

THE *Missionary Catechist*



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Crusaders go Over the Top

by Catechist Muriel Balch

THE Crusade Officers studied the picture of the proposed new diocesan school for boys. I had clipped it from the *Southern Cross*, our diocesan paper, and was rejoicing to see that it had the desired effect. The boys were thrilled with the dormitories, the various kinds of trades offered, and especially the athletic field.

AFTER a lively discussion of all the benefits and advantages of such a school, we brought up the business. What were we going to do to help with the building of that "dream" school? Each Society was expected to do its part; what could the Crusaders do? Suggestions flew thick and fast, but the boys finally decided that Jose's plan for a Jamaica would probably be the most practical way for them to raise money for the building fund. Jose had suggested, not a Jamaica like the grown-ups have, but one especially for children—the penny and five cent kind.

JUST how to make a penny and five cent Jamaica a success might seem difficult to some, but not to the Crusaders. Jose suggested Bingo and showed just how he would draw a crowd. Johnny decided he could make up a good Penny Throw, and, in fact, he really did. Jacinto, who had seen little camera slides used at a Boy Scout meeting, wanted to give a "show about God" using some of the slides we have for our Religion Classes. These proved a good drawing card. Esteban felt sorry for the little children who had only a penny or two to spend, and wanted to relieve them of the burden by running a "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" booth.

ALL things decided, the boys went to work. Some printed handbills; others made posters; some solicited prizes, while still others planned and—when the time came—erected the booths. Jose made paper pin wheels for the penny Bingo prizes. Esteban bagged candy, which the Catechists had on hand, for the lucky winners of his project. The Jamaica was well advertised by the Crusaders. One of the teachers in the public school received such a complete description of the proposed diocesan school that she wrote out a five dollar check to help the boys in their efforts to raise money for so worthy a cause.

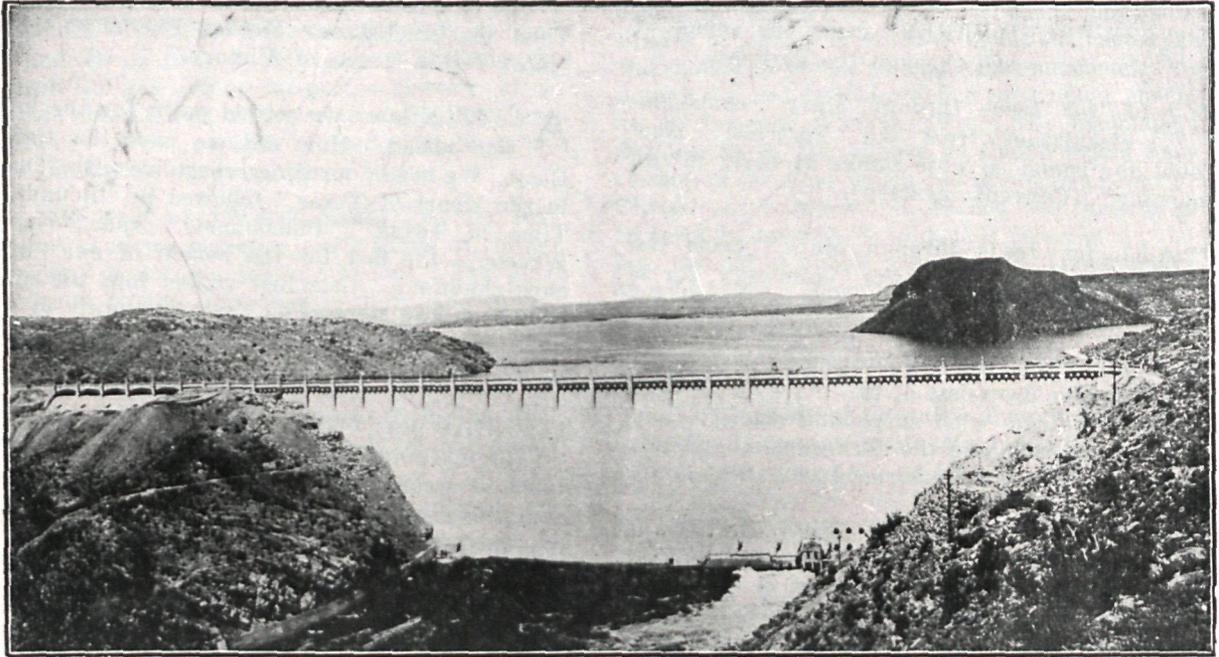


Three of the Crusaders who helped make Jamaica a success.

THE big day arrived at last, and with it came all the children within a radius of a square mile. The wind paid us a few furious visits, but this only aided the soda stand business, and an abundance of water was added to the cool aid. The homemade popcorn balls scarcely made a complete circuit of the grounds when the box was emptied. The line in front of Jacinto's "theater" vied with that of the town's best.

THE Jamaica began at 3:30 and lasted until 6:00 o'clock. But as the dusty, perspiring Crusade Officers counted the array of copper and silver, they pronounced the affair a big success and well worth all their efforts. They triumphantly announced the amount of \$38.35 as the result of their Jamaica and their offering toward San Diego's new Boy Town School.

COVER PHOTO
by Chas. V. Weise Co., Rockford, Ill.



Elephant Butte Dam

Courtesy of Chamber of Commerce, El Paso, Texas.

On to Santa Fe

by Catechist M. Alice James

"WHERE do we go from here, Catechist, where do we go from here?"

THE newer members of our convent in El Paso sang the rollicking question. Our first year in this busy mission of the Southwest had gone by on wings. Our classes had been many and varied; learning Spanish by using the language daily in teaching and home visiting had proved better than the best book; the many religious festivals with all their wealth of pageantry had charmed us; we would never forget the Texan Christmas and the "Holy Week Different" as we termed it.

JUST two weeks after Easter large classes of First Communicants claimed our attention. The children's beloved Kermess (bazaar) followed. We redeemed thousands of grimy, earmarked tickets, with small prizes and religious articles, as reward for faithful attendance at

Religion class.

THEN our El Paso family scattered in much the same fashion as the disciples of long ago, two to the mountains in Hanover, two to Las Cruces, two to the old Mission of San Elizario. Summer school time had come! In fact, it had come and gone so quickly that we were home again before we had time to get used to being away.

NOW we were ready for the next move on the El Paso itinerary. So we sang, "Where do we go from here, Catechist, where do we go from here?"

AND the answer came right back, "On to Santa Fe, Catechists, on to Santa Fe!"

WE KNEW what Catechist meant. We were going to Las Vegas, New Mexico, for our

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

retreat, and we would follow the Santa Fe trail.

"BRRR-BRRRR-BRRRR" came the sound of the rising bell through the darkness.

"ALL for Jesus through Mary," came the ejaculation from our Portress. How could she sound so wide awake so early in the morning? (Convent mystery).

"ALL for Jesus through Mary," came the sleepy response of the Community, for it was exactly 4:15 A. M.

THE thought of the trip ahead must have spurred on the drowsiest of us. At 4:45 all were entering the cars with surprising alacrity, considering the hour and the darkness and stillness in our immediate neighborhood.

