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**YOUR SON IN
THE SERVICE**



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BY

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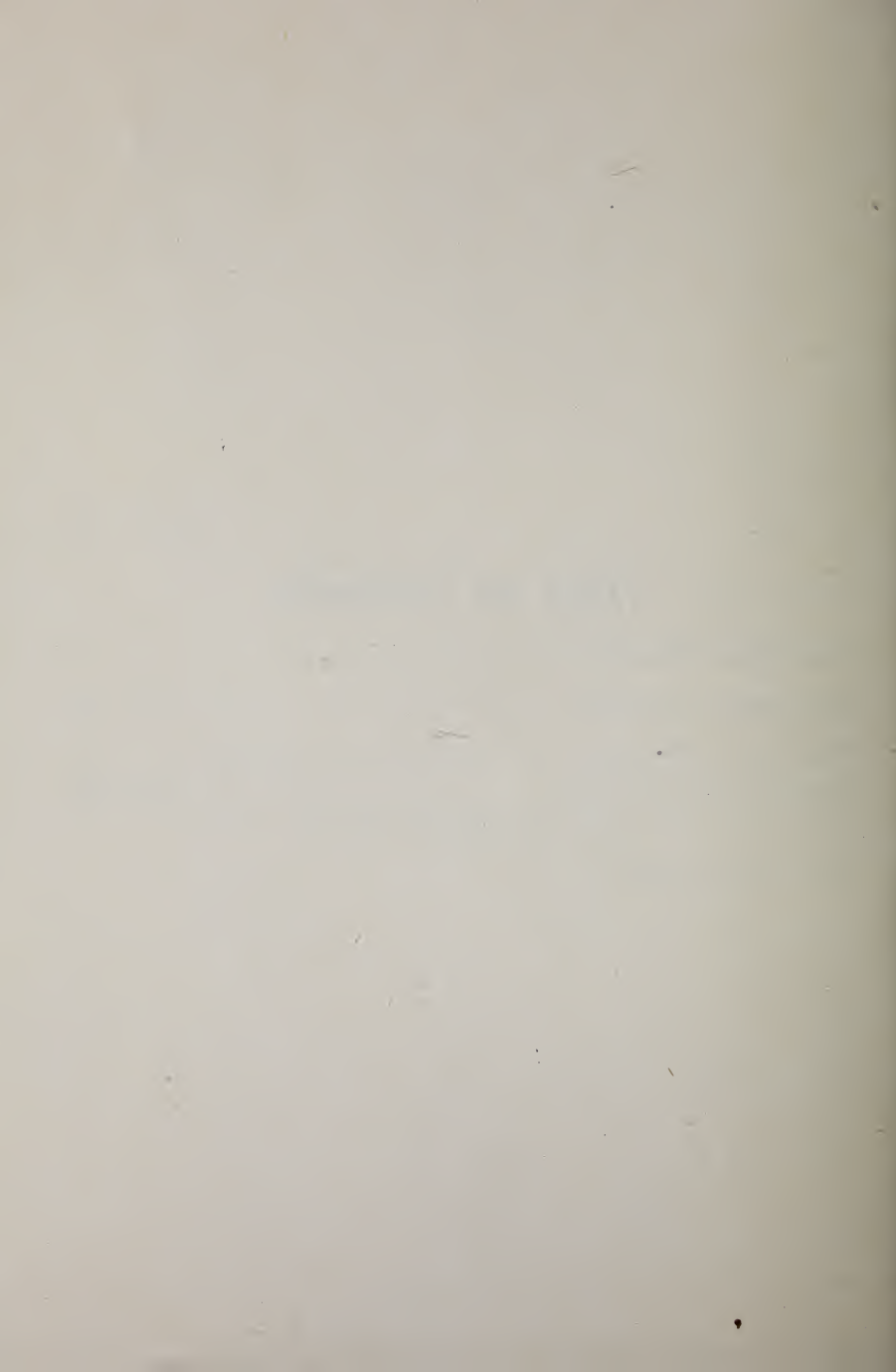
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Bishop of Fort Wayne

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YOUR SON IN THE NAVY

Address Delivered May 6, 1951

As you Catholic fathers and mothers knelt in your parish churches this morning, surrounded by a beautiful altar, the decorations and the serene setting of your Sunday Mass, you may have wondered about your son in the Navy. First of all, did he go to Mass today; and, secondly, is the Navy changing him very much? Is he slipping away from the family ties and in danger of losing his faith? What type of persons has he chosen as friends? As a Catholic Navy Chaplain, for the last ten years, I feel qualified to answer some of your questions and to prove to you that the Navy considers the religion of your son a most important part of his life.

My words are not intended as a sales talk nor as propaganda for the recruiting office, but simply my honest impressions of those with whom I have lived, and worked, and prayed side by side both in the years of comparative peace and in the hectic days of the war.

Since the day your son put on his Navy uniform, he has lived

in a different world. He had to learn a new vocabulary. The walls became bulkheads and the floors became decks. He had to learn to salute and to march in a military manner. The first few weeks of his boot camp training made him feel very bewildered, very humble, and, maybe a little bit lonesome. But once a week something happened that was familiar. It was this *Sunday Mass*, the Priest in vestments at the altar, the old Latin words, "Dominus Vobiscum," the Gospel that he had listened to over and over again since boyhood. This Sunday Mass is his link with civilian life. It is the same in the service as it was at home. The only thing missing is the collection.

You Catholic fathers and mothers are naturally concerned that your son stay close to his religion while serving his country. When the lad left home, you most likely said to him, "Son be a *good* boy!" That is why we Priests and Ministers are in the Navy—to take up where you left off—to *help* that lad of yours *be* a good boy.

Now, we never can take *your* place. There is no substitute for a wonderful and tender father and mother. The environment of military life can never be compared to the environment of our Catholic homes. Nor is the Navy a Seminary, surrounded with virtue and peaceful seclusion. It is not a reform school nor a haven for juvenile delinquents. It is a rugged organization, tougher on your son than any football game he ever played in high school. As a youngster, he may have been a good athlete, (at least you thought so) *and that's all that mattered*. He knocked himself out on the basketball court and on the gridiron. He had to be loyal to his coach, quick to obey signals, and in there playing a hard, clean game every minute of the contest. The Navy demands of your son this same drive, this same loyalty, this same obedience to those in command, as the lad gave to the varsity at home.

When such men do their best in this lash-up, they get along very well. They don't shirk their jobs, they don't run away, they don't drop the ball.

I am not saying that they are deliriously happy every minute of the day. They have their

gripes and their groans. They get "*shook up*" over the irritations and inconveniences of this "gold-fish bowl" existence, but they bounce back, laugh it off and chalk it up as part of the program. Their sense of humor keeps them going. When any sailor beats his chest and says: "This is the greatest life in the world . . . I am the happiest person alive," he ought to turn into sick bay. He's cracking up. The Navy does not exist to make you *happy*. It is a military organization where we separate the men from the boys. Certainly, there is much contentment and satisfaction in this sea-going life and many lasting friendships are formed between shipmates, but it is, primarily, a profession of arms that can become mighty grim and sometimes very tragic.

