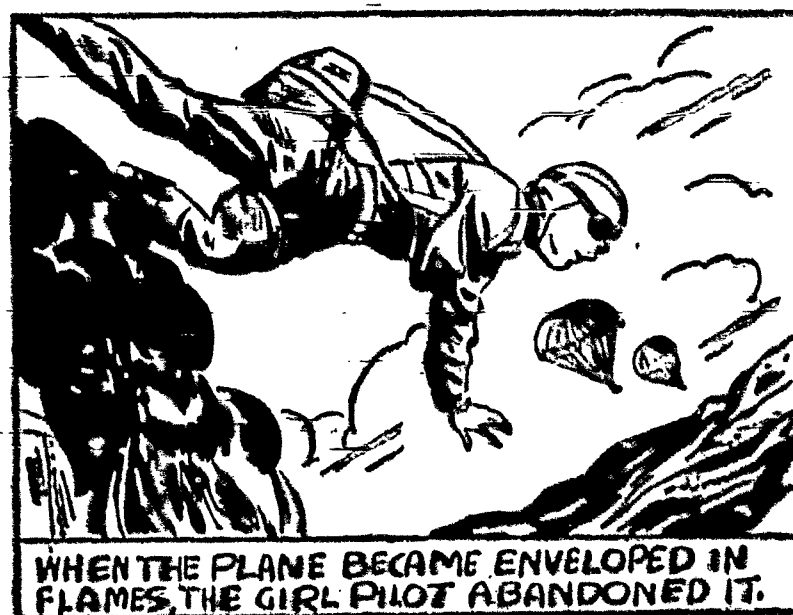
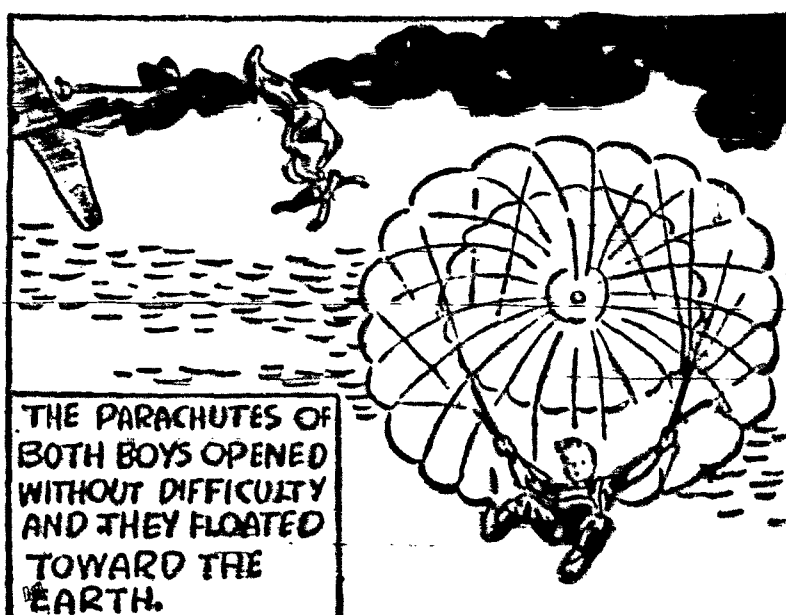
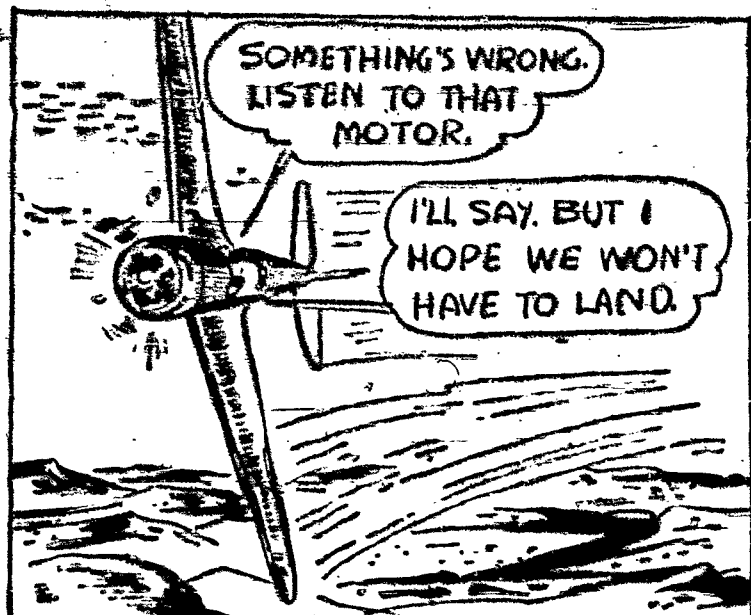


