

Catholic Chaplains of the Army and Navy.
Second report to the fathers...
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Second Report to the Mothers and Fathers



Catholic Chaplains
of the Army and Navy
The Catholic Hour

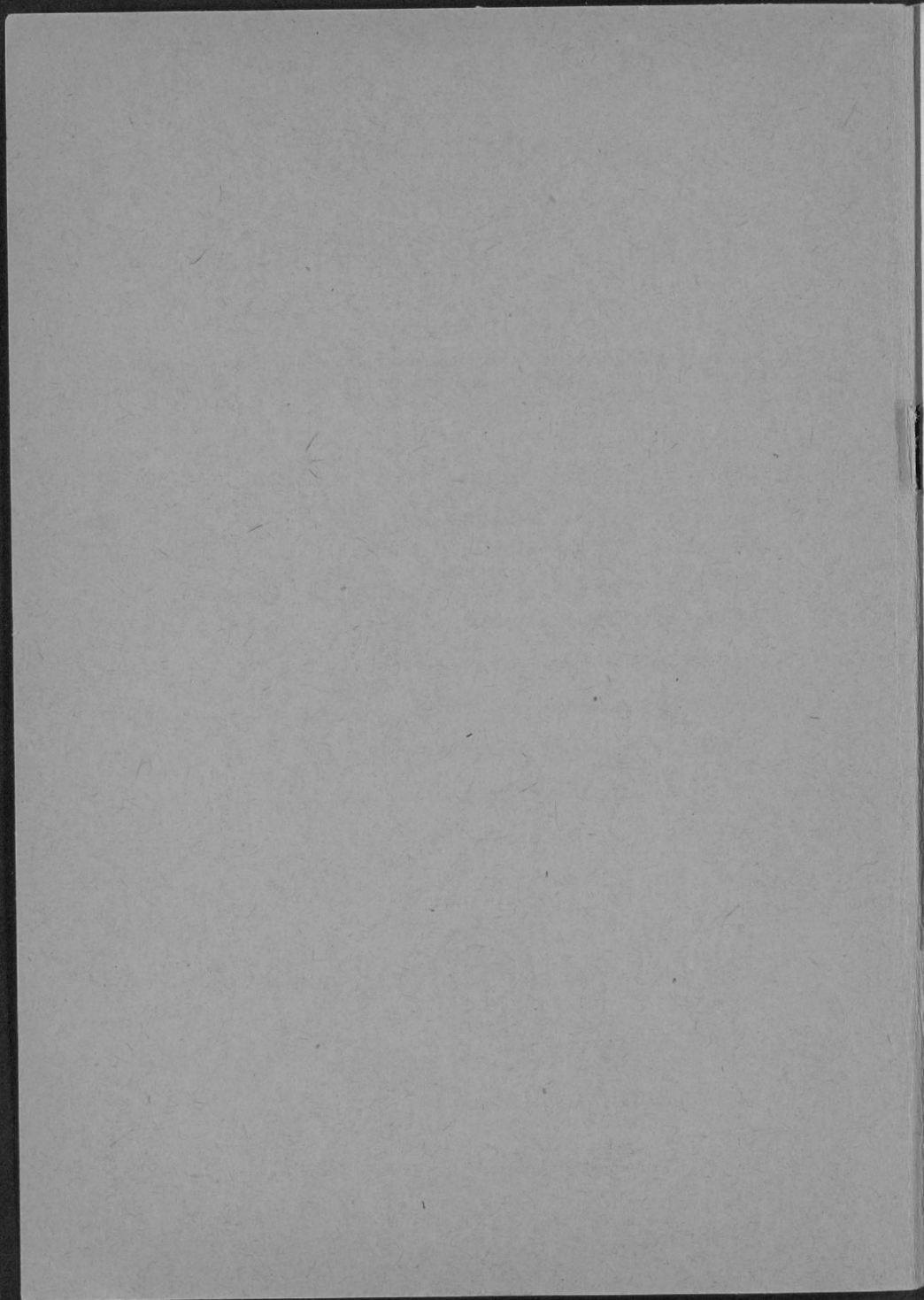
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SECOND REPORT TO THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

By
Catholic Chaplains of the Army and Navy

Eight addresses delivered in the Nationwide Catholic Hour (produced by the National Council of Catholic Men, in cooperation with the National Broadcasting Company) on Sundays, May 30 through July 4, 1943.

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ADDRESS BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE

Chaplain, United States Navy

(May 30, 1943)

My Friends:

A year has passed since I had the honor to address you on the Catholic Hour. That broadcast was called, "A Report to Mothers and Fathers" and I spoke from Honolulu, for at that time, I was Fleet Chaplain of the Pacific Fleet.

Memorial Day of 1943 might well be called a day of humble thanksgiving. Are we not convinced of the sterling courage and strength of the youth who now serve with the colors? Are we not satisfied that the Axis powers were mistaken when they thought that our ideal of a peaceful, charitable way of life had weakened the sinews of our manhood? At Pearl Harbor, on that fateful December seventh, my duties gave me the privilege of learning how unmistakably our American homes had reared an heroic brood of fighting men. You have heard how our soldiers, sailors, and marines overcame the handicap of treacherous surprise and fought the enemy with skill and valor. On that Sunday morning, the names of a thousand martyrs joined the honored scroll of truly patriotic men.

This dreadful war has placed millions of blue stars on the banners of the American family. But among those stars are many that are gold, and though they tell us a story of bereavement and sorrow, they remind us of the precious sacrifice of the heroes they honor and the spirit of the people who have gold stars to display. There is not a gold star in the land that does not attest that he for whom it stands gave his life willingly and manfully as an earnest of his love for his home and his family, and his conviction that, "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (*John 15:13*).

During the twelve months that have passed, the universal war effort of the American people has borne abundant fruit. In every section of the land we find our citizens responding with heart and soul to the call to arms. In every machine shop, factory, and mill, men and women are showing that they know what it means when hundreds of thousands of American boys and girls, unaided by the stimulus of flag-waving and mar-

tial music, grimly put to sea with a course set toward the enemy's lair, and with one purpose—to fight him wherever they find him. This is not a singing war—it is a fighting war. During the past year, our men and their comrades of the United Nations have won many hard-earned victories.

I knew the Pearl Harbor blue-jacket, for I met him the day he came in sports clothes to the gate of our Training Station. Then, for four years, I served with him in ships of the Pacific Fleet, observing him at drills, in sea maneuvers, and on liberty ashore. I greeted him on board ship when he came to worship God at Holy Mass. His heroic performance at Pearl Harbor did not surprise me. He joined the Navy, fired with the free spirit of the American boy, cheerfully ready to face a period of mental and physical training which changed him from a happy-go-lucky immature lad, into a dependable, efficient, God-fearing man of the sea. The change was not a difficult process because he had already learned in his Christian home of the ideals of citizenship. He also knew that the Navy was not a national instrument of aggression but a first line of defense of a nation which had taught him that it is a God-given right to be free to live peace-

fully in the pursuit of happiness, and that it is a sacred duty to recognize that our fellow men are entitled to that same right.

It is gratifying to know that it is not necessary, in the Nazi and Nipponese manner, to brutalize our young men in order to fit them to fight a ruthless enemy. Those of our heroes who have already returned from the scene of battle are little changed except for the claims of wounds and sickness. They may be concerned about conditions on the home-front but they feel out there that they and their comrades are taking part in a modern crusade. Their aim in this fight for freedom is to do their duty without fear and without reproach.