As far as our Catholic faith is concerned, if your son has had a solid training and good example at home, he will be just as faithful and devout wearing the Navy blue. Usually, the lukewarm and careless Catholics among us were lukewarm and careless before they put on that uniform. The average young man does not want to parade his faith, nor does he want to go around acting as though he is

posing for holy pictures, but in the Navy there is very little chance of hiding his religion. It is stamped on his dog tag and written in his health record. His shipmates know all about him, his hometown, his likes and dislikes, the sweet little bundle of fluff whose picture he carries in his wallet, and the rosary in his pocket. Come Sunday morning, they can see whether a Catholic lad stays in his bunk to enjoy a few extra hours of comfort or whether he gets up and hikes off to church.

Whenever I say Mass aboard ship in the Navy, I am always *thrilled* and *edified*. As soon as the word is passed to rig for Divine Services, the Church pennant is hoisted above the American flag, a floating chapel is set up in a matter of a few minutes. If the ship happens to be a *carrier*, the planes are pushed back, the altar and chairs are unfolded and set up, and I open my Mass kit for the necessary vestments and chalice. The officers and men from every department gather around me in full view of the rest of their shipmates. There is no privacy, no walls to hide them from others, just the hard, open deck and the wide spaces. There may be a little curtain in the corner where

they duck in for confession. Anyone who sees them on their knees cannot help but admire their loyalty to their religion. The rest of the ship maintains a respectful silence. The smoking lamp is out, all radios are turned off, and the activities of the day are cut down to a minimum.

On these occasions, I wish you fathers and mothers could stand there beside me. You would feel as I do, that your sons are preaching to me a far better sermon than I could ever give them. They are telling me what a priceless possession is their faith. They are on their knees without anyone reminding them. They are a real credit to you folks back home, to you parents who brought them into the world, to you sisters, brothers, and priests who trained them in school. Scenes like these make me proud and grateful to be a Priest in the Navy. I am humbled at the manifestations of faith that I see all around me. I am happy and consoled by the red-blooded Catholic lads who call me "Father."

Each one of us Chaplains has a story to tell that would make a good movie. Each one of us puts on a perpetual Mission, keeping the staunch Catholics on

their toes, strengthening the weak ones, encouraging the fallen-aways to make a comeback with a good confession, baptizing the converts who come to us for instructions, trying to settle domestic disputes at home, dropping into the brig to visit some of our little "saints" who got into trouble, and making the rounds of the hospital beds to cheer up those who are sick or wounded. These are *full* days for us—but *happy* days, *proud* days, days of many smiles and much kidding, "batting the breeze" with some of the finest men we could have met anywhere in parish life. These men are your sons. We love them; we *live* with them; we *pray* for them in our Masses. We would die beside them if need be, as some of our Chaplains have done in other wars, and in recent months in Korea.

To you *non-Catholic* fathers and mothers, I want to remind you that we Navy Chaplains wear two crosses on our sleeves, one for those of our own faith, and one for those of all other faiths. The Ministers, Priests and Rabbis of the Navy are a team. We respect one another, because we like to believe that we are all sincere in our dedication to the souls of the young

American men and women who cross our paths. Our working motto is a simple one: "WE AGREE TO DISAGREE, AGREEABLY."

When there is no Catholic Chaplain assigned to a ship or shore station, it is expected that the Protestant Chaplain will do what he can to arrange for visiting Priests to come aboard, or to send Catholic church parties to the nearest available Mass.

Many Protestant Chaplains are *outstanding* in their solicitude for the spiritual care of the Catholic men serving with them. They distribute rosaries and Sunday Missals, and make appointments for the men with civilian Priests.

In my present assignment at the Alameda Naval Air Station, I am working side by side with a Protestant Chaplain who is loved and admired by the Catholic men as well as by his own flock. He is a man of God giving a perfect example of tolerance and brotherly love, which is the very basis of our American heritage in this land where freedom of religion is guaranteed and practiced.

From what I have told you, it should be evident that the Navy is "*God*" *conscious*, that the

Navy respects the individual and realizes that each one of us has a soul, as well as a body. In our Boot Camps, the Chaplains are giving lectures all day long, not on Naval customs and traditions, but on character guidance, on the importance of the immortal soul, the obligation each man has to his Creator, and the dividends that a decent, clean life will pay off when we follow the Ten Commandments.

Each recruit sailor is given a personal interview by the Chaplain of his own faith. In the case of Catholic men, we have the chance to prepare many of them for their first Holy Communion and organize large classes for the Sacrament of Confirmation.

This personal contact does not stop with the training centers. Here at Alameda, we meet each new man personally, and when he comes aboard we give him a questionnaire to fill out for our files. He can never say that he does not know the men who have charge of his religious program. When he checks off the station, we bid him good-bye and try to make him feel that we are honestly and sincerely interested in his welfare wherever he goes. This is our way of making him feel important as an individual

and not just a part of an assembly line or a small cog in a big wheel.

For further evidence that the Navy encourages the men to pray, take a look at some of the magnificent chapels that can be found on our military installations. Just to mention a few that are particularly distinctive and beautiful; there is the twin-chapel setup at Norfolk, Virginia; two more outstanding temples of worship at Jacksonville, Florida; and the beautiful, inviting chapels at Pensacola, Florida and San Diego, Alameda and Treasure Island in California.

The personnel at these installations are proud of these buildings and make use of them for hundreds of military weddings, baptisms and Masses throughout the year. Whenever there is one common building for all faiths, there is usually a small Oratory for daily Mass, where the Blessed Sacrament can be reserved and visited whenever our people wish to come in and pray.

So you parents can relax, the Navy is "God" conscious. How could it be otherwise, with the traditions of the seas going back to the days of our Blessed Lord and the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee.

Sometimes you get the idea, from the actions of a few, that the Navy is full of great "lovers" and drunkards, but don't condemn the whole outfit by the antics of a few playboys. When a sailor whistles at a girl, the shocked civilians raise their eyebrows and say, "How vulgar!" But when the college boy, with the letter on his sweater, does the same thing, the same civilians smile and say, "How cute!" Your boys could "go to the dogs" just as quickly at home as they could in the Navy; it depends on the individual. Personally, I think that some of them get more discipline in the Navy than they ever got from their parents. Certainly, we keep a close watch on them and know where they are most of the time. I am afraid some of our modern parents could not say the same thing.

It should be quite clear, by this time, just what the Navy does for your son, but what are you doing for him while he is in the service. What does he want from you most of all? I think you know as well as I do. Just a letter from home, cheerful letters, not full of scoldings and complaints, but a pat on the back, a bit of affection and pride. Send him clippings from the hometown newspaper, especially

from the sports section. Get going in that hometown of yours and provide some decent places for lounging and entertainment. Chicago earned itself top rating during the war as being one of the most generous and friendly liberty towns in the country. Seacoast cities like San Francisco and New York did themselves proud.

