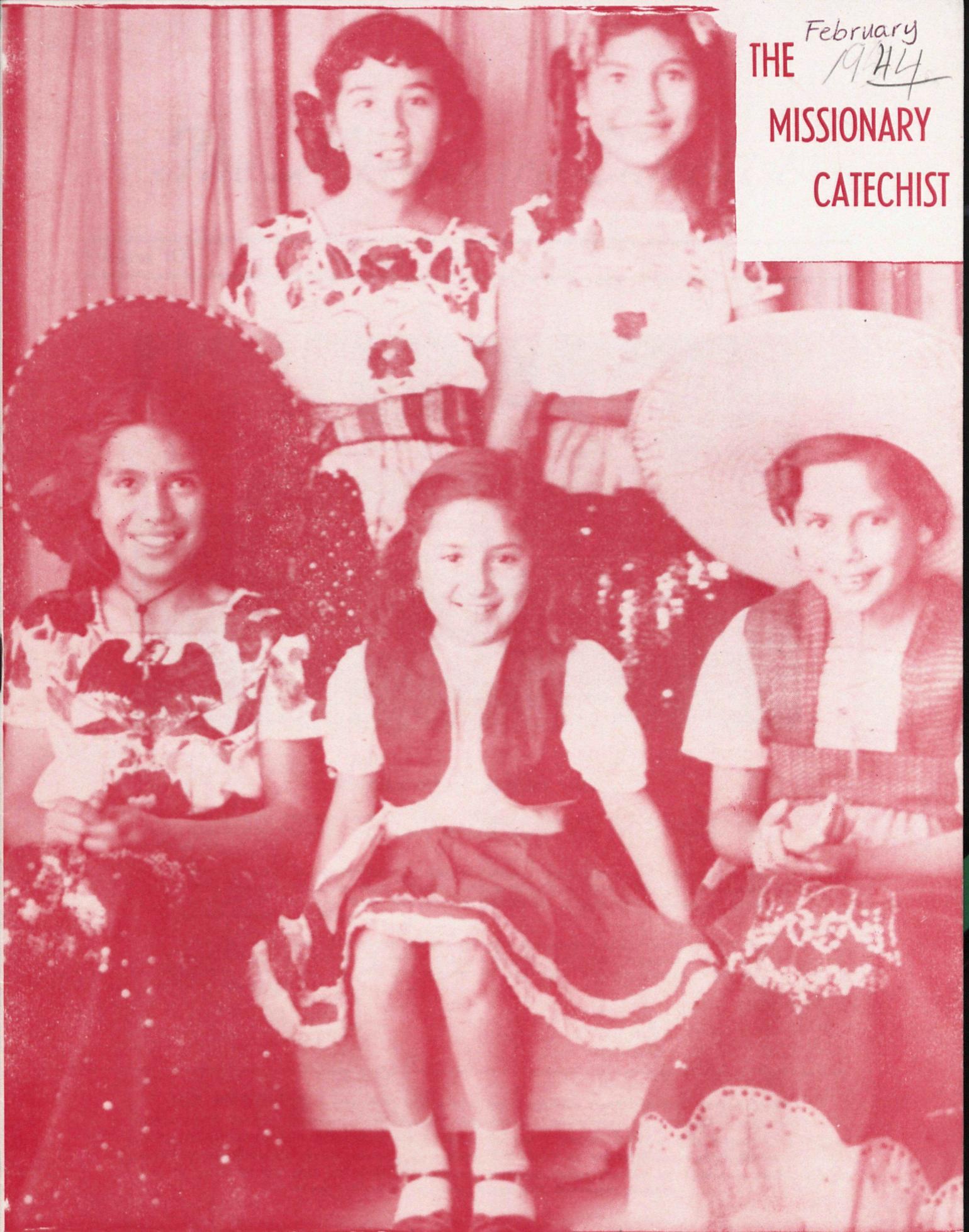


February
THE 1944
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



2/44

Fiesta for Little Ones

by Catechist M. Alice James

EARLY missionaries to Mexico found almost as many dialects spoken as there were isolated villages scattered over that expansive and mountainous land.

HARASSED as they were by lack of time and opportunity to study these various dialects, the missionaries resorted to the drama as a partial solution to their problem of imparting religious instruction. Doctrine was taught by means of religious plays, and religious truths were imprinted and emphasized in the minds of the people by their own participation in the performances.

TO THIS day many incidents from Our Lord's Infancy and Youth are re-enacted by Mexican children in their churches and homes during the Christmas season. Thus Jesus becomes a living, loving Personality to them. Now dark eyes are dancing in anticipation of the second of February. Each little one waits eagerly to go to the church on that day for "Levantar al Nino Dios (The Raising of the Infant God)."

SURROUNDED by children who carry lights and flowers and sing the beautiful feast-day hymns, the reclining Infant is taken from the Manger, clothed in richly embroidered garments and placed in a sitting position for the veneration which follows. After this the Crib is put away for another year, and the childrens' last impressions of Christmas are of the smiling Infant seated on His Mother's knees—the Nino Dios Who came down from Heaven to be their Hermanito, their little Brother.



OUR COVER

These little Mexican girls of San Bernardino, California, are all dressed up in native costumes, ready to dance at a parish Jamaica. They are faithful pupils in the Catechists' religion classes.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XX

February, 1944

Number 3



POSTULANTS AT VICTORY-NOLL

Front row: Frances Bartsch, Subiaco, Kan.; Barbara Desch, Topeka, Kan.; Jane Unclebach, New Albany, Ind.; Malita Schmitz, Seneca, Kan.; Emilie Voisinet, Chicago, Ill.

Second row: Margaret Kornek, Delano, Minn.; Ruth Kramer, Coldwater, Ohio; Florence Boerner, Chicago; Mary Dooley, Salamanca, New York; Martha Augenstein, Parkersburg, W. Virginia; Mary Murphy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Claire Miller, Bancraft, Iowa; Elizabeth Corcoran, Chicago.

