

January 1946
The Missionary Catechist





Madonna and Child

by Reverend Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D.

*The angels had returned to heaven,
The shepherds to their quiet fold,
The magi to their eastern homeland,
The manger still was hard and cold.*

*And yet, the Infant Son of God
Could not remain in it for long;
A cruel despot's ruthless threat
Drove Him to foreign land and tongue.*

*The Holy Three set out in haste
To cross the burning desert sand,
But nightly made a brief sojourn,
They knew their lives were in God's hand.*

*Would not the white stars rise to dance,
When Mary raised her Infant's face
Up to her breast beneath the trees,
That e'en the barren desert grace?*

*Would not the sailing clouds begrudge
Her the sweet load upon her arm?
And gladly clothe Him in the white
Of fleecy wool to keep Him warm?*

*Would not the thrushes sing with her
When she intoned a cradle song?
Would not the flowers bow their heads
To hear that mother fair and young?*

*O would that I could be a star,
A cloud, a thrush, a fragrant flower,
To shine and sail, to sing and pray,
Around the sacred desert bower.*

The Missionary Catechist

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God's Gift

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

ONCE more God presents us with a New Year. He asks us to use it to grow constantly in His love. At each instant of this New Year, He will be present giving us the grace we need at that particular moment. This grace may be a joy, a sorrow; a trial, a blessing; a loss, a gain; it may seem to come from the goodness or malice of men; but behind each event we can be sure that it is God who is there arranging all things for us.

AND in whose hands would we rather place ourselves, who would we rather have guide our destiny, as we look upon the tremendous gift of time—365 days or some part of them—which is to be ours as 1946 dawns upon the world?

WHEN this year—like all the preceding years—has sped into eternity, shall we love God more or less? Shall we be closer to Him or farther from Him? Shall we have used our time procuring the glory of God and the good of our neighbor, or shall we have wasted it trying to secure our own selfish desires and pleasures?

EXCEPT for life itself, God has given us no greater gift than time. Ah! let us use it well; let us use it while we can. Let us make sure that when that amount of time, which God has decreed shall be ours, comes to an end, we will be ready to go forth to that reward which God has promised to all who seek to know and do His Holy Will.

This blessing we wish to all our subscribers, friends and benefactors, as we enter upon the year of 1946.

*Catechist Catherine Olberding
and
The Missionary Catechists*

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Co-operating for Peace

From an Address

by the Very Reverend E. C. LaMore, O.P., Ph.D.,
S.T.Lr.

Department of Philosophy, Siena Heights College

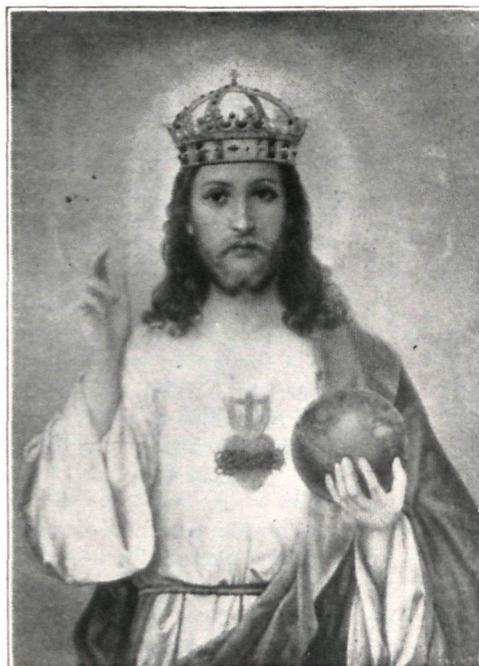
THE war is over; our enemies have been vanquished; joy abounds in our hearts, and the flush of victory is still upon our faces. But we are now called upon to solve a greater problem—the problem of a lasting peace.

THE war is over—but our job is only half done. To have conquered the enemy is not enough; we must win the peace. Some would like to think that with victory peace comes automatically. Hard, cruel experience says such is not the case. The battle for victory is over; the battle for peace has just begun.

