

At Our House Stretch Goes on a Spree

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Exasperating, that's what it was—Stretch needing a snow suit with winter practically over... Why, only a week ago her one-piece suit still fitted, after a fashion. True, she wasn't the picture of "what the well-dressed child is wearing"—not with extra anklets and cuffs added and a band of ribbing inserted around her fat middle—but at least we could still get her into it with a bit of huffing and puffing. Now, all of a sudden, the zipper wouldn't zip and the seat was out.

"For heaven's sake get her a new one," said the Head of the House, beholding his ragamuffin daughter.

"But there's no choice left now," I complained. "The best suits go early, then the sales clear out most of the others. By now there's nothing left but buyers' mistakes."

"Want to wrap her in a shawl for the rest of the winter?" he asked reasonably. "Or keep her in the house to languish till spring? Say, you used to love to buy little garments—half the bills were from the infants' department."

Those were days before we had to patronize every department in the store from the young collegians, through junior miss and "growing girls."

"STILL INDIGNANT, I set out with Stretch next day—not on a shopping "spree" this time. The object was a snow suit, warm and durable and as big as Stretch could carry around with-



Mary Tinley Daly

out actually dragging—something she could "grow into." I stared stonily unmoved at the "perfectly precious" little garment the other customers were raving over, while Stretch played with a giant panda and teddy bears and carried on an animated conversation with a contemporary—a much bearded blonde.

"I'm gonna get that ruffled dress," said the blonde proudly. "The elderly lay sitting in the next chair smiled indulgently. "Of course I'm going to get it for her," she said. "Little girls do love pretty clothes. When my own were young I always bought them serviceable things and never asked what they wanted."

"But it's not always possible," I protested.

"Of course not," she laughed. "But you do have regrets as you grow older—and I guess most of all you regret not enjoying 'em as you go along. You think of all the fun you missed with your own. Now that we're grandmothers we realize that, don't we?"

"Oh, yes," I gulped, "yes, indeed! And they are cute..."

"They're not only cute, they're interesting."

Curly-top came over and showed Grandma the intricacies of a toy kangaroo that carried a baby kangaroo in its pouch. Grandma was all interest. "The Mama kangaroo keeps her babies warm that way," she explained, "and carries them because they can't walk very fast."

"What size is it?" I asked, pointing weakly.

"Size four," beamed the salesgirl. "Just right for your darling little girl, and I'm sure it will look precious on her."

It did.

So Stretch and I left the store, carrying the big box containing the snowy suit—and the utterly unnecessary dress.

"... the fun you missed with your own," rang in my ears.

"Want to go to the Hot Shoppe for lunch, Stretch?" I asked.

"Who? Me?" she asked, dumfounded.

Over luncheon, Stretch and I discussed how pretty the new dress was; how surprised Aunt Virginia would be when she saw her in it; her friend Stevie's new tricycle; that Stretch would like to be called her real name, Virginia, "just sometimes"; and the merits of vanilla vs. chocolate ice cream. Chocolate tastes better but makes spots that show, I learned.

It was a shopping spree, after all!

BY THIS TIME the salesgirl was ready for us and, by some rare stroke of good fortune, there was a snow suit that fitted Stretch—fitted now and would fit next year—but not the drag-around-forever kind.

"And will that be all?" asked the girl, making out the sales ticket. I glanced around to see where Stretch was—planted wide-eyed before a mannequin in a ruffled dress.

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PRELATE AIDS RED CROSS



Opening the annual American Red Cross appeal, which will continue throughout March, His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, makes his donation to the cause. Holding the Red Cross book is Mrs. Henry Mann, chairman of the Catholic Charities for the New York chapter. The goal for New York City is \$1,635,000.

Women's Viewpoint

100 Years of Clancy

MARIE WEIDMAN

Hey, Clancy, lower the boom, it's time for Mother Macree, Mollie Malone, shamrocks and shillelaghs. Beset by the sweet but dizzying aroma of corned beef and cabbage we are about to mark another Paddy's Day accompanied, of course, by the usual Dirty Moore jokes, begorras and all the other pleasant Irish-historical articles of the two kinds of folk who people our earth—the ones who are Irish and those who wish they were.

