

**'War No More. War Never Again!' - - Pope Paul VI**



As the nation pauses today, Veterans Day, to remember the sacrifices our veterans have made in the name of liberty, let us, in the name of these veterans, dedicate ourselves again

to the pursuit of that Peace and Justice over all our planet that will free our loved ones and children from the curse of brother killing brother in war.

**An Office Is Not a Home**

By SARAH CHILD

Men sometimes wonder why women with a couple of small children at home will move mountains in order to find child care so that they can hold down a part-time or full time job.

After all, the males argue, you make your own hours, are for the most part your own boss and by working an outside job, merely increase the work load since it is a rare babysitter that will include house chores in her schedule.

What the husbands of the world have left out in their comparisons of their wives working at home and their own work is something I choose to call the irritation factors.

Imagine if you will for a moment the man leaving his desk for a moment, important papers

spread out in every direction. He comes back to find coffee spilled over everything, the result of one of his co-workers romping around on his desk top on all fours.

Or maybe he's had to make a trip outside and on his way back picks up coffee and danish pastry for himself and the two or three others in the office.

One of the secretaries removes the wax paper from a danish and, with barely a look, flings the whole thing across the room. When you can get her to stop screaming and stomping her feet, she sobs out that she doesn't like prune danish, she wanted cheese danish instead.

He no sooner soothes her and gets back to his own work than his telephone rings. Before he

can pick up the receiver, two people from far parts of the room rush towards the phone screaming, "It's my turn to get it, it's my turn." In the ensuing fight, the coffee gets spilled again this time over the husband himself.

Handing out some colored pencils and some graphs to be completed, mostly as a diversionary measure, he gets back to his own work. Moments later the diversion is no longer working and his co-workers have taken to emptying waste baskets on the floor and spraying each other at the water fountain.

Before order can be fully restored, there's a report from another floor that one of his colleagues has divested himself of his clothes and is prancing

unabashedly through the aisles.

By the time the boss comes in for his daily look-in, the husband is pulling out his hair and on the verge of tears as he surveys the mess.

Strangely enough he is the only one who looks bothered. All of the co-workers, even the worst culprits, are sitting quietly at their typewriters or speaking in low, controlled tones.

The boss now knows for certain that friend husband is keeping monkeys somewhere in the office and that obviously he can't handle a simple job.

Set the same scene in millions of living rooms all over the country substituting children for co-workers and you'll know why women are seeking employment in droves.

