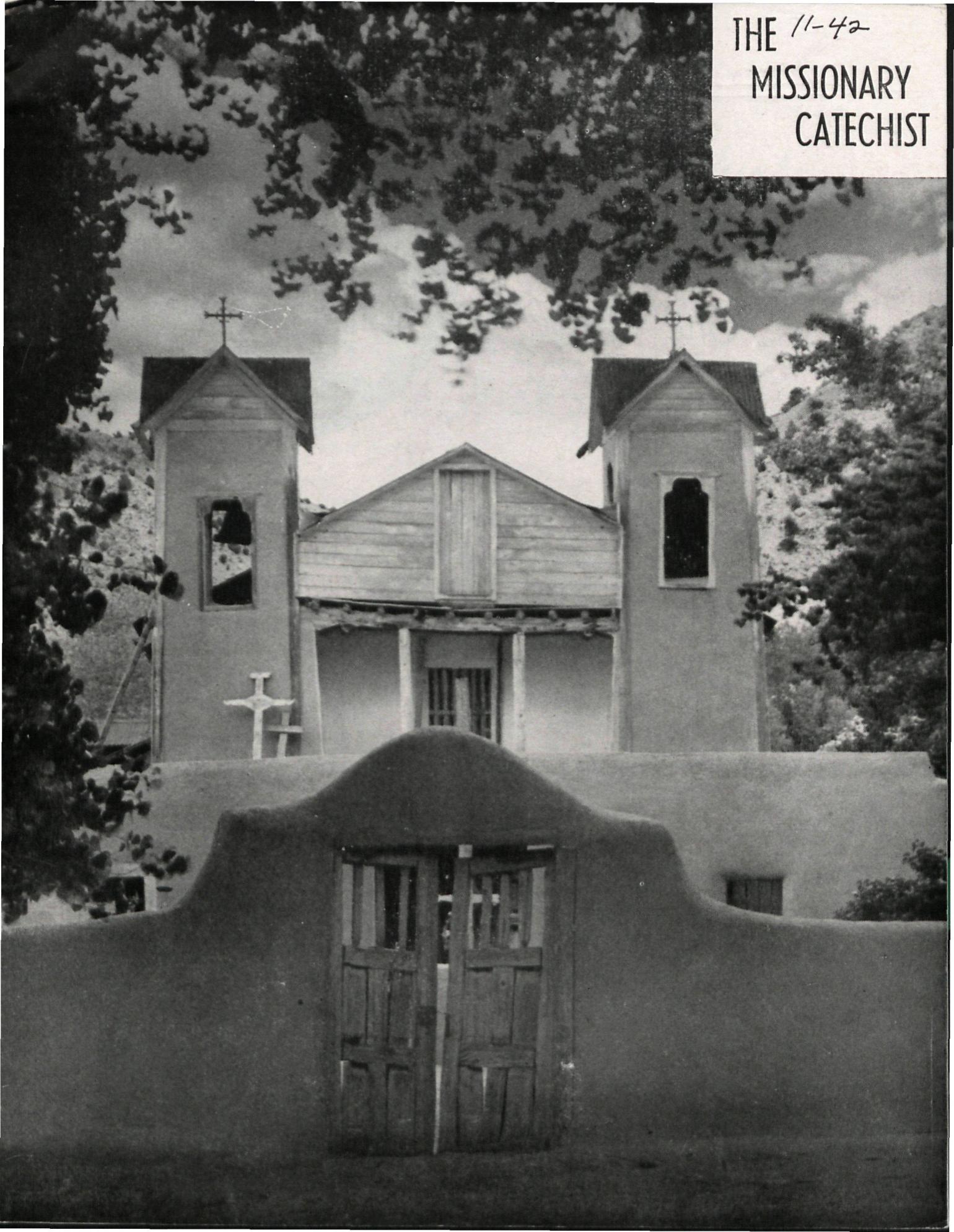


THE ¹¹⁻⁴²
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



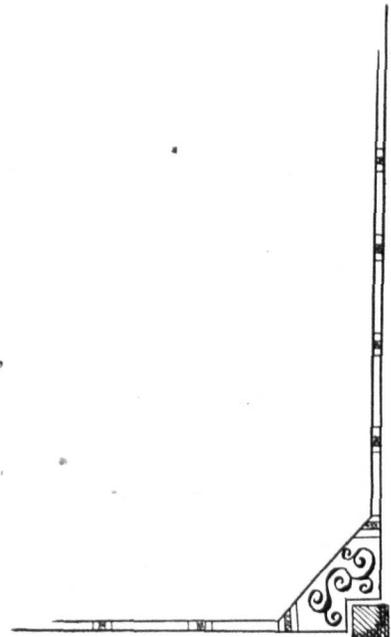
Beyond The Grave

by Jovita de Vargas



NO white cross marks his resting place;
No flowers blow across his grave;
For no one knows just where he fell,
Nor where my soldier boy was laid.
I was not near to mark the hour,
Nor crepe the day in grief untold,
Nor hold him close in last farewell.
Does land or sea his form enfold?
No one—nor I—can ever tell.

HIS resting place—it matters not—
Be it in land or sea or rill,
For past the portals of the grave
My love, undying, reaches still.
And with each passing moment's grace
My heart sends up its fervent plea:
"Eternal rest grant him, O Lord.
Perpetual Light his portion be.
Thy mercy, Christ! Thy blest reward!"



The Missionary Catechist

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The Spirit of Sacrifice

SACRIFICE is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness; and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists. There is no end to the delusions which our self-love is fertile enough to bring forth in order to evade the obligation of sacrifice, or to narrow its practical application. If it were enough to have correct views, or high feelings, or devout aspirations, it would be easy to be spiritual. The touchstone is mortification. Worldly amusements, domestic comforts, nice food, and a daily doing our own will in the lesser details of life, are all incompatible with sanctity, when they are habitual and form the ordinary normal current of our lives. Pain is necessary to holiness. Suffering is essential to the killing of self-love. Habits of virtue cannot by any possibility be formed without voluntary mortification. Sorrow is needful for the fertility of grace. If a man is not making constant sacrifices, he is deceiving himself, and is not advancing in spirituality. If a man is not denying himself daily, he is not carrying the cross. These are axioms which at all times offend our weakness and self-indulgence. But they are of peculiar importance in times like these, when comforts and even luxuries are almost universal. It is comfort which is the ruin of holiness.—*Father Faber.*

● Our Cover is a picture of the Santuario de Chimayo, one of the best known shrines of the Southwest. This beautiful picture was photographed and donated to us by Mr. H. D. Walter of Glorieta, New Mexico.

