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**At Our House**  
**Sisters Go To Town**  
 By MARY TINLEY DALY

Father Jack telephoned from the little town where he is pastor "I'm bringing the Sisters to town," he said. "They work mighty hard all year and this is their day to celebrate. Won't you join us for lunch?"

Waiting in the hotel lobby, we noticed that all eyes were turning towards the front door. Sure enough, there was Father Jack, followed by five nuns, their black and white habits a somber note in the fiery all around. But the habits were the only somber thing about them; the faces beneath the flowing veils were brighter than any others in that fashionable hotel.

Father Jack presented us. Sister Anastasia, the superior, tall and dignified, carried a few neatly sorted leaflets in her hands. "We really began such an educational morning," she smiled so demurely.

"Just wonderful," Sister Annunziata said, shuffling her leaflets and a statue of the Blessed Virgin from one arm to the other so she could shake hands.

PLUM-BISTER Fidells had leaflets too, dozens of them, which kept dropping — also a statue of St. Francis. "We've had fun," she puffed, "but whew! How we've walked!"

Sister Dolores had her share of booty too: a red-tinted banner with "Welcome to Washington!"

We made our way through the lobby — banners, statues, flags and all, and with frequent stops to pick up Sister Fidells' dropped leaflets to the private dining room Father Jack had engaged.

"SO THOUGHTFUL, Father," said Sister Anastasia. "A nice quiet atmosphere."

Little Sister Tommy looked wistfully into the hall through the half-opened door. "I've never been in a big hotel before," she whispered, "and it looks so exciting. Tell me," she leaned closer, "do they really have one of those... those cocktail lounges right here in this hotel?"

"We passed by it," I whispered back, "on the right as we came through."

"Shucks! And I was looking left," she sighed. "Well, next year, if Father brings us again, I'll look right!"

The luncheon proceeded and the Sisters told of all the sights they had seen that morning: the capital, the White House, the Franciscan Monastery.

"Hope the Cathedral were going to doesn't have too many steps," said Sister Fidella, spooning the last drop of chocolate ice cream and dropping a blob of it on the wide white bid.

"Well girls," said Father Jack after lunch, "what shall we see next?"

"The Cathedral?" suggested Sister Anastasia, looking around at her companions. Three of the sisters nodded agreement, but little Sister Tommy asked hesitantly, "Father, could we — as long as we're right here — could we, maybe, see some more of the hotel?"

"Why, sure!" boomed Father Jack. "We'll take a peek into the big dining room and the ballroom and the flower shop."

WHILE THE nuns gathered up their paraphernalia I had a chance to speak to the Head of the House and Father Jack. The two men held a hurried consultation.

"Want to see some beautiful murals?" asked the Head of the House.

"Certainly," answered Sister Anastasia. "We're interested in art."

So the Head of the House turned into an open doorway on the right of the lobby. Several friends sitting at tables halted him with raised glasses and he gave the answering signal and walked in — followed by the five nuns.

Father Jack and I, standing in the doorway, were the only ones to see the whole picture. "These are considered very fine murals," the Head of the House was saying; the nuns were studying the pictures on the walls; the friends at the tables were staring — stunned. "What was this?"

"The drawing is well executed," Sister Anastasia said as they rejoined us, "and the artist has a fine color sense."

"Those people are having a pretty poor lunch," sniffed Sister Fidella. "Just popcorn and potato chips and lead tea. Dieting, I suppose."

Out in the spring sunshine as we walked toward the Cathedral, Sister Tommy took my arm. "That was it, wasn't it?" she whispered.

I nodded.

At the end of the afternoon the tired but happy group piled into Father Jack's car for the sixty-mile ride back to another year's work.

"It's been a perfect day," said Sister Anastasia. "And thanks to Father, we have seen so many interesting things."

"We sure have!" grinned little Sister Tommy, wrinkling up that freckled nose.

Polish Seminarians Needed New York — (NC) — Although the number of students in Catholic seminaries in Poland had risen by 313 in the year 1948 as compared with 1947, this increase is still too small to fill the gaps in the ranks of the Catholic clergy in Poland, the Inter-Catholic Press Agency reports from Cracow.

At the end of 1948 there were only 23 seminarians in all of Poland with 1,754 students.

**Promote Sainthood For American Nun**



Representing hospitals, orphanages, schools and social centers in every part of the country and in Nova Scotia, Superiors-General of the Sisters of Charity are pictured as they gather in Cincinnati for a two-day conference at Mount-Saint-Joseph-on-the-Ohio, to discuss plans for the Cause of their founder, Mother Elizabeth Seton. From a small beginning at Emmitsburg, Md. of three women; the order has spread into seven great congregations, with some 12,000 Sisters. Mother Seton was born in New York in 1774 and died in 1821. If canonized, she would be the first native of the United States elevated to sainthood. Left to right are: seated, Sister Francis DeChantal, Hallfax; Sister Isabel, Emmitsburg; Mother Mary Zoe, Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati and Mother Mary Berchmans, New York. Standing: Sister Mary Benedict, Greensburg, Pa.; Sister Catherine, St. Louis, Mo.; Sister Ellen Marie, Convent Station, N. J. (NC Photos).