We can be thankful for the way the American people have answered the Axis threats to destroy our freedom. Every home in the land has its representatives doing their share of the work to save us from ruin. Every home in the land is suffering the shock of this war's unlimited demands because our women, faced as they are with new tasks and strange responsibilities, are now called upon reluctantly to take a more active part in the war effort while at the same time they must preserve their sanctified place of responsibility in the home—

which is the center of love and beauty and all that is fine.

The men of our armed forces are well equipped to fulfill their mission and their letters to you tell of the thoroughness of their training for battle. As never before, our military and naval leaders are selecting officers and men for placement under that training for which they are best fitted. For the past twelve months I have noticed an absence of hurry and nervousness in the way the work is being done. The rapid expansion in personnel and material that marked the early days of the war, has given way to a steady, cool, and studious procedure. Our men receive the best of food; they are comfortably housed; welfare officers provide athletics and other forms of amusement; doctors and nurses care for them in excellent hospitals; in new chapels ashore and on the decks of our ships at sea, churchmen serve in their apostolate the precious souls of our fighting men.

An Admiral, who recently returned from an important command in the Pacific, lately inspected one of the chapels which are the pride of the Training Station at San Diego. Leaving the North Chapel, which he greatly admired, he said, "A few days ago, before sailing for the mainland, the com-

manding officer of an Air Station came to me and reported that he needed only two things to make the Station as he wanted it—a chapel and a swimming pool." The Admiral gave me to believe that the Air Station commander succeeded in obtaining the two important means he needed for keeping fit for battle the bodies and souls of the men of his outpost.

From the point of view which years of naval experience have given me, I feel impelled to ask you, my friends of the Catholic Hour, not to worry about your boys. The American sailor or marine leads an ordered life; he works through a disciplined day; he is inspired by ideals and traditions of an honorable service; his spiritual needs are recognized and they receive careful attention. After twenty-six years in the Chaplain Corps of the Navy, I have enjoyed many happy compensations, and not the least has been the privilege of standing before large groups of strong men, to call for a volunteer to serve at Holy Mass, and to find a husky bosun's mate step up and become again a bashful altar boy. The Mass and the Sacraments really matter in the life of our soldier, bluejacket, and marine.

When the main body of the

Fleet, a few years ago, was based at a port in Southern California, I once heard a pastor of a large parish tell his congregation that he hoped they would take note of the many sailors from the Fleet who, while still fasting from midnight, received Holy Communion at the late Masses. He reminded them that the sailors had been out of their bunks and hammocks early and had probably done a good day's work before "hitting the beach." He praised the bluejackets for their devotion and fidelity, and he added that they were setting a good example, and hoped his people would observe and follow it. To serve worthily with the colors, a man must have in his make-up a high respect for authority and a lively respect for himself.

One of the strange paradoxes of this dreadful war is that even while men go forth on orders to kill, they meet God as they go. Perhaps they recall the words of our Savior, "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's" (*Matthew 22:21*).

A few days ago, a bluejacket went far out of his way to call on me. He is an aviation radioman. With orders to fly that night to Hawaii, he heard that I was on duty at the Training Station and

he came across the bay simply to tell me how he and his shipmates had appreciated my saying Mass for them last year at the Air Station on Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii. He was afraid I would never learn how grateful they were for the chance to attend the Holy Sacrifice and to receive the Sacraments.

We priests are not worried about your boy. You gave him a good start when he was young. You taught him how to pray and how to respect and revere his Church and how to live in the way of Christ's teaching. You made of him a good citizen and a true patriot.

If you could hear your boy sing at Mass the hymns he used to sing in his church back home, such favorites as, "Mother Dear O Pray For Me" and, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name," you would have less anxiety in your heart, for you are greatly responsible for his Faith and his strong and good character. As evidence of what the Church has given your boy, here is a quotation from a letter written to his parents by a young paratrooper Marine in the South Pacific: "During the week you seem so far away and then during Mass on Sunday, I seem to be so close to you that when Mass is over, I turn around to look at you—to

walk home with you." We priests are merely taking over the duties you so well performed when your boy sought comfort and guidance from your maternal heart.

I have spoken of our warriors. They are superb. But what of the citizen at home? An American Cardinal has said, "Of all the gifts of heaven to any land, a good citizen is the greatest and the best." . . . "God has given to each his special sphere, his particular work to do; and the work of each, well done, fits into the design of the whole plan and completes the whole. With the individual's work undone or feebly done, the whole design becomes uneven and symmetry is utterly destroyed."

The fighting man in war depends for victory on the ideals in the hearts of the workers on the home front. Never before have we so badly needed ideals to motivate the lives of those who today live and work safely within the continental limits of the United States.

As a nation, war is not our ideal. We were not brought up to vaunt of battles won or of enemies slain. To us, peace is better than martial glory. But the Church teaches us that God is the origin of all authority and law, and that the same God Who has said, "Keep My com-

mandments," compels by the sanction of His Own Divine Authority, the obedience of men to the civil laws of the land. It is the prayer of every soldier, sailor, and marine that every American at home be diligent in his work and loyal to the flag of his country.

To the mothers, wives, and sweethearts whose loved ones no longer live to bear the brunt of battle, may God in His mercy lessen the burden of your sorrow.

To you whose sons, daughters, and husbands are still carrying on the hard fight, may I again say, "Do not worry." Pray for them with full resignation to God's will. Write often to them but always cheerfully. You have been told this before but it is really quite important that you show that you also are brave by keeping from your letters all trivial troubles of the home lest you cause your valiant men to worry about you.

Today we can be thankful for the progress we are making, inspired by the leadership of our President. Last year, in a letter acknowledging the support our Catholic Bishops were giving his war program, Mr. Roosevelt said, "We shall win this war and in the victory, we shall seek not vengeance but re-establishment of an international order

in which the spirit of Christ shall rule in the hearts of men of all nations." higher motive than to establish in the hearts of men the reign of Christ the King?

What better encouragement could we seek? Has a nation in war ever been inspired with a glow of triumphant peace. God grant that our next Memorial Day may dawn in the

ADDRESS BY CHAPLAIN WILLIAM WALSH

Lieutenant Colonel, United States Army

(June 6, 1943)

By Shortwave

Somewhere in North Africa: paza and Tebessa. They have These words tell a familiar story prayed at the Church of St. Aug- to Mothers and Fathers who have ustine of Hippo, and all of these sons in the armed forces in this evidences of early Christianity land of glorious Christian memor- have done much to deepen and ies. From the first days of last No- strengthen the faith of the Ameri- vember, the time of our landing, can soldier.

American troops found church- This country, whose sands were es in the villages and in the cities, once reddened by the blood of in the mountains and in the des- martyrs, where the work of Cyp- ert, and they edified the French rian and Tertullian was done, where people by their devotion at Sunday St. Monica and St. Augustine lived, Mass and frequent Holy Commun- has been the scene of a modern ion. They met the zealous White martyrdom, a modern crusade for Fathers, that religious order liberty and freedom. In this cru- founded by the great Cardinal Lavi- sade, the chaplains of the army, gerie for the conversion of Africa; navy, and air force, the chaplains and French priests and people of all faiths and creeds, have play- everywhere were helpful and kind. ed an important part. Glorious Here in North Africa are many his- accounts could be told of the num- torical places connected with early ber of men attending church, of Christianity. The chaplains ar- their going to special devotional ranged trips for the men to visit exercises, making novenas and Carthage, that ancient city which missions, and saying the rosary in the second century was the Rome each evening; and of the inspiring of Africa and where flourished a spiritual ministrations under shell- fire at the battlefield.

