This coming year may I more than ever learn to hold tight on your friendly hand so that you may guide me along the tiresome road of life. I want you to look after me as my spiritual Mother in Heaven most graciously during the past year. You have fulfilled the duties of a Mother; winning my heart with hope when my Cross pulls me down. In this coming year may I more than ever learn to love you both more from day to day.

P. S. Please tell St. Peter to put the "Key" under the doormat!

100,000 Lithuanians Slaves In Siberia

CHICAGO. — More than 100,000 Lithuanian patriots have been exiled to the slave-camps in Siberia, Dr. Peter Dauzvardis, Lithuanian consultant, here charged in a recent speech before a large Lithuanian gathering here.

"The Lithuanian nation is being annihilated by the Russian troops and secret service police" Dr. Dauzvardis declared.

ONE GUARD FOR 8

"Soviet Russia today maintains 200,000 soldiers in Lithuania and tens of thousands of NKVDs. It is reported that one soldier is assigned to every eight Lithuanians. The partisans are fighting the Soviets. They hide in forests, destroy communications and print secret newspapers".

"Sky Taxi, Sir!"

A commercial helicopter capable of carrying 10 passengers and express in short haul "taxi" service can be available in nine months, a Pennsylvania manufacturer.

Any Photos Today?

You — Ycu — you — and YOU!!! Ycu, one and all! Have you heard about it? What is it? Why it's the latest project sponsored by the Lithuanian Union Sodality.

We're having a photo-contest or rather it's being called a "photogram" contest. Anyone and everyone is more than cordially invited to submit pictures snapped at some time or other by you. They can be old — or they can be new; the funnier the better. All you have to do is attach a short little "gram" or otherwise explanation telling either how it was taken when or where, or even the circumstances involved.

The contest is new in full swing and January 15 is set for the deadline. Pictures must be sent either to Sodality Section c/o Draugas, 2334 S. Oakley Ave., or Virginia Nausieda, 841 West 33 Place.

All entries will be judged on the originality of the "gram" and "photogram" explaining it. The judges will be Fr. Mickevicius, Fr. Grinius, and Virginia Nausieda.

P. S. here comes the reward for the one who holds the trine snapshot! An inscribed gold medal with blue ribbon attached will be presented to the one lucky camera-toter.

Mary Balanda
CHRISTMAS IN SIBERIA
By: The Observer

Although this happened exactly six years ago, the story was recently told to this writer by a Polish lady ex-prisoner in Russia, and it is ever timely. The place was a bitterly cold and filthy Soviet slave labor camp in Arctic Russia and the time, Christmas 1940.

With the approaching Christmas season, the thirty-odd women of various nationalities who were working in the camp factory, decided to organize some kind of Christmas celebration. Most of these girls were Polish and had been deported after the Nazi-Soviet attack on Poland in 1939. To carry out any plan was very difficult indeed: first, all religious ceremonies were forbidden and the Soviet guards redoubled their control in the period preceding Christmas, as if suspecting some dangerous plot.

They screamed in anger, 'There is no God! There is no angels presence, and reflect wrth what modes.y she

Nevertheless", said my Polish friend, "we resolved not to give up. We had the experience of the October devo­tion to the Holy Virgin, which had consisted of our singing the Rosary together while lying on our bare wooden cots before sleep. The guards had failed to stop that. Now we began hoarding day by day bits of our meagre bread and dried fish, so that we might celebrate the feast of Christmas. We even succeeded in smuggling in a little birch shrub which, decorated with a few scraps of paper, simulated a Christmas tree.

Close to being hidden carefully, but we were good at concealing things. For instance, though my Rosary had been taken from me on the occasion of one of the first inspections and crushed to pieces before my eyes under the boot of an NKVD officer, nevertheless it was success­fully, through my stay in Soviet concentration camps in saving a small plaque bearing the likeness of Our Lady of Częstochowa, This I hid each day inside the bit of bread given me and carried it always with me unnoticeable while going since passed, and then removed.

