and insufferable, let us consider that college means something more than a final grade, a job after graduation or the nearly still-born thrill of asserting that one did attend an institution of higher learning. It means being introduced to the teeming richness of the thoughts and efforts of past thinkers; it means developing ability to appreciate the finer things in our culture, to be able to discern the false and the superficial.

Education does not guarantee any degree of this sensitivity, it merely points the way to how it can be developed, how our lives can be made fuller and more satisfying through four years of what should have been intensive study.

Too many young people are regarding college as a necessary open sesame to a well paying job later. As more and more students seek admission to our higher institutions for this reason, entrance standards become lower and the quality and value of courses suffer.

STUDENTS SHOULD be required to face and to master challenging study material. Too many watered down elective courses forgotten as quickly as the student leaves the lecture hall is a waste of student's time and parents' (or government) money. He could have done better with a two year subscription to Readers Digest.

While it is entirely possible that a good future may result by owning a sheepskin, it does not follow automatically. College is not simply a trade school to be gotten thru as speedily and painlessly as the attitude toward assembly line attitude toward everything whether it is producing tin whistles or tomorrow's thinkers seems to prevail today in education and our children know this and respond accordingly.

Don't stop thinking because you've ceased formal studying. To have received a bachelor's degree should mean the student has received impetus and stimulation to go on thinking and learning thru life. One's college years must be a maturing, refining process bringing out those qualities by which man's noblest and most akin to the image of his Creator.

1ST ESSAY PRIZE TO NUN



Sister Mary Luke, S.S.N.D., a teacher at St. Mary's Academy, Erie, Pa. She accepts a \$25 check first prize in the national essay contest, sponsored by Kappa Gamma Pi national honor society of Catholic women's colleges, at the Central Regional Conference of the organization, held at Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, August 13, 14 and 15. Officers (left to right) are: Mrs. Catherine Egan St. Louis, national secretary; Miss Jean Koepke, Chicago, national president. Sister Mary Luke was formerly a professional columnist. (NC Photos.)

Teen Talks 'New Look' in School

NORMA DE PREZ

We've done it again. Yes, we have hung Summer back up on that hickory limb, placed faded bathing suits, two wonderful weeks in the mountains, a crush on the handsome life guard and an annoying array of mosquito bites in that top drawer which bears the label "do not open until next June."



Norma De Prez

The first day back at school wasn't as rigorous as you expected. But your biggest difficulty came when the principal's welcome address got all mixed up with those haunting memories of splash parties, juke box renditions of "your" song, and the bread and butter note you owe cousin Jane.

THOSE FIRST DAYS of school are important because they afford you the opportunity of discovering the "new you." There aren't many of us who let that first week of school slip by without making a few resolutions. Those D's in math, the "uneasiness" in application combined with stern words from dad will be only a part of the distant past, you promise your self. This year is going to be different. No midweek dating home work assignments mastered and nothing but strict attention in class.

You had a good start yesterday at opening assembly. You remembered that etiquette is an important part of education. It was a temptation to call across those five rows of giggling students to your friends but you decided

At Our House Music Hath Charms

MARY TINLEY DALY

We've all heard people, particularly women, brag: "We've never had an argument or a cross word in our upteen years of marriage." Well—maybe so, maybe so. Some people are blessed with angelic dispositions—or short memories.

It's not that way at our house. We have plenty. Like the one the other day.

Unfortunately, it was Sunday and the Head of the House was home all day. If he's down town, it's easy to stay provoked with him until dinner time—in fact, the case against him builds up and up all through the hours of absence. But when he's around it seems to work in the opposite direction.

This time, though, I was going to stay mad and preserve a dignified silence if it killed me. So I went to my room and read and write letters.

"Nuns do it," I told myself sternly. "They don't have to be talking to people all the time."

I STARTED a letter to my mother. "Dear Mom: It's very hot today, and we're taking it easy." That should give a tranquil picture, but then what?

