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**SHOP, 798 Main Street W.** For your separates a well-stocked line of skirts, sweaters, and blouses are available. You'll find hostery, too, including nurses' whites. So off you go to the **MADMOISELLE DRESS SHOP** for your holiday women's wear needs.

For distinctive gifts see **CLARA PALMER OLIVER**, 45 Clinton Ave., N., who has complete galore for teenager or stately matron. If you're looking for an atomizer or perfume bottle to grace her dressing table you'll find a wide selection from which to choose. You'll put a smile in someone's eye if you select a rhinestone studied bracelet. Don't wait another day—shop while the selection is still good.

Hats hats hats! It's a **BEATRICE BITTLES** hat to add the finishing touch to your favorite outfit. A hat that is styled to the individual is sure to be the "just right" hat. See **BEATRICE BITTLES**, 144 East Avenue for that hat that was meant just for you.

Called **DAMP-CRAMP**, a new plastic ironing bag is announced which eliminates the tedious procedure of hand-pressing each piece during home laundering. When the clothes are dry and plucked from the line you simply stuff them into the **DAMP-CRAMP** bag without rolling. One or more cupfuls of warm water are poured on the clothes, depending on the size of the washing, after which the bag top is twisted or folded closed and put away until ironing time. That's all there is to it.

Gold on green metallic paper wrapping, lavishly ribboned and decorated with holly. That's the holiday outfit **Balmerina Dusting Powder** has put on and comes complete with imported lamb's wool puff. Priced at \$3.50 it's a gift that will be welcome under any Christmas tree.

For that new fur coat the place to go is **BALLA & SON**, 148 East Avenue. The biggest value in town is the sensational 50% cut in the price on the following coats: 1 Mouton Lamb (reg. \$250.00) now \$125.00; 2 No. 1 (dyed) Coyote (reg. \$125.00) now \$62.50; 1 Blended No. 1 Mouton (reg. \$200.00) now \$100.00; 2 Brown Caracul (reg. \$200.00) now \$100.00. These are only a few of the drastic reductions in all fur coats in **BALLA'S** stock.

For more information on food and merchandise shop in **PAVY & SCHREFFEL'S**, 1000-1002 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

**Virginia Makes 15-Dollar Meal of a Safety Pin**

By **MARY TINLEY DALY**

"Better not wear those pink pajamas, Virginia," I said, putting her to bed. "There are two buttons gone."

"Wear the blue ones," I said. "Only one button gone."

"But I'm a big girl I can pin 'em. See?"

She gasped and choked and got blue in the face.

Quickly I put my finger as far as it would go into her throat. "Was it open?"

"Open? Closed?"

"Desperately I tried to remember exactly what my fingers had touched in that little throat. The pin had felt closed—but was that the spring end?"

**VIRGINIA WENT** to sleep peacefully but every half hour we went in to check. There wasn't much sleeping that night for us. "Was it closed?" "Was it open?" "Open? Closed?"

"Desperately I tried to remember exactly what my fingers had touched in that little throat. The pin had felt closed—but was that the spring end?"

As dawn crept in the windows we made another check. Virginia was still sleeping. "She couldn't be in pain," I whispered. "And Dr. Rude said if there was no pain..."

"Oh, but I got an awful pain," Virginia said, waking up bright-eyed and jumping out of her bed. "I think I ought to sleep with Daddy."

"This was the last straw..."

"Don't you know a ham actress when you see one?" The Head of the House grinned.

**WE WERE AT** the emergency room of Suburban Hospital at eight—the minute the X-ray department opened.

"Martin Hayden said he went to Bourbon Hospital, too," Virginia said. He cut his hand and his daddy took him to Bourbon Hospital."

Finally our turn came. "Tell me when you're going to take the picture," Virginia said, and she smiled.

Smile—with an open safety pin in her back! By this time we were sure that the pin was open and we were ready for the works.

The doctor p Virginia on the huge table, darkened the room completely, and we stood on either side holding her hands. He adjusted huge leather spectacles and turned on an eerie red light. We held our breath as the doctor leaned over the table.

He turned on the lights, straightened up and smiled at us. "It's closed," he said. "A small pin, securely closed. Watch for it in about 24 hours."

No cathartics and plenty of soft foods and she'll be O.K."

Funny how an unknown doctor in dark leather spectacles can look so much like an angel.

"I feel a lot better since the man in the funny glasses took that safety pin out," Virginia said as we left the room.

"What'd I tell you?" The Head of the House said over her head.

"Ham actress!"

So we left Bourbon Hospital—via the cashier's window.

And that's how a safety pin cost this family fifteen bucks and cheap at many times the price!

