

Among Women

The Three 'R's' Don't Spell Fate

By MARY LENNON SNYDER

President, Diocesan Council of Catholic Women

Frequently at this time of year interest in organization begins to wane and good workers become curiously distraught and inefficient. Many different factors enter into this slump and different ones affect different women; but one group in particular which has my sympathy are the mothers of the boys and girls getting ready for finals and Regents.



Try to find a chairman for a June project and your plans may be met with "No activities for me until after Regents. I am helping the girls with their Latin," or "No, I am staying home."

Newark Methodists Oppose Euthanasia

Woodstock, N. Y. (RNS) — The Newark Methodist Conference unanimously adopted a report here condemning mercy killings.

"Advocates of euthanasia may contend the suffering they would eliminate shall have ceased to be purposeful," the report stated. "But what may be determined about who knows at what precise moment in the treatment of so-called 'hopeless' and 'purposeless' sufferers, a miracle may be wrought by God through science?"

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CLOTHING FOR EUROPE



The Holy Year Campaign for the Staterooms of the Holy Father is well underway, as this picture indicates. Here the latest receipts are being packed for shipment to the Vatican, for distribution to the needy overseas. In last summer's campaign, 1,200,000 garments were collected by the Catholic women of the United States, through the National Council of Catholic Women.

Youth Parade Teen Drive for Decent Dress

By MARY HULLIVAN

It seems that everyone has the praying urge these days. Papa's in the back yard squirting "24 D" on his dandelions. Mama's in the cedar closet dousing her fur coat with "Moth-icide" and the teachers of Rochester's girls schools are downtown giving the summer clothes collection in the department stores the once over with D.D.T.

No, it's not likely that these girls will be arrested for damaging property because you see the D.D.T. they're spraying on the skirts, sun dresses, cotton frocks and formal that line the city's clothes racks is not an insecticide, but a slogan.

They're not out to kill mosquitoes, but the merchandisers and manufacturers of the rags of immodest clothes that we've had to put up with for the last few years. For them, D.D.T. means—"Don Decent Toga."

THESE ARE those who accuse us of making too big an issue out of this modesty in clothes idea. Perhaps to some extent, they're right but on the basic arguments for decent clothes we're right. It's interesting to contrast the primitive concept of the purpose of clothes with the ultra modern notion Adam and Eve sewed leaves together to make clothes in order that they might cover their bodies. Today the trend of thought is reversed and we try to see how few leaves we can get away with.

Actually before we can do anything to bring better clothes into the stores we've got to convince ourselves that we want better clothes. You can't sell a buyer on the virtue of modesty in dress if you don't practice it yourself.

If we really want to solve this age-old problem it looks as if we're going to have to plug our ears to the "Puritan" cries. Sure, some strapless formal are frothy and beautiful, and some backless dresses are sharp, and plunge necklines are on Vogue's cover, but that still doesn't put the stamp of approval on them.

OF COURSE, the whole thing is up to you. There isn't a definite commandment "Thou shalt not wear two-piece bathing suits" or by cutting corners and skirting around the edges of your conscience you probably can convince yourself that there's nothing morally wrong with this suit or that dress.

When we buy our clothes, however, let's just remember that the designer who made the dress, we're looking at didn't have a sweet little picture of you and Herbert holding hands on the Ferris Wheel in his mind. He made the dress to sell. And if the buying mes-

taltry goes after the indecent creations he'll give them to them. After all, he's got to eat too.

The beauty of a dress comes from what's there not from the neck and back and sleeves and midriff that aren't there. More over the picture of a girl in a floating summer formal gets its beauty not from the dress, but from the fresh sparkling beautiful girl in it. And if you've gotten so sophisticated that this sounds childish to you then you've gotten too sophisticated.

If we think we're so bad off we ought to be thankful that we weren't born 70 years ago when a silly social convention, not a moral law, made women wear knee-high shoes and ankle-low dresses and high starched collars to boot.

So the next time the sales lady says, "Oh honey it's doll-like" let me tell her you're sorry but you're looking for a dress not a fish net.

WHAT'S DOING AT THE DALY'S

By MARY TINGLEY DALY

For three Saturdays now we've been painting that old kitchen and it's finished or so close to being finished.

At 7 o'clock on the third Saturday our mister painted, cleaned his brushes, scabbled himself with kerosene and cut a hunk of hair from the top of his head where it had got mixed up with green paint and called the job DONE.

The children have made themselves pretty scarce on Saturdays lately—though Mary and her friend Susie Wagner did paint the baseboards. Susie welded a brush like an old timer, and had all the old timer's perfectionism too.

"Looks pretty good, Mr. Daly," she said as the Head of the House finished the woodwork. "But my daddy says it's the second coat that really shows the results."

The Head of the House stretched his aching back looked at the remaining paint and sighed. "Maybe there is enough for a second coat." He hesitated. "And it's only noon. Maybe after lunch."

"Oh, sure," Susie said with the enthusiasm of an 11 year old. "It'll be dry enough for a second coat. And my daddy says..."

"I know," the Head of the House said wearily. "And that's how the woodwork got its second coat of paint especially the part that Susie and Mary had done."

OF COURSE everything was a mess. How else can you paint a kitchen? Dishes, pots and pans, canned goods, all on tables and the floor.

The olomaster painter hushed from his efforts, retired early that last Saturday night. But I stayed up to set the place to rights before bedtime meant to



Mary Daly

that is, for the "four-hour drying enamel" had belied its name and was still sticky at 11. We couldn't struggle through Sunday with the place in such a shambles.

"I'll do the dishes alone," I said after Sunday breakfast. "Right as well wash all the dishes and glasses and rearrange them. Why, dishwashing was fun this way, polishing to shining lustrous brightness all the seldom-used pieces of the set of Lenox, the staff of the Post had given us as a wedding present, the crystal goblets from our crystal anniversary. It was like being a bride again, putting fresh colorful shelf paper on.

The Head of the House came in and admired the display, then his eye wandered and his smile faded.

"The inside of that cupboard door," he whispered. He brought out the can of white paint as I went on to the third shelf—the "everdays."

"Mom, d'ya care if I..." Eileen burst into the kitchen stopped her blue eyes accusing. "On Sunday..."

The Head of the House put the paint brush behind him with disastrous results—but couldn't hide the paint can.

The Column Writes Itself Sometimes

"But this is necessary, Eileen," I began. "Remember what the Bible says about the ox falling into a pit on the Sabbath?"

"Sure," she interrupted, but where's the ox?"

"And it really isn't work," I went on defensively. "It's fun. It's service, isn't it?"

WITH THE cupboard door half finished the Head of the House put paint and brush away.

He's always had the knack of sliding out of things gracefully. I glanced at the two and a half completed shelves and the mess of pots and pans, canned goods and aprons, flour and sugar piled helter skelter on the kitchen table. Struggle through getting a Sunday dinner in all this mess.

"Mental works allowed," Eileen smiled benignly. "Haven't you any mental work? Got this week's column done?"

"No," I admitted. "Don't even know what to write about."

"You don't?" grinned the Head of the House.

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