There are still the soft mistis, the gentle green-bearing rains to be felt, the riotous foxglove to be sniffed and rose-embowered cottages to be viewed. If you look, you'll find wicker in the Glens of Antrim, beauty in boglands and, of course, magic everywhere in the shadowy world of the Irish imagination.



Marie Weidman

The soft and wistful cadences of Irish speech have sounded in America for one hundred and three years now; the tragic humor and melancholy, the lustiness and gaiety of the Gaelic character has been enriching and invigorating our American race through several generations. And all this because one potato crop failed in 1846 and the cheap steamship ticket for the starving Irish was a one way passage to the Port of Boston.

THE MILLION WHO disembarked between 1846 and 1860 have contributed much to our culture. They have given us Irish policemen, prelates and princes of the Church, politicians, Barry Fitzgerald and Tim O'Hearn's place at the corner. They have even been able to teach us the satisfaction of witnessing a well attended funeral.

Civility oppressed through the centuries, often feeling that the single fact that a law constituted endorsement to break it, the Irish nevertheless demand absolute authority in their religion. They transplanted to the new world, or, as they casually refer to America, "the next parish," their win-inspiring, stupendous religious faith, the faith that gave them the passion to conquer their conquerors, the fire to face the persecutions of the centuries, though bleeding, broken and starved.

In the free air of this continent our noblest cathedrals and our earliest Catholic schools sprang from the earnings of Irish laborers who lived serious in the aged admonition to "keep the faith."

ALTHOUGH IT took a famine to get the Irish out of Ireland, it is now somewhat of a problem to get back in; all available planes and boats are carrying the Irish-American pilgrim back there. Sleek green planes have been ferrying them into Shannon Airport at the rate of twenty five thousand per year. The old enchantment of Connemara Alldoon, Cork and Galway Bay

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Address: PATTERNS DEPT., COURIER JOURNAL, 121 W. 19th St., New York 11, New York.

Teen Talks Catechism for Cats

By NORMA DE PREZ

Is the whole world singing your song? Does it go something like this? Come-meow-t, come-meow-t, my pretty kitten. When you ask for a drink of milk, do they serve it in a glass or a bowl? In other words, are you a cat?



Ouch! The answer is yes. It may hurt to admit it. But did you ever think just how much your uncathartic behavior hurts others? There is no getting away from the fact that girls like to talk—the only difficulty is that we aren't satisfied to just talk—we have to talk about others.

"But we are made that way. It comes under something called human frailty," you plead. Sorry Susy, that is no excuse. Reason number one. Cattiness is downright wrong. Reason number two goes straight back to you. Weren't you the one who boasted about girls being made of sugar, spice and everything nice?

IT'S A BIG temptation to give in to giving out with unkind patter. For instance, just the other day that cokes session turned into a meow-meow the minute you started talking about homework. Did you notice how the crowd began labeling various members of the class as though they were pickle bottles or baked beans or raspberry preserve?

Soon the mission was completed and you had mostly everyone in his or her respective category. The jerks, the goons, the fast cookies, the birdbrains and the bookworms.

When the teens talk, does it go something like this?

"You know who is all right but she is an absolute bore on a double date. She told me she would rather read a good book than date a boy. Can you imagine!... Betty Blank has the most ridiculous taste in clothes. Why, she has worn that dowdy tan suit every day for the last week... I don't know how what's-her-name could even think of taking him to the dance. My mother wouldn't let me go out with him... Wait until you hear this choice bit of news. Narcissus is a junior and she has never been out on a date."

And so goes the story. Know what may be wrong? Too often we judge other people by what our crowd thinks and does. We consider that the ultimate norm, the only standard. We may be wrong.

