

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

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Spare Us, Lord!

BEFORE Thy eyes, O Lord, we bring our offenses, and we compare them with the stripes we have received.

If we consider the evil we have wrought, what we suffer is little, what we deserve is great.

WHAT we have committed is very grave; what we have suffered is very slight.

We feel the punishment of sin, yet withdraw not from the obstinacy of sinning.

UNDER Thy lash our inconstancy is visited, but our sinfulness is not changed.

Our suffering soul is tormented, but our neck is not bent.

OUR life groans under sorrow, yet mends not in deed.

If Thou spare us we correct not our ways; if Thou punish we cannot endure it.

IN time of correction we confess our wrong-doing; after Thy visitation we forget that we have wept.

If Thou stretchest forth Thy hand we promise amendment; if Thou withholdest the sword we keep not our promise.

IF Thou strikest we cry out for mercy; if Thou sparest we again provoke Thee to strike.

Here we are before Thee, O Lord, shameless criminals; we know that unless Thou pardon we shall deservedly perish.

GRANT then, O almighty Father, without our deserving it, the pardon we ask for; Thou Who madest out of nothing those who ask Thee. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Prayer of St. Augustine

*Deal not with us, O Lord, according to our sins.
Neither requite us according to our iniquities.*

Let Us Pray

O GOD, Who by sin art offended and by penance pacified mercifully regard the prayers of Thy suppliant people, and turn away the scourges of Thy wrath, which we deserve for our sins. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Clinic Day

by Catechist Mary Masterson



WEDNESDAY is clinic day in Our Lady of Guadalupe Parish, San Bernardino, California. This clinic is made possible by the Catholic Welfare Bureau of San Bernardino. One of the public health nurses of the city attends each session. She is authorized to give injections for diphtheria and whooping cough, and vaccinations for smallpox.

ONCE a month a county pediatrician comes to give advice to the mothers on how to feed and care for infants.

Little Juan appears unafraid as the nurse prepares to stick the needle in his arm. It is his first visit to the clinic and he is blissfully ignorant of what is in store for him. Next time he comes he will not be so happy about it all. Catechist will probably have a difficult time holding him down. The little ones remember well how they have been treated.



These boys are awaiting their turn for the vaccination. Their mother is in an adjoining room with a younger child who is receiving injections. Unlike many who come to the clinic, these boys are brave. They refuse to be classified with the babies; hence, no tears.

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Pax Christi

by The Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D.

"And may the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, preserve your hearts and your understandings in Christ Jesus Our Lord."—Phil. IV, 4-7.

THE most precious thing in this life, after the enjoyment of the favor of God, is absent in the hearts and in the minds of most individuals, as it is absent in human relationships, in national and international life. That precious thing is peace.

CHRIST offered peace, in all its phases, in and through His Church; therefore if Catholics do not enjoy it, it is because they, like other people, look for it elsewhere.

WHAT is the peace of God which is capable of preserving our hearts, our minds, our whole lives "in Christ Jesus Our Lord"?

AS Jerusalem did not "know the things that were to her peace," so neither does the modern world, of which Jerusalem, after its rejection of Christ, was a figure. I need not spend any time in an attempt to prove to you that internationally there is no peace; that nationally there is general dissatisfaction with economic conditions; that discord reigns in millions of homes; that hundreds of millions of individuals are on the verge of despair.

THIS does not mean individuals in the world cannot have peace of heart, which is another name for peace of conscience. But they cannot enjoy it if they follow the ways of the world, if they look for their happiness in material things, if they seek *not* "first the Kingdom of God and His Justice."

TRUE peace of heart comes from the consciousness of union with God, of being safe for eternal salvation. You can readily perceive that there would be no peace in a family if children were entirely estranged from their parents, if they ignored them and disregarded all their commands. Neither can there be peace between the Heavenly Father and those of His children who have driven Him out of their hearts, who openly defy Him and make a mockery of His moral law, who nurture their animal instincts.



THE state of sanctifying grace is a state of union with God which produces a peaceful condition of soul resulting from the conviction that all is well and may be well forever.

THOSE who live in religious error cannot have true peace of mind. They may enjoy that sort of peace which comes from deceiving themselves into believing that their opinions are convictions, or that it is futile to try to learn what objective truth is. But the fact remains that if their beliefs are not in harmony with the revelation of God, their minds must be enslaved to error.

THE mind was made for truth generally, and is not free if it be controlled by error. The highest, the most important truths are those propounded by God Himself for the regulation of our conduct, truths of which He would not have us ignorant. Consistency required that He reveal such truths and that He commit their promulgation and explanation to an infallible Church. From such a source Catholics receive them and are, therefore, assured of "peace in believing."

THE average Protestant, who reads his Bible and books dealing with religious controversy, is frank to admit that he is "searching" for the truth. He is aware that his religious beliefs differ from others who also call themselves Protestants.

THIS certainly means that their beliefs are nothing more than opinions, and that they may be out of harmony with the mind of Christ. Because Catholics "Think with the Church," and the Church is assured of the guidance of the Holy Ghost, Who, being God, can neither deceive nor be deceived, Catholics have very definite convictions upon which a consistent philosophy of life can and should be built.

