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Women's Viewpoint
Jamie Wanted Mom

By MARIE WEIDMAN

One of our better poets has practically guaranteed that if children have happy hearts, laughing faces and hours of carefree play they are bound to develop into "kings and queens." According to that many



of our modern children could never qualify for the purple or possess even the slightest sagacity, since somehow or other, in our great enlightenment age a lot of children are being deprived of happy hearts. Early in life, distressed and saddened by the cruel indifference of the adults who are their parents, they develop into the modern phenomena of boys and girls who are not children. In the feverish complexity of present day living there seems to be little time for many parents to plan for the simplicity a child needs in order to fulfill and enhance their naturally buoyant spirits.

THE INCREASING numbers of children who are victims of broken homes, who suffer from divorce and maladjusted parents, will have to be reckoned with carefully in the coming years. At Rochester Catholic Charities we glimpse occasionally how the sensitive, introverted child looks upon his conflicted parents and how he regards his life away from his own family, among strangers.

Take a look at Jamie, for instance. He's about eleven, rangy and blonde with freckles on the right side of his short little nose.

Jamie's gentle with smaller boys, obedient in school and knows the eight-times tables better than anyone else in Sister Ann's grade. He says he hates history, just to agree with Joe, who sits behind him and who owns a new red bike, but secretly Balboa and the explorers thrill him. Imagine finding a whole ocean for yourself — especially one like the Pacific!

Jamie never went many places. On Sundays he'd decline to go to the movies with the other boys, even if Roy Rogers was featured. He always seemed to be waiting and looking for someone to take him. Then he'd end up by just loitering about the empty football field. As left tackle on Riley's Raiders he was an utter failure; in fact, Riley himself, age 12, ordered Jamie off the team. Sure, Riley hated to do it, but water boy was important too.

The way Joe figured it out, Jamie didn't live with his mother because he always said the "lady I live with." She was "kind to Jamie, but nothing much seemed to matter to him; he was always musing and preoccupied. The truth was that Jamie's family had been broken and adrift for some years now, a long time to him — he could just about remember his sister.

His mother came to see him only occasionally, once a week brought him a yellow tie which he treasured reverently in a cigar box which contained just about all that was dear to him. Among his possessions was a ragged notebook which Sister Ann had given him once for cleaning the blackboards without a streak.

JAMIE BECAME more attracted than ever one Monday morning. He hardly answered to the eight-times tables, Balboa had clay feet. About an hour after his disappearance his foster mother found his ragged notebook which, it developed, he had used for a diary.

Jamie's entry for this Monday was: "Today I plan to run away. I hope I can do it today. I don't care what anyone says, I want to stay with my mother. Dear God, I know you'll understand. Please, you know how you liked it with Mary and Joseph, don't you?"

God and Jamie's mother answered his prayer. Today he has found something far more satisfying than playing left tackle on Riley's Raiders; and having a whole ocean of one's own doesn't rate at all with having a mother of one's own.

Forced to omit issue Madras, India (NC)—The New Leader, leading Catholic weekly in South India and organ of the Madras archdiocese, had to omit an issue because of newsprint shortage. Newsprint controls are still in effect in India and the allotment is often far short of requirements.

APPLAUD CATHOLIC YOUTH

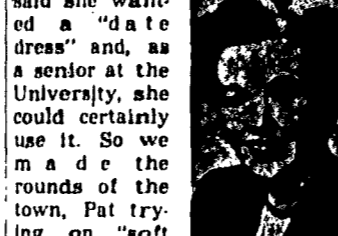


More than 100,000 spectators watched some 80,000 youths march in a seven-hour parade of the Catholic Youth Organization, in Boston. Pictured on the reviewing stand for that occasion, with Archbishop Richard J. Cushing (center) are the Rev. Joseph Schleder, (left) Director of the Youth Department, National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Rev. George Dowd, Archdiocesan Director of the CYO. (NC Photos)

At Our House
Luck Is a Funny Thing

By MARY TINLEY DALY

We're not superstitious, but bad omens do pile up. Take, for instance, Pat's new "date dress." If ever anything had the Indian sign on it, it was that dress. To begin with, Pat had



it up but, like a bunch of demons, those bad omens kept running through my head: "You forgot she had red hair?" "You'll ruin a dress cutting down a pattern." "Striped material not suitable."

Then — of all dumb things — in my nervousness I cut the skirt on the cross of the material instead of on the straight — as the pattern called for.

Came the first try-on. "It's perfect, Mom," said Pat happily, swishing in front of the mirror. "And the way the pattern cuts that skirt brings out all the glow of the material."

Luck was changing. Somehow the date dress was finished, and Pat wore it to a dance.

