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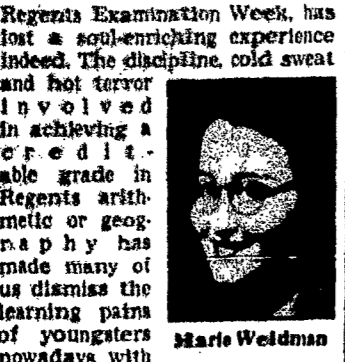
SATURDAY JANUARY 22nd 8 to 10 P. M.
 The Weekly Holy Hour of THE WOMEN'S Eucharistic League
 St. Francis of Assisi Church
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Women's Viewpoint
Regents Revisited

MARIE WEIDMAN

Any grammar school moppet who, because modern education is becoming progressively more progressive, has not had to quake his way through the exquisite horror of a Regents Examination Week, has lost a soul-enriching experience indeed. The discipline, cold sweat and hot terror involved in achieving a creditable grade in Regents arithmetic or geometry has made many of us dismiss the learning pains of youngsters nowadays with nothing but a cock of a supercilious eyebrow.



Marie Weidman

To us, the Board of Regents was some black hooded, scheming body of iniquitous waiting to beat all hapless examinees to a mental pulp. Their devilishly clever questions, at once so open-faced, innocent and simple, yet so subtle, certainly indicated that the Regents Board, whoever they were, didn't like children—at least 15 year-olds, anyway.

And of course the holy nuns must have thought so too, else why did they work so assiduously with us to outfit our tormentors with every bit of spiritual strategy they could command?

WE STARTED OUR basic training early for the tests. Months before, our texts in arithmetic became worn and limp,

'Many' Thanks'



A letter of thanks in the Mongolian language to American Catholics for their aid to residents of the village through War Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference, has been received from Rev. John Mengkotsirgal, first secular priest of the Mongol race. Father is pictured with Bishop Zanin on the occasion of his ordination.

At Our House
Long Live Sarge

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Our house is a sad place—for Sarge is dead. Listless for a few days, we thought he would get over what seemed like a minor upset. Yesterday, though, we knew he was really sick. Only when we came near him and said, "Poor Sarge," that stump of a tail would quiver with joy and the grateful brown eyes roll as he almost smiled.



Mary Daly

"There has been an epidemic of poisonings," said Dr. Reidy, the vet, "and I'll do what I can—but I can't promise."

Nobody slept much last night, waiting for Dr. Reidy's call. When it came, early this morning, we knew from the one-sided conversation the Head of the House was having with the doctor, that it was bad news. The effect on each child was different.

PAT WENT BACK to bed and we could hear stifled sobs, smothered by a pillow. Johnny, pale and hollow-eyed, analyzed: "Just what was it? Could we have saved him? Was it neglect on our part?"

The three middle girls weren't hungry. "Sarge used to eat all the extra egg I slipped him," Eileen said. "Gosh, it seems funny." "The snow's all wasted," said Markie, looking at the falling flakes, "without Sarge to scamper around in it."

Mary, our worldly one, sighed. "I hope Sarge is happy in his dog heaven," she murmured.

Three-year old Stretch is having the hardest time. "Sarge isn't dead," she insists every little while. "He wants to play with me and he's getting well. They're just kidding, aren't they, Mommy? Sarge isn't dead!"

Every now and then Stretch buries her head in my lap and repeats, "He isn't, isn't, isn't!" For the first time in her life Stretch is shedding tears of grief. Always before the tears have been of frustration, anger—or of lake. This time they are real—and she can't face the reality in back of them.

Before Pat came downstairs this morning we threw away Sarge's dish, hid his bed and put away his leash and the fancy oils and brushes Pat had for him. It didn't help. "The whole place misses Sarge," Pat said wearily. "I see him curled up at the foot of my bed waiting in the kitchen for us to finish dinner—sitting on the terrace... Oh, I know he was a dog—but golly, what a dog!"