CHRIST Jesus Our Lord was the embodiment of the Godhead. He came into this world as the Supreme Teacher, as the Prince of Peace, as the Mediator between the Heavenly Father and all mankind, whom He would unite into a huge family having one mind and one heart. Earth should resemble Heaven in its harmony of belief and of worship, and in the possession of the Peace of God.

UNION with God must evidently be the greatest glory of the creature; to attain it, to preserve it, to cement it, should be his highest ambition. When the soul is in union with God, it

enjoys peace; when it is separated from Him it is enslaved to Satan.

THE non-Catholic, honest and sincere as he may be, never experiences the peace which is produced by the supernatural means of salvation; he can live in union with God only because of that infinite Goodness which respects his sincerity, and condones his error because it is unwillful.

THIS does not mean that every Catholic is better off than all Protestants, that his salvation is more secure than that of good Protestants, simply because more is expected of Catholics, who were instructed by an unerring teacher, and within whose easy reach are the means of grace which create and promote union with God.

BE grateful to Almighty God for the gift of the true faith, and strive to appreciate it more. Show your appreciation by being more devoted to God, by making more frequent use of His holy Sacraments, by living less worldly, by doing your part through prayer, example and the dissemination of expository literature. There are many ways of bringing the knowledge of the truth and of the supernatural things of your Church to the attention of others less favored—and you should employ some of them.



Victory-Noll drive, always inviting, is doubly so in a mantle of white.

THE home missionary program of the Society of Missionary Catechists is two-fold, comprising religious instruction and social welfare works. The Catechists teach religion to Catholic children who are obliged to attend public schools to adults and to converts. By regular and systematic home-visiting, census is taken, fallen-away Catholics are discovered and reclaimed, converts are won to the Church.

This beautiful letter was received by one of our postulants at Victory-Noll from a priest-friend who encouraged her in her vocation.

All Souls' Day, 1943

DEAR MARY,

There is still fresh in my memory the scene of my last night at Victory-Noll, as I walked about the courtyard waiting for the cab to take me to the train. It was one of those beautiful Indian summer nights. A touch of chilliness made my topcoat feel comfortable. Myriads of tiny little diamonds sparkled in the vault of heaven. Through the stillness of the night came the song, as it were of angels, the "Ave Maria" to our Blessed Lady. It was being sung, I believe, by the novices in the auditorium. Like the tender cries of infants to a mother, the voices of the novices were raised in prayerful appeal to the one Mother of us all. And when they came to the end, "Ora, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae—pray, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death," I do believe my eyes were wet. I am not inclined to show emotion, but that setting was overpowering. I don't think I have ever made a better meditation.

WE human beings, religious and lay alike, are all frail and weak; but when we have someone to whom we can go for help, our burdens are lightened. And that someone can be no other than our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and His Blessed Mother. Perhaps you don't know this, but every time I am given a knock, and don't know how to make a come-back, I go to church for an hour or so and talk it over. There is no greater help.

AS I was riding back in my "upper" (I did manage to get one), I read the article "Priest Meets Girl" by Father Treinen. I cannot but repeat for you now one paragraph that struck me forcibly:

"VICTORY-NOLL is a house where Love is born, nurtured and matured in the heart of the All-American Girl. It is a slow process, a painful one—this birth of Divine Love in a human soul. But then all birth is announced

with a cry of pain. It is the law, and here there is no exception. The pain of parting from the family-hearth, so warm, so dear; the pain of parting from the feasts of the flesh, so sweet, so gratifying; the pain of parting from the spirit of independence, so precious, so gripping—all these are cries that accompany this new birth, this making of a new creature, this falling out of love with the world, and into love with God. In that sense, Victory-Noll is a house of pain precisely because it is a house of love."

I CAN only add to this that I too have met an ALL-AMERICAN GIRL. And these pains that you are experiencing are like the fire that burns beneath the crucible in which the gold is purified, and like the cutter's tool with which he grinds a stone into a beautiful diamond. When the purifying and grinding are done, the splendor of the gold and the sparkling of the diamond dazzle the eye.

ONE more thought. I have given you much encouragement to your new life, and my motive was this: You have not had an easy life. You have been alone much of the time. You have for long had this inclination towards the religious life. And you are fitted and entitled to share the happiness which only the religious life can give. Surely there will be ups and downs, but the satisfaction of knowing that you are part of the apostolate to bring the world a little closer to Christ will be sufficient to offset the "downs".

HOWEVER, if I have made the mistake of encouraging you too much, don't think that I shall be disappointed if, after giving it a fair trial, you find that it is not your vocation. But give it the trial, and then leave it in the hands of God.

IN closing, I beg God's blessing upon you, and ask for a memento in return. Keep your chin up, and don't look back.

Sincerely,

Father

Loads

by Catechist Dorothy Schneider

UNLESS you have lived in Los Banos you do not know what a LOAD really is. Perhaps you think a load means all that can be carried: a burden. Until a year ago I fear that's all the consideration I gave the word. But now I know!

A LITTLE lad let me in on the secret. A *load* is how you come to Catechism. It is you walking in a crowd with your Catechist from school to church. If you are in the first or second grade you come on the first *load*. If you are in the third grade, you come on the second *load*; you leave ten minutes later than the first *load*.

