

Pare Sixieen

## Faded Beauty or Laundry Service?

Are hotwater - hardened hands and soapspoiled skin too high a price to pay for home washing? But that is the price of a few years of home washing? Avoid faded beauty, use laundry service—a service for dvery need.



from your,

Automatic



We Like the Country

Guest column by Mrs. Leo C. Rds selat, RR 1. Middletauss, Obion. We live in the country Mecaum we like it. We can enjoy our children more: we like to see things growing, and anisting them if we can; and we like the neighboring. We have to do without some luxuries and conveniences, but we have the most important things and we have each other. There are ten of us, my husband, eight children between the ages of four and twenty-one, and myself. The chil-dron are growing up so that we must find somebody for Gabrielle to play with after school starts. The thing about a big family is that it is never big enough.

My husband, a World War Vet-eran, is a painting contractor, but he was born and raised on a farm. and although I was city-born and bred, my forehears were also farm-era. When the older children were bebies, we had a modern home in town, but I spent practically all my time either at the front door or the back keeping them off the street and in their own yard. Then too our milk, butter and egg bills were very high. So we saved a little money and bought two and one-half acres of land out in the country. On this we built a threeroom garage with a kitchen on the back. It sconed like Heaven. About six years ago we sold it and purchased the place on which we now live. Here we have five scres of excellent soil and a sevenroom frame house. The house is not modern except for water in the kitchen but we love the beautiful old woodwork and the "homey" look of the place.

We are on one of the main roads so that we can sell butter, eggs, fryers, asparagus and vegetables at the door. It is surprising how this helps out the family budget. We have two cows and about four hundred fifty chickens, and we buy twe or three pigs every summer to provide for our winter ment.

Our oldest boy enlisted and is traising to be a pilot. People ask if I sm not werried about him, but Our Blessed Mother has slways taken care of him and doubtless will keep right on. Before he was called, he built a lovely little grette in our rock garden for a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a rote arbor with seals in front so that we can sit and admire her. Every-time I pasy I remind her of her job

We belong to the Mission Church Our Lady of the Seven Dolors in Monroe, three miles from our home. The church was practically destroyed by fire about three years tyr. Remember how he continued to protest his faith in the eternal ago but was rebuilt this spring. A truths for which he fought! He ing. Keep them blasing, my dearest, wasn't gunning for the Japa, that day he was killed. He was fightnew Recreation Hall was built at the same time. This hall was rededicated by His Grace. fire Remember that what Archbishop McNicholss of Cincinideals. To those ideals he was a nati. We were proud, happy and deeply touched to think His Grace did us so much honor. He delivmartyr-not to the barsh principles of war. Our son did not die for war, Julie; he died for peace. ered two elequent sermons, one during Solemn High Mass and an-Little by little, the story will be told. Now we have only the autother after Mass when he said he line, and it is the outline of a magwanted to tell us a few more nificent chapter. Had he been less things. How we appreciated the encouragement which is sometimes great, Paul might have been saved. When the guns of that ship began missing for rural Catholics. He to soar up at him, tilting the wings said that as soon as possible we should have a resident priest. Monof his plane with their tremendous pressure, he might have turned roe is an old parish and at one away, as did the others who started time inad a resident priest, but so out with him. Paul chose to stay in the battle, though the chips Egypt . . . th of the Child Catholics have moved away that the parish has dwindled until loss of the Man . . . ) were all stacked against him. He it has become a mission parish. The Church was originally built by was always a battler to the end remember? Though all the boys in Father Lagance (of prayer-book fame) Two Sisters from Middle-town have been giving the children his gang ran out on fights, he'd stay until he could no longer stand catechetical instruction after Mass each fight, he'd come home bang-ed and tattered wearing that grin on Sunday, and for two summers they have conducted a religion of his that was a mixture of arroschool. gance and innocence! (I bet he whot a grin at those Japs, this fight, when in that last full meas-After the dedication we serve a chicken dinner People from all around came, and we had a regular ure of courage, he bent has plane downward and dived into the midfestival booths, games, soft drinks and bingo, Our hall will serve as a dle of the roaring guns. Win or social center for the parish, and His Grace suggested that we offer it to the community at large for lose, he would grin and this time he knew he was to be the winner. patriotic or charitable purposes. Yes, he won the battle, Julie. Our reason for living in the And we have won the memory of country we like it. a great son. MARY ROSSELOT Whis is part of the truths I would have you remember in days that are absail, when all truth shall It you can't stand Hitler, don't are ahead, when all truth she worry; some day the undertaker seem most cold and comfortless. With all my love, will find people to bear him. The victories of war are not



-Courtesy of Churles Ridgeony, WATCHMAN-EXAMINEN W. S. S. S.