"Christmas time was particularly sad for all of us", continued the Polish lady. "We thought intensely of our dear ones left at home and wondered endlessly whether we should ever see them again. On Christmas Eve the Soviet guards kept us uncaringly before the sacred altar, so that no nonsense of Christmas plans could succeed. After night in the factory, instead of permitting sleep, they or­dered us to unload heavy logs that were brought on carts from the forest. I was on the night shift on Christmas. At midnight, during the short interruption when factory machinery was re-oiled, we dashed to a dark corner, — cold and dirty, where rats used to convere. Each of us drew from our pocket a precious piece of bread; we broke it and joined in the opening bars of a Christmas carol. Immediately the guards were upon us, shouting, kicking and beating us. They would listen to no explanation that this would not be a proper place for such singing. Each year would they send cards, buy gifts, and even greet perfect strangers; all this, because of a Child born centuries ago. He smiled sourly as he thought that there would be no such foolishness for him or his family. The children will sleep late and after dinner off to the movies they will go, Mary and he will go out for a walk, — and then he was sick again as he saw the brightlY homes, the smiling faces, and heard the cheerful greetings from strangers by. — Why should grown up people act so silly, fools, 2.

Never had Jane been so sad, or so hurt. Oh, she had spent so much time in arranging her room. A space there for the latest picture of Gregory Peck; too bad but Francis had to move over for ths latest one of Tony Martin. Thee two latest ones of Van and that dear Lawford boy would be just perfect over he: bed. And that empty corner was just right; soon to be filled by that new Philco that she had so coyly hinted for so many weeks. With eager, fumbling fingers, she broke the string and tore away the wrapping, then she had her dimmed eyes and an anguished voice she cried out; 'But Mother you know I don't need a coat. I wanted the Philco so badly. Oh, what a horrid Christmas this is!" 3.

3. Few of the passing worshippers noticed him! The deep shadows enveloped and hid him from prying eyes. Yes, it was many years since he had last been to Mass. Ha! ha! he could see himself serving his first midnight Mass. What a proud little rascal he had been; face so shiny and bright, his little figure so straight and still; his res­ponses so loud and prompt. Many Christmases had long since passed, and there had been little room for Jesus in them. He had meant no wrong; — sometimes the fel­lows stayed out too late, and he would drink a little too much. At the camp in the States, he was too mad at everyone even to think of what a horrid Christmas it was.

(Continued on page 4)

FR. JULIAN

In Passing

Vignettes.

1. Psychologists would have said that John B. was suffering from a spell of melancholic moroseness; his fellow workers, who knew him better, attributed it to his "cursed meanness". He had to leave that party at work; why his very bile had risen to sour his mouth. Never had he been as dis­gusted as now to see grown-up people making merry about a fable. Each year would they send cards, buy gifts, and even greet perfect strangers; all this, because of a Child born centuries ago. He smiled sourly as he thought that there would be no such foolishness for him or his family. The children will sleep late and after dinner off to the movies they will go, Mary and he will go out for a walk, — and then he was sick again as he saw the brightlY homes, the smiling faces, and heard the cheerful greetings from strangers by. — Why should grown up people act so silly, fools, 2.

Be Like Mary

Be modest like Mary. Remember her modestly in the angel's presence, and reflect with what modesty she served her Son in the Sacrament of the Altar.

Be pure like Mary. Remember that, to guard the flower of her virginity, she would have refused even the glory of the divine maternity.

Be humble like Mary, entirely lost in her own nothingness, entirely abandoned to God's grace.

Be sweet and amiable like Mary. Mary was the ex­pression of the sweetness of the Heart of Jesus.

Be devoted like Mary, Mary loved even to Calvary. She loved even to death. It was on Calvary that she be­came the Mother of love.

Blessed Peter Eymard.
FROM HERE AND THERE

SODALITY UNION NOTES

On the evening of January 25th at the Hotel Continental in the Tally-Room, the Stardust Ball will take place. Bids are $5.00 each...

A bowling league is being formed by the Social-Life committee...Girls who are interested are welcome to join. Bowling will take place on the third Sunday of every month starting with the month of February thru June. The place for bowling has not been decided....

A Valentine party will be held at the Holy Cross (Town of Lake) parish hall on the night of February 14th for the entire Sodality Union. Refreshments will be served and entertainment will be provided.

A Photo-Gram contest has been started. Girls are requested to submit a scenery picture with a brief write-up about it. Prizes awarded. All entries must be mailed by January 15th, and sent to Virginia Nausieda, 741 W. 33rd Place or Sodality Section, c/o "Dreams".