BECAUSE parents are fearful for their children at street crossings, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at ten minutes to two, two Catechists go to the school where they wait for the children in the lower grades. They also accompany the children who return to the school grounds later to get their home-going buses.

THE loads are always happy and animated. You can hear the children's gay chatter several blocks away. And if, perchance, you are walking down town, you stop and watch, and hold your breath if you see one of the load stop unconcernedly in the middle of the street to adjust his lunch box. And if you are driving a car and reach a corner where the load crosses,

you just sit and nod contentedly at the youngsters' funny toothless smiles, and important manners, and forget that you are in a hurry.

IF you are the Catechist who accompanies the load, you say "Good-afternoon" ninety-nine times or more, and you guard your load from barking dogs, and you counsel wisely at each corner, and you lend an interested ear to every little story.

IF you are waiting at the church for your class, you note each face and count each head; you gather in your little brood and love every one, the bright and the dull! With maternal fondness, you store up all the queer little, happy little, amusing little things they do and say, and you tell them affectionately to your sister Catechists at the dinner hour that evening.

YOU tell about the little lad who came to you at the school gate and said: "Catechist, I'm out early. I can go on the first load today. Only how do you do it? I forgot since last year."

OR how Doris, with an air of importance, stopped after class to show a tooth, all wrapped up carefully in her handkerchief, and confided, "It came out when I was making my visit to Jesus in church."

OR how you asked your class to make a sentence containing God and me. Of course you expected it to be "God made me," and your brightest little girl stood up and said: "Me and God are good!"

YES, loads are precious things, well loved by God and man.



In many missions, the Catechists meet the children at the public schools and march them to their catechetical center for religious instruction.

Nutting

by Catechist Elvira Vigil

MUCH is told and written about picking English walnuts in California. But if you are in the mood for a real nutting party, you should drive up into the mountains of New Mexico and hunt pinons (pronounced *pee-nyohns*). Pinons are also called Indian nuts. Fresh from the forest they have a milky, narseating taste. They are roasted, like peanuts, before consumption.

PINON trees belong to the pine tree family. They bear nuts once every seven years, and so before setting out to gather a store, it is well to ascertain which forests are producing that particular year. Some seasons there is a plentiful harvest in the Jemez Mountains, at other times in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains near Sante Fe, etc. My nutting trip took me up into the Dolores Mountains.

WHEN the nuts are full grown the cones in which they develop open and the fruit falls to the ground. Pinons are picked from the ground and not from the trees as tyros often imagine. It takes a long time to pick a considerable quantity because the nuts are small, about the size of a bean. Of the four Catechists who went nutting, the fastest picker only garnered ten pounds during a long day. Professional pickers usually are paid four or five cents a pound. At this rate, we didn't even earn our lunch but we had a enjoyable excursion and loads of fun.

THE best pickers are, of course, the squirrels. In their shelters they hide hundreds of pounds of nuts each year. Farmers who live near the mountains sometimes follow the squirrels and discover their caches. I am told that, according to a game law, the hoard of nuts may be taken



Picking the small pinon nuts from the ground is tedious work.



if it is replaced with the same amount of grain. A certain family in Golden, New Mexico, made such an exchange for 800 pounds of pinons.

EVERY year a few people lose their lives in quest of these delicious little nuts. One lad of sixteen put his hand into a squirrel's cache and was bitten by a rattle snake. A woman wandered from her party and became hopelessly lost in the mountains. Her body was found three days later. A band of Indians were trapped by a storm in the Zuni Mountains and many of them were frozen to death, while others starved.

DESPITE yearly casualties, which are really few in comparison to the large number of pickers, pinon hunting continues to be pleasant diversion to some, gay sport to many, and hard—though welcomed—labor to those who need extra dollars to tide them over the long winter months.

Preparing the Way

by Catechist Josephine Cima

A HIGHLIGHT in our lives is a missionary Padre's visit to one of our small outposts. Recently, a mission was conducted at a mining town where we teach. For several weeks before, we were busy visiting the families and telling them of the coming event. We felt like other Saint John the Baptists, other heralds of Christ, in this great work of saving souls, for we were preparing the way and helping to make souls receptive for the abundance of graces in store for them.

OUR primary interest was in the souls apparently farthest from God—those married outside the Church and those who had not received the Sacraments in many years. In the small mining towns of Nevada there are many people who have had no opportunity for religious training in their youth. Many others live on ranches which are miles and miles from a church. Such consider themselves fortunate even to have been baptized.

FOR example, there was the old and venerable looking Mexican whom we approached on the subject of confession just a week before the mission was to open. In our rather uncertain Spanish we asked how long it had been since his last confession. Quickly came the answer: "Sixty years."

WE THOUGHT he had misunderstood, and had given his age instead of the number of years since his last confession. So we put the question again, this time explaining that we did not wish to know his age. Again he answered promptly, "Sixty years ago. I am sixty-seven years of age and I haven't been since my first confession which I made when I was just seven years old." He assured us that he would gladly receive the Sacraments again if we thought Our Lord would forgive him after all this time.

