

Commission Announces U. S. Civil Service Jobs Examinations for Central Office Supervisor (Insurance), Geologist and Medical X-Ray Technician (Photofluorography), are announced by the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

Jobs to be filled from the examination for Central Office Supervisor (Insurance) pay \$4,479 to \$6,236. No written test is required. Geologist positions pay \$3,974 and \$3,727. There is a written test. The Medical X-Ray Technician jobs pay \$2,284 and \$4,405 a year and no written test is required.

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At Our House Blue Monday

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Today started out very badly, as Mondays so often do at our house. To begin with, the alarm clock didn't go off. It hasn't been right since Stretch dropped it out an upstairs window; but it does work some times, so we keep trusting that it will heal itself.

And, of course, oversleeping meant the usual grand scramble — a heater, a skelter breakfast, 40-80 lunches packed — and the inevitable notes to the teachers.

Finally, everybody got out in some sort of fashion, leaving havoc behind. The house looked like sin — mortal sin — and Stretch and I sat around sloggingly in our bathrobes, catching our breaths. After a third cup of coffee I started with the bedrooms, determined to work down and have everything shipshape in no time.

"It's perfectly silly," I told myself — and Stretch — "for me to make beds and pick up after these big children. Nobody with any sense of efficiency makes their children's beds."

But I made 'em — growing madder by the moment. THEN AT TEN o'clock I heard a gentle, "Yoo-hoo! Anybody home?" Aunt Agnes — of all people! Aunt Agnes has no sense of timing.

"Be right down, Aunt Agnes," I called, shedding bathrobe and struggling into a house dress.

Aunt Agnes is a firm believer in — and an articulate preacher of — "a fresh, bright house dress after a brisk morning shower;

hair freshly combed and a touch — just a touch, mind you — of lipstick ..."

Keeps your husband interested, maintains Aunt Agnes, who has never had a husband.

Well, this morning all my husband was interested in was getting those girls out of the bathroom and getting a quick cup of coffee.

"Don't come down, dear," called Aunt Agnes brightly, "I'll come up."

And up she came.

"NOBODY SICK?" asked Aunt Agnes, surprised. "If only I had put Stretch back into her bed!"

"No," I stammered, and a sudden light dawned. "Well, I don't feel too well."

"You don't look too well, either," said Aunt Agnes, pulling up a shade and sizing me up. Goodness knows, she was right.

"Hm-m, anemia," diagnosed Aunt Agnes. "And here you are making beds for those big children! Why, nobody with any sense of efficiency makes their children's beds."

The words had a familiar ring. Where had I heard them before? "They usually make their own," I said.

"And what was so important that they couldn't save their poor mother?" Aunt Agnes shook her head sadly.

THIS SYMPATHY business was going too far and it was time Justice stepped in.

"Well, Pat did do her room," I said defensively. "And Elton helped with breakfast; Markie and Mary helped with lunches and Johnny wrote notes."

"Notes?" asked Aunt Agnes. "Yes. The 'Dear Sister: Please excuse so-and-so's tardiness ...'"

"Tsk-tsk," asked Aunt Agnes. "And signed your name?"

"I'm afraid he did," I confessed. "Lots see your alarm clock," said Aunt Agnes, getting to the root of the trouble. The clock was silent and pointed to 4:40.

"Well, they will wear out," said Aunt Agnes, resignedly. "In-furior workmanship. I always say. And, after all, it's been ten years since I gave you that clock."

Of course Aunt Agnes doesn't know that her ten-year-old clock has been supplanted several times since then. The original was dismantled by Johnny when he was in the take-it-apart stage and its successors have met various fates.

By this time Aunt Agnes was combing Stretch's hair and telling her what an angel she was — hardly the time to speak about "the angel" throwing the alarm clock out the window ...

This afternoon the drug store made a delivery at our house — a package with a gift card that read, "Love from Aunt Agnes." It contained a new alarm clock and a bottle of vitamin pills. There's no excuse now!

Rome Approves Saint's Causes

Vatican City — (NC) — A general commission of the Sacred Congregation of Rites met in the presence of His Holiness Pope Pius XII and voted that it is safe (tuto) to proceed with the canonization of Blessed Joan of Valois, one-time queen of France and foundress of the Annetonnetan nuns.

The commission also voted it safe to proceed with the beatification of Venerable Anne Marie Javouhey, foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny and approved the miracles proposed in the causes of two Blessed: Bartolomea Capitanio, virgin and foundress of the Sisters of Charity, and Maria Giuseppina Rosello, foundress of the Daughters of Our Lady of Mercy.