AS WE bandage up our wounds and count the cost of victory—in death, destruction and waste—we begin to realize that defeat of the enemy on the battle front was but a necessary prelude of things to come; if we are to have peace, we must now battle with enemies on the home front. The battles behind were bloody and cruel; the battles ahead of us will be difficult and demanding. They will try our patience and test our courage. But we must fight now as we have never fought before, if we would keep faith with our honored dead. We must finish the task they have so nobly advanced. They won the victory; now we must win the peace. If we fail, their victory will have been in vain.

IT WAS not an easy thing to win this war. In fact, it was an almost superhuman job. Yet we did win it. Once we decided there was a job to do, we forgot our differences—like good Americans, put our collective shoulder to the wheel, and success was ours. Differences of race, creed, or politics did not then prevent our being a strong and united country. Our combined strength, with that of our gallant allies, brought the enemy to his knees. The task of winning the peace, which now confronts us, is even greater than that of winning the war. If we could cooperate so magnificently in winning the war, why can we not do the same in winning the peace? Some say we cannot . . . I say we can—and we must.

DO WE want peace? If ever a question didn't need an answer, this one doesn't. Search



the hearts of those whose loved ones lie buried in some foreign field, of those whose loved ones lie maimed on some hospital cot, of those whose loved ones are now hopelessly insane; ask the boys who went through the hell of battle; ask the mothers whose little ones may provide cannon fodder for the next war. In the hearts and on the lips of all these there is but a single prayer, "O God, give us peace!" The only ones who do not desire peace are those who found war profitable.

IF WE are to avoid another war, we must make sure to establish the firm foundation of a lasting peace. We must have peace, not only to avoid the wastefulness of war, but to secure the elements necessary for an intelligent and happy life. War is a violation of our rational nature. Our souls cry out against the confusion and disorder of war. Man was made to seek his own perfection through the activities of the noblest powers of his soul. His soul de-

lights in order, not in disorder; his intellect thirsts for truth, not error; his will desires what is good, not what is evil. War destroys man's sound judgment. It causes him to confuse the false with the true, the right with the wrong, the evil with the good. It interferes with his intellectual, moral and spiritual growth. It robs him of the happiness which he desires so intensely, and which he requires so badly. We need peace, therefore, not alone to save ourselves pain and tears, but to give ourselves the chance to live as a human being should.

YES, we desire peace, and we need peace; but before we can have it, there is much to be done. A demolished world must be rebuilt. The unity of the great human family must be restored. The strength of revolutionary forces, purged of their false and destructive errors, must be harnessed and directed to constructive social purposes. The social efforts of all peoples must be stimulated and co-ordinated so as to assure the promotion of the higher universal well-being. The blackout caused by erroneous social philosophies must be dispelled. Guidance must be sought in those eternal truths which alone can give light and direction, and which alone can effect a consolidation of all the constructive forces of peoples and nations in their quest for real peace, as well as for a new world order worthy of man's highest effort. This is our problem. Its solution, if correct, will bring us peace; if incorrect, it will bring us another and greater war.

NEVER in history has so much been said about peace, never has so much been written; yet never have men been more confused about the true nature of peace. Peace is very often confused with war, and war is unconsciously glorified, even when it is expressly condemned, because the modern mind does not know the true nature of peace. It identifies peace with pacifism, with a cowardly, fearful state of mind. But peace is quite the contrary. Peace is more demanding of men than war. War is easier on men than peace, because peace requires self-control and self-restraint, whereas war gives release to all those passions in man's soul which seek to burst forth in full violence. War is an easy escape for a man or a society incapable of controlling itself. War is the same thing in society that a fit of violent temper is in the individual man. It is the easiest escape from a difficult or unpleasant situation. But peace is hard. Self-restraint and self-control are always hard.

TRUE peace is defined as the tranquility of order. It is a quality of the spirit that per-

vades and governs man's relations with God and with other men. It is a calmness of spirit and mind within and among men, within and among nations. It results from the proper order among man's powers: his lower faculties are controlled and directed by his intellect and will, which are in conformity with the Divine Intellect and Will. It results, too, from the harmonious relations of man with his fellow men. There can be no peace in the world where there is no peace in the souls of men, for peace in the world rests upon the virtues of justice and charity, and without peace in the soul there will be neither justice nor charity.

