

The Missionary

Catechist



TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

William D. Leahy
Douglass Arthur E. King
Dwight D. Eisenhower
C. M. Minnifield
Arthur

June, 1945



*Act of
Consecration*



*to the
Sacred Heart*

MOST sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are Thine, and Thine we wish to be; but, to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself today to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many, too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee; grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King of all those who are still involved in the darkness of idolatry or of Islamism, and refuse not to draw them all into the light and kingdom of God. Turn Thine eyes of mercy towards the children of that race, once Thy chosen people: of old they called down upon themselves the Blood of the Saviour; may It now descend upon them a laver of redemption and of life. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honor for ever. Amen.

(300 days' Indulgence each time.)

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXI

June, 1945

Number 7

Bishop Hunt
Celebrates



Silver
Sacerdotal
Jubilee

By Catechist M. Rosario Lara

ON THE 27th of June, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake, celebrates his Silver Sacerdotal Jubilee. Although a native of Nebraska, Bishop Hunt was ordained for the Diocese of Salt Lake, and was the first priest ordained in the Cathedral of the Madeleine.

A LITTLE more than four years after his ordination Bishop Hunt was made a Papal Chamberlain, and six years later was raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelate. Finally on October 28, 1937, he was consecrated the fifth Bishop of the Diocese of Salt Lake.

THE Diocese of Salt Lake, comprising the entire State of Utah, covers 85,000 square miles, and has a population of 630,310. Of this number there are approximately 21,500 Catholics, about one to every four square miles. To cover this vast territory, Bishop Hunt has fifty-four

priests, who care for twenty-one parishes and seventy-five missions. These figures give one an idea of the great distances which this Shepherd of souls and his priests must cover in order to reach the comparatively few Catholics scattered throughout the diocese.

BISHOP HUNT'S twenty-five years as Priest and Bishop have meant much to the pioneering church in Utah. Non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, have rejoiced as they watched with intense interest each new honor conferred on Bishop Hunt. We join with them in congratulating His Excellency as he completes twenty-five years in the service of the Divine Master. We pray that from the Pierced Side of our Saviour the richest graces and blessings may flow upon the life and work of our Bishop, and that the Divine love and guidance may be with him more fully as he celebrates each succeeding anniversary. Ad multos annos!

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

Twenty Years in the Episcopacy

by Catechist Elizabeth Clifford

NEVER is the liturgy so rich in symbolism, never more archaic in the reappearance of customs long since obsolete, never more impressive in the eager earnestness of its prayers, than in the ceremonies of consecration of a bishop. It breathes the spirit of the ancient Church. In its preliminary ceremony it establishes its apostolic character by reading the Bulls of the Sovereign Pontiff. Then the Consecrator interrogates the Bishop-elect:

"WILL you teach the people for whom you are ordained, both by words and by example, the things you understand from the divine Scriptures?"

"WILL you receive, keep and teach with reverence the traditions of the orthodox fathers and the decretal constitutions of the Holy and Apostolic See?"

"WILL you yourself observe, and likewise teach others to observe humility and patience?"

TWENTY years ago the late Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, asked these questions of the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, who was being consecrated Bishop of Fort Wayne. On that day, June 30, 1925, he answered a fervent and humble "I will" to each interrogation. Bishop Noll has kept these promises and has fulfilled faithfully the duties and responsibilities of the episcopal office.

THE twenty years of his truly apostolic episcopacy are twenty glorious pages, not only in the history of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, but also in the history of the Church in America; for the influence exercised by him has reached out far beyond the confines of his own diocese. His work as Founder and Editor-in-Chief of *Our Sunday Visitor* merits for him the esteem and gratitude of Catholics everywhere, but that is only one of his many activities. As Episcopal Chairman of the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women for many years, he strengthened these organizations and helped to make their influence felt in nearly every diocese in the United States.

IN SPITE of his many other duties, Bishop Noll has found time to serve as Treasurer of the



The Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D.
Bishop of Fort Wayne

American Board of Catholic Missions. His part in making the Legion of Decency the success that it is, is well known. More recently, he has launched the National Organization for Decent Literature, which promises to be equally successful. These and many other activities he has carried to fruition, in addition to his multiple duties as Shepherd and able Administrator of the Diocese of Fort Wayne.

BISHOP NOLL has assiduously shunned words of praise. For that reason we shall not write

here of his virtues and accomplishments, but surely he will not mind, on this anniversary of his consecration, if we mention, although in ever so slight a way, the debt our Community owes to him.

IT WAS on the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, two years before his elevation to the Episcopacy, that Monsignor Noll, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington, Indiana, visited Father Sigstein, our Founder, and offered to "adopt" his newly organized Community. His sponsorship immediately took a practical turn. Through *Our Sunday Visitor*, and with the aid of a generous layman, the late Peter O'Donnell of Long Beach, California, he erected our Motherhouse at Huntington, Indiana. With the Bishop's consent, Father Sigstein named it "Victory Noll" in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory and our Bishop.

BISHOP NOLL'S benefactions, throughout all these years, have not been limited to material assistance, great though that has been. He has been a kind father and adviser not only to the Community as a whole, but to each individual member. He is personally interested in every postulant, novice, and professed Missionary Catechist. No matter how busy he is, he finds time to come to Victory Noll to preside at ceremonies of reception and profession, to preside over elections, or simply to make an informal visit.

IT WAS a fortunate day for us, indeed, when Bishop Noll decided to sponsor the work of our Community. It was a fortunate day for the Diocese of Fort Wayne and for the Church in America when our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, elevated him to the episcopacy, and today, as we read again the beautiful words sung over him by the Consecrator after he had anointed the head of the Bishop-Elect with holy chrism, they have a new meaning for us. We see now their fulfillment and we beg God that they may be fulfilled in him for many more years yet to come.

" . . . Let him be the faithful and prudent servant whom Thou dost set, O Lord, over Thy household, so that he may give them food in due season, and prove himself a perfect man. May he be untiring in his solicitude, fervent in spirit. May he detest pride, cherish humility and truth, and never desert it, overcome either by flattery or by fear. Let him not put light for darkness, nor darkness for light; let him not call evil good, nor good evil. May he be debtor to the wise and to the foolish, so that he may gather fruit from the progress of all. Grant to him, O Lord, an episcopal chair for ruling Thy Church and the people committed to him. Be his authority, be his power, be his strength. Multiply upon him Thy blessing and Thy grace, so that by Thy gift he may be fitted for always obtaining Thy mercy, and by Thy grace may he be faithful. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth in the unity of one God, world without end. Amen."



