

Holy Childhood Association

Rev. John S. Randall

DIRECTOR

Good Morning, Boys and Girls:

It looks as though spring is really here, doesn't it? I suppose you have been preparing for Easter and have your new "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes all ready for the Easter Parade. I hope that you have been working just as much to prep yourselves spiritually for this great event. By preparing yourselves spiritually, I mean, making little sacrifices for our Crucified Saviour, such as getting up to go to Mass in the morning when you would like to have stayed in bed, saying the Stations after school instead of playing with your friends all afternoon, and not eating candy, or going to the movies, but instead putting this money into War Stamps and then giving these Stamps to the Missions. All these little sacrifices will certainly show our Lord that you love Him and realize that He died on the Cross for our sins, and that you wish to do just a little something in preparation for your sins.

One of the things I mentioned was giving your pennies to the Missions in place of buying candy and ice cream or going to see your favorite movie star. How are you coming with your Chapel Fund? I hope it is growing and growing. If you are as good at saving War Stamps as you are at collecting paper I know we will go over the top. I asked that you give your War Stamps to Bishop Thomas of India so that he might build a chapel for his people in the Diocese of Bangalore.

No doubt you have already noticed Bishop Thomas' picture in this column. He is a native of Madras and his full name is Bishop Thomas Pothacary. His family has been Christian for three generations. Bishop Thomas is a Telegu—a race known as the Irish of the East because of their strong Catholic faith. He visited Rochester in 1939, and at the time of his visit, he was a Monsignor. Shortly after his return to India, he was consecrated a bishop. He is trying very hard to help his poor people and he wants more than anything to build a chapel for them. In order to do this he looks to the people of America for we are "the Hope of the Missions."

At the same time, remember that you are not only working for God and the Missions, but you are helping our fighting men to win this war all the sooner. I know you will not fail us if you will keep in

mind that you are helping both our country and the missions. "A Gun in Every Soldier's Hand, a Chapel in Every Mission Land." Would you not like to say that you built "The Fourth in 1944"?

Now I know you are quite anxious to learn about the adoptions of this week. You have been doing fine. I am being stumped with requests for pagan babies.

The boys and girls at Nativity School, Brockport, are back in the news. The Fifth and Sixth Grades have asked for a Chinese baby named Rose Agnes, while the Third and Fourth Grades have saved two babies. One is to be named Mary Teresa and the other John Joseph. Michael and Paul are the names chosen for the two American Indian babies ransomed by the First and Second Grades.

Blessed Sacrament School sent in a nice big check. The Eighth Grade, Room 21, asked for John Thomas; the Sixth Grade, Room 17, chose Bernadette; and the Third Grade, Room 4, prefer Martin, a Chinese baby. Joseph Patrick and John Thomas are two babies from Selma who have the Third Grade, Room 9, to thank for their generosity.

We are pretty proud of Grade Seven-D at St. Boniface School. They have been doing splendid mission work, and this week they sent in \$10 to be given to the Lepers for medicines and food.

I notice that the boys and girls at St. Salome's School, Ft. Pleasant, are working harder for the missions this year than ever before. The little children of the First Grade sent in another adoption. They have chosen Mary Louise as the name of their Chinese baby. Then the Fourth Grade ransomed John Joseph, and the Fifth Grade asked for Helen Marie. Both of these babies are to be Chinese. The Second Grade requested a Negro baby to be baptized Mary Josephine.

The Fifth and Sixth Grades at St. John's School, Clyde, have the honors again this week. Now they have asked for an Eskimo baby to be called Patrick Michael.

The children at St. Casimir's, Elmira, have by no means forgotten us. The little tots of the Kindergarten and First Grade saved enough of their pennies to adopt John Joseph, a Chinese baby. The Fourth and Fifth Grades preferred Richard Michael for the name of their Chinese baby.



Bishop Pothacary

I received four adoptions from St. Mary's School, Waterloo. The Fifth and Sixth Grades ransomed two American Indian babies, one to be called Anthony James, and the other Helen Ann. The Seventh Grade chose Frances Lucia for the name of their baby, and George Thomas McCall is the choice of the Eighth Grade.

I did not see any adoptions from St. Andrew's School. I thought that was funny. They have not missed the mission one week, certainly I must have at least one ransom from them. Sure enough, under some of my papers and letters was an envelope from St. Andrew's School. Both the Seventh Grade-North and the Eighth Grade-North had saved a baby. The Seventh Grade-North wish to have a Chinese baby baptized Gerard Robert Schottmiller, and the Eighth Grade-North have chosen the name of Vincent Raymond for their Chinese baby.

That's all for this week—in fact, that is all before Easter. Be sure to watch for the first issue after you return to school. I will tell you about the results on the Chapel Drive, and here's hoping it will be a good one. I will also take this opportunity of wishing you a very joyful Easter and a most delightful vacation.

PEACE PLAN

"You must know," said the Senator, "that peace hath its victories." "Quite so," said another Senator, "but what the world wants is a victory that hath its peace."

"If I believe in God, I must adore Him, I must propitiate Him, I must petition Him, I must thank Him."—Fr. Smyth, C.S.P.

'The (Five) Sullivans'

A TRUE STORY

The five Sullivan boys in the movie 'The (Five) Sullivans' are based on the true story of the five Sullivan boys who were lost together when the cruiser Juneau went down during the Guadalcanal naval battle.

A movie like "The Sullivans" requires a lot of research. But it was worth it—no man has taught me more about the American spirit than Tom Sullivan, father of the boys.

When Tom's sons decided to join up, he called them all together.

"How much do you own around town?" he asked.