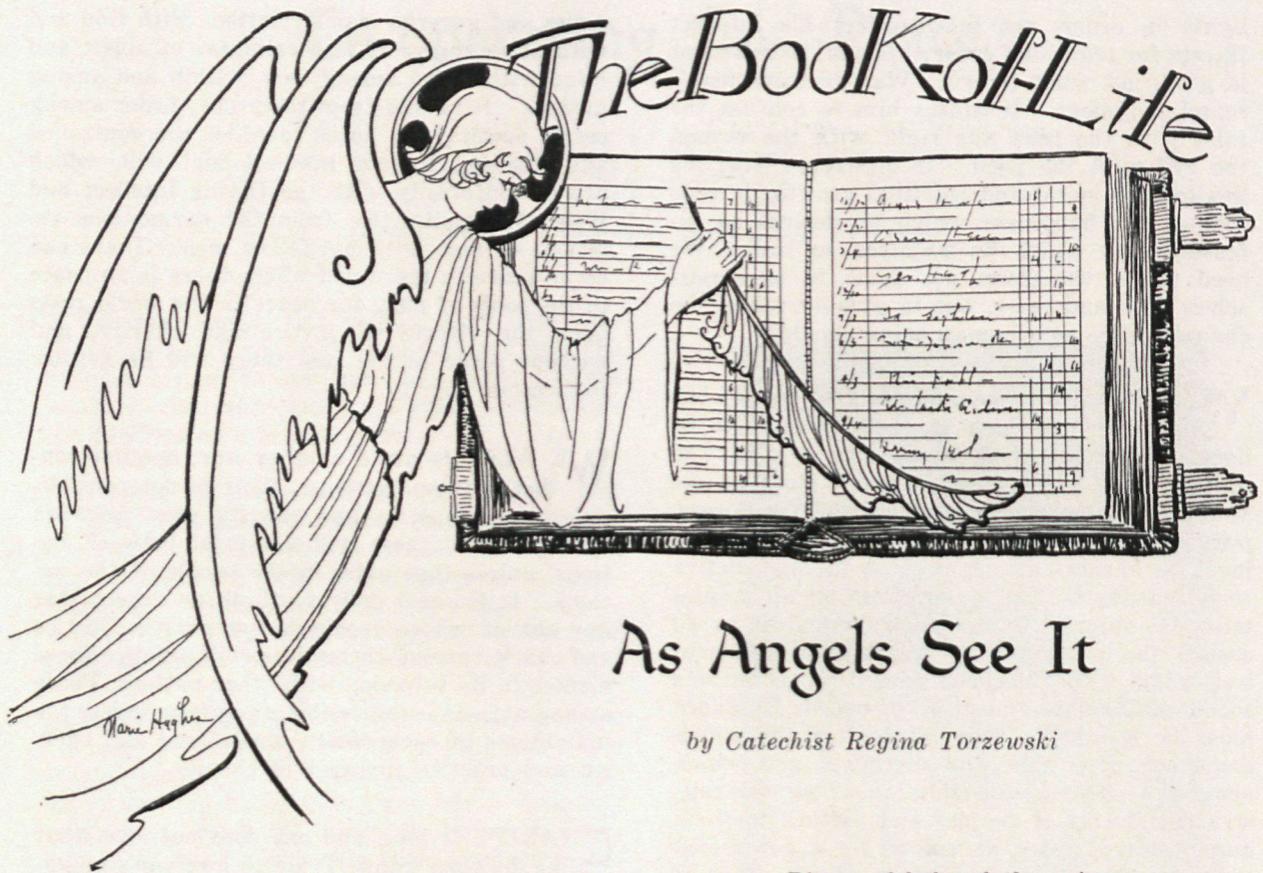
WE WISH to avoid another war, another conflict between nations. This is not possible, unless both justice and charity exist between nations. And these will not exist between nations, unless they exist in the people of the nations. It is sheer folly to think or expect that any nation, whose people do not practice justice and charity among themselves, will practice these virtues in its behavior with other nations. Peace among nations is impossible, therefore, unless the individuals of each nation understand and cherish and practice justice and charity.

