

Teen Talks That Awkward Age

By NORMA DE PREZ

The fellows and girls in home room called her Miss Fourth of July. They all agreed that she was cute but oh, so fat. She was the spirit of independence personified.

If that red-headed boy who sat behind her in Latin class phoned her for a date, he would get a cool reply in a tone that made him feel like low. She sat on a long, long waiting list. She always seemed just a little above a movie-crook - and - home - by - twelve kind of Norma DePrez date. So at home sat this little Miss Saturday after Saturday night.



Miss Nothing Violet occupied a seat on the other side of home room. She was sweet and sixteen but oh, so shy. She was never heard and seldom seen.

THE GUYS AND girls seemed to think she was just a little afraid of people and was doomed to be a permanent fixture in that corner. So at home sat, Saturday night after Saturday night, looked every one thought she liked it better that way.

Someone is a stage that are - from someplace between the

time we put away the dolls and discover that the right amount of lipstick puts a sparkle in the eye or that first dates can be fun. We must face it sensibly. Synes is not incubated; it usually comes about because a teen timer just doesn't feel quite sure of herself.

Our little Miss Independence thought she had licked the problem by skipping by the blushing, bright-eyed stage while Violet had convinced herself that hers was the lot of a lonely wallflower.

NEITHER ONE of our friends has really solved her problems because neither of them has faced it sensibly.

There comes a time in every girl's life when mother shakes her head and sighs in despair. "That awkward age." Remember the time that you planned a wonderful Bunny Hop during Easter vacation? You spent all day moving furniture, gathering just the right kind of records and thinking of all the clever things you'd say.

Somehow, things just didn't go your way. You found your-

self hiding behind the punch bowl or doing a hundred unnecessary things because all that clever chatter had left you.

A FEW TIMES between twelve and twenty you have probably been caught off balance. Maybe you have felt just on the edge of the crowd, or stumbled over everyone's feet on the dance floor or ordered a hamburger when the rest had ice cream cones.

You've cried yourself to sleep, thought fourteen was a terrible age and should be forbidden, and got mad at yourself for being so shy.

Maybe you are shy because you lack a little of that certain something called personal confidence. A short course in good grooming with a major in soap and water and a minor in the proper use of cosmetics will win you the right degree of sureness.

Pause a while for a little concentration on please. Just lessen your pace and you'll be two steps ahead of the rest.

Dialog Mass Prayers St. Louis - (INC) - "Our Dialog Mass," a 32-page booklet which limits its subject matter to those prayers necessary for the congregation at the Dialog Mass, has been published here by the Pio Decimo Press. The work of compilation and arrangement was under the direction of a diocesan Commission on Sacred Liturgy.

TO ANOTHER BOYS TOWN



Monsignor John Patrick Carroll-Abbing (left), founder and director of Italy's Boys Republic, presents a scroll of honorary citizenship in the Italian organization to Monsignor Nicholas II. Wegner, successor to late Father Flanagan as Director of Boys-Town, Neb. The two met for the first time in New York where this picture was taken. Looking on is Judge Juvenal Marchillo (right), president of American Relief for Italy. This agency is sponsoring the Italian Boys Towns.

Women's Viewpoint

Dilly, Dilly Lavender

MARIE WEIDMAN

Although the oncoming vernal season brings burgeoning buds and soft air, for sheer, soaring inspiration nothing compares with a bracing bounce on the velvet green, turf like carpet of the millinery salon.

Let those who will contemplate one Spring in every lady's life when she seeks the more rarified and expensive air of an atelier where in cloister-like quiet she can really give the matter the serious study it requires. When this is being galling but deadly forms of Spring fever shows forth, repair quickly to Lulu's.



Truthfully, Lulu really swings a mean straw brim. Under her nervous fingers artists' hands that is, a straw box can literally take form and breathe in a twinkling she pinions it in a scrap of felt and in another split second tastefully arranges a fifty dollar price tag at some strategic point. The hat is sheer artistry; the price is unmitigated nerve.

LULU, AN A true member of the Duche Dynasty, displays no hats to uncouth public gaze when you are seated in a mauve satin chair you explain hesitantly, since Lulu's appraising at the moment inartistic gaze is calculating how much you can pay, that you thought you'd like a hat made this season.

Simple Miss Lulu, perhaps in that new blue that's not blue but lavender. Well, she darts forth and back and maybe forth a couple more times to emerge with an armful of assorted flow-ers blue-velvet and bare straw forms. She pops one of these on your head and slides a few blooms over an ear. Please, Lulu my ears won't take blossoms sorry.

Who wants to look like an ad for Burpee's zinnia seeds? She agrees as she begins winding six yards of cloudy veil under your chin, anchoring it ultimately among a few pen-dulous red cherries.

Miss Lulu bears original, don't you think? Yes, if you mean that no one ever thought of it before but on a head, well, one wonders. Most people object to resembling a fruit salad, with or without cream and who can replace Carmen Miranda?