Bishop Noll with a group of children at Azusa, California

A Tribute

by Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.

Radio address*

IN THIS broadcast, the Catholic Hour offers a sorrowful and affectionate tribute to the memory of a supremely great American, a supremely great President, a supremely sincere lover of his fellow men. Many of the comments that have appeared since his untimely death emphasize his interest in the "common man," in the lowly, the weak and the oppressed. All this may be summed up as a deep and abiding concern with social justice. Let us glance at a few illustrations.

AT THE very beginning of his first administration, he induced Congress to pass a law for the insurance of bank deposits, up to five thousand dollars. For upwards of twelve years now, persons of modest means have not feared to entrust their money to the banks. So accustomed have the American people become to this protection that they have mostly forgotten the dreadful years of the early 1930's, when thousands of banks failed and tens of thousands of depositors suffered grave losses.

OTHER Roosevelt legislation vastly improved the condition of the farmers and provided means by which farm tenants could become farm owners. Through the W.P.A. and the P.W.A. millions of the unemployed were enabled to support themselves at self respecting labor, instead of being condemned to live on doles and inadequate relief. To be sure, these measures did not completely abolish unemployment. Neither Congress nor public opinion would have sanctioned adequate public spending. Our political and business leaders were, and probably still are, misled by antiquated and false economic theories. Let us pray God to give them enlightenment before they are confronted with ten or twelve million service men demanding jobs after the war.

FINALLY, I would mention the three most effective pieces of legislation for social justice enacted during the Roosevelt administrations. These are the National Labor Relations Act, which has made real the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively; the Fair Labor Standards Act, which has abolished these starvation wages formerly paid to thousands upon thousands of American workers; and the Social Security Act, which has provided some mea-

sure of insurance against unemployment and old age. I have no hesitation in asserting that these three laws have done more to promote social justice than all the other Federal legislation enacted since the adoption of the Constitution.

SOCIAL justice has international as well as national aspects. To this international social justice President Roosevelt made a far reaching contribution. Long before the majority of his countrymen, he realized that the philosophy and designs of Nazism constituted a dire threat, not only to the United States, but to all the countries that have been touched by Christian civilization. Today the vast majority of the American people are convinced that he was right, that Nazism must be destroyed and that we must have an international organization to preserve peace and establish social justice in the relations between states. In defense of these aims Franklin D. Roosevelt laid down his life.

HE WAS a great idealist, but he was also a genuine realist. In a letter written a little less than a year ago to congratulate me on my seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, he said:

The things for which you have fought ceaselessly for two score years will not be easy to achieve. Much, however, has been accomplished. Much remains to be accomplished. We must not be discouraged. The workers grow old . . . the work is never done; but the future is big with promise of better things.

OUR beloved President has gone from this troubled world, but his place in history is secure. I confidently believe that his place in eternity is likewise secure; but it can be hastened by our prayers. All who accept the biblical declaration that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," ought to petition God for the repose of the soul of Franklin D. Roosevelt. If he could do so, I am sure that he would address us in the dying words of King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: "Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

*National Broadcasting Co., Catholic Hour Program, April 15, 1945.

Night Adoration in the Home

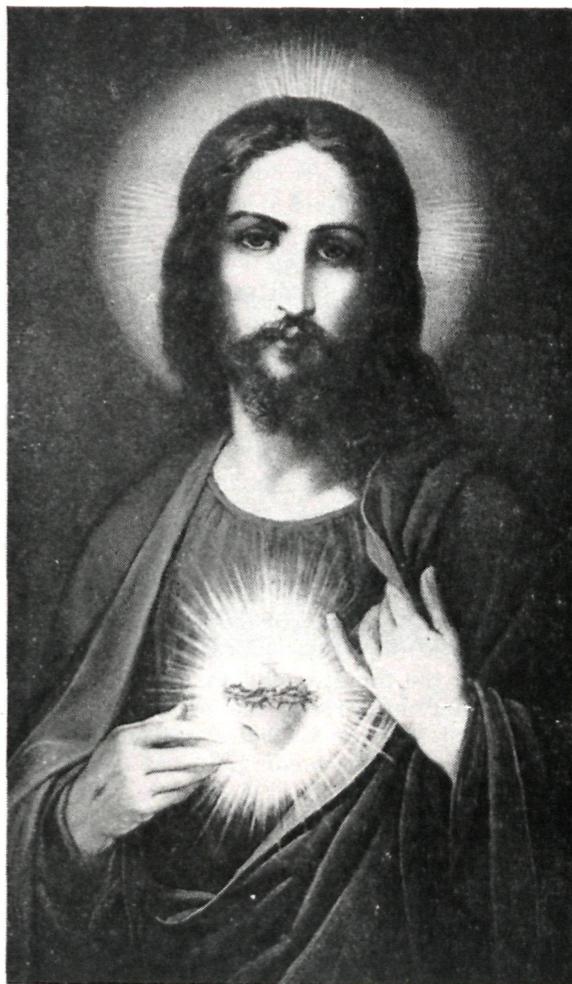
IMPOSSIBLE! People will not interrupt their night's rest to make a holy hour at home. In church, the Blessed Sacrament exposed, a convenient hour,—and there will be a faithful few attending. But during the night, in one's home, every month, sacrifice an hour of sleep to make reparation to an offended God for sins committed in the homes of the world . . . The idea of reparation, assuredly, is excellent, and the necessity great,—but a private holy hour, when one is sleepy and finds difficulty in praying . . . without the comforting presence of the Blessed Sacrament . . . No, people will never do it!

YET, night adoration in the home is a fact. It is well organized not only in Catholic countries, but throughout the entire world. Yes, even in the United States there are more than one hundred thousand persons who are spending at least one hour a month, between ten o'clock in the evening and five o'clock in the morning, making reparation to the Eucharistic Christ for the sins of the world.

TWENTY years ago, Father Mateo, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, began his crusade for generous souls who would be willing to sacrifice an hour of their night's rest to watch one hour with the Adorable Master, consoling Him for the many outrages heaped upon Him by the sins of men, especially during the hours of the night.