CHARITY is love, and one does not love what he does not know. Truly to love one's neighbor requires that one know his neighbor for what he really is—the image and likeness of God. It requires further that one know God for what He is—an infinitely perfect Being, a wise and good and loving Father. Unless man love God, he will not love God's image—man. Thus, true love is unknown to an atheist.

JUSTICE requires that one give to every other man that which is his due. But this, too, is not possible for the atheist, for he has a distorted view of his own rights, as well as of the rights of others. He mistakes his own selfish interests and desires for rights, and the rights of others for what he does not want for himself.

IF ALL men would love their neighbors as they love themselves, and if all would take the trouble to learn and respect the rights of their fellow men, there would never be a war, and we would not now be concerned about solving the problem of peace. Peace, therefore, is not the mere cessation of war—that is often but an armed truce; peace is the harmonious living with one's fellow men. To live so, one must ever practice the Christian virtues of justice and charity. There is no other way.

To be continued next month



As Angels See It

by Catechist Regina Torzewski

THERE was no hint of condemnation in the angel's low voice, and yet his statement was definitely an accusation:

"YOUR record of the day is incomplete."

I JERKED back my head to meet the benign gaze of the speaker. Years of experience with my angel had taught me, long ago, that it was silly to make excuses to him. He knew me too well—and, nevertheless, loved me beyond measure. So I stared expectantly into his caressing, celestial eyes and waited for an explanation.

BEFORE me lay the ruled book in which were kept the daily summaries of missionary work accomplished by us four Catechists from our little mission center here in Colorado. These accounts were necessarily brief and statistical. That day's report read as follows:

Taught in two missions—Two Catechists in each mission.	
Enrollment—Children	113
Adults	6
Private Instructions	2
Home Visits	19

Pieces of baby clothes given to a poor family	10
Pamphlets distributed	30

"WHAT you have jotted down," the angel began again, "is relatively unimportant."

I GLANCED at the book in time to see my report shrink into a tiny footnote and slip down to the very bottom of the long page. Above it, mysteriously appeared closely written, angelic script, filling the entire sheet with beautiful, golden letters. The bright lines were dazzling, and I could not read them. My angel picked up the book.

"AND there is something to be added," he cried joyfully. "A happy death to your credit. Mrs. Sanchez entered Eternity just two seconds ago."

"SO SOON!" I exclaimed, anxiously recalling our visit with her that morning. "Did she confess?"

"YES, she received three great Sacraments, thanks to you."

"OH, NO, Angel, you're wrong there," I contradicted boldly. "She wouldn't hear

about going to confession when we mentioned it to her. We don't deserve credit for her death-bed repentance."

"**F**OOLISH little mortal," my angel breathed sweetly. "Remember how, when you visited Mrs. Sanchez this morning, she begged you to sit on the bed close beside her so that she might throw her wretched self—steeped in mortal sin—into your arms? You were filled with repugnance at sight of that filthy, smelly room, and at the bed alive with creeping things; yet you sat beside her for forty-three minutes—I counted every precious one! Your self-conquest and seemingly fruitless yearning for that soul earned for her the grace to ask for the life-giving Sacraments. Now in Eternity she will praise God, and thank you forever and forever!"

BEFORE I could express my happiness and surprise, the angel continued:

"**A**ND here is something else, another of the many cases you overlook in your daily reports. It is from Catechist M's day. You didn't even count it a visit because she had not been permitted to enter the house."

THE angel pointed to a shining line in the register.

"**H**ER first approach this morning was to the home of a Pentecostal family. In answer to Catechist's knock, a woman opened the door only wide enough to spit out at her caller contempt and scorn. Catechist M. accepted the humiliation for love of the Crucified. She said a prayer for the misguided woman and left her with a smile and a 'God bless you.' The woman was amazed at such conduct and by it Catechist M. obtained the grace of compunction for that soul. As a result, the woman and her family of nine will return to the true Church. They will do much for the Glory of God, although neither you nor Catechist M. will be here to witness the happy event.

"**T**HEN there is that sticky piece of candy which Catechist W. accepted so graciously from the grimy hands of little Lalo. She won the child's love by that act and touched the hearts of his dotting parents. Through Lalo Catechist will bring the parents back to the practice of their religion.

