

WHAT'S DOING AT THE DALY'S

Mother's Day is one of those tender, personal holidays that make everybody a child again, though how the spirit survives amidst today's saccharine goo is a tribute to the finer feelings of human nature.

It's a goddess known, greedily, as MOTHER'S DAY. Mary Daly tries to beat to turn the day into an occasion for a quick buck: "Send Mother your picture" (photographers); "Send Mother flowers" (Florists); "Mother loves candy" (confectioners); "Make Mother's life easier" (gadget manufacturers); "Make Mother feel glamorous" (cosmeticians); "Bring the world to Mother" (television dealers); "Give Mother that trip" (travel agents); "Get Mother a new household, dress, hat, shoes, pins, pans, vacuum cleaner, dining-room furniture, permanent wave, washing machine..." Main line, of course, is to tap the pocketbook via Mother.

The silver 34 days of the year mother is confronted in every magazine with articles on the evils of "Mommism"—pseudo-scientific literature and conversations blaming a host of mental maladjustments to the Silver Cord and mother fixations.

She's either a saint or a sinner—wholly responsible for great men and well-known politicians in election-day speeches or the sinister force behind weaklings.

LUCKILY, mothers are wise to the whole business. They realize they're just ordinary girls trying to do their best. In a job that they know is worth doing, a job that is often irritating, often discouraging, fun at great intervals of the time and out-of-this-world on certain occasions.

Plenty of prayers, common sense and a saving sense of humor are the chief tools of the trade—tools that steer between the Scylla of Martyred Sainthood and the Charybdis of Mommism.

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The Day Is Mom's—Not the Merchants'

By MARY TINLEY DALY

In spite of the May-time ads, mother doesn't want the this-and-that nor to be put on the vanity-tickling pedestal of one-day admiration. What she does want is a long letter, or a visit to catch up on what's doing with the children and the grandchildren. Such things give point and focus to her whole existence.

We go to church on Mother's Day and hear sermons on mothers—and we are filled with remorse. We remember moments of rebellion and insubordination. We think—we are now reminded—of the nights that Mother sat up with us when we were babies, how she sacrificed her own pleasure so that we might have things. We keep on thinking...

THE ONLY TIME we appreciate mother while we were growing up was when she gave us things or let us do as we wanted—go to the houseparty that "everybody" was going to, permission to use the family car, or, maybe, even have a car of our own.

"What a wonderful mother," we thought then.

In other words, we'd got what we wanted.

Now that we're grown, we see the other side of the picture... What of the other things—the intangibles—that mother gave us? What about the things we thought she was just being "mean"? When the clothes allowance was gone and she made us wear last

year's model? When we'd rumpled a frizzer and she wouldn't let us raise the car—after we'd practically promised everybody we'd stop by for them? When she wouldn't let us go to that out-of-household roadhouse with the most divine dancer? The times we insisted on doing something out of our reach and she let us, make fools of ourselves? She wasn't a wonderful mother not then?

NOW THAT WE'RE mothers ourselves we see that the greatest sacrifice comes in not giving children what they want. Mothers are normal human beings, with the natural yearning for the approval of those who are nearest and dearest. It's not easy for mothers to say no. But from the time we take away a sharp-edged toy to the time we call a midnight curfew, we mothers learn to say no and stick to it.

Looking back, we appreciate those "nos" of our own mothers... even more than we appreciate the "yeses."

As we approach this 1950 Mother's Day, we know that the best present we can give Mother is a long visit, an understanding wink, a "Thanks, Mom" and to do our level best for her grand children.

Among Women

Young Orators Give Capsule Course

By MARY LENNON SNYDER

President, Diocesan Council of Catholic Women

Recently I had an opportunity to review a series of current problems and hear the Catholic women's viewpoint on them when I attended the semi-final of the Bishop's Public Speaking Contest. It is really an under-the-radar talent show.

Prior to the contest I had gained the impression that many people think that the decision is purely a matter of the judge's opinion of the individual excellence of the speaker. So we asked Father Mahoney to announce to the audience that the scoring was objective and that



Mother's Day Litany

The little lad trudges along, one hand in his mother's. The other clutching in his hat, grubby fist. The flowers he has gathered. The hazy spring air hovers over them like a benediction. And, lo, at a bend of the road, a wayside shrine. The eyes of Our Lady's statue look down on them. With calm benignity. The child lays the flowers at Her feet, whispering.

Holy Mary pray for us. A young girl at the threshold of life. Prayers tremulous reaching out for she knows not what. Her tender soul swayed by hopes and fears. Her voice lifts in prayer. To that source of guidance which never fails.

Holy Mary pray for us. The matron, full of many cares. Her health surrounded by her little ones. Her mind darting this way and that. Thinks how to make ends meet. Washing, haking, mending, from dawn till early dusk. When comes a hush, each little head asleep upon the pillow. The mother kneeling by her bed.

Mother of Good Counsel pray for us. An old man makes his way along the path. Bent leisurely, knowing he is nearly at the end. Bent and frail over his stout stick. The summer sun gives comfort to his aging bones. At last, the chapel reached, kneels painfully.

Comforter of the Afflicted, pray for us.

—GRACE MULLIGAN

Youth Parade Read the M. Y. O. B. Sign

By MARY SULLIVAN

Let's start an all out war against people—not just ordinary people, but people with tongues—and not just ordinary tongues, but wagging tongues. You know the type—the common gossips who can't wait to launch the latest hot off the press news into your ear.

Often times more spirit than harm results from the buzzing someone's wrong action gets, than from the action itself. If a person has committed a scandal he's going to pay for it enough sooner or later, without us busybodies adding out two cents.

No matter how low a person falls in crime, he always has the right to gather up the fragments of his reputation and piece them back together again. Should we find ourselves so hard-pressed for news that we turn to spreading his guilt, we're bound to make restitution—that is, bound to retract every statement we uttered which is like chasing butterflies in a field, and never knowing where they're going to land.

And then there are rumors, vague trumped up rumors that we, like hot cakes, so-and-so got from from so-and-so, who got it from guess who. And come to find out the party who started the rumor doesn't even know the rumored against party.

THERE ARE a lot of people running rampant who are possessed with curiosity and who are ever desirous of knowing much so they can talk much. The old saying that curiosity killed the cat doesn't seem to scare them at all. But do they realize that curiosity lost Paradise? If Adam and Eve hadn't wanted to find out what it was like to be God they might have known what it was like to remain one of God's exalted creatures.

How has the nerve to be indignant at someone who bores into our affairs or who chitchats about our gossings when we never miss a chance to make a crack about the other fellow? We've always got to be

SO WHAT is something is true about a person. Let me be a free of fault cast the first stone. None of us is such a gem of perfection that he has the right to judge another's deeds and then nose about our mean.

I thought how well pleased those college professors would have been with the young high school people to whom I was listening.

The choice was made, the winners announced and the audience approved. Each of us scored each contestant and our decisions were collected and totaled by a member of Dr. Mahoney's staff. Prize winning topic for the girls was the Christopher Columbus Movement and for boys, the H Bomb, both serious, thought-provoking subjects thoughtfully prepared and effectively delivered.

The audience was large but I could not help noticing that it seemed to be composed largely of classmates or rooters for the contestants and judging from their proud and worried looks relatives. Too bad that more of our general Catholic public does not take advantage of such a capsule course in modern Catholic thought presented by our young people.

Make them all happy

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