

Children's Corner

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

By "Father Jo"

Mrs. Castle was a very busy lady. I think she was the busiest person in town. Everybody knew she had the biggest house and the biggest family on the street. She had the biggest flower garden too.

There were seven children in the Castle family. Ten year old Judy and Jean were twins and the youngest in the family. Mrs. Castle was kept going all day long with her family and her flowers. She loved them both very, very much. She always used to say they reminded her of one another. The children made her think of her flowers and the flowers made her think of her children.

One afternoon, when Judy and Jean came home from school, they did not see the vase of fresh flowers that was always on the table. What had happened? Something must be wrong with mother. Sure enough! Mrs. Castle was sick. Too

sick to make the regular visit to her flower garden that day.

The first thing Mrs. Castle asked Judy and Jean to do for her was to go to the garden and pick some flowers. Of course, the twins said they would. They knew how much their mother liked flowers. So, off to the flower garden they went.

In a few minutes Jean was back from the garden. She handed her mother the flowers and then ran out to play.

Judy did not return so soon. No, Judy was gone for the longest time. Her mother began to wonder if she had forgotten all about the flowers. She called one of the older children to look out of the window to see if Judy was still in the garden. Yes, Judy was still there.

At last, Judy returned from the garden. Her face was full of smiles as she handed her mother the bunch of flowers she had picked.

"Oh, Judy," cried her mother. "How beautiful! But Judy, come here to me. Let me see your hands."

Judy's hands were red. They were covered with scratches too. But Judy didn't care. She had made her mother happy. Yes, she had made her mother very happy. The flowers it took so long to pick and the hand covered with scratches told Judy's mother one thing. They told her that Judy loved her. Loved her more than Jean did. Judy had PROVED that.

Boys and girls, it is an easy thing to say you love your mother. Lots of children say that. But talk is cheap. What do you do to PROVE to your mother you love her? How do you SHOW your love for mother? Are you like Judy? Or like Jean?

There are many ways mother shows her love for you. Day after day she takes care of you. She cooks the meals. Washes your clothes. She sews for you. Yes, mother loves you and she PROVES it every day.

Do YOU really LOVE your MOTHER? Every day you have many chances to prove it. There are so many little things mother asks you to do for her each day. Maybe it's running an errand. Going to the store. Washing the dishes. Helping with the housework. Whatever it is, boys and girls, be sure to do it the next time she asks you. It's your CHANCE to PROVE you really LOVE your MOTHER.

Catholic WACs May Soon Wear Patron Medal

St. Loup, the fifth century Bishop of Troyes who twice through his personal fortitude saved that city from pillage by Attila and his Huns, in 429 met a little girl at Nanterre, a village about eight miles from Paris. He was so impressed with her piety that he predicted a life of sanctity for her and bestowed on her a medal engraved with a cross, telling her to keep it in remembrance of her dedication to Christ. Just 22 years later, the prayers, fortitude and example of St. Genevieve—probably still wearing the medal given to her by St. Loup—saved Paris from Attila and his Huns who were again sweeping over Gaul.

American troops have entered both Paris and Troyes. Soon members of the Women's Army Corps may be stationed in these cities and some of them, undoubtedly, will be wearing the medal of their patron, St. Genevieve of Paris.

Movie Guide

NEW FILMS REVIEWED

Crime by Night, A-1
Land of the Outlaws, A-1
Pearl of Death, A-1
Secret Mission, A-1
Sonora Stagecoach, A-1
Swing Hostess, A-1
That's My Baby, A-1
Trail to Gunlight, A-1
Casanova Brown, A-2
Code of the Prairie, A-2
Till We Meet Again, A-2
The Very Thought of You, A-1
Mademoiselle Fifi, A-2
Music in Manhattan, A-2

AT THE THEATRES
LOEW'S ROCHESTER

Meet the People, A-1

R-K-O PALACE

Wing and a Prayer, A-2
Louisiana Hayride, A-1

TEMPLE

Delinquent Daughters, A-2
Princess Pat, B

CENTURY

The Hitler Gang, B
Oh! What a Night, A-2

REGENT

Casanova Brown, A-2
The Falcon in Mexico, A-1

CAPITOL

Going My Way, A-1
Fun Time (Not classified)

TRUE STORY

God's Star in the Window

By Rev. Aloysius F. Coogan

The expression "there are no atheists in foxholes" has grown old with the war, but its meaning is read in a thousand different patches from the battlefield. The soldier who goes bravely to his death is not alone! He is mindful of Another who carried a cross to Calvary and who won the only victory that matters.

It is told of Sir Harry Lauder that while he was in Melbourne, Australia, and had just sustained the loss of his only son, who had fallen at the front, he related the following beautiful incident: "A man came to my dressing room in a New York theatre," he said, "and told of an experience that had recently befallen him. In American towns any household that had given a son to the war was entitled to place a star on the window pane. Well, a few nights before he came to see me, this man was walking down a street in New York accompanied by his wee boy. The lad became very interested in the lighted windows of the houses, and clapped his hands when he saw a star. As they passed house after house he would say, 'Oh, look, Daddy, there's another house that has given a son to the war. And there's another. There's one with two stars. And look, there's a house with no star at all.' At last they came to a break in the houses. Through the gap could be seen the evening star shining brightly in the sky. The little fellow caught his breath. 'Oh, look Daddy,' he cried, 'God must have given His Son, for He has a star in His window!'

"Today every Christian is a soldier—soldier of Christ. The least among us is a soldier. Our fathers like a flood of people, like a flood of armies, invaded the infidel continents. Nowadays on the contrary, it is a flood of infidelity that holds the seas, the high seas, and continuously assails us from all sides. All our houses are fortresses, in danger of the mighty sea. The holy war is everywhere. It is ever being waged. All of us stand on the breach today. We are stationed at the frontier. The frontier is everywhere . . . thus spoke convert Charles Peguy.

