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Woman With a Purpose

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where she feels they are most needed and will do the most good."

Although she lives fully in the present, occasionally Mrs. Boardman speaks of some treasured moment of the past. "I once appeared in St. Paul before the International Federation of Catholic Women," she relates. "On the panel were Sister Madeleva, poet and educator, and Msgr. Thomas J. Fitzgerald, Director of the National Organization of Decent Literature. To be with people of such calibre was one of the most inspiring moments of my life."

She turned the pages of a book as she spoke. "Here is Sister Madeleva's book of poems, 'The Four Last Things.' What comfort and beauty they have brought to me!"

The Soul of a Poet

There is much of the poet in Anne Cawley Boardman herself. "When I appear before an audience, I feel like an organist as he sits down before his instrument. Before me lies the opportunity to touch the lives of others with some-

thing stimulating, inspirational or educational. I feel my enthusiasm mount; I am exhilarated by the challenge, and deeply grateful and humble for the privilege before me."

Mrs. Boardman is convinced that the reading of good books is one of the basic forms of learning. "I believe an informed person makes a better citizen, and that I have an obligation to do all in my power toward that goal," she says. You can be sure that when she chooses a book for reviewing, it IS a good book, and from that point on, she works hard to persuade her audience to want to read it.

Her character can well be summed up by her accomplishments and beliefs. There is the right mixture within her to make her what she is — a devout person who loves and lives her Faith; an intelligent woman, who gives to the world the gifts of her mind; a warm, sympathetic person with a store of Irish wit; a woman with a dedicated purpose! ■

Realm of Gold

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an average of only half an ounce of gold is obtained, gold mining is done on such a vast scale in South Africa that in 1962 a total of \$850 million worth of gold was produced—two-thirds of the free world's supply.

Having been extracted from the earth with great expense and tedious toil, man re-buries his gold in the depositories, bank vaults, and Fort Knoxes of the world, where it silently does its work of

upholding the value of the symbols on the world's legal tender. Until the day when a Government of the World is established, or all nations agree to use one international currency, the demand for gold as a solid medium of exchange between nations remains insatiable—maintaining the prime status gold has held ever since Old King Menes stroked his beard and decreed it so on the shores of the Nile fifty centuries ago. ■