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Among Women
A Going PTA In Ithaca

By MARY LENNON SNYDER
 President, Diocesan Council of Catholic Women
 Late last spring there appeared in this column some thoughts on the advantage of closer cooperation between home and school, supported by quotations from prominent Catholic educators who pointed out the obvious advantage to parent, teacher and child in a mutual pooling of interests and resources.
 Recently I received a very gracious invitation from Mrs. Frank D. Conner, an officer of the Parent-Teacher Association of the

What's Doing At The Daily's

This year's anniversary brought a prize package from Markle and Mary who had stayed home from the movies two Saturdays so that they might pool their resources! Finally, they brought home the big gift and hid it in their room, warning us not with a big "KEEP OUT!" sign.
 So we were prepared at the anniversary dinner. Slowly, to prolong the suspense, the Head of the House unwrapped the package, pinching and guessing as he went along. He could have saved his energy. The real guessing came after it was unwrapped. Subsequent to the unveiling he held it in his hands, held it aloft for all to admire, and won. Made of wood, its flat back decorated with painted morning glories, plus a box-like arrangement with a hinged lid. In a way it resembled an old-fashioned salt holder... or a bird house... or a receptacle to hold big matches... or... or...
THE HEAD of the House was admiring it fondly. "Just look at these beautiful morning glories," he enthused. "And the way the lid moves up and down. Well, well, I never expected I'd own one of these!"
 "They really do like it," Mary whispered to Markle. "And maybe they know..."
 "We bought it in the grown-up department," Markle said, "and we didn't like to ask what it was for 'cause we knew you'd know."
 "Why, of course," I laughed with what I hoped was assurance. "Though, as Daddy says, we never expected to own one."
 Markle and Mary sighed contentedly, their sacrifices all worth while. Then Markle leaned over—toward me, unfortunately. "Just what is it for, Mom?"
 "You wait and see." I winked knowingly. Daddy'll put it up to-night and tomorrow you'll know. Then you'll see how badly we've needed this very thing."
 (Somehow that word "thing" had been creeping into these thank you speeches suspiciously often.)
 "And shall we open another present now?" I asked. Luckily, all the rest were easily recognizable: a carving knife, a book we'd both wanted to read, and a bottle of wine.
 AFTER the younger ones were in bed, the Head of the House

What's Doing At The Daily's

picked up "the thing" and re-examined it. "Daddy'll put it up and then you'll know," he quoted coquettishly. "Thanks for the compliment, but you sure can't pass the buck."
 "But you've got to figure it out," I pleaded. "We can't let 'em down after they gave us these double-features to save the money—and they were so confident that we just love it."
 "Sure," he said, "but why me? Can't you figure it out? Women are supposed to be ingenious!"
 "But this is beyond ingenuity," I apple-polished him. "This takes brains and you're supposed to be the brains of the family. Don't I always—and publicly—call you the Head of the House?"
 "Morning glories," he mused. "Hm-m... morning... shave? Put shave stuff in it maybe?"
 "Wrong track," I said. "It's a gift to both of us."
 Back he went to the musing Morning... breakfast? Nope... morning... mail... that's it! "Hang it outside for a mail box?" I sniffed. "Why, it'd warp and rust."
 "No, hang it inside," he explained. "Inside the front door. Then the guy that picks up the mail can take his own and then puts everybody else's in this doodad."
THE man does have brains. Here was the solution to our ever-tangled mail problem. Always before, the one who picked up the mail took his own and set the rest on the table, on a table, on a chair—anywhere at all. Mike knocked it around, Ginny cut it up with scissors, or it slipped behind cushions, and everybody grumbled.
 So the girls with their lovingly bought "what's-it" have settled a daily headache at our house. Hung inside the front door everybody next morning could see the practicality of the thing. It is "something we've always needed."

East Zone Bars Catholic Publisher

Berlin - (RNS) - The Soviet-German Information Ministry has officially and finally turned down an application for the licensing of a Roman Catholic publishing house in Leipzig, Soviet Zone.
 This ruling ends efforts made by the Roman Catholic Church in Eastern Germany since 1945 to establish a publishing house for the printing of religious literature in the German Democratic Republic.

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Woman's Viewpoint

By Marie Weidman

Has the shock of finding a holy young man been so great? For some time now, in sheer joy, every type of Catholic publication and its respective readers has been sharing in the discovery of the young Trappist poet, Thomas Merton.
 The idea that Marie Weidman we have in our midst someone who actually suffered and reasoned his way to God and an interior solitude, has put us all in rather a warm, comforting glow.
 Although Merton's beautiful and even terrifying description of finding contemplation and the contemplative life would move the most frivolous worldly individual to pause, nevertheless contemplation is not a new game like Canasta, nor does it compare with the new, anti-blimp drug.
 THERE has been a recent tendency to regard contemplation as some new kind of spiritual force which, if practiced by the faithful, would result in instant inner peace. The only real and practical difficulty is that in a lifetime, the lot of us may only be able to grasp the most elementary rudiments of this interior spiritual life.
 It is a type of religious experience which demands a detachment from the material which often religious themselves achieve only after years of self sacrifice.
 After re-reading Merton's lovely, profound but disquieting "Seeds of Contemplation" you wonder just how all the author's quite wonderful observations can apply, not so much to the man on the street, as to the man in the church all the ordinary, tired people who never read any of Merton's pretty obscure poetry and who don't know about the Claretian Order.
 If a monk in his holy isolation finds it very difficult to maintain the quiet interior tide of his peace, then what about the great crowds of men who are surrounded and even smothered by all the material banalities which Merton cautions us to eschew?

Third Rate Thinkers Will Have To Listen

came able to meditate a bit, to keep our minds on spiritual subjects for progressively longer periods of time, we should indeed be achieving rather well, each on his own level.
 We have been made increasingly conscious (largely through Merton's splendid writing) that contemplation is the highest form of human activity - that kind of activity through which there is a union of our minds and wills with God in an act of pure love. However, such a degree of perfection requires often a lifetime of trying and involves many dark nights of the soul.
 What Thomas Merton has made us newly aware of is the fact that our age has forgotten what contemplation can do for mankind. He does not hold that each of us must drop our daily life cycles and rush to the nearest monastery, as his commentators would have us believe.

"Buck" Is Passed; A "Gift" Is Hung

By MARY TITLEY DALY
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