"Little Virginia is getting so cute and talks a lot..." Why shouldn't she? She's nearly three. As I doodled on the edge of a magazine, trying to concoct another brilliant sentence, the piano began downstairs. I turned to reading and writing for company in lonely moods the Head of the House always turns to music.

Loud strains of the sextette from "Lucia" came from the open living room windows. Then followed arias from "Carmen." Still on the classics, our pianist began the whole score of "Martha." He knows that's my favorite opera and that I would open the bedroom door to hear it more clearly.

After that he went on to "Who" from "Sunny." After that he played "Blue Room"—the tune that had inspired a blue nursery for our first baby, even though she was a girl.

I TRIED to go on with my let-

ter September day. Could he be remembering, as I was, the argument we had had on the way to church one snowy Christmas Eve? We had trimmed the tree, assembled half a dozen toys, blown a fuse and smashed a thumb nail, and were both fighting mad. Then, at midnight Mass, the soloist sang "Adeste Fideles." We smiled at each other and Mass began.

Suddenly I realized that "Adeste Fideles" had given way to "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?" I quickly wiped my eyes. That rascal knew I was following his thoughts, song by song. "Mrs. Murphy's Chowder" proved it. It's a household word with us. When anybody is in the doghouse we always say, "So you threw the overalls!"

I QUICKLY signed the letter to Mom: "Love Sis" and opened the bedroom door as the piano began. "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry."

The nerve of him! I don't cry when I'm mad—not unless I'm very mad.

He had heard the bedroom door open, so I might as well come downstairs—in a sedate and dignified manner, I hoped. As I walked quietly into the living room the Maestro kept his eyes on the keyboard. With loud pedal pressed on the floor he began playing "For It Was Mary." "Mary," theme song of the Head of the House since the day we met. It's pretty hard to work up to a good fight on a Sunday...



AUTO WASHED AND DRIED IN 2 MINUTES! NO WAITING! The One and Only—The Original MINIT-MAN Automatic Carwash

Fine, low cost meals can be made with BREAD-O-CHICKEN BRAND TUNA



Back to School Means Back to the IMMACULATE DANCES This Friday and Every Friday 9-12 60c

MASON WORK Sidewalks - Bricklaying Driveways - Plastering Cellars Waterproofed ARTHUR J. ARIENO

JESUIT BROTHERS Men who do not wish to become priests but feel called to the SOCIETY OF JESUS AS BROTHERS are invited to write to REV. JOHN J. McMAHON S.J. 501 East Fordham Rd. New York 24 N. Y.

When you're feeling blue and looking for cheer, just try a bottle of OLD RANGER BEER. HORNELL BREWING CO., INC. Hornell, N. Y. 25-26

McEVOY'S SEPTEMBER Used Car SALE YOU HAVE EXACTLY 14 DAYS LEFT BEFORE CREDIT RESTRICTIONS GO INTO EFFECT PRICES SLASHED \$40 to \$400 Open Evenings 338 Broadway (Just Off Monroe) McEVOY'S Carlot Over 75 to Choose From.

PIANO SERVICE ANYTIME ANYWHERE NORMAN BERMENDER Po. Box 268 - East Rochester, N. Y. PHONE 513-J

A. BURGART PLUMBING • HEATING Contractor SUPPLIES — SERVICES 530 MONROE AVE. MON. 1015

Saint Monica's 331 Genesee Street Sunday Masses: 6:30 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11 - 12:15 VERY REV. MSGR. GERALD C. LAMBERT, Pastor

WILLIAMS PHARMACY C. K. Williams, Ph.D. 332 ARNETT BLVD. - GEN. 7642

AUTO GLASS Replace It Quickly By Factory Trained Experts MAE'S AUTO GLASS SERVICE 240 ALLEN ST. MAIN 7884

Kenney's Grocery 838 GENESSEE ST. ICE COLD BEVERAGES Open Evenings and Sundays

GULF SERVICE STATION 123 BAYVIEW Genesee 7257 1121 Bull, Prop.