ACROSS the street from this gentleman lived a Spanish lady, much more advanced in age, who had not been to the Sacraments in forty years. She had been married outside the Church but now her husband was dead and she was anxious to be reconciled with her God before leaving this earth. We promised to do all we could to help her. She confided to us that she had forgotten even the simplest prayers, the Our Father and Hail Mary, and one of her great-



This picture was taken near our mission at Winnemucca, Nevada.

est fears was that she would not be able to say her penance. Our Pastor said we might say her penance with her and she was consoled. What a moment of supreme joy it was for us when we ourselves led this feeble woman to the confessional and afterwards took her home and said the penance with her in her living room! One month later we learned that she had passed on peacefully to God, confident that He had a place prepared for her in Heaven.

GOD was lavish of His graces during the mission in that mining town. Even we were surprised at the large number who returned to the Sacraments. There were several marriage cases that could not be settled until some time after the mission. Four couples who wished to be married by the priest had been baptized Catholic but had never received their First Communion. Ours was the double happiness of instructing them for the reception of Holy Communion and of seeing their marriages validated. Some adults are still receiving instruction and eagerly awaiting the day when they, like their children, will receive Our Dear Lord into their hearts.



I'D like you to meet Charley. Charley is not a full-fledged altar boy yet, but he is a serious aspirant to that exalted station. He is eleven, and the eldest of seven children. Though that title brings with it some honors, Charley has found that it holds much responsibility. As the eldest he is Mother's assistant nurse-maid as well as Dad's right-hand man.

On a surprise visit to the hovel that Charley calls home, Catechist and I found him hard at performing the duties of nurse-maid. He had his five-year-old sister standing in a tub of water while he vigorously applied cloth and soap to her muddy feet and legs.

Charley is endowed with one of those million-dollar infectious smiles, accented by his very dark complexion. One of his friends uniquely described him thus: "One day I went to the show and thought I saw a whole row of empty seats. Then I saw some white teeth shining in the dark and I knew there was Charley."

Catechist M. Evelyn Mourey

* * * * *

I AM sitting off-stage in the beautiful new auditorium of the Banning Home Defense Housing Project here in San Pedro, California. Waiting for the show to start? Yes . . . and no.

FROM my position I can see the large projection screen that is used when it is "movie night". Farther back, in one corner, is a complete orchestra platform, the center of attraction when it is "dance night." But all this is hid now from those up in front. Tan draperies hanging from the ceiling to the floor serve as the only stage scenery. In the center back-stage stands our

In The Home Field

single "prop" for the great performance soon to be enacted. It is an altar, and we are waiting for Father to come to celebrate the Divine Drama of the Mass.

THE altar is newly acquired. It was made by the Lutheran group and the expenses were shared between them and us. When Mass was first offered here in the Project, the Baby-Grand piano served as the altar table. We still use the piano bench for a credence table. Vestments are laid out on a ping-pong table.

THE priest who says the eight o'clock Mass at Holy Trinity Church in San Pedro on Sundays hurries over here to the Project to offer his second Mass at 9:15. Then he hurries back for his third Mass at Holy Trinity Church. Many of the people living here are without means of transportation into town.

TO help Father as much as possible, two of us Catechists get everything ready for Mass before his arrival. We leave our convent loaded down with Mass kit, chalice, and a somewhat antiquated collection basket which has more than a slight resemblance to a butterfly net. The car we go in completes the picture. It is of the type that would just as lief not start as start. But we have high hopes that the near future will bring a somewhat more secure mode of transportation.

AFTER Father reads the Gospel at Mass he asks how many wish to receive Holy Communion. The people raise their hands, if they are to communicate. Father consecrates just enough hosts to accommodate them. When Communion time comes the people leave their places and go to one side of the stage where they kneel without benefit of a Communion rail.

MOST of the families living in this Project are from the East and Midwest. They have abandoned, for the time being, the pleasant haven of home to give their best in serving our country in her hour of need. They miss their beautiful churches and well-ordered services, but they know that wherever they are, "It is the Mass that matters," and so each Sunday and Holy Day finds them kneeling on the highly polished floor of the auditorium, grateful for the opportunity to serve their God while serving their country.

by Catechist M. Rose Conroy

ONE lad concluded his composition about God and heaven with this sentence: "Heaven is the most wonderful place on earth!"

Catechist M. L. Perl

* * * * *

TO our poor children one of the greatest pleasures of the Christmas season is their visit to the crib in our convent chapel. In particular, the ranch children whom we usually bring in to Mass on Sunday, look forward eagerly to this visit. They talk about it for weeks.

Last year we marched them to our home after Mass on the Sunday following Christmas. They formed quite a procession. People smiled and greeted us on the way. One man, still drunk from a night at the cantina, removed his hat and stood on the sidewalk watching us approach. As I came by he looked at me, then at the children, and handed me three pennies!

OUR chapel is small but the children enjoy crowding in. Pressed close to the crib and to each other they pray for our benefactors and friends, and for all the world. Finally, they kiss the Infant and leave the chapel. Of course they must see our tree also. While they "OH" and "Ah" in delight, we give each child a small sack of candy and popcorn. They are pleased with the gift, although for once the goodies are secondary. The big thrill is in visiting the Catechists' convent chapel and praying before the lovely crib there.

—Catechist Lembeck.



ANGEL is a true Mexican caballero. His mother died of tuberculosis leaving him and his sisters in the care of relatives. Angel's quiet and manly concern for his sisters is remarkable. He accompanies them to religion class and never leaves the grounds until they are ready to go home.

