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At Our House
Tongue's Day Off

By MARY TITLEY DALY

Winter brings its trials and its lessons. . . The trial was a case of laryngitis—a sore trial indeed for a woman, but a rather delightful thing for children when Mom is the one afflicted. She doesn't suffer; she can still cook and sew, but she can speak only in a whisper—and it's so easy to get out of a whisper!

"Only cure for laryngitis is rest," said the Head of the House. "Rest!" I whistled. "How can anybody rest on Saturday when there is so much to do? All these beds to change, a cake to bake, Markie's coat to lengthen, four shampoos to give. . . By this time the Head of the House was out of breath, downstairs listening to the radio.

"I'm going to the garage," Johnny said. "Oh, no you're not," I croaked irritably. "It's about time you did something around here." "O. K. What?" he asked reasonably. "Scrub and varnish the steps," I whispered, concealing the job on the spur of the moment, then related a bit. "They'll be ready to wax when you come home from the game."

SO, WHILE I went on changing sheets on the beds, Markie scrubbed the steps, then varnished them and was off to the garage—leaving the can of varnish at the foot of the steps where Stretch promptly walked into it. "What look at you, you big snot?" said Pat, trying to clean her up with soap and water.

FOR ROSARY CRUSADE



A return to the Family Rosary was urged by the Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., founder of the Family Rosary Crusade, when he spoke before some 2,000 students at the University of Notre Dame. Pictured following the address are the two co-captains of the 1948 Notre Dame football team, Ends Jim Martin, (left) and Leon Hart (right), shown contributing their donation to Father Peyton for his Family Rosary Crusade fund. (NC Photos)

Women's Viewpoint
Hooded Brothers

Along with National Apple Week and National Doughnut Week we also observe National Brotherhood Week—the time, that is, when civic leaders and others estimable citizens get together to reassure each other that Americans love one another.

There is much hand-shaking and a generous speechifying to the effect that our land is free from bigotry and intolerance, that color and creed lines do not exist. In other words it's just love, love, all the way.

The more lyrical observers of Brotherhood Week are bound to extol the comparatively new attitude toward religion casually referred to as tolerance. Tolerance, which seems to connote a patronizing permission of the various vagaries of human nature collectively known as religion, began when modern thinkers could no longer tolerate the Catholic religion.

THERE IS A more than slight suggestion that religion doesn't really matter among brothers anyway. If the superstitious wish to continue to practice certain rites and to adhere to the Hells (outworn of course), let wonderful modern spirit of tolerance will suffer these eccentricities to dwell peacefully beside the enlightened agnostics.

The only real tolerance which can withstand the wear and tear of the human race, according to Truth and God, must be based on a recognition of human dignity and right. It must respect and understand all of man's efforts to work out his salvation; tolerance must not be merely an attitude, it must be a conviction.

We blithely talk about the apparent fact that in America all men are not only equal but have equality of opportunity—and while negro citizens are forced to carry please for admission to our universities to our highest tribunals, fuzzy-witted demagogues proclaim our sweet land of liberty. In seventeen of our forty-eight states negroes are not allowed to enter freely into our institutions of higher learning.

In southern states where separate educational facilities exist, the negro schools are often poorly equipped and unable to meet the needs of its students. Questions of race are difficult ones to solve and almost equally in surmountable is the problem of how to overcome not race hatred but rather the mass indifference to the racial enigma.

CERTAINLY THE proper sphere of effort for those concerned with furthering true understanding between groups, would be to recognize the crying need for arousing us all from the civic inertia which seems to grip us when questions of racial inequalities are aired.

One wonders if the hand of Methodist Bishop Oxnam will be extended this week for the group of fraternal understanding. The worthy Oxnam, in his current blast on the Catholic Church is accusing us of not only attempting to foster medieval culture on a free America, but also, he cries, our alleged assaults on religious liberty stems from the Catholic clergy whom, he feels, get orders from Rome.

Like all of those who possess little sense of history, Oxnam considers medieval thought abhorrent. No group, Bishop, not even the Catholic Church could bring this frenzied age of ours to accept medieval thought. If there are any, not medieval, but Dark Age strategists among us yet, they would be those southerners who still go out swathed in bed linen to perpetrate hysterical tomfoolery in the name of freedom. When our clergy, in conjunc-

Teen Talks
Old Sweet Song

By NORMA DE FREZ

This is it. The real McCoy. You've fallen head over heels, beanie over bobby socks sobbing and started sighing; stopped existing and started living. It must be love, you tell yourself, because seven days a week you have that "flowers that bloom in the Spring" feeling.

