February 11, 1945

Dear fellow countrymen and countrywomen, I greet you with the words: Praised be Jesus Christ!

As an introduction to today’s talk I would like to convey this scenario to you. Looking over the metropolis of New York City one sees not only the 30 and 70 storied skyscrapers but also one story wooden buildings in which people chose to dwell in long times passed when people wanted to live close to the land and didn’t care to penetrated the clouds. In between these many-storied goliaths and the David-structured, we see many smaller structures called apartment buildings. The average American family lives here, the worker, the cop, the office-worker. The buildings are smaller or larger from brick or stone. Cold, sometimes dirty and neglected. There is nothing inviting about them. They stand side by side, often connected one with the other. Built with economy in mind. Externally they are not better. Dirty staircases and dark corridors abound. Dusty walls and corners filled with cob-webs. Within these rooms live various nationalities without considering nationality or race. Last year I spoke with the owner of such an apartment. He maintained with great pride that in his apartments live 19 people of various persuasions from Romanians to Arabs, and they live in accord like children of one father and one mother. – As a matter of fact in three very small rooms, in the 25th of November, a family of a certain American soldier, who found himself in a camp, lived there. The family consisted of a 26-year old mother Dorothy; a four year old Francis and a 22 month year old Patricia. The mother went to work in a factory three days a week. She got to know her fellow workers. They invited her to entertainments. She willingly accompanied them to get away from a humdrum daily life. She reciprocally invited them to her apartment. And so one Saturday, on the 25th of November she planned a party at her place. She invited six couples. The party began at 9 in the evening. The time spent was very pleasant. They played cards, danced to some radio music, and drank beer and high-balls. At quarter to twelve the drinks ran out. All agreed to head for the nearest pub. So the young mother went along with the crowd, leaving the little ones in their cribs. Better leave the children rather than the guests! The children will not know the difference and the guests will. The time went by and it was three in the morning. When they were standing outside the bar saying good-bye to each other a fire truck was passing by. It stopped in front of the young mother’s apartment. The whole building was ablaze. The mother ran toward the conflagration, shouting: “Save my children!” At that time, the fire fighters were bringing out the burnt bodies of the children, burned to death. The reason for the fire: probably a lit cigarette in the party room.

**FOR WOMEN ONLY**

In November of the previous year, in Milwaukee, Wis., this incident took place. On 12th street stands one of the largest department stores in the entire city. It is a busy establishment from morning to night. It is filled with wares because of the holidays. The clerks can’t keep up with the impatient pushing crowds. A loud cry is heard. There, in the corner stands a five year old boy, stepping foot to foot a wiping away his tears. Asked why he is crying, he replied: “My mommy told me to wait here while she went to the second floor to buy daddy a pair of shoes.” No one knows how long the little guy was standing there in the corner. The manager, however, noted that it was eleven in the morning. When, at twelve o’clock, one of the clerks took him to eat some lunch. He fed the boy and gave him something to drink. Finally, at around 2 o’clock the mother appeared at the manager’s location informing him that she lost her son in the morning. She mentioned the loss so casually that the managers open his eyes wide from surprise. When the manager informed her that the son was on the lower floor near the entertainment section, the mother showed no emotion or joy. The manager got angry. He began to remonstrate the mother, telling her that she should show more care in regard to her son; the mother didn’t blink an eye. She remained emotionless. The manager went for her child. When he returned with the happy child, the mother was not there. She disappeared. She called the store from her home and asked that someone bring her son home. The manager refused. He explained that he cannot claim any responsibility for the child, and if she did not come pick up the child, they would drop him off at the police station. It is then that she promised to pick up her child. It was 5 o’clock. The mother did not show up. The manager called her. She replied that she is very busy and has a lot of things to do. The manager, now unbelieving and very irritated, told her about the obligation of a mother toward her child. She was irritated and replied, “All right! Have it your way! I’ll try to get down!” Finally at 6 o’clock she finally came. She came up to the boy who was enthralled with the holiday entertainments, took him by the hand and sharply shouted, “Come on you little brat!” She rushed out, dragging the little one behind her, without so much as a word of thanks to the clerks for taking care of her child. They looked at each other with amazement. One only said, “You’re welcome.”

The press wrote about a certain Dolly Dean. Let me read about this and similar events. Not so long ago, when I branded some mothers as "villainous", some "Madame" and "Mademoiselle" slammed me with some "memorial" claiming that we don’t have those kinds of mothers nowadays. This Dolly Dean, having 24 years of age, and having six children, found herself in prison having been accused of completely neglecting her children. She had often left her children alone unsupervised. The eldest boy was seven years old and the youngest only five months old. The children cried hours at a time. A merciful neighbor came to their aid. She not only brought them cups of cereal with milk and other foods but also bathed these unfortunate children. One evening, however, there were no voices or crying from the children to be heard. The neighbors informed the police. An investigation ensued. The police found the doors of the house wide open, and the rooms empty. After a two hour search, the police found the children in a nearby park or rather in the nearby woods. The youngest lay on linoleum rolled out under a tree. The older children were disheveled, cried out, and hungry, walking the nearby streets. – Where was the mother? In a theater. The five year old was taken to a hospital, and the rest were placed in an orphanage. The mother was locked up in a cell. The father of these children is in military served across the ocean. The mother was receiving 180 dollars a month from the government. Instead of using that money for upkeep of the house and raising the children, she was spending them on personal comforts for herself, playing with her friends. - Her husband and children were not much in her eyes. And her responsibilities – a big zero. I doubt whether prison will do much good to rehabilitate that creature who does not care about her children. In the same town and in the same week there was a court case which sent another mother for a six month sentence to jail. Again in this case she left her 5 year old son and three year old daughter at home, not only in the evenings, but all night at times. She sought escape in shot glasses while frequenting dance halls.