Here is three-year old Stretch's misery intensified by a twenty-year old's understanding

SO WE'VE BEEN reminiscing about Sarge the day, six years ago, during the war when Pat brought the little cocker home and Sergeant Smith was visiting us. The children looked at Sergeant Smith's uniform with its chevrons, then at the new puppy, and Eileen, who was six at that time said, "Why, he looks just like you Sergeant!"

Sergeant Smith's understanding person nodded. "Thank you, Eileen," he said seriously. "He does at that—with those chevrons on his front leg. Why don't you call him Sarge?"

It didn't take Sarge long to adjust to his new name and his

U. S. Priest in Moscow Slated Home for Visit

Worcester, Mass. (NC)—The Rev. Antonio Laberge, A.A., American priest stationed in Moscow, since 1945, is expected to arrive in New York around January 15 on a several month's visit. It was learned here at the Provincial Motherhouse of the Augustinians of the Assumption.

Father Laberge, a native of Pawtucket, R. I., formerly taught at Assumption College here before he was assigned to Moscow where he succeeded the Rev. Leopold M. Braun, A.A. Father Braun went to the Russian capital in 1934 under the terms of the agreement between the late President Roosevelt and Maxim Litvinov granting diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union.

In Moscow, Father Laberge is attached to the Church of St. Louis des Français, the only Roman Catholic church in the Soviet capital. He was joined in May, 1947, by the Rev. Jean de Matha Thomas, a French Assumptionist, who, it was learned, returned last November to his post after having spent several months' leave in France.

We looked at the picture album: Sarge learning to shake hands; Sarge watching Pat drive off to college, waiting on the terrace through weeks for her to come home; Sarge, sans fur and looking like a little pink pig during his ringworm summer, when Pat gave him a bleach bath three times a day, curing Sarge and incidentally bleaching the life-long freckles from her arms.

We remembered when baby Stretch first came home from the hospital and Sarge, like a jealous baby, sat in a corner and whimpered until we included him in the family circle. Gradually he realized that here was a helpless little person needing his protection—and how seriously he took that duty! All that first winter he stationed himself under her carriage while she took her airings in the back yard; then when she could walk he would growl at any stranger who came near his charge... No wonder Stretch misses her pal.

TONIGHT'S DINNER was as sad as this morning's pseudo-breakfast. Finally I drew a long breath and broached the subject: "Do you want another dog? After all, it will mean the same heart-

ache again someday..." Six pairs of blue eyes looked up. "Why sure!" the children said.

"It wouldn't seem like our house..." "We gotta have a dog..." "He wouldn't be like Sarge, but..." "Sarge'll understand..." And then quiet little Mary, "Well, everybody's gotta die sometime—even people—but that's no reason not to love somebody."

The Head of the House looked meaningfully at the Foot of the Table. "They're not afraid to live," he flashed wordlessly.

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'First Lady' Of Pakistan Lauds Nuns

Karschi, Pakistan—(NC)—Begum Liaquat Ali, the wife of the Pakistan Prime Minister, paid tribute to the educational work being carried on by the nuns in this state during an exhibition of pupils' art and handicraft at St. Joseph's Convent here.

The Pakistan First Lady expressed her pleasure at having such institutions in the dominion after she saw the various exhibits in drawing, painting, etching, needlework, and clay modeling. "To build up Pakistan as a model state, remember the three watchwords: unity, faith and discipline," she told the students.

A number of distinguished guests were at the opening of the exhibition. They included Bishop Alois van Millingen of Karschi, the British High Commissioner to Pakistan and Lady Gruffey-Smith, and Mrs. Charles W. Lewis, Jr., the wife of the American charge d'affaires.

Missionaries Check Leprosy in China

Hanchung, Shensi, China—(NC) Progress in checking the spread of leprosy has been reported by the Rev. Albrand Benelli, director of Yentespieg Leprosarium near Ningkiang, 80 miles southwest of here.

Until recently this mountainous area was the dark spot on the health map of China. Recent statistics showed 1,023 registered lepers in a population of 112,585 in the Ningkiang area. But this proportion, almost one per cent is not the true figure. Most lepers and their families try to conceal the affliction until it becomes manifest.