MOVED just across the street to more spacious and finer quarters. ASHTON FUNERAL HOME Inc. Now Located At 645 W. MAIN Joe Broderick Main 4390 Mrs. G. Ashton 1411 Genesee 1444

LUBRICATE Regularly! T E X A C O E. J. BROMLEY Service Station Genesee at Watfordia

MEISENZAHN DAIRY Pastured Milk & Cream GOLDEN GUERNSEY Direct from Farm To You Monroe 7015 Henrieville, N. Y.

FEET TIRE EASILY? TENDERNESS • PAINS • CALLOUSES AT THE BALL OF THE FOOT STOP These Symptoms By Wearing Jerry C. Cellura's ARCH SUPPORTS DeLuxe Shoe Shop 372-378 Main St. (Near Monroe Ave.) Mon. 3184 JERRY C. CELLURA - Arch Specialist

Near East Missions Francis Cardinal Spellman, President Msgr. Thomas J. McMahon, National Secretary Rev. Harry M. O'Connor Rev. Andrew N. Regosh

Plain Talk In the new State of Israel the Church suffers much, but our prime concern now is to feed the homeless and starving—20,000 in Nazareth, 8,000 in Bethlehem, and so on. This in the homeland of Jesus! Won't you help us? God will know His own.

MOTHER NILE'S BANKS Bishop Scandar sends us a sad story about the little village of Komshat on the banks of the Nile in Egypt. The river overflowed and washed away the little chapel there. Now the Bishop pleads urgently for a little house of God to be built on higher ground. Can you give a thousand dollars and make this your gift to the grateful poor?

TURKEY RARE Rarely does Bishop Denis Vourachas of Istanbul, Turkey, ask for anything and he must have needed them very badly when he asked for sacred Mass vestments. Won't you give thirty dollars for a set?

THIS MONTH'S DOLE We are devoting all the deposits in "MARY'S BANK" and all the crusts for "ORPHANS' BREAD" this month to the suffering Sisters and orphans of Palestine. We need more than we shall ever receive. We urgently beg even the smallest gifts.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? Tragical are the stories of what is happening along Our Lord's Way of the Cross in Jerusalem. Make reparation by giving fifty dollars for the Stations of the Cross in a Near East chapel.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN This month hopeful youths, the Church's hope, enter St. John's Seminary at Mossul, Iraq, to march to the priesthood. Won't you adopt one? His six years' training will cost six hundred dollars.

ASK FOR IT Write for the free leaflet on the Gregorian Masses, offered thirty consecutive days for the soul of a beloved departed one. Why are they called Gregorian? Then ask about our suspense card for yourself and insurance for eternity.

WHAT SHALL WE DO? On our desk are appeals for thirty poor schools in different countries of the Near East, and we are in despair. Helping these and many others is a problem. At least your dollar monthly for the BASILIANS, our School Club, can do much. Won't you join?

PETALS' PERFUME We are nearing the end of our appeal for the beautiful Shrine Chapel of St. Therese in Lebanon, but we are sure that many will want to help us build this Chapel of the Little Flower. Do your part in this intention, the conversion of Russia. Write for the picture folder "The Unpetalled Rose."

HERE IS AN IDEA Enroll your friends for a dollar yearly as members of the Association so that they can share in the Masses of our missionaries. We shall gladly send them our beautiful Gift Card, telling them you have done so.

SPECIAL ETHERNAL LIGHT We want to send a special sanctuary lamp, costing sixty dollars, to Bishop George of Sira, Greece, for his humble Cathedral. Would you not like to have this burning night and day before the tabernacle for your beloved living and dead?

FATHER NICHOLAS To this good priest, representative of the Holy Father for the priests who have had to flee the Russians and are now in Germany, we must send fifty food packages monthly. Can you give ten dollars for one?

SGN OF FAITH Love for the Mass is a sign of deep faith. Your Mass offerings help poor missionaries. We have lovely Mass cards for the living and departed.

Send all communications to Catholic Near East Welfare Association 480 Lexington Ave. at 44th St. New York 17, N. Y.