In Pittsburg, before one of the judges, a thirty year old woman, a mother of six children. Her husband, not only worked days in one of the steel mills, but at the same time worked evening in the theater. The shift at the factory lasted from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon. He came home around four. He washed, changed clothes, took a bite to eat and fell on the couch or sat a while to get some rest. At seven he stood at the theater and kept order and the public exited. He finished around midnight. Every extra dollar he earned went into bonds to benefit his children. This was indeed a hard-working man and a caring father. His wife, despite being the mother of six children, was a social bug and sought thrills away from home. It was tight and boring with the children at home. When her husband left for his evening obligations, she left home to get a “breath of air.” Where did she go? Naturally to the various nearby taverns. Every evening she journeyed to four or five such places. She smoked cigarettes like a Romanian gypsy, drank beer like a Bavarian borgomeister, and interspersed the drinks with cocktails and high balls. In the meantime the children were abandoned and forgotten about, and cried themselves to sleep in hunger. She would make it home just before her husband and he did not pay attention to what was happening. She would make friends and drinking buddies as is usual in these cases. A worthless hooligan attached himself to her. He had a wife and three children. He criticized his wife that his wife did not understand him and didn’t find her home life interesting. He suggested that they take their belongings and move to another town. At first, his wife was hesitant, but not much. She agreed ultimately. She went with him as a worthy wife and mother. But the honeymoon did not last long. He didn’t feel like working. She could not find work. Yet, they had to live. She solved the situation by steeling. But not being shrewd enough she fell into the hands of the police. Her husband then filed for a divorce. The wife will lose husband the mother will lose her children. No more family, no more home. And so the mother lost her dignity and her vocation as mother.

I am close to the great steel mills in Buffalo which are worked by about twenty thousand workers. Two thirds of the workers are of Polish birth. I am acquainted with quite of few of them and share conversations with them. A woman whom I new for several years and it seems to me that I baptized her and she engages in conversation with me. She says that she has been around for a while and earns 50 dollars a week and that she is married. Her husband has troubles. But she adds with a smile, “He works at a different shift: seven to three. And I from three in the afternoon to eleven at night. I ask if it weren’t better to work similar hours? “No, she says, He’s not a home body. I, however, like to be sociable. Someone always picks me up. We go together with a group to a place where you could get a bite to eat and drink. They have various floor shows. We go home around two in the morning. And we have a “good time”. – She made no big deal about that. I don’t know what to think about that arrangement with the young wife who leaves the company of her husband to enjoy night life with her friends. Don’t tell me that hard working people need rest and some fun after their hard work. That sounds childish. It’s empty thinking and nothing worth justifying. One will not find escape in the glass, or a life of entertainments, or looking at life with double meaning phraseology which is lowering, dirty and sinful. Rest should be found in ways that don’t destroy you and in the company of those who love you in reading that enhances one’s Christian life. Above all with frequent meditative, collected, humble talk with God, as in prayer. Anyway, maybe next short list, taken from the communication of “Światopol” will have a salutary effect on how some shallow and empty minds of those with large paychecks are under the impression that the war gives them the right to ease and entertainments.

 Here it is: “As concerns the special mention of the concentration camps for women.

 At the beginning, there were no camps on Polish lands. About mid-year in 1940, the Germans began rounding up young women from the streets or putting them in prison with the future taking them in public military barracks, or shipping them to universities where they were used for various biological testing. In the interest of this biological testing they opened in Havensbruck, near Hamburg a special camp for women from Poland. Even this camp in Revensbruck could not accomplish their liquidation. Therefore, at the beginning of autumn of 1942, the Germans made provisions at Oswiecim for women. The reasoned that the extermination of women was even more effective in their planning than exterminating the men!” From these several sentences, darker than hell, may we see the atrocities perpetrated, and the genecide of our brothers and sisters intended by the Germans. Let these treatments of them sober up our lives to its more essential meaning and not throw us into a precipice.