Prayer for Peace

O GOD, Who hast dominion over all realms and kings, Who by striking healest, and by pardoning savest; stretch out over us Thy mercy so that by Thy power we may enjoy peace and tranquility and use them for our healing and amendment. Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

—From the Mass in Time of War.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hand will stop,
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own,
Pray, love, toil with a will.
Place no faith in tomorrow, for
Your clock of life may then be still.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls and a beautiful image it is.

—Pascal

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

—John Ruskin

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ictory Shrine

by Reverend M. A. Campagna

MMUCH is being said and done about this Second World War. The causes of it have been more or less analyzed, the responsibilities prudently placed. Its prosecution is being carefully planned and an ultimate victory for the allied forces is reasonably and confidently expected.

WITH the full participation of the national, industrial and military resources of this great country of ours, the hopes of the peace-loving people of the world have been considerably brightened. And at this particular time, with millions of implements of war being manufactured, millions of men being trained and other millions of men, women and children making sacrifices for an all-out prosecution of the war, the goal of out-matching the production and the efforts of the "Axis" powers has well been reached. The general cry of more guns, more planes, more tanks, is being answered encouragingly and soon we may expect the striking blows that will put the enemy on the run and hasten peace.

WITH all these thoughts of industrial and military might in our minds, however, we might overlook the fact that this war is not so much a war of might against might, nor is it so much a war of political, industrial and military domination against political, industrial and military domination. This war is principally a war of justice against injustice; a war of good and freedom against evil and slavery. Consequently, the assistance of the God of justice, goodness and freedom is not less important in winning it than the military might of guns, planes, and tanks.

WE are fighting to restore justice, goodness and freedom in the world and we must have God on our side. We must render ourselves worthy of God's assistance if we would hope for protection for our soldiers, and His help for the allied nations in bringing about a just peace to the world.

IT was with this thought in mind that we decided to erect a "Victory Shrine" in our church. We ask our people to pray daily before it for the protection of our soldiers and for a just peace to all, knowing full well that as all the diplomacies of the world failed to prevent this war, so they will fail again to restore a peace with justice unless the world will go to the Prince of Peace.

THE Babe of Bethlehem who had His angels promise peace to men of good will in His first message to the world; the gloriously Resurrected Jesus who imparted peace to His apostles, gathered in prayer, in His first message to His Church after Easter Sunday will make His promise still good today when peace seems impossible, provided the men of the world become men of good will; provided we, the true children of God, remain faithful children of His Church and gather in prayer.

LET, therefore, these words of prayer "Jesus, protect our soldiers; Jesus, grant us a just peace," be on the lips of every American for the "duration." Let these ejaculations come from the heart of every American Catholic frequently during the day until the peace of justice and charity has come to us with victory, and may the Crucified Lord have pity and mercy on a self-crucified world and bring peace to the world and to the hearts of men.

THE military might, together with constant prayer, should reassure us of a speedy victory and just peace, and yet the morale of our soldiers cannot be neglected. They are the men behind the guns; they must be encouraged in every possible manner to do their job right with the assurance of our appreciation for the wonderful work they are doing.

FOR this reason we have started a "Soldier's Fund." This we hope to build up into a reserve fund sufficiently large so that

a substantial check can be drawn from it and presented to each boy of our parish upon his return from military service after the war. WE have appealed to every working member of the parish to make a contribution

of one per cent of his wages. If this is done by all, the result should be more than enough to enable us to show appreciation to our boys in a very tangible and useful manner.



THEY indeed deserve more than admiration and praise. They are giving up their homes, their jobs, the comforts of civilian life, and are gallantly bearing the hardships of war, ready to make the supreme sacrifice for the protection of our homes, our jobs, and our institutions. All we can do is little, but it is a token of our deep sentiments towards their heroism. May God bless our enterprise. May He return all our boys to us soon. May He inspire and encourage us to an increasing cooperation in the common efforts for total victory and peace with justice and charity for all.

Children visiting the "Victory Shrine" of Immaculate Conception Church in East Chicago, Indiana. Father Michael A. Campagna is pastor of Immaculate Conception Church.

HE beholds thee wherever thou art; He calls thee by thy name. He sees thee. He understands thee. He knows all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy weakness, thy strength. He views thee in thy day of rejoicing and in thy day of sorrow. He notes thy very countenance. He hears thy voice, the beatings of thy heart, thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it. And—He is GOD.

—Card. Newman

Fragments

by Catechist Magdalene DeGroot

PAPA Gomez is old. He has weathered many storms and seen much of the seamy side of life. Yet even he stops and shakes his head wonderingly as he appraises one after the other in that most precious class of mine. Little people they are, each supporting an exceptional cross.



A Crippled Child, one of Catechist DeGroot's "Fragments"

THE class is held in an isolated settlement of six or seven ramshackle houses which shelter some thirty-four children. Under an old, seedy pepper tree my group—the younger ones—meet once a week for religious instruction. Broken chairs, lugs, crates and benches of all sizes are the seats of this outdoor classroom. Invariably the instruction is interrupted while twenty pairs of eyes watch a luxurious streamliner whizz past. A few minutes later one of those famous, never-ending freighters rolls by. In spite of these distractions the children are quiet and revert to the lesson immediately. It is apparent that they are in class because they want to be.

AT a given signal each week these little ones come eagerly, from all directions, in that solitary camp: Lonely little Anne, with the sad blue eyes, slips quietly into her place. Ramona balances her crippled limbs as best she can on a rickety chair. Elena, born dumb, smiles mischievously and beckons another to sit beside her. Roberto, the sick one, is home from the hospital again, pale and suffering but anxious to make his First Communion. Nine-year-old Ignacio arrives with his little sisters, one in his arms and the other tagging at his heels. He must take care of them while his mother works, and rather than miss catechism class, he brings them along, admonishing them to be quiet. Maria, in similar circumstances, follows Ignacio's example and finds places for her little brood. Then come the five forlorn and neglected looking Ibanez orphans.

AS I watch the group assemble each week, I think that these must be the "fragments" of humanity—precious fragments which Our Lord would have us save at any cost.

Trays

by Nellie L. Foley

TRAYS in the hospital are so different from ordinary trays. Their contents are so varied and so interesting!

FROM the time one is received into the hospital until one is discharged, trays come and go. No sooner is the formality of getting the patient to bed over, than the first one is presented. On it is a supper, a very light supper indeed, but being placed before the patient unexpectedly, and at a time when her thoughts are far from food, it is quite enough.