We include below a poem, found on the dead body of an American soldier in Italy. It is full of courage and faith. It is a prayer of a soldier unafraid.

Look God, I have never spoken to you. But now I want to say, "How do you do?" You see, God, they told me you didn't exist. And like a fool I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole I saw your sky. I guessed right then they had told me a lie. Now I know the truth. I have known they were right—calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if you'd thank me for that. Somehow I feel you will understand. Funny I had to come to this hellish place.

Before I had time to see your face. Well, I guess there isn't much to say. But I'm sure glad God I met you today. I guess the very hour will soon be here. But I'm not afraid since I know you're near.

The signal. Well, God I'll have to go. I like you—this war is waste no to me. Look now, this will be a beautiful fight. Who knows I may come to your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly with you before I wonder God if you'd wait at the door. Look, I'm crying, now a soldier, shedding tears. I wish I had known you these many years. Well, I have to go now, God, goodbye. Strange, since I met you I'm not afraid to die.

Chaplain Decorated For Valor at Pisa

ROME—(NC by Radio)—Capt. Joseph J. Walsh, Army chaplain and priest of the Diocese of Pueblo, has been awarded the Purple Heart decoration. He was wounded in the left arm by a sniper in the vicinity of Pisa. In addition Father Walsh has received a commendation from his commanding officer for meritorious conduct.

During the month of August, the commendation stated, the chaplain with which he is serving was at all times in contact with the enemy and under constant fire.

"Chaplain Walsh," the commendation continued, "with complete disregard for his own safety, made daily visits to the most forward positions, holding services, cheering and talking with the men at their posts. His presence was a comfort to the men and his devotion to duty provided an inspiration to all elements of the command."

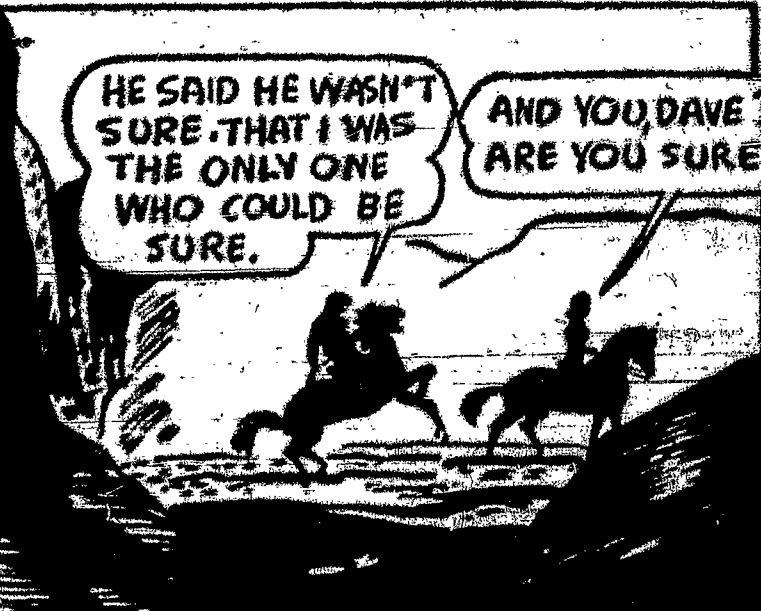
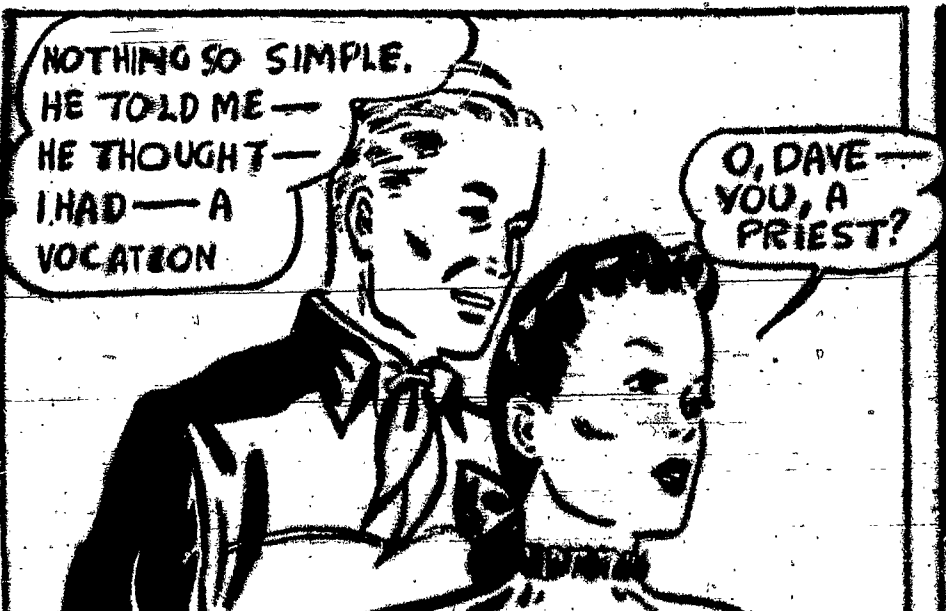
A veteran of the North African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns, Father Walsh, with a doctor, had been under fire for 24 consecutive hours, in constant danger of falling debris and crashing explosives. After he was wounded he received first aid and returned to duty.

God's Guidance

I have so many evidences of God's direction that I cannot doubt this power comes from above. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do any particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know.—Abraham Lincoln.



AFTER BREAKFAST SUE AND DAVE START OUT FOR A RIDE



TO BE CONTINUED