"**A**ND that human wreckage that bumped into you and Catechist L. at the street corner! Remember? You could tell he was not intoxicated, and compassion tore at your heart when you looked into his piteous face. Remem-

ber how Catechist L. asked gently, "Are you sick . . . Can we help you?"

"**Y**OUR unexpected kindness and your prayers warmed this soul and his despairing heart turned to God. A host of mortal sins were prevented in that instance, as I have here recorded."

THE clock struck the quarter hour. It would soon be time for LIGHTS OUT, as my angel must surely know. I shifted uneasily in my chair.

"**I**F YOU weren't getting so fidgety," the angel spoke a bit reproachfully, "I would relate a hundred and more incidents, similar to these, from our daily records of each Catechist in your convent, just to show you that your reports don't correspond at all with those we angels keep."

"**B**UT aren't you cluttering up your files with too many little things, Angel? The things you mentioned are the warp and woof of every day life—commonplace things which we accept as a matter of course."

"**L**ITTLE things! Before God there are neither little nor great actions, as mortals judge, for God has no measure for THINGS, as you call them. He has a measure only for the love of Him with which everything is done."

"**B**UT doesn't it please God to see our attendance increasing—to see the numbers going up?"

"**G**OD beholds each soul as though it alone existed. He rejoices at the increasing attendance only insofar as your influence reaches out to stamp the image of His Son upon the individual souls whom your love attracts. That is why, while you jot down numbers each evening and rejoice to see them growing, I fill the pages of my book with glorious stories of souls—souls whom God has entrusted to your love."

"**W**ILL I read those stories in heaven, Angel?" I asked in a weak voice, momentarily frightened at the awful responsibility of my holy vocation.

"**I**F YOU continue faithful," he said, and closed the book.

NO, I don't believe in dreams, although dreams of angels make pretty tales. Nevertheless, when friends wrote congratulating us on the success of our missionary endeavors in Colorado, I caught myself writing—in answer to their "We read about you in the paper"—"Headlines on earth are merely footnotes in Heaven."

Forty-Four Months in Japan

"I THOUGHT often of the Catechists during the past three years or so—and I had lots of time to think—but I never thought I would ever again stand before you here at Victory Noll." With these words Father Felix, O.F.M. Cap., began the story of the trying days spent in Japanese internment camps.

AND we might have answered—though we didn't—that we had thought of him often since the fall of Guam; that we prayed for him and for his confreres interned in Japan with him; but that we most certainly never expected to see him again in this world.

SOME of us knew Father Felix since he was a novice—not so many years ago—and many of us knew him as a young priest stationed at St. Felix's monastery. Looking now at the slight figure before us (though Father had gained thirty pounds since his release from the internment camp), the white in the hair at the temples, the grey streaked beard, we knew—even before Father began his talk—how severe must have been the privations, sufferings and hardships which he and his fellow internees had endured at the hands of the Japanese.

FATHER FELIX left for Guam in October, 1940. For the first nine or ten months, he told us, his main work was the study of the Chamorro language, an understanding of which is absolutely necessary in order to work among the natives on the island. When he had obtained a workable knowledge of the language he was assigned a mission six miles out of Agana, and was just on the point of building a parochial house so that he might spend more time among his people, when the war broke out.

THE feast of the Immaculate Conception is a feast especially dear to the Chamorro people. Each year they come from far and near to assist at the pontifical high Mass which is offered in the Cathedral at Agana. In the afternoon the Children of Mary, wearing white dresses and blue sashes, take part in a procession in honor of their Patroness.

THE celebration of this feast of the Immaculate Conception—December 8, 1941—was to have been no different from that of ordinary



Reverend Felix Ley, O.F.M. Cap.

years. The Cathedral was filled for the solemn high Mass at 8:00 o'clock. But just as the Bishop had finished distributing communion, a squadron of Japanese planes appeared in the cloudless blue of the sky, and began dropping bombs on the Naval Station at Sumay.