"Golly I had a good time," she sighed, kicking off the high-heeled shoes. "Rick loved my dress and all the girls wanted to know where I got hold of such a dreamy number. Honest, Mom, it seems to have good luck in every thread of it!"

Takes all kinds of luck to make a world!

Next stop: pattern department. There was the pattern! Overalls were forgotten as I ordered a size 14 pattern. "Junior sizes," snapped the clerk. "Only 13 and 15."

"All right, 15 then." A stern-faced woman next in line said reprovingly. "A too-big size is always wrong. You'll ruin your dress cutting a pattern down. Always cut up."

She looked as though she had never cut up in her life, except at a sewing table; but the cold stare of the pattern girl sent me scurrying from the counter clutching the size 13. I'd manage somehow.

BACK AT THE taffeta table I ordered four yards. As the girl measured and cut I said excitedly, "It's to be a dress for my daughter. She has beautiful red hair." "And you forgot she had red hair?"

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "What mother could forget after 20 years of sewing, from baby bonnets on?" "But her hair is the color of that copper stripe and her art teacher said that color should be good."

"Humph," sniffed the salesgirl. "Art teachers? Well, maybe you can make it up for yourself." I smiled at the image of myself in such a dress.

Here was bad omen No. 2 — first pattern, then material. It would be nice, I thought, to be one of those definite, decisive women, sure of their own judgment and unwayed by people's opinions.

No use looking at corduroy today after these mistakes — and besides, I had spent all my money. So, on the bus home, I studied the pattern and for the first time read the fine print: "Not suitable for striped material."

THOROUGHLY discouraged, I called Markie in from a backyard baseball game and draped a swath of the copper and black taffeta over grubby blue jeans and a very sweaty sweat shirt. Of course Markie has hair; the shade of Pat's — but Markie's freckled, dirt-streaked face didn't furnish much of a clue as to whether the copper and black would be becoming to 20-year-old Pat.

There was a lot of money and nervous tension tied up in those four yards of material — but Pat mustn't know it.

Here's a remnant I picked up. I said nonchalantly when Pat came home, "Maybe make a housecoat for a Christmas present — or we could make it up for you if you like."

"Mom, I love it!" she cried, draping the material around her and checking with the hall mirror. "It does things — and if you don't mind —" "Well, here was the first good sign — and maybe youthful exuberance would overshadow the other omens.

SO WE CUT it out and made

Teen Talks
Bid To Sorority

By NORMA DE PREZ

"I have it Mom, I have it!" Mother deserted the pork chops she was preparing for dinner, and hastily made her way in to the living room, where Susie (age 16) was excitedly waving a piece



of violent pink stationery. "Hope it isn't catching" was Dad's muffled remark from the folds of the evening paper. "What is it Susan?" inquired Mother sympathetically.

"A bid for a sorority," sighed the excited teenager. And thus the discussion began.

Father put aside the sports page, removed his glasses, and invited Susan to sit down for a little chat. As she sank into a chair she realized that Dad was about to issue the catastrophic 'no' to this sorority business, and no matter how loud and logical her protestation, the accent would remain on the negative.

But, Susie, please hear Dad out. He has a few things to say about his days in Fraternity Row, amidst the ivy-colored walls. The years he spent glorying in a Greek letter pedigree have equipped him with a little advice to render on occasions such as these.

TO BE A member of a high school sorority is definitely not "a must." It is encouraging to know that thousands climb the steps from elementary algebra to English IV without feeling the necessity of surrounding themselves with the Alpha Zetas weekly meetings and secret meetings.

Teenage sororities not only are unnecessary, but they can be detrimental. Why? Inquires our disappointed pledge. The reasons are as many and varied as the secret grips and passwords of the local chapter.

In high school a good part of our extra-curricular activity is concerned with making friends. The Green frosh, along with the wise old seniors, gather for cokes, jokes and all things pertinent at the corner sweet shop after school.

Anyone can join the crowd and share in the festivities, but what happens when the sisterhood of sweet pearl pins and duo-colored sweaters appears on the scene? They still make friends, but now they Joseph a fence around those friendships and talk a sign language that reads "Exclusive."

Growing up is a highly involved process in itself, without the added problems of eligibility for sorority membership. It is not as difficult for those sweet young things who are whisked away in a whirl of bids, rushings and initiation teas — but what of the others?

Because Betty is not a Mona Lisa or Jane is the retiring type, they are left behind. That overlooked term, inferiority complex, is given its first chance by those tight little cliques that can be so very cruel.

