

AMONG WOMEN

Parents And The Teacher

By Mary Lennon Snyder

With many schools re-opening within the next week, conscientious parents are faced with the problem of establishing a satisfactory rapport with the school. Of course, the child, the connecting link between the parent and the school, is the important factor in setting the tone of parent home relationship.

I am quite firmly convinced that one of the serious mistakes made by many parents is that they make 'confidantes' of their children. As every student of the drama knows, the 'confidante' is the dramatic device in the old classical dramas, by which the chief character has a friend, or maid, or valet, or duenna, to whom he relates or confides his problems, desires, and innermost thoughts.

The presence of the 'confidante' in the play enables the audience to learn the character's thoughts and plans.

MANY PARENTS are like Shakespearean heroes or heroines as they confide to their children every idea that wanders into their minds. In doing this they are making a great mistake. To burden a child with an adult's reactions to another adult, in this case the teacher, amounts almost to a sort of brainwashing.

I know, for I have heard parents repeat in the child's presence: 'Well, she has Sister So-and-So. (or Mrs. X.) and you know she just doesn't understand modern children.'

A child hearing this sort of thing day after day is in a sense brainwashed. He gradually has drilled into his mind that the teacher is not an authority capable of teaching him and worthy of his respect.

One of my distinct memories of my first years as a teacher is of certain students whose antagonism toward me almost seemed to bristle as they sat reserved and well behaved before me. They were unhappy and I was mystified until discreet inquiries on my part would reveal a family background of great severity that distrusted any school teacher under fifty.

AT HOME the children probably heard that the school board was hiring young teachers who didn't know much, and I distinctly felt that disapproval through the children. At the risk of sounding facetious I must add that the years solved that difficulty for me.

Parents should remind themselves that the teacher of their child is a trained objective specialist. By calling him objective we mean that the teacher is concerned only with helping the child to become a better citizen and a happy well adjusted member of society.

In our parochial schools we aim, in addition, to have him such a member of such a society as will aid him to serve God best and to gain eternal salvation.

If the pediatrician finds it necessary to inoculate a child, we do not label him a cruel, mean sadistic doctor. We realize that he is viewing our child objectively and in the doctor's trained opinion the temporary discomfort caused by an inoculation is outweighed by the greater benefit of immunity from some dread disease.

So it is with the teacher. If in her trained opinion a certain course of action seems indicated, we should not immediately condemn her because there is an accompanying temporary embarrassment or hardship.

WHAT CAN WE parents do? I believe we should first examine very carefully our own attitude toward the school and the individual teacher. Therein may lie the difficulty. If any, that our child is experiencing at school. Then we should be most careful to take a positive attitude in our dealings with the school.

Let's approve of something, at least occasionally. A child who is dissipating his energies in disliking the school or the teacher to whom his mother does not give complete approval is not the student who is working at his greatest potential ability.

Miss Broderick Wed At St. Anne's

Miss Elizabeth Broderick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Broderick and Irvin J. Jeannotte, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Jeannotte, were married on Aug. 24 in St. Anne Church, Rochester.

Monsignor William J. Naughton received the vows.

Miss Mary Clare Broderick was her sister's maid of honor and the Misses Lois Keating and Betsy Polakoff were bridesmaids.

Best man was Robert Donaldson and ushers were William Broderick Jr. and Donald R. Bergin.



For The Ladies

One is always ready for Church with this white Chantilly lace head covering which has just been made available. Called a prayer cap, it is pretty, dainty, and according to Desco, its designer, it is easy to carry as it comes in its own little plastic snap case. Colors: white and black. (NC Photos)

Russell-Purn Wedding Held

Miss Judy Ann Purn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto G. Purn, and Thomas Lee Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee D. Russell, were married on Aug. 25 in Holy Cross Church, Rochester.

Father George Schmitz, pastor of Holy Family Church, Rochester, officiated at the nuptial ceremony.

Mrs. Virginia Gears was matron of honor and bridesmaids were Mrs. Marjorie Meszko, Miss Doris Bernicker, Miss Gertrude Whitehead and Miss Jo Ann. Best man was Edward Spilman of Morristown, N. Y.

Ushers were Richard Fortner, William Crigg, Gansvoort, N. Y., William McDonald, Whitesboro, N. Y., Norman Allen, Oswego, N. Y.