EVACUATION of the Capital, Agana, began immediately. Although it had a population of about 8,000, it was a ghost city by 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The Japs sent over a few planes in the afternoon and again in the morning and afternoon of the 9th. These did but little damage, rarely hitting their objectives, except at Sumay—the object of their first surprise attack. On December 10 the Japanese landed on the Island in

the early hours of the morning under cover of darkness. The Island was not protected. There were only about 150 marines on the whole Island and perhaps 250 to 300 members of the Insular force—native boys employed by the government for military training. There were no anti-aircraft guns; probably about six machine guns. After one-half hour of fighting (during which quite a few lives were lost, especially among the Insular force), the Governor surrendered to the Japs. The rest of the Island was occupied quite peacefully.

WHEN the Capuchin Fathers were first placed "under the protection of the Japanese Government" they were given a sort of pass on which was written in Japanese "Catholic Priest" and the name of the Commander who gave the pass. "We were supposed to be free," Father told us, "but it was a freedom of the Japs own conception. They were always watching us; we could not go any place without half a dozen of them on our heels." Father continued,

WE had that sort of freedom until about the 22nd of December when we were informed that we were to consider ourselves prisoners of the Imperial Army. They came to our house at Guam and gave us ten minutes to get ready. We were moved to the Cathedral, which was then being used as a camp for military prisoners.

ON the 10th of January, 1942, we were put on board a Japanese liner—the Argentina Maru—supposed to be one of their best ships. Our quarters were two baggage rooms. These had to suffice for about 450 men, 150 of whom were civilian, the rest military prisoners. The racks and floor provided just enough space for lying down. Twice a day we were given rice and smelly fish. The trip lasted five days.

WE arrived at the Island of Shikoku on January 15. Here we were placed in the Sentsuzgi military prisoners' camp, which had been used for the Germans during the last war. After a week, the Japs decided to separate the military prisoners from the civilians. About 150 of us were moved from the camp, thus passing from the immediate care of the Japanese army.

OUR destination proved to be Kobe. Here we were placed in two different camps, according to age. All men over 45 were in one camp; all under 45 in another. There were eleven of us Capuchins, ten priests and one lay brother. All of us, except Father Adalbert, were placed in the camp for men

under 45. We were now under civilian police which was a welcome change from the military police. We remained here until October, 1942. At this place the food was not so bad as to quantity, but was terrible as to quality, much of it being spoiled before it was served. Besides, it was prepared in a restaurant (Mikado) and was never served hot.

IN October, 1942, we were moved to another camp in Kobe. At this place the lodgings were better, so was the food, which was prepared by a man who stayed on the property. But after about six months the quantity of food began to get bad.

THE winter of 1943-1944 was easily the worst of our sojourn in Japan. There was no heat. Everyone suffered from chilblains. The food had been cut down to starvation rations, and at this time we had no contacts for other food supplies. If we desired hot water for baths, we had to go to the neighboring mountains—a distance of from two to three miles—and carry the necessary wood back in our arms. Whenever possible we remained in our beds. It was warm there and if we slept we could forget for a while the all absorbing thought of food.

WE remained at this camp until May of 1944. At that time all the civilian camps in the city were united at a camp about three miles out of the city. Up there we had about 165 men, mostly Americans, but also a few Dutch, Belgians, and English. Our quarters were better. Up to this time our place for exercise was always very small—at one time we had only about twenty feet. In the mountains we had more room to roam around and more room to get away from one another.

BUT the food here was very bad as to quantity. Rice could not be obtained. Instead we were given soy beans. It takes a very long time to cook soy beans, and even after boiling for twelve or fourteen hours, they often tasted like raw peanuts. Eating these half cooked soy beans caused dysentery, so that we were almost afraid to eat them, until we were finally able to rig up a pressure cooker which took care of the cooking problem.

IN many respects this camp outside the city of Kobe proved to be the most comfortable of all. This was due mostly, how-

(Continued on page 14)

MEET OUR RHYTHM BAND

MEXICANS love music. The majority of them have been endowed with beautiful voices; they have special talents for playing the various musical instruments. But this article is not going to tell about the music of great artists; rather it is going to introduce you to the tiny members of our rhythm bands.

THE RHYTHM band was begun as an enticement to religion classes. It has fulfilled its purpose well. Besides giving activity and enjoyment to the children, it affords great pleasure to the parishioners when their children appear on programs presented at the parish hall.

