

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 off my team, fella, I'm the puppy of every mother's son in this regiment. I'm your puppy too. There it is—'wheeee' from the shoulder. Whadya say?"

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

"A CHERNOBYL," 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 saluted, and the colonel responded with the most vigorous salute I had ever seen.

Chaplain Kenneth Engel, a Methodist, was a fine 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 askew, and his insignia was crooked and needed polishing, but any illusion of frailty was dispelled later when I saw him handle himself on the football field and on the baseball diamond.

I soon discovered that he was a very religious, 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 in the Army for the generic and less significant "chaplain."

Colonel Johnson had been very fortunate in his selection of officers for his "team." 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 1939, 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 still later Chief of Staff of the Army) took 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 such color—an extrovert of the extreme type—should have 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 Carrol 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.) Carrol 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 will power, forcing him to be evacuated.

Bottomly, later to become a colonel, and Allen, who followed a like pattern in promotion, 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 deep insight into human behavior and great compassion for its weaknesses. Bottomly was to remain a brilliant, albeit a highly corrupt, talent one.

Major Phillip Gage was a tall, Lincolnian figure of a man and a fine soldier. He had somehow or other 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 tolerant 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 and educated in the religion of their mother. He lost an arm in Normandy, and was liberated two months later when Patton's armored division raced across France. His disability forced his retirement against his will and against the will of all of us who respected his capabilities.

Major Francis Carrol of Indianapolis was the regimental surgeon. He was small in stature but mighty in many ways. A strict disciplinarian, an excellent surgeon, a man of strong faith 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" Carrol 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 graver days.

Doc Carrol was wounded in Normandy, but gave himself good 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 whether

6 COURIER-JOURNAL Friday, February 20, 1959

my presence in the regiment was simply a matter of filling a vacancy, or whether the staff really wanted someone to minister to the Catholic personnel.

In the months that followed, however, I never detected a trace of discrimination, although, of course, we had our differences in matters of religious and moral life of the men. But even in these instances Chaplain Engel's work was as much affected and his protests as loud as my own.

Camp Mackall had none of the conveniences of regular army posts. The chapel, like the rest of the barracks was a squat, one-story, tarpaper-covered building with one big bolted stove to keep it warm when a frosty night descended. A roughly constructed altar and benches constituted the furnishings of the chapel.

Two very small offices, separated by plywood and furnished with a field table and a couple of straight-backed chairs, completed the building. Chaplain Engel and I stayed up all night the first Saturday trying to design a backstop and canopy for the altar and in general to give some semblance of dignity to the chapel. The effect was fairly satisfactory under the circumstances.

Attendance at the two Masses that first Sunday was not satisfactory, however, although I realized that the regiment had been without a Catholic chaplain for a long time and many of the men did not know that a priest had arrived.

I arranged with Major Kinnard to schedule me for a series of six morality lectures to the men during their field problems. This gave me a chance to introduce myself, to get acquainted with the men, and to remind them of their religious obligations. Attendance at Mass picked up considerably.

An accident contributed to bringing me a great deal of notoriety and embarrassment after I had been with the regiment about a month. One day Chaplain Bottomly, a company commander in the second battalion, came into my office without knocking; he was flushed and angry. At the moment, I was giving religious instructions to a couple of soldiers.

"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 chaplain 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 looked 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 open doors which gave way to his weight, and tumbled down the stairs.

He lay with torn trousers and bruised knees on the cinder 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 every 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," Jimmy Johnson, should 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 anyway. I got all my black eyes by bumping into doorknobs. Not see here, Chaplain, you've got to go 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., see Bottomly? We'll let it go at that. That's all, Chaplain."

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

"And Chaplain . . ."

"Sir?"

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

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 ever met. He was in the "sweetest box" when I first met him; for he was even too incorrigible to be allowed with the other prisoners. After this severe punishment he was returned to the 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. He 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 tell 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 Andrewski, O.F.M. Conv., the chaplain of the "five o'clock" 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—(NC)—The League of Austrian Catholic Women organized a nationwide Day of 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 Hansen's disease, (leprosy) all in Korea.

11th-Century Frescoes Found

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

NEED YOUR HANDS!

The Babe of Bethlehem needed motherly hands to assist His helpless foster-fatherly hands to teach Him carpentering. The victim of Calvary needed friendly hands to prepare His sacred body for burial.

Will you offer YOUR HANDS to Christ in the hidden, humble service of the CAPUCHIN-FRANCISCAN BROTHERS?

For further information write to Fr. Raymond, O.F.M. Cap., St. Lawrence Sem., Beacon N.Y.

