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At Our House Jimmy and the Bells
 By MARY TINLEY DALY

Jimmie Shippe, a normal 13-year-old in the eighth grade of the parish school, has a paper route, a big appetite and a distinct distaste for girls. He serves Mass on Sundays, helps his older brother tinker with a 1931 jalopy, roughhouse with his friends and is in hot water periodically at home and at school. If you see a waddling Jimmy playing in the school yard, you wouldn't know him from any of the other grubby 13-year-olds — except, perhaps, for his blue eyes alight with intelligence and good will toward all the world.

It's that spirit of good will that made Jimmie do something that wouldn't have occurred to most 13-year-olds. For years now Jimmie has been serving Mass in one of the larger parishes of the city; but the parish grew so that it had to be subdivided, and Jimmie's home fell within the boundaries assigned to a small fringe church, where one of the curates

of the big church became pastor. "It's a nice church," Jimmie told his mother, "but I sure wish Father Phelan had some good bells. Those tinkly little old things sound so dumb when I ring 'em. I'd sure like to get Father Phelan some good ones."

"But, Jimmie, bells are terribly expensive," his mother protested, "and after all, the only money you have is from your paper route."

"Uh-huh," Jimmie said thoughtfully. "I was gonna get you a kitchen radio for Christmas; but if you don't mind, you can have mine and I'll use the money for bells."

Jimmie's mother agreed. Certainly church bells are more soul-satisfying than a radio — but she had a slight idea of the cost of church furnishings! Undaunted, Jimmie consulted church catalogues. Whew! These things came high — but maybe he could swing it.

Collections on the paper route were bad on the first of December. Evening after evening Jimmie called on his customers to find that either they were not at home or they asked him to come back later. With home work to do and the early bedtime required by a 5 A. M. rising hour, "coming back" was pretty hard; but Jimmie persisted. After his bill to the paper was paid he counted his money. Ten dollars — Christmas coming and Father Phelan with those tinkly little old bells. Jimmie figured all possibilities. The church furnishings house wouldn't extend credit to him — but maybe if he spoke to his former pastor, the head of the big church.

So Jimmie called on Father Collins. "Please Father," he said, "I wonder if you know any way I could buy a set of bells for Father Phelan. I have a good steady business and can pay a little each month."

"I'll see what I can do, son," Father Collins said. "Come back next week."

AFTER SCHOOL the following Monday Jimmie again called at the rectory. Father Collins had been ill. Would he see Jimmie?

Jimmie waited and wondered. Finally, Father Collins came down, still showing the effects of his illness, but smiling and carrying a set of church bells. Jimmie's eyes almost popped as Father Collins tapped the bells and they gave forth rich melow tones.

"Golly, Father," Jimmie gulped, "they're super! Father Phelan would love 'em — but how much do they cost?"

"They're not new, but they are fine bells," Father Collins said. "How much did you want to pay, son?"

"Well, I got ten dollars now, but I'll have more later..."

Father Collins smiled. "Well, it's pretty near Christmas — how about \$2.50?"

"They're worth a lot more," Jimmie hesitated, "but they'd sure sound swell in our church."

"They're yours for \$2.50," Father Collins said as Jimmie counted out a dollar bill, two halves and two quarters. "I'm sure Father Phelan will be pleased and it is nice of you to think of it."

Jimmie blushed and grinned. "Well, hell like the bells anyway — and I sure thank you, Father."

Clutching the bells, Jimmie rushed home to show the undreamed-of treasure to his mother. Together they polished the brass bells to a gleaming luster and wrapped them carefully for Father Phelan.

At midnight Mass on Christmas, the congregation will listen for the tinkle of the familiar little bell as Father Phelan says, "Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth..." and the blond, blue-eyed boy on the right will sound praises to God on the deep-toned chimes.

On the way out of church, amidst Christmas greetings, the members of the congregation will ask one another: "Wonder what rich parishioner gave those beautiful bells?"

And the "rich parishioner" will be in the sacristy, taking off his cassock and the stiff collar, thinking gratefully that this is the one day of the whole year when he won't have to set that alarm clock for 5 a. m.

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INTERRACIAL COOPERATION



Catholic clergy and laity, and representatives of other denominations, paid tribute to Mrs. Anna M. McGarry, of Philadelphia, winner of the James J. Hoey Interracial Award for 1948, at a tea sponsored by the Alliance of Catholic Women and the Catholic Interracial Council of Philadelphia. Pictured, left to right, on that occasion are: Mrs. Kathleen Gresh, Catholic Interracial Council; Mrs. Herbert E. Miller, Mrs. McGarry; Mrs. Helen R. Pinkett and Mrs. Clementine Lewis. (NC Photos).

Teen Talks Recipe for Joy

Believe in Santa Claus? Well 'tis the night before Christmas and all through your house, every creature is stirring, yes, even that mouse. The stockings from nylons Combine tenderness, understanding and patience and fold in gently to the first mixture which has been kept warm and sweet. Spread joy over all. Season to taste with sprinkling humor, light laughter and happy smiles, and do not allow this mixture to cool. This recipe contains enough to serve all and should last all year.

