

Plan On Vatican Shows In Rome

Tobin Presents Daughter; Classmates To President

Washington—(NC)—The Labor Department overshadowed the White House in importance for two girls in the graduating class of Holy Cross Academy, Brookline, Mass., in their memorable trip to the Nation's Capital.



Maurice Tobin, C.S.C., head of the music department. Undersecretary of Labor Michael J. Galvin's daughter Ellen also was on hand as a member of the senior class.

Although Mr. Tobin is Mr. Galvin's boss, the Galvin girls at Holy Cross Academy hold numerical superiority over the Tobins. Three Galvin girls attend the academy. Ellen the senior, Katherine, a junior and Anne, a sophomore.

A third Labor Department family is also represented in the academy — that of Henry G. Gompers, of the Office of International Labor Affairs. Elizabeth Gompers is a student there, but didn't make the trip since she is not a senior.

The present seniors make up the first graduating class at Holy Cross academy, which was founded in 1940 by the Sisters of the Holy Cross from Notre Dame, Ind.

Virgin Consecration Prayers Read Aloud

Lisbon—(NC)—His Eminence Emmanuel Gontevics Cardinal Cerepela, Patriarch of Lisbon, has recommended that the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin should be read aloud by Catholic mothers in every parish here.

Prothonotary Apostolic Superior, Wis.—(NC)—Mgr. William J. Kubelbeck, Vicar General of the Diocese of Superior, has been named by Pope Pius XII to be Prothonotary Apostolic.

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The Maryknoll Kindergartens in Seattle, Washington, welcomes children of all races, color and creed. Father George D. Haggerty, veteran of 12 years of mission work in Manchuria, is pastor of the parish which conducts the school.

WHAT'S DOING AT THE DALY'S

By MARY TINLEY DALY

It was four o'clock on the afternoon before First Friday and Ginny and I were walking home from the grocery store.

"Daddies and mothers don't do bad things," she said thoughtfully. "Nobody ever scolds them—and they never swipe cookies."

"What an assignment—to explain adult sins to a five-year old and convey the idea that age does not bring perfection."

"Grown people have bad things they do too," I said. "They're called sins. After they do them they're sorry, just as you're sorry about the cookies."

"Will you sit in the pew and keep real quiet while I go into that little place with the velvet curtain?" I asked Ginny. "I'll take only a few minutes and then we'll go home and make chocolate pudding for dinner."

"Can I lick the bowl?"

Terms agreed upon, we went into church. Leaving her in the pew, I stood in line, smiling reassurance now and then. Finally it was my turn and I went in, with a "Be right back" whisper for Ginny.

Kneeling there waiting for the penitent on the other side to finish I heard a wailing outside—Ginny of course. With the hope that Father Gorman would have a nice little talk with his client on the other side, I dashed out to comfort Ginny.

A FEW moments later the velvet curtain was drawn aside—but completely—and there stood Ginny. The full glare of one of the church lights brightened our cozy little three-some and if there had been any hope of anonymity it was all gone now.

Father Gorman having known Ginny since the day he baptized her. "Hurry up, Mommy," she said. "And please don't tell him."

"Don't tell him what, I wondered, my mind somewhat distracted from what I was telling him.

Would it be better to run now, or keep right on going? Father Gorman sat there unconcerned, as though he expected me to continue. Came the words of counsel from behind the slide, and a gentle hiss from Ginny, "Tell him I won't take 'em again."

Confession is always humbling and sometimes disconcerting, but this one had both those qualities to the nth degree.

"What's the matter, Ginny?" I asked as we walked home. "Why didn't you stay in the pew as you said you'd do?"

"Cause I was afraid you'd forget to tell him I wouldn't take 'em any more, the cookies I mean."

The blank look on my face must have caused the further explanation.

"You went to confession, didn't you? And isn't that when people tell the bad things their children have done?"

So that was the trouble. "Of course not, Ginny," I said, squeezing tighter the mitten-clad hand in mine. "Confession is when people tell the bad things that they've done, not the bad things their children or anybody else has done."

BY THIS time we had arrived home, removed wraps and proceeded with the chocolate pudding, and as Ginny licked the

Among Women A Tribute To A True Lady

By MARY LENNON SNYDER

The noon broadcast on New Year's Day brought news to me of the loss of a longtime leader of Catholic women in the Diocese of Rochester.

For many years Miss Cecilia Yawman was president of the Diocesan Council and until her death she was a loyal and interested supporter of the Council and its program of integrated action for Catholic women.

All of us who have had access to the Council archives have seen many evidences of Miss Yawman's organizational power and executive ability.

Her agenda, official correspondence and various records show that she combined a conscientious attention to detail with an ability to plan on a diocesan scale.

After her retirement as Diocesan President she served as historian of the Council, and her knowledge of customs and traditional activities of the organization was a great help to her successors.

MISS YAWMAN was one of those rare persons in any organization she was the ideal past president. Some, having retired from office, tend to regard their reign as the golden age of the organization.

Her term in office is the touchstone by which all subsequent presidential deeds are judged. Or they retire completely and do not even get around to meetings to cheer on and encourage their successors.

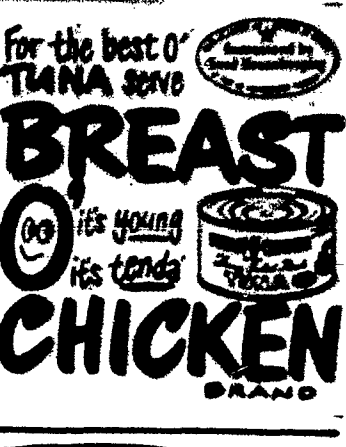
Not so Cecilia Yawman, who retiring gracefully, chose a middle course.

She was an ideal member, as she had been a president. She was conscientious in her attendance at Board meetings from which younger members often excuse themselves on the flimsiest of pretexts.

She was cheerful, helpful, and yet, in a very gracious way, unobtrusive.

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GINNY TELLS ALL IN 'CONFESSION'

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