

"Are Catholics Afraid to Disobey The Church?"

"Catholics," said Joe Page, "go to Mass because they have to."

"I know some Catholics who would like to sleep late on Sunday mornings, but they don't dare. And some of them would like to eat meat on Friday, too. The Church tells Catholics they can't do this and they must do that... and they're afraid to disobey."

Joe is partly right, of course. There are times when it would be more comfortable for a Catholic to miss Mass, more enjoyable to have steak instead of fish on Friday. And there are other laws and duties imposed by the Church that may conflict at times with the whim or convenience of the individual.

Observing these things, an outsider may well wonder why Catholics submit to such discipline. Is it because of fear, as Joe Page suggests? And with all the "do's and don'ts" imposed by the Church, does it really pay to be a Catholic?

Nobody knows better than a Catholic that his religion is not an easy one. It requires him to obey serious laws and fulfill burdensome duties which he would not have to do if he were not a Catholic.

What is it, then, that impels hundreds of millions of people to remain Catholics instead of choosing an easier, less disciplined spiritual life?

Catholics remain steadfast in their faith primarily because they believe it to be the religion given to us by God Himself for the sal-

vation of our souls. They believe, as they have from the time of the Apostles, that the Church was founded by Jesus Christ and invested with the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, to insure the infallibility of its teaching.

But Catholics also believe their religion agrees with common sense. It provides all of the seven grace-giving Sacraments, instituted by Jesus to help us find the way of life pleasing to God.

Anyone who takes the trouble to investigate will find that Catholicism is much more than a gathering-together of pious teachings and pious people. It is a way of life... a pattern for believing, worshipping and living usefully in the service of God in this life.

If you would like to know more about the age-old Catholic Faith, then write today for our free pamphlet, which we will send you in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. FM-52.

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The Dog That Joined the Navy

To the casual observer he was just an ugly mongrel called Black Dog; to thousands of sailors he was a mascot they couldn't do without

By LIEUT. (JG) C. E. ALDRICH

IN HANGAR 5 at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N.J., stands a small grave-stone with the following inscription:

**BLACK DOG
1939-1957**

A Good Shipmate.

The installation of this stone in 1959 stirred up a great deal of curiosity among sailors and officers stationed there. Who was Black Dog? Only a handful of Navy old-timers were still around to tell his story.

It started back in 1944 when a small, ugly mutt decided to join the Navy. He showed up one day at Fisher's Island, N.Y., where a detachment of blimps was stationed. Since sailors are inclined to adopt stray dogs, ugly or not, this homeless mongrel was taken into the outfit. The men never did get around to giving him a name, referring to him simply as "Black Dog."

He appeared to be at least five years old at the time, although judged by the countless battle scars on his body, he might have been older. He probably was a cross between a boxer and a chow. There was short black hair on his head and fawn-colored hair on his chest and belly. He walked on bowed legs and sported a whiplike, almost hairless tail. One ear was split and flopped over while the other stood erect. All in all, he didn't present a handsome appearance no matter how charitable you tried to be in describing him.

Black Dog was fiercely independent. Sometimes he showed some slight affection for enlisted men, but he was almost openly contemptuous when an officer tried to befriend him. He knew his way around and never failed to turn up at the right place for chow, or to climb aboard the proper

vehicle to get where he wanted to go.

He was always the first to grab the "bitter end" of the dangling mooring lines during blimp landing operations, sometimes to the irritation of sailors who went sprawling when they tripped over him. During take-offs, when airships make their run across the field, Black Dog would drop his line and run in front of the ship until it took off over his back. Once he was hit by a wheel during this maneuver and hospitalized. The first day he was out of the hospital, however, he continued his dangerous run as if the accident had never occurred.

At the end of World War II, Black Dog was transferred to Lakehurst, N.J., where he made his home for the next six years. It was there that he encountered his first muskrat while he was patrolling one of the hangars with the security watch. He jumped a big one, but the rodent grabbed Black Dog by the throat and hung on. The sailor on watch finally managed to kill the muskrat, but by that time Black Dog was in bad shape. He was carried to the hospital again.

Black Dog's headstone at Lakehurst Air Station.