Sinatra's songs have ceased to be just maple syrup, now they mean something. . . Yes, he's singing just for you. You are starry-eyed at breakfast, radiant during math class and always one step ahead of Vaughn in the race with Mr. Moon. There they are—all the symptoms.

HOLLYWOOD couldn't have staged it any better. First love hit you just as it did Taylor, Temple or Davis (when she took off her glasses). Only you with it's all rosy technicolor and right in your own hometown.

Tuesday night phone calls, Friday night dates and Sunday walks have turned the "I" and "he" into "we". Yes this must be love, you keep cooing to yourself. Why? Because your heart tells you, of course. But Susy, there is where you're wrong. If it's true love, your heart doesn't tell you—your head does. There has to be more than a heart to the matter, it needs a mind and a motive.

First love is fine but it is not always final. Perhaps if you skip out last year's diary, you will discover that you suffered through the same thing a Spring or two ago. Last season it was that blond, lanky and lovable soda jerk wasn't it?

Maybe it was the boy in the next block or the cheer leader from 313. No matter who it was you and your family struggled to live through it. Want to tell us about your last and lost love? Did it do something like this?

AFTER A whirling round of dates, doings and memory songs and faded cognaces, the light in your eye turned into a tear on your cheek or a lump in your throat. There you were, feeling a little like Helen Trent and trying to find a comfortable spot on the shelf. You finally decided it was just one of those things. Your first love had expired as quietly as a subscription to the Saturday Evening Post. You went through all the tortures of not hearing the phone ring on Tuesday nights knowing that it was only the paper boy pushing the front door bell. You couldn't find enough to do on Friday nights and you were always afraid of seeing "him" with someone else.

You could have made a Mrs. Anthony out of every gal at the lunch table or sewed a large red heart on your sleeve, but you didn't. You stopped moaning and started moving again. You had something else up your sleeve and this time it wasn't just stardust.

You were hurt but not fatally wounded. Result? The phone.

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Priest and Aides
Slain in Manchuria

Shanghai — (NC) — The Rev. Anton Ebnoether, Swiss missionary in northern Manchuria, whose death was reported three months ago, is now known to have been killed, with a Chinese Catholic hui-chang or elder and two Chinese women catechists. The four are reported to have been "killed by Koreans." All of northern Manchuria has been in Chinese communist hands since the withdrawal of the Soviet forces in April, 1946.



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St. Francis Fete Planned in Japan
 Tokyo (NC) The right arm of St. Francis Xavier, now at the Gesù Church in Rome, will be brought to Japan for the duration of the fourth centenary pilgrimage in commemoration of the Saint's arrival in this country, from May 29 to June 12. The announcement was made by the Rev. Bruno Bitter, S.J., of the Catholic University of Tokyo, who has returned from round-the-world trip in the interests of the pilgrimage. Meantime, at Nagasaki, authorities have embarked on a 75,000,000 yen program to improve the appearance of the city which will be the official start of the pilgrimage. Like Golgotha outside Jerusalem, Nagasaki's Holy of the 26 Martyrs was once a place of opprobrium. It is different now. The people of Nagasaki know that the pilgrims are coming—the men and women of many lands are willing to cross the seven seas to see this treasure of Christendom. They want to show that they, too, glory in the Faith they share with the Nagasaki Christians.

Births High in Poland
 Warsaw — (CIP) — An increase in population was recorded in the capital city of Warsaw, which has had 15,534 births and only 4,683 deaths during 1948. It has just been announced.

Convert Heads
RAF Fighters
 London — (NC) — A Catholic has been appointed as commander-in-chief of the British Royal Air Force Fighter Command. He is Air Vice-Marshal Sir Basil Embry, a convert since 1944, and will take up his new duties next April. Sir Basil has been described as "the toughest little man in the services." He has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order, a bravery award, four times. Shot down and captured while attacking German air fields in the Low Countries in 1940, he made four attempts to escape, finally tramping through France to freedom. He was forbidden further operational activity because the Nazis shot recaptured prisoners, but ignoring Air Ministry instructions, he helped attack Gestapo headquarters in Copenhagen as "Wing Commander Smith."