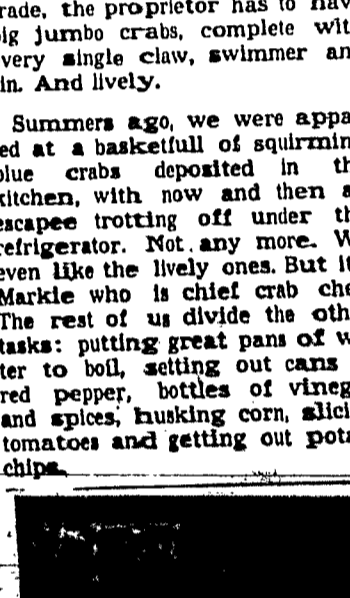
MRS. THOMAS RUSSELL

Dillon-Hurley Vows Exchanged

Miss Irene Hurley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hurley, Seneca Castle, and Martin Francis Dillon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Dillon, Auburn, were married on August 24 in Holy Family Church, Auburn.

Father William E. Davie, pastor, officiated.

Matron of honor was Mrs. LeLand Parry of Clifton Springs. Bridesmaids were Miss Madelyn McEvoy of Auburn, Mrs. Raymond Warren of Syracuse and Mrs. Robert Kelly of Rochester. James Koschler of Skaneateles was best man and ushers were Jay O'Connor, Skaneateles; Robert Hurley, Seneca Castle; and John Meehan, Auburn. The nuptial blessing was bestowed on the newlyweds.



MRS. MARTIN DILLON



MRS. IRVIN J. JEANNOTTE

DOINGS AT THE DALY'S

By Mary Tinley Daly

Last summer when this column spoke of having a crab feast every Friday night, a lot of people thought we were just kidding. We mentioned, too, that the crabs were paid for out of proceeds from poems sold by the Head of the House — 'Our Crabby Poet' we called him.



Mary Daly

Matter of fact, friends decided to conduct personal research into the question. The skeptics came to see and remained and saw — saw through those red-peppery crustaceans, that is — and to hammer their way into big fat claws, bringing out delicacies of white crab meat, juicy and spicy. Yum-m-m.

This summer, our poor-man's Shakespeare has fallen down in the poetry department — too many commitments for more mundane forms of writing — but he is still a big crab-fancier and purchaser. So much so, in fact, that the last time he and Markie went a-marketing, Old Joe asked if we were running a boarding house. The Friday order used to be two dozen, now it's four or five.

MARKIE AND the Head of the House have become more selective, too. They know the crabs and the crabbers know them. Of a late Friday afternoon, they go up and down the wharf, inspecting wares. To get their trade, the proprietor has to have big jumbo crabs, complete with every single claw, swimmer and fin. And lively.

Summers ago, we were appalled at a basketful of squirming blue crabs deposited in the kitchen, with now and then an escapee trotting off under the refrigerator. Not any more. We even like the lively ones. But it's Markie who is chief crab chef. The rest of us divide the other tasks: putting great pans of water to boil, setting out cans of red pepper, bottles of vinegar and spices, hunking corn, slicing tomatoes and getting out potato chips.

Within a half-hour, the crab feast is ready, and we're ready for it. It starts with grace, as any dinner, but there ceases any resemblance to the other 20 meals of the week. Kitchen is the dining hall, newspapers the tablecloth. A roll of paper-towels takes the place of napkins, hammers and nutpicks replace silverware. And, of course, nobody 'dresses for dinner.'

MOREOVER, IT doesn't end as do the other six dinners of the week — dessert-grace-after-meals, clearing away, washing up... It becomes a sort of revolving feast, a la picnic. When somebody has had enough, he or she walks out, to read the newspaper on the side porch, returning later for just one more. Very often, the early participants have gone out on dates only to come back, with dates, and continue the kitchen crab feast.

Darkness descends, a candle in a muchily bedrippid bottle furnishes the only light. People sit and pick desultorily on a crab shell. Talk is easy and relaxed. A now-and-then rolling up of the newspapers covering the table and the feast continues with its changing personnel.

Ginny is the only non-crabber at our house. Scrambled eggs or a piece of fish with the corn, tomatoes and chips the rest of

us have — that's her dinner as she sits at one corner of the crabby kitchen table. And for cream! To the crabbers, the very sight of Ginny's cream is no treat, but it's a live-and-let-live policy. Later, after playing with friends, she comes back and sees all the camaraderie.

"HM," SHE SAID last Friday, "sometimes I wish I had crabs. No, I guess it's a good thing I don't," she philosophized. "Cause if I did, I'd eat 'em — and I can't stand the things!" But even Ginny, we believe, will some day like crabs.

The 'Fish-on-Friday' edict is no sacrifice during the crab season — at least not at our house. We only wish that winter Fridays were as much fun!

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