

**OFFICERS FORM A COMMUNION-BREAKFAST CLUB**



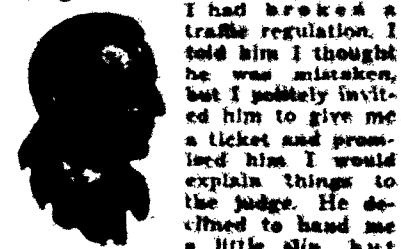
In front of the USO Club in Bermuda, a group of Catholic officers of the U. S. Navy prepared stationed at the Naval Operating Base there, are pictured following their first monthly Communion-Breakfast. Ownership forbids the mention of the names of the officers. (N.C.W.C.)

**TIMELY ETERNALS**

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven  
Editor in Chief, Catholic Action of the South

**GROUCHY POLICEMEN**

It was in September, 1915, the day after our historic tropical storm in the South, that I was driving down Canal Street, and was suddenly signaled by a traffic policeman to stop. The big, burly mouthpiece of the law proceeded to tell me what he thought of me. According to him, I had broken a traffic regulation. I told him I thought he was mistaken, but I politely invited him to give me a ticket and promised him I would explain things to the judge. He declined to hand me a little slip, but continued to strafe me with strong language. Afterward, when the incident was reported to the captain, it evolved that "Big Jim," a fervent Irishman, had mistaken me for the fanatic minister of the Carrie Nation type, who was abusing free speech around New Orleans in a crusade to rob citizens of the right to take a drink sometimes.



As a rule are policemen gentlemen? We think they are. The trouble with them is that most of the time, they are exposed to such lack of consideration on the part of the public, most of whom are trying to get away with murder, it takes the stamming of a saint to be pleasant and good-humored. And, naturally, it would be somewhat idle to look for saints on the police force.

A man who is charged with the safety of people, especially a traffic cop at a busy corner, must have an iron constitution, both as to nerves and physique. He is bound to be high-strung all the time, covering four directions in an effort to protect people from injury. He remains at his post of duty in the beating rain, the broiling sun or the intense cold for hours at a time.

Drivers and pedestrians constantly disobey orders, either ignorantly, absent-mindedly or arrogantly. In the last class are the offenders who are a thorn in any good policeman's side, "the boys with a political pull." If they are stopped, the officer is bound to get abuse; he cannot answer them back or give them a ticket, for it will not mean anything, or it may cause him to be fired or demoted; if he looks the other way and lets them get by with their offenses, he will be criticized or he will permit these favored individuals to endanger lives. That forced function never tends to improve his psychology.

Then, he has to contend with the dear lady drivers, so many of whom are blissfully unobservant or nervous in tight spots. The bachelor-maiden teacher was coming up a busy street, sweetly and unconcernedly crossing the traffic light. The policeman approached her car, holding up his hand, and, after she stopped, he asked her, "Madam, do you know what it means when I hold up my hand?" She affably replied, "Son, I surely do, I have not been teaching school for nothing the last thirty years. You want to go home and help mother do the washing." What could the policeman do in that case? Blush and let her pass.

A policeman, in his daily round of duty, has to face and deal with

more arbitrary and arbitrary people than anyone else, and usually under trying circumstances. Therefore, humbly speaking, it is not fair to expect him to be very pleasant. We should be considerate and keep that in mind when one officially approaches us, whether we are guilty or not.

Never thinking, or trying to place ourselves in the position of others with whom we have to deal, often creates unpleasant, strained and sometimes bitter feelings. Exaggerating our ego, we imbue ourselves with the foolish expectation that everybody should react according to our personal moods and disposition. It frequently happens that we are unaware of the trials and troubles, the hidden grief or suffering, of people with whom we have to deal. We never give it a thought that a certain person may have a real cause or a good reason for not appearing and acting normally. We proceed at once to put him in our little book of senseless criticism as somebody impossible, a grouchy, "a pain in the neck"; whereas, if we could know or would try to guess his or her physical ailment or mental misery, we should be moved by compassion and sympathy and should not increase his unhappiness.

Some years ago, in connection with my work, I had to confer, quite frequently, with a Nun in an orphan asylum. She never had a smile, and she seemed to be dissatisfied with the world in general. Hence, our relations were not too happy. One day, the head of the institution phoned to request me to pray for the repose of the soul of this particular Sister. She had been rushed to the hospital a few days before, and it was found that her liver was eaten away by cancer. The poor thing had suffered excruciating pain for years without telling anybody about it.

Charity demands, in abnormal cases like this, that we patiently consider what might be wrong with the other person.

**Visiting With God**

Our love for God should be so strong  
That nothing or no one could make it falter.  
His love for us indeed is boundless, for  
At Mass each day, He lives upon the altar.  
Behind the Tabernacle veil, hidden  
His silent Form awaits a friendly call.  
But, busy man too, often hurries past  
Pursuing earthly shadows as they fall.  
Feasting on idle gossip, scandal, rumor  
To no avail. An animated fraud  
Devoid of all the pleasures to be had  
From just a moment's visiting with God.  
—C. J. Keller

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**The Farmer's "If"**

- If you can do the job of any toilet, Carpenter, mason, plumber, engineer.
- If you can drill a well, and mend a boiler.
- And practice fifty other trades a year;
- If you can run machines, and doctor cattle.
- Keep getting busy on duty at their needs;
- If you can fight an unremitting battle  
With endless armies of invading pests;
- If you can face the hazards of the weather.
- Gambling with nature with your all at stake.
- And when luck's against you altogether  
Fight on, and never let your courage break;
- If you can hold your patience when you're coping  
With drought or flood, with blight and smut and scale,  
And lose, and start again, and keep on hoping  
In spite of all the harvest that might fail;
- If you can share the burdens of your neighbors  
Gladly, but leave their own affairs, their own;
- If, notwithstanding all your endless labors,  
Your spirit keeps its warmly human tone;
- If you can see your every task as thrilling  
Because, though sometimes wearily you plod  
You know each stubborn acre you are tilling  
Is new wealth you've created from the sod;
- If you can feel a joy in turning over  
The good brown earth in furrows clearly run;
- If you love scent of oats and wheat and clover  
And yellow corn that ripens in the sun;
- If you don't rob the soil, yet go on getting  
From every acre all that it is worth.  
You are a FARMER, son—and I am betting  
You wouldn't trade with anyone on earth.

—Bertram Swinley  
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**Nazis Deport 500,000 Children To Germany**

LONDON.—The number of children kidnaped all over Europe by the Germans, according to estimates made public in Switzerland, exceeds more than 500,000 and may be as high as 700,000, according to a report received by KAP, Polish Catholic Press Agency. Since 1941, the report stated, the Nazis have been deporting children between the ages of 2 and 8 to Germany.

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