AT 5:00 A. M. the good Jesuit Brother at Sacred Heart Church looked slightly startled to see the first two benches filled with the Madres, their heads bent perseveringly over Prayer Manuals. Little old ladies in black mantillas usually occupied these places.

MASS and Holy Communion, and a special reminder to our Blessed Mother that we'd be truly grateful if flat tires were not included in the order of the day, and then we reentered our cars for the trip home.

"PRE-BREAKFAST" consisted of a cup of coffee and a slice of toast taken in cafeteria fashion in the kitchen. The new-comers looked rather downcast at such a restricted menu, but were assured that it was only for the sake of an early start. There would be "brunch" somewhere along the road.

"BLESS, O Lord, the journey we are about to undertake for the glory of Thy Holy Name, for the honor of Thy most Blessed Mother, and for the salvation of souls. May Thy holy angels be with us now and in our last journey to eternity. Amen." And the noses of our cars turned towards Highway No. U. S. 80 at exactly 6:00 A. M.

MEDITATION, Office, and Rosary were first on the program enroute. The points for the meditation taken from the usual meditation book simply refused to stay in one traveler's thoughts, for the sun was coming over the mountain. Sage and desert flowers basked and preened in the glory of his coloring. Desert birds began their paeans of praise to the Lord God. All nature quivered to the thrill of rising once more to the invitation and anticipation of a new day.

NO WONDER we chose for our first hymn, one of our favorites, "O God of Loveliness." Then we greeted our Mother Patroness with, "Most Noble Queen of Victory."

A LITTLE later we settled down for the long trip ahead. How did we pass the time? Easy. We began our song repertoire with "Deep in the Heart of Texas," followed by "Round-up Time in Texas," "Bluebonnets," and "Wagon Wheels,"—the last for the benefit of our Catechist-chauffeur. Catechist smiled into the mirror above and stepped on the gas slightly to remind us that wagons are rather out-moded in modern traveling.

WE HAD our "brunch" in the friendly shadow of a clump of mesquites. The new-comers tried to account for their sizeable appetites by remarking on the morning coolness, the limited pre-breakfast, etc. It didn't convince anyone. So once again we announced that a good appetite is an unfailing proof of a missionary vocation, and let it go at that.

THE steadily mounting sun warmed the desert breeze and reminded us that there was still a long, long road a-winding. The roadside advertisements proved an amusing distraction. All enjoyed the many "Helpy-Selfy Laundries" in the small towns. They brought about a discussion of the pros and cons of modern advertising. Comments were interspersed with favorite hymns, school and state songs, and the miles rolled steadily past.

HERE and there, we crossed bridges. Beneath some were dry arroyos, under others a narrow ribbon of muddy water, scarcely moving. For the present, the Rio Grande belied its name, there was nothing big about it.

SOON we felt a refreshing breeze, and then a cry of delight went up. A large expanse of blue water moved restfully before our eyes; great rocks jutted up from it, and birds circled lazily overhead. It was our first sight of the famous "Elephant Butte Dame."

NEVER had water looked so inviting. We left the Highway and drove some distance down to the water's edge. As soon as the cars stopped all were out, eager to get as near the water as possible, enjoying the beautiful sight before us, relaxing in the cooler air after the long, hot drive. It was almost noon, and nowhere could we find a more ideal place for lunch. As we sat around our lunch baskets, enjoying a delicious lunch in a perfect setting, we voted Elephant Butte the "pause that refreshes" on the long

trek to Vegas.

ALBUQUERQUE with its quaint homes, courts, and shops proved all that we anticipated. Several Indians selling turquoise jewelry at a wayside stand added to the color of the picturesque place. A fat papoose blinked sleepily at us from the basket on its mother's back.

AS WE went on towards Santa Fe, the sun and shadows played a swift game of "hide and seek," seemingly for our benefit. The picture made by the inter-play of light and darkness was a never-to-be-forgotten one. At one moment a mountain was shimmering and dancing with color and warmth like a small child at play; then it towered, gloomy and oppressive, like some stern giant looking down from his place among the clouds.

WE CAUGHT our breath at the sheer beauty of the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) mountain range, as nature marshalled its forces to show us the mountains' rightful claim to such a title. Our first glance revealed a range of brooding loneliness. There was no hint of color

that might suggest blood. As we watched, an electrical storm arose in sudden intensity. Shafts of lightning stabbed again and again at the shadowed peaks, as long ago on a mountain's height sin and hatred stabbed destroying shafts at an innocent Victim. From the lightning's flaming darts, the Sangre de Cristo peaks were clothed in the hues which resembled the Blood of Christ. Rich, warm red bathed the mountains in a ruddy cascade of light, this faded to a pulsing, throbbing purple, tinged with deeper shade of violet hue. Then as the storm spent itself there came a dull, lifeless black.

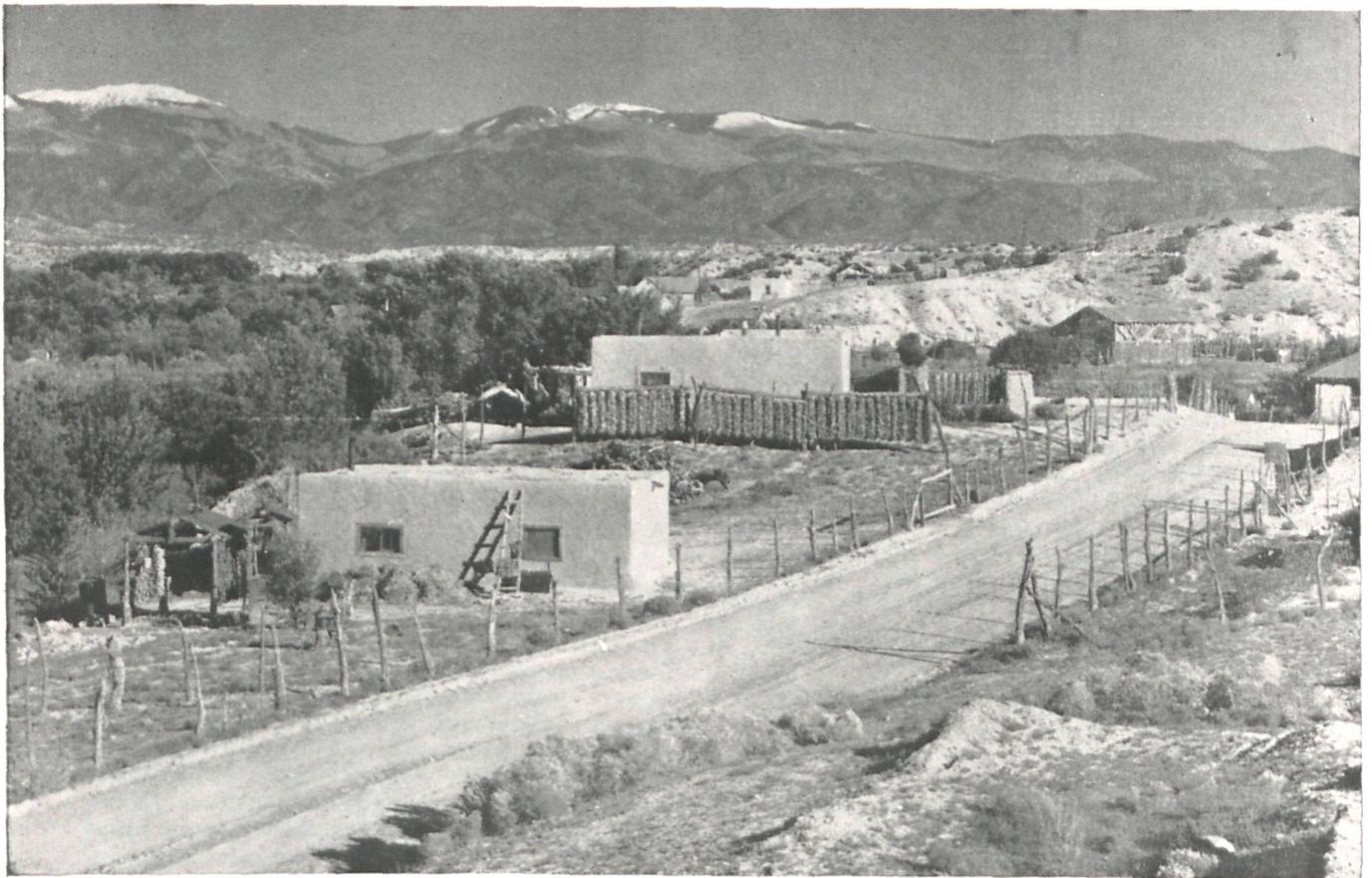
"BLOOD of Christ, sanctify me!"