YOU KNOW WHO probably

Personal

Jim All is forgotten. Return home at once. You will never again be late for an appointment and lose your job. We promise to buy an accurate new Buick at Moran Dealers.

Charlie MORGAN

16 Main E. At Reynolds' Arcade

Graham Greene Gets Book Award

St. Louis (AP) — Graham Greene, Francois Mauriac and Evelyn Waugh have been selected for membership in the Academy of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, according to an announcement here. The selections were the first in ten years. The Academy consists of 40 "contemporary immortals" among Catholic writers.

Mr. Greene, an Englishman, is noted for his "The Power and the Glory" which was made into the movie "The Fugitive," and for the recent "The Heart of the Matter." Mauriac, a member of the French Academy, has written a number of outstanding novels.

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Do You Collect Stamps?

One of the world's largest stamp collectors who knows of Cardinal Spellman's interest in stamps, recently learned about our Cardinal's Refugee Fund. To help this most deserving cause, and swell this fund, he has given us a thousand sets of Religious Stamps—genuine foreign postage stamps, featuring religious scenes, madonnas, lives of the saints, Vatican stamps, etc. To everyone who makes a contribution to the Cardinal's Refugee Fund—we shall send one of these sets of Religious Stamps. If you want one, for yourself, or another collector, write today.

SAINT PATRICK

Because of their unfailing loyalty through the centuries to the Vicar of Christ, the Maronites have been called the Irish of the East. We would like to honor Ireland's patron saint by building for the Maronites in Achrafieh near Beirut, a much needed Chapel School to be called St. Patrick's School. It will cost \$1,500.00 and will have a lovely little chapel and statue of St. Patrick. Would you be willing to spread the faith of good St. Patrick by giving this Chapel-School? At least make a contribution to the cause.

YARDSTICK OF ETERNITY

There is no yardstick by which we can measure God's love. It is infinite and eternal. But the Crucifix does give a faint idea of God's love for men. Will you give this yardstick of eternity for one of our Near East Chapels. It is an ideal Lenten gift and costs only twenty dollars.

MOTHER OF SORROWS

The most beautiful statue we have ever seen is the Pietà—the sorrowful Mother with the dead Christ, by Michelangelo in St. Peter's. Would you like to give a Pietà as a Lenten gift to Our Lady? We can purchase a lovely one for fifty dollars, and place it in your name in a Chapel in the Near East. Our Lady would love it.

BEFORE YOU DIE

An old Irish mother once said "When I die, I hope the world will be a little better, because I have lived in it." She was building a little Mission Chapel in memory of her husband and herself. Before YOU die, do something big—for God—for the world—and for yourself. Write us what you can afford to give—five hundred, a thousand dollars or more—and we will help you do something that will bring you joy—for all eternity.

NO PAY CHECK

Our thousands of priests and sisters in the Near East receive no pay check. They work unceasingly—for love of God—to save souls. But they must have the necessities of life—a little food, decent clothes. Won't you share your pay check with those who never receive one? Our Stringless Gift Fund provides emergency aid—for these devoted men and women—who ask nothing for themselves—but the bare necessities of life. How much can you give?

AN UNENDING CRY

Each morning brings to our refugees the knowing pangs of hunger—to us the unending cry for food. We can never get enough Food Packages to feed the refugees in Christ's Homeland. Ten dollars buys one Food Package. Will you give one for Christ's starving poor?

IS YOUR NAME PATRICK?

If you—or one you love—wears this proud name, won't you read again our appeal for St. Patrick's Chapel School? Please help!

IN EVERY LETTER

In every letter that Monsignor McMahon writes from the Near East, he begs for help for our schools. More even than Churches—we need schools in the Near East. One dollar a month will make you a Basilian—a member of our Guild for Schools—and will make many converts for Christ. Please join.

EMPTY HANDED

Remember empty handed—before God on your day of Judgment. Why the C.N.E.W.A. in your will.

Send all communications to

Catholic Near East Welfare Association

480 Lexington Ave. at 46th St. New York 17, N. Y.