"I HAVE found Americans to have many good qualities," Father Mateo said many times during his stay in our country, "but above all they have generosity, a great generosity." Father Mateo appealed to that generosity for the King of Kings, and established the Nocturnal Adoration throughout this vast land. One hundred thousand red-blooded Americans, men and women in factories and offices, mothers of families, young girls and boys, have responded to Father Mateo's invitation to "watch one hour with Him" during the night.

"THE attack on the home itself, the last line of Christian defense, has been intensified," said Father Mateo. "Pagan ways and pagan customs have invaded the home, which should be another Nazareth, to such an extent that many—far too many—superficial Catholic families are



"Could you not watch one hour with Me?"

lifting up their voices with those of the enemies of Christ, and saying in effect, 'We will not have this Man reign over us.' If reparation is not made by penance for this modern betrayal, in the home itself, then we may expect the swift punishment of a merciful but just God, avenging the sacrilegious violation of a sanctuary consecrated by the Incarnation and Birth of His own Divine Son."

UNDER the inspiration of Divine Providence, Father Mateo has pointed out a way by which adequate reparation may be made for the sins of the home. We view with alarm the increasing divorce rate, the "planned family" movement, the lack of home life in our country,—and well we may. But let us turn with confi-

(Continued on page 18)

Deep in the Heart of Texas

by Catechist M. Alice James

*"The stars at night
Shine big and bright—"*

AND tonight they look serenely down on a scene of exquisite beauty, for this is the annual Corpus Christi procession winding its way through El Paso's streets.

DOWNTOWN traffic ceases for two hours, while thirty thousand spectators fill the sidelines to watch thousands more take part in this public tribute to our Eucharistic Christ. The glad pealing of the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral at 6:00 o'clock in the evening announces the beginning of the great procession. Through the Cathedral doors, the Most Reverend Antonio Guizar y Valencia, Bishop of Chihuahua in Mexico, carries the most Blessed Sacrament. He pauses on the top step and as thousands of people kneel in the streets, the Blessed Sacrament is raised and our Eucharistic King gives the first blessing of the evening.

DRAWN swords of the Knights of Columbus flash their silent salute. Boy Scouts of El Paso and Juarez, carrying flags of the United States and Mexico, swing off in perfect formation and all follow.

THE Processional Cross is borne by four sons of St. Francis, an honor which tradition accords the Franciscans because they were the first religious order in this part of the Southwest. Students and faculty from their seminary also chant the praises of their Lord in the beautiful Benediction hymns at each altar.

PARISH groups headed by their priests follow. A striking pattern of color and beauty forms and grows as the distinctive garb of each Society lends its bit of mosaic to the vast picture.

WHITE-HAIRED Senoras, wearing the graceful black lace mantilla, are among the group following the huge banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe. Mexico's colors are flung upon the still air as red, white and green streamers billow and fall around the beloved image.

PINK and blue sashes adorn the women who surround the banner of St. Monica, Patroness of the Society of Christian Mothers.

THE standard of good St. Joseph takes its place among a large number of men and

women who proudly wear green badges in honor of their glorious Patron.

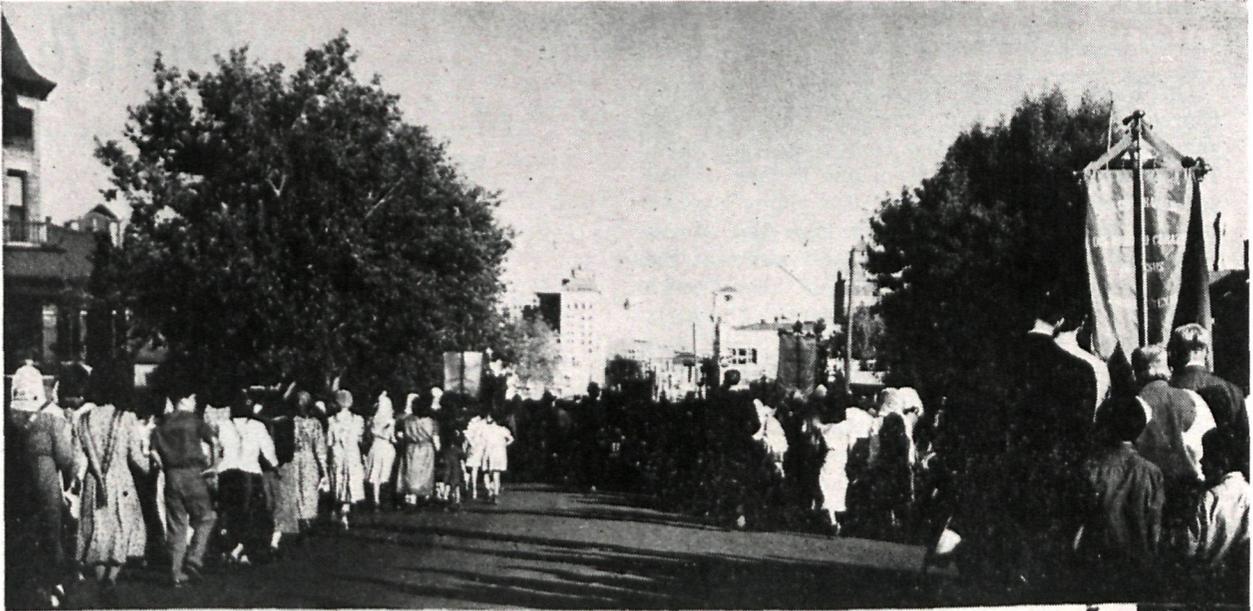
THE strong, triumphant notes of "Viva Cristo Rey" (Long live Christ the King) echo again and again through the vast army of marchers following the colorful banner of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. These are the Apostolados, members of the Apostleship of Prayer, so dear to the hearts of the Mexicans. Their voices thrill along the line of march as they sing the beloved hymn handed down from father to son through many generations.

AT the foot of the first beautiful outdoor altar, decorated with flowers, candles, and snowy cloths, the Blessed Sacrament is raised once again. The Most Reverend Edwin V. Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe, now carries the great golden monstrance to the next altar.

YOUTH has its place in the Corpus Christi procession. hundreds of young women walk behind the banner of the Immaculate Conception. Each wears a white gown and a wide blue ribbon rests upon her shoulder; a white mantilla of silk falls in graceful folds about her face, framing in snowy whiteness the full, dark beauty of Mexico's daughters. These are the Mexican sodalists, Hijas de Maria (Children of Mary).