For the past year the Yentespieg Leprosarium has received assistance from the International Relief Committee of China, and has been able to apply new techniques in the treatment of patients, resistance to leprosy, the reduction of the number of cases, and arresting the progress of the disease. The Catholic mission of the Milan Fathers open of the Yentespieg Leprosarium in 1900.

Lodge for Homeless North Melbourne, Australia

(NC)—A \$200,000 reinforced concrete, fireproof building will be erected here by the St. Vincent de Paul Society as a night shelter for homeless men.

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Miracles in Nazareth
 Monsignor McMahon writes "On the highest hill above Nazareth, the Salesian Fathers have a farm for orphans—and a Chapel dedicated to the Boy Jesus here in the town where He spent His youth. Today there are no orphans, but there are three hundred Mohammedans, all refugees from a town nearby. The Fathers feed and lodge them. The Moslems attend Mass—love it—and say that only the Catholic Church has befriended them. Four noble priests are working Miracles of Grace. If you can spare the price of one modest meal in your own home, they will continue to work many more." Please make an offering for our Refugee Fund today.

HUNGER IN THE HOLY LAND
 From the time an appeal reaches our office—to this moment when you read it, there is a lapse of three to four weeks—necessary for translation, making a mat, mailing to printer, reading copy, etc. But starvation, weather and disease will not wait. Then—our Stringless Gift Fund is a godsend. Hunger in the Holy Land—starving cloistered nuns—scrawny, undernourished children cry to you for help. Please answer our desperate need for Stringless Gifts.

THE LETDOWN
 We find the month of January most distressing. It is not the weather—but the letdown that comes after the busy round of Christmas giving. Yet our orphans must eat—even after Christmas. Don't forget ORPHAN'S BREAD—and the monthly dues of one dollar that means so little for you—but does so much for our orphans.

WANT A MEMORIAL?
 For the money that some people put into an elaborate tombstone—or a redecorating job we can build a School in the Near East. Here is a Memorial with its corner-stone set on Eternity, where Mary is the Model, where Christ Himself is Teacher and Exemplar. You can build one—we have appeals for over a dozen—ranging in cost from eight hundred to fourteen hundred dollars. It will be a lasting Memorial of a loved one—or an Act of Reparation and Thanksgiving—that will touch the Heart of God.

THE DEVIL'S WAY
 Satan's agents here on earth—start their diabolic work with and in the Schools. "Capture the young" seems to be their unailing—but all too successful technique. If we are to do God's work—and make His kingdom come on earth we must not lose the young. To do this we must have Schools. Won't you join the BASILIANS—and give one dollar a month for this strongest bulwark of God's Church?

ONE, TWO OR THREE YEARS
 Our boys in the Near East who started out with high hopes of becoming priests—with their families or loved one providing Seminary expenses—drop by the wayside when a family loses everything—the victim of war or financial reverses. Will you give one, two or three hundred dollars—and adopt one of these students? As his Sponsor you will share in his priestly works—and win God's special approval and blessing.

LOOKING FOR A PROJECT
 If your club or group is looking for a worthwhile project that will cost practically nothing—but accomplish wonders—ask the members to collect clothes—men's, women's and children's—for our destitute people of the Near East. Ship by parcel post—freight or express to CNEWA Warehouse, 52-15 Flushing Avenue, Maspeth, L. I., N. Y. If your treasury can stand it—send us even a small offering "to clothe the naked and visit the sick."

FORGIVENESS CORNER
 In every Church and Chapel we have a Forgiveness Corner—the Confessional. Be the agent of God's Mercy, the dispenser of His comfort by providing a Confessional for the Chapel at Moukhalbat in Egypt. Fifty dollars will do it.

CUP OF GOLD
 The cup of gold that holds the Precious Saving Blood of Christ can be your gift—to the Christ Who is poor in His Near East Chapels. The offering is only twenty-five dollars, and we need many.

Send all communications to
Catholic Near East Welfare Association
 480 Lexington Ave. at 48th St. New York 17, N. Y.

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