Peeping out from behind the second row are Catechist Cecilia Schmitt, Mistress of Postulants, and Catherine Lannen of Long Beach, California. Marcella Poydock of Salamanca, New York, the fifteenth member of the class, was not present when this picture was taken.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is a monthly magazine published with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50, Canada and Foreign. Enter as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Our Blessed Lady of Victory Press, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Press Month

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

"It is the sacred duty of every Catholic to support the Catholic press."—Pope Pius XI.

ONCE a year on a Sunday close to the feast of St. Francis de Sales (January 29th), whom Pope Pius XI designated the heavenly patron of the Catholic Press, the priest is expected to preach a sermon on the need of Catholic literature in the home, and more especially is the duty incumbent on every family to subscribe to and read an instructive Catholic paper. Every good Catholic parent seems to recognize this need, but the indifferent Catholic parent does not; yet surely the indifferent need the Catholic paper far more than does the fervent.

EVERY reason you might allege for reading secular papers or magazines has far greater force when applied to the religious press. To justify your daily reading of the secular paper you allege (1) I must know what is going on in the world; (2) I must continue my school education by reading; (3) I must be able to discuss problems of the day. Now let us apply these same principles to the world of religion and morals.

YOU say you read the secular press because you must know what is going on in the world. But the secular press tells you what is going on only in the way of crimes and politics. It does not bring to you even a good thought, much less stimulate you to good action. Nor does the secular press carry a report of the good deeds performed by individuals and by groups the day before. It speaks to you about broken homes, but not about the happiness which is in many other homes. It carries to you many stories about irreligion, but little about religion. It carries many a misrepresentation of religious teaching, but no refutation thereof. The secular press has never told the full truth about the persecution of the Church in Mexico; it has repeatedly misrepresented the situation in Spain and in Italy.

BUT if the secular press truly reported what was going on in the secular world, why would there not be an equally valid reason for you to read the Catholic paper in order to know what is going on in the Catholic world? The Catholic world is a very wide world. It comprises most of the population of Europe, of South America, and its membership is larger even in Asia and Africa than that of any other

religious organization. The record of important Catholic happenings, with which you should be acquainted, would fill as many pages once a week as are devoted to the secular news in the average city daily. The word catholic, as you know, means universal; to be a Catholic, therefore, means to belong to a world religion. No Catholic should be satisfied to have acquaintance only with the religious happenings nearby.

HE WHO says that he must continue his school education by further reading utters a truth, for school education does nothing more than lay a foundation on which one must continue to build, and few there are who do not continue to do considerable reading after leaving school. It is the very demand of people for further secular literature which has led to the publication of thousands of monthly and weekly magazines, of books and pamphlets of all kinds.

BUT ON the same theory should not every Catholic try to continue his religious education by further reading? The full import of most of the truth taught in the little catechism to the child is not grasped until its mind is more mature. That is why numerous books and

Are the magazines and papers which come to your home the kind your children can look at without danger to their souls?



pamphlets are published which are devoted to Catholic teaching and practices, to Catholic social and ethical problems. That is why *Our Sunday Visitor*, full of instruction and intended to serve as a supplementary textbook, is offered to you week after week.

EVERY Catholic is expected to be a soldier of Christ, and, therefore, a Catholic of action. One cannot consistently be an expounder or defender of the faith without studying his religion more thoroughly than he learned it in school, without keeping in touch with interpretations of Catholic principles to meet the social trends of the times.

IT IS true that you should be familiar with the material problems of the day, and would that you could be familiar with their solution! But the minds of those who have always been regarded as experts in finance, in industry, in business, in economics, and in government, are so much at variance today that even those who

are intensely interested in learning how to speak on these problems, are woefully confused.

AGAIN, if you long to be able to discuss the secular problems of the day, should you not be at least equally desirous of being able to discuss the religious problems of the day? No one but the Catholic can properly discuss religious problems, because he is the only one who is not confused. There is just as much chaos in the religious world as in the economic world. Everyone proposes to have opinions about religion, but each is in conflict with the other. It should be clear to all that an authority is needed for the determination of what is in accordance with the mind of God, yet no Church but the Catholic pretends to speak with authority, pretends to have the guidance and protection of the Holy Spirit.

NO PARENT is justified in offering the "I cannot afford it" excuse for not taking the Catholic paper. He pays three times as much for the secular Sunday paper.

Mission Intention for February

by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell

"CONVERSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA"

IN REVIEWING some old files a travel booklet was unearthed announcing an "Around Africa Cruise" of the SS Columbus scheduled to sail from New York at noon on February 4, 1939. The mere reading of that brochure carried one into the past where already the tread of marching feet had sounded the death knell of the much heralded appeasement policies. However, some of the ports of call mentioned in the booklet—Capetown, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, Pretoria, Natal—focus attention upon that section of South Africa for which the prayers of the faithful are requested during February.

LAND OF CONTRAST

SOUTH AFRICA is a fabulous land. Within the depths of "the great hole" lies wealth beyond the wildest visioning of a Croesus. In this district may be found Groote Schuur, the magnificent memorial to Rhodes, who not only dreamed but wrested an empire for the British Crown. Here may be found beautiful Capetown, rivalling Rio for situation, the Needles of Cape Agulhas, the multiple ostrich farms of Oudtshoorn, Kimberley's diamond acres, the befeathered Zulu Riksha runners, the high veld and the

extensive Boer holdings. These are the material beauties of South Africa which would have delighted the eyes of the SS Columbus voyagers back in that distant 1939.

BUT there is another side to the picture of South African life which concerns the Holy See and all those interested in the mission apostolate of the Church. Higher salaries in the mines constitute a magnet which draws the simple native from his simple rural mode of life and plunges him into the maelstrom of urban existence. Fanatic Calvinism of wealthy Europeans would continue to make impregnable the wall it has erected against Catholicism. Finally the greed of the white man having despoiled the native of his fertile homeland relentlessly forced his evacuation into the hilly and rock-bound districts to the north.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE

WHEN the Dutch entered their great exploratory period their voyages took them round the Cape of Good Hope, and in 1652 they settled in South Africa. This explains to some extent

(Continued on page 9)

TREES

by Catechist Elizabeth Clifford

"Praise the Lord from the earth . . . all ye fruit trees and cedars."—Psalm 148.