The streets of our big cities are getting crowded again with uniforms. These young men need healthy outlets for their energy and free time. The old reliable USO's around the country are still carrying on, but they can't carry the load by themselves. We need more canteens, more respectable spots where these young men can dance with fine, decent girls, can get acquainted with some of the families of the town and can be made to feel that they are among real friends.

If Universal Military Training goes into effect, it will hit practically every home in the nation. Do for the sons of other parents what you hope some kind and generous family will do for your own flesh and blood far away from home. It works both ways. Make the lads feel that you like them, not just tolerate

them in your cities where they roam.

My assigned topic today is called "Your Son in the Navy," but we have some of your daughters too—co-education in the Navy was a bit strange to us at first, but now we are beginning to like it. These young ladies deserve a round of applause for jobs well done. We egotistical males thought that women couldn't possibly fit into this type of life, but they are proving how wrong we are. In fact, they are doing some military assignments far better than the men have done them. As far as religion is concerned, they set the example. Our Catholic choir today is made up of Waves as well as sailors. At my daily Mass, the Waves outnumber all the others for frequent Communion. A girl in the Navy is respected just as much as a girl in civilian life. They certainly form an integral part of our "salty" parish.

At this point, you may conclude that we Chaplains are interested and concerned only with the enlisted men and women. I hope you don't believe that—because the officers need us Chaplains too, and we certainly need them. There is one little incident I will always remember. It may prove my point:

It was February 3rd, the Feast of St. Blase and I was aboard the USS PRINCETON tied up at San Diego. The phone rang and it was a Vice Admiral who asked me what time I was blessing throats. Of course, I did a quick juggling of schedules and came up with 1130 as the hour for this little ceremony. The Vice Admiral, being a good Catholic, had remembered our custom of blessing throats, so he announced that he would be aboard at the time scheduled. When I informed the Executive Officer that Vice Admiral So and So was arriving at 1130 to have his throat blessed, the Exec was a little bit perplexed. His first question was: "What's wrong with his throat?" I assured him that the Admiral's throat was perfectly normal, and that today was the Feast of St. Blase. "Well, who is St. Blase?" My answer was a simple briefing on the patron saint of the diseases of the throat. When I finally had him properly briefed, he sent me on to the Skipper, and the same routine again, "What's wrong with his throat?" "Who's St. Blase?" From the Skipper I took my story to the Chief of Staff and then to our own Admiral, and always the same explanations. When our

own Admiral heard it, he alerted the whole ship. At the gangway at 1130 stood all heads of all departments in dress blues and gray gloves, the ship's band, an honor guard of Marine, eight sideboys, and the bugler! The reception was the proper and traditional manner to welcome a Flag Officer aboard, but, I am sure, it was the first time a Vice Admiral got this full treatment just to get his throat blessed. In due time, our important guest came aboard, very graciously acknowledged the group and then walked off to the crew's lounge where he received the blessing along with the rest of the assembled Catholics.

Yes, the point of the story is obvious. Any officer, from an Ensign to a Vice Admiral who practices his religion in the Navy does a tremendous amount of good. He shows the proper humility and love of God which makes him a truly fine individual as well as a qualified leader of men.

Now you have heard my report to the Catholic parents of the nation; the report of our work in the midst of your sons and daughters.

Here we have a cross section of American youth, thrown together in ships and shore stations, stateside and across the seas. Officers and men and women of every type and kind. The Navy life brings together the Catholics, the Protestants and the Jews. The "yank meets the rebel," the "white meets the colored," the "city lad meets the farm boy," the "spoiled darling who had the convertible meets the newsboy who had the bicycle." And, somehow, suspicions disappear. We learn that there is much to admire in all hands, no matter what may be their race, their creed, their color or their social status. These are the people of our Navy parish. God bless them and keep them safe—for there are none finer to be found.

YOUR SON IN THE MARINES

Address Delivered May 13, 1951

Today's Mother's Day will be the same wonderful day it has always been. In church mothers will hear themselves justly praised and even compared to the most Holy of all mothers—Our Blessed Mother. At home amid the gay flowers and boxes of candy they will be happy as they see their little John or Judy pledge their love with some inexpensive gift and a great big priceless hug. The new, young mother will be happy as she holds her tiny infant in her arms, the evidence of her share in the God given right of all mothers, to help in His work of creation. She will be happy as she joins all the mothers as they say—Thank God for all of this.

In one way, however, this Mother's Day will be a sad one, for the radio and the newspapers give us a vary dark picture of the world in which we live. Mothers with sons in service or just old enough to go in, will have a heavy, aching heart as they read about Korea; as they see the friendly nations of the world fighting among themselves while Russia gloatingly works

the strings that bring all the godless puppet nations into action against us. It is with these mothers in particular, that I should like to visit today to talk about your son and the Marines.

At the present time the attention of all those connected with the Marines is drawn to the men of the First Division in Korea. And news from Korea seems very close to me at this time for the towns mentioned in the news releases are not merely names but rather memories of charred remains of once happy villages. The filth and the mud, the cold and the weariness are all very real for little more than a month ago I lived with them.

I see now how one sided a picture we are getting from the newspaper accounts for as we read the papers we see nothing but the grim, horrible side of war which would tend to break the heart of any loving mother. Behind the news of the front page, however, there is a lot that would make you happy, would ease some of the burden from your heart, would make you proud that your son is a Marine,

as proud as I am to be able to say that I have served with them. I have learned what America can mean to a dying 18 year old boy and have become a better citizen for it. I have learned how close we can really get to Almighty God on this earth, how utterly simple life can be when we put it all in His hands.

One story never mentioned in the papers that will make every Marine mother proud took place on Christmas Eve in southern Korea. We had taken part in a sad but glorious page of our Marine History—the withdrawal from the Chosin reservoir. We had crowded aboard transports at Hungnam to go to a rest area. Some said we might even go to Japan. Instead, we were unloaded at Pusan and then proceeded to a muddy bean patch and were told, “Go to it, that’s your rest camp, have a Happy Christmas.” Those words stung with bitter irony but now looking back, I can say that I have never spent a happier Christmas.

We set out to arrange for Midnight Mass in a natural hollow in that bean patch and before we knew it our Marines had built an altar from some packing boxes and by the miracle of Marine

secret supply even had it painted a gleaming white; our canopy was a tarpaulin stretched on a frame made of some lumber borrowed from the galley; our reredos was made of silk that one of the boys found in a native market and for decoration we had some trees brought in from the nearby hills.

This was our church where your sons, with their Marine spirit saw to it that in spite of everything and everyone they were going to have their midnight Mass, to pay their homage to the newly born Son of God.

I tried to collect some thought for a sermon but it was rather difficult for there seemed to be nothing to make that a happy Christmas. As I began to go over the happenings of the past few weeks even the quiet of the tent was broken by the hacking cough of one of our priests, who was on the verge of pneumonia from his exposure to the extreme cold. The past came to mind with amazing clearness. Two of our priests lay wounded in hospitals in Japan, one fighting for his very life, wounded as he brought the Son of God to your sons the Marines. One of the clerks who would be helping us now, lay buried in the frozen ground at

Kotori, killed at the side of his chaplain. Another boy who would be serving our Mass as he had done every day while we were surrounded now lay dead up there, killed as he fought to help other marines. These thoughts and many like them were passing through my mind when I heard one lad outside say to another, "We don't have an awful lot this Christmas but I'm sure glad that we can get to Midnight Mass." These words came like the breath of inspiration—"We had nothing but Christ Himself—What more could we want." The simple faith of those Marines gave me back what I had lost.

