

LOOK OUT BELOW!

(Continued from Page 1)

not a Protestant either, but I believe in God and I believe in Jesus. You'll find I will back your religious program to the hilt. I expect you to back me, to be loyal to me. Got that? O.K.

"If you have any problems—any problems at all—come in and see me. If any of my boys are getting a rotten deal, I want you to bring it to my attention. I want you to keep your fingers on the pulse of the regiment. You will know before anyone knows, before I know, if anything goes wrong with the morale, and I want you to come in as soon as you see something wrong and tell me."

"I want you to be with the men all the time, on their marches, on their night problems, in the field. Jump with them when they have to jump. This is what I expect of a chaplain. This is what I expect of you, if you are going to play on my team, fella. I'm the pappy of every mother's son in this regiment; I'm your pappy too. There it is—straight from the shoulder. Whaddya say?"

"I'll do my best, sir," was my clever reply.

"MACREYNOLDS," he screamed, loudly enough to be heard in the next county.

"Yes, sir."

Take the chaplain over to meet Chaplain Engel. Then fix him up with quarters. I started, and the colonel responded with the most vigorous salute I had ever seen.

Chaplain Kenneth Engel, a Methodist, was a very pleasant fellow with a fine sense of humor and a warm way of greeting you that made you feel that he was sincerely glad to know you. He wore glasses and a moustache.

He looked rather frail and seemed a bit awkward and not very soldierly in bearing; his shirttail was not tucked neatly in his belt, his tie was crooked, and his insignia was on crooked and needed polishing. But any illusion of frailty was dispelled when I saw him handle himself on the football field.

I soon discovered that he was a solid religious man, had a keen mind, and possessed a great appreciation of the arts without being "arty." This was the beginning of a very happy association and a genuine friendship.

Chaplain Engel always called me "Father," and I liked that. Priests are very reluctant to give up this title to the Army for the generic and less significant "chaplain."

Colonel Johnson had been very fortunate in his selection of officers for his staff. Major Kinnard was the S-3, that is to say, in charge of plans and training, the key job in any unit. He, like Major Ewell, his close friend and West Point classmate of 1933, was a product of great inherent leadership qualities, superb military training, and an unquestioning devotion to duty. All of this was brought to a zenith of perfection on the battlefields of Europe a year later. His abilities were not long in being recognized after the first test of combat.

Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, later Commanding General of the 101st (and 101st later) Chief of Staff of the Army, took Kinnard from the regiment after the Holland campaign and made him Division G-3, a full colonel at the age of twenty-seven. Harry Kinnard became a close friend. He and Ewell looked and acted like cold military machines, but the

men of the regiment sensed in these two a deep concern for them and a genuine interest in their welfare.

It is always an amazing thing to me that any group of soldiers can quickly discern genuine leadership qualities from counterfeit. Appointing authorities in higher commands are not always as shrewd or as infallible.

It is strange as I think of it that Colonel Johnson, so dynamic himself and with so much color—an extrovert of the extreme type—should have gathered so many men of reflective nature into his regiment, placing them in key positions. Perhaps this was Colonel Johnson's finest attribute, the ability to pick the right man for the right spot.

Majors Carroll and Ballard were fine soldiers. Ballard ultimately took over command of the regiment after Ewell was wounded at Bastogne. Johnson had been killed in Holland. Carroll was one of the first men to die in the invasion of France in the early morning of June 6.

Major Braden, executive officer of the third battalion, was one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known in the Army, and his strong support of the religious program of the regiment was a real help to Chaplain Engel and myself. Braden was not a well man, despite his six-foot-two, beautifully proportioned frame, and after a week of combat his ailment gained a victory over his tremendous willpower, forcing him to be evacuated.

Bottomly, later to become a major and then a lieutenant colonel, and Ewell, who followed a like pattern in promotions, were at first viewed by the men in garrison as the typical army disciplinarians of the regiment. Later in combat they were to win first the respect and then the genuine admiration of their men.

Allen especially was a man of the highest integrity and was to acquire a deep insight into human behavior and great compassion for its weaknesses. Bottomly was to remain a military, albeit a highly competent one.

Major Philip Gage was a tall, lanky figure of a man and a fine soldier. He had a somewhat or better acquired a number of misconceptions regarding Catholic teachings. At first I was embarrassed by his direct questions about the Church, but in time we became good friends. For him religion was important and he was honest and sincere enough to listen to my side.

I have often found that the man with prejudices is a better man than the one who is totally indifferent to all religion and who brags about being broadminded.

Gage married a lovely Catholic girl, and he fulfilled his part of the contract to the letter by having his children baptized in God and deep convictions about the inherent dignity of every human being. He chose his men and officers carefully. In choosing his men he preferred the qualities of common



Paratroopers step into space from plane nearly a half mile high as part of training before combat jumps.

sense, moral integrity, and strength of character to the flashier talents or even to experience.

He raised the despised "pill pushers" of garrison life to the level of being the most admired unit in the regiment during combat. Chaplain Engel and I will always be deeply grateful to "Doc" Carrel for insisting that we chaplains become fully qualified aid men.

