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Liberated



The smile of the liberated is worn by Major Chaplain Albert D. Talbot, S. S., of Fall River, Mass., who spent nearly three years in Japanese prison camps in the Philippines. In addition to the award of the Purple Heart for wounds received in action, Father Talbot has been recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry under fire. Photo taken at the Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco. (NCWCI)

Dignified Observance Of V-E Day Planned

Auburn.—Mayor Edward T. Boyle and his committee Chester J. Bills, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Cowen, William O. Dapping, Rev. George E. Davies and Rabbi Abraham I. Feldbin, issued a proclamation this week for a sane and dignified observance of V-E Day when that day arrives.

The committee, mindful of the fact that war does not end when Germany is defeated, stated that patriotic Americans will want to spend as much time as possible in prayer and meditation and offer a word of thanksgiving to Almighty God for bringing us successfully, at least part way along the path of final victory.

The committee in their proclamation made this statement:

"Upon receipt of official information that hostilities in the European Theater of Operations has terminated, church bells will toll, sirens and factory whistles will not be sounded till two hours thereafter. The two hour period is given over to thanksgiving and devotional silence in the different churches in the city."

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Father Bill was introduced by Fire Chief Louis L. McCulligan.

Protestant Missions Hit by Non-Catholic

St. Paul — (NC) — Protestant missionaries in southern Africa whose constitutionally guaranteed freedom of worship "as a human right" to carry on the most ardent and abusive campaign against the Catholic Church," and their activities continue to be "the most serious obstacle to the success of the Good Neighbor policy," charge on John W. White, a non-Catholic writer, in the current issue of the Catholic Herald.

"We all know the position of the Pope in the world today," he said. "It requires the abilities of the greatest diplomat in the world and the present Pope is the ablest diplomat that could have been selected. He is the best organized and the best internationally known."

Father Bill then pointed the writer to the "most important and the deepest and the scariest" of the year. He also spoke of the power of the communists which was a growing consequence of totalitarian regimes.

Father Bill, in addition to being the pastor of all the Catholic parishes in the city, is also the pastor of the Negroes in the city.

I SAW JUST ONE*

* MARGARET R. T. CORALE

Circumstances over which I had no control ordained that, contrary to my custom over a period of years, I saw just one, repulsive, on Holy Thursday in 1943. Members of the previous year numbered for attention.

It had been a busy day but there had been time for a brief greeting to our crucified God before the magnificent splendor of white Easter and stately Easter lilies, the austere but tastefully arranged floral, graced by strains of easy pink blossoms, and the startling difference of an emerald green heart against a silver background, graced by tall, exquisite vases that seemed to know their needs in spite of the gloom of the Good Friday had made them.

It had been a glorious array leaving nothing to say Sacramento of God and me it would be today also. Yet this was one Holy Thursday when I would have

the privilege of kneeling before the temporary altar, from which He would depart on the morrow, leaving His church stark cold and empty on the anniversary of His crucifixion.

And so "I Saw Just One" now, simple, but so very, so rare even "that one" was in the tiny chapel at the Dominican Monastery. I am sure I will never forget even one detail of it. I will think of it often as I did during the pain packed days that followed. The little chapel which too rapidly nearing completion is now removed from the original bare glass enclosed porch.

There is a substantialness about it, a sturdiness — a permanence which is so seldom true of small

chapels — a reflection, one might say of the Perpetual Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and Our Lady of the Rosary to which our community itself is dedicated.

Religious security — a safe harbor and away from the furious mad race of life outside.

The little, tiny altar is still there but this morning it stands like gaudy marble — it had been so much scrubbed. The new amber windows and the matching glasses on the electric fixture threw a glow like that of the late afternoon over the plain chapel.

It seemed from the world apart and again I felt as though I had scaled the heights of a Butterfield mountain although we were just a few hundred feet away from the mad rush of early morning traffic on one of Elma's busiest streets.

And thoughts began with me the gay, joyous which my Mother Church permits on this one day during the Lenten Season. How welcome were the opening words of the triumphant choir, accompanied by the golden notes of the little bell within the cloister, the Cross with the "In manus tuas perdimus nos" — reminding me of the treachery of men while would be again commemorated as it were in the service of another Good Friday. Then it was time for Holy Communion and I found my eyes filled with unshed tears because on the morrow He would not come to the faithful under the sacramental species. I found my thoughts wandering for a minute in the mind of my preparation for the instant of Communion.

Just how could anyone, who really believed in the sacramental presence, attend Mass without receiving the Body and Blood of their Lord and their One Saviour — my thoughts went on — "How good Catholic men and women can be so indifferent toward the most precious gift of God to mankind."

And then, the Mass was over, the last sweet notes of the voices behind the grille had died away. A hushed silence, an almost death-like expectancy settled around me and I looked up certain that I must surely see the angels whose wings so often brook this little sanctuary. They were never there until this morning! Had they not heralded His first coming on a Christmas Eve more than sixteen hundred years ago? Would they not well be here to welcome Him — on His first Holy Thursday visit to Rosary Chapel?

And so, Padre intoned the first words of the Pange Domine and turned toward me. I did not need to raise my eyes — I knew — two hands, covered by the folds of a white veil were holding close a golden chalice in which under the sacramental species, rested the King of the world, the Redemeer of mankind!

He was Home! The little gold cross resting on place — a boy was turned — and he was ready to play Host to His own Master. Yes, I saw "Just One" — in a quiet corner of a church where the eyes were filled with the wisdom and beauty of it. The rich red folds of crimson velvet covered me of the Precious Blood which would be shed again at that altar on another Good Friday. A sister drop of crimson white inclosed within, was topped by a little golden crown, and just like a living-godess pure — there was the supreme joy.

Convention of Central Verein Is Postponed

Newark — (NC) — The ninth annual convention of the Catholic Central Verein, which was to have been held jointly with golden jubilee convention of the Catholic Women's Union here in August, has been postponed indefinitely to comply with request of the Office of Defense Transportation regarding wartime travel restrictions. It has been announced

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