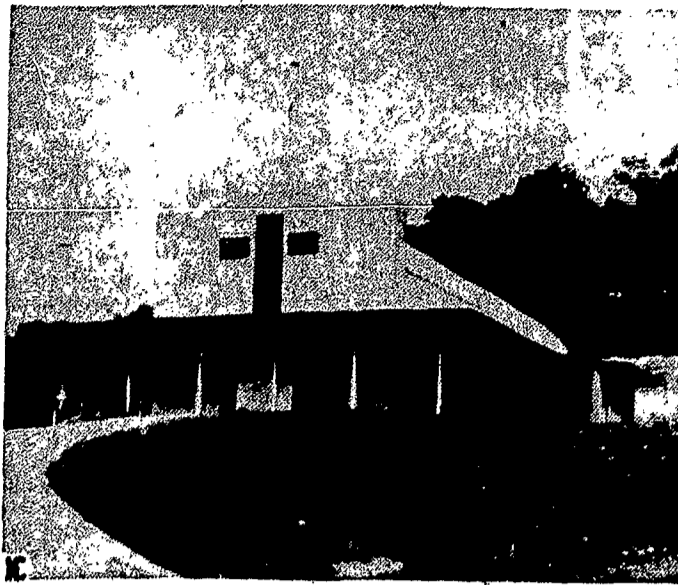
Shanghai Catholics Open Refugee Home

Shanghai — (NC) — While Shanghai papers carry reports of 4,700 victims of cold and hunger whose corpses have been picked up in the streets during the past two months, the Catholic Welfare Committee of China has opened a refugee shelter destined to take 2,000 persons. Already 63 families, with a total of 240 persons, are installed in the shelter.

"Our full capacity will be 2,000 refugees," said the Rev. Frederick A. McGuire, C.M., of Brooklyn, executive secretary of Catholic Welfare. "If we have the facilities and supplies necessary."

Pope's Christmas Gifts Rome — (RNS) — Christmas gifts were sent by Pope Pius XII to needy persons in 38 countries of Europe and Asia, according to Vatican officials. The donations were intended principally for war orphans and displaced persons, and for refugees in Palestine.

FORMERLY A QUONSET HUT



This attractive Catholic chapel in the Panama Canal Zone was formerly a war-time Quonset hut, plus a few convenient additions. It is served regularly every Sunday morning by a priest from Balboa.

Women's Viewpoint

Maudlin Mercy

MARIE WEIDMAN

For some time now we've had birth control; we may soon have death control. For years man has been trying to arrange through birth control who shall be born; he is presently making permission, through a state legislature, to again interfere with the Creator's inexorable cycle of human life so that he will be able to pass judgment on who shall die.

Every so often some of our hearers thinkers combine with the mawkish and a dull dog-gone to force a showdown on the question of killing the incurables and possibly the idiots among us. This deliberate murder plan is called paradoxically "mercy" killing — mercy — by men who know little of God and so could never fathom the depth of the word mercy.

LIKE EVERY FALSE prophet and phony philanthropist, the agitator for legalized murder of the incurables presents arguments which are convincing, shallow and sophistic enough to attract those who cannot recognize the difference between pity, which is overwhelming Christian compassion for one's neighbor's plight — and sentimentalism, which is negative, blubbering and ephemeral.

When we pity the sufferer we pray for him; when we get sentimental about his suffering we want to eliminate him because he offends our civilized sensibilities by being ill at all. Ours is a civilization most adept at all sorts of death dealing techniques, whether it be for nations thru the A-bomb or for the individual under the sanctimonious and specious title of "mercy" killing.

It's a tidy and orderly murder method, this bill now up before our state legislature. If one is sane, over twenty-one, suffering from an incurable disease and desirous of being murdered, one applies to the court for it. After an affidavit from the physician to the effect that the patient is incurable, a board of two physicians and a lawyer is appointed.

OMNISCIENTLY they check the original diagnosis while the lawyer ascertains if the patient was under any duress when he requested his "merciful" release. The board pays a visit to the sufferer regarding his willingness to be murdered; if he still acquiesces, he then sets forth to meet his God at the end of a hyperactive hypodermic needle. Thus, would modern man erase pain from his clean, cruel, chrome world.

This whole question of euthanasia goes far deeper than whether or not a legislature passes some outrageous bill allowing its practice. It means that moderns cannot bear pain and have mislaid its meaning. If we cannot accept pain and its meaning then we cannot accept God's will in anything — we cannot accept God, we renounce the Prince of Pain. Euthanasia is but another subtle denial of the existence of God.

So long as there is a human race there will be pain, incurable, idiots, Christ's bloody and tearful face will always be mirrored in the faces of outcast old people, the sick infant, the maimed and all the world's sufferers since Adam's sin. Through mental as well as physical anguish Christ winnows and purifies the human race for its final return to Him.