A FINAL shaft of lightning showed the mountains despoiled of all life and color, bathed in a sudden downpour of rain.

"WATER from the side of Christ, wash me!"

THERE was a long silence then, each one caught and held by the sublimity of nature's

(Continued on page 14)



New Mexican village with Sangre de Cristo mountain range in background.

Courtesy of New Mexico State Record, Santa Fe, N. M.

Mary Helen

by Catechist Mary Karl

NOT so many years ago, a little French girl told her teacher that sometimes she drew the curtains of her bed and sat there and *thought*. "What do you think about?" the teacher asked her. "About the Good God, about the shortness of life, about eternity—in a word, *I think*." Later the beauty of these "thoughts" blossomed forth, under obedience, into the book that told the story of her life and made her the "Sweet-heart of the World,"—The Little Flower of Jesus.

NOW I lay claim to the discovery of her American counterpart—one of them, for I am certain there are many! Mary Helen hasn't a bed with curtains, of course. You and I wouldn't pick her out from among the other little girls as an embryo saint, any more than the nun who spoke to the little French girl might have done in her regard. But after her year in the First Communion class, I clothed Mary Helen mentally in Carmelite brown-and-white and heard the jingle of a small rosary at her side.

A CONTEMPLATIVE, whether seven, seventeen, or seventy, is one who bridges a gap he has no consciousness of existing, and links two worlds with ease and veracity. Now Mary Helen does just that, without the solitude of a big French bed, without the slightest idea of how near she breathes to the Heart of Divinity. For she is quite at home there.

* * * * *

IT IS a pleasant afternoon in March. I have met the first and second grades as they left school, and we are proceeding, in fairly orderly lines, up the block or two to the church where Catechism class will be held. We're singing, for this is a lively little group. As we tramp along, we inform the world at large, to the tune of "Marching through Georgia" that,

Here we go a-marching on a bright
and sunny day,
(or on a dark and cloudy day, as the
case may be)
Here we go a-marching and a-singing
all the way;
Marching up to Jesus's house, to learn
to love and pray,
All on a bright and sunny day.
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're on our way
to class!

Hurrah! Hurrah! How quick the time
will pass!
We want to learn of holy things, the
Sacraments and Mass:
That's why we're marching along!

WITH half a block to go, the singing dies down and the chatter begins. Speaking to the little ones near me, and subconsciously harkening to the general chatter down the line, I am suddenly aware of a connected bit of conversation that delights me. They are discussing their valued stars, these little ones, the red, gold, green, and silver stars on the chart in church which indicate accomplishment in class attendance, prayers, and catechism questions. Katie Lou, the acknowledged blue-stocking of the class, is not averse to informing her classmates, "I have more stars than anybody."

"YOU have *not*!" Mary Helen, her runner-up, declares with spirit. "God has more stars than anybody!"

SEE how she is? Someone talks about stars; Mary Helen is immediately on the defensive to see that God is not cheated of His honors. And remember that other little girl who pointed to Orion's belt and cried out, "Look, Papa, my name is written in heaven!"

THEN there was the long, long morning near First Communion time. Long because of the individual attention involved, for the children had been practicing individually in the confessional, practicing when to begin, how to begin, how to keep on, and how to end—ready for that first sweet plunge into the ocean of God's forgiving mercy. In order to avoid a long wait, a small group living near the church had been allowed to leave after Mass, with instructions to return about noon, when the rest of the class would have finished. They came; with them were Mary Helen and Eloisa, her cousin.

AFTER this group had completed its work, Mary Helen and Eloisa still lingered. They wanted to practice again; they wanted to sing our First Communion songs; they wanted to pray for the soldiers; they wanted—oh, just anything that would allow them to stay a little longer. Apparently the Lover of little children humored them, for the Catechists who were scheduled to pick me up about that time had an hour's unavoidable delay. Not knowing this, I permitted the children to stay, and we enjoyed the time together. However, when it grew past one o'clock, I thought it better to send them home; their mothers might be worried. "Oh, no, they won't," the little ones assured me. "They

know where we are and they like to have us with you."

FINALLY, however—for it had been a long morning—I said they must go, and walking with them as far as the edge of the church property, I saw them start down the street on which they lived. We waved good-bye as they passed the home of another little girl who lived just a short distance from the church. I turned back to the church for a few minutes of prayerful quiet.

TWO minutes passed, three minutes—then very quietly the church door was pushed open, and in came—Mary Helen and Eloisa. Each carried a full blown rose, one pink, one golden. Smiling at the futility of my efforts, I went to greet them. Mary Helen looked up, her face full of triumphant joy and importance, and whispered, "Irene's grandma gave us these roses, and



Mary Helen (right) with three of her companions from the First Communion class.

we brought them to Jesus." (It was Irene's house they passed as we waved good-bye)!

DELIBERATELY, I withheld any offer of assistance, curious to see just what they would do. I watched, ready to help, but apparently uninterested. Mary Helen found a small vase, filled it with water; Eloisa produced a clean handkerchief and carefully dried the bottom. They placed the flowers in the vase, entered the sanctuary, genuflected. Their rubrics were unimpeachable: to the side of the altar, the top of the altar steps. Eloisa tried first, but, no, she lacked a quarter of an inch of placing the vase in safety. In no time, places were switched; Eloisa held the vase, Mary Helen took her place on the top steps, and, very carefully, she just made it. Jesus had His roses.