* * * * *

THE Catechists stopped to speak to two children whose faces were not familiar. In the course of the conversation the Catechists asked, "Are you Catholics?"

"No, we aren't," one child responded, "but thank you for trying!"

* * * * *

A TWELVE-MILE drive through the barren desert brings us to Hinkley, a small railroad town where we teach catechism three afternoons a week. Three of us teach at three different homes in the vicinity, and at the section house where I have a prayer class of four members. Tony, the eldest in the quartet, assumes the responsibility of maintaining a one hundred per cent attendance. When I arrive my pupils are seated on the porch step smiling their welcome and their eagerness to begin, just as you see them here in the picture, Ricardo, Jennie, Mona and Tony.

Catechist M. Gertrude Kelly



Associate

CONGRATULATIONS

Another big event sponsored by our Chicago area is over. To one and all who worked so hard to make the party a success, we express our sincere congratulations and heartfelt thanks.

From Mrs. H. F. Staley, Chairman, we hear the following interesting account of the affair:

"October 15th, the date of the Annual Card Party arrived at last and as usual brought its bad weather. It was cold and rainy all day. The weather cleared a little before the party, but it was still a miserable night.

"St. Joseph's Band gave the party a good start by giving a \$10.00 donation through their new promoter, Miss Knussman.

"We did not have the usual large crowd, but due to general conditions and the bad weather, this was to be expected. The marvelous publicity which the 'New World' gave us, through Mrs. Kiefer's efforts, and Monsignor Horsburgh's talk at the party, should bear fruit for the future. Monsignor, who was introduced by our beloved Mother Service, spoke of the great work the Catechists are doing for the Propagation of the Faith, and how we, as Associates, are helping with this work. He also said it is a good thing for individuals to interest themselves in some certain phase of Mission work. In this way, he said, things are evened up and the different missionary societies receive help since different individuals find something that appeals to themselves in the work of the various religious orders.

"Father Marcellus Scheuer, an old friend of many of our South Side Associates, was also present and talked.

"This year we were handicapped by being unable to use our cars to take the necessary equipment and prizes to the party. Mrs. Owens acquired about 70 beautiful door prizes and since she could not get a cab to take the many packages, she called on her friends to deliver the bundles. Mrs. Schwiehs had 14 door prizes, among which was a floor lamp, and Mrs. Kiefer had all the material for decorating the tables, etc., as well as the cards. They had the same difficulties, but finally succeeded in getting a cab.

"Miss Mary Perkins, our president, graciously welcomed our guests and thanked them for coming in spite of the bad weather. As she put it, 'Our Lord probably wanted us to gain more merit, so He sent us the rain.'

"Mrs. Margaret Sullivan was a truly helpful co-

chairman, and proved herself of invaluable assistance to me, and a very gracious hostess.

"Mrs. Vogt, promoter of St. Gemma Galgani Band, was very helpful the night of the party in selling raffle cards on the floor. She also enlisted her two daughters to help and they, too, sold a number of cards. Our ever-faithful Mrs. Garrity was also a real salesman even though she was on the inside raffle committee.

"I must not forget to mention Mrs. Cleary. In spite of the fact that she was desperately ill this spring and summer—about 19 weeks in all, she insisted on helping us and turned in \$20.90 in ticket sales and obtain a \$10.00 donation besides donating a beautiful door prize. Friends like her are few and far between.

"Mrs. Gleason again was our very efficient ticket chairman, a difficult job she has taken for many years.

"Mr. Owens deserves credit, too. He took over my job as treasurer for the evening and kept such a perfect account that each group received proper credit for everything turned in. I forgot to mention, too, that in addition to the door prizes Mrs. Owens secured, she obtained \$76.50 in cash donations.

"Mrs. Kiefer, too, obtained \$20.00 in cash donations. I am sorry that we could not make this a larger party because those who worked certainly worked harder than usual I'm sure. At least from this account you can see that everyone did her best.

A check for \$700.00 will be mailed to you in a few days.

"The following is a list of the officers and chairmen of the party:

General Chairman—Mrs. H. F. Staley

Co-chairman—Mrs. Margaret Sullivan

Honorary Chairman—Mrs. C. R. Service

President—Miss Mary A. Perkins

Raffle Cards—Mrs. Fred Rupp

Assistant—Mrs. Martin Regan

Tickets—Mrs. J. F. Gleason

Door Prizes—Mrs. L. J. Owens and members of Christ the King Band

Inside Raffle—Mrs. J. Schwiehs

Assistants—Mrs. H. Garrity, Mrs. L. Lopez, Mrs. Costello, Miss White

Table Prizes—Miss Marie Knuth

Assistants—Miss Florence Kuenster, Miss Marie Welter, Miss Margaret Daniels

Catechists of Mary

Reception—Mrs. M. Brogie McDonald and members of St. Thomas Aquinas Band
 Publicity—Mrs. F. Kiefer.

“Please join me in giving thanks to Our Lady for Her help and Her care in giving us such loyal friends to help us. May She always keep them in Her Holy Heart.