AFTER FLYING WITH TOM AND DICK ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, THE GIRL PILOT SIGNALS SHE IS GOING TO STUNT.



Children's Corner

TOD VISITS TOYLAND

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By "Father Jo"

It was one week before Christmas. The stores were filled with people. Boys and girls. Men and women. They were all busy shopping. Everybody was busy buying presents. Presents and gifts for Christmas.

A little boy walked into one of the big city stores. His name was Tod Thompson. Tod went straight to Toyland. He wasn't going to buy any toys though. Tod couldn't buy anything, because he didn't have any money. He was a poor boy.

Tod's clothes were torn and ragged. His toes peeped out of holes in his shoes. No, Tod Thompson couldn't buy a thing in Toyland, and he knew it. He just wanted to look.

ENJOYED JUST LOOKING

Well, when Tod reached Toyland, it was one swell place. Even better than he expected. There were toys all over the place. All kinds of toys. There were lots of new games too, and books that Tod had never seen. Why, Tod had a grand time just looking.

Tod's fun in Toyland didn't last very long. A big man saw Tod soon after he came into Toyland and had been watching him closely ever since. This man was one of the storekeepers. After a while the man walked over to the place where Tod was standing.

"Well, Sonny, what do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, Sir," answered Tod.

"Well, what are you doing around here?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir. Nothing, just looking," repeated Tod.

HANDS ARE TIED

Tod was silent. His face began to get red. Then the man took Tod by the shoulders and wheeled him around. What do you think he saw? Tod's hands were tied.

"What's the idea?" asked the storekeeper. What's that for?"

Tod's face was still red. "Well," answered Tod, "I didn't have any money to buy toys, but I did want to see them. I was afraid I would be tempted to steal something. I didn't want to take any chances, so I asked my friend to tie my hands for me."

The storekeeper was very, very surprised. "You are a good boy," he said. "You are an honest boy."

Then, boys and girls, do you know what happened? The storekeeper untied Tod's hands and sent him home with his pockets

and his arms filled with toys. That was Tod's reward for being so honest.

You know, boys and girls, sometimes your hands can get you into trouble. Yes, sir, lots of trouble. Sometimes yours take things that don't belong to you. That is wrong. That is stealing. If you are smart, you will play safe. You will do as Tod did. You won't take any chances.

Of course, I don't mean that you have to go around with your hands tied behind your back all the time. But "Hands Off" is a good rule when things do not belong to you.

Movie Guide

NEW FILMS REVIEWED

- Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, A-1
Singing Sheriff, A-1
West of the Rio Grande, A-1
Dark Mountain, A-2
In the Meantime, Darling, A-2
Leave It to the Irish, A-2
Marriage Is a Private Affair, A-1
Shadows in the Night, A-2
Doughgirls, B
Frenchman's Creek, B
Storm Over Lisbon, B

AT THE THEATRES

- Impatient Years, A-2
Ever Since Venus (Not classified)

R-K-O PALACE

- Janie, A-2
Pearl of Death, A-1

TEMPLE

- Strangers in the Night (Not classified)

CENTURY

- Wilson, A-1

REGENT

- Hail the Conquering Hero, A-2
Moonlight and Cactus, A-2

CAPITOL

- Mr. Skeffington, A-2
Ghost Catchers, A-1

"When you borrow somebody else takes over your business and no matter what sort of sleight of hand you use, debt is not wealth."

Henry Ford

Army Chaplain Stars at Second

HONOLULU.—(NC)—Despite his many duties as chaplain, the Rev. Matthew J. Crosson, priest of the Archdiocese of New York now serving as an Army chaplain, still finds time for his favorite sport—baseball.