QUITE naturally do the words of the Psalmist come to our lips as we admire the great variety of trees that grow on our hill overlooking Redlands Valley—the hill on which stands our convent home: Queen of the Missions.

THE original owner, the man who at the turn of the century built the home that is today our convent, wished to have on the grounds every variety of tree that it was possible to grow in California. Since there was no such hindrance to carrying out his wishes as lack of money, thousands of dollars were invested in trees and shrubs alone. As a result, there are not only the usual varieties of eucalyptus, palm, cedar, and fruit trees, but many rare species as well. Many of these we have succeeded in identifying, but there are still others whose genus is a mystery. We shall leave the most mysterious ones to the experts, then, and tell you of the ones we know about.

FIRST of all there are the orange trees, many of them, bearing both naval oranges and Valencias. Redlands is the largest orange producing center in the world. Other citrus fruits are lemons and grapefruit, but our grapefruit is not so large as that grown a short distance south of us in the Coachella Valley. There are the more common fruit trees—apple, peach, and apricot; and the not-so-common loquat and kumquat trees. We have a number of olive trees and two varieties of avocados.

OF the evergreens there are several unusually fine species. Two hemlocks have attained a height of seventy feet. There is a juniper glauca, a tree that bears a small blue berry; and an Austrian pine. The latter is a robust, hardy, spreading tree with stout, blunt branches and a rich, glossy, dark-green foliage. It is a variety of the Corsican pine which is a native of southern Europe and which was adopted in 1788 for masts for the French navy. But of all our pine trees the noblest undoubtedly is a giant arbovitae. This tree has been known to reach a height of two hundred feet and a diameter of fifteen or sixteen feet. Ours has already attained a great height, and has an exquisite shape. It is surely one of the most handsome native trees.

THE California fan palm, which is named in honor of George Washington (*Washingtonia*

filifera), is the stateliest of all our palms. It grows in southern California and along the margins of the Colorado desert. It may reach a height of seventy-five feet and a diameter of three feet. These are the tallest palms on our grounds.

FORMING two graceful rows along the steps leading from the house to the street are the Canary Island date palms, a palm introduced into California from the Canary Islands. Its technical name *Phoenix Canariensis* suggests its Greek origin, for this palm was first seen in Phoenicia. Along the front steps too is the Guadalupe palm, found only in its wild state on Guadalupe Island off the coast of Lower California. Under cultivation it is one of the most handsome of fan-leaved palms. This palm reaches a height of about thirty feet. Ours are not yet that tall. Formerly placed on the same genus with the Guadalupe Island species is the Blye palm. It has a silvery blue leaf armed with curving spines. It is very showy but has a slow growth and is difficult to transplant. We have a number of these palms by the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes and in several other places throughout the grounds.

OUR windmill palm is now about thirty feet high. This is an Asiatic fan palm which is characterized by the dense, black, hairy covering of its slender trunk. Its handsome crown of deeply cut fan-shaped leaves gives it somewhat the appearance of a windmill. This tree can endure more cold than any other palm and is easily transplanted. One of our rarest palm trees is the wine palm (*Jubaea spectabilis*). It is a native of Chile, but takes its generic name from Juba, King of Numidia. A large trunk of this palm yields about ninety gallons of sugary sap. This the Chileans boil to make palm honey of which they are very fond. It bears what looks like small cocoanuts, called by trade "monkey cocoanuts." When the tree is old, as ours is, it forms a very thick gray trunk. Our tree is almost fifty feet high. One of the hardiest palms, it is extremely rare in California.

OUR camphor tree is a native of the Orient. The camphor of commerce is extracted from the wood, bark, and leaves. If you crush the leaves in your hand, there is a distinct odor of camphor.

OF the magnolias we have two varieties, the bull magnolia and the Japanese magnolia. The laurel-leaved Japanese magnolia has large, feathery, glossy green leaves which form a heavy mantle throughout the year. The great attraction of the tree is its lemon-scented, waxy, white flowers which are six to ten inches broad. In the spring the magnolia tree presents a striking picture with its many hundred of these white flowers. Just before the bud ma-



Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes built by the Catechists on the grounds of "Queen of the Missions," convent home near Redlands, California.

tures to a perfect flower, it has a beautiful oval figure resembling a half-opened rosebud. In a few hours the large petals unfold into a flower in the center of which is a small cone of delicate green snade. No bloom of any other tree is so large and fragrant yet so exquisite. After the flowers are gone a cone develops with seeds the size and shape of beans. From these seeds a perfume is made which has the same sweet delicate scent as the flower.

ONE of our oddest trees is the Australian monkey tree (*Araucaria imbricata*), also called monkey puzzle tree because it has such twisted branches that it would puzzle a monkey to climb! When the tree is quite old it bears cones which are about eight inches broad and seven inches long. Our tree bears thirty or more in the early fall. It is extensively grown in the open in England and Ireland and is probably the hardiest of the *Araucarias* grown in this state. The tree receives the name *Araucaria* from the name of the district in the south of Chile where it was first discovered. Altogether there are about a dozen species. We have two kinds here.

THERE are several species of trees that elude identification, but surely it is not necessary to know their popular or generic name to admire in them Our Heavenly Father's handiwork and to agree with the soldier poet, Joyce Kilmer, that "Only God can make a tree."

Sodality Exhibit

by Catechist M. Elizabeth Kiefer

IT pays to advertise, or so the saying runs. The American public is sign conscious whether it realizes it or not. Hundreds of people capitalize on this fact daily. Wide-awake Catholics also use every available means to spread that which is the most deserving of being spread — information about the Church. Books, periodicals, newspapers, all do their part in this grand work. And the month of February has been chosen as the time for a big drive, a concentrated effort,

OUR Young Ladies' Sodality of Ida, Michigan, wanted to do their bit, and so, last year, we planned a one-day press exhibit for the parish. FIRST we contacted publishing companies and asked for free advertising material. They were more than ready to help, and glad to comply with our requests.

OURS is a rural district and so farm journals were given a prominent place in our exhibit. Women's magazines were also featured. Since most of our patrons were of moderate means, we chose periodicals whose subscription prices were average.