YOUNG men follow their Patron, St. Aloysius, and their voices ring out in a hymn that seems to challenge those who say religion has no part in the life of young America, for though the blood of the Mexican flows in their veins, these are youth born on American soil, ready and willing to give their lives, as have so many of their race, to preserve America's ideals.

THE sweet, childish voices singing "Ninos Vamos" (Come, Little Children) belong to the little girls whose pink ribbons and white net veils proclaim them "Inesitas," small followers of their beloved Patroness, Santa Inez (St. Agnes). There is a noticeable break in their melody as the procession halts in front of the second altar. The cause is apparent. In the folds of silk surrounding the altar, the sweet faces of real children look down in imitation of the pictured cherubs of famous painters. Unlike the pictured cherubs, these cherubs of flesh and blood persist in rolling their angelic eyes from side to side in a subtle attempt to see all



Corpus Christi procession as it wends its way south on Mesa Avenue from St. Patrick's Cathedral to Sacred Heart Church. All traffic is suspended, as the faithful marching eight abreast on each side of the wide street, seek to pay homage to their Eucharistic God.

that is going on. However, the eyes settle back quickly into their gaze of contemplation at the sounds of emphatic clucking from the elderly Senora who is in charge of the cherubs.

BEHIND the Inesitas, their sombre habits in startling contrast, walk the Brides of Christ, the many Religious from the American and Mexican congregations working in El Paso. For this occasion they have left the quiet of their convent walls, only to find it again in the hushed and reverent atmosphere of the Corpus

Christi procession. Their voices rise and fall in the soft cadence of the rosary, as each fingers our Lady's beads. Smiles play at hide and seek upon serene faces as along the line of march the excited whispers of small spectators announce the coming of the beloved "Madrecitas" (little mothers).

THE silver tones of a bugle are the signal for the marchers to separate into two lines,

(Continued on page 18)

CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER ARE GUESTS
OF HONOR AT PARTY

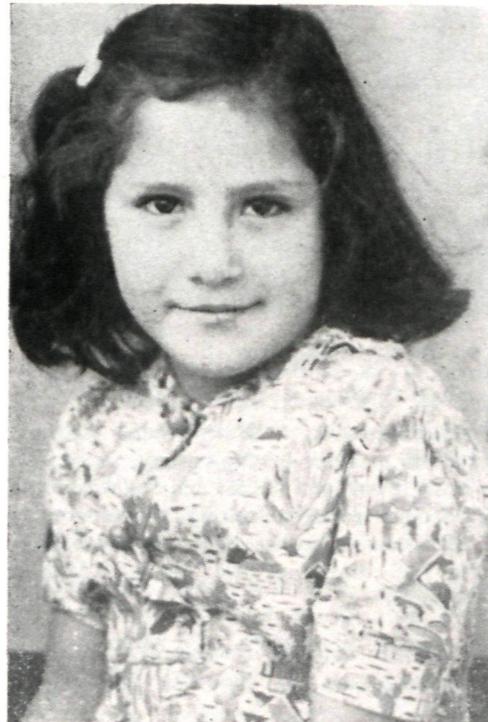
On Easter Sunday we had a party for the Florecitas, Inesitas, and Crusaders, up to thirteen years of age, here at the club room and yard. The children were here from one to two o'clock and had a wonderful time.

From three to four o'clock the Ave Maria girls and Crusade officers had their party at the parish hall. Over sixty of these "teen-agers" we hear so much about were present. The girls wore their "cintas" (asked me if they could) and marched into the hall carrying the banner of our Blessed Mother. The boys walked in with the Christ the King banner. With such Guests of Honor, one at either side of the piano, no wonder the boys and girls had such a grand time.

They made as much noise and had as much fun as ten year olds over the cascarron hunt, pinning the egg in the basket, trying to get marshmallows which had been tied on strings, and playing musical chair.

The following evening after school the Crusaders mopped the hall with as much zest as they did the playing the previous day. They get me one better on anything I suggest. I simply can't get over how very fine these boys and girls are.

Catechist Evelyn Benton
Las Vegas, New Mexico



In The Home Field



CAROL LIKES TO VISIT OUR CHAPEL

Carol, age seven, loves to come to visit us. As Catechist answers the door bell, we hear Carol say: "Hello, Catechists, I came to visit you. I brought my brother, Billy, too."

After a close inspection of the wall, pictures, chairs, statues, and especially our little Chapel, Carol says, "Oh! I just love your house. I wish I lived here."

"Why do you like our house so much Carol?" Catechist responds. "You have a nice house, too."

"Oh, but Jesus lives in your house," Carol informs Catechists. "It's so nice in there," she adds, pointing to the Chapel. "When I get big I'm going to be a Catechist just like you. I asked my mother and she said she would be happy if I did."

"Well, that will be fine. And what is your little brother going to be?"

Billy is about two and talks very fast, so we now hear a jumble of words which, of course, we do not understand.

Carol explains for him, "My daddy says Billy is going to be a priest, because he already knows how to speak Spanish."

Then she continues, "I think I have to go home now, Catechist. Good-by. I'll come and visit you again. Come on, Billy. Good-by, Catechist."

Catechist Marie Wilbers,
Ely, Nevada

The Missionary Catechist

ANGELINA'S ILLNESS IS SPIRITUAL OPPORTUNITY

To a casual observer, Angelina, lying quietly in her little one room home above her brother's store, would seem to be about sixteen or seventeen years old. A mass of black curls framed her delicate face. Bright spots of color on either cheek seemed to enhance her beauty, though on closer scrutiny they proved to be but evidences of her illness.

Actually Angelina was twenty-eight years old, and for the past year had been suffering from tuberculosis. For fourteen years she had worked on one of her brother's ranches. When Angelina became ill, her brother built the little room above his store for her, and surrounded her with every possible care.

