

# The Missionary Catechist



Sentinels of the Desert. See story on page 6.



Catechist Cecilia Schmitt, Mistress of Postulants, surrounded by the happy group of the youngest members in our Community.

## A Happy New Year from Our New Members

THE Late October days, usually so dreary as to weather in this part of Indiana, were brightened at Victory-Noll by a precious kind of sunshine—the smiles of twelve newly-arrived postulants. These young women received their uniforms and white net veils and were admitted into the postulate of the Society of Missionary Catechists on November first. Soon after, they were initiated in various household duties and a regular program of prayer, study and—yes, fun.

THE new postulants are: (Begin front row and read left to right) Miss Cecelia Renk, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Ann Stetar, Pittsburgh, Pa; Miss Josephine Gildea, Elkhart, Indiana; Miss Elizabeth Krohn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Frances Kotas, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Evelyn Walker St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Martha Molohon, Stanley, Kentucky; Miss Mary Heim, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Carolyn Issenmann, Dayton, Ohio; Miss

Mary McGinley, Newark, Ohio; Miss Teresa Gerlits, Silverton, Oregon; Miss Mary Niehaus, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISS TERESA GERLITS has a sister in the Society of Missionary Catechists. This recalls the fact that there are now nine pairs of sisters in the community and three Catechist Srills—sisters. They are: Catechists Rafaela and Otilia Mendoza, Chicago; Catechists Anna and Mercedes Gutierrez, Dilia, New Mexico; Catechists Cecilia and Juliana Schmitt, St. Louis; Catechists Eleanor and Helen Gerhart, St. Louis; Catechists Catherine and Agnes Ganse, Lancaster, Pa.; Catechists Rosella and Dorothy Lengerich, Decatur, Indiana; Catechists Louise and Marie Wilbers, Jefferson City, Mo.; Catechists Gertrude and Matilda Spetter, Topeka, Kansas; Catechist Agatha Gerlits and Teresa Gerlits, postulant, Silverton, Oregon; and Catechists Helen, Marguerite and Loretta Srill, Chicago.

# The Missionary Catechist

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## True Devotion to Mary

THE True Devotion to Mary is a definite method of spiritual life. If we would practice it, we must strive to live in a state of absolute dependence upon Our Lord and His holy Mother. In the beginning we make an act of consecration to Jesus through Mary. Thenceforth we live in subjection to Them, referring everything to the Divine Will of Our Lord and the good pleasure of our Blessed Mother, and trying earnestly to make our consecration extend to every action, even the least.

OUR LORD Himself has given us an example of this surrender of ourselves. When He took upon Himself our poor, weak, human nature, He subjected Himself in all things to the Will of His heavenly Father. "Behold I come to do Thy Will, O My God." Moreover, in His life here upon earth, He placed Himself in complete subjection to His own creatures, Mary and Joseph. "And He was subject to them." He lived in a state of dependence upon His Blessed Mother from the moment of His conception in her chaste womb.

JESUS CHRIST our Head has, then, given us an example. "I have given you an example, that as I have done, so do you also." Ought not we, the members of His Mystical Body, imitate Him in the life that He chose for Himself? We cannot do this more perfectly than by entering into the spirit of the True Devotion and leading a life of absolute dependence upon Jesus through Mary for the glory of our heavenly Father.



Mary

"M" is for the merciful Mother  
That you are to me.  
My hope is in you,  
Sweet Star of the Sea.

"A" is for my Appealing  
That you hear this prayer;  
Please keep me always  
Within your safe care.

"R" is for my Realization  
That I must strive to be good,  
In exactly the way  
You wish that I should.

"Y" is for my Yearning  
That when life's work's done;  
I'll be welcomed through you  
By Jesus, your Son.

—Anthony W. Hohner, U.S.N.

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# Christ the Wayfarer

by the Reverend Vincent Ferrer Kienberger, O.P.

I will walk among you, and be your God,  
and you shall be My people.

(Leviticus xxvi, 11.)

HAVE you ever seen the man of silence, familiar to the streets of every town and neighborhood? His is a quiet figure, walking down the streets, the little side streets mainly, and always with the look of a man of peace upon his face. Every small town knows him and every city neighborhood. He stops to chat with the little folk and with the people who look weary and disheartened. He has no time for tarrying with the smug and self-satisfied. He is the friend of the friendless and the joy of the children at play.

IN the Palestine of long ago a Man of quiet mien and peaceful countenance walked through the little towns and through the streets of Jerusalem. Always He stopped a moment with the children at their play. Always He had a tender smile for them. And once, when His friends would discourage their romping toward Him, He rebuked them, saying: "Let the little children come to Me, and do not hinder them, for of such is the kingdom of God." (St. Mark X. 14) That Man was Christ, the Son of the Most High God. That gave Him His divinity. But He never forgot that He was also the Son of a humble Virgin back in Nazareth. Mary was her name. That made Him Brother to all men. Their flesh was His flesh and their woes He likewise shared.

JESUS was kind. No timid soul found Him brusque. He walked that He might discover ills, and discovering them, He healed them. He was the Wayfarer of Israel, the searcher after the sorrow-laden.

WAYFARER. What term better describes the Master? For the three years of His public life we have a story of a Man whose heart seemed unable to resist the plaintive call for sympathy.

SILENT He walked the ways that were not avenues of wealth. The little children loved Him and ran to meet this Man who was so kindly. The old folks loved Him too, for He always had time for a word of cheer for them. The toiling men in the fields loved Him and hailed Him "Master" as He smilingly passed by. But the selfish man and the hypocrite despised Him and made a mockery of Him.

THE Wanderer of Heaven was solicitous for only one thing—souls. This He showed in the story He told some simple peasants about a shepherd who dared all in his search for his straying sheep. And He concluded this tale with the simple words: "I am the good Shepherd" (St. John X.II).

NOW the wayfares of life are the streets we all must travel. It is consoling, then, to think of the Divine Wanderer, the God whose "delights were to be with the children of men" (Prov. viii, 31).

THE lanes of the world open wide and enticing to the eager eyes of youth. There is glamour and adventure down beyond the horizon to the lad or girl just entering the fray. They will conquer, they will be great. But the avenues that seemed to be fine, prove deceptive and entrapping. There are confusing cross-roads; there are pitfalls and mucky places. Their garments receive the taint of the road and they grieve and know not where to turn to a better though narrower way.