**'I HEAR YOU CALLING ME'**



His Eminence **Samuel Cardinal Stritch**, Archbishop of Chicago, chats about the triumphs of the famous Irish tenor, **John McCormack**, with the singer's widow, **Lily**. Mrs. McCormack was visiting in Chicago where she spoke in the cathedral auditorium on the occasion of the publication of her book about her husband entitled: "I Hear You Calling Me." Cardinal Stritch is shown as he glances at a portrait of the famed tenor on the copy of the book which Mrs. McCormack presented to him. John McCormack received seven papal decorations and in his capacities of papal knight had served in the Court for three popes. He died in 1945. (St. Photos)

**Good Little 'Bad Girl' Wins Converts**

Hiroshima, Japan—(NC)—Hiroko, a little nine-year-old girl, was very mischievous. But just see what she kicked up.

Her anxious mother finally sent her to the school of the Sisters Helpers of the Holy Spirit here for the best interests in the family. Hiroko changed so much—for the better—that her mother was impressed and soon she was baptized along with her four children.

Then Hiroko's great-uncle, nearly 70, became ill, and at the behest of Hiroko's mother, she, too, embraced the Faith. As she lay on her deathbed, the great-uncle used her prerogative as oldest member of the clan, to urge all her relatives to become Catholics.

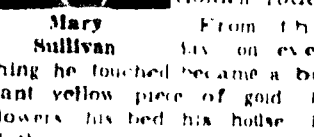
It's too early to say how far Hiroko's "mischievous" will go in the clan, but two other great-aunts are studying Catholic doctrine. Two grand-children and a daughter-in-law of the deceased have just been received in the Church. And several of her nephews also have hopped on the Catholic bandwagon.

**Theology Dean** Washington (NC) The Very Rev. Francis J. Connelley, S.S.R., Superior of Holy Redeemer college of Catholic University of America, has been appointed dean of Catholic University's School of Sacred Theology.

**Youth Parade What Makes Our Blood Run Gold?**

By **MARY SULLIVAN**

One upon a time there lived a great young Midas who had a great gift. He was a legendary character. Because of his violent passion for gold, his obsession increased when he was given an extraordinary power by a friend the gift of the Golden Touch.



**Mary Sullivan** has an evening thing he touched became a brilliant yellow piece of gold. His flowers, his bed, his house, his clothes.

Midas was supremely thankful for his gift and revealed it to his little daughter. She ran up to him, threw her arms around her daddy and suddenly could not kiss him, sing to him, love him or even again bring him the sweet joy he had cherished so much.

As Christmas with her Thurs day night shopping and holy bedecked department stores in the city, Midas' golden touch.

**THERE WE LOOK** into the face of this king and see the great gold for money which led him to destroy the one earthly thing he should have loved—his child. And then looking down into a mirror captured her face, we see the same greedy blood-crazed Midas, we see through his eyes and know that a little there is no difference between Midas and our selves.

He was a king who, blinded by a thirst for wealth, killed his child. And we are children, who, blinded by the same desire for wealth, will take away the life of our King.

Nearly 2,000 years ago when this little king came with a Nursing Schools

**Tokyo, N.Y.** Two nursing schools one for special training in tubercular care will be established by the Hospital Sisters of St. Francis in Japan according to Mother Magdalene Provincial Superior of the community in the United States.

**MISS MEALEY NOW NCCW SECRETARY**

Washington (NC) Miss Margaret Mealey of Oakland, Calif. has been named new executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women.

Miss Mealey who has had wide experience in planning and administering program activities and services for women and girls served for the past year as National Director of Services to Women and Girls for the National Catholic Community Service.

**SHE SUCCEEDED** Mrs. Ruth Craven Rock who resigned from the Women's Council last recently at the time of her marriage to Professor George Rock of the Catholic University of America.

The appointment was announced here by Mrs. A. S. Lucas of Birmingham Ala. NCCW president following a meeting of the NCCW executive committee.

Miss Mealey is the fourth executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women. Miss Agnes Regan also from the San Francisco archdiocese who died in 1943 was the first Executive Secretary serving NCCW from 1920 to 1941. Miss Margaret T. Lynch succeeded Miss Regan serving until 1943 when she resigned and was succeeded by the former Miss Craven.

wooden sceptre to take his throne of straw, the king the Frank cent and the north were laid at his feet the ribes of the earth glorified His coronation.

Today, all that is brought to the infant Jesus is what's left over after the commercialists fill their stockings with His birthday presents, Christmas shopping, presents, Santa Claus and Toyland are not to be condemned but diminished until they bow low before the Monarch in the shining robes who is the Christ in our Christmas—God tucked in the sweet body of a babe.

We have just two weeks to decide whether our Christmas song will be the church bells "Venite Adoremus" or a store window Santa's "Ho, ho, ho!"