## **TO READ IN DARKNESS** By Margaret L. Whitehead

(This story by Marguret L. Whitehead, of Commonti, was second prize in the national shirt story contest conducted seconds by the Catholic Press Assumation of the Losied States.)

My dear Julie. shadow that have marked our life final triumph of military force. together, this day shall over be our War's ultimate victories can only daricest.

CATHOLIC COUNT

The wire came at sig o'clock. this morning, with its message be, the hearts of those who fight, and yond my deepest fears. Nover did I the mastered sufferings of those think of our son in terms of death. his vitality and that ghostly inevitability seemed wholly incom-patible. I know that, to you, it has been the same.

During all the six months of our present separation, I have wanted most constantly to be with you, but never so urgently as I wish it today. It is for that reason that I write you now. I want to give you words to read in darkness, words words to read in dereness, words to hold as tangible substances in the days skead. You have not knows the darkest hour, yet, that is to come when longliness bears in upon you the full meaning of your loss A warman's average is al your loss. A woman's sorrow is always deeper than a man's can be. To know this, you have only to re-member the story of a sword which, one Friday, plunged into a Mother's heart, as that woman stood besenth & cross.

Paul, our only son, has gloriously, wearing the difficult eress of eac of death's iscrees. It is easy, yes, to be made a here in life; death's erown of glory is a erown of thorns, but it is the groatest laurel of all. We have had a martyr for a son a true mar-

counted in triumphant encounters. Of all the days of light and in captured cities, or even in a be the purgation of those who live in its terror the birth of virtue in the hearts of those who fight, and who are left behind.

August 20, 1942

That is your course of victory, now, Julie to become mistress of this loss that now seems unreal and that will, in future focurs, seem unconquerable

I wish h might tell you that this is the end of your chapter of suffering. It would be so much easier to write these words if I knew they were to mark the finale. But that I cannot promise until the day when peace is signed not on a screll of parchment, but in the hearts of all men, and in the determination of men to have peace, not at any price, but at the price of justice. Until that promise is blazaned in the wills of men, we can only continue to walk in darknesp.

All these things I would have you remember in the days that are to come.

I know you will continue your work at home. Now you have an oven greater motive for that yelunteer service to which you have given so tirelessly of your energies. I see the image of you so vividly, at times-hurrying about in that

frensied office, with that square little chin of yours jutted like a rock and your startling eyes blaz-

and never let tears put out their to the courage of the world is what you add to the victory of our canse. For you and for me and for all men, this is a day of growth, though the thorns choke us and the racky soil digs into our fiesh. I said, above, that I wish I might here promise you an ending. But I am now faced with the burden of parting the curtain on another scene of sacrifice. (Remenber the succession in that Mother's life, the frigid barrenness of the stable . . . the endless flight into the sword . . . the loss id on up to the final I say I announce another sacrifice, because mine is the task of telling you these tidings (when, if it were at all possible to do so, I up. Then, remember how, after | would withhold them from this day of suffering for you ... you, who have just lost your only son in this war, are now called upon to give your husband to active participa-tion in it. There is little I can say. Word of this came this morning, shortly after I learned about Paul. Tomorrow, the defactment under my command leaves for a battlenesd across the Atlantic. On this, I have no words, but these: that I go not in sadness, but in the hope that you, who have given one hero, may, by your courageous acceptance of this new trial, now inspire a second. John.

## Refrigerator

r-Cool Food to Room Temperature

- 2 Don't Overcrowd Your Refrigerator
- 3 -- Don't Permit Over-frosting of refrigerating unit
- 4-Don't store Foods which do not need Refrigeration
- 5---- Don't Let too Many Left-overs collect EVEN THE BEST REFIGURATOR WON'T KEEP FOOD FOREVER.

**TAKECARE OF IT.** YOUR Refrigerator Must DO-FOR THE D-U-R-A-T-I-O-N !

**Rochester Gas and Electric** 

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