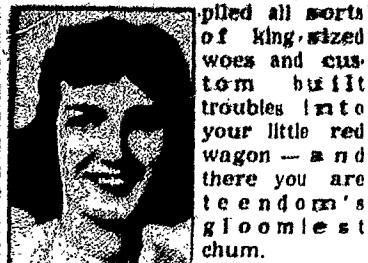


Polish Catholics in Holland... (NC) — Polish Catholics in Holland now number about 8,000 a Polish Catholic source stated. They include eight priests and publish a fortnightly journal, 'Pole in Holland'. Headquarters of the Polish Catholic Mission in Holland is at Breda.

Teen Talks Ado About Nothing

By NORMA DE PREZ

There you go again—feeling as blue as a study in blue indigo, as peppy as a wilted klesanex and about as popular as a case of the three-day measles. By the time you have convinced yourself that you are the somebody nobody loves, whom



Mel and Bing croon about, you've piled all sorts of king-sized woes and custom built troubles into your little red wagon—a red there you are to end from's gloomiest chum. But wait a Norma DePrez minute! Before you snuggle into a cosy little corner and talk yourself into an inferiority complex, let's examine the facts. What is all this chatter about complexes anyway? If you will pardon my rocking chair and long white beard attitude for a moment, I'll venture to say that for the average teen-tweener it is much ado about nothing. We all have our moments when that "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling" idea pops into our heads, but for the most part it is just one more phase in that long process of growing up.

PERHAPS Kathy did not speak to you today, or you noticed the crowd giggling behind your back. Maybe the football captain did not call and ask you for another date. Are you going to resign yourself to cruel, cruel fate, or take a few things into consideration? Kathy may have had other things on her mind, like a quiz in Latin 2 or an "F" in the last math test, more or less preoccupied with her own little problems. Then the girls were probably giggling over the latest crush or a John Lund movie. As for the football captain, there are other fish in the sea, you know. Too, after we follow the path of least resistance, feeling sorry for ourselves, we get terribly interested in our own little problems, so that a cushion-lined complex, a sigh and a sulk seems to be the only way out. We may think it is hard on us, but it's even more difficult for our family. That long face and perpetual cloud of gloom and despondency isn't easy to live with or look at across the breakfast table.

ON YOUR mark, ready set, go—Fun and friendships are just around the corner. Don't be afraid of being a wallflower. Two weeks or two months without a date isn't the worst thing that can happen to a girl, and you can survive. We all have our faults. Some are the bashful, retiring type, afraid to meet people. Others are the self-important type who just pose and primp almost automatically. Perhaps we tend toward the satirical or tyrannical types. But it does take all kinds of people to make a world.

A BOY'S LAST BIRTHDAY



What may be his last birthday party is held for Jimmy Cieneros, 14, at Los Angeles. Present when this photograph was taken were 25 public school children who get religious instruction at Our Lady of Lourdes school. They were accompanied by two Catholic Sisters. Jimmy is a victim of rheumatoid arthritis, and doctors say he might not live six months. He received presents from people in foreign lands — INP. (NC Photos)

Women's Viewpoint Dali's a Dilly

MARIE WEIDMAN

Don't feel stupid before the onslaught of hectic horizontal and verticals and dramatic diagonals that seem to most of us glean our esthetics rendered in geometrical and spherical proportions. All of which is legitimate enough until you examine the lunatic fringe, the Surrealists and their sensational representative in America, Salvador Dali. The Surrealist philosophy, as evolved around 1926 despised all conventional systems of thought and rejected the rational and intellectual in favor of the subconscious, since they originally took sanction from Freud.



Marie Weidman

IT SEEMS to be a breaking away from the restrictions of living, a veritable psychoanalysis in paint. The dream world is their entire concern. The demonic Dali paints mad scenes depicting miscellaneous objects hanging from the skies; his figures are two-headed and his canvases are morbid and depressing. Dali can always be counted on to fill, more or less sensationally, a page or two in our weekly picture magazines. Recently Alan Devoe of the American Mercury said the well-known representation of Our Lord as a sorrowful-eyed, brooding figure was giving children the wrong impression of Him. It was felt that the picture "piously smirked" and was generally "effeminate." The critic called for a new, fresh and vigorous picture of the Saviour. So what should we do? Commission the Surrealists to plumb the murky depths of their dream world for some ultra modern conception of Christ? Would children be set aright if Picasso did a Head of Christ, all spheres and cones? Perhaps the Futurists who paint twenty legged horses could produce a picture which might pacify those who fear lest children think Christ a pale, posturing figure. Maybe Mr. Devoe has mixed his metaphors. Teaching children about Christ has little to do with art, really. The depth of Christ's personality cannot be committed to canvas, nor His Power portrayed thru paint. Let modern art hobble on with its multi-headed figures, its preposterous posings. Our children will learn about Christ in a sounder, firmer fashion.