QUIET settles over the little hospital room while dusk gathers without. Sweet chimes, from the Benedictines' church nearby, tell off the quarter hours. A gentle rap on the door precedes the entrance of a nun from the laboratory. She is in white, and carries a tray filled with unfamiliar things; things which capture the interest of the patient and hold it. The nun works in silence, drawing blood from the tip of the patient's finger into various tubes, and onto bits of glass. Her work finished, she withdraws as silently as she came, looking for all the world like an angel, her white veil fluttering about her.

NINE-thirty, the chimes say. The patient is considering settling herself for the night, when a nurse enters with another tray. It contains, among other things, a flashlight, a bottle of iodine, adhesive tape and a towel. She is all hustle and bustle, and has come to prepare the area for the operation, she says. Deftly she does her work, chatting the while, and is gone.

THE next tray is in the operating room. On it, in shining array, are the surgeon's instruments. The patient is not permitted to see this tray, though she should like very much to do so. It is not brought forward until her face is covered, and she is oblivious of trays and their contents.

OTHER trays with strange things on them are brought in during the next day or two, but now, the patient has lost interest in trays; and in almost everything else. Then after days of fasting, and other days of near fasting, comes a tray of real food; good food and plenty of it. Food which the patient wants and relishes.

THE surgeon enters, accompanied by a very efficient nurse. She carries a dressing tray. It contains more than the eye of the patient can grasp as it passes before her: bottles of all sizes, labled in black letters, a jar of cotton balls, swabs, scissors, dressings and tape. Ever alert, the nurse anticipates the surgeon's wants as he removes stitches and dresses the wound.

IT is very early in the morning. The quiet of the night still pervades the place. A nun enters with a tray which she places on the bed-side table. Its contents, while perhaps no less strange than those of the others, are familiar to the patient. It is an aluminum tray, as were they all, but it is covered with immaculate linen—lace edged. Upon it is a crucifix, two blessed candles, a bottle of holy water, a little dish of water and an open book. The Sister lights the candles and withdraws. A few moments elapse. Then, in the stillness, the light from a candle gleams on the polished panel of the open door. Brighter and brighter it grows until the Sister who carries it comes into view, and steps aside for the priest who follows her. He is vested in amice, alb, girdle and stole. About his shoulders is the humeral veil. In his hands, wrapped within the folds of the veil, is the ciborium which he places upon the tray. In the ciborium is the living Body of Christ—the Lord of all—"without Whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." Without Whom the Sister from the laboratory would have collected her specimen in vain and the surgeon would have stood powerless by his tray of instruments. Without Whom the food and drink on the diet tray could never have been changed into healthy flesh and blood and bone. Without Whom the patient must have languished and died.

"We praise Thee. We adore Thee. We give Thee thanks," holy God, Master of the trays.

Are you collecting and saving cancelled stamps for the missions? We shall be happy to receive them at Victory-Noll. Address: Missionary Catechists, Huntington, Indiana.

That Christmas Box

Let Us Pray

O God, of Whose mercies there is no number, and of Whose goodness the treasure is infinite; we give thanks to Thy most gracious Majesty for the gifts Thou hast bestowed upon us; evermore beseeching Thy Clemency, that as Thou grantest the petitions of them that seek Thee, Thou never forsake them, but prepare them for the reward to come. Through Christ our Lord.

Amen.

—From the Te Deum, the Church's hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

"WHAT about mission boxes this Christmas?" friends are asking at every turn.

WE do not like to discourage the sending of Christmas boxes, or any other mission boxes. These have been the means of bringing much happiness to our poor and even of winning souls to Christ. Nevertheless, the present state of war gives a somewhat different aspect to this laudable form of Christian charity.

TO you who are already making articles and preparing a box for your favorite Catechist or mission, we say, "Keep on with it. The parcel will be appreciated, especially if it contains—among other things—religious articles such as Sacred Heart badges, medals, rosaries and holy pictures."

BUT, to you who are undecided about what to do for the Catechists this Christmas, we suggest that you forego the pleasure of packing and sending a mission box. Instead, put the amount you usually spend on the package in an envelope and send it to Victory-Noll for the missions. Goodies and the necessary articles of food, clothing, etc. can then be purchased by the Catechists as needed. Buying in large quantities, and with the circumspection which poverty—and now war—demands, the Catechists will make your dollar go far toward providing Christmas joy for poor little ones in the missions, and relieving the needs of indigent families. You will understand why we make this suggestion when you consider, as we do, that the mail will be heavy this year with parcels for men in service. Prices of the articles you usually buy to include in mission boxes will be high and so will the cost of shipping.

RIGHT here we should like to mention our Christmas appeal as another way of making up for the box you do not send.

EVERY year, shortly before Christmas, we send out a circular frankly asking your financial help. The returns from this appeal tide us over the hard winter months and keep the mission wheels going 'round when the going is really difficult. It is encouraging that in the past our requests for help have been received in such a splendid Catholic spirit of charity and generosity. You—our friends have not considered them as just "more appeals" but as testimonials of our abiding confidence in your generosity and a tribute to your genuine mission spirit. This is evident from letters received at Victory-Noll:

ONE gentleman wrote: "*Thanks for asking me for a donation. It is a privilege to help such a necessary work as yours.*"

ANOTHER admits: "*Though I want to do my share toward supporting both home and foreign missions, I have the bad habit of neglecting to do so. Thank you for the reminder.*"

AN elderly woman wrote: "*I cannot send anything right now for your noble work but will do so later on. Meanwhile, I will say an extra rosary daily for your success.*"

AND still another realizes that "*We can't all be missionaries in the field but we should all help supply the goods for those who are. I am happy to send my usual Christmas offering.*"

THIS year the fact that America is at war has created new problems and difficulties and sorrows in your homes. These may tend to distract your thoughts from the ever-present duty and privilege of helping Christ's Church fight her constant warfare for the salvation of souls on the mission fronts. We hope that the contrary will be the case; that you will realize how necessary it is to make America worthy of God's favor and help, and so will double your Christmas offering to the missions this year.

The Editor

The Missionary Catechist



Scenes near the Catechists' home when the pogonip appears.—Winnemucca, Nevada.

Pogonip - - - Fog of Death

by Catechist Mary Lindenschmitt

FOG of death! Why it was so called by the Indians was brought home to us quite clearly this fall as we drove home from Battle Mountain, between five thirty and six o'clock in the evening. On the highest point of the range we ran into pogonip which was so thick we could scarcely see ahead of us. As a result we had to travel about ten miles an hour and strain to keep the car in the road. If we slipped off the side of the road we just wouldn't have to worry about fog any more; there was a sheer drop down the mountain side.