OUR allotted space was two large rooms, and we made use of every inch of it. The walls were covered with posters. Each magazine or publishing company had its respective place. Free literature was distributed by the Sodalists, who were prepared, also, to answer questions about the publications displayed.

SEVERAL weeks before "Press Day", high posters explaining the WHY of Press Exhibits were placed in the church vestibule.

EXHIBITS of any kind are much more interesting when they afford personal contact with those sponsoring the display. To assure this, Sodalists stationed themselves at convenient places, ready to explain, to answer questions, and in general, to stimulate response on the part of those attending. Many of the patrons had never seen a display such as this before. Nearly all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and expressed the wish that we repeat the performance next year.

THE question has been asked, what is accomplished by a Press Exhibit? If even one visitor leaves the exhibit hall with a better understanding of the great part that the Catholic Press can and does play in combating ignorance all over the world, the enterprise has accomplished a great deal. Or if one more copy of some worthwhile magazine finds its way into a home as a result of an exhibit we should feel justified in saying "Let's have bigger and better Press

Exhibits, and many more of them." A Press Exhibit is a great deal of work, of course, but an excellent project for some wide-awake parish organization.



IN ALL our missions the Catechists distribute Catholic papers, magazines, pamphlets, and instructive circulars to the families that they visit daily. They also try to promote wholesome reading habits among the children and young people in their classes and in the various parish organizations.



Catechist Florence Leuchtefeld and Sodalists at their 1943 Press Exhibit.—Goshen, Ind.



Junior Sodalists of Colton, California, consider their diocesan paper, THE SOUTHERN CROSS, a best seller. Here are a few of them engrossed in its contents.

Soliloquy

by Catechist M. Catherine Murray

THE great American desert! Remember how you traced it in your geography book and wondered what a desert was? You could just see the Indians on their wild horses roaming the country in search of game. You thrilled at the prospect of getting a winter's supply of meat with only a bow and arrow. You pictured Red Men hiding in the sagebrush, ready to scalp any intruder who sought to deprive them of their simple mode of life, and your heart went out to them. You thought it would be wonderful to live in the great open desert; that life there must be adventurous.

WHEN you passed on from geography to higher studies, you forgot all about the West. Then you became a missionary. Strange, wasn't it, that your first appointment should be to a little town in the midst of the desert.

SITTING here by the train window, hour by hour, you have been searching for some sign of life. Not one coyote, not even a rabbit can be discerned in that sage. You look in vain for the old Indian trails. There is, instead, a wide silver strip of highway winding up the side of the mountain, as far as the eye can see, and beyond. Something is coming down that road, something with color and speed, but it is only an automobile. You think of the first people who came down that way along the old trail, slowly and cautiously, in a covered wagon. They must have been men of courage. They must have known the tortures of thirst, the pangs of hunger. Above all they must have believed in God—you reason—or how could they have started out on such a dangerous trip, with so much uncertainty about the future, unless their trust was firmly fixed in God?

AS the train speeds on, a narrow river comes into view. You realize with a start that you haven't seen water all day. What a treasure it is, especially here in the desert where its presence means life, and the absence of it, death. You wonder how many people ever thank God for water.

A TREE! Your heart fills with gratitude. In all the desert nothing is so beautiful, so inviting, so restful, as a tree. It means life; it means a welcome, it means a haven for men and

for cattle; it means that someone has passed this way before.

THERE are graves out there in the desert, graves of men who tried to bring souls to Christ long before you were born. Wasn't it over 150 years ago that those brave Franciscans, Father Dominguez and Father Escalante, crossed the desert looking for Monterey? Imagine, ever since the time of George Washington, our Church has been caring for the few souls scattered over this vast territory. Who but God knows the hardships, the weariness, the indifference that these saintly missionaries met and overcame! They knew the burning heat of the desert summer sun and the bitter winds of the long winters, as day after day, they rode in their saddles to reach a few isolated souls. Oh, the loneliness of their lives! The lack of every human comfort and consolation! Surely Faith planted with such sacrifice must bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

TO think that you have been chosen by God to follow in the footsteps of such tireless, zealous Priests. Wouldn't they be surprised to look down on this desert today and see Sisters living here? Sisters teaching the children, driving automobiles, visiting families to share their joys and sorrows. Won't there be a grand round-up in Heaven some day when we all meet—Priests, Sisters, and the souls that our joint prayers and sacrifices have saved for Christ!

Mission Intention for February

(Continued from page 5)

the strongly entrenched position Calvinism enjoys even now after almost three long centuries. The Hollanders were followed by the British in the colonization of this territory and it was not until 1837 that missionaries came into the district to care for the Catholic members of the European settlement. Within a few years this ecclesiastical division was subdivided into two parts.

DURING the past 100 years the work of converting the people has gone forward slowly but steadily. The number of European Catholics has increased, conversions have been numerous among the native populations, particularly among the Basutos who have given a number of native sons to the priesthood, but the antagonism of the Calvinists continues to prove a real stumbling block. In the name of the white-robed Vicar of Christ The Society for the Propagation of the Faith requests the prayers of American Catholics during February for "Conversions in South Africa."



Father Paul Halley, O.M.I., pastor, Catechist Mary Whitfield and Catechist Agnes Ganse with the zealous Confraternity teachers of Dawson, New Mexico.

In The Home Field

Prize CCD Group

ONE of our prize CCD centers is at Dawson, New Mexico, which is a coal-mining town, the home of Dawson Coal. Our group there might be called a league of nations; so many nationalities are represented.

Father Halley, O.M.I., zealous pastor at Dawson, is responsible for the remarkable success of the Confraternity in his parish.

MARY'S CONVERT

WHILE visiting in a county sanitarium a colored woman noticed me giving a rosary to another patient who had asked for it the previous week. Naturally, she wanted one also. I smiled and remarked, "But you wouldn't know what to do with a rosary."

"I want it for around my neck," she told me. I took this opportunity to explain the rosary and I agreed to give her one if she would promise to pray it. She became very much interested but bewailed the fact that she could not memorize prayers. "I'll help you," I consoled, "and until you learn them just say at every bead, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me.'" With this I left her.