Although a Catholic, Angelina had had very little instruction, and living on a ranch so far from church had not helped matters any. She seldom went to Mass, and had not been to confession since she was a child. When her illness brought her, provisionally, into our midst, we visited her frequently. We gave her a regular course of instruction in the truths of Faith, and supplied her with plenty of good reading material. She corresponded faithfully with grace and is now very fervent and devout. Her physical condition has improved steadily, and soon she will be permitted to resume her former life and activities. But this time she will be armed with a knowledge of her religion and a deep love for Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

Catechist M. Balch
Brawley, California



Loaded to Capacity

MODERN INFANTS

Every week we get a list of the pictures showing at the local theater during the coming week, and mark them with the Legion of Decency rating. The list is then posted on the bulletin board in the vestibule of the Church.

Last Sunday after Mass, little Nancy, who is not yet half-past seven, came up and said, "Catechist, is 'The Black Swan' all right for children to see?"

"I'm not sure, Nancy," I responded. "Just a minute and I'll look it up."

After looking up the rating for the picture, I came back and said to Nancy, "No, Nancy, children should not go to see 'The Black Swan.'"

Imagine my surprise when Nancy replied, "That's what I thought, Catechist. I saw some pictures advertising it the last time I was in the show, and that's why I thought it wouldn't be a good picture for children to see."



ELIZABETH ANN IS A CATHOLIC— UNMODIFIED

Father B. visited the First Communion class the other day and asked the little ones to say the "Our Father" for him. When they finished he took hold of Jeanie's hand and gently slapped Elizabeth Ann's face. While doing so, he asked, "What would you do, if Jeanie did this to you?"

Quick as a flash, Elizabeth Ann replied. "I'd slap her right back!"

"Oh, you would?" said Father. "Then you wouldn't do as the Christians did."

Elizabeth Ann retorted: "I'm not a Christian, I'm a Catholic."

Catechist M. Josephine Vins
San Pedro, California

He who does not think of the wants of the poor is not a member of the body of Christ; for if one member suffers, all suffer.—St. Elphege.



Associate Catechists

THIS month's page contains the news of the passing of two praiseworthy Catholics whose lives differed widely as to length and sphere of action, although their aims were the same—faithful service of God in the place He had mapped out for them. Both of Chicago, one lived to fruitful old age and the other died in the flower of manhood.

MRS. MARGARET JOHNSON was a member of *The Little Flower Band*, Chicago, for 16 years. On the Feast of the Seven Dolors, as the Angelus was ringing, she peacefully breathed her last. It would seem thus God's Mother rewarded her faithful client who had always a special devotion to her sorrows. Mrs. Johnson would have been 81 years old on the 4th of July.

Baldwinsville, New York—Long range guns discharge the heaviest quantities of ammunition, and although *St. Joseph's Mission Club* is geographically located at quite a distance from Victory-Noll, these zealous Mission workers, of which Mrs. Mary Bucci is president, sent in more material aid last year than any other group of Associates we have except one or two Chicago Bands. This is even more remarkable when one considers that they give one-half of the proceeds from parties to their parish church. The membership is large and so they rent a hall for their affairs. They have as diversified a program of activities as one can imagine. At one time it's a rummage sale, at another it's a novelty sale, again it's a raffle. At all times, though, whatever they undertake is a grand success. Our hearty thanks and the promise of our grateful prayers.

Lt. Ted Knusman was killed in action on February 8th in Germany at the age of 29. He lost his own mother at the tender age of six and from that time on his aunt, Miss Anna Knusman, promoter of *St. Joseph's Band No. 1*, came to live with her brother, Mr. Ted, Senior, to take charge of the household and the Christian upbringing of the lad. In this way she became a second mother to him and his loss is as keenly felt as if he had been her own son. Before enlisting, he practiced law. Previously, he had received degrees both at Notre Dame and Northwestern.



West Allis, Wisconsin—"A quiet group of earnest Mission workers who labor faithfully, without wind of words, for their Catechist—Catechist Brohman, in Brawley, California" best characterizes the members of *St. Jude's Band* of this city. Mrs. E. J. Polakowski is the promoter. We find they were active ten years ago. Congratulations to them for their persevering faithfulness throughout these difficult times.

LEND A HAND—JOIN A BAND!

of Mary

OUR ASSOCIATES IN CHICAGO

GOOD SHEPHERD BAND. We hear frequently from this Band—and always with a sizeable donation. Mrs. Mary Staley is the promoter. There are twenty-five ladies in the group and all are truly mission-minded and “mission-souled.” We like the name they selected for their Band, for it bespeaks zeal for the souls of the poor underprivileged lambs and sheep of the Missions. In imitation of Our Lord, the Good Shepherd, they would “shepherd” souls through the ministrations of the Catechists.

ADRIAN CLUB. This is a small but loyal Band which has helped us a good many years. Miss Florence Dietz, promoter, writes that she daily offers a decade of the beads for our Catechists. We very much appreciate this spiritual help. We are also grateful to those Bands which have the custom at their meetings of saying one mystery of the Rosary, or “My Prayer for the Missionary Catechists” (found on the inner cover of the Associate’s Certificate of Membership).



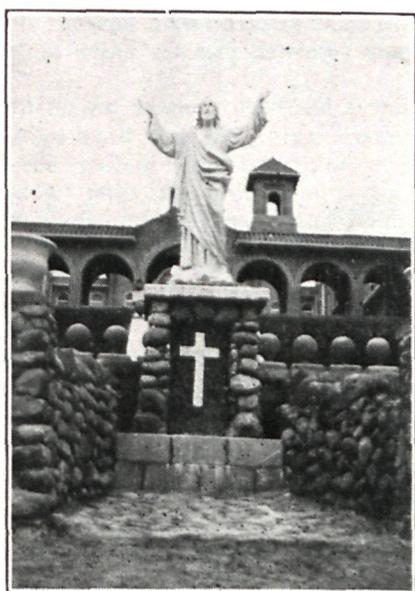
ST. GEORGE BAND. These North Side mission helpers, headed by Miss Lucille Dea, are fourteen in number. Last year they raised more money for our Catechists than they ever did before. Their donations usually come in quarterly. Last fall a turkey raffle they gave for our benefit netted \$50,000. Our thanks to them for their unfailing help during the course of many years.