WHILE creeping along we could discern lights ahead of us on both sides of the road, pointing toward us. Is it worst down there, we wondered. Can't the drivers tell which side of the road to drive on? At closer range we saw the lights to be danger signals, warning travelers that the road was blocked. Some family had evidently been traveling with all their earthly belongings, and suffered an accident. Everything from household furniture to cabbage was strewn across the highway.

A mile farther down the mountain we sighed with relief at finding the atmosphere clear of pogonip.

POGONIP is not ordinary fog; it is particles of floating ice—magnified frost, someone called it. It never comes in warm weather. As a phenomenon pogonip is exquisitely beautiful. It turns the invisible air into palpable and glorious crystals which the sunlight transforms into a thousand radiant hues. Trees, shrubs, electric power lines, buildings, all are glorified with the magic crystals.

IN Eastern Nevada when the fog of death appears, the Indians lie close in their "wickiups" until it passes away. With every breath drawn out-of-doors they know that they court trouble, for inhaling those tiny particles of ice invariably results in a cold—and often worse. No, the Indians were not deceived by the beauty of this dangerous caprice of nature, and they named it well *the fog of death*.

In The Home Field

Come To Mass Campaign



Found in the Marsh Lands

AN Indian family, seven children and their parents, live in this "air-conditioned" home. Upon our first visit to their home we learned that not one of the children had ever received a religious instruction, although the eldest was fourteen at that time. Nevertheless, the mother told us that they were Catholics, and proudly produced the baptismal record of each child which she kept tucked away in an old trunk. She told us, further, that they had always lived too far away from church to attend Mass.

The children were enrolled in our catechism classes at once, and they have attended regularly ever since. We teach them during the noon hour near the public school which they attend. Usually they run home for lunch but on class days they often do not eat lunch at all rather than bring their frugal meal and eat it before the other children.

The accompanying picture was taken on the occasion of Melchior's Confirmation in May. With Melchior, are her mother and her youngest brother.

Catechist Charlotte Scheper

Now It's A Nazareth

HALF sitting in a narrow cot, with a jaunty beret on his head and a dark scarf around his neck, he responded to our greeting with a husky "good-morning." The sound of his voice confirmed our first impression—his was a case of tuberculosis, advanced.

THREE feet from his cot stood another one on which an old woman, his mother, rested. She was in her seventies, hands and feet badly crippled with arthritis. She had been more or less helpless for eight years, she told us. There was a third cot in the small room but that was unoccupied. However, an old man hobbling about the tiniest of kitchens, completed the pitiful family. He was nurse, cook and lady of the house, he said. The young man, it seemed, suffered very much during the night. They could not get him into a hospital because they were aliens. For that same reason they were not entitled to relief from any source and so were dependent upon the alms of very poor relatives and friends. Evidently there was much which we could do for this needy family.

SOON one of our good doctors visited the home and prescribed medicine for the mother and son. Through the generosity of friends in Chicago we are able to have milk left at the door of this little home each day. We visited the family often and helped in various ways. Best of all, the grace of God is working wonders in these suffering souls. Before our visits the minister used to come there regularly. Now our pastor is giving the family instructions, and between lessons the three spend much of their time studying together. We took them Rosaries a short time ago. The mother is scrupulous about saying the Rosary just right. At each visit she takes out the Rosary and asks to be taught a little more about it. We cannot help but feel that the Rosary in those poor old crippled hands will soon bring one more family back into the Church where they belong and where they will find peace and joy, amid their sufferings, in the company of Jesus and Mary.

Catechist Mary Louise Perl.

A small girl who lived across the street from one of our mission centers watched the six Catechists curiously. Then running to her mother she said, "Mama, they are all twins over there."

All Saints

I was explaining the significance of All Saints' Day to the class. Robert seemed unusually delighted. He cried out, "Catechist, my grandfather is one of them saints!" I hoped that he was and proceeded to a chart which pictured various well-known saints. Robert interrupted again to voice a disappointment:

"Catechist, it's funny my grandfather's picture isn't on there."

Being assured that all the saints could not possibly find place on the chart, only a few of the canonized ones, Robert was silenced until I began naming a few favorite saints. Then he said hopefully:

"Catechist, my grandfather's name was Jackson."

Catechist M. Helen Gehart

Children Welcomed

SO great is the charity of our Mexican people that orphans seldom are long without a home.

The mother of one of our poor families died leaving a new-born baby and four other children. The infant found a home with its god-mother, and the four other children remained with their father who tried to care for them as best he could. But death soon called him also, leaving the orphans desolate indeed. The dying request of the father was that we keep the children together and place them in a Catholic home. Though this seemed a difficult mission, it did not prove to be so; the departed parents must have been arranging with God for the welfare of their precious offspring. A childless couple, Mr. and Mrs. Morena, gladly received the orphans into their home. A more pitiful quartet it would have been hard to picture than these poor children when we took them to their new home. But it was not long before they discovered that they had found a true home and a loving mother.

A year later, John, the eldest of the family, became very delicate and it was feared that he would succumb to tuberculosis. Instead of sending him to the county hospital, Mr. Morena had a porch built for him and he was given the tenderest of care. Now he is able to return to school, greatly improved in health.

Although Mrs. Morena is a fervent Catholic, her husband has not received the Sacraments in many years. Mary, the youngest of their adopted children is beginning to feel concern about the unfortunate spiritual state of her foster father. She is his pet, and since he delights in pleasing her, we feel confident that she will bring him back to the practice of his holy religion as soon as she herself is prepared to receive her First Communion.

Catechist Elizabeth Turnis

AMONG our indifferent Catholics we are conducting a "COME TO MASS ON SUNDAY" campaign. As a result we hear many interesting stories. One mother told us the following:

"We returned from the cotton picking camps and were not quite settled at home when Sunday came along. It was a cold, rainy day, and we were all tired out from traveling, but my little daughter, Alice, jumped out of bed early and began to dress. I asked her what was the matter and she answered, 'I'm going to Mass.' By that time one of the boys awoke and he said, 'If Alice is going I'm going along.' Then I began to think that if it isn't too early, nor too cold and rainy for those children, it isn't for me either. I got up quickly and woke the rest of the family. Together we all went to Mass, feeling glad that we made the sacrifice and proud of little Alice who led the way."