The following week I took a supply of simple Catholic books for my new colored friend. Before I could greet her she cried, "I said the prayer you taught me over and over." Looking at her happy, sincere face I felt certain that here was another soul whom our blessed Mother had singled out for her own.

Catechist Anna Gutierrez

In November we spent two weeks in the mining town, teaching the children and the Confraternity teachers every day. After we left, the teachers continued daily instructions under the supervision of Father Halley who himself teaches a class of older boys and girls.

This group of Confraternity teachers at Dawson must be very pleasing to our dear Lord. It is composed of busy high school girls who really must sacrifice generously and perseveringly to be at the church every day after school hours to teach catechism.

Catechist Mary Whitfield

Little Mejicano: Catechist, be there catechism class this afternoon?

Catechist: Yes, and you had better hurry. Class starts at two-thirty and it's twenty-five after now.

Little Mejicano: That means, by time I be ready, I be in time to miss class.

AN EVERYDAY SAINT

YESTERDAY we visited a poor old man who had been operated on in September and has not succeeded in regaining his strength. He had never married and so is very much alone now. His home is a one-room shed. In places the boards do not meet and the sky is visible through the roof, although the walls are covered with heavy cardboard which he has tacked on. One day there was a heavy snowfall—heavy for El Paso—and later he told us laughingly that he had played with the snow which fell on his cot.

THE furnishings of his one room are a cot, a tiny table and a two-burner kerosene cooking stove. One burner is missing and we remarked about this. He said: "Oh, a neighbor needed a burner. She has a big family, and I'm all by myself. She needs it more than I do, so I gave it to her. One burner is enough for me."

NOW that he is in bed, this good man says a rosary in the morning and another in the afternoon in honor of the "Holy Virgin." He had been enrolled in the Sacred Heart League in

childhood, and tears filled his eyes as he recalled this and spoke with gratitude about Father's bringing Holy Communion to him in his poor little home on the First Friday. Members of the League stop to visit with him occasionally and leave him a small offering. Two neighbors provide his meals. He receives all this charity with princely graciousness, and he confided to us that he prays Our Lord, Who suffered so much for him, to give him patience to suffer with joy these little humiliations and the pains God is now sending him.

Catechist M. Lembeck

A LITTLE six-year-old returned from her first religious instruction. In response to her mother's eager questions regarding how she liked the class and what she thought of her Catechist-teacher, the little one remarked: "My Catechist must think an awful lot of God because that's all she talked about!"

Catechist Clara Leutenegger

WHEN asked what he was going to give to God as a Valentine, Rossie spoke up: "I'm going to pray and pray and PRAY." Another boy stated that he would not fight with snowballs that whole day. One child said, "I'm going to do everything my mother tells me to do."

Catechist M. Chettle



Catechist Elizabeth Hann and Catechist Rosella Lengerich with a class from one of the Mexican settlements near our mission center at Tulare, California.

Associate Catechists



A Lent spent profitably will merit Heavenly returns, and a feeling of joy that you have striven to be like Him, Who has suffered so much.

A Peek into the A.C.M. Mail Bag:

St. Luke's Band, Chicago, organized by Mrs. Wm. Maxwell, has worked faithfully many years toward the completion of their Burse. Mrs. Katherine Vaughn writes: "Enclosed find a money order in the amount of \$75.00. This contribution represents the proceeds of parties held by St. Luke's Band. Any prayers you Catechists will say for our boys in the Armed Forces will indeed be appreciated by our members."

Thank you, St. Luke's. You may count on our prayers.

St. Mary's Band, Fort Wayne, Indiana, has long been one of our faithful clubs. Mrs. Theresa Ankenbruck, when sending their generous check said, "Enclosed you will find a \$100 check from St. Mary's for Victory Noll. It isn't so much, but every little helps."

Our thanks to you, loyal St. Mary's! A hundred dollars means much to us. May you continue your wonderful work!

We again hear from St. Mel's, Chicago. Miss Margaret Murphy sends us a money order for \$11.62, and tell us: "We had our meeting and elected new officers. Mrs. Lopez has been president and I have been secretary and treasurer since our little band started, almost four years, so we decided to let someone else have it for awhile. Mrs. Orva Egan will be our new president, and Miss Mollie Ahern, our secretary and treasurer."

Heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Lopez and Miss Murphy—and congratulations to the new officers.

From St. Louis two of our bands report: Mrs. Katherine Krueger, promoter of the Florentine Mission Society and of Our Mother of Perpetual Help gives us this beautiful thought about their work. "I am so grateful that so far even with transportation difficulties, etc., our bands are continuing as before the war. It is good to have a few things unchanged in these turbulent days. I am enclosing a check for \$14.00."

Ellen Lemm Band, Chicago, reports on their activities with a check for \$15.00. Despite the fact that they are meeting with the prevailing handicaps, Miss Kappes informs us they did manage to have a meeting and collect the above amount. As she says, "Everybody is so busy with war work, etc., we have not had regular meetings."

We realize that extra sacrifice is entailed in the continuance of missionary activities, but God will not fail to reward that which is done for His honor and glory.



Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wisconsin, with their "Catechist," Catechist Weyenberg.

of Mary



Quietly and unostentatiously our St. Jude's Band of West Allis, Wisconsin, continue to carry on their work for the missions. Evidence of this continued interest is the generous check of \$30.00 recently forwarded to us by the promoter, Mrs. E. J. Polakowski.

May God reward you!

From the Charitina Club, No. 2, Paris, Illinois, comes a note with good news. Miss Mary Gibbons, the promoter, sends a check for \$15.00 with the information that \$10.00 was given as an act of thanksgiving for favors received. This is our first response to the "thank you" box idea. We hope there will be many more "thanks" to our dear Lord given in this way.

Our Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, of which Mrs. H. F. Staley is the promoter, is another one of our bands which has been able to continue its missionary work for God and for souls despite the many pressing demands upon the time of its members. From Mrs. Ryan, the secretary, came the contributions of \$40.00 and \$6.00 with the good wish that it may help to carry on our work.