Spicy Calendar Exiles Quebec; Law Bans Sale

Montreal — (RNS) — Quebec's Sacred Heart League, spearhead of the Roman Catholic Church for the moral life in this province, succeeded in its drive to stop distribution of the 1949 Esquire calendar in the Province of Quebec. Sale of the calendar was officially forbidden by Premier Maurice Duplessis, acting in his capacity as attorney general, after he was approached by angered officials of the League.

Prior to the Premier's action, the League had planned to stop distribution of the calendar through some form of public protest. Students at various universities and members of Catholic clubs throughout the province were ready to put the "calendar off the market in order to avoid moral harm to thousands of prospective teenage buyers."

Premier Duplessis ordered a local news company, which had acquired 20,000 of the calendars for distribution in Quebec, to recall all copies on the newsstands and to stop further distribution.

The company, although terming the order "unpleasant interference in our business," complied and asked agents to return all copies.

AS FOR SANTA, greeting cards, gift shopping, what are the gifts under the tree are not North Pole products, but collegian shop originals. As for that business of Santa sliding down the Christmas tree, a principal learned in general science, disproved all such tales. Is Christmas just for the children, or is it purely a commercial enterprise?

O.K., don't believe in Santa Claus, pretend to be a realist, but it won't be much fun. Maybe it has turned out to be just a mercenary venture, but did you ever stop to think of this? Once a year, just once, is there such an exchange of good wishes, sweet thoughts of friends not seen, and loved ones? And when is that "just once"? On our Lord's birthday.

ONE OF MY classmates has written a Christmas recipe that I think we all should try. It is as follows:

Take one heart and prepare ahead of time, stripping it of hard outer covering.

Allow to rise and overdo during the night. In the morning, lift to God and allow to melt into all other ingredients presently to be added.

Mix together love and good cheer constantly adding thoughts of "others". Add several drops of kindness and loving influence of our Baby Savior, who have felt a warm glow in our hearts. In the rustle and rush, we may be come distracted for a moment but only for a moment, because we will never forget there is a Christ in Christmas.

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Women's Viewpoint Christmas Prayer

O, Tiny, Sacred One, tomorrow the earth's multitudes will again mark the feast of Thy Nativity. All the burdens of our bent world will be laid aside so that man may think on Thee Alone. As our mortal voices, for the nineteen hundred and forty-eighth time, pour out Thy Divine Birth day praises, smile upon us, Holy Babe, for we are sorely tried, unutterably weary and deeply confused.

In Thy Wisdom, watch over our state, Marie Weidman men who must meet and parry with those Communist enemies of all peoples who acknowledge Thee their Infinite Creator and Judge. Give our leaders courage to withstand and insight to perceive the deadly sophistry of this enemy's machinations. Help the Russian people, Holy Child, help their wretchedness, their bleakness, hear the whispered prayers of those Russians who have kept Thine Image within their secret hearts.

Give courage to our priests to look upon the wretched, quivering Christians that we are, without despairing and losing heart. Help them to counsel rightly, if but one soul were to take courage and return to Thee. Let the peace of the Midnight Sacrifice soften the dark, grey agony of lonely, aching hearts over the whole world. Let them realize the steadfastness of Thy Love the depth of Thine understanding of human problems.

SMILE UPON ALL our children, Little Christ Child, bless and protect them. Help their parents to love them wisely, to guide their efforts, so that their young minds may seek for knowledge of Thee, their joyful hearts swell with love for Thee. Protect, too, the sad and blighted children who must live out their childhood among strangers; help them to be merciful in judging their neglectful, heedless parents.

Loving Babe, we implore Thine aid in helping all Christians to find one another. Black hatred, in its many guises, misunderstanding seem to be everywhere. Touch human hearts, make us know our duty to each other. Let the love and warmth of the Christmas season remain to still scorn, curb lashing tongues and soften harsh hearts.

May the light of the Bethlehem star guide all wandering souls adrift amid doubts, torn by indecision. Give grace to those who want to enter the Church, and courage to those who wish to dedicate their lives to Thee. Let the profound simplicity of Thy Life and Thy Truths confound the shallow depth of the world's eviles and un-believers. If it is fitting now, touch their withered hearts, show them our Redeemer and their liveth.

TOUCH THE FEVERED brows of our sick and forgive our dying. Ease their anguish, bless them, Lord, and for a few moments, let them know the joys of Christmas. Give patience to the invalid, handicapped and im-paired souls so that their sufferings may not be in vain.

Blessed Infant, guide and lead all ordinary folk everywhere who work, worship, pray and ponder about those about their destinies, their salvation. Lift them from the slough of mediocrity, make them shining, spirited Christians with strong hearts to face a dull, despairing world. Let the Christmas Peace settle upon them so they may never know black

Spicy Calendar Exiles Quebec; Law Bans Sale
 Montreal — (RNS) — Quebec's Sacred Heart League, spearhead of the Roman Catholic Church for the moral life in this province, succeeded in its drive to stop distribution of the 1949 Esquire calendar in the Province of Quebec. Sale of the calendar was officially forbidden by Premier Maurice Duplessis, acting in his capacity as attorney general, after he was approached by angered officials of the League.

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Concert Opens a Mission Kofu, Japan — (NC) — A concert held here in connection with the installation of the Salesian Fathers as pastors of the Kofu and Yamashiro areas attracted about 2,000 people, the majority of whom were non-Christians and had no previous contact with Catholicism.

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