AND—you'll pardon me for repeating—it made me think of that other little girl who said that in processions she threw her flower-petals as high as she could, and was never so happy as when they touched the monstrance where Jesus was. No, I couldn't send them away again after that. They stayed until the Catechists arrived a short time afterwards; we enjoyed ourselves together—we three, and Jesus!

* * *

IT WAS the Sunday after First Communion. I was speaking to some of the children outside the church. Mary Helen spoke of not eating breakfast.

"ARE you going to Holy Communion again, Mary Helen?" I asked, and as she nodded, I continued, "Jesus will be very happy."

A beaming face uplifted to mine. "I'll be happy, too," she said simply.

EGOTISM? Childish selfishness? Oh, no! Everything is made up of two halves. Half of Holy Communion is Jesus's joy in coming to us; the other half is our joy in coming to Him. Mary Helen's Holy Communion was *complete*.

* * *

FINALLY, summer school. It was after this that Mary Helen "received the habit" she doesn't know she has, that Carmelite brown-and-white. Listen.

FOR our very last class, I took two pictures: one, "the most beautiful picture in the world"—the Crucifixion; the other, Jesus with a little group of children. We looked at them again, for we had seen them before, and studied them again to see how much Jesus loved us. Now, I happened to recall something about the picture of Jesus and the children which I had never used in class before, that the four children grouped around Our Lord represented four types of prayer: petition, contrition, thanksgiving, contemplation. I thought it might help to fix the picture in their memories, as well as give an incentive to prayer, so I explained.

"WE CAN pray in many ways," I began, "and these children show us how. See this little girl looking up at Jesus? She is *asking* Him for something. Maybe her mother is sick; maybe her daddy wants work. See how Jesus is listening? Look at this little child with his head down; he is thinking of something bad that he has done, and he is ashamed, but he is *sorry*, too, and he is just waiting for a chance to tell Jesus so, to tell Him that he will never do it again.

He knows that Jesus loves Him, that He will forgive him and help him.

"THEN see this little one with his arms around Jesus's knees. Jesus has given him something and just as soon as he found it out he came running to *thank* Jesus. That is what we should do when Jesus gives us so many good things; we must hurry and thank Him for being so good to us. And, now, see this littlest one here on Jesus's lap, almost a baby, but He knows who Jesus is and he is perfectly happy just to sit there on His lap, and rest his head on Jesus's Heart, just *thinking* over and over and over about Jesus, "I love You, I love You, I love You!" He isn't *saying* anything, just thinking about Jesus and knowing that Jesus loves him, too."

THE class seemed receptive enough, but I passed over these points without pressing them especially, since I would have no opportunity for a recall after this class. I saw the children again at Mass for the three following weeks before we left for our retreat, but that was all.

ON MY last Sunday at the mission, I gave a little holy picture to the members of my First Communion class, as we said our good-bys after Mass. As I was talking to the others, Mary Helen was quietly looking at her picture. Then she looked up and made another of those startling remarks. "Catechist," she said, "is this the little child you said had his head on Jesus's Heart, and was just *thinking* about Him and *loving* Him?" I followed the pointing finger and for the first time realized that some of the pictures I had given out were facsimiles of the larger picture I had shown in our last class. The large picture had been highly colored, these were only little brown half-tones; but leave it to Mary Helen's eager eye and loving heart to pick out, all unknowingly, her own image! For she pointed to the baby on Jesus's lap, the little child who represents "Contemplation"!

NO, I don't think that the great dome of St. Peter's will ever leap into flame over Mary Helen's canonization. I don't think she will ever tell you in a book these stories of her First Communion days. But this I do hope—that by the grace of God I may meet Mary Helen again some day in the "nurseries of heaven," and then I should like to introduce her to "Little Therese."

WE appreciate the prompt renewal of your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. It means time and money saved for our missions.

GOD'S OFFENSIVE

by Catechist Blanche Richardson

Grant, Lord, I may not in foolish frustration
Hinder Thy work of my sanctification.

Soften resistance, make craters of pride,
Conquer my ego, my feeble love chide.

Blast at self-righteousness and self-deceit,
Strike at self-seeking and horrid conceit.

Subjugate, penetrate, cripple defenses,
Silence excuses and rout vain pretenses.

Pursue in its fox-holes subtle self-love,
O'ercome my self-will with grace from above.

Admit no truce with self as defender,
Accept naught else but total surrender.



Anchors Aweigh! And Ramon decided to be a "Sailor of the Lord" for his great day.

Raymond Finds the Path to Heaven

by Catechist Suzanna Michels

IT WAS the summer vacation and we were sitting under the great oak trees on the hill at Victory Noll talking of mission experiences.

"IN OUR census work this year we met a family I've been wanting to tell you about," my companion began. "It is an unusual case and proves that God's grace works where it will, and that we can never tell just when we will be the instruments God makes use of to prepare the soul to receive that grace.

"WHEN we called at this home, the mother informed us that neither she nor her husband was Catholic, but that their nine year old son had been baptized, made his First Communion, and was attending the parochial school. Noticing the look of surprise on our faces, the mother proceeded to explain.

"IT WAS like this,' She told us. 'When we were living in another town the Catechists came there for a religious vacation school. Every day Raymond watched the children on the playground and begged to attend the school. As he was only four and not a Catholic, I was afraid he would only be a nuisance. The next year the Catechists came again. We were living in another part of town, but Raymond heard about the school and begged to attend. Finally I consented, hoping he would not cause the Catechists too much trouble. By the time the summer school was over, Raymond was insisting on being baptized. We talked to the Pastor of the Church, and when we promised to see that Raymond would get a good Catholic education and that we would do all we could to foster his religious training, the good Father baptized him. Since we moved here, Raymond attends Mass and receives Holy Communion daily.'

"JUST think of the great grace given that child," said my companion as she ended her narrative.

"AND what was the name of the town they lived in formerly?" I asked.



Home from the missions for retreat and summer vacation, Catechists gather under shade of great oak trees to exchange mission experiences and discuss mission problems.

WHEN I heard the name of the town, it all came back to me,—that summer school four years ago and little Raymond with those big blue eyes which seemed to have a little of heaven in them. I recalled little Raymond at daily Mass, slipping up close to me and whispering, "Tell me when Jesus comes down on the altar," or "Is Jesus coming now?" I saw him once more sitting in class, listening attentively to every word. I remembered how he stood up one day and asked, "Catechist, if a person is not baptized and he dies, will he have to go to hell and stay there forever?" How to present such great truths to the mind of a five-year-old seemed a problem.

BUT my companion's story told me that Raymond was making sure that he would not be deprived of God and eternal happiness; he was taking the path by which he could reach heaven to "stay there forever."

In The Home Field



SUMMER SCHOOL

TONOPAH is a typical Nevada mining town. It is located at a distance from our Ely mission, and we go there only for Religious Vacation School each summer. The children look forward to this summer school as the big event of the year. They are very docile and eager to learn.