At Mass, in the clear, crisp, cold light of a brilliant moon about 2,000 Marines worshipped their God and Maker and it was my privilege on that night to bring His Body and Blood to every Catholic in that group, to hear them sing their Christmas carols, to give them that thought—They had nothing but Christ but—having Christ they possessed all things.

What will be of great comfort to all Catholic mothers is the knowledge that wherever your son goes in the Marines your Catholic priests go with him

trying to replace his parish priest as a pastor, confessor and a guide. In boot camp his Catholic chaplain who knows his problems, is willing to guide and to help him as he changes from a young boy to a real man, from a civilian to a Marine. He has chapels where he not only can but is urged to attend Mass regularly. As he goes to Camp LeJeune for instance he must be impressed by the Catholic chapel, which matches any parish church in the country for its beauty. At Camp Pendleton, he can attend Mass at the Santa Margarita ranch chapel, one of the earliest of the Spanish missions in California. He has missions similar to the one just finished at Quantico to keep the light of his faith burning brightly.

It is as he goes into combat however, that he learns how close his priest really is. If I say I am proud to have been with the Marines, I am doubly proud, and every Catholic should also be proud, of the priests with the Marines and all the troops in Korea. The medals and the glory that came publicly to these priests will never be adequate to give them the praise that is their due but like the good men

of God they are, they're not looking for public praise. Sufficient for them is the barely audible—"Thanks Father" from the wounded boy on the stretcher; or the happy sigh from the boy on the line who has just been to Confession and received Viaticum and says, "Boy that makes me feel great"; of the wonderfully simple expression of faith made by my own clerk under fire "Isn't it wonderful to be in the state of grace."

By the grace of God, last December, when the Marines were surrounded in three places, there was a Catholic Chaplain in each place and it was at this time that your priests rose to great heights to be with your sons as they needed them most. Isn't it a wonderful, consoling thought that every Marine who was wounded and reached a hospital unit had the grace of a Priest's presence and received the last rites if he was seriously wounded. To you mothers, who lost your sons in Korea, it must be a comfort to know that every Marine who was buried in Korea was buried with the prayers of our Holy Mother the Church and in blessed ground.

In so many cases your sons have been a source of pride and

even consolation to the Catholic Chaplain in the way they profess and practice their belief in God and His Church. Imagine how proud the mother would be whose son came to ask if there was anything wrong if he said seven rosaries in his fox-hole at night.

What a wonderful profession of faith your sons made for all to see, at Kotori where every day in a little chapel—three walls of a railroad shed to act as a wind break, they came and knelt and stood in the freezing cold to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion for what well might be the last time since we never knew what the night would bring.

What a joy to those mothers whose sons came to join in the rosary we said when we would stop to rest during our weary march from the reservoir.

What a magnificent tribute to their parents by those Marines who would make a beautifully frank confession in the sight of all as they knelt beside their priest, seated in an open field or behind a jeep. You mothers who have sons in the Marines can read today's headlines about them engaged once again in bitter fighting but you can take

great comfort from the fact that they are accompanied by their priests and that your boys who left good Catholic homes are doing a magnificent job in keeping their faith and impressing all around them with their belief in the Catholic Church and the teachings of their Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Everybody in Korea helped prove the saying that there are no atheists in fox holes but sad experience shows that such is not always the case when the dangers of war are removed. One of the great dangers any Marine and your son as he joins them must face is the attitude of indifference to anything that touches on religion. This attitude is common to all service life and it is from this that all our spiritual problems come. This is an insidious, enervating disease that eats away one's principles like a cancer and the unsuspecting soon falls with the terrible crash of compromise. This indifference will show itself to your son in many ways. Not too many people are going to get excited whether he goes to Mass or not; he's going to find men listed as Catholics staying in the barracks on Sunday morning. He will find a disre-

gard and often a downright disrespect for the Holy Name of Jesus and will hear the Holy Name of Jesus taken in vain on many occasions; he will find a lack of realization of the seriousness of sins against holy purity; he will find in many cases a complete disregard for the sanctity and the goodness of women and marriage. Many signs but all from the same root—indifference.

What can be done to counteract this? I think the answer can be found in the development of respect—a respect of self; for family and friends and especially respect for the Church and Almighty God.

This can come easy to a Marine for if we look to see just what it is that makes a Marine stand out we will see that it is the intensive training whereby the faults and weaknesses of his character are taken away and three principles are woven into the very fibre of his being—pride, love and obedience. Not the false pride of the hypocrite but a real honest pride in the possession of something wholesome; a manly love that shows itself in the care and concern for his fellow marine; a willing obedience based on the knowledge that au-

thority is something absolutely necessary, something to be respected and not merely feared. I say it is easy for a marine to develop the respect necessary to ward off that dangerous indifference for with a spiritual, supernatural motive he can elevate his basic teaching whereby his pride will generate a wholesome self respect; his love for others can give him the respect for his family and friends; his obedience can easily nourish a deep respect for Almighty God. With these he has the makings of an outstanding Catholic and that is what many of our Marine Catholics are—outstanding.

Self respect, generated from honest pride can arm the young man against any dangers that he might face. He knows that he is just as important as the next fellow, he knows that he has the right to go to Mass and practice his religion, he knows that he is showing courage when he does what is right. Just as a Marine's pride in the corps is a motive whereby he does things a certain way "because that's the way Marines do it" so too, he takes pride in his Catholic faith and upholds his principles because that's the way a good Catholic does it. If it's a question of foul language

in the barracks his self respect and pride will give him the courage to let others know what he thinks about it, he won't give in weakly because he knows he is right and will stand up for those rights . . . If it's a question of bad company or improper action, just as a marine will never let himself be seen in a sloppy uniform, so too, he will never let himself get mixed up in situations that are against his Catholic teaching.

His love for others can be turned into that respect for his family and friends and with this he won't fall victim to the idea that he can cut himself loose from family ties and with his newly found freedom become completely independent of his family. Oh what a great thing it is to see a lad who lives and acts as if his family were present on the base. If a man learns respect for others he can be strong against all the temptations to sin against holy purity. He will respect the women he meets as he would his own sister and her friends at home and in that way stay clear of the attitude some service men have that women are nothing but the playthings for men. If he has respect for his wife that is a real love how can

he ever fall prey to the frame of mind wherein marriage has no sanctity and fidelity is something impossible because men must be men.

As a marine he will develop a deep respect for authority that shows itself in a willing obedience. In the battle he must fight against indifference toward Almighty God, your son will have that respect for authority. He'll be tried with the test of laziness to stay in bed on Sunday morning but he will realize that it is no earthly commanding officer but God Himself who gave the command "Keep holy the Sabbath day." He might toy with the thoughts of immorality but again the order is there—"Thou shalt not commit adultery" and he summons up a cheerful but strong "Aye aye sir." The Ten Commandments and the commandments of the Church will be for him the rules and regulations that will guide him if he is to be a good Catholic.