THEN it is that the Silent Man is seen coming along. He has heard their low moan of bewilderment and His Heart is touched. He will save them.

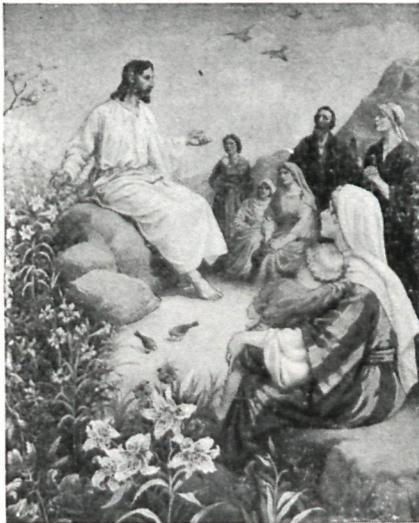
FOR after all, those folk, and you and I, are only children of a common Father. We are easily deceived and as credulous as youngsters. We see a bauble and we grasp for it. We rarely reckon its cost. We see a lane that is flower-decked and straightway we must follow it. The signs may tell us of another road. What care we? We are children.

CHRIST knows our hearts, knows them far better than we do. He sees the world with unflinching eyes. He is not deceived. Knowing our weaknesses, and loving us as a Father loves his children, He seeks to save us. That is why Christ is a Wayfarer, a valiant Friend in times of stress, a kindly Adviser in our days of trial. "O expectation of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why wilt Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man turning into a lodge? Why wilt Thou be as a wandering man, as a mighty man that cannot save" (Jer. xiv. 8)? O my soul is there not an answer in the sacred text: "He will be silent in His love" (Soph. iii, 17)?

**A** WAYFARER is Christ. Yes, but One whom so few see. How much happier would the lanes of life be, how much less bickering and petty jealousy would be found, if only we recognized the Man of Galilee walking down the same streets with us. He is truly there. But we do not see Him. Restore Christ to His proper place in life and the world will be a paradise.

**W**E are blind. Christ who is Truth Itself walks our way and yet we fail to see Him. Let man boast of his prowess and advancement. He has blinded himself in his own conceits, blinded himself to the only vision that counts, "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified" (I Cor. ii, 2).

**B**UT we will remember. We are only forgetful. We were not deliberating to slight the Man who died for us. No, thoughtlessness explains



it, that and the knowledge that we are only children. Now, bearing the thought in mind, every walk we take, every venture in life, will be accompanied by the thought "Jesus is beside me. I cannot make Him sorrow."

**T**HEN temptation will be less a danger and grace will rain more abundantly upon our souls. We will have learned the great lesson of keeping always in mind the fact that Jesus is with us. This is called in books of pious erudition "the presence of God." It has taken saints the years of their probation to learn it. But it is a simple truth. Bear always the thought of Jesus and Heaven is ours.

**P**RAY for that grace. Ask Jesus for it constantly. When you have taken the Divine

Host into the sanctuary of your soul, prostrate your heart before Him and say:

"**D**EAR Jesus, You who love me and are glad to be with me, I want to ask You for an especial grace. I sometimes forget that You are near. I am sorry for my thoughtlessness. It is not meant, dear Jesus. But I forget.

"**N**OW, loved Master, I ask You for the wonderful grace of always having in mind the fact of Your Presence. It will make it far easier for me to combat sin. I do not want to fall into sin. I fight it. But if You would only give the priceless gift of constant recollection of You beside me, I am sure I cannot fail You.

"**D**EAR Jesus, give this grace to all. Grant it to our priests and religious, that they may be saintly. Grant it to our lay people who are faced with the frightful temptations of the day. Grant it especially to the young that they may conquer evil.

"**T**HEN, dear Jesus, when death comes, and I stand before You for the final disposition of my soul, please call me to the eternal Presence of God, because I have striven for it during my life on earth. Amen."

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Jesus Christ did not blush to die for you, and yet you blush to live for him.—St. John Chrysostom.



Rear view of the charcoal furnaces built in 1870 and still standing about 25 miles from Ely, Nevada.

## Sentinels of the Desert

by Catechist Mary McConville

AFTER consulting a few maps to find the location of Cave Valley, one of our distant out-missions from Ely, Nevada, we proceeded to drive over a rugged, rarely used road. Reaching the top of a sage covered mound, we were suddenly confronted with a most unusual scene: Like sentinels in the heart of a great desert stood six pyramids, huge gray figures outlined beneath the towering peaks of Ward Mountain. Not having time to investigate, we decided that our next free day would be a day of prospecting—not for gold or silver, but for the secrets of these six desert ghosts which we felt would reveal much of the history of former days.

IMAGINE our delight, while visiting a short time later, to chance upon a real old-timer who knew every man, woman and child in the one-time town of Ward of which our curious pyramids

were a part. Ward, like many of the so-called "ghost" towns of Nevada, has long since ceased to exist. A few paths, broken down fireplaces, a sparse bit of fence here and there are all that remain. But Ward had a glorious past, was a thrilling place in the early mining days. A nugget of gold, of which he had found plenty, could not have produced a brighter sparkle in the old-timer's eyes than the opportunity to relate to us the fascinating story of how in 1870 the huge pyramids were used to produce charcoal fuel for the surrounding territories as well as to forge tools for the Ward mine. They still stand, intact, a monument to the skill of the workers—mostly immigrants—who erected them.

OUR old friend unraveled his story—like a fairy tale it was—of how he came to Ely, arriving at the old stage coach house which was

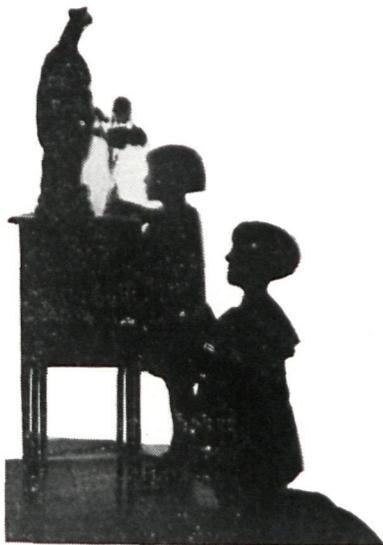
the one and only building in Ely at that time. This building was also a general store, stocking large quantities of such essential items as overalls, suspenders, buckets of salt, mackerel.