**Secretary**



MISS MARGARET MEALEY

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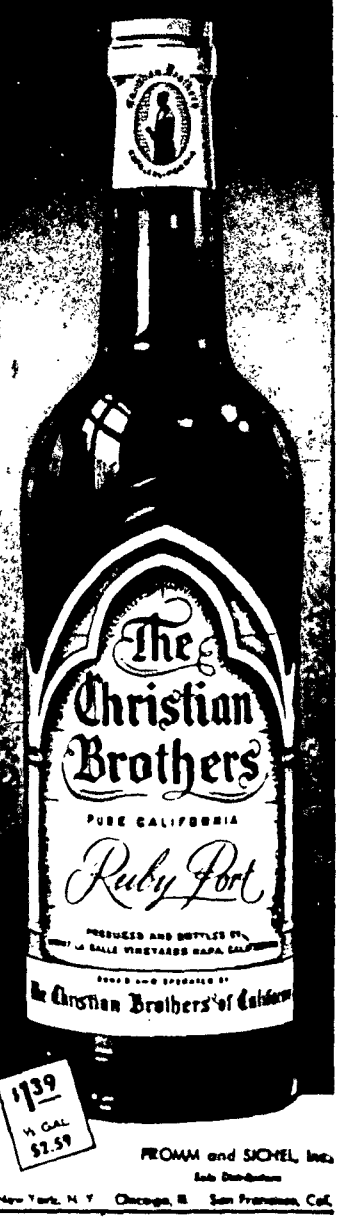
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Francis Cardinal Spellman, President

Mgr. Thomas J. McMahon, Nat. Sec'y

Rev. Harry M. O'Connor

Rev. Andrew H. Rogosh

Rev. Joseph F. Connelly

**Order of the Royal Robe**

A blanket hardly seems like a royal robe. But it becomes just that when the bodily warmth it gives is only the overflow of the warmth of charity, the royal virtue, in the heart of the donor who gives the blanket to God's needy. We recently received an order from Monsignor McMahon for an enormous supply of blankets: "One for each family, at least," he says. Little enough these cold winter nights in a refugee camp. We thought you might like to be part of this Order of the Royal Robe. Your charity and five dollars will purchase a blanket, and a few other essentials, for a family.

**NO FHA**

You give all your spare time and effort in labor. You spend all you have for materials. But you, home is still unfinished. So you take a loan in Patras the people poor and weary from war, rebuilt their ruined church of St. Andrew with their own labor and their own few pennies, \$400 in all. They've done their best but they need \$600 to finish. We're their only FHA. Can you help finish the job?

**KAMEL**

An odd name. But somehow it suits the season. Makes one think of the Wise Men and their gifts. And it is really the name of an other wise man bearing a gift. Kamel Rassam has given his life to Christ for the priesthood. He has two years left to spend at the Seminary in Mossul. He has little else to spend. And the two years will cost \$200. Your gift can be the star to lead this wise man home to the altar of Christ.

**EASY DOES IT**

When you do your Xmas shopping in this office. No crowds, no rush no noise. A letter is enough. We'll send out our gift card telling of the choice, ebortum, mon-stance, \$25 each, given to Our Blessed Lord for the spiritual welfare of a friend. Let us send you our descriptive folder telling of this attractive, easy and touch-the-way to honor Christ and your friends at Xmas.

**NELLY MORA**

Sounds like the title of a Gay Ninety tune about a pretty girl in love. Not quite. But it is the name of a little Syrian girl in love with her Divine Master. She wants to serve Him as a Missionary Sister of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. But first she must serve two years as a novice. And someone must give the \$300 to support her for that two years. She can't touch her heart is full, but her purse is empty.

**FASHION NOTE**

The men in the Refugee Camps have noticed that most of the clothing distributed is for women. And they're hurt. Also cold. We need warm clothes for men and boys. If you can't wear it, we can. Send your surplus clothing to our CNEWA warehouse, 52-15 Flushing Ave., Maspeth, L. I.

**OL' MAN RIVER**

Who said "it don't do nuthin'?" Listen to the Cure of Bouet, in Upper Egypt. "So here I am without a church and without a house. The church is being built, but it has no roof. And where to live? The house was started late and the Nile swept the whole thing away. I have some money, but I need \$650." Nice words, Skytop and River Bed, in poetry. But very poor household furnishings. A roof and a mattress are much more desirable. Will you help?

**DEC. 6**

That's the real feast of Santa Claus, you know. And he landed in this office with a blue uniform and leather bag, instead of the red suit and cloth sack on his own feast day. We got a letter and a check. The message... "This is my Xmas Club check. I have no children and Xmas without them has no meaning. Maybe you know some for whom this will help make Xmas happy." We know thousands of them. And we'll be glad to give them the benefit of your Xmas Club gifts.

Send all communications to:

**Catholic Near East Welfare Association**

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

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