What then can be done to help your son as he comes into service and meets this problem of indifference? I say to start NOW to develop him or rather help him develop in himself a real respect for himself, for his family and

friends, and for God and his church.

Yes, on this mother's day, there must be many a sad heart but the picture is not as dark as it might seem. There are problems to be faced but we have the means to face them, your sons will be hurled a challenge but with the grace of Almighty God and the proper preparation and care they can meet the challenge and turn it into a glorious victory.

If you are sad today, go to our Blessed Mother whose motherhood was climaxed by suffering as she watched her son die on the cross only to have that suffering make her happiness all the more full as she saw her Risen Son, the happiness that comes with the triumph of good over evil. With her help you can bear your burden just as your son, with her Son's help, can conquer the evil he must face. Then you too can enjoy the wonderful happiness of a successful son.

The Marine motto is very simple, "Semper Fidelis"—Always Faithful. What a fitting motto for your son as he joins them always faithful to himself, to his family and friends; most of all, faithful to his church and his God.

Be proud of your son today because if he is a good Marine you can be sure he will be a good son and a good Catholic.

As you say your prayers on this Pentecost night pray thus for your Catholic servicemen:

Come, O Spirit of Counsel, help and guide them in all their

ways that they may always do thy will, incline their hearts to that which is good, turn them away from all that is evil and direct them by the paths of thy Commandments to the good of eternal life, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

God bless you and please pray for your chaplains.

YOUR SON IN THE ARMY

Address Delivered May 20, 1951

It is not an exaggeration to say that many of our Catholic parents are disturbed by the workings of the Selective Service System when its finger reaches into their own homes and touches the family circle. Parents are not afraid of what the Army will do to their sons, but they are tremendously disturbed about how their sons will do in the Army.

Reared in Catholic homes your sons have been instructed in the traditions of the Church. They are surrounded by props and scaffoldings that have supported them in the days of childhood and youth. These props and scaffoldings are father and mother, brothers and sisters, the background of the Catholic parish, the parochial school, friends and associates — the moral support that life in the Catholic parish gives in its contribution to the American way of life.

Your sons have been taught obedience and humility. They have been instructed to bear wrongs patiently, to act with patience, to overcome the normal obstacles of life. They have been

reared in an atmosphere where the Commandments of God are life's serious business — where regular worship is a part of the daily program.

The question in the minds of our Catholic parents, accompanied by some fear and concern, is whether this wall of Catholic training will withstand the rigors of the temptations of the military service. Will the young man stand up under stress and strain? Will he succumb to temptation? The deciding factor is the Grace of God acting on a human soul.

In 214 B. C. the Chinese built the Great Wall of China. It was a gigantic structure, 1500 miles in length—the distance from New York to Lincoln, Nebraska. It represented the labor of seven millions of men working for ten years. The cost in money and human life was immense. It seemed a superb way to gain security, but within a few years of its building, it was breached three times by the enemy. Only note! It was breached not by the breaking down of the wall, not by the fire of missiles of war, but

it was breached by bribing the gatekeepers. It was the human element that failed. That is the worry of the Catholic parent today—the staunchness of the human element, the strength of our sons. Our sons, too, represent a great investment. Their rearing and education represent thousands of dollars. They are an endowment of flesh and blood. We are tremendously interested in the outcome of that investment.

What collapsed in China was not the Great Wall. It was character, proving that the great structure that man had reared would not work. A similar fate awaits the soldier in the military service. If he is absorbed and distracted by the persons and things around him—if he is off his guard—if he permits himself to be overcome by temptation, a soldier can go to pieces by collapse of character that might astonish his parents, the Church and the Army

Upon entering the military service these young men find that things do not work according to plan. There are different persons and different stations and these have to be dealt with, so one thinks in a manner not quite in accord with high ideals so warmly embraced before entering the

military service. It is well enough to be obedient to officers, but in the interests of general efficiency, these officers should exercise right judgment in assigning to these new soldiers such duties and jobs as fall within their talents—and their inclinations.

*They do not deny that it is an excellent thing to be obedient. But it is not fair to be asked to do something that is extremely distasteful. Their parents have told them that it is praiseworthy to be meek, but if one did not show temper now and again, there is danger of one's being treated as devoid of spirit. The Catholic tradition asserts that humility is admirable but certain occasions demand that one assert oneself. The selectee feels that it might be prejudicial to the general good if one's life were hidden under a bushel. Of course, Christ said to bear wrongs patiently. But it is bad for the general interest and for the good of the wrong-doer himself if he is allowed to get away with it.

Our Catholic men have learned to practice obedience, charity, patience, and other virtues, but when the opportunity for practicing these virtues arises in the Army there is found in each

case some particular circumstance making the strict application of their home teaching somewhat difficult. The Army is a machine for testing men.

They will meet many men in the service who regard the Creator as the great kill-joy of the world. Some there regard Him as the hateful sentinel that stands guard at every gate which opens on what gives promise of the experience of joy of life. They will meet men who fancy that they see behind these bars those fruits, the taste of which will satisfy their cravings. They will learn that all men do not believe that poison lurks for them in what God withholds from them. They will come face to face with men who will tell God to stand aside and these men fling themselves into the pursuit of everything that flatters pride and sensuality. They will meet men who have never heard what St. Paul has said: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap. For he that soweth in his flesh, of the flesh also shall reap corruption. But he that soweth in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life everlasting."

Many of our young men will find themselves alone in a

strange land. They will be reminded of the story told in the third chapter of Daniel about that region east of Suez that Kipling described: "where there ain't no Ten Commandments and the best is like the worst." In that land, the Bible story tells us, a certain great king had conquered the world and had regarded himself as the top of the heap. He had won many victories and to commemorate them he set up at Babylon a golden image 90 feet high and 18 feet broad. There was the order to come and adore that image. Of course, if you refused, there was the furnace of fire.

These three young men were confronted with the same decision as are our young men today. They had been tossed into the arena and they must play the game. Shall we play it according to the rules? Shall we play it as we have been taught and instructed? The sensible and expedient thing to do, of course, would be to worship—at least to go through the form and make all the gestures. They will be tempted to do as the Babylonians do—for after all in a strange place, in a strange country, far from home one cannot be too narrow and too provincial. The

temptation stands out in big letters—it might be best to conform. Over there was the king in all his majesty, surrounded by his leading men. A man would be a fool to stand out against all that. But these three young men who knew all about the Ten Commandments had conviction. So, while all Babylon knelt, they stood. "We are not anxious to answer thee in this matter, O King! Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace. We believe that He will, but if not, come what may, be it known unto thee we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image."