WE casually inquired if the people had had an opportunity to attend church. "Oh, yes," he replied, "the Catholic Father came more often than the rest." In fact the first church he had known in the territory which now comprises several counties was a Catholic church at Cherry Creek.

WE were loath to bring to an end such an interesting visit, and we were not permitted to depart until "Ma" had unearthed from an ancient trunk an array of old snapshots which brought to life many things, from grizzly bearded prospectors to mountain lions.

WE left our new friend, thrilled to have heard stories of three score and ten years ago, but more than thrilled to think that we were working with immortal souls destined for an Eternal City which no one need fear will ever become a mere "ghost" town.

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During all His life as Man  
Christ on Mary did depend.  
What for me is better than  
All my days like Him to spend?  
He's the Model here below  
Of the life which we must lead,  
Would we to perfection grow  
Surely, safely and with speed.

Blessed Louis Marie de Montfort

# Jiggs Nevada

by Catechist Agnes Feik

JIGGS is a small settlement on the Pleasant Valley road in Nevada. The place received its name in a strange way. According to stories told, it had been called, in turn, Mound Valley, Skelton, and Hilton. From the beginning there had been much quarreling and arguing among the local ranchers as to what the settlement should be named. These endless quarrels reminded one of the federal officers of a comic strip whose main theme was just that—continual domestic strife. He suggested that the settlement be called Jiggs! and it was.

JIGGS is located between the Diamond and the Ruby Mountains, in Mound Valley. The Valley received its name from the low pyramid-like hills surrounding it. Formerly the Indians had a year-round camp here, attracted as they were by pinon forests to the west which yielded a bountiful harvest of nuts. Mound Valley was first settled by Texans in the late 1860's. It received romantic appeal when Zane Grey distinguished it in his novels as the headquarters of an infamous outlaw, "King Fisher."

IN the valleys near Jiggs there are large fields of wild hay which the ranchers cut and stack as fodder for the cattle during the long winter months. These meadows are irrigated from streams that come down the Ruby range whose foot-hills are only ten or twelve miles from Jiggs.

IN the evenings the Ruby Mountains are beautiful. The setting sun floods them with a brilliant ruby glow. This turns a deep red and then breaks up into various shades of purple.

THE majority of the people who now live in or near Jiggs should be Catholics. That they are not is hardly their fault. They have always lived far away from a Catholic church, and in the early days the priest could visit his distant missions seldom. As a result, few of the present day settlers can be called practical Catholics. Some were baptized and that is all; others were never baptized. Mixed marriages are common. Though most of the children attend our religion classes and wish to be baptized, the parents tell them that they must wait until they are old enough to choose which religion they really wish to embrace.

# Travelogue

by Catechist M. Catherine Murray

**I**F you are a Sister and you happened to travel during the year 1941 you will remember that the only ones interested in you were the conductor and the porter. If you make a trip by train or bus now, you notice the difference.

**S**TANDING in line at the ticket office in a big city you hear: "Sister, you had better step closer to that window. Someone will try to get ahead of you." You turn in the direction of the voice and look up at a tall soldier. The glint in his eye indicates what will happen to anyone who tries to get ahead of a Sister.

**W**HILE walking through the crowd you feel a touch on your shoulder. A voice whispers into your ear: "Sister, you are what I wanted to be when I was a girl." You look into the eyes of a woman, tired eyes, eyes that mirror untold heartaches.

**A** YOUNG Indian girl quietly slips beside you. "Sister, I came all the way from Arizona to visit my brother who is in the hospital here." All alone in a strange city, she knows instinctively that a Sister is her friend.

**Y**OU enter the bus; a porter follows shouting: "Pillows twenty-five cents. Last chance to get a pillow." He makes his way down the aisle selling pillows right and left. He stops at your place: "Sister, this pillow is on me. Let me make you comfortable before the bus starts."

**A** YOUNG lady hurries down the aisle. "Sister, may I sit with you?" And a few moments later: "Do you mind if I smoke? Oh . . .

I shouldn't have asked that! I'll go in the rear of the bus and come back later."

**T**WO young couples watch you for many miles. They finally decide you are human and call out: "Sister, would you like a magazine to read?" You wonder what young people are reading in this day and age. They hand you a Red Book Magazine.

**A** TALL distinguished gentleman comes along. "Pardon me, may I ask what denomination you are? Oh . . . I thought you were an Episcopalian deaconess. My nephew is the minister at the retreat house near here, and I was going to ask you to take a message to him."

**T**HE bus comes to your stop. An elderly man comes down the aisle: "Sister, may I carry your bags for you."

**C**HILDREN smile up at you; men and women make it their business to talk to you. The Church has been serving humanity for over 1900 years but some people are just beginning to realize that she is their friend. Besides, this war is making people kind. It is forcing them to consider the nothingness of passing things; that we are all strangers and pilgrims and have not here a lasting city. It is making them long for spiritual helps and guides in the re-shaping of their lives.

**T**HE world has always known that the most beautiful word in any language is "Mother." Many are just beginning to appreciate another lovely name—SISTER.

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At the beginning of the year is an excellent time to renew your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Why not include an extra dollar and have the magazine sent to a friend who may not know about the work of the Society of Missionary Catechist? Our Community is growing and we need new friends. You can introduce them to us.



# In Thy Name

by Catechist Sophie Renier

*"Thou, O Lord, hast promised the reward of eternal life to those who do works of mercy in Thy Name. Deign to bless our ministrations, and look down with mercy and compassion upon the poor, the sick, and the ignorant. Jesus, Father of the poor, have mercy on these souls. Mary, help of the sick, pray for them."*

THIS little prayer to Jesus and Mary precedes the period given over to home visiting on our daily mission schedule. It soon becomes a favorite prayer with us Catechists who never doubt its efficacy as we go from one home to another and witness the operations of divine grace in the spiritually starving souls whom we meet.



ANY morning's visit is an interesting story—many stories. Take this morning, for example. We parked our car in the district which we intended to visit. Two small boys playing nearby noticed our arrival. One called out: "Hey, what are you people?" Before we could answer, his companion rebuked him: "Don't-cha-know? They're preachers!"

