

Among Women

Hunger And Thirst For Social Progress

By MARY LENNON SNYDER

President, Diocesan Council of Catholic Women

In his prayer for the Holy Year Our Holy Father has written, "Arouse the hearts of those who call 'The Father's hunger and thirst for social justice and for fraternal charity in deeds and in truth.'"



The National Catholic Welfare Conference and the National Council of Catholic Women have established a program designed to educate leaders in the field of social action.

With this in mind they are jointly sponsoring the Fourteenth Annual Institute on Industry and the Sixtyth Annual Institute for Social Action Chairmen which will convene at the Catholic University of America from June 11 to June 17 of this year.

THE INSTITUTE on Industry is intended for bona fide working women and that for Social Action Chairmen is for women who are such chairmen in their respective dioceses and deaneries and for all other women interested in social problems.

Through these institutes women attending obtain a training in Christian social principles which should be helpful to them in their unions, in social action committees and in serving on committees in their own communities.

Miss Lina E. Brestle, who will be remembered for the excellent talks she gave under Council auspices in this diocese a few years ago, is in charge of the conference. She is field secretary of the Social Action Department, N.C.C.W. and a consultant to the N.C.C.W. Committee on Social Action. She will be assisted by Miss Irma Plepho, Administrative Assistant of the National Council.

Our Diocesan Council does not include in its committee system one on Social Action, but we are nevertheless keenly

interested in this phase of Catholic Action. We sincerely hope that there will be women from this diocese who will attend this conference.

The cost is small, five dollars per day, including room, board and tuition. It has been suggested that perhaps an organization or a deanery council will provide a tuition scholarship for some young working women in their membership.

THE CATHOLIC University of America insists upon early notification so that it may make the proper arrangements for the delegates. An interested person would do well to get in touch with her deanery president, since the applications must be in before May 15.

After discussing the primary interest women must have in the family and in education, the National Board of Directors of the N.C.C.W. has declared in a statement called "Guides for Organizations of Catholic Women": "Of equal importance to women are the working conditions of those near and dear to her—wages, hours, safety conditions, sanitation, rest periods, vacations, labor management relations."

It is interesting to conjecture on how many women know the Church's attitude on these problems. Certainly a good place to learn some of them would be at the Institute on Industry this coming June in Washington.

GLOBAL WOMEN'S CONGRESS



Some 50 countries were represented at international congress of the International Federation of Young Catholic Women, held in Fribourg, Switzerland. Pictured upon arrival in Geneva, the United States delegates are: (left to right) Mrs. Alfred S. Lucas, Birmingham, Ala., president of National Council of Catholic Women; Mrs. Henry Mannix, Long Island, N. Y., vice-president of western hemisphere for International Federation; Miss Catherine Schaefer, New York, consultant on the N.C.C.W. Committee on International Relations; Miss Margaret Mealey, N.C.C.W. executive secretary.

Youth Parade Gluttons for Glory, Inc.

By MARY SULLIVAN

This week we're having a little party and we're so glad you could come. Everyone's in the living room and if you'll just give me your coat, I'll hang it up and then we'll proceed to the introductions.



Here I'd like you to meet Patsie Noyes. Big noise for long. She's our crowd loud mouth. No matter where she is, she's always got something to say, and stand back when she says it or she'll blow you over with the first blast of her vocal cords. We used to wish she'd run down and go dry on things to talk about but now we know that's even worse because when she can't think of anything to yap about, she laughs and oh does she laugh. The stables were never like this.

COME ALONG to the next. This is just Herb. He's the kind of a fellow whose Bible is a joke book. One day he said that since people won't laugh at his corn he'll hit their funny bone with the stuff that really draws the ankles. Ever since, it's been anything for a laugh. He figures the dirtier the joke the higher goes the applause meter.

(Before I introduce you to this next character, I want to tell you to ignore her hunched expression — it's all part

of the show.) Here is Mary Flop, the dismal damsel of our crowd. We haven't decided yet whether she's oversensitive or whether her face got frozen as a child but all we ever hear from her is "Nobody loves me any more." She's constantly slouching around with her chin resting on her insipid, moping and moaning about this raw deal or that. Things are tough all over—for her.