THIS year the children showed their usual enthusiasm for all their projects, but they were especially interested in the Holy Childhood Society and the ransoming of a pagan baby. Each child was given a mite box in which to save his spending money to help the little ones of pagan lands. One of the smaller girls of the Prayer Class showed that she had a very practical concern for the neglected pagan children. Upon opening her mite box, we found not only the usual nickels, dimes and pennies, but also a number of red ration tokens. She told us that she wanted to be sure that the poor little children would have something to eat. Although the



First Communion Class, St. Ignatius Church. Ups and Downs in Fashions. That is the style on First Communion day in El Paso when little misses choose a knee-length skirt or ankle-length gown.

tokens were not sent to foreign lands, we feel sure that the little one's thoughtfulness was very pleasing to the Child Jesus, for did He not say, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat"?

ANOTHER interesting incident of this summer school concerned Henry, a little nine-year-old Mexican lad. Henry had been lax in his attendance at Sunday Mass. During summer school he made the resolution to go to confession and Holy Communion and start going to Mass every Sunday. The first Saturday afternoon that the children went to confession, we watched for Henry. He did not disappoint us. At the last minute he came marching up the middle aisle, his face beaming with pride when he noticed that we saw him. But his good manners were not as evident as his good will, for he had forgotten to take off his hat. To our consternation he walked right up to the first pew. He genuflected, went in to the pew, but before kneeling down, turned around to see if we were still watching him. One of the Catechists, taking advantage of the opportunity to call his attention to the fact that he had not taken off his hat, raised her hand and touched her head. Henry, thinking that she was waving at him, and considering this a special sign of approval, immediately waved back, his face beaming more than ever.

Catechist J. Cima
Ely, Nevada

NOT MUCH LEFT TO STUDY

Ten little altar boys, struggling to learn the Latin prayers, sometimes get a little discouraged. The other day, after Catechist had given a little "pep" talk, Rudy asked hopefully, "Catechist, after we learn these prayers, and we want to be a priest, we won't have so much left to study, will we?"

Catechist M. Shrilla,
Ontario, California

"JESUS LOVES ME"

To keep the little ones interested, I asked them to mount a picture of Our Lord at home, print the words "Jesus loves me" beneath it, and bring it to class the next week. Joann did not mount hers. The following week she said, "Catechist, I've learned my lesson well and I'll never forget it."

"And what did you learn, Joann?" I asked. "Jesus loves me," she answered, as she showed me her picture.

And I breathed a prayer that she might, indeed, never forget that Jesus loves her.

Catechist M. Patricia Knapp
Ida, Michigan

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

by Catechist M. M. Schmitz

Our Lady of the Snows, so pure,
In thee, salvation rests secure,
Ourselves today we consecrate
To thy loved Heart, Immaculate.
We wish to serve thee evermore
And through thy heart, thy Son adore.

Through thee all heav'nly graces flow,
Through thee to Jesus, we must go
And make our offering with haste.
Oh, aid us all to never waste
The graces God on us bestows,
Dear Mary, Lady of the Snows.

July-August, 1945



Associate Catechists

ST. MARGARET MARY BAND (Marshfield, Wis.)

THIS Band was organized by Mrs. E. L. Leu who is Promoter. She is also a sister to Catechist Margaret Campbell. One of the most interesting letters of the year came to us from her recently. It is necessary for the woman who desires to join their Band to have nimble fingers and sewing talent. They have a market for dressed dolls in the toy department of one of Milwaukee's big department stores. Proceeds from these sales go to help our Catechists and their work among the poor.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE BAND (Dayton, Ohio)

GASOLINE rationing has made it all but impossible for the devoted members of this Band, headed by Mrs. E. C. Bollinger, to get together for meetings. Moreover, the War has taken a heavy toll among the members' relatives. They ask the prayers of our Associates for their wounded and those killed in action. Meanwhile, like St. Helen Band, of the same city, they continue to help with Catechist Cogan's support. We admire their brave spirit and promise our prayers.

ST. IRENE AUXILIARY BAND (Chicago)

DURING the summer months when it is quite impossible for many members to meet, Miss Madeline Sebraska, zealous Promoter of this Band, sees that her Associates have mite-boxes handy to drop in small coins. In September she collects these and converts the contents into a nice sized check or money order. In addition they get off a Mission Box, from time to time, to our El Paso Catechists. Many thanks to these Chicago Associates.

ST. HELEN BAND (Dayton, Ohio)

THIS Band, of which Miss Helen Melke became Promoter in February, has interesting ways of raising funds for the Missions. Among these are selling Christmas and birthday cards and redeeming sales tax stamps. They have been contributing to the support of our Catechist Cogan (a native of their city) for many years. Our sincere thanks for their help.

So many Bands are deserving of praiseworthy mention that we set forth, in this issue, as many as possible.

ST. AGNES BAND (Martinsburg, W. Va.)

EXCEPT for the inspiring leadership of its Promoter, Miss Gertrude Atkinson, this Band might not have survived during these abnormal War days. As it is, the shadow of the Cross has fallen athwart the Atkinson home. Two out of three sons—Army pilots—have been killed in action. Miss Atkinson asks prayers for her dead hero brothers and for the safety of her living brother.

CHARITINA CLUB NO. 2 (Paris, Ill.)

DURING the months of March and April we received generous checks from Miss Mary C. Gibbons, promoter of this Band. It is interesting to note that her interest in the work of our Catechists goes back to a chance meeting with one of our first Catechists, Catechist Julia Doyle, in 1926. At first, Miss Gibbons (a very busy woman) helped our Catechists in a private capacity but in 1938 she organized a Band.

ST. ANTHONY BAND (Chicago)

WE RATE Mrs. Agnes F. Beck, Promoter of St. Anthony Mission Club as one of our very best benefactors and Mission supporters. During the past year, Mrs. Beck has had some very successful parties which have greatly aided us in our Missionary works. Especially noteworthy was her very successful Easter party for our benefit. Undaunted by discouraging conditions she went ahead and did very well with it. Congratulations!

of Mary



ST. KATHERINE BAND (Chicago)

ALTHOUGH sickness, accidents and death invaded the members and relatives of St. Katherine Band, these self-sacrificing Mission workers, with Mrs. Katherine Hammer in charge, forged ahead, procuring new members in the place of those forced out by unavoidable circumstances. They have sent in their usual large amounts to aid us in our work in behalf of God's poor and underprivileged ones of this earth. They merit our admiration, esteem and hearty thanks.

ST. SABINA BAND (Chicago)

THIS is another Band (Promoter, Miss Marie Dwyer) which follows the expansion of our Missionary activities with keen interest. Whenever they receive word that a new Center is to be opened, we can depend upon receiving from them a "Shower Box" containing beautiful and practical gifts of needed household articles. Added to this, the regular financial help they vouchsafed us made us feel very much indebted to them.

ST. Mary Philomena Band (Stevens Point, Wis.)