THE POWER of the Almighty is in pain; through man's sufferings we can feel the sweep of His dripping garments as He presses on to Calvary. Who could deny the horror of the cancer patient's slow agony? Pain, black, awful, constant, relieved sometimes by blank stretches of unconsciousness, through which the grim hurt stabs.

Teen Talks Clothes Line

By NORMA DE PREZ

It's enough to scuttle any one's dreamboat. What? The question that arises about two hours before the knave of hearts is due to ring your doorbell. It usually goes something like this.

"Mother, what will I wear tonight?" The desperate tone of your voice convinces the entire family of your tragic plight. Big sisters volunteer a few well worded warnings concerning any invasions of her closet and dad retires to his Norma DePrez quiet recluse behind the sport's page.



You can't even find your curlers amidst the confusion. As you make your way to the downy couch and sweet dreams you decide to face the nightmare in the morning.

We all succumb to the temptation but it all can be avoided by introducing the costume of the day to a hanger and its own place in the closet. System is the secret. Perhaps you can save your mother a few of those countless warnings to hang it up, brush it well, fold it neatly and put it away.

There is one hint that if heeded, will be a constant reminder to put the accent on neatness. Somewhere between the football hero's picture and the souvenir from the last dance, tack up a sign that reads "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Friars of Graymoor Depart for Japan

Graymoor, N. Y. — (NC) — His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, presided at departure ceremonies here for seven Atonement friars who are going to Japan. It was the first such ceremony in the 50 years of the Atonement community, the first time Atonement friars have been sent to the foreign missions.

Bishop Thomas J. McDonnell, Auxiliary of New York and national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, also participated. The destination of the departing contingent is a 60-square-mile area in the Yokohama diocese.

Name Japanese Baby After Peter, Pius XII

Rome — (CIP) — An eighth child was born in Vatican City to the wife of Mr. Masada Kanayama, who was Secretary of the Japanese Embassy to the Vatican at the time of the Japanese surrender and who is still living with his family in Vatican City. The Kanayamas are Catholics. The baby was baptized "Pietro Eugenio," Pietro in honor of St. Peter the Apostle and Eugenio in honor of Pope Pius XII whose original name was Eugenio Pacelli.

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Near East Missions. Francis Cardinal Spellman, President. Magr. Thomas J. McMahon, National Secretary. Rev. Harry M. O'Conner. Rev. Andrew H. Rogosh. Human Derelicts. Through no fault of their own, over half a million human derelicts, battered and broken-hearted refugees are stranded all over the Holy Land. Listen to Monsignor McMahon: "At Ramallah two thousand, around Bethlehem over twenty-five thousand, in Transjordan more than a hundred thousand. What do they need? Food — Clothes — Medicine! Archbishop Testa, the Pope's Representative here, has founded The Catholic Committee for Palestine, and it is using funds from America. An Irish Franciscan, Fr. Eugene Hoede, helps him in this work. Every day, food and clothing are distributed. But the good Archbishop despairs of the future. Thousands of dollars are needed to do what should be done. Won't you help? At least give a small gift. I assure you the Church is the only help in these parts. Help us to help Christ's Poor—here in Christ's Homeland!"

SHOES FOR ORPHANS. Sixty converts. Monsignor writes: "On Christmas day I offered Mass for our benefactors on the very spot where Our Savior was born. Then I visited the Religious Houses of Bethlehem, which our Near East friends have helped so much. Fr. Francis, the Superior of the big Salesian orphanage, told me it was hard scraping to get them all a dinner on Christmas. But I could not eat when I saw the plight of these poor children! Bethlehem was cold and wet! The walking was bad—very bad, and they need shoes desperately! Can you give ten dollars toward shoes for these homeless children? They are homeless in the town where Christ was born! The Salesian Fathers have made room for them—such as it is—but will you make room for them in your heart?"

LADY POVERTY. Monsignor continues: "I saw Christ again multiplying the loaves for His Poor at St. Saviour's Franciscan Monastery in Jerusalem. Twelve thousand loaves of bread are distributed every day, by the Fathers. Besides, eight hundred people come for a midday meal—the only meal they get. In a thousand other ways, the Friars preach and exemplify the Gospel, for the poor! Even from afar, you must be moved by this picture. Remember the Poor of Palestine in these cold winter days. Twenty-five dollars will provide food for over a hundred people. This Stringless Gift makes you a partner—in the Lord's Loving Kindness."

A FRIEND OF PRIESTS. Yesterday we observed the feast of St. John Chryostom, who wrote the first book on the Catholic Priesthood. In his honor we have named the CHRYSOSTOMS — our dollar-a-month Club for the education of priests. Won't you join? It is a work most necessary to the Church—most highly blessed by God. Send all communications to Catholic Near East Welfare Association 480 Lexington Ave. at 44th St. New York 17, N. Y.

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