St. Irene's Band, Chicago is one of the "ever-faithful." Regularly each month as we turn our calendar over their contribution arrives at the office. As the promoter, Miss May Walsh, says, "We had a meeting last Wednesday and although our number is small, we have a wonderful time when we meet. Here is our contribution of the last month—\$5.00."

Our Blessed Mother's Band of Omaha, Nebraska, (Mrs. Esther Russell, promoter) under the beautiful title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, inform us that they are continuing their

activities and they send us their contribution of \$6.25.

May our Blessed Mother continue to bless your endeavors.

A.C.M. BAND DONATIONS

November 29 to December 28

Adrian Club, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	\$50.00
Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	20.00
Associate Catechists of Mary, Chicago Area	700.00
Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Hannah Pindell	86.00
Charitina Club I, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	11.00
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	15.00
Child Jesus Club, St. Louis, Miss Adelaide Fitzpatrick	4.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	14.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Murphy	10.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary Nye	40.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Perkins	10.00
Little Flower Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	94.00
Little Flower Band I, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch	100.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Pittsburgh, Miss C. Lippert	10.00
Mother and Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus	18.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	5.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, Miss Catherine Binz	160.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help I, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Ahner	10.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret Sauthier	45.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	45.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wisc., Miss Helen Rose Arens	58.00
Our Lady of the Snows Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Kathryn Hall	6.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.	13.50
Sacred Heart Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Gallagher	20.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Inez Homleck	25.00
Twelve Apostles Club, Chicago, Mr. H. Dressel	50.00
St. Agnes Band, Martinsburg, W. Va., Miss Gertrude Atkinson	5.00
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	7.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	2.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Clea Schneider	16.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Lucille Dea	50.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Margaret Karas	12.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	4.50
St. Irene Auxiliary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Madeline Sebraska	25.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna Krossman	50.00
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala	30.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebraska, Mrs. F. Shields	5.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. Hansen	44.00
St. Mary Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Theresa Ankenbruck	100.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. O. Egan	16.50
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	10.50
St. Matris Band, Chicago, Mrs. Regina Belz	5.00

"Where Two or Three Are Gathered"

by Catechist M. Florentine Lohr

THE close of another day! Our automobile turned slowly into Opal Street and climbed the last rise of ground leading up to the white picket gate at our convent home. The evening rays of a California sun flamed brightly around the white tower of the small church near-by, framing the cross that surmounted it in an aureole of rose and gold. As our eyes beheld this glorious symbol of man's Redemption, it seemed to sway under the weight of a bruised and bleeding Figure whose eyes gazed pleadingly, reproachfully out over a wretched, sinful world.

MISSIONARIES have very human hearts, and the joy of our day's work had been dimmed by a final, seemingly fruitless visit. Multiplied calls had failed to move a spiritually blind mother and father, who because of their wilful negligence and indifference, were depriving eight precious souls of religious privileges. Now there was danger that these souls would be lost, perhaps forever, to the Church. Of all the so-called hardships of missionary life, none can be quite so cruel as that of witnessing the wanton destruction or deprivation of the knowledge and the love of God in the hearts of His little ones.

WHILE some of the Catechists went into the convent kitchen to prepare the evening meal, the rest of us found opportunity to slip across the street to spend a few moments with Our Divine Lord in His Eucharistic Home, that haven to which we all turn to share with an infinitely understanding Heart the ups and downs of daily living.

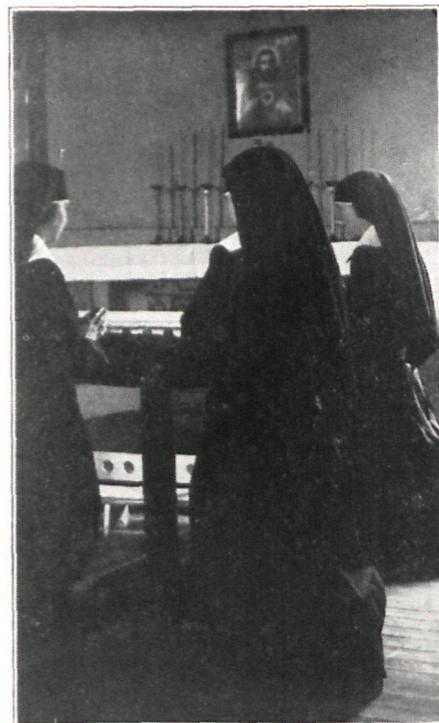
WE knelt, and to the waiting Silence my heart cried out, "How long, O Crucified Savior, must You endure the insults and open defiance that is heaped upon Your wounded Head? How long, O Infinite Majesty, can You still withhold Your Hand of Justice and Retribution, which certainly must strike those who oppose You?"

BACK came the age-old answer preached by the very presence of the Silent One behind the Tabernacle doors: Eternal Love, Eternal Peace, Eternal Patience!

THEN for the first time, my eyes, raised to the sanctuary, could discern two figures kneeling up-right there, and my ears caught the low measured rhythm of two priestly voices praying together the Divine Office of the Church. Often

times before I had seen these two zealous priests thus engaged, but never had I been impressed as now. As I heard those beautiful prayers poured forth from hearts that are fast being molded into the likeness of the Great Heart of Christ, these words of Holy Scripture came to my mind: "For where two or three are gathered together for My sake, there am I in the midst of them."

MY thoughts reverted to the scene I had witnessed there that very morning, a strangely varied group of people all drawn together by one common tie—the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Banquet. There was the shy, humble, little man who reminded one of a brownie. When the need arose to substitute for an acolyte, he was quick in movement, but at all other times he knelt motionless before his Divine King. There was the dear, bent, old mother, carefully guiding her blind and partially helpless daughter up the aisle before her. Kindness, patience and much love were written in every line of her wrinkled features. There was the not-so-old man whose graying hair and furrowed brow spoke of much



suffering, and whose labored breathing told of agony endured at each step in the chilly morning walk to the church. There was the crippled, not-so-young seniorita, hobbling on a pair of crutches—pitiful substitutes for two strong legs which had been hers prior to the morning when an automobile had struck her down as she was on her way to Mass. There were the three orphaned children, with their aunt, sacrificing those inviting morning hours of sleep to be present at Holy Mass. There was a young girl with sweet face and gentle, modest bearing diffusing innocence and purity.