IT IS a real effort for this Band, of which Mrs. P. Levenduske is Promoter, to carry on these days. The Band members live in a rural community where great distances are to be covered for "get-togethers." With cars getting older and tires getting thinner, we marvel at their determined persistence and know that God who is not outdone in generosity will shower His graces and blessings on them.

MRS. ANNA MENG, PROMOTER, TAKEN IN DEATH

IT WAS with profound regret that we learned of the passing of Mrs. Anna Meng who, under the inspiration of our Reverend Founder, Father Sigstein, established the first Bands in Los Angeles, California, to aid the work of our Missionary Catechists. We feel, however, that in one sense, our loss is also our gain, for we are convinced we have now an ardent intercessor at the Throne of God for blessings upon and the extension of our work for the poor.

A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

April 24 to May 31

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	\$ 7.00
* Dolores Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. C. Klingel	65.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	14.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary Nye	50.00
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago, Miss Dorothy Spitzer	70.00
Little Flower Circle, Pittsburgh, Miss Catherine Lippert	7.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. K. Krueger	10.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	21.00
Our Lady, Queen of Poor Souls, Los Angeles, Mrs. A. Meng	10.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. Alma McGovern	15.50
St. Agnes Band, Martinsburg, W. Va., Miss Gertrude Atkinson	2.40
St. Ann's Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Miss Anna Brink	4.50
St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	2.50
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	26.00
St. Gemma Galgani, Chicago, Mrs. Vogt	15.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Helen Melke	8.25
St. Irene's Auxiliary, Chicago, Miss Madeleine Sebraska	10.00
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	50.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y. Mrs. Mary Bucci	11.40
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	12.50
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Alfred Vleck	5.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mrs. A. Hake	135.00
St. Mary Philomena Band, Stevens Point, Wis., Mrs. P. Levenduske	23.90
Srillians Band, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Marion Mueller	2.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Alice Fenton	25.00
* Through an oversight \$50.00 of this amount should have appeared in our May issue.	

ON TO SANTA FE

(Continued from page 5)

portrayal of the bloodshed of a God.

QUAINT, little Sante Fe won all our hearts, with its narrow, winding streets so unsuited to the rush and roar of modern transportation. Its many churches truly give it the title, "City of Holy Faith." We stopped at the mission Church of San Miguel. An old Brother told us



Courtesy of New Mexico State Record, Santa Fe, N. M.

Mission of San Miguel, Sante Fe, New Mexico, built in 1606.

its history. He sounded the huge mission bell in which precious metals and patient labor held captive the silvery tones that now came forth.

THE setting sun reminded us that Vegas was still some miles distant. We traveled the remaining miles a little more quickly. In Apache Canyon we slowed down to exclaim over the riot of growth and color, and to picture the braves of old making the Canyon resound with guttural

call and cry of war.

STARVATION PEAK had a special fascination for us, since one of our Spanish American Catechists told us how a great uncle of hers had died with the other brave men, when the Indians held them captive on the mountain height. A white cross stretches against the blue of the sky.

WITH Vegas just a half hour's drive away, there was one more delight to be enjoyed, a promise to be fulfilled. Our Superior smilingly obliged. At a wayside refreshment stand, she purchased ten ice cream cones, triple dip, the first some of us had ever seen!

WE REACHED Las Vegas at 8:30 P. M., tired but happy over our long day. And this time the theme of our song had changed to, "Let's do it again, Catechist, let's do it again!"

AND the next year, we did!

BAPTIZED—IN THE WRONG CHURCH

It was during one of our religious vacation schools in the Texas "Panhandle" country, that we visited the home of one of our pupils and asked to see her baptismal certificate in order to ascertain her age. Imagine our surprise when we found that the child had been baptized in an Episcopalian church. The mother, who understood no English, could not believe that the child was not baptized in the Catholic Church. She called the godparents immediately. When they arrived, they told us that when the child was but a few days old, she was seriously ill. They thought she was going to die, so took her to the nearest Church to be baptized, rather than to the Mexican church to which the family belonged, but which was some little distance from their home. To all appearances the Church was a Catholic one, and they never doubted until now but that the child had been baptized by a Catholic priest. They lost no time in rectifying the matter.

Catechist M. G. Salitrik
Lubbock, Texas

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

Did Catechist Get Lost?

by Catechist M. Lembeck

LAST Sunday I took my Scouts to the Girl Scout Camp. The girls live in a very crowded section of El Paso, so getting out in the open air for a day was a real treat for them. We all attended an early Mass, then drove out to the Camp which is located in a very pretty spot a few miles out in the country. It was a perfect day, and the girls enjoyed themselves immensely.

WE cooked a pocket stew for dinner. We allowed a cup of water and a bullion cube for each Scout. When that boiled, we threw in a carrot, a potato, some celery and onion for each Scout. In a little while we had a pot of stew that was really delicious. The only trouble was that the Scouts brought a nose-bag lunch for supper, but somehow most of them ate their supper before their dinner, and we had to warm up some of their dinner for their supper. Anyway, they had lots of fun, and that was the main thing.

WHILE some of the Scouts were cleaning up, some of the others went for a little hike. I didn't want them to go too far, so I followed them. The bushes are very thick, and though I could hear the girls, I couldn't see them. They were making so much noise themselves that they couldn't hear me. At last I lost them completely. After looking around for a while, I decided to return to Camp and see if they had returned. When I got out in the open I saw a sight that made me laugh.

TWO Scouts were away up in a tree peering in all directions. Others had long poles with their ties tied on the tip, waving for all they were worth. All seemed to be looking for something. When they spied me coming out of the bushes, the relief on their faces showed me they were looking for me!

"OH, Catechist, we're so glad we found you!" "Did you see our ties waving?" "We thought we'd never find you!" "We climbed the trees so we could see better." "We called and called, did you hear us?" "We prayed to Mary so we would find you quick!" "Oh, Catechist, don't ever get lost again!" Such a chorus, and all talking at once!

THE following meeting we had a discussion on what we liked or didn't like about the Camp.

One of the Scouts stood up and said: "Catechist, I didn't like that you got lost and we couldn't find you." Then there was a chorus of, "Oh, Catechist, that was terrible!" They still think that their ties waving in the air brought me safely back to camp. They don't know that I couldn't possibly get lost out there. I know every foot of that territory. Anyway,—the result of the whole thing is a resolution that they probably won't forget, "Never again to leave Camp or go away from the group without the Leader's permission."