TOWN OF LAKE

Reminiscing...remember how convincingly Cecile Kinciles played her part as Prince in "Cinderella"...how Dolores Warren and Stella Yurkis captivated the entire audience with their accordian playing...how Sophie Jurgaitis sang for us on more than one occasion...how the splendid voices of Rita Rosinski and Grace Pavilonis enchanted the listeners with their duets?

After being with most of the girls for these past years, our private ambition is to see Ann Zabel play her accordian before an audience...to cut off Ann Ambrose's long hair while she's sleeping...to see Bertrice Petrokis listening to a composition by Bach and enjoying it...to see Sally Jessel on a date without a hat.

And here are some questions we'd really like to have answered...Where does Lorraine Baculis get what "peaches and cream" complexion?...Where do Stella Motuzas and Julia Mironiuk disappear right after the meetings?...Where does Genevieve Karkelis find the jokes she tells?...Where did Eleonore Lauren get that infectious giggle?...Who taught Helen Zabel to bowl?...and Cecile Vaznis to create hats?...Does Alvina Tervainis get all those g'asses that she seems to have in stock?

There are some girls who deserve a hearty thanks for the work they did in our Sodality...Orchids to Adeline Karkelis for making our dances and social affairs a success...Roses to Alice Telecki for keeping the minutes in order...a basket of red roses to Eileen Williams for being a good sergeant-at-arms...many thanks to Lorraine Zengulis for keeping the library books up-to-date...a round of applause goes to Virginia Welp for the upkeep of the communion records...Agnes Rumda deserves our praise for participating in all sodality plays...can't forget our dependable worker Lucy Dzika for all refreshments she has served.

Some faces haven't been seen lately. Wonder what Helen Urba and Alice PetriUa do on Monday night s...have they been requested to submit a scenery picture with a brief write-up for the entire Sodality Union. Refreshments will be served.

The place for bowling has not been decided....Football leaguers have gotten for the gridiron order....Gardenias to Lorretta Martišius for being a good listener. How did Eleanore Lauren get that infectious giggle?...Who dared to get even with God. Here's a suggestion for mystery lovers. Read any of the Father Brown series by Chesterton. They're short. They're unique. They're solid.

If you think saints are born, then just read The Man Who Got Even With God, by M. Raymond, O. C. S. O. and you will change your mind. Here is the life of John Hanning who stood five feet tall without his cowboy boots. His beard and hair were black as a devil's pitchfork — if a pitchfork could be black. If you ruined it the wrong way, his eyes and chin said "I'll get even with you!"

He was quick on the draw, quick to revenge, and quick to take a dare. He burned his father's barn, he ran away from home. He dared to get even with God.

You can't miss this magnificent story of a real down-to-earth, hard-muscled man who traveled the straight narrow path to a Trappist monastery and to life eternal.

As a final suggestion, there's Damien the Lepes by John Farrow. If you don't care you needn't real about his family or boyhood. You can start into the chapter in which Damien first sets foot

(Continued on page 4)
The recent trend in the field of "Best-Sellers" has stirred up a wave of disgust among the de:mt-min- ded people. Led by the Hearst publications they have denounced the areas and conviction of anyone who writes, publishes or sells these books.

Indecent Literature! What do these words mean to you? To some, they stand for a never ending source of much sought after entertainment; a supply of obscene, immoral paragraphs to be read eagerly for amusement. But to others, especially to us as Catholics, they stand as something to be carefully shunned.

Literature was meant to contribute to the development of one's mind and not to its destruction. Although when one looks through the latest novels being published, the popular magazines and daily newspapers there can be serious doubts aroused over such a statement. These books and cheap magazines are packed full with dirt, obscenity and foul language. And since there are always those people who so enjoy and seek out such literature it will unfortunately continue to be written. However it is up to us as Catholics to uphold our moral teachings and to safeguard our Catholic view of life by choosing our reading material more carefully.

Examining today's novels and newspapers more carefully, it becomes clear that it is mainly the kind that a careless public will read, a public that is not interested enough in its own moral well-being to make an effort to obtain decent literature. The magazines are filled with stories that make divorce, birth-control, theft and innumerable other vices seem like perfectly innocent acts. The newspapers publish detailed accounts of divorces and murders on their pages, crowding out far more important stories and giving preference to the lurid details of this sensational news. Does this seem like the source a good Catholic would want to get his reading material from? Of course the answer is obvious, but think how many of us do!