Sincerely in Our Lady of Victory
 Mary R. Staley

★ ★ ★



MRS. ANNA MENG

Mrs. Anna Meng, promoter of St. Anthony's Band of Los Angeles, who has already celebrated her 75th birthday finds that age is no deterrent to her zeal for God's honor and glory. As she says, "We are happy in working for God's poor and I know we are gaining graces from Almighty God and our Blessed Mother.

Daily Mass is part of Mrs. Meng's day and she is also a member of the Nocturnal Adoration Society. Each month finds her making her hour of adoration to the Sacred Heart from twelve to one in the wee small hours of the morning.

OUR WISH FOR YOU

Again we come to the close of a year, and the beginning of a new one. May your new year be a happy, blessed one, filled with the peace and benediction that only the King of Peace can impart.

To each and every one of our Associates we wish to express our sincere and grateful thanks, our deep appreciation of all that you have done during the past year, and in the years gone by. May God reward you!

★ ★ ★

From Chicago:
 Dear Catechist,

Enclosed find Money Order of \$18.00. This I believe brings our Burse a little nearer the \$6,000 mark.

Recently our Club celebrated our 200th meeting, which I think is something of a record, don't you? To keep the same group of women together for that length of time is some feat, of which I am proud.

Sincerely yours,

Marie V. Dwyer, Promoter

We congratulate you, St. Sabina's Band. Yours is, indeed, a worth while record. Many thanks to each and everyone.

★ ★ ★

A.C.M. BAND DONATIONS October 30 to November 27

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	\$10.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	12.00
Ellen Lemm Band, Chicago, Mrs. Johanna Schwiehs	15.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Murphy	10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	15.00
Mary Queen of Our Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Wilma Wengritzky	10.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose Marie Heier	2.75
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	5.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	6.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Inez Homleck	15.00
Srillians of Our Lady of Sorrows, Cheviot, Ohio, Miss Marie Gadzinski	1.00
St. Ann's Band, Fort Wayne, Miss Anna Brink	3.25
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	7.00
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Alfred Beck	124.45
Sr. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	2.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Detroit, Miss Cleta Schneider	8.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	3.50
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	42.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	20.00
Sr. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
Sr. Mary Sodality, Detroit, Mrs. A. Pink	6.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	24.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Mrs. J. J. Huebl	11.72

CCD Jottings

by Catechist Mary Whitfield

OUR program of helping to organize and to supervise the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe has its hardships and its consolations.

IN MOST of the small missions, Mass is celebrated only once a month. Many of the children had never seen a Sister until we came to their isolated settlements, and they had never heard of such a thing as studying catechism after their First Communion Day.

A NINETY-MILE drive from Las Vegas brings us to Cimmarron which we call the patriotic mission because the church is white with a red roof and a blue tower. There are six confraternity lay-teachers in Cimmarron. Two of them are young married women with small babies. Nevertheless, they are regular and very zealous teachers. One said that she was offering the sacrifices entailed for peace and for her husband's safe return from the fields of battle. The other is offering her's in thanksgiving for her husband's deferment.

TWENTY-FOUR miles farther, through beautiful Cimmarron Canyon, and we arrive at Eagle's Nest, a village aptly named, for it nestles high up in the peaks of mountains, at an altitude of 8,400 feet. We spend a few days with our confraternity teachers in Eagle's Nest and then go on to Elizabeth Town. This had been



"... we are greeted by two small mounted riders."

a boom town in the time of the gold rush, but it is so no longer. It received its name from the first white child who lived there. Its church, St. Patrick's, was undoubtedly a credit to its patron in the early days.

THE people of Elizabeth Town have been notified of our scheduled visit, and so when we drive up to the church, we are greeted by two small mounted riders. These lads have been appointed to await our arrival and then to spread the news among the children and teachers. In a surprisingly short time, all are gathered at the church.

WE SPEND several days in instructing and encouraging the catechetical teachers and the pupils. Then we pack our car and return to our mission center at Las Vegas. Since these trips always take us away from our convent for two weeks, or more, at a time, we carry all necessary supplies with us—cots, bedding, dishes, groceries, one-burner oil stove for cooking, and various class materials.



The church in Cimmarron, N. M., is painted white with a red roof and a blue tower.

IN CALIFORNIA many of our families are migratory laborers, changing their residence and their work with the seasons. As a result there is a continual shifting in our class enrollment. New children drift in almost daily, while others drop out as their families move away.

OUR teaching center in a certain Mexican district, is the yard in front of a kind woman's home. It is a convenient site; most of the children who attend the public school nearby, must pass it on their way home. At dismissal time we stand beside the road to remind our pupils that this is catechism-class day, and to invite any new comers whom we may see.

LAST week, while a group of chattering youngsters thronged about me clamoring for attention, I noticed three boys walking rapidly down the road. Their faces were not familiar, so I called to them:

"Are you boys going to stay for catechism class?"

"Class? Now! No-op!" was the response.

"Gotta go home. Work to do," explained the youngest of the trio.

"But can't you stay just a few minutes and get acquainted? I'll excuse you early if you really must work."

"No. Gotta go right now. They won't know where we are."

"Well, hurry along then. If you can, come back at 3:15; the older boys will be here then and you can have an instruction with them."

"Yeh, I'll be seein' ya," the youngest, Philip, called out as they hurried away. The other two laughed derisively.