MODERN ART, now about forty years old, is the art style of our times, expressing, one supposes, to a certain extent the throes of our mechanical, hollow age. If the test of any picture is whether or not it reveals a new aspect of the truth of the visible world, then what should a study of "Still Life with an Ox Head" tell us? The great lot of us seem indifferent to its possible message. Of course, there is a case for modern art. The artist began to turn inward, to become inquisitive and soul searching when the camera became so efficient that it was no longer profitable for the artist to paint reality. He was forced to turn inward, to forget facts and to paint rather states of mind. Showing the dynamic movement of a landscape, light, a fleeting moment, became more important to Cezanne, Picasso, Seurat and Van Gogh. The Winged Victory of Sarnothrace became less beautiful than a speeding car, which was then promptly

At Our House The Head and the Wad

By MARY TINDLEY DALY

Stretch sat down chummily beside the Head of the House while he finished his breakfast. "Gimme shooin' gum, Daddy?" she begged and he handed over a package. "Stretch," heamed, chewed one stick, then another, until she had the whole package in one jaw-dilating mass, valiantly struggling to keep it in her mouth. Too much worst she decided. Taking it out she offered it to Sarge. "Are you going to pick it up?" the cocker; but Sarge sniffed and turned away. Stretch should know by this time that he loathes the sight, smell and feel of chewing gum, even when it is fresh. Oh, well, might as well plip it on the kitchen floor.



Mary Daly

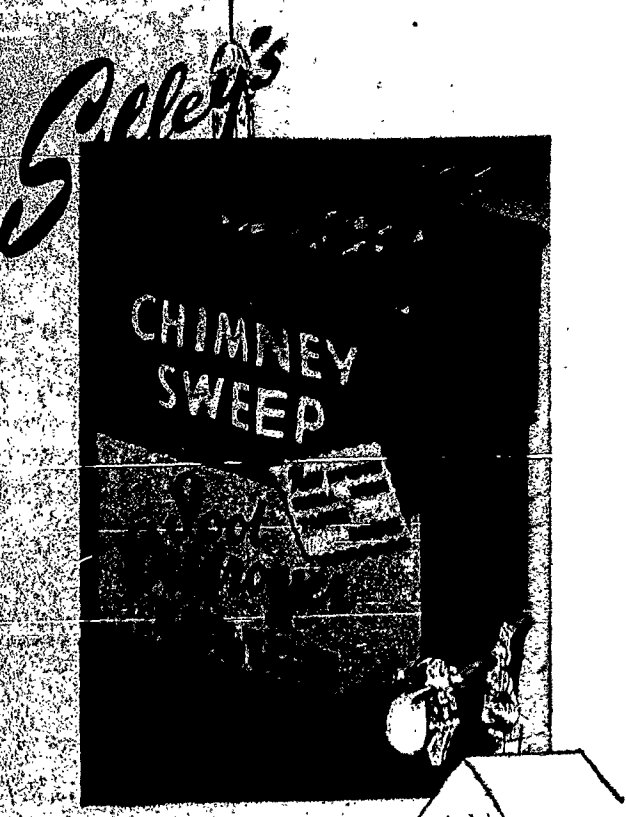
The Head of the House glanced at the clock, rose from the table and, of course, stepped right into the discarded wad. With an under-the-breath exclamation, he lifted his foot but the gum kept stretching, probably reminding him of his own little Stretch who, by this time, was in the back yard. "Come in here, Stretch," he called sternly, unstick the gum and putting it where he had found it on the kitchen floor. "Got more shooin' gum?" Stretch asked as she and Sarge trotted in. "More chewing gum?" shouted the Head of the House. "I should say not and you pick up this gum and put it in the waste basket immediately!" "No," said Stretch, standing defiantly in front of him. "Yes," belowered the Head of the House. "You do as I say."

THE HEAD of the House forcefully bent Stretch over at the waist and gave her little over-erall rump a slight whack. Stretch bent over all right — she could do nothing else — but not to pick up the gum. She laid the palms of her hands flat on the kitchen floor — one on either side of the wad — and looked up at the between her legs. The Head of the House gave up this plan as hopeless — an eye-to-eye approach was better. "Look at me, Stretch. Now, pick up that gum." "No!" Sarge looked with mournful brown eyes from one to the other. The two belligerents

the Head of the House, rising and brushing off his trousers. "And I've got to get going." "Bring home shooin' gum, Daddy?" Stretch asked. "If you promise not to spit it out," he said. "Never do it again," she promised and threw her arms around him. "O.K.," he laughed. "Now you and Sarge might walk to the corner with me." Sarge wagged his tail and jumped joyfully on both of them, then gagged for a moment — and out rolled the gum...



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Bishop Scandar in Egypt sends a Christmas appeal for furnishings for his new chapel at Kom-Sfaht. A generous benefactor has given the chapel, but we need Chalice, Chorium, Monstrance, Crucifix and Candelsticks. One hundred and fifty dollars will equip the altar completely.

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