IN answer to our first knock we heard a little bell ring within. Immediately we surmised that someone was sick in the home. On entering we found two old women seated in chairs—an old peoples' home in miniature. The lady of the house explained that she was compelled to work in order

to earn a livelihood for herself and her granddaughter. Not being able to go out to work she decided to take in old people and make a home for them. This plan was succeeding very well. At present she had two aged "boarders." The younger she called *Mother*, the other, *Grandmother*. It was not long before we learned that the kind lady of the house was Catholic although she had not received the sacraments in many years. We tried to arouse in her a fresh interest in her holy religion and at last succeeded in obtaining a promise that she would send her granddaughter to our instructions.

AS we approached the next house we wondered if the old sick man who lived alone there had received the Sacraments since our last visit. He was lying on his small cot in evident pain. We noticed that he had failed considerably since we saw him not long ago. He told us with joy that he had received Holy Viaticum and also Extreme Unction a few days previously. "I am waiting to die," he said, "and I can't die." We encouraged him in his great suffering and left him an indulgenced crucifix. As we prepared to go we noticed a rope tied to the foot of his cot. The rope reached to the patient's hands. He explained that by holding on to it he could pull himself up into a sitting position if he wished.

IMMEDIATELY upon leaving his home of suffering we were met by a four-year-old child who begged, "Won't you please visit my mama too? She lives right over there." We followed the little girl to her home and received a cordial welcome from her charming mother. The mother is a child of a mixed marriage. Neither she nor her small daughter are baptized. There is much to be done in this family but the prospects appear favorable.

OUR next visit was to a young couple—not Catholic. Both the man and his wife were born of Catholic mothers who had neglected the obligation of rearing their children in the Faith. This young couple had a three-month-old baby. They wished it to be baptized Catholic and to receive a thorough Catholic education. We urged them to attend our adult classes, explaining that their ardent desires to see their child grow up Catholic could be fulfilled best if they themselves became practical Catholics.

ANOTHER stop for a few minutes with a dear old sick woman. Visits to this good soul are

(Continued on page 10)

# In The Home Field

## Adventuring



Tommy, and Jimmy, Adventurers—Ontario, Calif.

## In Thy Name

(Continued from page 9)

as much a spiritual tonic to us as they are a bit of cheer to her, so we make them frequently.

BACK on the street once more, we nearly collided with a waif of a man bent over with age. He had just closed the gate to his yard and turned to greet us with a smile that invited conversation. He told us he was eighty-two, not Catholic, single, lived alone and did his own cooking and house keeping. Twice each week he goes out for a square meal. His cheerfulness was refreshing. At parting he said: "Two days before I die, I will let you know. Come and see me then." We added his name to our list of dear old people who require closer vigilance and a little material help.

THE morning was passing quickly and so we hurried on to the next house. Our visits reveal the overwhelming need of prayer to God Who is waiting to work miracles of grace in countless souls if His friends will only beg Him fervently to do so. May we count on your prayers?

TOMMY and Jimmy, age six, while passing the Catholic church one afternoon, ventured up to the door, and stood there wondering if they might go in. Father was doing some repair work in the building that day. He saw the pair and invited them in, if they wished to come. The following is what Tommy told his mother on his return home:

"OH, Mama, we passed that church over there, you know the new one, and it's the nicest church you ever saw. And the man who works there (Father) is so nice! He told us we could come in. And we asked him about things—he said we could. And there was the prettiest lady there with her heart out in front (A statue of the Immaculate Heart of Mary). And she was very sad, but the man that works at the church said she's not sad anymore 'cause she is in Heaven now. The man said we could come again, if we want to, Mama, that's the nicest church you ever saw. Let's go sometime, Mama!"

TOMMY'S parents are Seventh Day Adventists. In relating Tommy's experience to her husband the mother exclaimed, "Wouldn't it be funny if Tommy would be a Catholic when he grows up!"

I AM sure Tommy will never forget his visit to the church. Very likely he will find his way there again. And perhaps the pretty Lady "with her heart out in front" will help him find his way to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son.

Catechist Juliana Schmitt  
Ontario, California

## A Choice

BERNARD, age nine, lives seven miles out in the country. Since neither his mother nor step-father are Catholic, he rides alone into the city for Mass each Sunday on the interurban train. One Sunday Bernard overslept and the train had gone when he reached its stopping place. Bernard decided there was just one way he could get to Mass—to thumb a ride. A kind Chinese gentleman picked him up and took him to church in time for Mass. Bernard's father, when he learned of this, was not at all pleased. He warned his son not to risk riding with strangers; everyone can't be trusted. Bernard replied, "Well, Dad, which is worse missing Mass or riding into town with a stranger?"

Catechist Edna Like

## THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Speak a shade more kindly  
Than the year before;  
Pray a little oftener,  
Love a little more.  
Cling a little closer  
To the Savior's love  
And life below will daily grow  
More like the life above.

—Exchange.



Faithful laborers at the shrine of Our Lady of the Americas.—Grants, New Mexico.

## Grotto for Our Lady of the Americas

NEAR Grants, New Mexico, is an extinct volcano. Years ago its eruptions spread lava rock over miles and miles of the surrounding country. Today the natives call Grants and vicinity "El Mal Pais." Bad Lands is correct! It is next to impossible for vegetation to grow in these parts.

SOME time ago the forest ranger gave us seven elm trees. Our boys' club appropriated them at once. They were just the thing for the shrine which the boys had planned to build for the Virgin Mary! In face of the club's enthusiasm, any other designs we might have had on the elm trees faded away.

PLANS for the shrine were soon under way, the trees planted, and work on the grotto begun. The father of one of the members agreed to lend his truck although it was not in working order. Mr. Gallegos generously repaired the truck and filled the tank with gasoline. The boys were in high spirits. Hauling in the rocks and dirt would be simple now. But the old truck disappointed their hopes and was broken down before it had rendered much service. I thought that would put the damper on the work but to my surprise the difficulty made them more determined. "We'll carry the dirt the old Egyptian way," they said and begged for buckets and pails. Fourteen boys took turns bringing in the dirt, rocks and sand needed for the grotto to the place designated for building.

A HUNDRED pounds of cement were needed for the grotto. One by one the boys brought

their sacrifice nickels and dimes until at last the required sum had accumulated.