Largest Diocese in Europe
 Cologne (NC) The diocese of Muenster, Westphalia, now claims to be the largest of Europe if not the world with a total of 2,200,000 Catholics as against 1,700,000 at the end of the war. The increase is due to the mass influx of refugees and expellees from the Eastern provinces.

Perpetual Novena to St. Anthony
 EVERY Tuesday Evening — 7:30 P. M.
 At The New **SHRINE of St. ANTHONY**
 St. Anthony's Church ELMIRA, N. Y.
 Petitions Sent to St. Anthony's Shrine Will Be Remembered in All the Novena Prayers and Placed on the Shrine

Near East Missions
 Francis Cardinal Spellman, President
 Mgr. Thomas J. McMahon, National Secretary
 Rev. Harry M. O'Connor Rev. Andrew H. Rogoosh

Shoe Repair Kits
 Paper and rags are poor substitutes for leather, so we have just shipped to Archbishop Marina, the Pope's representative at Beirut, Fifty Shoe Repair Kits. Each kit contains leather soles, heels, nails, wax, thread and all that is needed to repair 40 pairs of shoes — 20 men's and 20 women's. We are sure there are fifty readers who will help us pay for them. They cost twenty dollars a Kit — one thousand dollars for the shipment. Won't you give at least one?

NOT A TREE FOR MILES
 Monsignor McMahon wrote us about his visit to Archbishop Peter Chami in Hauran. "There is not a tree for miles—winds whipping the plains. The only 'firewood' is animal dung and the houses are little stone dugouts. I froze and starved there. The Church is the only symbol of salvation. Bishop Chami needs Schools—and he wrote today: 'With only \$200.00 I can build and equip a school with benches, chairs, etc.' Would you aid this Bishop with the fighters' heart—who is working for God and souls—in the face of unbelievable obstacles?"

WHY NOT? — TODAY!
 Sometimes benefactors tell us "I have been intending to do this for years." Again and again you have read our appeals for students who need aid to finish their course—and stand at the Altar as Other Christs. Stephen—Paul and David have five years of study before ordination. Why not write us—today—that you will adopt one of these students—and pay the one hundred dollars a year for his training and education? You will have an Adopted Son—offering Mass in your name—and for your intentions—at the Altar of the Living God.

ELEVEN ABANDONED BABIES
 Father Joseph Koukars of Mutton in Shertally, India, told us in his last letter: "We have eleven abandoned babies in the orphanage of our poor leper asylum. The price of things has gone very high. To purchase things I have no money and I am already in debt." Can you aid this Father of the helpless and the homeless—the Chaplain to God's Lepers? Even Five Dollars will do much!

THE ORPHANAGE IS DESTITUTE
 In Broumana, the Sisters of Charity have an orphanage for destitute children. Sister Bouxin, the Superior, writes "The poor little waifs come to us with nothing. They need everything not only food—but clothes. But so many have come that now the orphanage is destitute." Won't you help good Sister Bouxin with at least one dollar. Twenty-five dollars would be Manna from Heaven. It would feed her orphans for a whole day!

WE DO NOT DEDUCT
 When you send us ten dollars for a Food Package for the hungry, homeless people of the Near East—we do not deduct a single cent for overhead. Your offering purchases ten dollars worth of food for starving people—children, old folks, sisters and priests, who beg your help in the name of the Compassionate Christ. We ship Food Packages every week. Will you give one?

A MEMBER OF NONE
 The famous French writer Lacordaire says of the priest "He belongs to every family—but is a member of none." Our Refugee Priests in Germany, Italy and the Near East belong to you! Please send us your Mass intentions for them. We acknowledge every single offering—and send a Mass Card—if you wish.

ONE TON OF CLOTHES
 St. Augustine's Women's Club of South Boston has shipped us over a ton of clothes for our Refugees. Here is a project that costs little or nothing. But it is one of the Corporal Works of Mercy! Ask your Club officers to run a drive for Used Clothing. Nobody minds giving! Ship it—freight or parcel post—in our C.N.E.W.A. Warehouse 52-15 Flushing Avenue, Masspeth, L.I., N.Y. Or better still, collect clothes yourself! We need and welcome used clothing for Children and Adults. Our Refugees are in rags. Please help!

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS
 We turn to our Stringless Gift Fund—when every other appeal fails. Make a Donation to this Fund for Lost Causes!

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