But lest a false impression be culture of high degree. Soldiers created, let me say that the armed have knelt at the shrine of the forces are but a true cross-section of the manhood of America, and SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, and have visit- ed the Christian Basilicas of Ti- the spirit of paganism and the

force of evil are ever present. To combat this spiritual enemy the chaplains of all faiths are working hard, and despite the acute shortage of chaplains, they are carrying on nobly. But we must find a more fundamental answer to the paganism and irreligion of our country, that we may be a stronger, more virile nation. To the youth of our country, to parents with small children, to the leaders of civil and national life, to the workers in the city and on the farm, in war factories and in the mines, and to all Americans: I want to ask you a

very pointed question—Did you do your duty to God today? Did you go to church today?

The sincere return to religion and to its principles is the only solution. Since religion presupposes an attempt to know God, let me ask: What are you doing about the education and the training of youth, that God and His laws may be known? Years of godless education in America, of that school-mad era in which the mind was trained but the will left out, has left its mark on our manhood.

No American in North Africa needs to be reminded that our nation, with our allies, is launched on a world crusade for liberty and for the freedom of suppressed peoples, for we have seen the awful

sacrifice necessary to perform this gigantic task. The carefully tended graves of the men who gave their lives are the only testimony we here need. Americans have died in this holy cause, and they will have died in vain if we fail to learn the greatest lesson of the war. We must get down on our knees, we must return to God, we must be faithful to the religious beliefs we hold! This return to God must not be individual but collective: Each person in the world, and the world together!

The leaders of the allied nations now are planning for the peace to come. The principles of Christ and His justice must be the guiding star, the foundation of this peace; and we should pray, too, that these leaders be guided by the almighty power of God, and we should not forget to pray that the enemy too will return to the principles of religion.

Sixteen centuries ago in this very country, there lived a mother and a son. Monica was the name of the mother, and Augustine the name of the son. Like all mothers Monica worried about her son—he was away from the influence of home. This mother knew no limit to the sacrifice she offered, to the frequent journeys to the continent to speak with him and to urge him

to return to God. Finally, her prayer was answered and Augustine came home. To the Monicas of America, to the mothers of the sons in the service, this lesson must be a bright clear guide: Pray, Sacrifice, Act. To all those whose loved ones are missing in action, to you who have lost sons in this cause, religion is your only comfort.

The soldier who has been under fire in the battlefield quickly learns the lesson of prayer. And may this

lesson of prayer and sacrifice and action be our standard of victory.

Maker of all, the Lord and Ruler of the height,

Who robing day in light has poured soft slumbers o'er the night,

That to our limbs the power of toil may be renewed

And hearts be raised that sink and cower, and sorrows be subdued.

ADDRESS BY CHAPLAIN SPEER STRAHAN

Captain, United States Army

(June 6, 1943)

You have heard Father Walsh tell you of our soldiers of North Africa. I have just returned from the Pacific area, and can continue the story of the high and adventurous spirit of our soldiers in some of those islands.

Perhaps I can bring this home to you in more striking fashion if I tell you something about some of our young soldiers with whom it has been my privilege to be associated. To me the American soldier at his best is typified in the clear-cut, clear-eyed young chap from Cleveland whose attitude toward the worthwhile things of life can be summed up in his own words, "I don't play for marbles, Father. I play for keeps." How often, too, after one had turned away from hearing the confession of some youngster who had been away for a long time, would the young soldier express his gratitude with a little smile and somewhat in this fashion say, "Gee, Father, it will be great to write my mother that I went to confession."

On one of the loveliest islands in the whole Pacific I remember a certain parish church that is large-

ly frequented by military and naval personnel at the Sunday Masses. Nearby is a large orphanage whose Mother Superior is blessed with a vigilant eye and a great heart all out of proportion to her diminutive body. At the Sunday Masses she would "spot" every service man as he went up the aisle for Holy Communion, and there were many of them. Before the end of Mass one would see her leave her place and slip quietly out of the church. When the congregation streamed out into the square after Mass, there she was, on the front steps, stopping and individually inviting every man who had been to Holy Communion to come to breakfast at the orphanage. And when one got there, he found set before him a breakfast of bacon and eggs and all the coffee he could drink. The coffee was not rationed, of course; but how she got the eggs and the bacon for those crowds, only the Lord Himself will ever know!

In that connection I have long thought there exists some secret understanding between nuns and the men of the armed forces. The spirit of sacrifice and gallantry that

makes a girl want to become a nun, gives her perhaps a special insight into a soldier's heart.

In another island I recall a group of soldiers who began by mending a fence at a native school conducted by Sisters. Then once or twice a week toward evening their officers began to notice that a certain group of these soldiers was nowhere to be seen in their free time. Finally the non-Catholic chaplain took to disappearing with them. But they were all soon discovered. What happened was that these fellows were, as they said, "going down to talk with the Sisters." I happened by at one of these gatherings presided over by a serenely wise old Mother Superior of seventy. Some eight or ten young soldiers were there, one or two were writing, one of them was reading aloud a letter from home. They were from almost as many parts of the country as there were men. One of them, I remember, was a smiling, rosy-faced youngster named Pat Ryan from Brooklyn—you'll meet one like him in almost every crowd. Another broad shouldered fellow was from Iowa. As we chatted, a soldier came in to announce that he had finished splitting the wood, and if Sister was ready now, he'd be glad to start cleaning the oil stove. A half

hour later the gathering broke up, so that all might get back to their stations before blackout. I shall not stress here what it meant to those men to see and to speak with these good women. But the radiant faith of those Sisters, and their simple kindness to those men thousands of miles from home, makes a memory that will not easily fade from the mind.

On still a third island, no more than a speck on the map, the men collected driftwood and helped their chaplain-priest build a chapel where the Blessed Sacrament might be reserved. On a group of two small isles, whose name you would recognize at once if I were allowed to mention it, there is a Holy Name Society but no Catholic chaplain. At the beginning of last Lent these men sent a request to Honolulu, asking that not one but two sets of Stations of the Cross might be sent them—one for each island, they said, so that everybody might have the privilege of saying the Stations every day.

There is still another island where, as a severe air raid began, the Chaplain hid the Blessed Sacrament in a box and buried it in the ground. When the All Clear sounded, and he returned to take it back to the Chapel, he found soldiers, gathered in a ring above

the place where the Blessed Sacrament lay hidden, kneeling in silent adoration.

Yet another outfit, "air men" this time, who were able to get a small building set aside as a chapel, chose for it the appropriate name of "Our Lady of the Sky."

The universality of the Church comes homes to one again and again as he ministers to some of these groups. I recall a few months ago fifteen men kneeling in a line to receive Holy Communion, almost every one of whom was an American with a different racial or national background. Not merely were these men of Irish, German, Polish, and Italian extraction, but in addition there was a Chinese, a Hawaiian, a Japanese-American, two negroes, and two American Indians—one a Crow and the other a Nez Perce from the State of Washington.