**Dutch Missioner, Believed Dead, Alive in Red China**

The Hague — (CIP) — Two Dutch Franciscan Fathers who had been subjected to torture during ten months of imprisonment by Communist Army officials in China, from September, 1947 until the middle of 1948, continued their missionary work after their release by Communist soldiers.

THE STORY of how one of them, Father Kuns, died from injuries received in prison only after his release was told by his Superior, Monsignor Quintinus Pesse, O.F.M., Prefect Apostolic of Kiangchow, Shansi Province, in the first letter received from him since December 3, 1948. The letter arrived at the Franciscan Provincial House at Weert, April 14, 1949.

The Prefect Apostolic reported that he, four Dutch Sisters, and a Chinese Franciscan, Father Liu, "have saved nothing but our lives."

**Alleged Vision Again Disavowed**

Rome (NC) — Another warning, the third printed in Osservatore Romano within the past several months, again clarifies the situation regarding religious activities which have persisted in the grotto, "Tre Fontane," near Paul's Gate, where the Blessed Virgin allegedly appeared two years ago to an unbelieving father and his two children.

OBSERVERS attach some significance to the fact that private prayers are allowed even though public approval of the appearance or authorization for any devotions or other activity connected with it are absolutely denied.

Recent activities have included the distribution of an image of the Virgin, with a prayer printed on the back alleging ecclesiastical approval, together with printed invitations to the faithful to attend devotions and a schedule of devotions there.

The authorities of the Rome Vicariate repeatedly have disavowed the activities, and this time do so once more and any judgment whatever on the alleged appearance, any prayer or other activities relating to such are on the private responsibility of those undertaking them and that formal devotions are forbidden.

**Catholics Launch Congo Study Center**

Brussels (RNS) — The University of Louvain, a Roman Catholic institution has established its first center of higher study for natives in the Belgian Congo.

Members of the Society of Jesus have been given charge of the center which is located near the Kisantu Mission Station 75 miles from Leopoldville. Twenty-three European laymen have been attached to the staff. About 120 natives have already registered for courses.

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**Teen Talks**  
**Gay-You-Know-What**  
 By NORMA DE PREZ

Paris in the Spring! Editors of travel magazines have attempted every known adjective to describe it and have ended up with just an impressive pile of syllables. The boys from Tin Pan Alley have set it to music, poets have dashed off a verse or two about it and tourists have worn out a quantity of "wonderfuls" and "beautifuls" but to no avail.

Why? Because Paris has a magic that defies descriptive words, the click of a Kodak, or even a travelogue. Its charm rests in its people, their carefree spirit and leisurely pace.

WE ARRIVED in Paris by train at eight in the morning. The station was buzzing with activity for that is one place where even continentals must be conscious of time. My father and I (still living very much by the clock) hurried to the street to find a taxi. Many cabs were in evidence and many more people; the result — a transportation problem.

Fortunately, the porter who was carrying our luggage was an enterprising young lad and, spotting an empty cab half way down the next block, he took off in a cloud of determination in hot pursuit of it. A minute later we had passed the waiting throng and were winding in and about the Rue de this or that en route to our hotel.

The glories of gay Paris were enchanting but one cannot exist entirely on glory — or so my stomach reminded me. A bit of lunch was our next consideration.

SOMEONE HAD recommended the L'Oiseau Bleu (The Blue Bird), a delightful little restaurant situated over a pastry shop. The head waiter greeted us warmly (I'm giving him the benefit of a doubt for his French was fluent and mine frugal). He put a menu into my hands that looked impressive enough to be

I was at a complete loss. Even if I knew the French for tuna-fish, I should never have recognized it. I smiled (that's international), pointed to an item that could have said "please check your hat" and sat back to wait, loving the element of chance involved.

WITH A GREAT deal of ceremony, a plate of sizzling something was put before me. Much to my surprise, it was fish — delightfully camouflaged in sauce.

Next on our agenda for the afternoon was a sightseeing tour. Inside the large bus was a Little America. Tourists from all over the States were seated inside; their chatter, candid cameras and gum chewing gave them dead away.

I took a place behind a group of women from Texas who insisted that the famous statue of Joan of Arc didn't look a bit like Ingrid Bergman but that the Eiffel Tower did resemble an oil well. We were all proud to be Americans but sincerely wished they could have been a little quieter about it.

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