MEANWHILE, the elm trees were not forgotten. Great pains had been taken in their planting; good soil was carried in and everything possible was done to encourage their growth. Regularly the boys came to water the trees. We saved the water from washing vegetables and rinsing clothes for this purpose. Water is scarce around here and has to be carried a long way.

FOR weeks the boys labored with unremitting enthusiasm at the grotto for "La Virgen." When their project was nearing completion they began to ask, "But where is the Virgin for the grotto?" That would be a tragedy indeed to have a niche and no Blessed Mother to enshrine there. But their efforts were not to end in disappointment. Some friends of our mission sent a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe which we thought the boys deserved. Loudly they hailed her, saluting her as "Our Lady of the Americas." Under this title they dedicated their grotto, the loving work of their hands, to Mary as a tangible prayer for our men in the military service of our country.

Catechist Marcellina Montoya

THE telephone rang and Catechist took down the receiver. A child's eager voice explained: "Catechist, my little brother (three years old) wanted to call you on the phone and do some tricks for you."

## God Bless Thy Year

Thy comings in, thy goings out,  
Thy rest, thy travelling about,  
The rough, the smooth, the bright,  
the drear,  
God Bless thy Year!

God Bless thy Year!  
Yea! all the store this year  
doth hold,  
Turning each minute's freight to  
gold,  
Each passing smile, and sorrow's tear,  
God Bless thy Year!

## "Listening In" on A. C. M. Activities Chicago, Ill.

NOTABLE among our mission clubs during the past year has been the work of *Les Petites Fleurs Band*, Anne Accomando, promoter. A letter received from Elsie Jackmann during the summer describes their activities for our Society and for Catechist Dorothy Wilke, their missionary.

"The enclosed (\$50) is part of the proceeds of a card party given by our club. Please pray for continued interest and zeal for each of us. Our meetings are always interrupted during the summer but we hope to start again with a "Bang" as there is much to do in preparation for our next shipment to the missions. We would appreciate having any new samples or ideas which might come to you from other Bands, and shall be only too glad to give you any of ours."

### Omaha, Nebr.

AS we enter a New Year we are confident that it will continue to bring us the loyal support and monthly contributions of our friends in *St. Margaret Mary Band*. Miss Helen McAuliffe, promoter, gave us this assurance when she wrote recently in the name of the members. In addition to the donations by which they are sponsoring two of our missionaries, the members likewise sent Christmas boxes to our new mission in Los Angeles. "A number of the girls were on hand to help pack these boxes," Helen writes, "and it was fun. Some very fine clothing, books and games for the children, and prayerbooks, rosaries, and holy pictures were among the articles sent to help the Catechists in their new mission district."

### Baldwinsville, N. Y.

REV. MARTIN J. WATLEY, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Syracuse, N. Y., was guest of honor and speaker at the Third Annual Anniversary Banquet held by the *St. Joseph Mission Club*. Mrs. Albert Zahn, promoter. Mrs. Mary Brucci, secretary, and Miss Alice Carroll, treasurer, were hostesses for the occasion.



The members planned a "Novelty Sale" as their December activity, and generous donations are received as a result of their monthly 'doings'

## A.C.M. BAND DONATIONS

September 27 to November 19

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke .....	\$30.00
Charitina Club I, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan .....	13.00
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons .....	5.00
Dolores Band II, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold .....	10.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger .....	15.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy .....	18.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn .....	15.00
Juanita Club, Chicago, Miss Marie Cummings .....	100.00
Little Flower Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity .....	22.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch .....	100.00
Little Flower Mission Club, Pittsburgh, Miss Catherine Lippert .....	5.00
The Marians, Chicago, Miss Margaret Daniels .....	5.00
Mary Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Pidgeon .....	6.50
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose Marie Heier .....	5.25
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, Evanston, Ill., Miss Celia Henrich .....	15.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier .....	10.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng .....	10.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Miss Bertha Collins .....	15.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois .....	6.50
Price Hill Sewing Ladies, Cincinnati, Mrs. J. J. Gries .....	10.00
Srillians of Our Lady of Sorrows, Cheviot, O., Miss Rita Busche .....	3.00
St. Agnes Band, Martinsburg, W. Va., Miss Gertrude Atkinson .....	5.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Miss Anna Brink .....	3.25
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary Walton .....	7.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern .....	1.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Cleta Schneider .....	7.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Miss Margaret M. Karas .....	5.25
St. Irene Auxiliary Band, Chicago, Miss Madeline Sebraska .....	2.00
St. Joseph Mission Band, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Albert Zahn .....	17.50
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Mary Noll .....	98.30
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	13.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Miss Helen McAuliffe .....	20.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen .....	10.00
St. Mary Philomena Band, Stevens Point, Wis., Mrs. Levenduske .....	8.35
St. Mary Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. A. Ankenbruck .....	100.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink .....	8.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer .....	29.50
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathrvne Quinlan .....	9.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. B. Redig .....	3.15
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. B. Redig .....	2.35
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Miss Marie Dwyer .....	10.00

## Two Chicago A C M Events

**D**UE to the generosity and willingness of our Chicago Associates, the major A.C.M. event of the year—the card party sponsored for our Society by all Chicago and Suburb Bands—was held as usual last fall. For the first time, however, it was found necessary to hold it in a smaller hall than the Morrison Hotel ballroom, and so two parties were held instead of one. The South Side Bands were hostesses for the benefit affair on their side of the city, while the North and West Side Bands united to sponsor the other at LaFollette Park Auditorium.

### The South Side Party

**T**HE evening of October 2, 1942, was chosen by our South Side Associates for their ACM affair. Mrs. Fred Kiefer, St. Justin Martyr Band, was general chairman, and brief but complete is her description of the event:

"All that I can say about our party is that we had a grand night, a grand crowd, and a grand talk by Father Gehrig, Lombard, who spoke to our guests about your Society's mission work and the activities of our individual ACM Bands. To date we have sent over \$360 as proceeds, and still hope to have a bit more when all returns are in. Fifteen of the South Side Bands responded generously in one way or another: Adrian Club, Charitina Club, Ellen Lemm Circle, Little Flower Mission Circle, Little Flower Band II, Mother and Daughter Club, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, St. Joseph Band II, St. Justin Martyr Band, St. Sabina Band, St. Gemma Galgani Band, St. Mary Band, The Juanita Club, Twelve Apostles Band, and the Men's Auxiliary of St. Justin Martyr Band.