Catechist Dorothy Lengerich



Mary and Her Pet Pup

Our

ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS

of Mary

BEFORE returning to their mission centers fourteen of our Catechists attended the Summer School of Catholic Action in Chicago, a six days' session of lectures and classes. **St. Justin Martyr Band**, led by Mrs. Fred Kiefer, promoter, took advantage of the opportunity to sponsor a special party which defrayed the expenses for two of the Catechists. A generous amount was realized due to the gratifying cooperation of the members' friends, and the balance has been applied towards the Burse of Catechist Elizabeth Kiefer. We were deeply grateful for this helping hand at a time when traveling and class expenses were particularly high.

Marshfield, Wis.

AUGUST was a busy month for Mrs. Earle Leu, promoter of **St. Margaret Mary Band**, and her members. A Silver Benefit Tea was held and both their friends and the members of another Marshfield group, **St. Rose Band**, were invited to attend. This gave them an opportunity to get acquainted with their missionary, Catechist Campbell, who was with them for the occasion. At the same time Mrs. Leu was very active in getting three other A.C.M. Bands organized, whom we hope to introduce in the near future.

Writing of their regular activities Mrs. Leu says, "We are now busy compiling comic scrapbooks based on the Catholic Librarians and Catholic Digest selections. Also books are being made of the "Ask and Learn" column from a diocesan paper, for converts. A stamp collection is in progress, and we are saving coupons from the Rap-in-Wax products. While the members work upon whatever is our project for the evening, a chapter from **The Life of Christ** is read. It was the book chosen for the study clubs this year, and we are gaining much more by reading it together in this way."

Chicago, Ill.

HALF a year has passed since we celebrated the feast of St. Joseph, the day chosen by **Good Shepherd Band** for their first mission-benefit party. We had published word of their activities just before the party was held, and so there has been a delay in giving you the details of the many original plans made for the affair. Knowing that our pro-

motors welcome new ideas for their mission club work, we are glad to share them with you now by quoting from the letter sent us by Mrs. H. F. Staley, promoter:

"On March 19, St. Joseph's Day, Good Shepherd Band is holding what we hope to be the first of a regular quarterly party. Due to present circumstances we believe it better to hold smaller affairs four times a year than to try to sponsor one large party. This will not cause hardship on anyone in the way of personal donations or the selling of tickets. The hall we use has space for twelve tables. We are asking only twenty-five cents admission, and will have a five-cent raffle. Each member is contributing a quarter's worth of fresh or dried fruit which will be placed in a large box and used for the raffle. This will be a lovely prize, and a practical one. I believe we shall use this idea in general at our parties, of course varying the articles. At one time it may be groceries, at another cash, or some household article. Defense stamps too may be a good suggestion."

Proceeds of this party, and all donations received from the Band, are applied towards the Burse of their missionary, Catechist Juliana Schmitt, superior of Ontario, California Mission.

A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

August 27 to September 27

Dolores Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Bechtold	\$10.00
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Casper Hill	3.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	10.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Pittsburgh, Miss Catherine Lippert	7.00
Mary Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Pidgeon	2.50
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose Marie Heier	13.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band I, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Ahner	30.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	3.50
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	3.50
Our Lady of Victory Guild, Omaha, Mrs. E. H. Kenny	6.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	10.50
Sacred Heart Mission Band, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Inez Homleck	29.10
St. Boniface Young Ladies Sodality, Milwaukee, Wis.	7.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	3.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Miss Margaret Karas	16.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	5.00
St. Joseph Band, Baldwinville, N. Y., Mrs. Alzert Zahn	5.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	47.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Miss Helen McAuliffe	10.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	25.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. B. Redig	5.05
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. B. Redig	2.75

● *Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI I, makes himself a beggar for Christ. He keeps in his heart all the worries of the Church struggling for life among those not of the Faith. His august hand is raised in blessing over all who, by prayer and almsgiving, take an active part in the apostolate of the Missions.*

"Nothing Cooking"

ALL acquainted with the *The Register*, an almost nation-wide chain of Catholic diocesan weeklies, are familiar with its versatile column called "Listening In." A few months ago we were amused to note in one issue that the entire column comprised this single line: "Nothing cooking this week."

THE same sentence certainly could not be used to describe the activities of our Associate Catechists of Mary during the summer and fall months. Though letters were fewer, donations toward our mission work were larger, and this in spite of the dark clouds of war that hang over our country.

Chicago, Ill.

MISS KATHERINE HENNIGAN, promoter of *Charitina Club I*, wrote recently in the name of her members, sending their regular Burse contribution. Her letter expresses so well not only the financial aid we receive through our Associates' activities but also the spiritual and temporal favors they receive through their share in the work of the missions, that I quote it in full:

"Enclosed find check proceeds from the party held at my home, to be applied to Catechist Durkin's Burse (Maternal Heart of Mary). I also want to thank you for all your prayers and good wishes for my recovery. I certainly appreciate every one of them and feel that prayer has done more for me than treatments or medicine. Thank you again and may God bless your work and give you all health and strength to carry on."

Catechist Durkin in Nevada likewise often shares personally in the charity of the twelve *Charitina* members. For all we "pray our thanks."

Dayton, O.

VARIED are the means employed by *Our Lady of Guadalupe Band*, Miss Rose Marie Heier, promoter, to raise funds for their Catechist's Burse. A donation of dues is given faithfully each month by the members on the occasion of their meeting, thus assuring a regular amount to send to Victory-Noll. In addition to this they save Ohio sales-tax stamps, and once a year contribute a generous amount "saved in dimes" by the members for Catechist Cogan's Burse.

AS an expression of our gratitude to these Associates for their loyal and much-needed help during the year soon ending, THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is being sent to each member of eighty-seven A.C.M. Bands during the coming year. This gratis subscription begins with this issue, and so our magazine goes out to over 800 additional homes this month. Clubs newly organized for A.C.M. activities will receive the same privilege for each member. They will at the same time have the satisfaction of aiding a Missionary Society to carry on Christ's mission work in a crisis that threatens to undermine all apostolic endeavor. As promoter or member of an A.C.M. mission club you receive rich spiritual benefits during life, and a perpetual remembrance after death. Full details will be gladly given. Address: Catechist Supervisor, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

"Your letter arrived just in time for our meeting," Miss Heier wrote recently. "It was also our first neighborhood blackout and quite a lark for the club members. The blackout lasted only fifteen minutes, and so our meeting wasn't interrupted very long." We were happy to get personal word of this mission club as well when Catechist Cogan spent a week at Victory-Noll after her visit in Dayton, when she had an opportunity to meet the members.

Chicago, Ill.