"Their sound has gone out to the whole earth." The devotedness of our Catholic soldiers and sailors toward their religion has become known in many lands. In the midst of one of the great dislocations of humanity of all times, and amid one of the greatest opportunities of religion since the Apostolic Age, our soldiers are giving an excellent account of themselves. That good example is, I believe, going to count in the reconstruction of the world when this dreadful war is over. So tonight I bring you a message from our men in the Pacific area, that you may be proud of them, and that you may make ready now to welcome them home when they shall come back at last, stronger and finer for the hardships they have borne, and ready to appreciate their homes, their faith, and the liberty of free men, as never before.

**ADDRESS BY HIS EXCELLENCY
MOST REV. JOHN F. O' HARA, C. S. C.**

Military Delegate

(June 13, 1943)

In these days when the radio and the airplane have annihilated time and space, the universality of the Catholic Church has taken on a new meaning. It has been said that "home is where the altar is"—and how true that is we know at headquarters, where every day the whole world passes over the desk. From places known and places unknown come hundreds of letters every day, and many of these are from the ends of the earth. They reveal no military secrets of war, but they do tell that God's Army is on the march, bringing thousands of young men closer to God than they have ever before been, and giving them the experience of the delights of close companionship with God that will make it more difficult for them to stray in the future.

Is everything perfect in the Army and Navy? Far from it. As long as man has a free will there will be sin; and as long as there is sin, there will be plenty of evil in the world—great evil, including the great evil of war, which grows out of sin, the sin of selfishness, the selfishness of individuals and na-

tions. But our great consolation is that the vast majority of the men in the service learn a measure of unselfishness, of self-renunciation, greater than ever marked their conduct before; and when they discover that their self-renunciation and spirit of service is greatest as it grows more and more out of love of God, they have laid the foundation of a life in conformity with God's Commandments—and no greater blessing can come to a nation than an increase in the number of men who live according to God's will.

"Home is where the altar is." Wherever our young men have gone, they have found the Catholic Church ahead of them. And wherever the Catholic missionaries have been able to train the natives in the practice of religion, those natives have given a real welcome to our troops. Further, they have been able to explain the welcome in terms of Christian charity. They have knelt and prayed with our men, and by their worship of a common Father they have recognized our men as their brothers. Thousands of lives of Americans

have been saved by the fidelity of these natives, especially those of the South Seas, who have gone into hostile territory unarmed to assist our men on perilous missions, or to relieve our nationals who were under the power of the enemy.

Our own service men have shown like charity, based on love of God, in their dealings with the inhabitants of the lands they have penetrated. After their landings in North Africa, American soldiers gave generously of their meagre means to help repair the churches damaged by their shells. When recently enemy planes bombed a convent in North Africa and killed fifteen nuns, our men collected funds to help rebuild the convent for the forty orphans who survived the bombing. When in the Southwest Pacific a chaplain at the invitation of the local Bishop visited a leper colony, he returned to camp and told his soldiers of his visit; spontaneously they made up a purse of twelve hundred dollars for the assistance of the lepers. At a leper colony in our own West Indies, the soldiers go regularly to entertain the lepers and furnish them with refreshments.

Several months ago a young man on a small island in the Pacific wrote home expressing his regret

that there was no priest stationed on the island; he added that on Sundays he gathered his Catholic companions together to say the rosary and read the Epistle and Gospel of the day's Mass. He added that he wanted a couple of catechisms, for the instruction of two boys of no religion who had shown an interest in learning about the Catholic Church. Through the kindness of the Bishop of that island group, a missionary was sent there, and on Easter Sunday the soldier had the happiness of standing as godfather for his two neophytes. In the absence of the priest, he and his companions had won the affection of the natives, who asked them to share their little church on Sundays. The native catechist would conduct a religious service for his group, including a sermon; he would then bow profoundly to our sergeant and ask him to take over.

Natives and marines, natives and soldiers, natives and sailors, all over the island groups of the Southwest Pacific, have worked together to build chapels of bamboo and palm, or other native materials, to house altars designed and executed by graduates of our best schools of architecture.

By request of their commanding officers, who have striven sedulous-

ly to cultivate the good will of the local population wherever our forces have penetrated, the Army and Navy chaplains have given spiritual assistance to local parishes and missions wherever there was need. Thus it has happened that our chaplains have had the care of parishes in North Africa and of missions in Guadalcanal and Tulagi. That spiritual charity has been repaid in kind. Missionaries and parish priests in Africa, in the Hawaiian Islands, in Iran, in Australia, in South America and Canada, in India, China, New Caledonia, and Samoa—wherever, indeed, our troops have been stationed, local priests have assisted our chaplains in caring for their scattered flocks.

Yes, home is where the altar is, and our men today are at home all over the world. And if the altar is not there, where is the home? Whatever political results may come of this war, whatever economic or social schemes may grow out of it, its heartaches and its horrors will have been in vain unless the altar is restored to the home. Only God knows how much horror is needed to bring us to our knees. Only God knows whether we are learning the spiritual lessons we must master if we are to be worthy of peace. We can speed the day of peace by family prayers, by the family rosary every night for the men in service, by the restoration of the altar to the home.

ADDRESS BY CHAPLAIN THOMAS A. SHANAHAN

Captain, United States Army

(June 13, 1943)

By Shortwave

This message from a chaplain bringing your son from childhood serving with the United States through boyhood into manhood. Armed forces of the Southwest Pacific, is going to open with a letter. I wrote the letter to the parents of the first American soldier in the battle area of the Southwest Pacific to leave this life from Australian soil. It might more quickly give understanding to what I am going to say.

"Dear Howard's father and mother: I was a chaplain on the Red Cross Hospital ship *Mactan*, which brought your son Howard from the Battle of the Philippines to Australia. Two days before he died he had his very best day of the twenty-seven day voyage down. We talked about a most important subject—a journey he was soon to make alone. A Catholic priest long engaged in dealing with young men, I could soon see that your son Howard was prepared to meet his Lord. This preparation came not from me in the short time I had with him—he brought it from his home. To you, his mother and father, to whom he wished me to write this letter, may I say that God has blessed your efforts in

The virtue of your home enabled your son to surmount the adversities of war. As his war-torn body, under the folds of the American flag, was carried along by his soldier companions, their heels scuffed a muffled rhythm suggesting the beat of the human heart, suggesting in turn, that something of your son's spirit is still with us—the inspiration of his silent, smiling bravery in adversity."

This is enough of this letter to serve our purpose now; namely, to let you at home know that what is standing by your men at war is the virtue brought into their lives by the influence of your home, your church, and your schools. But the mission of the chaplain is to sustain this virtue.

A Catholic chaplain, on his arrival in Australia, was asked by the chief Chaplain, "Where do you want to go"? He readily answered, "I want to go where I can best do the work I came over to do." Directly he was sent to such a post, right out in front. When there he wrote this into his March report to

his Bishop: "I have been here but two weeks, yet I sense the soldiers' attitude toward spiritual values. Though I cannot quote figures, I can honestly say that 95% of the Catholics are very responsive to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and that 40% of these receive Holy Communion weekly." This report is a very good witness to the truth. The chaplain was there only two weeks and was reporting what he found on his arrival. The work had been started by others. His task is to keep it going. Somewhere in New Guinea, he is this moment doing this splendid work in the midst of the uncertainties of life in war. He is a man thirsting to gain the one certainty of life, God. "Now this is eternal life. That they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."