### St. Philomena Mission Band



"We had beautiful prizes, all donated by these Bands, and the Promoters working with me were just fine, so willing and cooperative."

### North And West Side Party

**"T**HANKS to our Blessed Mother and the prayers offered for it, our party for your Society was truly successful. Proceeds are \$536, a grand sum. Every one of our Associates were generous and untiring in their efforts on behalf of your mission work." Thus wrote Mrs. H. F. Staley, general chairman, when giving us a report of their benefit card party held on September 25. Among those who made the arrangements and served as chairmen of committees were: Miss Mary Perkins, president; Mrs. C. R. Service, honorary president; Mrs. L. J. Owens, Mrs. Alice Cleary, Mrs. M. B. McDonald, Misses Marie Knuth, Marie Welter, Angeline Slugocki, and Florence Kuenster; Mrs. M. Regan, Mrs. F. Rupp, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan and Mrs. Thomas McBride.

Among the ACM Bands who cooperated generously by donations, prizes procured, or ticket sales are mentioned particularly: Good Shepherd Band, St. Joseph Band, Immaculate Conception Band, St. Mel's Band, Holy Family Band, St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Dolores Band I, St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Poor Souls Band, and Christ the King Band.

**W**ITH grateful hearts do we publicly express our sincere appreciation to each one who cooperated in sponsoring these two ACM benefit affairs. Their success has been a real help to us in our mission apostolate, and surely your charity will be a real help to you and yours, winning for you God's choicest and most abundant graces.

**F**ROM Albuquerque, New Mexico, Catechist Johanna Barthen writes us of the Luncheon and Bunco sponsored by the Little Flower Circle. She received a donation of \$30.35, proceeds of this affair, and wishes to express publicly her gratitude to Mrs. G. J. Loerzel and each member. We join our thanks to hers, and assure one and all of a remembrance in our community prayers and mission work.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Schaefer, Lombard, Ill., is promoter of this faithful mission club. The members are Mmes. A. Antisperger, C. Bode, M. Ellgass, L. Elischer, P. Hippauf, A. Braun, A. Curley, and G. Rocklin; Mmes. W. Neu, W. Volkman, E. Larsin, and A. Wilger.

# And a Lug of Tomatoes

by Catechist Muriel Balch

A WHIRL of thick dust hid the Catechists' car from view and Dona Inez turned back to her work with a sigh. The hand that had been holding closed the large rent in her dress automatically tucked wisps of straggling hair into the hard knot on the back of her head. Mario, her husband, was coming down the long sandy rows in which were embedded tiny, green tomato plants. His long legs were making extra long strides—evidently he had seen the car and the Madres. Their dark blue habits stood out against the dazzling white of the California sands.

Ah, the Madres! They brought back to Dona Inez memories of Mexico and a cool patio in the convento where she and many other dark-eyed girls bent their heads over the big catecismo, or wound their rebosos around their fingers, while the Madres spoke to them of the Good God. Dona Inez dashed a tear from her brown cheek.

The children were coming out, one by one, from their hiding places to which they had scurried, like frightened rabbits, at the approach of the car.

MARIO was close by now, calling out, "What did they want,—the Madres—in this poor place? Money?" Dona Inez almost groaned.



Jesus, this hour I give to Thee.  
For my past sins please pardon me.  
And when my soul must life depart,  
Then hide me in Thy Sacred Heart.

That was just like Mario, always thinking of the material.

"No," she replied, "they asked for the children, especially young Mario and Erminia, to go to the doctrina."

"When? How?" boomed out the voice of Mario. "Did you tell them the children have to work—help on the farm?"

"No," replied Dona Inez. "I said they could go."

MARIO was furious. The farm was his especial god and nothing else mattered but that the work be done.

"I will take their place in the field," Dona Inez continued in a cool tone, holding her ground for the first time in her married life. For the first time, also, Mario was speechless. He swung around and stamped back to work.

ERMINIA, hearing her father's loud voice, crept up close to her Mother and threw her arms around her, crying nervously. Dona Inez soothed her and told her of the wonderful plan she had for her and young Mario.

SATURDAY morning found Erminia and her brother Mario starting their four mile walk down the railroad track to their first catechism class. Erminia was all a-flutter. Rosa, her best friend, had told her how nice it was with the Madres—Catechists they called them. Tears of joy filled the eyes of Dona Inez as she watched them out of sight and then bent over the hoe with which she loosened the soil around each tender tomato plant.

TWO months passed. The tiny tomato plants had flourished and were all in bloom. Mario's angry voice was seldom heard now and the deep lines in his face seemed relaxed. At last fortune favored them, the crop would be a good one! He even went so far as to tell his wife that if all were a success he would give her five dollars for her very own and take her in to town besides! Dona Inez had not left the farm for some three years. Taking advantage of her husband's generosity she added one other gift—would he give a lug of the best tomatoes to the Madres? But to this Mario would not consent. Religion and the Madres meant little to him.

APRIL passed and May began, scorchingly hot. The tomatoes ripened. Dona Inez kept her

place faithfully in the fields among the white sands and the green hills of tomato vines. One Saturday the children had gone on their usual hot trip to the catechism class. They were gone scarcely an hour when Mario came dashing up to his wife as she worked in the field. In the agonizing expression on his face was written tragedy. "Guzanos—worms!" He shouted "Coming by the thousands."

THE world swam around dizzily as the news pierced the head of Dona Inez and swept with it all the golden dreams that had buoyed her up in the long hot hours of labor in the tomato field.

IT was Mario's helpless, despairing attitude which at last snapped her into action. "Mario, we must save the crop!" she cried. "We must burn the guzanos—burn them out."

HALF dragging her stricken husband Dona Inez hurried to the house where there was a large can of oil. Then, armed with oil, matches and burlap bags, they hurried back to the field and began the fight. Young Mario and Erminia, returning from catechism class down the hot railroad tracks, beheld a strange sight: Their parents and two smaller brothers were burning something, beating, and burning again. Their faces, hands, clothing were black; perspiration was running profusely. At a sign from their mother Mario and Erminia joined her and soon understood. Soon, too, they were burning, beating, and burning again.