MISS HATTIE GENGE, member of *Mother Cabrini Band*, sent us word of the club's "doings" and forwarded their latest donation for the Burse of Catechist Vins. Miss Genge wrote in the name of Mrs. Mary Goodman, promoter, who has been ill. "I am also going to tell you," she writes, "of an idea which originated in our Band. Last year we made child-size crepe paper stockings and filled them with cellophane wrapped candy, a holy card, medal and a small inexpensive toy for our Christmas box. Stockings were marked 'boy' or 'girl' according to the toy, to aid the Catechists in their distribution at party time. We had very complimentary remarks from both Catechist Durkin and Catechist Vins after Christmas. As it is a very inexpensive way for an A.C.M. Band to make many children happy, I thought the idea worth passing on now that Christmas work will soon be started."

We are grateful to *Mother Cabrini Band* for this suggestion, and hope it will be in time to help many of our mission clubs in their Christmas projects.



Mass in a Desert Camp

by Catechist Helen Sullivan

THE tenth of May was one of those long-to-be-remembered days for our catechism class at Oasis, California, and a happy close for our year's work.

THE Oasis public school, twelve miles south of Coachella, is situated in an extensive ranch district where both fruit and vegetables are grown in abundance. The Catholics employed on these ranches have become lax in the practice of their religion due to so much Sunday work and the long distance from church. During the past two years the children were quite faithful in attending instructions, but of course they had not been receiving the Sacraments.

OUR pastor was deeply interested in his outlying mission settlements, and determined to give his people at least a few religious opportunities. Grieved at the sudden death of three young men who had not been to the Sacraments in many years as a result of the unfavorable circumstances in which they lived, Father at once applied to the Bishop for permission to say Mass in several camps. The following week Father received permission to say Mass whenever and wherever he deemed it necessary.

ONE day toward the end of April when Father visited the religion classes in Oasis he told the children that two weeks later he would come to hear their confessions, and on the day following he would say Mass for them and they could receive Holy Communion.

"BUT Father," the little ones exclaimed, "where will the Mass be? Do you mean right here?" They looked about inquiringly at the small shacks and one-room tents which are their homes, and then down upon the desert sand and the small brush.

FATHER assured them that the Mass would be "right there" adding, "Now, tell your parents and all who can leave their work for an hour or so, that they should come to Mass too."

TWO weeks later, on Friday afternoon, an excited group gathered around as Father, assisted by the larger boys, unloaded a small tent from his car and set it up. Then he fastened a screen to a camp chair and prepared to hear confessions in the tent.

THE children who were obliged to go home early were given the opportunity of confessing first. Many times that afternoon we were asked: "Catechist, how long shall I say it is since my last confession? I don't remember when I went!" and, "What shall I say? It is so long since I confessed that I don't remember my sins."

AT four o'clock the last child knelt beside a bench in the shade of a tree and said his penance. Not one of the thirty-five complained of the heat or of the length of time he had to wait for his turn.

AS we checked over our class records we realized what a varied group that thirty-five had been. There were the little ones who had received their First Holy Communion only a week ago. They had been taken to the church in Coachella for that occasion. We were grateful that they were given this opportunity of receiving the Sacraments a second time. Then there were a few for whom this had been a first confession since they had failed to come to Coachella with their class the previous week. By far the larger number, however, was of those who had not been to the Sacraments since their First Communion, or

since Confirmation. In the majority of cases that was longer than two years.

AMONG those who made their first confession that afternoon were two motherless girls and a boy who persevered in their determination to be Catholics despite their father's opposition and the bad influence of an uncle who had joined some fanatical sect. Sally, the youngest in a family of seven, was ten, small for her age but charmingly loquacious. Relating a scene from home she said, "My father wanted to take me to my uncle's church and get me baptized there. I wouldn't go. I told him, 'I am already baptized and I don't have to be baptized over again ever, ever!'"

MANY times during the year Sally had begged us to visit her father. "Please, Catechist," she would say, "Won't you ask my father again to let me make my First Communion this year. I ask him and he always says 'No'. I cry but he won't change."

TO our repeated questions the father always answered that the children were not ready yet. Once he gave a reluctant consent, but his *yes* was changed to *no* before a week was over.

WE presented the case to our pastor and when he came out to the desert camp to hear confessions the children successfully pleaded their own case. Immediately after going to confession, Sally rushed to her god-mother's house and declared, "I went to confession! now I want to make my First Communion in the morning; what are we going to do about it?"

THOROUGHLY nonplused, the god-mother stammered her delight and agreed to pacify the father. She was agreeably surprised that he said nothing about the matter. Perhaps he judged that it was too late to make a fuss anyway.

BEFORE eight o'clock on Saturday morning the portable altar was arranged in the doorway of the tent. The confessional chair had been removed to the side of the car where Father would hear late comers. A large canvas was spread out before the tent and a variety of benches were arranged upon it. Children and adults took their places as Father began to vest for Mass.

DESPITE the sun and roaming animals, all followed the Holy Sacrifice closely, the children praying aloud. About fifty received Communion, including intrepid Sally and her brothers. After a brief thanksgiving, those not previously enrolled, were enrolled in the Scapular of Mount Carmel. Several young men were included in this group.

AFTER Mass Father went out to his car to take a bit of breakfast. Children and grown-ups followed him, asking him to bless various religious articles which they had brought. Father seemed pleased with the interruptions; he had a kind word for everyone. His promise to say Mass again in this desert camp was answered with a sincere "Thank you, Father," by all.

Mary and the Souls in Purgatory

BY practicing the True Devotion to our Blessed Mother we have a powerful means of helping the souls in purgatory. The True Devotion consists in this: that we offer to our Lord, through our Blessed Mother, our body, soul, good works, and possessions. We give them to Mary and ask her to dispose of them for us. Now we know that no one else can dispose of them in a more holy manner, for no one knows the Will of God as well as Mary knows it.

OUR Blessed Mother has a most tender compassion for the souls in purgatory. On a certain occasion she spoke thus to St. Bridgid: "I am the Mother of all in purgatory; for all their sufferings are mitigated every hour by my intercession." How pleased she must be, then, when we give her our good works and prayers that she might use them to release her beloved suffering souls. And when the time comes for us to depart this life, she will not be unmindful of our generosity, but will quickly come to our aid and save us from the fires of purgatory. St. Alphonsus declares: "Happy, thrice happy, are the clients of this Mother of Mercy, for her protection surrounds them, not only in this life, but follows them beyond the grave. The more incapable then, these souls are of helping themselves, the more does she redouble her solicitude and goodness."

ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENNA, speaking of our Blessed Mother, says: "The Church Triumphant takes part in the treasures of her glory, the Church Militant in her graces, and the Church Suffering in the effects of her intercession." Furthermore, he declares that when our Blessed Mother was assumed into Heaven, she obtained a special jurisdiction over purgatory, especially the power to release her faithful clients.