A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

March 27 to April 23

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke...	\$ 14.65
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	7.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	7.25
Dolores Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	11.50
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary E. Nye	40.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Perkins	21.50
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachman	4.00
Little Flower Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	53.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Pittsburgh, Pa.	
Miss Marie Lenert	10.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wis.,	
Miss Helen Arens	58.00
St. Anne's Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Miss Ann Brink	6.25
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Beck	152.15
St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	3.00
St. Catherine's Band, Los Angeles, Calif.,	
Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	20.00
St. Elizabeth's Band, Detroit, Mrs. T. R. Donahue	65.00
St. Gemma Galgani Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. Vogt	15.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Florence Bucher	22.25
St. Irene's Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	8.50
St. Joseph's Band No. 1, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	5.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinville, N. Y.,	
Mrs. Mary Bucci	5.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Mary Noll	40.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	9.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	100.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Elizabeth Welchart	25.00
St. Mel's Band, Chicago, Mrs. James Egan	16.50
St. Philomena's Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer	20.00
St. Raymond's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	4.50
Srillians Band, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Marion Mueller	1.00



The Challenge of the Desert

by Catechist M. Catherine Murray

NEVADA is a land of contrasts. It has the smallest population, the largest public domain, the greatest aridity, the largest proportion of men to women, and the highest per capita income, of any State in the United States.

HISTORY tells us how Nevada was born. The discovery of gold in California in '49 lured men from the four corners of the earth. The greatest mass migration in history started over unknown trails and unchartered deserts. These pioneers crossed this great wide country of ours in ox-drawn wagons, persevering in spite of obstacles that seemed insurmountable.

SOME of these men and women had never seen a mountain before, and yet they dared to cross the Rockies. They did not know whether the desert before them stretched out three miles, or three hundred miles. But they kept bravely on until they reached Nevada, which proved to be their greatest obstacle.

THE Humboldt River, welcomed at first for its water, really was the "River of Death" for many. At one time their heavy wagons would stick in the sand, at another the river swamp held them prisoners. Ten miles a day was fast travel in those days, and it took weeks to cross the state. The travelers faced death from hunger, from thirst, at one time from the desert sun, at another from the winter's cold, and always from the Indians. Turn back they would not, for something was waiting for them at the journey's end, something worth all this suffering and hardship . . . GOLD.

WEAK in body, and distracted in mind, quarrels often became violent, and many perished in Nevada. Those who lived to reach Big Meadows (Lovelock) enjoyed a much needed rest: cattle were cared for, wagons repaired; and refreshed in body and soul they started on, not knowing that the desert ahead would be the supreme test. When the wagons began to sink again in the sand, one by one all the family possessions, carried all the way from the east, were cast overboard to lighten the load, and finally when oxen and wagon could move no more, they were abandoned.



They knew not whether the desert stretched three miles or three hundred miles before them, but they persevered because their object was—GOLD.

CARSON became a graveyard for many, but those who survived and reached the river, eventually crossed the Sierra Nevadas into California,—the "Promised Land."

MEN had hardly settled in the mining camps of California, when gold and silver were discovered in Nevada, and retracing their steps, they crossed the Sierra Nevadas back to the desert. History was written by those hardy prospectors. Mining camps grew into towns overnight. Men became rich beyond their wildest dreams.

NEVADA was made part of the Utah Territory in 1850, erected into a separate territory in 1861, and admitted into the union in 1864.

THE Church has been meeting the challenge of this desert ever since men have made their homes here. Like a watchful mother, she followed her sons from one mining camp to another, she built churches where men and their families received the consolation of the Faith. She saw towns abandoned overnight, and stampedes to the newest "strike," and with the patience only a mother has, she started to build again, not knowing whether this community would endure or prove to be another "ghost" town.

MISSIONARY priests came into western Nevada from the Diocese of Sacramento, and into the eastern part from the Diocese of Salt Lake. They came on horseback in those days, braving the desert heat and cold, the ridicule and indifference of the miners, the weariness of travel, the hardships of camp life,—not

for gold or silver, but for immortal souls. They were prospectors at heart, combing the mountains, not for wealth, but to bring the comforts of religion to isolated families. Unless you have lived in the desert, or at least crossed its weary miles, you cannot appreciate the work of the Church in this State.

EVER since the days of the gold rush, Nevada has been a means to an end. A State that had to be crossed to get to California. A challenge to the immigrant, the pony express, the stagecoach, the railroad, and even to the automobile. It has been testing the endurance and resourcefulness of people for the last hundred years, ever since John C. Fremont, Kit Carson, and their scouts, explored this "mystery land" at the request of the government.

THE lone rider of the pony express is perhaps the greatest example of daring, as he rode through the night heedless of the weather or the roads, armed with a revolver, and carrying ten pounds of mail at \$5.00 a half ounce. Those who traveled the stagecoaches were also courageous. They braved unknown companions, unscrupulous highwaymen, hostile Indians, the icy blasts of winter, or the burning sun of summer, together with the uncertainty of reaching their destination alive.

THE railroad was next to challenge the desert, and with the aid of five thousand Chinese coolies, linked east and west with a band of steel. At the amazing speed of twenty-two miles per hour, one could cross the "sagebrush"

state in safety and enjoy its scenery,—that scenery which to many people, at least to easterners, is only mileage to be covered until they find themselves in more pleasant surroundings.

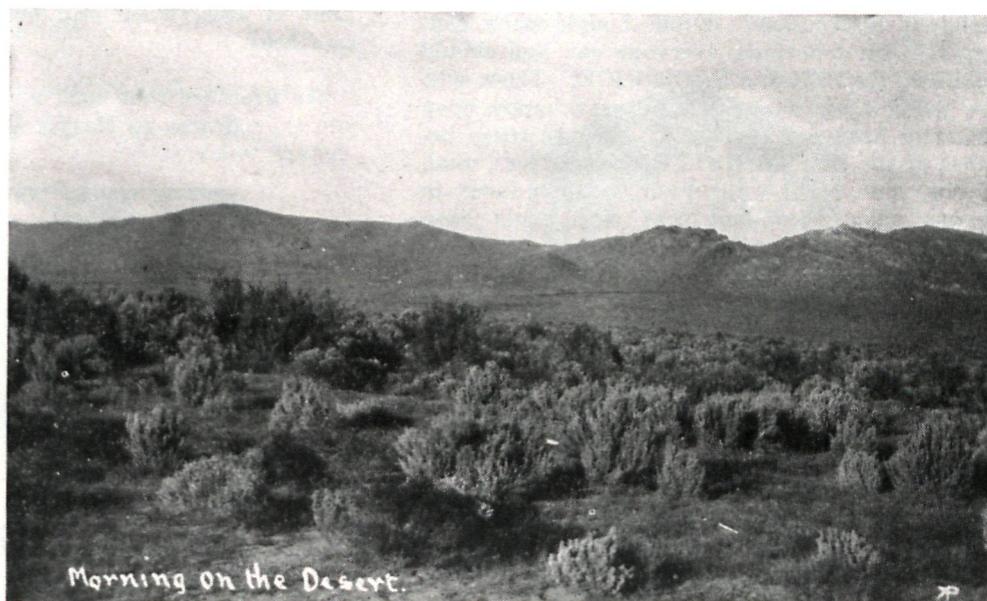
THOSE who have traversed the State by automobile have also felt the challenge of the desert. Many people have been lost by leaving the main highways, following dirt roads that lead to nowhere. Many have waited by the side of the road for hours hoping that someone would pass by to help with car troubles. Water in radiators evaporates, motors overheat, gasoline stations are miles apart.