Your men in the United States Armed Forces of the Southwest Pacific, as you would have them, are continuing to know Our Lord at Communion rails, made not of polished oak or pine, but green bamboo, not in prominently placed churches but in hidden jungle chapels.

Again, I'll pick up reports of chaplains. The first reports an Easter Field Mass somewhere in Australia. Hundreds of soldiers

came to the Communion rail with precision and dignity, genuflected two by two, then received their Lord, in Holy Communion. The great Sacrifice of the Mass drew to a close with all singing "Holy God We Praise Thy Name, Lord of all We Bow Before Thee." The echoes of this hymn died away, but not the impression of this Easter Military Field Mass—for later the Commanding Officer said: "This is the most impressive Easter service I have ever witnessed."

Another Chaplain, from one of our foremost outposts in New Guinea, reports: "At all night adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament Holy Thursday until the Mass of the Pre-sanctified at one o'clock Good Friday, the soldiers were very faithful in their hour of adoration. The fellows got flowers for the altar Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday. With the new pews and a statue of the Sacred Heart in our jungle chapel, everything was *almost* like home."

Stiffen a soldier's muscles, quicken his mechanical reflexes, make more cunning his brain, but neglect the fact that he has a soul, and that soldier becomes less man and more monster—for he was planned by his Creator to have a body and soul, each with its proportioned development. That such

neglect does not prevail in the United States Army is due in part to chaplains of the United States Army who have gone before us—soldiers who were ever mindful of the soldier's souls; to commanding generals of other wars who have seen the work of these chaplains and approved. For Army regulations pertaining to the office of Chaplains are so wisely written that an Army chaplain has full scope, unassisted, in the performance of his one duty, the spiritual welfare of the men in his command. Truly thankful then are we, in the United States Armed Forces of the Southwest Pacific, for a Commanding General who publicly petitions the guidance of God, whose commanding officers in the field cooperate with the chaplains by approving any reasonable suggestion for the spiritual good of the men. That all chaplains serving under him may have more promptly the religious equipment and supplies needed in their work, an allotment of funds has been granted the office of the chief Chaplain to buy these supplies in the local markets.

The Catholic Chaplain, for example, is constantly supplied with Mass candles, Mass wine, hosts. All the rosaries available in Australia have been purchased and distributed. Every available copy of *My Sunday Missal* by Father Stedman has been bought and placed in the hands of the men. Funds are available, but the local supplies are limited, so we have to depend ever so much on the Chaplains Aid Association in New York, and the National Catholic Community Service in Washington. You can share this task of keeping the Catholic chaplain in supplies by writing to our Military Delegate, Bishop O'Hara, and to the Chaplains Aid Association, in New York. We are getting these supplies but we need more, especially missals and rosaries. We need more, your prayers—a good supply, for officers, chaplains, and enlisted men have a long, long way to go together before they can go to their homes. For the present, we thank God for the faith of the American soldier and the home from which he came.

ADDRESS BY LT. COMMANDER JOHN F. ROBINSON

Chaplain, United States Navy

Member of the Faculty, Naval Training School for Chaplains

(June 20, 1943)

My Friends:

During the past fifteen months the questions most frequently put to me have been: What is taught at the Navy's Chaplains' School? How do these clergymen react in returning to the role of students? Is the course concerned with only the military aspects of service life?

Let us look in at the Naval Training School for Chaplains and seek the answers. The School is now located on the beautiful campus of the College of William and Mary in the historic town of Colonial Williamsburg—some fifty miles south of Richmond, the capital city of the State of Virginia. This campus has harboured servicemen in eight wars in which our country has been engaged.

The School has two spacious dormitories which flank the gymnasium and which overlook the drill and athletic fields. Classrooms and offices are housed in Marshall-Wythe Hall, which bears the names of John Marshall, and of George Wythe, first professor of law in America and teacher of John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, and many

others prominent in the founding of our government.

The Officer in Charge and the Faculty are Navy Chaplains—all of whom have seen active duty. Two are survivors of sunken aircraft carriers; one is from a battleship; another from a cruiser; one from foreign duty on an island in the Southwest Pacific; one a Navy transport's Chaplain; and the most recent from combat duty with the United States Marines. These men do not pretend to be pedagogues. They were ordered to the School because each has a story to tell and these combined experiences present a fairly composite picture of the 1943 Navy Chaplain.

The student Chaplains live in double rooms and are assigned, not according to their respective denominations, but in the order of their reporting to the School. Thus any combination of Catholic, Protestant, or Jew may result and invariably a friendship destined to be lasting is born.

Let us visit one of these rooms and meet one of its occupants. We might be introduced to Chaplain Ryan. Who is Chaplain Ryan?

Why, he's just a Chaplain—he might have come to us from your city or your town or your state. He might have been your Pastor—or one of the assistants in your church. We fully realize that you must miss him—he's a spiritual tonic. His eagerness is that of St. Paul; his loyalty that of the Beloved John; and his heaven-sent sense of humor will make his company always inviting. And with his company there is divinely attached a wholesome presence for the Worship of God.

Chaplain Ryan has reached the half-way mark in his eight weeks indoctrination course. He attended lectures for the first three weeks and now recalls those first days in the classroom. How strange to be again a student! But these lectures untangled the maze of questionmarks he had accumulated. When and how to salute; the organization of the Navy ashore and afloat; the peculiar language of the sea—he smiles at the simple rhyming of a poem about a sailor who came to dinner at his best-girl's home. How did part of it go?

“While sitting at the table
He needed elbow room,
He looked at Dad and said: ‘Say,
Mate,
Rig in your starboard boom’”.

Guest speakers were introduced.

Experienced officers explained The Office of Naval Intelligence; The Training of Recruits; The Office of Public Relations, through which all printed and spoken words must be approved for public presentation. Those classroom hours were far different from his anticipation. He thought the subjects would deal with religion, and spiritual values, and the souls of men. And then a member of the Faculty explained that all this was of set purpose. That these many clergymen of varied denominations had to be given a common objective interest about which they might speak impersonally. Here Christians and Jews discovered and discussed the Navy and the Navy's life. They often asked questions of each other and, frequently, enjoyed well-taken smiles and laughs. Our Chaplain now realizes the importance of these weeks. Friendships were formed; mutual interest aroused; confidence founded. All this without theological differences punctuating the conversation. Then, having found a common topic outside the realm of dogma, all might more understandingly discuss the prime purpose of their living under one roof, namely, “to bring men to God and God to men—in the Navy way.”

The third week, recalls Chaplain

Ryan, was devoted to Divine Services. "Rig for Church" was the keynote. The entire class witnessed and had explained the Sacrifice of the Mass. The successive steps in a typical Protestant Service were discussed. The illustrated lecture on the teachings, practices, and liturgy of Judaism—this last delivered by the Jewish Chaplain on the Faculty Staff—was keenly appreciated. Truly, reflects our Chaplain, this is a strange indoctrination—it started in with salutes, and ships, and signal flags—and now it has evolved from military salutes to the saluting by worship of the Divine Commander-in-Chief; from ships to the men who man those ships—and then to the most important part of those men—their immortal souls; from signal flags to the Church pennant, the only flag or pennant permitted to fly above our own National Colors. Because of this planned routine many Chaplains of many creeds learn to live harmoniously together, to respect the rights of others, and to cooperate without compromise in giving God His rightful due.

