

Named To War Board

New Orleans... The Right Rev. Peter M. H. Wynhoven, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church and a past president of the National Catholic Press Association, has been named a member of the War Labor Board's Eighth Regional Board.

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TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven

Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

"It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in a bed and feeling that you will drop gently to sleep. The goal is to come, not pass; the finish not level



enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle fall of the body over the pillow sweeps over you; the spirit of contentment disengages itself once more, and, with slow and soothing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, she said seems to have a being in slumbering out it, like the eye—it is closed—the mysterious light has gone to take its airy voyage."

We had you, the merry, five times to one, that the above description of sleep was not written by a man who lived in a well-ventilated city neighborhood, with houses judging one another. There is no such happy prospect to contemplate when you retire at night. This is particularly true in summer time, when all windows are open, because there always is someone in the neighborhood getting ready to celebrate something. Or there may be a poor neighbor suffering with insomnia, who has discovered that a sure cure for it is to make himself mentally tired and drowsy by listening to a blaring radio with all hours.

In this lack of consideration for your neighbor's sin and a crime? We shall leave the radio addict out of our calculation; after all, he is a sufferer, and there is something wrong with him in several ways. But the merry-makers, and the celebrants of an occasion, or no occasion at all. These light-hearted, happy and healthy people—what mischief do they create by a night of gaiety, staged in a densely inhabited neighborhood?

First of all, they will start their frolic at a time when respectable people are going to bed; the party will be at its height a little after midnight, when the period of most restful sleep has passed. The height of these parties is denoted by frequent outbreaks of hilarious screams by jittery young females, and loud raucous rambles by accommodating guests who can neither sing nor play.

The four photographs records of dance music are monotonously wailed over time, for at least an hour and a half. Around one o'clock in the morning, the spirited music is taking effect, and Mother Judge then, in order to save the family's reputation, she'd better begin hiding the guests' goodnight, with the tactfully expressed hope that they enjoyed themselves.

Yes, Mother starts her actions with good sense and judgment; but that does not mean that the party is broken up. About 10 minutes in a half hour afterward, somebody suddenly gets the ingenious idea of having a hot drink, and "then we sing 'Sweet Adeline'—but everybody must join in."

In the meantime, the big brother or boy friend has arrived in the car and is nervously and impatiently waiting outside to take "her" home. After a while, his patience is expressed by long, slow "V" signs of the automobile horn, a short series from the inside, through an open window: "Oh, stop on St. Joe, for a minute." Joe won't, for he is either not dressed properly or he was not invited, in the first place. Joe is pretty well puffed by this time, and he blows the horn every succeeding minute. At last, loud hurrahs are indulged in on the front porch, and "by-gee!" are shouted from the street, when good luck enough to wake the neighbors in the second and third floors. Mother locks the front door and turns out the lights with a feeling of satisfaction. A good time was had by all.

By all, except the young mother next door whose baby was awakened by the noise of the party and who was forced to walk the floor with it practically for the better part of the night. The old person, five doors away, who had hoped for a good night's rest, did not have a good time either, miserably tossing about until sleep was out of the question for the rest of the night. How did the last dance or more people across the street, who had to get up in the morning for a hard day's work, have a good time. In fact, the course of the

neighborhood by the way you sleep. Sleep can be so restless enough to make the pillow's surface with delight. From the radio that had to be turned off at his own pillow.

It is a sin and a shame to be here without any thought of the possibility of your being made right and done. Sleep and rest are vital needs, as much so as food. Its deprivation is a great evil, particularly in children. Our most precious Commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is entirely ignored by those who turn the clock of night into a sort of reversed alarm.

Therefore, should a light party and family frolic be held? Not at all. But those hours of quiet could be spent better, both in church throughout, and certainly at a decent hour. This is a sensible policy, for the health and welfare of the participants as well as for the neighbors.

GO TO JOSEPH

Dear St. Joseph, holy Patron, Of the Universal Church; By your seven Joys and Sorrows Do not leave us in the lurch.

By your sadness when you gently Thought to put your little ones Comfort all the lonely mothers When their sons will lose the fray.

By your sorrow when the Savior Came and poor, upon the way, Heard the parental wail of Joseph Give us peace that runs for aye.

By your bitter tears when Jesus Shed His precious blood for us, Send succor to all this bloodied Help us Victory to win.

Dear St. Joseph, by the power That had pierced your heart the day Elizabeth's prophecy was uttered— Take the sting of hell away.

By the hardships of the journey Into Egypt's dreary waste, Send our souls 'till all around us On to Victory in haste.

Oh, St. Joseph dear, remember How a fear clutched at your heart

As your homeward journey ended: Make all fear from us depart.

By the torture and foreboding As you sought the Child three days, Soothe our hearts and calm our spirits Send us peace in many ways.

Holy Patron, all your Sorrows That Joys have surely passed! By this token, dear St. Joseph, Send us Peace and Joys that last. —S. M. G.

Family Breakdown

For individuals, the breakdown of the family means the glum despair of a life without hope, now, of a life which not even pleasure can light up. For nations it means slow death through sterility and it can even mean this for the human race.—J. Laidlow.

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