The tedious hours spent learning how to stop a sucking wound, how to apply a leg splint, how to find the vein for blood plasma, and how to effect numerous other emergency measures were to prove of immense value to us in later and grayer days.

Doc Carrel was wounded in Normandy but gave himself superficial treatment and continued on when his evacuation would have been a staggering blow to the regiment as the wounded kept pouring into the aid station. Following the Normandy invasion and his hospitalization, Doc returned to the regiment and stuck with it for the remainder of the war.

Of the ten field-grade officers in the regiment, not one was a Catholic. At first I wondered whether this was by chance or by design and witch-

craft. Well, these were the field grade (majors and above) officers of the regiment, the framework upon which Colonel Johnson was building his fighting unit; this was the coaching staff of his "team." Each of these men influenced the character of the regiment, and each contributed a great measure to the qualities they helped fuse into a first-class combat organization.

To the casual observer the regiment was just a large edition of Colonel Johnson, it naturally reflected his color and some of his individual characteristics. But to those on the inside, the regiment was much more than that. Its own personality, formed by a thousand different factors, ultimately became the forceful and unique thing that captured the imagination of its personnel, giving them that much-sought-of, most desired, and rarest quality in the service—a real esprit-de-corps.

Feeling that it would be better for Bottomly and me to discuss this out of earshot of the two soldiers, I got up and took Bottomly by the arm and led

him out of the office. But as he turned around he caught his shoe in a loose floor board, lost his balance completely, fell against the seven doors which gave way to his weight, and tumbled down the stairs.

He lay with torn trousers and bruised knees on the timber path outside the chapel. I went down to help him up just as several soldiers were passing by. They looked at us in shocked surprise and saluted. I guessed immediately that they were drawing false inferences and were forming their own conclusions on the nature of this whole affair.

In a few hours the story had reached a very barracks. The chaplain had knocked Captain Bottomly through the chapel doors.

The next day Colonel Johnson sent for me. Surely, he couldn't believe the story that had been the subject of so much merriment in the officers' club the night before. Well, in any case, I thought, Bottomly and I can set him straight on the whole thing.

"Chaplain," Jumpy Johnson shouted as I came into his office, "what am I going to do with you?"

"Sir, I'm sure Captain Bottomly can explain this. It is all a mistaken notion everyone has."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. He slipped on a loose board—that's better than I used as a kid any day. I got all my black eyes by bumping into doorknobs. Now see here, Chaplain, you've got to get along with my officers, see? If anything comes up that you can't settle reasonably, you come over and see me, and the two of you can fight it out in the gym behind locked doors. But the winner will have to fight me afterwards, you understand? And there's no officer in this outfit I can't flatten in two minutes. O.K. so Bottomly slipped on a loose board. We'll let it go at that. That's all, Chaplain."

"Yes, sir," I saluted and started to leave.

"And Chaplain..."

"Sir?"

"I'd like to have a chaplain be able to handle his dukes." He gave me a wink and saluted in a "we have a secret" fashion.

"Chaplain" Bottomly yelled, "what's the idea of calling up my First Sergeant and ordering him to release Private Coats to your custody? That fellow was restricted to the barracks; he was awaiting court martial. Between the company and the chapel he decided to take off; he is AWOL. You have no right to give orders to my First Sergeant."

I was totally confused by this diatribe. I had never heard of Private Coats, and I had made no such call to the First Sergeant. Apparently one of Coats' buddies had used my name.

Feeling that it would be better for Bottomly and me to discuss this out of earshot of the two soldiers, I got up and took Bottomly by the arm and led

I didn't tell him I had never won a fight in my life.

Bruno was by far the toughest and hardest man I had come across in the regiment. He was in the "sweet box" when I first met him for he was awfully incorrigible to be allowed with the other prisoners. After this severe punishment he was returned to the stockade. When I visited there one day, I noticed that in his cell there was a rosary hanging from his bunk.

"I didn't know you were Catholic, Bruno," I said.

"Who says I am?"

"Well," I replied, you have a rosary there on your bunk."

"Yeah? Oh, that. My kid sister sent it to me. She's Catholic." He seemed willing to talk, so I listened. He and his sister were orphans. She was now in an orphanage, seemed to like the sisters, and had asked to be baptized a Catholic. She was always writing him, he said, about her religion and sending him stuff like holy pictures, books, and now this rosary.

"If she likes her religion, I'm glad. But that stuff ain't for me."

I asked him if he wouldn't like to know how his sister used the rosary to pray. He was interested, and I continued to instruct him. But I was not able to finish, for Bruno was transferred to the 502nd Parachute Regiment.

I never saw Bruno again; he was killed in the first days of fighting in Normandy. Father Andrewjeski, O.F.M., C.M., the chaplain of the "Five o' deuce" told me about him. Bruno had completed his instructions, was baptized, and lived a pretty good Catholic life. "But," continued Father Andy, "I could never cure him of gambling. And he always won. I think he split the profits between his sister and the orphanage."

I never forgot Bruno; he sneaked into heaven I think like the good thief. He had many faults, but one virtue—a love for his little sister. The Blessed Virgin used that virtue, and a rosary, to lead Bruno to the feet of her divine Son.