 Our men suffer, fight, shed their blood and die in order to destroy the teaching of the German pagans and barbarians. In the meantime, here, among us, a certain type of woman has evolved the fruit to the war and concerns of the devastation, which, unknowingly by their daily lives bring in the teaching which our men battle to get rid of. Listen to what the German Reich has to say about women: The woman is completely independent socially and economically, and is not subject to oppression or exploitation. Has equality with the man and is the mistress of her fate. In love she is free and not cramped as a man is. She is permitted to be cared for; however she enters marriage because she loves. The marriage contract is a private matter, without the necessity of judge or priest - as it was long ago. Man has the right to decide about his inclinations. And that’s a private matter. No one has a right to interfere with this right. If I eat, drink, sleep, get dressed – it only concerns me. This also holds in a man’s choice of a woman. But when there is great distress in a marriage and misunderstanding, morality dictates a breaking of that marriage bond, which became a unnatural and immoral way of being. This does not mean that there is no meaning to a marriage, as any thinking person may agree with. When the relationship suffers greatly, it does not make sense to continue along the same path.”

 So writes the Third Reich about the woman and about marriage. The German woman goes from one relationship to another like a towel and becomes worse as the relationships multiply. And then? She belongs to all. I do not wish to go further and especially shy to talk about these things.

 In the month of December of last year, I was visiting the sick in one of the local hospitals. My usual habit is to go from bed to bed not noting their color or the religion of the patients and say a few words to them. “What’s happening with you?” I ask of one of the young lady who is bedridden. She is fearful and suffering. He left hand is in a sling. Both feet are lifted. There are weights on them. She replies, “I was in a car accident. I was leaving the factory. A man who brought a couple and myself to work invited us to go to a tavern for a fish fry. - We gladly agreed. We had some whiskey and a couple of beers. After that, we danced to the music of the radio. We had a bite to eat and finished about two in the morning. The snow was falling and the roads were very slippery. We had a tough time getting started. I sat next to the driver who was driving too fast in order to get home because it was late. One one of the curves in the road, the car left the road and hit a telephone pole. My arm and both of my legs were broken. I don’t know how my husband will feel about that because he hasn’t come to the hospital to see me yet.” I add that the lady was a mother of two small children. She was not Polish.

 It is a curious thing to me, really curious and illogical that, in the midst of this terrible war going on, it has had no impact of the thoughts of some on this continent. And especially on some wives and mothers. The multiplication of factory work and good wages has increased consumerism. Someone gave it a name: the “cult” of consumerism. Especially in the habits of married people and families. A man who would not steal a watch will, with no hesitation, steal someone’s wife. The wife, who up to this time was faithful to her husband, today, without a tinge of guilt on her conscience, has an secret and illicit relationship. The woman who has a romance with a man who is a father of family, walks the path of a broken marriage because of here actions. Advice and pleading means nothing. At home, lawlessness, adultery in marriage, in the family anarchy! If it was only the adultress who suffered from all of this action, but what is worse, it is an affront to the social structure and the entire nation. In our times, this sort of behavior has become commonplace. No one feels that it is unusual. Please understand me. I don’t make these allegations and criticism of women in general, but only to those groups of women and wives, who without concern of their personal vocation, willingly descend from their pedestal on which they have been put by the Christian Religion and travel the crooked road, following a dangerous teaching and life style and excessive consumerism.

 “Dear Father,” writes someone, - please, father, touch the topic of much importance. I am married and we have a child. My wife is a very good woman. She is always happy and smiling, and I was happy to be at home with her. However, she felt like she wanted to go to work at a factory. I explained to her that I think that my wages are sufficient for our needs. My suggestion fell on deaf ears. She insisted. Luckily, we live at her mother’s house, the finest lady in the world. She leaves our child there when she goes to work. She works daily. Today, she isn’t that woman I described. I know that she learned to smoke and drink. But what hurt me the most is that she cares little for our child and is no longer interested in me. She walks around deep in thought and in her replies to me in conversation, she replied impatiently and with anger. In the evenings, instead of staying at home she goes out with her friends whom she befriended at the factory. She slams the door when she comes home and makes all kind of racket. If it wasn’t for our child, I would have left her. I feel sorry for our child. And my wife is no exception to this kind of behavior. I say this from experience. My factory has quite a number of women working in it. They make eyes at the foremen. They go out to parties with them. Married women flirt with married men and make dates with them in the evenings. Looking at all that is happening around me, the behavior of my wife is still more distasteful to me. There is no counsel or help, or medicine for the situation. Earned wages by wives have gone to their heads like potent whiskey. It has alienated them from family and home. Nothing bothers then except their good times beyond the home. My wife occasionaly says, “Be a good sport” another time she maintains that I am a shrinking violet. Father, I don’t demand much but I to yearn for a real home and family. I am willing to work hard to achieve that and live thriftily. I see that my wife has different expectation. We both come from poor but happy families. I do not want my wife to be a prisoner or a slave of mine. I would want her to be my friend and to help me with bringing up the children. Perhaps I am expecting too much in these current times. It is not good when the mother finds her home monotonous and looks for thrills. And further when she seeks to demonstrate her alienation from her husband to others. She finds attractions, lovers, and others who adore her. There is one essential advice to those who run away from their vocations and mothers and wives: Return to God!