"No, Pa. Don't worry about it, we'll take care of it. After we get our first pay check—"

"You don't be talking about your first pay checks. Did you ever hear of a sailor with money in his pockets? No, you'll leave town clean, owing nothing."

"But, Pa," the boys said, "where'll you get the money? It's a lot—three or four hundred dollars."

Tom's answer came quickly. "There's never been a mortgage on this house. There'll be one now."

That gives you an idea of the kind of man Tom Sullivan is—and what he'd do for his sons. The Sullivan boys went away. Then, a year ago last January—a cold, bleak Iowa morning—Tom Sullivan's doorbell rang. Tom was just finishing his breakfast. He was on his way to his train. He'd worked for the Illinois Central for 33 years, never missed a day except for illness.

He put down his napkin and opened the door. He recognized the Navy officer who had sworn the boys into the service.

"Well, Commander," said Tom, "come on in—don't stand out there in that cold. Wait a minute and I'll get Mom."

"All five."

The Commander seemed nervous. He said nothing until Mrs. Sullivan joined them. Then:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan," he began, "ordinarily the Navy would send a telegram, but—"

Tom, pale, interrupted: "Which one?"

The Commander said it quietly. "All five."

Mrs. Sullivan pushed back the cob. Tom's voice was heavy and cracked: "All five? All five of them?" He shook his head as if to

clear it. Then he listened as the Commander said: "The Navy has received definite word. Your sons George, Frank, Joseph, Madison and Albert are missing in action."

The telegram made it official. Tom accepted it—all five of them were gone. His shoulders hunched. He didn't say anything for a minute. Then he looked at the clock. He started to reach for his dinner plate—but stopped. Mrs. Sullivan saw him look at the clock, saw him reach for his plate. She walked close to him and gently rested his shoulder. "It's all right, Tom. It's the right thing to do. The boys would want you to." Tom straightened then. He picked up his heavy coat, fumbled a little getting into it. Then he went over to his wife and kissed her. "Thank you, Alleta, you know why I gotta leave," he said. "I don't want to—but I gotta go."

He faced the Navy man. "Pardon me, Commander, but I've got to hurry now. I can't keep the train waiting. They couldn't get anybody to bump my run now. And we're carrying war freight. Can't keep them waiting."

Then Tom Sullivan walked out into the snow.

Movie Guide

NEW FILMS REVIEWED

- Janet Gayne, A-1
- The Pilot's Daughter, A-1
- Two Men Underwater, A-1
- White Cliffs of Dover, A-1
- The Amazing Mr. Forest, A-1
- Days of Glory, A-1
- Har Trunk's Man, A-2
- Story of Dr. Wassell, A-1
- Broadway Rhythms, B

AT THE THEATRES

- LOEW'S ROCHESTER
- In Old Oklahoma, A-2
- Nine Girls, A-2
- R-K-O PALACE
- Jane Eyre, A-2
- My Best Girl, A-1
- TEMPLE
- The Fighting Marines, A-1
- Troopers (Not classified)
- CENTURY
- Phantom Lady, A-1
- Rosie the Riveter, A-2
- REGENT
- The Miracle of Morgan's Creek, B
- III, Good Looks, A-1
- LITTLE
- Topper Takes a Trip, A-2

THE TRUE STORY OF BRUNO GAIDO
AVIATION MACH. MATE
1st. CLASS, U.S. NAVY

MY MIND'S ALL MADE UP. FATHER, I'M GOING TO JOIN THE NAVY.

THAT'S FINE, BRUNO. I KNOW YOU'LL DO WELL, AND I'LL REMEMBER YOU IN MY PRAYERS.

GAIDO WAS ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER WHICH ATTACKED THE MARSHAL ISLANDS IN JAN. 1942

A JAP PLANE CAME STRAIGHT FOR THE CARRIER

LOOK AT THAT GUY COMING RIGHT AT US! WISH I HAD A GUN.

I'LL FIX HIM!

WHEN BRUNO GAIDO, MEMBER OF ST. BONIFACE PARISH, MILWAUKEE, CALLED TO TELL FATHER PHILIP SCHWAB THAT HE WAS JOINING THE NAVY IN OCT. 1940, LITTLE DID HE THINK THAT HE WOULD MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE—AND DIE A HERO.

NOBODY ELSE IS USING THIS GUN; I MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT I CAN DO

GAIDO DECIDED TO MANN THE GUN IN A PARKED PLANE.

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BUM!

THE JAP FLIER, WITH HIS PLANE ON FIRE FROM GAIDO'S BULLETS, ATTEMPTED TO CRASH ON THE DECK.

CRASH!

GAIDO'S CONSTANT FIRE CAUSED THE JAP TO SWERVE AND HIS PLANE'S WING CUTOFF THE TAIL OF GAIDO'S PLANE.

GAIDO CLIMBED OUT OF THE DAMAGED PLANE.

ARE YOU HURT, BRUNO?

NO; I WANT TO SEE WHERE THAT JAP LANDED.

YOU SURE NAILED THAT ONE, BRUNO!

I FIGURED IF I KEPT POURING IT ON HE'D HAVE TO SWERVE AND MISS THE DECK.

BRUNO GAIDO WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION DURING THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY, JUNE, 1942. HE WAS AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS FOR EXTRA ORDINARY ACHIEVEMENT IN AERIAL COMBAT AGAINST THE ENEMY, WITH HEROIC AND MERITORIOUS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND COURAGE AND COOL DETERMINATION HE CARRIED OUT THE VITAL TASK ASSIGNED HIM.

MISSING IN ACTION!