THESE, and a score of others, were gathered there to offer themselves with their Divine Victim, Jesus, to the Most High God, and to receive in return His Own Self—a Token of the eternal reward which would one day be theirs. As thy arose to approach the Communion table, their full hearts poured forth in the significant Mexican Communion Hymn, "Dios, Mio, Dios, Mio!"

"... For where two or three are gathered together for My sake, there am I in the midst of them." Yes, God was surely in the midst of them—in the midst of us.

THE Angelus bell broke in upon my reverie. We arose to go. Night had fallen over the outside world. Already powerful searchlights were flashing their beams across the darkened sky, and the steady hum of planes told of the world-wide war still being fought. We were more concerned, however, with war of another kind, a war against the enemies much more sinister and deadly than any fighting in this visible combat. But simultaneously with the Angelus prayer, a Magnificat of thanksgiving sang within us, a Magnificat of thanksgiving for all the holy souls who daily gather together for God's sake and keep Him in our midst.

CONFIDENCE and peace returned. Victory would yet be ours. Tomorrow would find us ready to try again to bring many more wayward ones back to the foot of His Cross.

Our Lord's Gypsies

by Catechist M. Drexler

WE CALL ourselves the Lord's gypsies because we are forever on the move in our efforts to help organize and supervise the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. Every two or three weeks we return to our little convent home in Albuquerque for a fresh supply of clean clothes and other necessities, then off we go again. These return visits to our convent are very welcome, although very brief.

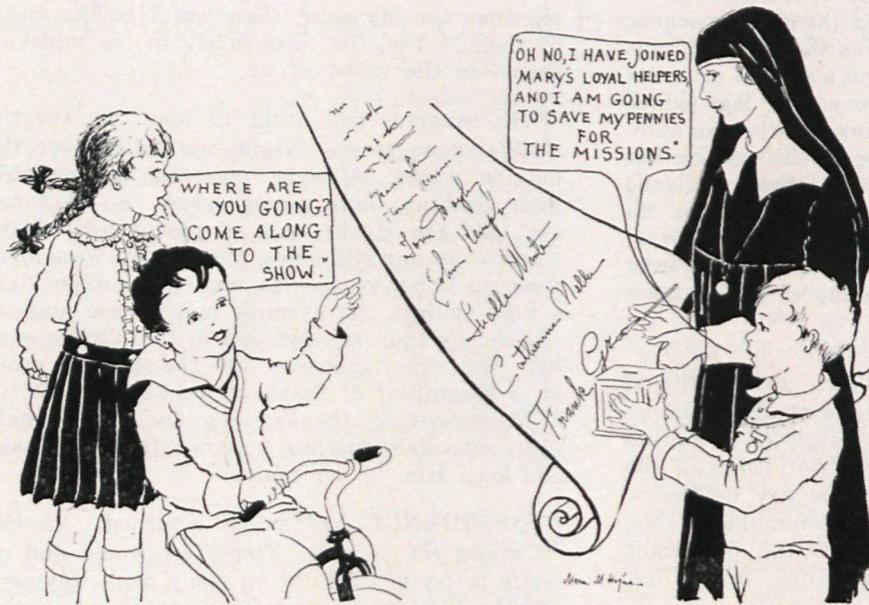
THE day before we set out on another tour, we pack our car with army cots and bedding, a little oil stove for cooking, a bucket for water, a wash basin, a box of groceries, one suitcase with personal articles and another with dishes and cooking utensils, and lastly, briefcases with class work materials. Soon after breakfast the following day we leave for a new destination, enjoying the beautiful mountain scenery as we drive along. We try to cover most of the mountain regions before Christmas—before the severe winter weather sets in.

THE Monday after I arrived at Albuquerque from Victory-Noll, we started out on our first trip of this season. Our stopping place was

Alamida. There we lived in a box car for two weeks. We had two rooms; one served as kitchen, the other as dining room and general community room during the day and dormitory at night. Each day, during recess periods, the noon hour or after school, we gathered the children from some of the numerous missions around Alamida and Bernalillo for religious instruction. We also recruited Confraternity lay-teachers from among the Catholic school teachers, high school girls and other eligible young women. These we prepared to take over the catechism classes after our departure.

WHEREVER the Confraternity is already organized, we encourage the teachers and children, and help in every possible way to increase attendance, renew zeal for the work, and inspire new interest.





Mary's

THE PLAINT OF A SUNSHINE BAG

I'M JUST a piece of cotton material, something somebody has discarded from a dress, a kerchief, or perhaps a drapery. There's just a common piece of cord string round my neck to pull me tight so that the pennies won't fall out. I should never win a prize for beauty, but I could become very valuable. I should not even mind losing my shapely contour so long as it meant being stuffed with copper (pennies) or even silver (dimes). I could play a very important part in the saving of souls by helping the Catechists—if somebody would help me. But I never will amount to much if I continue to remain stuffed in Catechist's desk with a bunch of other bags weighing me down. Oh dear, how I wish some kind-hearted person would write in and ask Catechist for me! I'd hop right out of the drawer, into an envelope, and presto! I'd soon be on my way.

A LONELY SUNSHINE BAG

P. S. Of course, just as soon as I am filled, I shall want to return to Mary's Loyal Helpers' Office.

GRATITUDE

Bobby and Ethel were two of our prize pupils. Bobby was nine and Ethel seven. They were almost the same size in spite of the difference in age, and they looked so much alike, one not knowing them would think them twins. They were devoted to each other and were nearly always together. Bobby wasn't like a great many

LENT'S HERE

ANOTHER year gone by—and here we are at the beginning of Lent once more! It's another opportunity, Loyal Helpers, to show how much you love Jesus! How much you appreciate all that He has done for you! Are you really grateful? If you are, then prove it by spending this Lent well. You know what that means, don't you? PRAYER — SELF-DENIAL — SACRIFICE! Your sacrifices united with our dear Lord's sufferings can save souls—don't forget that.

V stands for VICTORY—VICTORY for souls. Do your bit this Lent

If you are already enrolled as a Loyal Helper send in your name and you will receive your Sunshine Bag.