An article in the Army newspaper, Mid-Pacific, notes that when Father Crosson heard the thud of wood against horsehide, he couldn't resist the temptation and returned to his position as second baseman on the post team. The article stated that while he doesn't cover as much ground as he once did, Father Crosson hasn't lost his knack of scooping up grounders, pivoting at second base and making the hard ones look easy. He is batting over .300, the article stated.

Angels—Who Are They?

Who are the angels? Their name indicates not their nature but one of their functions, that of messengers between God and men. An "angel," according to the root meaning of the word, is "one who is sent." Numerous instances of this sending of spiritual messengers can be cited both from the Old and the New Testaments. We will give two. In the 16th chapter of the Book of Genesis, first book of the Bible, Agar the handmaiden is returned from her flight by an angel. "And the Angel of the Lord having found her, by a fountain of water in the wilderness, which is on the way to Sur in the desert, he said to her: Agar, handmaiden of Sarai, whence comest thou? and whither goest thou? And she answered: I flee from the face of Sarai, my mistress. And the Angel of the Lord said to her: Return to thy mistress and humble thyself under her hand." In the 2nd chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke the announcement of the birth of Christ is made by angels. "And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them; and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. . . . And it came to pass, that after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem; and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed

TRUE STORY

Finds Faith Among S. S.

By N.C.W.C. News Service

The experience of having been captured by the Germans in France and then sent back to his own forces to arrange for the exchange of prisoners is described by Chaplain William J. Hayes, O.F.M., son of Mrs. William B. Hayes, of Our Lady of Angels parish in Brooklyn.

Father Hayes was stationed at St. Joseph's Monastery, East Rutherford, N. J., from the time of his ordination in 1938 until he received his Army commission in August, 1943.

"A few weeks ago I had a very interesting experience," Father Hayes writes. "I was captured by the S.S. troops—Hitler's own favorite sons—while in the vicinity of Mortain. While a prisoner I ob-

GUARDIAN ANGELS

Angels are related to us as our appointed guardians. This is a point of faith. That each individual member of the human race has his own individual guardian angel is not of faith. It is a view that has received strong support from the Doctors of the Church and it is such a comforting belief that no real Catholic would care to deny it even if such a denial were not rash. Our Lord seems to hint at the doctrine of guardian angels in the 28th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew when He says, "See that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their angels in Heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in Heaven." Commenting on these words St. Jerome says, "The dignity of the human soul is so great that each has a guardian angel from its birth."

"But all God's angels come to us disguised: Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death. One after another lift their frowning brows, And we behold the Seraph's face beneath."

—Lowell

The Catholic Transcript

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

served many things, especially on the religious side, about these Nazis.

GLAD TO SEE PRIEST

"When I was brought into the German prison camp (temporarily set up in the section where we were fighting) I told them I was a Catholic priest. Two German boys (soldiers) came over and shook hands with me, telling me how much they missed their Church and the Sacraments, also that they were not able to see a priest. One of them held my hand and said he was so happy to see a priest again. I gave each one a medal I had, and blessed them. I didn't see them again since I was hurried away to German headquarters to be questioned.

"There I met the S. S. troops and while in conversation with them I told them it doesn't make much difference to a priest whether he goes to a concentration camp or not, for there he can serve his men by saying Mass and giving the Sacraments to our prisoners. They agreed with me. Well, again I met a S. S. trooper who showed me a holy card and told me he was a Catholic, but they had no chaplains, he said, which made it quite difficult for those men who believed in God."

HITLER MISTAKEN

"I found several among this so-called 'terror division' of S. S. troops who missed their religious exercises, who longed for the opportunity to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments. Isn't this a great proof that Hitler or Himmler, or any man who thinks he can tear religion out of the hearts of men, is very much mistaken? These men evidently are suffering not only physically but mentally. I remembered our men, since I returned from the Germans, what a great blessing they have, what gratitude they owe God for allowing them to practice their religion.

"I was sent, through the front lines about midnight on August 3 with a proposal for an exchange of prisoners. Our dear Lady protected me from our own artillery and small arms fire that night. I arrived safely with the proposal but, however, it was given over to higher command and left in their hands."

To the Sunday driver, the "good old days" were the times when the only thing that could be broken on his car was the radiator. —Philadelphia Bulletin