And this glad girl is see what I mean you hardly get a chance to open your mouth when he starts blaring his theme song "I, I, I am the one." Take it from him, he knows more about things than ten geniuses put together. And his father why his father owns every other house in this city. I tell you there's one fellow who doesn't have an inferiority complex. He's a terrific guy. Just ask him and he'll tell you so.

CHARMING BUNCH, aren't they? There's one like each of them in every crowd. Basically they're good kids, but they just want something they can't always have and that something is attention. Everyone wants to be in the act.

Everyone wants to be in the center of the ring and do the curtsying and they're willing to do anything, mope, brag, roar or tell mucky jokes to get there where the spotlight falls to be the big cheese as it were.

Someday soon, we've all got to realize that while all the world's a stage, we're not always the main feature. Life with its moments of joy and sadness, gaily and gravely, is a thing to be shared. Often when someone else is basking in the limelight, we'll have to be content with our second from the end, aisle Y. Too much attention isn't good for anyone so let's pull in our Gluttons for Glory shingles and let someone else have a chance.

Asks Prayers Frankfurt, Germany (AP) — Bishop Josef Machens of Hildesheim has appealed to the faithful to offer special prayers for the prevention of the dismantling of the huge industrial plants at Watenstedt-Saizgitter, which has been decreed by the Allied authorities.

WHAT'S DOING AT THE DALY'S

Pat Has Her Head Examined — but Good

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Our house used to be quite gay and noisy once. The phone would ring "Is Pat there?" and the one would be led up for an hour. Cars would drive up and Pats gang would descend to dance play records, drink coops. If she would spend the night there'd be a galing and whispering.



Mary Daly

Not so any more. For the past month Pat has been getting her brains for the Big Ideas known popularly as "comps" and for really as "The Comprehensive Examination" to determine the Student's Qualification for Graduation. But no matter what you call them, they're a job, seems that it is harder to get out of college than to get in.

PAT'S MAJOR happens to be art and we in our naive thought it would be smooth sailing. Why Pat always had a knack for drawing. We remembered the paper dolls she made at the age of 8 for the little girls in the neighborhood that looked just like the children themselves. The picture she painted for Grandpa's Christmas was in the high school posters and souvenir programs. Of recent years at the University the oils, the water colors and the statue of St. Catherine they were all wonderful or so we thought. Of course some of the professors found things to criticize, but then professors are fussy.

"You'll just have to draw a few pictures for your comprehensive, won't you, Pat?" we asked innocently having majored in English ourselves.

"You think all I do at U. is draw pictures?" Pat asked.

"What about the entire history of art, the philosophy of art, the lives of the old masters and their influence on trends of thinking; the various schools of architecture and their development; the evolution of color and all the rest... Oh, Mother!"

WHEW! PAPER dolls, it seems, have very little to do with Pat's art life nowadays. Freshman art courses taken because they came at convenient time and glossed over with a get by are once more brought to the fore. Sophomore subjects taken only because they were required are supposed still to be some here under that red bob junior lectures, listened to with half an ear while she wrote letters in the margin of the hour at West Point must be remembered. The lectures not the West Point, senior subjects must be clearly and comprehensively included.

Nine hours of probing over three grueling days. It's a formidable prospect and well Pat knows it. So do we, in our ineffectual way.

We're trying to cooperate: no radios, telephone conversations hushed... absolute quiet from household duties, co-silencing mutiny in the lower ranks. "We have exams too—but we don't get out of dishes." "Wish you could see the arithmetic. Sister, hangs on us!"

"It's only a few days more we placate. If Pat doesn't pass these comprehensives she won't get out of the University."

Markle suggests an economy measure. "Bet she'd get out quick enough if you didn't pay the bill!"

FINALLY came the last day before the Ordeal. She'd be studying all night, we thought. But you never know about Pat. Breeding in from school she tossed her books on the table, pulled a handful of bobby pins out of her pocket and started to put up her hair.

"What's that," she grinned. "What I don't know now, I'll never know; and a relaxed mind is the best preparation. I'm going out to dinner with the other art majors and anybody mentioning art pays the whole check. So you can bet there'll be no mention of art!"

Once more the telephone rings "Is Pat there?" and the line is tied up for an hour.

Maybe the relaxed mind method will get her through the comprehensives and out of the University.

Or maybe we should have adopted Markle's economy measure.

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