Page-ing Youth

THIS story is not my own; but I think that the priest who told it to us won't mind a bit if I share his true story with you. It goes like this:

JIMMIE was a lad of six. Like all young boys he had many important things to do. But no matter how busy he was, no matter to what game he was going or on what errand he was bound, Jimmie was never too busy to at least "poke his nose" inside the church door whenever he passed by that way. He would doff his cap, go down on one knee and whisper, "Jesus, this is Jimmie." That was all. With another quick bob, down and up, he was gone.

JIMMIE was barely eight when he was brought home from school one day by the clinic nurse, very ill. Several anxious days passed, and then Dr. Browne motioned Jimmie's mother outside his sickroom door. "Call Father Peters right away," he told her. "God wants Jimmie with Him in heaven, and will call him very soon."

FATHER Peters did not come alone, for he brought Jesus with him to Jimmie's house. First he heard the lad's confession, and then said the Latin prayers and Confiteor before giving Jimmie his Lord and Friend in Holy Commun-

ion. And as he raised his hand to make the Sign of the Cross and pronounced the words of absolution, Father heard another voice besides his own. It was soft and low, but he heard it. Yes, Father Peters would declare before any authority on earth that he heard that voice; and no one could make him believe otherwise. It was a voice that whispered as Jimmie had so often done when he "popped" into church; and the voice said, "Jimmie, this is Jesus."

A Letter From New Mexico

LITTLE Flower Circle, a zealous mission-minded group of Sodalists in New Albany, Indiana, received the following letter from one of our New Mexico missionaries, Catechist LoRang:

"NO doubt you think we are very ungrateful in being so tardy in acknowledging your lovely box, but let me explain. We have been away for two weeks—lived up in the mountains in the sacristy of the church. We didn't get home until now and found your box of lovely things awaiting us. We will use part of it for our camp people.

"TELL all your members that we do need their help to carry on our work for souls . . . so I hope that you will be able to help us again in September when we begin our new term. Asking God's blessing on each and every one of you . . ."

Mission Life

NEW MEXICO has always seemed real mission country to us Catechists, but it is doubly so now. Our missionaries living at four mission centers in that state are constantly on the go, traveling to the small cities, towns, ranches and mountain villages throughout the vast diocese. They spend only a few days in each place, organizing and then watching over the progress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine whose members are men and women who teach catechism to New Mexico's Spanish-American children. It means a different house (or sacristy!) to live in nearly every week; a different bed in which to sleep, different people to draw closer to God in a more loyal, whole-hearted practice of

A Special Advent Sunshine Bag

will be sent to each boy or girl who fills out or copies this form, and sends it to "Mary's Loyal Helpers," Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

A Beautiful Christmas Gift

will then be sent to you, as a "thank you" for your Advent gift for our missions.

Your Name

Your Street Address

Your City Your State

What MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS Are Doing— —And Saying

Dear Catechist,

I am very proud to send for my Sunshine Bag because I am glad to make a sacrifice because Jesus made a sacrifice for us when He suffered for our sins. I will try real hard to get my bag full though maybe I can only put a few pennies a week.

Rose Marie Mattern
Wyandotte, Mich.

P.S. Please write me a letter.



I thank you for the nice letter and prayer I received awhile ago. Well I hope you have finished that Mile of Sunshine but better start one more. Here is a little start now; just hope it is first of many. Excuse my writing because I am using one hand. With best wishes to all from a cripple.

E.E.G., Seattle, Wash.

Received your letter and am so very sorry I did not get Marilyn's pennies in on time for the Sunshine List. Marilyn was disappointed when she saw her name was not on it, but I told her that was all right because she would get credit for the pennies just the same. The real idea is to see that you receive the pennies for the missions, so enclosed you will find \$3.50, the

amount saved since last December. May God bless and keep you.

Marilyn's Mother
Chicago, Ill.

We were delighted with the article in your September issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST about our Mission Inn. We have put the magazine on the students' bulletin board, where it may inspire renewed zeal for the mission cause.

St. Mary Academy
Monroe, Mich.

It took me a long time to save a dollar for the Sunshine Bag, but I finally reached my goal. I hope that this helps a lot to stretch that mile of pennies.

Diane Ditchy
Detroit, Mich.

their holy religion. So you see why we can call New Mexico real mission country, and why we say that our Catechists there are leading a real mission life.

CATECHIST MARTINEZ, who is at Victory-Noll now, was one of our Santa Fe missionaries last year. She relates that in their travels they came across many strange incidents. On one particular day there was Mass at a little chapel at the foot of the mountains, away out from any town. "We arrived," she says, "about an hour before Mass began, in order to organize the Confraternity so that the children of this district would be taught the truths of our holy Faith. The children it seemed had never before seen a Catechist or any Sister whatever. They watched every move we made.

"**A**S we entered the church the children followed. They quickly lost all fear or shyness, and grew brave enough to sit on either side of us. The older people too seemed happy that we had come for Mass. One of the older women rose from her seat and invited us to sit with her. Most of them could not even remember when they had seen a Sister last, and they were as eager as the children for a chance to learn more about our Catholic Religion."

NEW MEXICO is a land of natural sunshine; but we Catechists need you to help us make it a land filled with the sunshine of love and

loyalty to God. You do this when you are truly Mary's Loyal Helpers, filling your Sunshine Bag with pennies. When you have gathered a hundred send them to us to help keep our missions going in these sad war times. Prayer is the important thing that comes first, but this kind of help is a close second . . . remember, we're counting on you!



How to get there in New Mexico!

Music Reviewed

THE following music reviewed is published by J. Fischer & Bro. 119 West 40th St., New York City.

LAUS ET JUBILATIO by Rev. Carlo Rossini. \$2.50.

KYRIALE by Rev. Carlo Rossini. \$2.50.

Father Rossini's zeal for truly liturgical music seems indefatigable. In his simple, modally correct accompaniments to the Kyriale and in the wide variety of exquisite Gregorian Motets and Hymns for which he has also given the accompaniments, every organist who is in earnest about the prescriptions of the Motu Proprio has an invaluable aid. We unhesitatingly recommend these volumes to any church musician. They are worth their weight in gold.

EXALTATE DEUM by Carlo Rossini. \$1.50. For S.A.T.B. In Exaltate Deum Father Rossini offers 115 offertories, motets and hymns in polyphonic style. In addition to his own compositions he has included in this volume pieces by musicians who have written in the spirit of the church. It is an admirable collection and should be of great service to organists whose choirs are a little above the average in ability.