NEXT WEEK — Ready for combat.

Fasting Day Helps Missions

(Vienna—AP)—The League of Austrian Catholic Women organized a nationwide "Day of Families Fasting" to help raise money for the Church's missions.

Austrian families contributed more than \$100,000 to the project on a similar day of voluntary fasting last year. Most of the money was used to buy rice fields for orphanages, found a home for the aged and assist a village for victims of Hanser's disease, (leprosy) all in Korea.

11th-Century Frescoes Found

(Lima, Australia—AP)—Eleventh-century frescoes depicting scenes from the life of Christ have been discovered on the walls of the Benedictine monastery of Lambach near here.

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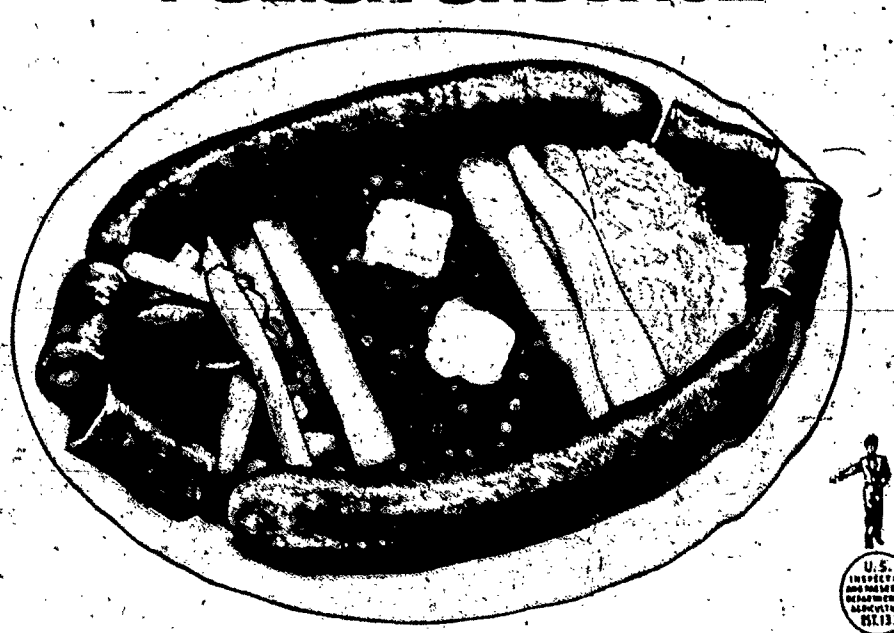
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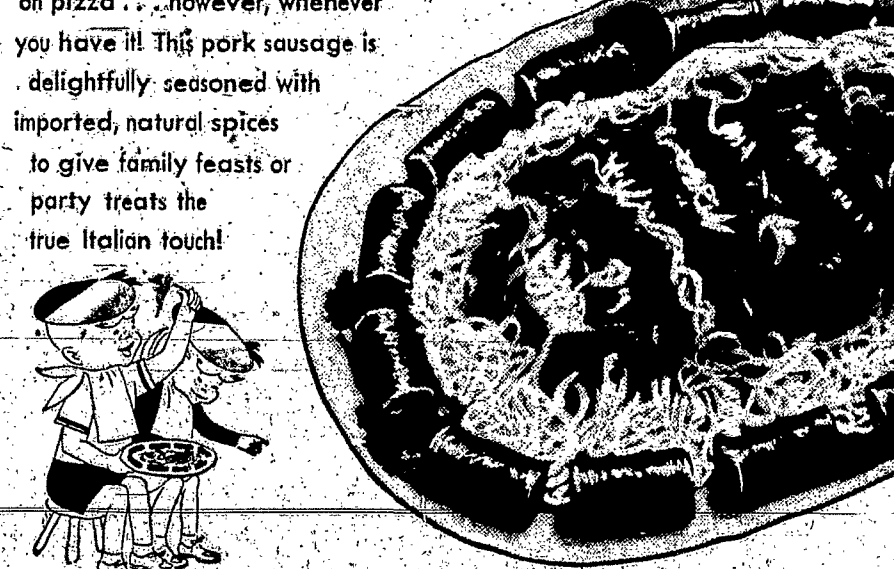
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Lenten

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Very few body many varieties of able on the meat, seven species of known to the at or from coast to there are actual varieties sold States. Watch the every week for diet ideas.

Baked Stuffed a whole large whitefish. When the fish is cooked, remove the skin and do not cut in with bread, most favorite stuffings can't get a free try stuffing fish but, salmon or just place-stuff fish steaks. Bake fish.

Baked Stuffed 3 or 4 pound fish 1 1/2 teaspoons oil Bread stuffing 4 tablespoons butter

Cream, wash Sprinkle inside fish loosely and line with needles close with skewer in a greased pan with melted butter. Bake for 30 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon of pepper, bread crumbs and meat touch 1/2 cup.

Note for ca You might like most fish are low in fat, co beef, for instance 30 per cent fat, most fish 15 percent. Even t comparatively rarely have a percent. Besid fish like salmon are wonderful minas A and D.

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Most Rev. F the Propagat N.Y. or your nut Street, J