Following these first three weeks of classroom work, Chaplain Ryan spent the next two on assigned Field Work. He might have been ordered to a Naval Training Station—there to contact recruits; or

to a "Sea-Bee" camp—there to serve the men whose motto is "Can Do," or the one reported over a busy Officer's desk: "Difficult tasks will be completed immediately. Impossible ones may take a little longer." Or our Chaplain's Field Work might have found him serving Officers and men of the United States Marine Corps—those sterling young men whose motto "Semper Fidelis" ("Always Faithful") applies not only to things of earth but to things of heaven as well. He enjoyed his Field Work assignment for more reasons than one. Most important, he became intimately reacquainted with the manhood of America, and these men of America, for the first time possibly, lived with a clergyman, a clergyman who didn't impress them as one who was about to swoon in the odor of piety. A clergyman who spoke in Navy terms about Navy things. A clergyman who was welcomed immediately into their numbers because he, too, wears a serviceman's uniform; because by that very fact he proclaims his willingness to live the community life of his men, to share their joys and their sorrows, to face common dangers and possible death.

He is back from Field Work now and he is eager to hear the experiences of his classmates during

their respective assignments. Patrick—who was sent to the Coast Guard; Tom—who served at a Naval Hospital; and Isaac—who was ordered to a Naval Air Station. These men will all add their experiences to his—the exchange will be mutual—the result comprehensive. Three weeks to go—and so much to be learned. The educational duties; the administration of the ship's library; domestic relations problems proper to Navy-men; correct office procedure and official correspondence; Naval history, customs, and traditions. These can now be taken in stride for the goal is just over the horizon. He feels better physically, too. The daily Physical Training Program gradually conditioned his body to withstand the hardships of combat duty—even though he as a Chaplain will not bear arms. He is more erect from the military drill; his muscles are taut from rigorous calisthenics; his face is bronzed from hours of cross-country hikes and runs. He has practiced swimming through burning oil and has "abandoned ship" down a cargo net into the purposely-churned swimming pool. All these qualifications are necessary if he is to be all things to all men at all times—men who have taken upon themselves the defense of their country; men

who are strong and healthy and who have complete confidence in their ability. He, their Chaplain, must not fail them physically or spiritually. He must under every difficult situation keep up with them so that he may continue to bring them to God and to bring God to them.

During his eight weeks duty at the Naval Training School for Chaplains, he has constantly sought aid from on high. If Protestant minister, he has attended morning devotions in the famous Sir Christopher Wren Chapel. If Catholic priest, he has offered morning Mass at one of the many altars provided and has later each day recited the Divine Office and said his rosary in the Oratory set aside for the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. "Ask, and it shall be given you" (*Matt. 7:7*)—daily has he asked his Redeemer for grace sufficient to fulfill his duties—his duties to men consecrated to service—servicemen—men who serve their country and who serve their God. Admirals direct the former; Chaplains the latter.

Yes, he has sought help from on high. Not only that—others likewise are praying for him. The prayers of you who have work to do at home—maintaining not only a material Home Front, but a spirit-

ual Home Front as well—and the prayers of his classmates will be with him ashore or afloat. Just before Graduation Day—which is at the same time a Day of Spiritual Recollection—these Chaplains have pledged to each other one Sunday each month. Imagine such happening: Clergymen of varied creeds pledging to each other the dedication of the Worship of God on one Sunday each month for the spiritual benefit of all members of that particular graduation class. So this—when all is said and done—is the result of those first weeks of indoctrination — those weeks when common topics of mutual interest were presented; those weeks when for the first time clergymen from the extremes of civilian life spoke a common language—the language of the sea. This is the result: Seeking mutual aid from the Father of All. Let us, then, take our cue from the spirit of Chaplain Ryan's class, the spirit of bringing "Men to God and God to men" in complete cooperation without compromise of fundamental beliefs. Let us on his graduation day from the Naval Training School for Chaplains say with him: "Dear Lord, guide and protect us—who, like Thee, will preach from ships, and who, like Thee, will live with men of the sea."

ADDRESS BY LT. COMMANDER JOHN R. BOSLET

Chaplain, United States Navy
Assistant to the Chief of Chaplains, United States Navy

(June 27, 1943)

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ chose many and varied pulpits from which He preached His soul-stirring and saving truths. Those are the eternal truths which constitute the strong foundation of the Christian democracy which we now fight to preserve.

Along the rugged and the rocky shore of the Sea of Galilee, Christ the Divine Captain, commissioned the ship of His Church to dare the perils of the storms and tides of hostile power, prejudice, ignorance, and hate—to bring to individuals and to nations the most precious of all riches—the “Divine Truth which can make men free.”

The love of Christ for the common people of the countryside is evident in all His teachings. The use of parables and figures of flowers and grain and budding trees enrich the exposition of His doctrine. But Jesus especially loved to teach from a ship because He came to build the ship of salvation with Himself as her safe Captain for all time. In many texts of Holy Scripture we read of Christ addressing the multitudes from the bow of a ship anchored by the

shore. Likewise, Saint Paul was at home on the sea and the thrilling accounts of his missionary journeys revive the names of places which our young men in this war have seen or traversed on sea and on land. Saint Paul is justly honored as the first sea-going Priest and Chaplain. History records that since his time, priests and ministers of the gospel have accompanied men of the sea on their long and perilous voyages in order to minister to the crews of the ships and to bring to new lands the teachings of Christ. Seamen and missionaries were partners when one went down to the sea in ships for earthly glory and the other for the glory of God.

In this our hour of trial of America's devotion and courage, American priests preserve the glorious traditions of past centuries as today they eagerly offer their services and if need be—their lives. In truth, they follow the words of Christ, the Captain of the Ship of Salvation, “Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends” (*John* 15:13). The Bishops of the country

and the various religious congregations of men have given generously of their priests though this meant often a decrease in the number of Masses and other religious services in their parishes. Archbishop Spellman, our Military Vicar, has said, "It is at the present time the noblest call of our priests and a call to which they have nobly responded." Bishop Byrne of Galveston wrote to one of his priests volunteering to be a Chaplain, "If we do not win this war, our parish churches and our priests might not have much liberty to function. And so our home folks are willing to have the service from fewer priests in order that the great number of our young men who have gone out to fight for us may not be neglected." Protestant clergymen are likewise generous in offering their services to meet the great need for Chaplains in our Army and Navy.

In last Sunday's talk, Chaplain John F. Robinson described the eight weeks' training which is given to all "Boot" Chaplains as we call new recruits in the Navy. Two weeks prior to graduation in the Chaplains' School at Williamsburg, Virginia, the school faculty sends a detailed report on each new Chaplain student to the Chief of Chaplains in Washington. This report

deals with the Chaplain's personality, ability as a preacher, his military attitudes and bearing, and his leadership among his classmates. In short, such a report, together with information in the Chaplains' Bureau, gives a complete picture of the new Chaplain now ready for active duty. A Board of Chaplains, with the Chief of Chaplains as Senior Member, meets every two weeks to decide where each Chaplain will be sent for his first tour of duty. Usually the new Chaplain is assigned to some shore station in the United States for several months before he is ordered to sea or foreign duty. A Navy Chaplain must be physically qualified and ready to accept any type of duty, foreign or domestic, ashore or afloat, with units of the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guards. Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish Chaplains are distributed so as to give all men an opportunity to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their consciences.