I CALLED my noisy pupils to order and we stood for the opening prayer, but my thoughts



Philip, with his treasured picture of El Santo Nino de Atocha, poses between his best pals.

El Santo Nino

Wins

by Catechist Helen Flaspohler

followed the three strange lads. Prayers ended, I faced the class, and to my utter astonishment, there on the last bench sat THE THREE!

THE lesson was on temptation, illustrated with Christ's own temptation in the desert, and ending with the sixth petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

AFTER class, as the other boys and girls dispersed quickly, one figure only remained. It was Philip. He came forward with this simple request: "Sister, teach me to pray."

WE SAT down together on a bench and I read the Our Father to him, explaining the petitions briefly and telling him about Our Lord's love. After a few moments Philip looked up and said, "I don't know Who He is in English but in Spanish we call Him 'El Santo Nino de Atocha'."

"Well, Philip, it really makes no difference—" I began.

"Pues, Sister," he interrupted, "I gotta Santo Nino de Atocha, and every night I kneel and pray to Him."

"And what do you pray?"

"I pray in Spanish."

PHILIP then proceeded to recite the Our Father, the Apostles Creed and the Confiteor in beautiful Spanish. He concluded with this bit of confidence:

"When I pass here and see Doctrina, I get a funny feelin' here (pointing to his heart). The boys laugh at me and coax me away, but I go right to my Santo Nino . . . and then, then I come here!"

"That's right, Philip," I exclaimed, overjoyed at his conquest of self, "you pray to your Santo Nino, and I'll pray too, and every Wednesday when the Santo Nino blesses this class at El Monte, how happy He will be if He sees you here, learning to pray and to know Him better and better."

A HAPPY sequel to this incident is: On each Wednesday afternoon, El Santo Nino brings Philip to religion class and Philip brings his two comrades.



RAMON MEETS THE CATECHISTS

It was a dismal, gloomy, rainy day, and we were standing outside the public school. It was time for the children to be dismissed and we were waiting for them.

We were just beginning our religion classes in this mission and we had not yet had time to take a complete census. The only way we could contact the children and get our classes started was to wait each week at the school gate and meet them as they left. As the majority of the children were Mexican we had little difficulty in singling out the Catholics and informing them about our classes.

A little boy came along. He was pale, listless and very thin. His large dark eyes seemed to be full of unshed tears as he stopped, looked at us and then went on. Soon he stopped again, looking back as though he wanted something. Going closer to him, I asked, "Little boy, what is your name?" "Ramon" came the answer, nothing more. "How old are you?" was my next question. He replied "Nine" which seemed hardly possible, for he was so small of stature. Again I tried, "Are you Catholic?" His eyes seemed to grow even larger, and with a puzzled expression, he exclaimed, "Catholic! What does that mean?"

We explained what it means to be a Catholic, but he shook his head and said, "I don't know. You will have to ask my mother." With that he walked away.

The children began filing out of school, and when the first girl reached us we questioned her about the forlorn-looking figure trudging down the hill. Ramon did have a last name we learned,

and we also secured his address.

The next day we visited Ramon's home and found that in addition to him there were several older children who also did not know what it meant to be "Catholic". One girl, thirteen years of age had not received her first Holy Communion, nor did she know any prayers. The parents did not attend Mass and they did not think it necessary for the children to attend either. Nor were they over-eager for them to attend our classes. Ramon, however, wanted to learn his prayers. He wanted to be a Catholic when he learned that he had been baptized. He wanted to know more about Jesus and to receive Him in Holy Communion. And so he came regularly to class and finally received his first Holy Communion.

Not long after this Ramon failed to appear at class. We were told by the children, "Oh, Catechist, Ramon had a bad earache and they took him to the hospital."

A mastoid operation was performed, and Ramon apparently was on the road to recovery. But one day he said to his Father, "Papa, I want my clothes. I want to go to confession and to receive Jesus." His father told him he would have to wait until he was well and at home again. Ramon, however, became very much disturbed. The nurse was called, and he repeated over and over, "I want my clothes. I want to go to confession." The nurse quieted him and told him that it would not be necessary for him to have his clothes. She would call the priest who would come to the hospital and hear his confession in bed. Then only was Ramon satisfied. Father came, heard his confession, and the following

Loyal Helpers

morning brought him Holy Communion. It was the second time Ramon received Holy Communion and the last time—for late that afternoon Ramon died.

Isn't this one more sample of how good the good Jesus is? He seemed to leave Ramon on earth just long enough to meet the Catechists, learn his prayers, receive his first Holy Communion and get ready for death.

There are many, many more children just like Ramon who do not know what it means to be "Catholic". You, as Loyal Helpers, can help these children by your sacrifices and by your prayers. The sacrifice of an extra Holy Mass or Holy Communion may win for some other Ramon the grace to die in God's love also. And the sacrifice of a few pennies occasionally will help the Catechists to meet these Ramons.



THE SUNSHINE SECRETARY wishes the Loyal Helpers a happy, blessed New Year. He also wishes to thank each and every helper for his generous help during the past year—and he hopes they will do even better in 1944.