We all have our sense of right and wrong, but the trouble lies with those who attempt to smother it and who willfully become so befuddled that the dividing line between right and wrong is hair-thin and of no value. So to those of us who cultivate this sense of right and wrong, deciding between decent and indecent literature is a fairly simple matter. If we want to obtain decent literature.

We were first given our sense of right and wrong by Christ, and He, as we all know, advocated love and peace among his children and condemned murder, lust, divorce, disregarding for human life, theft and greed. And we put this code to use, however inconvenient it may be found by the unscrupulous people who would like to ignore it. Keeping this code in mind, we can readily see that any book that disregards these standards set by Christ Himself, must be considered by us as Catholics, indecent.

There are many books pamphlets, magazines and newspapers waiting to be read and to be appreciated by Catholics. There is much for us to learn in regard to our religion and good Catholic literature is the easiest way to do it. As a matter of fact, without literature the spread and strengthening of our religion would be seriously hampered, for books and pamphlets reach into far corners that would otherwise remain un触ched.

Descriptions such as these, however, sometimes frighten people into thinking that when one hears words "decent literature" it is a synonym for "dull literature"; but this is far from the truth. For writing can be decent and yet amusing, light and entertaining. It can be realistic and yet not glorify vice; and it can be good for us spiritually and yet not have its story take place behind the walls of a newspaper. Because Mother forgets to chop music, and he is the plum in the pie which brings high feelings of joy to Little Jackie but alas, on the next day this imp is the painful stomach ache caused by overstuffing. And the only reliable remedy is castor oil. hard to take, but oh, so helpful in over-powering bad little imp-glutton.

Sodality Sal, in the second stanza, is spiritually over-stuffed with New Year's resolutions and dreams of being another Florence Nightingale (patience) or Mother Cabrini (charity) and so on down her list. Then, pfft! her dreams are air bubbles when on Jan. 2 she has a spasm of fits because Mother forgets to get her up on time, and Brother leaves his shoes in the kitchen where she trips on them. Or was it the little imp of mischief who planned all that to make her feelings boil?! And then, the only remedy is "Father Confessor" — hard to explain to but oh, so helpful in overcoming out-our Catho- little imp-the gluton of too many dreams.

CONCLUSION

Rather than resolving "impossibles", let's just "try to do whatever job we have to do sufficiently well to carry on to something better." Why promise our selves anything too big for ourselves? If we yearn to climb the high ladder of fame, taking occasional risky jumps (annual resolutions) is not as sure a way of reaching the top as by carefully stepping on every little rung (our daily deeds).

M. A. Youkas

Ed Waitkus Voted Prize Rookie of '46

CHICAGO — Chicago baseball writers have selected Ed Waitkus, Cubs' first baseman, the most valuable freshman big leaguer of 1946.

Waitkus, while drawing 230 points for honors, received 10 of the first place votes, four of the second, and three of the third. His nearest rival, Del Ennis of the Phillies, netted 179 points for second honors.

Eddie will receive the J. Louis Comiskey memorial plaque at the annual Diamond dinner scheduled for the Morning Hotel Casino terrace the evening of January 19.

Books, on p. 3

on Molokai, the island of lepers. It is like a living hell where souls are rotting away as well as bodies. Does this seem like the source a good Catholic would want to get as reading material from? Of course the answer is obvious, but think how many of us do!

We all have our sense of right and wrong, but the trouble lies with those who attempt to smother it and who willfully become so befuddled that the dividing line between right and wrong is hair-thin and of no value. So to those of us who cultivate this sense of right and wrong, deciding between decent and indecent literature is a fairly simple matter. If we want to obtain decent literature.

We were first given our sense of right and wrong by Christ, and He, as we all know, advocated love and peace among his children and condemned murder, lust, divorce, disregarding for human life, theft and greed. And we put this code to use, however inconvenient it may be found by the unscrupulous people who would like to ignore it. Keeping this code in mind, we can readily see that any book that disregards these standards set by Christ Himself, must be considered by us, as Catholics, indecent.

There are many books pamphlets, magazines and newspapers waiting to be read and to be appreciated by Catholics. There is much for us to learn in regard to our religion and good Catholic literature is the easiest way to do it. As a matter of fact, without literature the spread and strengthening of our religion would be seriously hampered, for books and pamphlets reach into far corners that would otherwise remain untouch."