A GIRL MAY find herself thinking that she has some sort

of defective character because she was not the recipient of that piece of pink paper, called a bid, that would entitle her to say "I am a Beta Delta." "But their loyalty to each other is wonderful," you protest. It may be, but that same loyalty and cooperation can be shared and enjoyed by all without a charter, constitution and endless dues.

Yes, perhaps they do have fun together and these activities create in them feeling of responsibility, but the same results can be achieved through other less exclusive organizations.

Along with a sorority goes a label. Too often the name implies certain characteristics. For instance, the Alpha Betas may be tagged as stuffy; the Zeta Etais wealthy; the Gamma Delta a little bit wild. Individuality is lost and you become what your sorority is. It may be good, and then again it may not be.

So Susie, don't feel hurt about saying no to that bid. Even if you did survive the rigors of rushing and inconvenience of initiation, you don't need to put a fence around the friendships you make.

Refugee Post Berlin (RNS)—Joseph Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne, has been appointed by Pope Pius XII as Special Commissioner for German refugees from former eastern areas of Germany now under Polish control.

JESUIT BROTHERS Men, who do not wish to become priests but feel called to the Society of Jesus are invited to write to REV. JOHN McMAHON, S. J., 1200 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.—Tel. BR 6-1600. An elementary education is required. School education desirable. Preferred ages 18-25. Jesuit Brothers do not study or teach but help in the temporal concerns in colleges, churches and foreign missions.

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Pope Gets Check Of Blood Donor

Detroit (NC)—If the Holy Father wonders about that \$25 check from a blood bank, this is what happened:

A Detroit man was asked recently at his job at the Great Lakes Steel Corporation to volunteer as a blood donor. He responded, and believed that his effort was gratis. Several days later he received the check. No, he couldn't refuse it.

The man took the check to Magr. E. J. Hickey, chancellor of the Detroit archdiocese, with the question: "Do you think the Holy Father would accept this to help him in his works of mercy?" The Monsignor sent the contribution along to the Apostolic Delegation in Washington, which has made grateful acknowledgment.

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THIS IS STARVATION

Thousands of poor people are living under the trees of the Holy Land, without food and clothing. Won't you help them with the smallest gift? Ten dollars will purchase a food package. Our cloistered sisters in Nazareth and Bethlehem are starving, yet hundreds of others knock at their door for bread. Please help the land where the Lord gave us His Living Bread.

LITTLE CELINE

That was the name of the sister of the Little Flower, and she, too, was a cloistered Carmelite nun. Now we have a plea for Sister Celine of the Sisters of Perpetual Help at Harissa, Lebanon. She has one more year of training before she becomes a missionary, and we must have \$150 for this. Can you make her your adopted daughter and delight the Little Flower and her sister in heaven?

"KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM"

He was the great hero of that city in the days of colonial empires. Now Father Baroni walks those streets in quest of a heavenly empire for Christ. He has 570 orphan boys in his orphanage and he writes pleadingly for the amount to build a little chapel next to it, so as to attract more souls to Christ. Can you give a thousand dollars to build this House of God among His grateful poor? Name it as you wish and for any intention.

YOUR NAME IN PRINT

Have your name engraved on a golden chain, so that the Near East missionary using it will remember you every day. Fifty dollars will procure a beautiful chain.

COMPOUND INTEREST

That smallest deposit in MARY'S BANK for needy Near East nuns brings real interest from the Queen of Heaven. God love you for helping these needy daughters of Mary.

WE LIKE THEM

Yes, every letter inquiring about the thirty Gregorian Masses, offered day after day for a loved one deceased, pleases us, and we send you our free leaflet explaining them. Shall we hear from you soon?

OUR NEEDIEST CASES

We have been writing these want ads of God for years now, but the neediest Christmas will be more numerous than ever. How God must bless the one who makes a stringless gift to be used where most needed! Will it be you?

SHOPPING TOO SOON?

Write for our illustrated circular, describing the beautiful Gift Card you may send to friends at Christmas, telling them you have arranged for Mass to be offered for a sacred article to the Near East missions. Ask for "HOW CAN I HELP?" when you write.

YES, WE ARE FAILURES

For the past six months we have had numerous pleas for schools in the Near East and we have not been able to answer them. In fact, we had to turn children needing a Catholic training away from our doors. So we have failed. Won't you join the BASILIANS, our School Club, and give a dollar monthly for these needy children? Surely God will bless you.

ALMOST THE LAST

Soon we end our appeals for the Shrine Chapel of the Little Flower, to be built in Lebanon, north of the Holy Land, for the conversion of Russia. Perhaps you will want to have even a small part in this holy intention.

Send all communications to

Catholic Near East Welfare Association

480 Lexington Ave. at 46th St. New York 17, N. Y.