THE sun sank late that evening upon a family of exhausted, battle-scarred warriors, but

also upon a salvaged crop of precious tomatoes. The final victory was won when a fervent "thanks be to God" fell from the parched lips of Don Mario.

THE fourth Sunday of May was beautiful, as every day in May is bound to be in the Imperial Valley. Don Mario squirmed as his unaccustomed knees began to hurt from kneeling there on the ground of the little chapel made of palm branches. In his heart, however, there was peace and contentment, and a resolution to mend his ways towards God and towards his family. His eyes rested tenderly on young Mario and little Erminia, both dressed in white, the symbol of their spotless souls.

AS the children were dispersing after the Communion breakfast, Don Mario, trailed by his ever faithful Inez, quietly opened the door of the Madres' car and put on the floor a lug of beautiful red tomatoes.

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Each one is the painter and the sculptor of his life. We are Christians only inasmuch as we are the images of our divine Model, Jesus Christ.—St. Gregory of Nyssa.

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Each suffering is a new flower added to the crown which is prepared for us in eternity.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

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When Mrs. Baca bakes bread in her out-door oven the "nietos" (grandchildren) are sure to come around. The Bacas are our next door neighbors and our back yard is the scene of many a party at which hot buns and huge slices of fresh bread are consumed by the nietos in amazingly large quantities. We call the nietos "Our Gang."  
—Catechist M. Louise Wilbers, Grants, N. Mex.





**A Mission Interest Department  
For Boys and Girls**

# The Mission Story

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## Chapter I

SO, Mary, you would like me to tell you the story of Catholic Missions. Do you know, young lady, what you are getting yourself into? Even a letter a day the size of this one, sent to you throughout the New Year, could not give you the whole grand story as it deserves to be told. But don't think from this that I am unwilling to fill your "big order." Not for a minute. It is a joy to know that someone is so deeply interested in this important work of our Holy Mother Church; and a privilege to help you understand better her mission apostolate.

You already know about the particular missionary work of our Society of Missionary Catechists. But you will soon see that ours is only a very, very tiny part of the missionary work carried on by the Church throughout the world. And all the missionary endeavors of the present are just a tiny part of the activities carried on by the Church throughout the nineteen centuries of her life.

TO be complete, a story of the missions must go back nineteen hundred years in history, and begin with the story of the missionary labors of Christ Himself. The place and occupations of His boyhood and youth were not any different from that of most of our missionaries today. He lived at home with His parents, honoring and obeying and loving them, growing and studying and dutifully accepting little responsibilities around the house to help make the burden lighter and life pleasanter for His foster-father and Mother Mary. After Joseph's death Jesus remained quietly at home, caring for His Mother and earning their daily bread, until He was thirty. All the while He prepared Himself by obedience, prayer, humility, for the mission His Father had given Him to do. Then, in His thirtieth year, He set out on the first of His nine missionary journeys.

Public libraries and private ones too, book stores and "stationery" shops contain many books written by round-the-world travelers, explorers of uncivilized lands, European tourists. The books in which they relate the story of their journey tell us where they went, and much of what they saw. But that is all. What they did matters nothing, because for the most part their journeys accomplished precious little for anyone save themselves. Not so the missionary journeys of Jesus Christ. That very word "missionary" tells us that He did not travel for education or pleasure, but had a worthier object in view. His journeys fulfilled a "mission"—an errand which His Father in Heaven had sent Him to earth to accomplish. What that mission was you already know so well: the redemption of our souls from sin, the establishment of His Church—God's Church.

HIS journeying began at Bethany, near the River Jordan, where John baptized Jesus and told the people in mysterious words that He, Jesus, was the one sent by God to "take away the sins of the world." After forty days spent in the desert when He fasted entirely from even a taste of food or water, His more intensive missionary travels began. By merely a word of invitation, "Follow Me," He persuaded several men to travel with Him as disciples. Then, as a reward for their unquestioning faith and at the request of His Mother Mary, He performed His first Divine public miracle.

Jesus made His residence at Capharnaum, and from there set out on His second missionary journey. He went first to Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover, and cast the buyers and sellers out of the Temple. He then traveled through Judea until the following December, making many disciples.

Thus did He continue to travel from one place to another, following the missionary "schedule" marked out for Him by His Father. "He went about doing good"—healing all who were ill, re-

storing dead persons to life again, driving out Satan by His almighty power from those who were possessed, curing the crippled and giving sight to the blind. Kindness, mercy and love He gave to all who would accept it.

**W**HEN at last the gladness of Easter dispelled the sadness of Good Friday, Jesus, before returning to His Father in Heaven, turned His mission over to the Apostles whom He had chosen to carry on His work. Theirs was the privilege of continuing His missionary journeys. Like Him they "went about doing good" to all men who were of good will, traveling, as we shall see, near and far to establish His Church.

*To be Continued*

### Can You Solve These?

1. Unscramble the letters, add a vowel, and spell the name of a place visited by our Lord on His missionary journeys.

Prhmcanua

Hrmpe

Ytenbh

Ndsi

Lmejsrae

Aarmsa

2. Give the antonym of each of the descriptive words in the following sentences. (An antonym, you know, is a word that has the opposite meaning from the one given. For example, rich-poor, pretty-ugly, etc.). Now arrange the first letters of these words until they spell something that Jesus did during His missionary journeys.

Example: Will you give me less than that? The antonym of "less" is "more"; the first letter is "m".

1. Will you have a new hat this spring?
2. John seemed to be a very peaceable man.
3. I think he was a winning high jumper in the Olympic games.
4. I am uncertain about the answer to this one.
5. She takes very little.
6. We will let this team have the odd numbers.
7. This is certainly a common piece of furniture.
8. A little of this hot water will fix that up.

Correct answers will be given on this page in the February magazine. You may send your solutions to: Mary's Loyal Helpers, Victory-Noll Huntington, Indiana.

## For Mary's Little Tots

RONNIE AND WEE CAROLYN

by Catechist Madeline DeGroot

Small Ronnie came to class one day  
And learned of God our Father,  
Who made the earth, the sky and sea,  
The birds, the trees and water.

There was no doubt, he liked his class  
Asked questions by the score,  
And asked his Mom at home that night  
If she would tell him more.

Next time he brought wee Carolyn  
Who was just "half past" two;  
With care he watched and guided her  
And told her what to do.