REGINA PACIS by Philip G. Kreckel. \$1.00. An interesting compilation of well known hymns and motets, attractively arranged for two voices. (S.A. or T.B.)

MELODIA SACRA—Twenty organ pieces in mode and rhythm of Gregorian Chant, compiled and arranged by Philip G. Kreckel. \$1.50. Mr. Kreckel uses the best and most familiar of the chant melodies in this collection. The unique feature of this work is that he does not try to adapt them to measured rhythm, but preserves the flow and consequent spirit of the chant melodies.

MASS IN HONOR OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, unison, by Rene L. Becker. Organ, 80 cents; voice parts, 15 cents.

MISSA EUCHARISTICA, unison, by Elmer Andrew Steffen. Organ, 80 cents; voice parts, 15 cents.

MASS IN HONOR OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA, for S.A. by Richard Keys Biggs. Organ, 80 cents; voice parts, 35 cents.

The Masses listed above are timely due to a lack of tenors and basses.

MASS IN HONOR OF THE HOLY CROSS for S.A.T.B. by Philip G. Kreckel. Organ, 80 cents, voice parts, 35 cents.

MASS IN HONOR OF THE CHILD JESUS for Soprano, Alto and Baritone by J. Alfred Schehl. Organ, 80 cents; voice parts, 40 cents.

EASY MASS IN G for S. with A. ad lib. by Fr. Schoepf. Organ, 60 cents; voice parts, 30 cents.

MASS OF THE ANGELS for three equal voices (T.T.B. or S.S.A.) with Unison Chorus (Populo) by Pietro A. Yon. Organ, 80 cents; Unison Chorus (Populo) or Solo, 15 cents.

LAUDATE DOMINUM IN TYMPANIS arranged by Maynard Klein, 20 cents. Polyphonic Festival Motet for three antiphonal choirs by G.P. da Palestrina.

DOMINE QUID MULTIPLICATI arranged by Maynard Klein, 16 cents. Polyphonic motet for three antiphonal choirs by Orlando Di Lasso.

TO US IN BETHLEHEM by Gladys W. Fisher. Christmas Song. Price .50.

THE VISION AT CHARTRES, a Nativity play by Annette H. Ham. Characters to be taken by children and young people. Price, 80 cents.

HAEC DIES, Easter Motet for S.A.T.B. by Pietro A. Yon. Price, 15 cents.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY, anthem for two part choir, by W.A. Goldsworthy. Price 15 cents.

OUR PASCHAL JOY, Easter anthem. Text by D. H. Decker, music by Pietro A. Yon. For T.T.B.B. or S.A.T.B. 15 cents. For High or Low voice, 60 cents.

CHORALE PRELUDE ON LOWELL MASON'S TUNE "WESLEY" by Daniel Gregory Mason. An organ concert number, not for use in liturgical services.



In Memoriam

Rev. Edward Crotty, C.S.S.R., Pittsburgh.

Lester Stankey, Dearborn, Michigan

Mrs. Jane Monaghan, Chicago, Illinois

Mrs. Irene Ruckstahl, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Julia Herman, Chicago

Mrs. Josephine Staehle, Chicago

Mr. J. T. Savage, Jackson, Miss.

Mr. John Duffy, Archbald, Penn.

Mr. O'Brien, La Crosse, Wis.

Mr. J. W. Cox, Weston, W. Va.

Miss Margaret E. V. Roche, Pittsburgh.

Mr. John M. Sporrer, Baltimore, Md.

Mission Intention for November

by the Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell

"That the Native Art of Mission Lands be Promoted to Interpret the Catholic Religion."

THE universal or Catholic character of the Church has been one of her outstanding marks during the past twenty centuries. The humble Twelve who constituted the nucleus of her earliest hierarchy was soon augmented by newcomers, raised to the priesthood in every land where Catholicity was established. However it was not only in the training of a native priesthood and sisterhood that Holy Mother the Church devoted herself. Every detail which would lead to the spiritual and cultural development of her sons and daughters in every nation became of highest import. Thus when the greatness of Grecian and Roman power were destined to oblivion Catholicity became their guardian and protector, even as she proved the patroness of the arts of the world.

IT is not surprising, therefore, that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide would make the following statement on the subject which is recommended to the prayers of the faithful during the month of November.

"THE question of art is an accessory question and yet it has an immense importance as a representative element of an idea that is not accidental but universal. It is necessary in fact that the Catholic Church should appear in an attractive form and not as anti-Chinese, and this especially in view of the pagans who are to be converted. Furthermore, as it would be strange and ridiculous for the Chinese to pretend to impose their traditional architecture and painting upon Europe, so it would be no

less strange and out of place to introduce into China the forms, however excellent they may be, of western or classic art. These forms would naturally stamp the Catholic Church with a foreign aspect which cannot be agreeable to those who have formed their mentality and their taste in eastern lands."

THIS statement regarding China has a definite bearing upon all foreign lands in which the mission apostolate is continued. And it was because The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was desirous of making known the universal character of Christian art in mission lands that it used for the illustration of its 1942 calendar "The Madonnas of the World" and placed enlargements of these illustrations at the disposal of Catholics of this country. Let us take as a case in point the picture for the month of November, "Our Lady of Java" painted by the native Javanese artist Abdullah, and representing the Blessed Mother as the gateway to Heaven. It is deeply religious in presentation with a spirituality which would seem to be an outgrowth of centuries of Catholic training. Thus we see that, with the wisdom of ages "the Church has always entrusted to artists the task of speaking to the faithful the artistic language of the epoch, of the race, being careful at the same time to advise t' em and to supervise their work."

(Enlargements of "The Madonnas of the World" may be obtained by writing directly to The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, National office, 109 East 38th St., New York, N.Y.)

Your Son

in the service may be called upon at any time to make the supreme sacrifice for his country. Assure him now of a perpetual spiritual remembrance. Enroll him as a Perpetual Member of the Associate Catechists of Mary. Your boy, whether soldier, sailor or marine, will then share always in the prayers, missionary works and sacrifices of the Missionary Catechists.



You may enroll him, yourself or any relative or friend for an offering of ten dollars. A donation of twenty-five dollars will enroll each member of your family. The offering for either membership may be paid gradually, according to your convenience.



Society of Missionary Catechists
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechist,

I am enclosing ten dollars (or \$..... as first installment) and wish to receive the certificate of Perpetual Membership for (Name)

I am enclosing twenty-five dollars (or \$..... as first installment) and wish to receive the certificate of Family Perpetual Membership. I am sending the names of my family on a separate list with this application.

Name

Address