NEVADA today is a combination of the old West and the new. In its gay little towns, one may walk down the streets and see a squaw with a papoose on her back, an old prospector sitting in the sun, a girl in shorts, men and women dressed identically from the tips of their high heeled boots to the ten gallon hats on their heads, and puffing at cigarettes. You see girls going to school in slacks and pigtails, boys on bicycles, on motorcycles, or hanging from the sides of a hand painted flivver; a rancher in town for supplies or to see a doctor. Doctor's fees are the same as during the frontier days,—\$1.00 a mile during the day and \$1.50 a mile at night,—and some ranches are forty to one hundred miles from town.

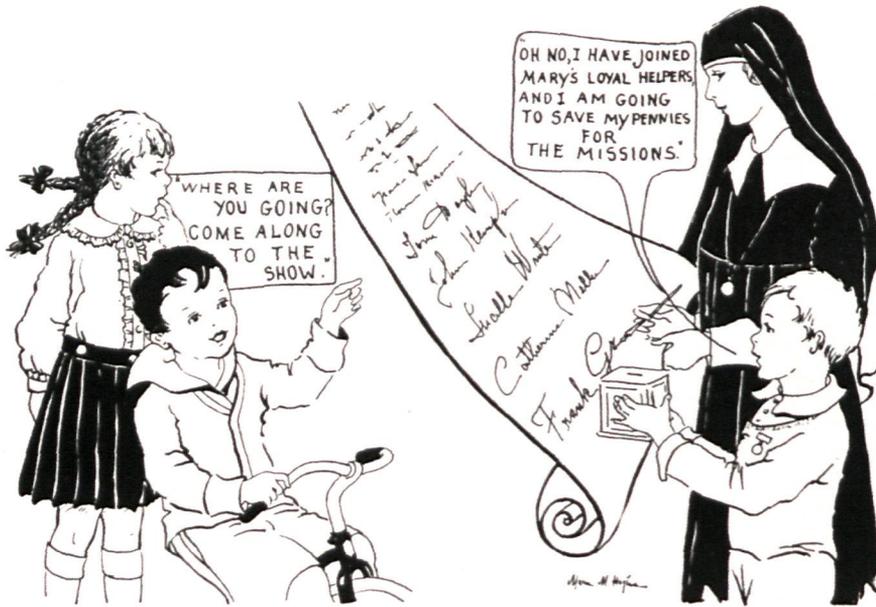
THE Church today? Eastern and Western Nevada no longer belong to different dioceses;

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Endless miles of sagebrush and mountains which must be covered in order to reach the more pleasant land of California.



Morning on the Desert.



Mary's

Dear Loyal Helpers,

Those of you who have the good fortune of attending a parochial school know the value of grace, and how necessary it is; you know, too, that prayer and sacrifice may win the grace necessary to save a soul.

There are many—ever so many—boys and girls, right here in our own country who may never have all the advantages you have of obtaining a good religious education. Don't you think then that Our Dear Lord expects you to do all you can for all these children deprived of religious instruction? Even though many cannot help by donations, everyone can and should help by PRAYER and SACRIFICE. Those who are doing their share will be very happy upon reaching heaven to find souls who are there because of the LOYAL HELPERS' sacrifices. And, maybe, many will want to hide their faces in shame, when they find that they could have helped many more souls to reach heaven.

June is the beautiful month of the Sacred Heart—a month when all good Catholics should turn to Our Blessed Lord with special love and devotion. You, as Loyal Helpers, should make this a special opportunity of helping to win more souls for Jesus and Mary. Wouldn't it be a good idea to check up on yourselves and ask a few questions on this point:

Am I proving a Loyal Helper to my Blessed Mother?

Am I doing as much as I can to help win souls for Jesus and Mary?

Do I ever stop to think how fortunate I am and how that should make me want to help others?

If I haven't been living up to all that I think our Blessed Mother expects of me, I am going to start TODAY. I am going to ask my Mother Mary to help me do all I can for souls. I will try to attend Holy Mass every day, and receive our dear Lord as often as I can. I will also say the Rosary every day. And, even though Lent is over, I am still going to offer special sacrifices.

We are sure that such a resolution will make you even dearer to Mary. So, do it right away—start today.



Loyal Helpers



Jean Alter, Marion, Indiana.

Dear Catechist,

I am a sophomore at St. Paul's High School. I was 16 on March 21. I shall do all I can to help the Missionary Catechists. Thanks for the Sunshine Bag.

I work at Woolworth's after school and all day Saturday. Last Saturday I was given a counter of my own. I have a hard working day before me so I must get some rest.

Good night and may God be with you always.

Joan Alter (Marion, Ind.)

State College, Amherst, Mass.

Dear Catechist,

I am still saving my Sunshine pennies and I hope to have quite a few for you. Maybe along with a great many others they'll help your little ones to love God more. My room-mate is also sending some pennies. She was just saving for a rainy day or an extra soda but when I told her about the Catechists and their fine work she was only too glad to help. On the fourth floor I collected some more pennies.

God certainly showered my State with natural loveliness. Somehow I think it's like praying

when you walk amidst all the beauties of nature and think that God made them all. I can hardly wait for Spring.

Antonetta Romano.

Park Falls, Wis.

Dear Catechists,

I am glad you got the money. I'll try to send more some other time. I pray for the Missions every night.