When Ronnie blessed himself and prayed  
As only he knew how,  
Then little sister raised her hand  
And placed it on her brow—

"—Name Father, Son, 'n Holy Ghost!"  
How quickly it was done,  
And what a pleasing sight to God  
From Heaven smiling down.

"Call the little ones," He said,  
"And bring them unto Me."  
How glad the teacher of Ronnie six  
And Carolyn going on three!



## Books Received

**THE MISSION APOSTOLATE.** This book provides information on some of the mission organizations of the Catholic Church for home and foreign missions, and also thoughts on the mission apostolate. All the articles contained therein have been written by those who are most familiar and intimate with the mission activities of Holy Mother the Church. Order from The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th St., New York, N. Y. Cloth binding, \$1.50, Paper binding, 75 cents.

**A LETTER FROM LISIEUX** is the biography of one sister of Saint Therese of Lisieux written by another of her sisters while Hitler made war on France. Translation and commentary by John Mathias Haffert. Order from The Scapular Press, Sea Isle City, N. J. \$1.75.

**APOSTOLATE OF THE ROSARY** is a Handbook of the authentic text of the Apostolic Constitution relative to the Sodality of the Holy Rosary—the Ubi Primum of Pope Leo XIII. It also contains other canonical regulations on the subject. Order from The Dominican Fathers, 141 East 65th Street, New York, N.Y. \$1.50.

**ACROSS A WORLD** by the Reverend John J. Considine, M.M. with the collaboration of Thomas Kernan. This book should have a place in every Catholic home since it presents a contemporary picture of the world mission effort of the Catholic Church. It is timely too, in that it portrays the peoples of Asia and Africa upon whom the attention of the world is now focused. Order from Longmans, Green and Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. \$2.50.

**PRIEST'S SATURDAY BOOKLETS**, a series of five booklets explaining the devotion of the **PRIEST'S SATURDAY** and how you may join in a great apostolate for all priests. The booklets are: 1. Priest's Saturday 2. Prayers and Devotions for Priest's Day 3. Priest's Saturday and the Sick 4. Priest's Saturday and the Children 5. Priest's Saturday and Catholic Action. Booklets sell at five cents a copy except number three which is ten cents. Special rates for quantity purchases. Order from **THE SALVATORIAN FATHERS**, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin.

**A NOVENA TO THE LITTLE FLOWER FOR PEACE AND VICTORY** by the Reverend Edward F. Garesche, S.J. Clients of St. Therese of Lisieux will welcome this timely novena booklet. It sells at ten cents a copy, 100 for \$8.00. Order from **VISTA MARIA PRESS**, Cragmoor, New York.



Looking out on a wintry morning through the patio at Victory-Noll

○ *GOD, Who bringest wars to nought and shieldest by Thy power all who hope in Thee, overthrowing those that assa'lt them; help Thy servants who implore thy mercy; so that the fierce might of their enemies may be brought low and we may never cease to praise and thank Thee. Through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

—From the Mass in Time of War

## Buy Bonds for Victory

The Missionary Catechists will be happy to receive offerings in the form of War Stamps and War Bonds. When buying Bonds the beneficiary should be designated as **THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS OF OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY**, a corporation. Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.

*The Missionary Catechist*

# Legend of Happy Hollow

by Paul Twitchell

**H**APPY Hollow, Kentucky, is a small place on the Ohio river just a few miles north of Louisville. At one time it was a very prominent place for steamers loading grain for all ports south on the Mississippi.

**B**ACK in the old days, when packets were the best means of transportation, there lived at this particular place an Indian named Jim Happy. It was just a landing on the river but Happy who had gotten permission from the government to farm the land had stayed behind when his tribe was moved west to make room for the white man.

**J**IM HAPPY'S home was a log cabin with plenty of flowers in the front yard. For a while he was a pilot on the river and a very good one. However, he left this to go back to farming and made a good living at the latter.

**F**OR several years he traveled downstream on packets to New Orleans to sell his crops. It was at Natchez that he met Cherry Dale and fell in love with her.

**C**HERRY DALE was the daughter of Nat Dale, who was a full-blooded Cherokee and the king of Natchez-Under-The-Hill. He ran a gambling house, and though Cherry had nothing to do with the card games, she helped. It was here that Jim Happy met the Indian girl, and

though Cherokees do not intermarry with other tribes, the girl decided that this was her soul-mate.

**N**AT DALE had accumulated a fortune and was influential on the river. He made no bones about his disapproval of Cherry's wedding and tried to separate the couple. But Jim Happy brought his bride to the little river landing where they lived happily for years.

**A**BOUT 1852 a steamboat named Jefferson, in the New Orleans-Cincinnati trade, brought a passenger to Happy Hollow in the middle of the night. The lone visitor was Nat Dale. He went to the home of Jim Happy and demanded that his daughter return with him to Natchez-Under-The-Hill. She refused, pleading that she was happy with her husband. Then old Nat tried to take her by force and when Jim Happy rose to protect her there ensued a bloody fight with knives. Finally Jim Happy sank to the floor dead. Cherry ran for the gun. With one shot she pierced her father's heart.

Wrapping the two bodies in blankets, Cherry buried them just outside the home. Then, according to the stern, wild creed of her Indian life, she climbed a nearby bluff and leaped from it. Her crushed body was found at the base of the cliff.

## Make Your Savings Do Double Duty

War Bonds and War Stamps which are bought and sent to the Society of Missionary Catechists are serving two noble purposes:—

1. They help win victory for our country
2. They help the Catechists spread the kingdom of God in the hearts of fellow Americans

November 22, 1942  
Michigan

Dear Missionary Catechists,

As it is my duty to buy what War Bonds I can, and as there seems no more certain way to help the charities in which I am interested, I would like to buy a twenty-five dollar bond in favor of the Missionary Catechists. Kindly let me know just whom to name as beneficiary. We are asked if the institution is incorporated. I will send you the bond as soon as I can take care of it after hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

E. M.

**The Missionary Catechists will be happy to receive offerings in the form of War Stamps and War Bonds. When buying Bonds the beneficiary should be designated as THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS OF OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY, a corporation. Box 109, Huntington, Ind.**



Address: Society of Missionary Catechists  
Box 109  
Huntington, Indiana