Our Catholic young men in the military service must choose like that. There is no difference in the Army and civilian life. Both have their golden images—90 feet high, 18 feet wide—the image of drink; the golden image of sex; the image of gambling; of borrowing; of bad companions; of religious prejudice; of loose living; of disobedience of orders; and irreligion. There they stand. Like the young men in Daniel who were there to play the game and take whatever risks might be involved in being true to the highest they saw, in being true to their Catholic tra-

dition, our young men of today must stand—take all the consequences, and play the game to a finish.

The Army game has to be played according to the rules. Our faith is a game that must likewise be played according to the rules. We have to learn those rules and we have to obey them.

As Catholics the obedience of soldiers should be like that of Christ. It is not a very difficult thing to do—to do as we are told. Ordinary soldiers do this. But as Catholics our obedience should not be limited to carrying out the orders given us by our superiors. It should go much further. We should cultivate an intense enthusiasm for bringing all our actions deliberately under the bidding of God. The Catholic soldier should be eager to embrace the Will of God no matter how or through whom that Will is manifested to him. The Catholic soldier must have a passionate zeal for the practical knowledge of the absolute sovereignty of God that was such a striking feature of the human character of Christ. To do this the soldier must submit himself humbly, promptly, ungrudgingly and cheerfully to all that the absolute submission to God's Will

will demand of him—even the sacrifice of health, the sacrifice of reputation, and the sacrifice of life. The Catholic soldier must rise to such heights that he will rejoice in being obedient even unto death. That struggle will cost. It is a hard and bitter struggle. The Catholic soldier cannot expect to issue from it without many a deadly wound to his nature. And as soldiers we should not flinch from those wounds. Rather should we rejoice that there be traced in us an image of those honorable scars of combat that mark the body of our great Chief. Let the five wounds be our inspiration to fight with courage and a recklessness of danger.

We are in a grip of a great moral order which is as firm as granite. In this day life's sanctities are being violated. Life is not sacred in some countries since it is taken with impunity. Purity is not sacred since it is violated without cause. Truth is not sacred since it is twisted by propaganda. Property is not sacred since it is taken by the state and converted into a collective farm. Home is not sacred since parents are separated from children and children from parents without cause and with-

out trial. The sanctities of life—truth, purity, friendship and rights—these must not be left to die, but must be protected by the laws of God. They must be protected by the laws of man. These sanctities must be protected by social usage extending over the twenty centuries of the church's existence. They must be protected by the sentiment and the love that the children of the church have for Jesus Christ, her Founder.

If a man attempts to run amuck and violate these sanctities, out he goes. In the words of Scripture, "The statutes of the Lord are right; the destinies of the Lord are sure." You cannot talk them out. You cannot argue them away. It is like beating one's brains against a solid wall.

Both Church and Army have need for men who will play the game according to the rules whether it means victory or defeat. We have two dangerous principles operating, both in religion and in the Army: "Safety first" and "there is no harm in it." The world encourages the utmost self-indulgence that can be conceded to oneself with safety. To all trends and courses and fashions that are at variance

with the spirit of Christianity the Christian will be tempted to yield ground and feel that he has made a valid defense when he says "there is no harm in it."

Did not Christ die precisely to warn us that for us as Catholics "what is any harm" is really dangerous—that we must mortify ourselves in what is legitimate in order that we may be preserved from what is forbidden. The young men of the Bible could have gotten by. They could have played the game of "safety first"; they could have operated on the principle that "there is no harm in it." They could have made mental reservations. "It is not cricket!" They could have excused themselves. After all, they were foreigners in a small town and, like the soldier of today—half-soldier, half-civilian—they were far away from home. Why not broaden out? This is the temptation that comes to our Catholic soldier.

We can see these young men standing there before the king—beside them the tall statue, 90 feet high and 18 feet wide. They had no hankering for the furnace. The soldier of today has no special hankering to die. But in the recesses of their minds there rose up that tradition

which was given to Moses midst the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai: "Thou shalt not adore false images. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal." That settled it. There was no other motion before the house. It was "heads up." Lose if we must, we will play the game according to the rules. The soldier is not the only one that is here to play the game. The saints and the seers, the heroes and the martyrs, the poets and the singers, the teachers and the mothers have set illustrious examples. Doctors do not shrink from disease, teachers do not avoid the ignorant, the policeman does not avoid the robber, the soldier has courage to face the enemy. Conditions may change, but in the moral line-up it is the same.

If our Catholic sons bow down on their knees to certain modes of life, whether these modes of life violate the military tradition and prove a young man unworthy of the uniform, or fall down in adoration before images that are not worthy of Catholic allegiance, the young soldier proves that like the jellyfish he lacks a backbone. He is afraid of the thing 90 feet high. The gatekeeper feels that he

must surrender the wall. He lacks moral courage in his spiritual life.

Daniel prayed three times a day, lions or no lions. We find Christ in the synagogue offering His prayers "as His custom was." Our Catholic men must put enough spiritual energy into their lives that when they play the game according to the rules they will be found on the winning side.

Many of the players in the Army game do not finish the game. Some are taken out by the hand of death. Some are put out because of fouls—some end up on the bench—cripples. Some because they do not know the rules; some because they know them—and break them.

In the Bible story there was found not only the three men loose and unhurt in the fire, but a fourth who was like the Son of God. And so, when our sons en-

ter the service, when the props and scaffoldings that have supported them in the days of their childhood and youth are taken down, when their virtue is put to test, let them realize that their faith must be living, practical and constantly on the alert. They, too, will be found in the end walking through the fire with the guiding spirit of the Son of God in their midst.

We can thank Him that we have finished a fight, that we have held onto our convictions, that though all Babylon was kneeling before its pagan idols our Catholic young men remained erect and prayed as did the young men condemned to the fiery furnace. "Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace. We believe that He will, but if not, come what may, be it known unto thee we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image."

YOUR SON IN THE AIR FORCE

Address Delivered May 27, 1951

During the past fifteen months it has been my privilege to serve your sons who are stationed in Alaska. Truly this important fortress is a wierdly wonderful land. Here is the challenge of America's last frontier. Here is a stern climate to test the fibre of man. Strategically placed throughout this awesome terrain are your military installations. They are activated by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish men. These are your sons. Day and night they serve as your watchmen. In a very real sense, you delegated them to be your eyes and ears. With every modern device they serve as your guardians and protectors. Yes, and they are ready to crimson the white mantle and lonely wastes of the Arctic with their very blood, should your welfare demand the supreme sacrifice of their young lives.

When a priest leaves his home to follow the airmen, he has only one purpose — to supply unto them the consolations of our religion, and to help them save their souls. Most of us find that these men who fly the skies are

a constant challenge to the zeal of a priest in uniform. We are closer to men of this age bracket than we ever were in our parishes. Never did we have such opportunities for doing good. Never did we realize the searing truth of our Lord's words, "The harvest is great—The laborers are few." Yet, I think I can say that the laborers who work in this unique part of the vineyard are far better priests, thanks to the devotion—yes, and real saintliness of so many of your sons. Oh, if only you Fathers and Mothers could picture the scenes which inspire us who seek to minister unto your sons.