Name

Address

Loyal Helpers

older brothers who thought it sissy to have his younger sister tagging after him—not at all! He was very proud of his sister.

Never did Bobby and Ethel miss catechism through their own fault. Besides this they sang in the children's choir, and Bobby learned to be an altar boy. They lived a fairly long distance from church, but they nearly always got there for Mass. If there was extra choir practice, or rehearsing for plays, Bobby and Ethel were always there even though it meant giving up their play-time. They were kind to the other children, and were eager to help everybody. Whenever Catechist suggested that the children pray for some special intention for somebody, or to do something special in the way of self-denial, Bobby and Ethel were among the first to volunteer.

One cold, dreary, rainy morning, one of the women who assisted at Holy Mass every morning, found Bobby and Ethel shivering outside, waiting for the door to be opened. She was surprised to see them there so early, as it meant getting up early, walking down to church and then hurrying back for their breakfast in order to be in time for school. She said, "My, you got up early this morning, didn't you? Did you walk all the way to church?" Bobby, looked up soberly as he replied, "Oh, you know one of the Catechists is sick, and we are going to receive Holy Communion and ask Jesus to make her well soon." The woman was so pleased to hear this that she told us about it the next time she saw us.

Don't you think it is a great privilege that you, as Loyal Helpers, are helping the Catechists to instruct such grateful children as Bobby and Ethel? They appreciated so much what the Catechists were doing for them that they were eager and willing to make sacrifices in return.

Gratitude is a beautiful virtue, isn't it?

St. Elizabeth School, Curdsville, Ky.

"Here are one hundred and twenty-five pennies to help fill up the 'Mile of Pennies.' We wish we could do more. We hung the Sunshine Bag around the Little Infant of Prague's neck. We could almost hear Him asking for more pennies for the Catechists.

"St. Elizabeth School is mighty proud of our Catechist Molohon. Maybe we can send you another one sometime.

"We have been praying for your missions and reading about your work.

"Sincerely,

"Bobby Fenwick, Treas. Junior Unit CSMC"



Mary and Joseph McGrath of Chicago are twins and only one and a half years old, but with their brother Timothy, aged three and a half, are learning at this early age to "share with the poor." Pennies, one by one, are dropping into their Sunshine Bag, and they are happy to help the little ones in the missions learn about Jesus.

Let Us Pray

ALMIGHTY, everlasting God, who hast dominion over the living and the dead, and art merciful to all who Thou foreknowest shall be Thine by faith and good works, we humbly beseech Thee, that they for whom we intend to pour forth our prayers, whether this present world still detains them in the flesh, or the world to come hath already received them out of their bodies, may, through the intercession of all Thy Saints, by the clemency of Thy goodness, obtain the remission of all their sins through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son who liveth and reigneth, with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

—From the Missal

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Mary Ann Meyer, St. Bernard, Ohio
Louise Broussard, A.C.M., San Antonio, Tex.
Mrs. Mary B. Schoenig, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard, A.C.M., Chicago, Ill.
Ann Hogdman, Chicago, Ill.
William Flanagan, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Mary Hoban, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Nelle Haffamier, Hays, Kansas.



Devotion to Mary is a sign of eternal salvation.—St. Bernard.

MUSIC REVIEWED

The music here listed is published by J. Fischer & Bro., 119 West 40th St., New York City.

MISSA PRO PACE by V. Goller, arranged by Rev. Carlo Rossini for Two Mixed Voices S.B. (Tenor ad lib.), Score \$.80; Soprano Voice Part \$.20. This Mass requires only a few soprano and bass voices of medium range. It should prove opportune and practical since many choirs have few men's voices as a result of the present national emergency.

MISSA "VICTOR REX" by Carl J. Robinson, for S.A. or T.B. with Organ. Score \$.80; Voice Part \$.30. Another fine Mass, similar to **MISSA PRO PACE**, based on the theme of the Sequence for Pentecost.

THE PRIEST'S CHANTS AND RECITATIVES AT THE ALTAR by Carlo Rossini. Price \$1.75. The manuscript of this book has been examined and approved by the Monks of Solesmes.

NOEL BASQUE by Dom. P. Benoit, O.S.B. Introduction and eight variations for Grand Organ.

WEDDING MUSIC, also for other festive occasions, volume II, arranged by Carlo Rossini. Price \$1.50. This volume contains ten processionals and twenty melodic pieces, for pipe or reed organ (pedal ad lib.)

MOTETS: LAUDATE DOMINUM by Martin Dumler, S.T. Bar. Price 15c; **LAUDATE DOMINUM** by Ett-Kreckel, S.S.A. 12c; **EXULTATO DOMINO** by Bangl-Kreckel, S.A. or T.B. 12c; **TERRA TREMUIT** by Paul Tonner, S.S. (alto ad lib.) 15c; **AVE TRIUMPHE!** by Philip Kreckel, S.S.A. 12c; **VICTORIA! SURREXIT NOSTRA GLORIA** by Philip Kreckel, S.A.T.B. 16c; **REGINA COELI** by Schulz-Kreckel, S.A. or T.B. 12c; **EMITTE SPIRITUM** by Schultky-Kreckel, S.A. or T.B. 12c; **ADOREMUS TE CHRISTI, PER SIGNUM CRUCIS, and CRUX AVE BENDICTA** by Philip Kreckel, S.A.T.B. or Unison, 18c.

Jesus be thou the light of my year
Jesus be thou the strength of my year
Jesus be thou the peace of my year
Jesus be thou the love of my year
May Jesus bless my year.

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.

We Are Grateful

to God for the sincerely Catholic and truly patriotic hearts who not only sing "God Bless America" but who sacrifice generously to help make America worthy of His favor.

Not many days ago we drew the following letter from our mail bag.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Missionary Catechists:

This is our way of saying "God bless America."

Our Country needs religion which you are helping to bring into the lives of our citizens. God bless your efforts!

Our gift for God and country is this check for fifty dollars to help in some small way in your vast work.

I should be happy to have my daughter and myself remembered in your prayers.

A blessed New Year to you.

M. G. D.