Now for a brief sketch of the duties of a Navy Chaplain. His primary duties are those of "an ordained man of God," whose reason for his Chaplaincy is the high purpose of bringing God to men and men to God. To achieve this noble end, he uses every channel available to him, divine services,

administration of the sacraments— private consultations and man to man talks. The Chaplain's additional duties include recreational activities, supervising libraries, editing a ship's or station's paper, cooperating with social and welfare agencies ashore—all these activities can and do serve as means to accomplish his main desire of bringing Officers and men to the fulfillment of their religious duties. The Navy Chaplain lives and works with the officers and men of the Navy; they know him as their friend and confidant; he follows them in every danger as the scroll of dead, wounded, and prisoner Chaplains proudly attests.

I recall an incident when the combination of an accidental shooting on board ship and the presence of a Chaplain resulted in a complete change in a young Blue-jacket's way of living. One of our aviators was inspecting the rear cockpit of his plane and accidentally discharged a loaded machine gun. A bullet pierced the stomach of a seaman who was standing aft of the plane. He was immediately rushed to the sick bay, and I was called to attend him as it was evident the injury was serious. A surgical operation was required if the young man's life was to be saved. After hearing his confession and

administering the last rites, I stood by while the surgeon performed a very delicate operation. Happily, everything went well and today the young man is back on duty. This experience transformed him. No longer is he careless about his religious duties. Today he is an example to his shipmates of a man at peace with His Maker. The love of Christ for him created love in him for Christ.

The commission of instructing and guiding youth is a most important and sacred trust. Your boys, who have left farms and factories and schools as light hearted youths, will return from the experience of war as men—men, who in a few years, will be the heads of homes, the fathers of the next generation, the men who will mould the future and build, we hope, the foundations of a lasting peace. For victory in the war now and for progress in peace in the future, we must depend upon the unity of all Americans. That unity in turn depends to a large extent upon a mutual respect, a spirit of tolerance and forbearance of opinions of others—sometimes at wide variance with our own. Without such a unity, our ship of freedom can founder upon the dark and deadly shoals of racial mistrust, class hatreds, and religious bigotry.

Bringing to all men this desired mutual respect, understanding, and tolerance, the Chaplain exercises a powerful and lasting influence in the development of the true American spirit. Navy Chaplains are always interested in explaining and defending the true liberty for which our nation is waging war today, namely, "the freedom to do what is right"—right before God and right before man. Moreover, the Navy Chaplain realizes that the fine youthful lives of your sons are not built by physical well-being or intellectual training alone. True, these are necessary and important helps to his well-being; but as the foundation for everything else, there must be the basic belief in God, knowledge and observance of His commandments, and a constant awareness of God's design for living and God's love for your son—the creature of His creation.

The morale of our men in the Navy is high. Concerning "morale," I speak of my own personal experience of five years spent on board three battleships and two years in a large Naval Training Station. By "morale," I mean steadfast courage, deep loyalties, manly generosity, and a constant readiness to serve our high cause, regardless of personal danger or hardship. "Morale" makes men strong in the de-

votion to our nation. A high moral standard makes men strong in the performance of their religious duties to God. The power of the union of "morale" and morals equips our fighting men as Christian soldiers and sailors with the "armour of God." Victory then cannot be denied these Christian Warriors. Victory then becomes as certain as God's stars above our fighting forces.

I know the American bluejacket of today. He is not the lad pictured commonly in the movies and humorous cartoons. On the contrary, he is a keen and serious-minded young man. While filled with zest for adventure, he has a deep and abiding conviction that he is engaged in a moral struggle to preserve his home, his liberty, and his freedom to worship God. He is convinced that he is fighting for God and, with confidence, places his life in God's hands. The Chaplains' letters and reports from our fighting men everywhere show that our men are daily giving proof of their stalwart faith in Almighty God by attending divine services regularly and in great numbers. Chaplains are inspired to greater efforts by the example of the men who often make real sacrifices and willingly give up leisure time to attend church. Bluejackets are not

prone to give praise when it is not due. Their many testimonials evidence a genuine and a sincere admiration for their Chaplain. They appreciate his counsel and help in their personal problems and difficulties.

Bishop O'Hara, our Military Delegate, has said that his office has received hundreds of unsolicited testimonials and tributes to Chaplains from Officers and men of the Army and Navy.

One of our ranking admirals who recently returned from a tour of the Pacific said, "In the South Pacific, with the fleet and at our advance bases, I became intimately acquainted with the splendid work being carried on by the Chaplain Corps. Your Navy man knows that he can turn to the Chaplain for friendly help in any problem—whether he's worried about his God, his family back home, or his own chances for leave. Quiet, comforting, invariably a 'right guy', the Navy Chaplain comes thru—and brings his men thru."

Having recently returned from three years' duty at sea, I am happy to say that the cooperation of officers and men in furthering the work of the Navy Chaplain has been excellent. I consider it a high privilege to have been able, during the past seven years, to offer the

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administer the Sacraments to the Catholic men of the Navy and to preach the eternal truths to the Protestants when a Protestant Chaplain was not present. In a word, we Chaplains in the service strive to help all hands of every belief in every way possible.

During these days of war, I know that the Chaplains' presence with the men, as their unit or ship goes into the battle area, is reassuring and appreciated. All hands listen reverently and repeat in their hearts a prayer as the Chaplain prays over the ship's loud speaker for victory and protection. Much has already been written of the appreciation of the Marines for the Chaplains who have lived and worked with them during their active campaigns on the Fighting Front. Many young men come to realize, perhaps for the first time, the strength and consolation that religion can give when conditions are such as to try the souls of the staunchest men.

Chaplains are serving on board our ships as they ply the seven seas; they are ministering to your sons in such diversified areas as Africa, the British Isles, Iceland, Alaska, Aleutian Islands, and in many island bases scattered over the vast reaches of the Pacific. The

Chaplain is carrying the Cross and fulfilling the commission of Christ the teaching of Him Who died to His apostles when He said: "You thereon, to every fighting front. shall be witnesses unto me . . . Many men who are expending every even to the uttermost part of the effort and even their lives are find- earth" (*Act* 1:8). "Teaching them ing God on the way. Truly, in to observe all things whatsoever I these critical days, American Chap- have commanded you: and behold lains, when they bring and I am with you all days, even to the strengthen the religious faith in consummation of the world" (*Mat-* the lives of your sons, are literally *thew* 28:20).

ADDRESS BY CHAPLAIN GEORGE W. CASEY

Lieutenant, United States Army
(Assigned to the second WAC Training Center)

(July 4, 1943)

I come to you, my dear friends, to amplify him, to enable him to meet the spiritual need and desire of every soldier. And the typical commanding officer wants the fullest religious program that the exigencies of a strenuous training schedule, or combat conditions, will allow. Here at our own post, we have the same set-up in the WAC as in the army—with the active cooperation of our Commanding Officers we have a full program of Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic services. And we modestly maintain that a devout person can live as full a religious life here as in the average parish in America.