I cannot write very often to you because I have five brothers in Service and it keeps me quite busy writing to them. One of them is in the Philippines, another in France, and the others are still in this country.

Mary's loyal helper,

Anna Mae Pritzl

P. S. God bless the missions.



NIGHT ADORATION IN THE HOME

(Continued from page 7)

dence to the band of Night Adorers, growing steadily day by day, and offering to God reparation for the crimes committed against Him in the sanctuary of the home.

"ADMIRE the generosity of Americans," said Father Mateo. American Catholics have not disappointed him. More than one hundred thousand are sacrificing an hour's rest each month, in response to his appeal for Night Adorers. This is but the beginning. The number will grow. Our confidence lies in the fact that God is not outdone in generosity. His blessing will come upon the homes of our country because of the reparation being offered Him by these faithful Adorers. And the strength of a nation depends upon the sanctity of its homes.

Adveniat regnum tuum!

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

(Continued from page 9)

through which the Archbishop carries his Precious Burden. A white rug is spread along the street and up the wide step to the last altar, which is placed on a pavilion erected for the occasion. Amid a setting of tall candles, palms and beautiful gladioli, the closing Benediction is given.

CLERGY and religious follow the Archbishop into the large Church of the Sacred Heart. The silent hush continues until the Blessed Sacrament is placed in the Tabernacle. All stand for the final singing of "Reine Jesus" (Reign Jesus), and another Corpus Christi celebration comes to a glorious and triumphant close.

OUT in the dark streets cars are waiting to take the Sisters back to their convents. The great crowd has surged and broken into small groups, laughing and chatting on their way home. Here and there little ones cry sleepily in protest at slumbers disturbed. The clang of street cars and the sound of automobile horns fill the air, and the night life of this city of the southwest has been resumed. The procession has taken about three hours.

AND big and bright God's stars shine down contentedly on these Mejicanos, whose faith this summer's evening summoned a large city to pay homage to its Eucharistic King—"deep in the heart of Texas!"

THE CHALLENGE OF THE DESERT

(Continued from page 15)

they are united in the Diocese of Reno which was established in 1932, with the Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, D.D., as its first Bishop. The diocese consists of twenty parishes and twenty-eight missions, under the care of twenty-nine Priests. There are thirty-two Sisters and thirteen Missionary Catechists working in the diocese. In an area of 110,829 square miles, with a total population of 110,247 (less than one person to a square mile), there are 14,270 Catholics. In this vast territory there is but one Catholic hospital, one parochial school and one day home. These figures seem hardly credible, but to one who knows the West they are understood, and one sees in them the great challenge of this desert country to the Church, a challenge which is being met by zealous Priests and Religious who are sacrificing all to bring souls to Christ. It is slow work, but it will endure for it is the work of God.



Mrs. Katherine Voisinet, Chicago, Illinois,
mother of Catechist M. Emilie Voisinet
Pvt. James Cain, Chicago, Illinois
Pvt. Irle, Chicago, Illinois
Lt. Clement McGlone, Wheeling, W. Va.
Mrs. Elizabeth App, Fort Wayne, Indiana
Mrs. Anna Meng, Los Angeles, California
Mrs. Margaret Walsh, Chicago, Illinois
Mathias Lichter, Chicago, Illinois
Louis Martensen, Union, Illinois

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.



Mission Intention for June

by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell

THE EIGHTY MILLION MOHAMMEDANS LIVING IN INDIA

WHILE the recognized religion of India is Hinduism, it must be remembered that one-fifth of the population, or some eight million souls, are followers of the Prophet who has won adherents for over six centuries. As early as the first quarter of the 14th century we learn from the pen of the Dominican Fra Jordanus, that in his Indian apostolate he encountered "the unceasing hostility of the Moslems, whose preachers are striving to turn all men to their miscreance. How many times I have been stoned and been scourged, God Himself knoweth, and I, who bear all this for my sins, have not yet attained to end my life as a martyr for the faith."

SIX long centuries have passed since that story of Moslem proselytizing in India was first told, and during the intervening decades there has been no lessening of the effort. As a consequence today twenty per cent of the people of that country are Mohammedans, while only one per cent are Roman Catholics. Why the apparent failure? Let us consider some of the facts.

INDIA is perhaps the most religious-minded country in the world, but, as John S. O'Connor reminds us "any analysis of the religious elements of the land must start with the capital division of Hindus and Mohammedans. In their general characteristics the two beliefs are diametrically opposed, but Mohammedanism has an influence in Indian political life out of proportion to numerical strength because it is not only better organized but is vitalized with an aggressive outlook."

IN addition, with the exception of the St. Thomas Catholics, the majority of conversions to Catholicity have been made among the poorer or depressed classes of India. This in turn creates a two-fold problem. After centuries of adherence to the caste system, the Hindu finds it difficult to accept a religion which draws no class distinctions, and the missionary, because of his association with the lower castes, is frequently considered as inferior. Some of the

Jesuits who followed in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier overcame this problem by becoming Indian to save the Indians. Father de Nobili, for instance, lived as a Brahman sanyasi, was revered by all as a man of learning and piety, and consequently made many conversions among the higher castes. There were also recorded many conversions among Mohammedan princes living in India at this time. Then followed the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and the expulsion of the Portuguese from the country.

HOWEVER, the Church has never lost interest in the problem of converting the Mohammedans in India, but even today it presents many and definite difficulties. There have been instances where missionaries have attempted the "direct approach" and have been repaid merely with hours of discussion with the "Mullahs" and the antagonistic curiosity of the Moslem crowds.

BY contrast there is the "indirect approach" which seems to have met with greater success. This requires infinite tact and diplomacy, the establishment of institutions of learning comparable, if not superior, to those in the vicinity, and finally recognition by the government. Patience, adequate funds for the support of such high grade schools, and the sustaining prayers of the faithful are the requirements for this method of reaching the hearts of the Moslems in India. Such a program would insure the development of a cultured, well-informed Catholic laity, and at the same time exercise a valuable Catholic influence upon the Mohammedans.

THE Society for the Propagation of the Faith reiterates the plea that eight million souls, sitting in the darkened recesses of Mohammedanism, may be brought into the light and grace of Catholicity, if our American people will unite in their prayers for this intention so dear to the heart of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.

Buy
WAR BONDS
and
STAMPS
For Victory



Pray the Rosary daily for our fighting men