Too much has been said concerning the temptations to moral evil and irreligion to be found in military life. I admit there are temptations up here in Alaska. There are plenty of them. Yes, there are those who would take advantage of young men who get lonesome, fed up, homesick, weary of Arctic monotony. There are always selfish, greedy, avaricious parasites who would prey upon your sons. The bait is always the same—inordinate use

of liquor, unrepentant Magdalens, and spiritually and morally bankrupt companions.

Yet, I say to you, the dangers are no greater for the airmen than they are for any group of young men away from home, at boarding school, on a vacation, or working apart from family. It is my experience that if a Father and Mother blessed their son with a religious home, if you gave him a good start by your example, if you placed on his boy lips the name of Our Lady in prayer, and taught him to rely on the mercy, encouragement and sympathy ever to be found in the Confessional; if above all else in this passing pilgrimage you have taught your son to satisfy his need for friendship by a constant close relationship with Our Lord in regular and frequent Holy Communion, then I say to you there is no need for you to worry. There is no cause for anxiety about your son. If your son wants to remain clean-cut, I assure you there is no poverty of the grace of God in the service. Your son has religious facilities provided by the government calculated to fortify faith in God, preserve purity of conduct, and deepen devotion to duty. It is his responsibility to

use the means of grace, and it is your duty as Mothers and Fathers frequently to encourage his fidelity to religious practices.

After nine years with the Air Force, it is my personal conviction that in the service more people return to religious practices than fall away. This I think, is due in no small part to a regulation which states, "When an airman reports to an installation, he is to be interviewed personally by a chaplain of his own faith." He is advised regarding schedules and places of religious services. In the course of the interview he is given definite instructions concerning good behavior. If he has any personal problems, the chaplain will make an appointment and arrange for a discussion. All too often we find that men have had no personal contact with religious leaders since grammar school days. All too often we find that they view the clergyman simply as a functionary, and all too often religious practices ceased at the dawn of adolescence. Religiously and morally many of them have but a few crumbs left from the table of a grammar school catechism class to feed upon. Somehow a soul stagnated, a mature conscience never was formed,

elementary religious concepts became evanescent.

I find that when you say to an airman something like, "Look. You called me into the service to be your priest. Oh, yes you did! The day you put down on your record the name of Catholic, you demanded that the Bishops of our church send you a priest. You made me and every other priest in Alaska leave our parishes, our schools, and the consolations of parochial life. You made me and every other chaplain a world-wide wanderer to follow you even to this rim of the earth. You are not fair if you do not practice your religion. You are a hypocrite if you bear the name of Catholic and lie on a lazy bed on Sunday morning. You are traitor to your Mother and Father; and yes, to me your priest, if you do not live up to our standards. I want your word of honor that you will practice your religion, and that you will keep in your eyes the fire of a pure soul flaming. I want you to try to be an actual Grace to the men in the barracks and leave them better for having met you. I have a right to ask you this as long as you call me 'Father.' If you don't want my interest, if you don't intend to

play on the ball team of the Catholic Church, if you don't intend to play according to the rules of the game, then I want you to tell me now."

As a result of this initial interview repeated at each Air Force Base, Catholic airmen who have made their First Communion or Confirmation; Catholic men who have been away from Confession and Communion long years, Catholic men who have marital and family difficulties will come to our office for help or a refresher course in our Faith. This initial interview is strengthened by another device. Once a month by regulation a chaplain appears before each unit to present a Character Guidance lecture to our airmen. This is a most salutary means by which we seek to instill or nourish moral ideals consonant with good citizenship. Only God knows what beneficial results are obtained; only He can evaluate the evil that is prevented and the good that is accomplished. You see, the work of a chaplain is essentially one of a pastoral nature similar to that of your parish priest, but with many added ramifications. We offer daily Mass and give religious instructions to those whom we serve.

At present in Alaska, all of our chaplains, Protestant, Jewish and Catholic are completing a house to house visitation of dependent families because we know a visiting clergy means a full church. We visit the sick in our hospitals. We teach Catechism to our children, and we have well attended Holy Name Societies and Catholic Sodalities. I think you would be very edified to see Catholic men make reveille at 6:15 a. m. and then come into a barracks day room and assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. Oh, I wish you could see the number of men who say the Rosary together every night in our chapels. I wish you could see them in Nocturnal Adoration on Thursday night. Every hour a new group comes in the silence of the night time to storm heaven and build a bulwark of prayer around their fellow service men who are fighting in Korea. I wish you could see the long Confessional lines and the full Communion rails and you would know why we priests in uniform thank God for a rich career and a full life.

Our chaplains fly above the Arctic Circle to serve lonely isolated units. They brave tremendous flying altitudes, tempera-

tures of 65 below zero and dangerous storms. The safety of America demands that your sons serve their country in far away places and fidelity to duty demands that chaplains risk their lives to bring religious consolations to your sons. Why, just last month one of our Catholic chaplains spent a total of 75 hours of actual flying time to bring the sacraments to souls serving in isolated areas. Not only do our chaplains fly to the Arctic Circle, but they also cover the rugged Aleutian Chain. This is a collection of approximately 64 islands. They extend from the top of the Alaskan Peninsula 1,000 miles until they terminate at the island of Attu. When I visualized the Priesthood, I never dreamed it would include miniature parishes hidden by terrifying fogs, cold, sleet and rains, snow flurries and eerie mists rotating in fifteen minute cycles.

Recently, I flew to a tiny island in the Aleutians where spring never comes. I was to offer Mass and spend a few hours with our airmen. However, due to bad weather, my plane was unable to return until nine dreary nights later. Ugly clouds deluged the place, winds shrieked and tore at our quarters. Huge waves

made it impossible for a fuel oil barge to land and deliver its cargo. Heat is most important up here. So, the commanding officer decided to use some of his reserve oil supply. All that day I saw your sons pour thousands of gallons of oil from 50 gallon drums. I had scheduled my Mass for 5 o'clock in the evening. Because of the strenuous day's work, I wondered whether many would assist at that Mass. Then they came, covered with oil, tired men attracted by the magnetic personality of Our Lord in His Sacrifice. This scene is duplicated in Alaska over and over again.

As we priests fly through the Arctic skies, to men who stand guard under grim living conditions, we wander their world, we live with our parishioners, we eat with them, yes, and sometimes suffer with them. The most gratifying experience I have ever known is to drop out of the heavens on tiny dots near the rim of the world and be greeted by our parishioners. They show gratitude and eagerness to take advantage of your priesthood. You make your way through intense bitter coldness, deep snow and ice. You go to a small quonset—there is no false shyness

about the practice of their religion. Each Catholic airman kneels beside you, and Confessions are heard. Then, you set your altar. Perhaps it will be a couple of desks, card tables or a packing box. From one end of Alaska to another we priests in uniform raise our golden chalices and to me the most beautiful picture on this earth is the reflection of your boys in a golden chalice.

It is this picture of unsung heroes that I wish I could burn into your minds and hearts.