And let me state at the outset that the army is on the side of religion. Religion and patriotism go together — they grow together — they support and strengthen each other. They are cousins, of a sort. They derive from the same grandparents, the cardinal virtue of justice, down through the special virtue of piety, which is the virtue that inclines man to recognize and reverence the source of good and benefit to himself—in this instance, God and country. Or, as someone has put it, the mystic chords which bind the human heart to faith and fatherland lie close together. What strikes upon one, reverberates along the other. The army knows this; and it knows the comfort and courage religion imparts—the discipline it imposes, the sacrifice it inspires in the embattled soldier. So it wants more religion. It reaches out for every Chaplain it can get—gives him a chapel whenever possible—assistants, transportation, equipment, and supplies—

However, some of our members do get away from the habit of church going. There is a variety of reasons—the breakup of their old routine, the loss of their familiar parish church, and—probably the most important—the absence of parental direction. Sometimes it is duty—though War Department regulations permit excuse from all but the most essential duties. Sometimes it is distance, and sometimes it is plain distraction, from long hours, loneliness, the press of studies, and training.

But more, I think, come back to them in for the first time. Women church than fall away. Many look incline to religion; and so does the at life seriously for the first time WAC.

The WAC is on the side of morality, too. It has many suggestions for the members' leisure time—which is temptation time—sports, shows, dances, concerts, books—but licentiousness, never. It is concerned with that which killeth the body, but not unconcerned with that which killeth the soul. The Commanding Officers right down to the Company Officers, and especially the Company Officers, look upon themselves as guardians of the girls you parents have entrusted to them, watching and worrying over them, as you would yourselves. Whatever moral danger threatens them isn't due to the WAC or its lack of vigilance; it isn't due entirely to the war—it's due to the same causes as in civilian life, namely, the current lack of consciousness of sin, and loss of the fear of God. Those who have been jeering at decency in song and show and book for years—they are the guilty ones. Until we put conscience back in control of the affairs of boys and girls, we shall have trouble in and out of the service.

The WAC is not a choir of angels, but women of flesh and blood; when they get tired and depressed

some of them may strain a little after relaxation and diversion. There were, too, in the beginning, members whose moral and physical stamina was untested. And there were some who were just adventuring. A few of those were bound to fall from grace; but since most of them were neither helpful nor happy, they have by now almost all gone home. The wonder isn't that there were a few moral failures, but that there were so few.

It is an under-statement to say that on the whole the WAC's are a hard-working, high-minded patriotic lot of girls.

From my own observation and experience, and not because of wishful thinking, I will say that their service has been for some a means of grace and the beginning of a new peace and dignity of soul. Others are lifting themselves up to permanently higher levels of living, by their unstinting devotion, their willing sacrifice, and their quiet endurance. They are finding new strength and new satisfactions, a new direction of life and a new nobility. And I will further say that I have met here some of the most devout and decent women I have ever known.

Women have engaged in war before, without loss of gentleness and grace. Our own nuns went out

onto the battlefields of the Civil War and came back without tarnish but with new distinction and honor. Corregidor was no place for women; but our nurses there didn't shock the men with whom they shared hardship and danger, but thrilled them and heartened them and the whole country—and won everlasting glory for their corps. If women can endure the sights and sounds of the battlefield and the dressing station, without being coarsened and made unwomanly, then surely they can do the jobs the WAC is undertaking without damage to their sweeter selves. Long ago a maid achieved sanctity by her soldiering. She clothed her slight form in shining armor and went off to the wars, indifferent to the surprise and scorn of men, listening only to the voice within. She revitalized her faltering king and his failing armies and led them on to victory. Our women soldiers in the spirit of St. Joan of Arc are not only marching on to victory over our country's enemies, but over those implacable enemies of the soul: the world, the flesh, and the devil—and are keeping themselves clean and unspotted.

When one of our public men was visiting in Russian front lines, he asked his host how much of the front he was defending. The young

General quickly retorted "Defending, sir? I'm attacking." I feel that way about this talk, that I am not defending the WACs so much as attacking any unchivalrous, ungrateful, and unjust criticism of their Corps. What they have a right to expect is the praise and thanks of all Americans!

When the War Department declared its urgent need of supplementing is manpower because of the enormous demands of total and global war, they were the first to answer the call. Eager and impatient to go all-out, on full time, for their country, they left their loved ones. They left their homes, where they had been shielded from danger, sheltered from hardship, and saved from labor. They left good jobs, for which they had trained and waited long, for tasks that were humble and hard. Resolute and unafraid, one hundred per cent volunteer, no laws or public opinion urging them on, they marched out to whatever awaited them, the long labors of the Training Center, or the foam of perilous seas, and foreign lands forlorn. They were not content with the old assignment of women in war: "for men must work and women must weep." They insisted upon working, with the patience, diligence, and devotion that is characteristic

of women. As their director says, "they are determined to make their new chapter of American History a serious contribution and not a feminine footnote." And the Chief of Staff of the United States Army testifies that "commanders have spoken in the highest terms of their efficiency and value."

My dear friends, the Declaration of Independence, the beginning of the life and greatness of our Republic, was the work of a comparatively few men. It was the result of the prophetic and providential vision, the political genius, and the constant preaching of Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and a handful of others, rather than the spontaneous rising of the people. It was implemented by the force of personality and military leadership of George Washington and Lafayette. And though the war was long and drawn-out, and it impoverished the country, there were not a great many of the citizens engaged at a time. But, unhappily, in the 167 years that have elapsed, wars have grown since then in scope and involvement; so now it is not army against army, but people against people. The enemy is still mighty. He has been concentrating all his national energy and attention upon war for years, and unless and un-

til we mobilize all our resources and all our powers and all our prayers, we will not prevail against him. The keeping of our independence, and indeed the independence of the world, from ruthless domination, from fanatical dictatorship, from the powers of darkness, is *not* in the hands of a few, not in the hands of the army and navy alone, but in the hands of *all* of us. Nobody can lie back, nobody can sit it out—it is everybody's fight this time. That's the way the women of the WAC feel; and that's why they have gone to war.

THE PURPOSE OF THE CATHOLIC HOUR

(Extract from the address of the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes at the inaugural program of the Catholic Hour in the studio of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, March 2, 1930.)

Our congratulations and our gratitude are extended to the National Council of Catholic Men and its officials, and to all who, by their financial support, have made it possible to use this offer of the National Broadcasting Company. The heavy expense of managing and financing a weekly program, its musical numbers, its speakers, the subsequent answering of inquiries, must be met. . . .

This radio hour is for all the people of the United States. To our fellow-citizens, in this word of dedication, we wish to express a cordial greeting and, indeed, congratulations. For this radio hour is one of service to America, which certainly will listen in, interestedly, and even sympathetically, I am sure, to the voice of the ancient Church with its historic background of all the centuries of the Christian era, and with its own notable contribution to the discovery, exploration, foundation and growth of our glorious country. . . .

Thus to voice before a vast public the Catholic Church is no light task. Our prayers will be with those who have that task in hand. We feel certain that it will have both the good will and the good wishes of the great majority of our countrymen. Surely, there is no true lover of our Country who does not eagerly hope for a less worldly, a less material, and a more spiritual standard among our people.

With good will, with kindness and with Christ-like sympathy for all, this work is inaugurated. So may it continue. So may it be fulfilled. This word of dedication voices, therefore, the hope that this radio hour may serve to make known, to explain with the charity of Christ, our faith, which we love even as we love Christ Himself. May it serve to make better understood that faith as it really is—a light revealing the pathway to heaven: a strength, and a power divine through Christ; pardoning our sins, elevating, consecrating our common every-day duties and joys, bringing not only justice but gladness and peace to our searching and questioning hearts.

89 CATHOLIC HOUR STATIONS

In 38 States, the District of Columbia, and Hawaii

Alabama	Birmingham	WBRC	960 kc
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