

Take Your Choice



Faded Beauty or Laundry Service?

Are hotwater-hardened hands and soap-spoiled 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 every need.

**HAFNER HOME LAUNDRY**  
591 595  
LINCOLN AVE N  
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HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS



for

GETTING GREATER EFFICIENCY

from your

Automatic Refrigerator

- 1—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 REFRIGERATOR WON'T KEEP FOOD FOREVER.

TAKE CARE OF IT. YOUR Refrigerator Must DO—FOR THE D-U-R-A-T-I-O-N !

Rochester Gas and Electric



3801 Grand Ave.  
Des Moines, Iowa

We Like the Country

(Guest column by Mrs. Leo C. Ross, 2641 RR 1, Middletown, Ohio.)

We live in the country because we like it. We can enjoy our children more; we like to see things growing, and assisting them if we can; and we like the neighborly. 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 children 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 Veteran, is a painting contractor, but he was born and raised on a farm, and although I was city-born and bred, my forebears were also farmers. When the older children were babies, 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 three-room garage with a kitchen on the back. It seemed like Heaven. About six years ago we sold it and purchased the place on which we now live. Here we have five acres of excellent soil and a seven-room 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 two or three pigs every summer to provide for our winter meat.

Our oldest boy enlisted and is training to be a pilot. People ask if I am not worried about him, but Our Blessed Mother has always taken care of him and doubtless will keep right on. Before he was called, he built a lovely little grotto in our rock garden for a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a rose arbor with seats in front so that we can sit and admire her. Everytime I pass I remind her of her job.

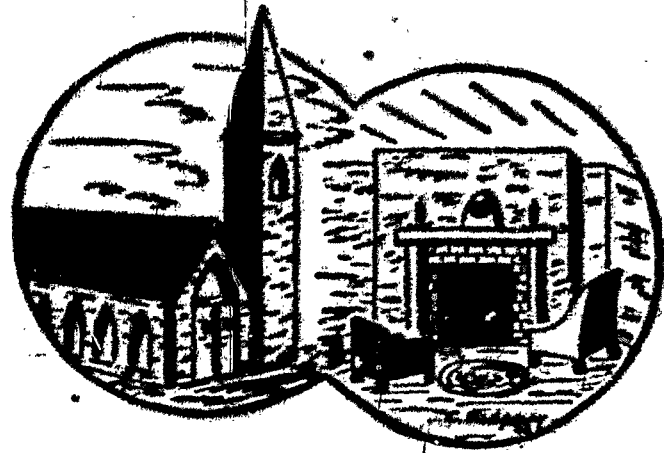
We belong to the Mission Church of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours in Monroe, three miles from our home. The church was practically destroyed by fire about three years ago but was rebuilt this spring. A new Recreation Hall was built at the same time. This hall was recently dedicated by His Grace, Archbishop McNichols of Cincinnati. We were proud, happy and deeply touched to think His Grace did us so much honor. He delivered two eloquent sermons, one during Solemn High Mass and another after Mass when he said he wanted to tell us a few more things. How we appreciated the encouragement which is sometimes missing for rural Catholics. He said that as soon as possible we should have a resident priest. Monroe is an old parish and at one time had a resident priest, but so many Catholics have moved away that the parish has dwindled until it has become a mission parish. The Church was originally built by Father Lazance of prayer-book fame. Two Sisters from Middletown have been giving the children catechetical instruction after Mass on Sunday, and for two summers they have conducted a religion school.

After the dedication we served a chicken dinner. People from all around came, and we had a regular festival, booths, games, soft drinks and bingo. Our hall will serve as a social center for the parish, and His Grace suggested that we offer it to the community at large for patriotic or charitable purposes. Our reason for living in the country is like it.

MARY ROSSELOT

If you can't stand Hitler, don't worry; some day the undertaker will find people to bear him.

FOR CHURCH AND HOME



BUY WAR BONDS

—Courtesy of Charles Ridgway, WATCHMAN-EXAMINER  
W. B. S. 242

TO READ IN DARKNESS

By Margaret L. Whitehead

(This story by Margaret L. Whitehead, of Cincinnati, was second prize in the national short story contest conducted recently by the Catholic Press Association of the United States.)

My dear Julie,  
Of all the days of light and shadow that have marked our life together, this day shall ever be our darkest.

The wire came at six o'clock, this morning, with its message beyond my deepest fears. Never did I think of our son in terms of death, his vitality and that ghostly inevitability seemed wholly incompatible. 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 to hold as tangible substances in the days ahead. You have not known the darkest hour, yet, that is to come when loneliness bears in upon you the full meaning of your loss. A woman's sorrow is always deeper than a man's can be. To know this, you have only to remember the story of a sword which, one Friday, plunged into a Mother's heart, as that woman stood beneath a cross.

Paul, our only son, has died gloriously, wearing the difficult cross of one of death's heroes. It is easy, yes, to be made a hero in life; death's crown of glory is a crown of thorns, but it is the greatest laurel of all. We have had a martyr for a son—a true martyr. Remember how he continued to profess his faith in the eternal truths for which he fought! He wasn't gunning for the Japs, that day he was killed. He was fighting for the final victory of his ideals. To those ideals he was a martyr—not to the harsh principles of war. Our son did not die for war, Julie; he died for peace.

Little by little, the story will be told. Now we have only the outline, and it is the outline of a magnificent chapter. Had he been less great, Paul might have been saved. When the guns of that ship began to roar up at him, tilting the wings of his plane with their tremendous pressure, he might have turned away, as did the others who started out with him. Paul chose to stay in the battle, though the chips were all stacked against him. He was always a battler to the end, remember? Though all the boys in his gang ran out on flights, he'd stay until he could no longer stand up. Then, remember how, after each flight, he'd come home banged and tattered wearing that grin of his that was a mixture of arrogance and innocence! (I bet he shot a grin at those Japs, this night, when in that last full measure of courage, he bent his plane downward and dived into the middle of the roaring guns. Win or lose, he would grin and this time he knew he was to be the winner.)

Yes, he won the battle, Julie. And we have won the memory of a great son.

This is part of the truths I would have you remember in days that are ahead, when all truth shall seem most cold and comfortless. The victories of war are not

counted in triumphant encounters, in captured cities, or even in a final triumph of military force. War's ultimate victories can only be the purgation of those who live in its terror, the birth of virtue in the hearts of those who fight, and the mastered sufferings of those who are left behind.

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

I wish I 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 scroll 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 blazoned in the wills of men, we can only continue to walk in darkness.

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 even greater motive for that volunteer 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 frenzied office, with that square little chin of yours jutted like a rock and your startling eyes blazing.

Keep them blazing, my dearest, and never let tears put out their fire. Remember that what you add to the courage of the world is what you add to the victory of our cause. For you and for me and for all men, this is a day of growth, though the thorns choke us and the rocky soil digs into our flesh.

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. (Remember the succession in that Mother's life, the frigid barrenness of the stable . . . the endless flight into Egypt . . . the sword . . . the loss of the Child . . . on up to the final loss of the Man . . .)

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 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 participation in it.

There is little I can say. Word of this came this morning, shortly after I learned about Paul. Tomorrow, the defacement under my command leaves for a battlefield 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.

With all my love,  
John