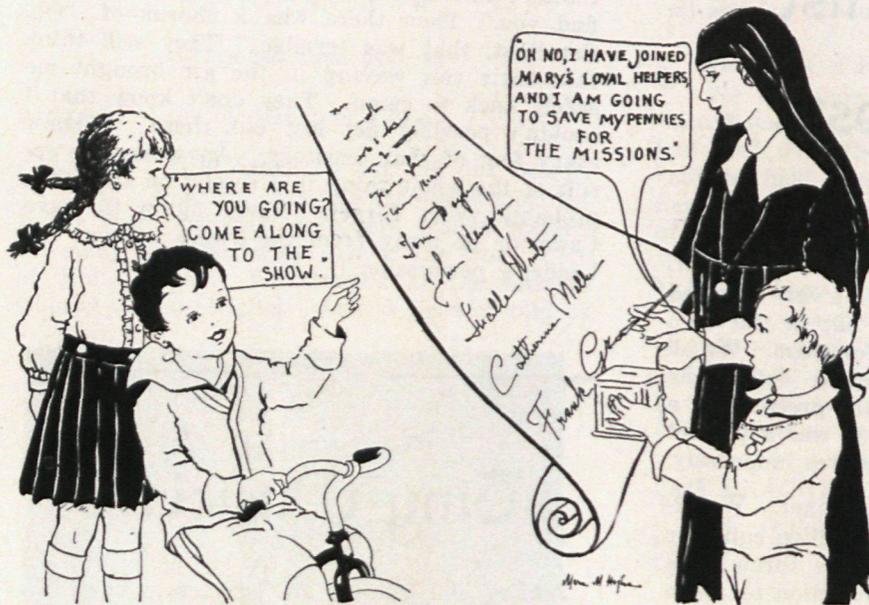
Tiny Musicians

Johnny and Tommy are brothers. They live next door to us. At any time of the day, we are liable to hear them call, "Hello, Catechist. Is today church?" What they really want to know is whether there is catechism class that day.



One day Tommy, the younger of the two, was trying to master a large guitar. He struggled with it until Johnny left the tire with which he was playing and came to his assistance. Like a real musician, Johnny proceeded to show Tommy how to hold and play the guitar. They could not understand why I wanted their picture in that particular pose, but to me it was so sweet I wanted to share it with others.

Catechist C. Leven
Los Angeles, California



Mary's

NO AGE LIMIT

The last few months have brought us a "bumper crop" of new Loyal Helpers, and that's what we like best of all, more, more and still more Helpers.

My, what a grand and glorious feeling it gives us to find so many willing workers who are generous enough to be co-workers in God's Vineyard.

Our Loyal Helpers' group makes no distinction in age, and as a result we are happy to number among our members little tots just learning to talk, unselfish youngsters in grade school, eager, enthusiastic high school youth and "big" Helpers who seem to feel it a privilege to spread sunshine among God's poor by filling Sunshine Bags. We think we are very fortunate to have such wonderful "Sunshine Friends," and we are sure that God must be pleased with our "Sunshine Spreaders."

One of our "littlest" Helpers, Eleanor Wagner of Hamilton, Ohio, who is just about two and a half, is very serious about doing her bit for the missions. After learning that there were many boys and girls not so fortunate as she, she said "Mommy, I must put my pennies in my piggy-bank for those poor little boys that don't have any shoes."

Almost at the same time there arrived from one of our "big" Helpers a very edifying letter which we think will be appreciated by our Helpers, especially as he is one of our men in service. Following is the letter:

"Writing to Victory-Noll is always a pleasant task. Maybe it's because I'm so intensely interested in the life and work of a Catechist—to give souls to Christ and Christ to souls.

And because I have the deepest admiration for the Catechists, may I make a contribution to aid this splendid work so that it may increase and multiply? Enclosed is \$5.00 for five filled Sunshine Bags. We've four more to go and we'll be "batting a thousand."

Sincerely yours in Our Lady of the Little Ones,

Corporal Ed. Laxner.



Loyal Helpers

REAL BOYS MAKE REAL MISSIONARIES

Here is another letter which we were happy to receive:

"We are a group of five neighborhood boys who started a club last fall. Here's how it began.

"One day we were at Mrs. Power's house sampling fresh cookies. She suggested that we start a club. The idea was to help keep us out of mischief (ahem!) and to make us more sociable, but with plenty of innocent fun, too. We thought it a very excellent idea.

"We meet every Saturday from 7:00 to 8:00 P. M. We each pay three cents dues weekly, play games and have a lunch. When we got enough money we planned to have a royal feast.

"First we called our club the ACE CLUB. Then we changed it to JUNIOR EAGLES. Later when we heard about MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS we decided that duty to God and His poor was more important than just having fun for ourselves. So now we are a MISSION CLUB and we are sending you all our dues plus some money we made by selling chances on a box of chocolates.

"Please send us a Sunshine Bag for next time. We will send you a snapshot later on.

"We all want to help the missions and some of us hope to be priests some day.

"God bless you.

Your Helpers,

Anthony Athos, Jerry Croteau, Joe Croteau, Mark Power and John Walsh"

A few more details regarding this splendid boys' club have come to us through Mrs. Power, Mark's mother, the one who encouraged and helped to develop the boys' ideas. Mrs. Power tells us the boys are nine to eleven years in age. They drew up their own rules; each boy is president for a month and each takes his turn entertaining weekly. In addition to their dues they are always on the lookout for more ways



of earning money to swell their mission fund. Mrs. Power likewise mentioned that not one of the boys showed any regret at giving up the "royal feast" which was the first incentive to start their club.

Their first contribution amounted to \$10.00.

May our dear Lord bless Mrs. Power and our new DETROIT LOYAL HELPERS. Would that we had many more groups like them!

We have received so many letters from new LOYAL HELPERS lately that we have no room to include them all; However, here are a few:

"I would like a Sunshine Bag for my summer vacation so I can save my pennies. I am proud to be a LOYAL HELPER and I promise to help all I can.

Tama Jane Genovese"

"I am happy to get my membership card and I would like to receive a Sunshine Bag. I am helping all I can by saving my pennies.

"My father is badly wounded in the army hospital.

Michael Brady"

We are asking our LOYAL HELPERS to remember Michael's father in their prayers so that he may soon be well and return home. We know the Helpers will be glad to do this for Michael.



Letters

from 2500 CLUB Members

(See page 20)

ENJOYING THE NEW TESTAMENT by Margaret T. Monro. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 204 pp., price \$2.50.

HOW RICH ARE THE YOUNG, a Vocation Pamphlet, published by Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Castle, Shattuc Ave., Cincinnati 26, O.

JEWISH PROBLEMS BY A CHRISTIAN ISRAELITE, David Goldstein, LL.D. Order from RADIO REPLIES PRESS, St. Paul 1, Minn., 15 cents.

ANTI-SEMITISM, Rev. Arthur J. Riley, Ph.D. Order from RADIO REPLIES PRESS, St. Paul 1, Minn., 15 cents.

TO BE A PRIEST, pamphlet on "Vocation to the Priesthood;" HALT Hearken to the Cry of the Children, religious vocation pamphlet for girls; SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS, a pamphlet on the history of this sect; SIX PREMARRIAGE INSTRUCTIONS FOR CATHOLICS AND NON-CATHOLICS, fundamental instructions in concise form on Catholic beliefs and practices. Order from RADIO REPLIES PRESS, St. Paul 1, Minn., 10 cents each.

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that I am enclosing a twelve dollar money order for the year 1945. I also wish to express my appreciation of the wonderful work you are doing. From the beginning, I realized what it would mean to the little ones."

"I am more than happy to be able to send you my dues for this year. I hope it will be a drop in the bucket and will help just a little in your great work for God and souls. You more than deserve all the help that people like me can give.