Remember Your Dead

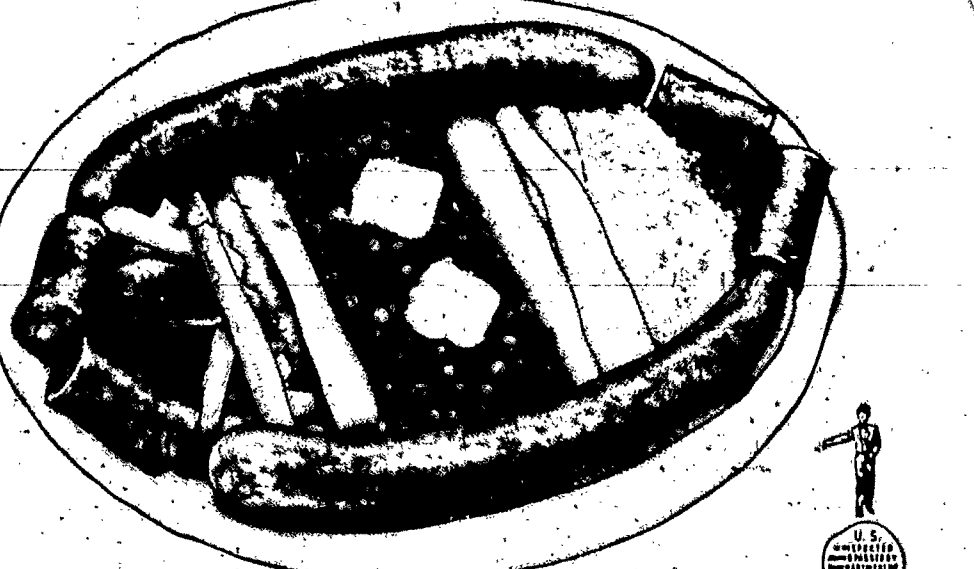
By Enrolling Them in the Carmelite Purgatorial Society

All members of the society share in the Masses, prayers, Divine Office and other good work of the Carmelite Fathers and Sisters.

Yearly Individual \$ 1.00
Perpetual Individual \$ 5.00
Yearly Family \$ 3.00
Perpetual Family \$25.00

Write to: CARMEITE FATHERS, Auburn, New York

EVERYBODY LOVES Tobin's ARPEAKO, FIRST PRIZE, POLISH SAUSAGE



SPICY DELIGHT FOR WINTER APPETITES!

Call it "kielbasa" if you wish, but call for ARPEAKO FIRST PRIZE Polish Sausage! Here's

All the luscious old-world flavor this delicacy should have!

Serve it hot, serve it cold... they'll love its hearty, satisfying goodness!

Tobin's ARPEAKO, FIRST PRIZE, ITALIAN STYLE SAUSAGE

DELICIOUS WITH SPAGHETTI...

on pizza... however, whenever you have it! This pork sausage is delightfully seasoned with

imported, natural spices to give family feasts or party treats the true Italian touch!



* GUARANTEED PURE AND WHOLESOME BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT SEAL

Tobin Packing Co., Inc. • 900 MAPLE STREET • ROCHESTER 2, NEW YORK

Schoeman's

White

Newest Styles!

Confirmation Dresses

GIRLS SIZES to 14

SUBTEENS 6-14

CHUBBIES

★ ★

Veils - Gloves

Socks - Nylon Panties

Charge - Pay March

SCHOEMAN'S

58 MONROE AVE. Corner Meigs

FREE PARKING

The Perfectly Balanced Whiskey

alone could never produce the perfect balance in Carstairs. It takes masterful blending... precise balancing of just the right whiskeys with choicest grain neutral spirits to give Carstairs its perfect lightness, perfect taste. Try Carstairs... a fine whiskey at a price you can afford.

the man who cares says

CARSTAIRS

White Seal Blended Whiskey

NOW \$4.99 FULL QUART

CARSTAIRS DIST. CO. BALTIMORE, MD. LOUISVILLE, KY. • BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 72% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

108 young men for St. Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. at the school's gymnasium. Applicants must be 16 years of age or older. For more information, contact the school's principal, Mr. J. J. Spence, at 108 St. Saturday.

Specialist last Sunday. Monro... sally... the Coun... press.

Incomp... the Monro... were man... needed a... -Jill.

William... gifts, chis... drive. I... -Jill.

Both C... themselves... results to... many pro... main unre...

They sa... tested in... real yet be... judges or... -Jill.

Est Ave...

Hund... For S...

108 youn... men for St... Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. at the school's gymnasium. Applicants must be 16 years of age or older. For more information, contact the school's principal, Mr. J. J. Spence, at 108 St. Saturday.

Parishes... number of... past Saturd... as follows:

St. Thom... quail, 8 app... Bottom, 6... the, Roches... Louises and... the, 6; S... Our Lady of... St. Lucy, 5.

Actively o... glite, Brockp... Rochester, Holy Rosary, St. A... Local, Pitts... the, 10; 11th... applicants.

Two appli... these Annu... Corpus Chr... Im macula... Bridget St... of Assist, O... Greer, St... quail, and St... ster.

One each... Parrent, Roch... Our Lady of... Ann, 4; S... er of S... Agnes, Avon... Gates St. Le... John, Spence...

In the Sole... ers also more... words. In the... ers confirm... which sustain... sufficed last... 1st, 18 Lake... Adv.