Now, I am going to ask you to do something to help us protect the moral welfare of your sons. Next to the practice of their religion the greatest stabilizing influence for your sons in the service is letters from home. Please imagine yourself in their places and then write a letter that you would like to receive. Write joyful letters, write interesting letters, write encouraging and understanding letters. Don't ruin a serviceman's morale by burdening him with family quarrels or picayune squabbles. He will exaggerate them and let his imagination run away until he convinces himself he has no home to go back to.

You priests, brothers, sisters

or teachers, you have educated our parishioners. It was you who planted the first seeds of virtue in these young hearts. May I beg you to preserve your influence for good and do what you can to strengthen them by corresponding regularly with them?

There is one other practical suggestion. Will you Catholic teachers consider prayerfully the possibility of a course calculated to anticipate concrete situations in barracks life where a young man ought to be able to give reasons to justify his faith and morality?

Now listen. In the name of the Catholic Chaplains — Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force, I'm going to ask you to do something really worthwhile for the men whom we serve. You will admit that you should be grateful to our brave men, our selfless men, our devoted and suffering men. Wouldn't you like to give the sons of America in uniform the very best of gifts? Of course you would! How would you like to help prepare the biggest spiritual bouquet this country has

ever seen? Well, then, here's the plan! Would you please prepare a spiritual bouquet for our service men? Then, will you take just a couple of minutes for the benefit of men who are giving up years to protect you and yours? Take a couple of minutes and write to the National Council of Catholic Men and pour into this treasury a record of your prayers, Holy Communions, Rosaries, good deeds, and offer them up for the physical, spiritual and moral safety of our men.

I offer up whatever merit is in this talk to our Lord and His Blessed Mother, for each and every one of you who will do as I ask. Can you imagine what we chaplains will be able to say to your sons if you will establish such a spiritual treasury? Can you imagine how the whole world will wonder and perhaps imitate your charity when they hear about it? You there—who knows, perhaps you and your prayers will bring us peace.

You will try to help us, won't you?

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.

127 CATHOLIC HOUR STATIONS

In 42 States, the District of Columbia, and Hawaii

Alabama.....	Mobile.....	WALA.....	1410 kc
	Montgomery.....	WSFA*.....	1440 kc
Arizona.....	Douglas.....	KAWT.....	1450 kc
	Globe.....	KWJR.....	1240 kc
	Phoenix.....	KTAR.....	620 kc
	Prescott.....	KYCA.....	1490 kc
	Safford.....	KGLU.....	1450 kc
	Tucson.....	KVOA.....	1290 kc
	Yuma.....	KYUM.....	1240 kc
California.....	Bakersfield.....	KERO.....	1230 kc
	Fresno.....	KMJ.....	580 kc
	Los Angeles.....	KFI.....	640 kc
	Sacramento.....	KCRA.....	1340 kc
	San Francisco.....	KPO.....	680 kc
	Santa Barbara.....	KIST.....	1340 kc
Colorado.....	Denver.....	KOA.....	850 kc
Connecticut.....	Hartford.....	WTIC*.....	1090 kc
District of Columbia.....	Washington.....	WRC.....	980 kc
Florida.....	Jacksonville.....	WJAX.....	930 kc
	Miami.....	WIOD.....	610 kc
	Orlando.....	WORZ.....	740 kc
	Pensacola.....	WCOA.....	1370 kc
	Tampa.....	WFLA.....	970-620 kc
Georgia.....	Atlanta.....	WSB.....	750 kc
	Augusta.....	WTNT.....	1230 kc
	Savannah.....	WSAV.....	1340 kc
Idaho.....	Boise.....	KIDO*.....	1380 kc
Illinois.....	Chicago.....	WMAQ.....	670 kc
	Peoria.....	WEEK.....	1350 kc
Indiana.....	Elkhart.....	WTRC.....	1340 kc
	Fort Wayne.....	WOWO.....	1190 kc
	Indianapolis.....	WIRE*.....	1430 kc
	Terre Haute.....	WBOW.....	1230 kc
Iowa.....	Davenport.....	WOC*.....	1420 kc
	Des Moines.....	WHO.....	1040 kc
Kansas.....	Hutchinson.....	KWBW.....	1450 kc
	Wichita.....	KANS.....	1240 kc
Kentucky.....	Louisville.....	WAVE*.....	970 kc
Louisiana.....	Alexandria.....	KYSL.....	1400 kc
	Baton Rouge.....	WJBO.....	1150 kc
	Lafayette.....	KVOL.....	1340 kc
	Lake Charles.....	KPLC.....	1490 kc
	Monroe.....	KNOE.....	1230 kc
	New Orleans.....	WSMB.....	1350 kc
	Shreveport.....	KTBS*.....	1480 kc
Maine.....	Augusta.....	WRDO.....	1400 kc
	Bangor.....	WLBZ*.....	620 kc
Maryland.....	Baltimore.....	WTBO.....	1450 kc
	Cumberland.....	WBAL.....	1090 kc
Massachusetts.....	Boston.....	WBZ.....	1030 kc
	Springfield.....	WBZA.....	1030 kc
Michigan.....	Detroit.....	WWJ.....	950 kc
	Flint.....	WTCB.....	600 kc
	Saginaw.....	WSAM*.....	1400 kc
Minnesota.....	Duluth-Superior.....	WEBC.....	1320 kc
	Hibbing.....	WMFG.....	1300 kc
	Mankato.....	KYSM.....	1230 kc
	Minneapolis-St. Paul.....	KSTP.....	1500 kc
	Rochester.....	KROC.....	1340 kc

127 CATHOLIC HOUR STATIONS

In 42 States, the District of Columbia, and Hawaii

Montana.....	Billings.....	KGHL.....	790 kc
	Bozeman.....	KRBM.....	1450 kc
	Butte.....	KGIR.....	1370 kc
	Great Falls.....	KXLK.....	1400 kc
	Helena.....	KXLJ.....	1240 kc
Nebraska.....	North Platte.....	KODY.....	1240 kc
	Omaha.....	WOW.....	590 kc
Nevada.....	Reno.....	KOH*	630 kc
New Hampshire.....	Manchester.....	WFEE.....	1240 kc
New Mexico.....	Albuquerque.....	KOB.....	1030 kc
New York.....	Buffalo.....	WBEN.....	930 kc
	New York.....	WNBC.....	660 kc
	Schenectady.....	WGY.....	810 kc
North Carolina.....	Asheville.....	WISE*	1230 kc
	Charlotte.....	WSOC.....	1240 kc
	Raleigh.....	WPTF.....	680 kc
	Winston-Salem.....	WSJS.....	600 kc
North Dakota.....	Bismark.....	KFYR.....	550 kc
	Fargo.....	WDAY.....	970 kc
Ohio.....	Cleveland.....	WTAM.....	1100 kc
	Lima.....	WLOK.....	1240 kc
	Toledo.....	WSPD*	1340 kc
	Zanesville.....	WHIZ.....	1240 kc
Oklahoma.....	Oklahoma City.....	WKY*	930 kc
	Tulsa.....	KVOO.....	1170 kc
Oregon.....	Medford.....	KMED.....	1440 kc
	Portland.....	KGW*	620 kc
Pennsylvania.....	Allentown.....	WSAN.....	1470 kc
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