YOU KEEP on trying, or rather Miss Lulu tries on, you keep objecting. Across the shop one of Lulu's trustees is creating a purple bonnet of a thing for a largish lady. Her husband surveys it growling, says he doesn't like violets. Say Lulu, how'd he get in here? Hey Joe, uncomfortable? Serves you right for coming here in the first place.

Clearly, Miss Lulu is showing signs of strain. Joe is turning away as he hears the price of the purple hat. Lulu shakes her head, she thinks you're dowdy. You think she must dream of nothing but white lilacs and red cherries.

Would you mind, Lulu, if I looked around a bit? I'll be next week. Joe grabs his lady, informing her they'll go to Glotz's where the violets are more restrained. Wait Joe, I'm coming too. What? Yes, definitely. Glotz understands us simple people.

Canada's Missioners Increase Tenfold Montreal - (N) - There are 10 times as many Canadian missionaries serving in various parts of the world today as there were 25 years ago, according to figures published by the Quebec Foreign Mission Society. In 1923 there were only 28. Today the total is approximately 2,800, of whom slightly more than 1,000 are priests and the remainder Brothers.

At Our House Markie Reads a Book

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Every afternoon for a week Markie and her friend Mary Edith have been working on their book reports, due Monday morning. True, this book report business seemed to have an awful lot of "art work" connected with it, as the two girls made elaborate covers for what we hoped were gems of critical analyses of the books they had chosen to review.



Mary Edith, with her talent for drawing, illustrated her cover with freehand pictures. Markie, more the scissors-and-paste-pot type artist, went through all the magazines in the house, snipping here and there. The clipping frenzy even caused a minor domestic tragedy: the Head of the House found a vital spot cut out of the middle of an article he was reading an article very important to him.

And Markie had chosen to review "Joan of Arc" and, of course, pictures of Bergman as "Joan" had to line back and front covers of the super-special book review - with a huge picture of Bergman in full battle regalia as the perfect cover girl.

LATE THIS afternoon Sunday, Markie put the final touches to the cover, carefully stenciling in the title, "Joan of Arc" - until Johnny called her attention to the spelling.

"There," she said finally. "I'll call up Mary Edith and tell her mine's done."

Mary Edith had finished hers too, but had run into a little difficulty. Seems she had returned the book to the library and couldn't refer to it - she asked Markie.

"Oh, I haven't written that yet," Markie said nonchalantly. "I suppose I'll have to read part of the book before I write it."

A week spent on the cover, not a line of the book read - the review due in the morning and this an hour before bedtime.

THE HEAD of the House laughed. "I've read some to you."

Catholic Students Fight Segregation New York (RNS) - Passage of legislation to abolish segregation and racial discrimination in Washington, D. C. will be pushed by the National Commission on Interracial Justice of the National Federation of Catholic College Students. It was announced here.

Miss Clare McGowan, chairwoman of the commission and a senior at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart said her group's organized opposition to "social and economic injustices" centered out to Washington. Negroes were heard principally on the recent report of the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital.

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views that sounded as if the reviewers had followed Markie's system. Maybe she can get away with it too.

"Well, she's not going to try," I said indignantly, shutting off the radio, pushing Markie into a chair and the book into her hands. "Now you read that, young lady, every word of it if you have to stay up all night!" Ten minutes went by, and Markie turned to page 2. An other ten minutes. "What does da-up-h-in spell?" she asked. I looked over her shoulder. Why, the book was full of French names - naturally - and at this rate Markie would be up all night. Well, the development of that "interest in reading" would just have to wait for another book.

So of course, I read "Joan of Arc" aloud, skipping casually and incoherently through the French names.

MARKIE SAT wide-eyed and tense on the edge of her chair, fascinated with the story, particularly the battle scenes. As we neared the end and came to Joan's trial and her tragic death Markie was crying. "Wasn't she brave?" Markie sighed. "And so good!" Poor Joan.

She wiped her eyes with grimy fists and sat down to write her review.

"It's easy after you've read the book," she said in surprise.

As Markie got ready for bed, she grew confidential. "It was fun reading that book, wasn't it, Mom?" she asked. "It was a swell story but not the way it sounded when I tried to read it. By the time I'd spelled out the French stuff I forgot what it was all about. Let's get another book and read it, shall we?"

I agreed, seeing the possibility of really developing that "interest in reading" Markie doesn't know it, but the next reading session will have a different technique. First of all, there will be no foreign names to confuse Markie until she has learned to read more easily. Next step: I'll do the reading, just as to-night - but only until we get to an exciting part.

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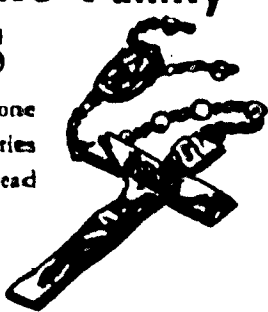
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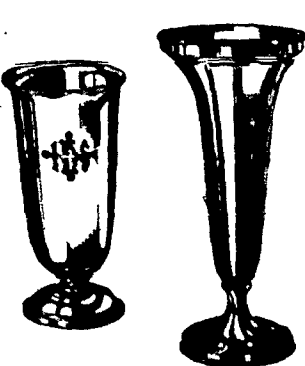
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