"As long as God permits me, I shall do all that I can to help your great work."

"With pleasure I send you my monthly dollar. If this mite helps to spread God's word, I will be well repaid for my small sacrifice."

"Thank you for reminding me of my dues in the 2500 CLUB. I have been busy lately and let it slip. I have a job with the Quartermaster's (Army) so now our entire family is working for Uncle Sam. Again, thank you."

"I am happy to be able to renew my subscription in the 2500 CLUB, and am enclosing check for \$12.00. May Our Blessed Lady of Victory bless and direct your work and send you many candidates."

"I am enclosing money order for \$7.00, my 2500 CLUB dues for the rest of the year. You are doing such good work here in California among the Mexicans. They need guidance as we all do. So here I am, and I hope I can continue."

Memoriam

Brother Fidelis, O.F.M., Dons Scotus College, Detroit, Mich.

Brother M. Pius Schmitt, O.C.S.O., Our Lady of Gethsemani, Trappist, P. O., Ky.

Patrick J. O'Brien, San Francisco, Calif., father of Catechist M. Lucille O'Brien.

Margaret Moore, Philipsburg, Pa., sister of Catechist Mary McConville.

Sgt. Peter W. Lenges, killed in action in Germany.

William T. Loftus, Waterbury, Conn.

Emanuel A. Belda, Wauwatosa, Wis.

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

Dear Catechist:

Please publish in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST my fervent thanks to Our Blessed Mother for a special favor received.

A Child of Mary.

Dear Catechists:

Please publish this thanksgiving in your magazine:

"All praise and thanksgiving be to the sweet Blessed Virgin who preserved our boy."

A Grateful Soul.

NOTICE

We have combined the July and August issues of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. No magazine will be printed in August. The next issue you receive will be the September number.

Mission Intention for June

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

FREEDOM TO TEACH THE GOSPEL IN THE INTERIOR OF ASIA

IN THIS day when the tenets of democracy, with its purported freedom of worship clause, are heralded throughout the world, it may seem strange to read an appeal for prayers for "freedom to preach the Gospel in the interior of Asia." However, a study of the facts and a perusal of the map prove the wisdom of the action of the Holy See.

JUST what is meant by the interior of Asia? Perhaps, exercising poetic license, we might say it includes the territory from the vale of Kashmire to Siberia; again it may embrace the land from the Himalayas to the Arctic Circle. Actually the area is huge—in part wild and desolate as are the districts included in it: Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Tibet, Nepal, Bhutan, Turkestan, the Asiatic sections of the U.S.S.R., and outer Mongolia. Even the most desultory study of history marks these as "forbidden" spots in the realms of mission activity. The fanaticism of the Moslems, the mysticism of the Hindus, the warlike attitude of the Sikhs, the ritualistic practices of Lamaism, the professed godlessness of the Communists, would seem to create a barrier more formidable than the towering ridges of the Himalayas.

YET, just as our boys are now flying daily over the seemingly impassable "hump" bringing aid to China, so our missionaries are ready and eager to undertake work in these closed areas. Twelve years ago Archbishop de Guebriant, Superior General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, called the Abbot of St. Maurice to discuss with him the possibility of sending some of the monks from his renowned abbey, founded in 515 A.D., to found an outpost on the borders of the closed lands of Bhutan and Tibet.

THE Abbot journeyed to the area designated by Archbishop de Guebriant, and today a

Prefecture Apostolic is located in the heart of one of the forbidden areas. "Nepal, Sikkim, Tibet, and Bhutan surround us," wrote the Prefect Apostolic recently, "but we know that we shall enter by the Pope's way, that is, breaking down prejudice by charity. We shall live our lives according to our vocation as Canons by worthily performing the divine liturgy in this land of monasteries and by training a native clergy. It is only they that can bring Christ to their own people, but it is we who have to help them do it."

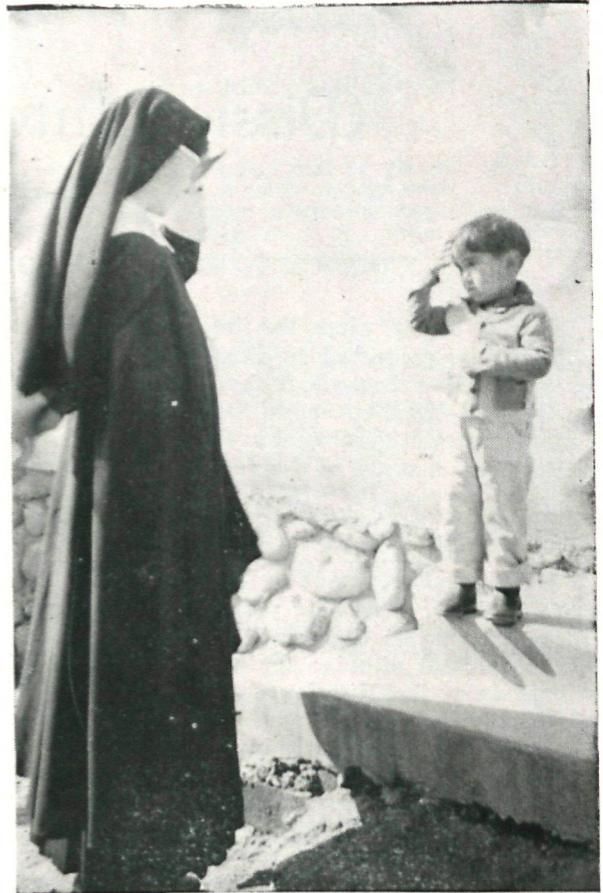
THIS has been the principle of the Scheut Fathers in their work in Mongolia, a principle which is already bearing fruit. From the quiet halls of the great seminary in Tatungfu, the first Mongolian native priest has emerged, and now that most of the European missionaries in Mongolia are interned, it is from the ranks of the native clergy they trained so long and so well that the torch of faith is being carried into desolate outer Mongolia.

THE conquest of Poland by Russia may also prove a boomerang for the Church in the Asiatic sections of the U.S.S.R. The internment of Polish priests and nuns may form the leaven which will restore Christ to His rightful place in the hearts and homes of the Russian people. Prayer and charity are the necessities for the expansion of this apostolate. Through these media we shall fulfill the wishes of His Holiness who does not "hesitate to look to the future with a serene eye." Thus "the present century, even though born proud and presumptuous with its accumulated delusions and ruins, will, in the field of Catholic missions, bear a rich harvest." Let us hope this will be realized particularly in the vast sections of the interior of Asia.

YOU ARE INVITED

to share in the missionary apostolate
of the Catechists.

JOIN OUR 2500 CLUB



**and help the work in the home missions.
Members of the 2500 CLUB contribute
\$1.00 a month, or \$12.00 a year,
towards the support of the Catechists
and their work.**

Read *Letters from 2500 CLUB Members* on page
18.

Application for a year's membership in the
2500 CLUB

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB for one year. I shall pray for the Missionary
Catechists and contribute one dollar each month towards their support.

Name

Address

City Zone..... State.....