RESOLVED—

That I will be a truly "LOYAL" Helper this year and do more to help the Catechist by:

Attending holy Mass daily for them when possible;

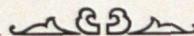
Receiving Holy Communion weekly, or oftener;

Reciting the Rosary daily;

Getting at least one more Loyal Helper interested;

Making my Sunshine collection bigger and better.

Place this resolution in your prayer book or some place where it will be a daily reminder for you.



LULU'S DISCOVERY

Lulu, our faithful little Negro friend never missed an opportunity to call on us. One evening she was entertaining us with accounts of her little brother Charles' antics. Into the room came one of the Catechists—one she hadn't seen before. Lulu looked up, her eyes grew as large as saucers, and in one breath she exclaimed, "Oh Catechist, you looks just like a apple." Catechist had been working, and her cheeks, round and full, were rosy with color. At Lulu's exclamation we all laughed, and when Catechist, who was the center of attention realized that Lulu meant her, she laughed heartily. As she did so, her cheeks became even rosier, and from Lulu, who seemed fascinated, came the second exclamation, "Oh gee, Catechist, now you looks like two apples."



DIXIES

by Paul Twitchell

UP the river, in the early days, on the steamboats came the ten dollar notes. All steamboat men when in New Orleans did their banking at the Banque des Citoyens. They were printed, these ten dollar notes, in English on one side and in French on the other for the convenience of both the Creoles and Anglo-Saxons. In large letters on the back of each note was engraved the word, "dix" the French word for ten. You could see the dix before you saw the note.

"A DIX note is always good," said the old-timers. Unlettered as they were they pronounced the word as it was spelled. The town where the "dixies" came from they called "dixie land."

AS time went on and the sectional homogeneity of the southern people became more manifest, what with the darkening of the war clouds "Dixie Land" became gradually to be applied to the whole section in which the dixies had the largest circulation. From there on, a step only was needed to extend the borders until "Dixie Land" embraced all the United States territory south of the Mason-Dixon line.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT, an Ohioan by birth, a traveling minstrel and showman, made the song, "Dixie, the Land of Cotton," famous. It was said that in his travels under a tent in the North in winter he longed for the warm southern climate of Dixie land and expressed it in his song. He set it to a rollicking tune in Bryant's minstrel house in New York. Instantly it made a hit, and when Emmett took it South in '59, the southerners seized upon it as their own property. It became the symbol of their grey armies a few years later.

SEMONOLE, one of the out-missions where we visit and teach, is eighty miles from our convent in Lubbock, Texas. There is no Catholic church in Semonole, and so the people have obtained permission to have Mass offered in the county court house. The attorney's desk which stands below the judges platform is used as an altar. Instead of statues of saints and angels looking down upon the congregation as they do in most churches, here are pictures of long-bearded judges.

Catechist M. Gertrude Salitrik



Books

FROM A MORNING PRAYER by John Mathias Haffert, Scapular Press, New York 16, N.Y. \$2.00.

GOD'S GUESTS OF TOMORROW by L. M. Dooley, S.V.D., Scapular Press, New York, N. Y. \$1.75.

CHATS WITH PROSPECTIVE CONVERTS by Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C. Address Fathers Rumble & Carty, St. Paul 1, Minn. \$1.00 per copy, 30% discount for orders of ten or more copies.



Our Lord once said, "The poor you have always with you." This is only too true. Are you doing anything in Christ's Name for the poor this winter?

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Margaret Hynes, Mother of Catechist Bridget Hynes, Ballytigue, Ruan, Co. Clare, Ireland.

Rev. Victor A. Sullivan, San Antonio, Texas

Frank A. Hammer, Dayton, Ohio

Mary Edith McCall, Chicago, Ill.

Margaret Kenny, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Isobel O'Brien, Hastings, Minn.

James A. Brennan

Phillip Gibbons

Patrick J. Morrissey.

George J. Ernest.

Addresses of our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the Catechists in the mission centers. Address THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

1. Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldono Avenue, Azusa, California.
2. Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.
3. Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.
4. Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles 23, California.
5. Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.
6. Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.
7. Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.
8. Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.
9. St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.
10. Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.
11. St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.
12. Mount Carmel Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
13. Sacred Heart Mission, 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
14. St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Indiana.
15. Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third Street, Goshen, Indiana.
16. All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.
17. St. Anne Mission, 1009 Dayton Street, South Bend, 14 Indiana.
18. Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.
19. Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.
20. St. John Bosco Mission, 903 Atkinson, Detroit 2, Michigan.
21. Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Box 671, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
22. St. Coletta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico.
23. Blessed De Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
24. Our Lady of Victory Mission, 435 Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
25. Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.
26. Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.
27. Our Lady of the Snows Mission, 338½ Melarkey Street, Winnemucca, Nevada.
28. Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.
29. Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.
30. Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.
31. Mary, Queen of Peace, Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

From these thirty-one mission centers, the Missionary Catechists reach approximately 400 out-missions. Over 28,000 public school children have enrolled in the Catechists' catechism classes this year.



Future leaders of nations, sturdy and intelligent young Americans such as these, are growing up in rural sections of our great country without the advantages of a Catholic school education. Your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST will help the Catechists preserve them to the Church and mold them into staunch Catholics.

* * * * *

Begin the NEW YEAR with a renewal of your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. This act of courtesy on your part will mean a saving in time and money for us.

We thank you!

Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechists,

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