THE "St. Francis Azusa Rhythm Band" had a small beginning, but it gradually increased in membership until one day I found I had more players than instruments. It was war time and there was no possibility of buying additional instruments. Relying on the ingenuity of my sister Catechists, I put my problem up to them. And I was not disappointed. In a short time



St. Francis Rhythm Band, Azusa, California

In The Home Field

several lengths of rounds were procured from the lumber yard. These were sawed into thirteen inch lengths, painted various bright colors, and we had two dozen new rhythm sticks. Then the sodality boys became interested, and in their workshop at school they sawed the wood part of the clogs. Fruit jar caps, with a hole hammered in the middle and then fastened to the wood with long screws, proved serviceable clogs. The drums were tattered and torn, but pieces of parchment sewed together and fastened to the frames of the drums with heavy brads, made the drums look like new and sound like professional ones.

THE group of players grew so large that we had to divide them into two bands. Those in the First Communion class form one band,

(Continued on page 11)

CHUCK—OUR LITTLE CHINESE CONVERT—WRITES

Sept. 16, 1945

Dear Catechist Mr. Conville,
I want to thank you for the copy of "Tumble Top," you so kindly sent me. I just received it today. I hate to bother you but I am making a shrine and I have no statue at all and there is not any pretty ones for sale here. I wonder if you would be kind to help me buy a few, Saint Theresa, (The Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary standing on a snake). If you will send me the bill I'll gladly pay it. Thank you for your kindness and trouble.
Loving And Remembering
you always,
Chuck Howe, Jr.



(Continued from page 10)

and those in the prayer class form the other band.

WHEN we meet the children at the school gate on Catechism days, their first questions is always, "Catechist, do we play in the rhythm band today?"

ONE day, when we were having a little party in the parish hall for all the children attending Christian Doctrine classes, a little youngster came up to me and said,

"CATECHIST, when does the party start?"

"JUST as soon as all the boys and girls are here," I answered.

"BUT," he said in a worried tone of voice, "when are we going to get dressed?"

"GET dressed?" I asked, a bit puzzled. "What do you mean, Ramon?"

"WHY, with our caps and capes. Aren't we going to play up there?" he asked, pointing to the stage.

THEN I understood. The rhythm band, wearing their blue and gold capes with caps to match, had played in a program a few nights before, and this youngster had confused party with program.

AT ONE of the performances—just as the curtains were about to open—the director of the Junior Rhythm Band whispered to me.

"CATECHIST, I'm going to make a speech. You don't care, do you?"

"NO, MIGUEL, I don't care," I replied, wondering what the speech might be. "Go ahead."

WHEN the curtains opened, Miguel bowed profoundly and said,

"LADIES and gentlemen, I present MY rhythm band."

Catechist M. Helen Flaspohler
Azusa, California.



Dear Associates:

EACH week we hear of family reunions among our intimate friends and Associates. A son, a brother, a husband, who has been absent from the family circle two, three, even five years, is home again. It matters little to his loved ones if he uses crutches or wears a brace.

There are others (and their name is legion) who are denied the happiness of similar reunions. But God knows best, and these genuinely share in the joy of the more fortunate ones, although their mind's eye envisions a cross on foreign soil above a grave which holds a dear boy's remains.

AS WE recall the valiant who fell in battle, your Supervisor, for one, will never forget the item carried in most of our Catholic papers a year ago—perhaps more. It is the story of a young lad who lay dying on a New Guinea battlefield, after being shot through the stomach by a Japanese sniper. Private Joseph Lev (the lad in question) turned to a buddy and begged him to write his parents regarding his last will. Joseph asked that all his savings, which amounted to \$1,210.41, be given to the missionaries, whose work he had witnessed first hand in his brief career as a soldier.

IN VIEW of this soldier's generosity, will we ever allow our zeal for the missions to flag—even when it demands of us much self-sacrifice?

POOR SOULS BAND (Berwyn, Ill.)

THE promoter of this Band, *Mrs. J. V. McGovern*, has the enviable privilege of being a close friend of our Reverend Founder over a long period of years. Their Band activities have never faltered during the decade of years which has passed since its inception.

Associate

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE LUNCHEON AND RAFFLE

ON NOVEMBER 3, English Room II, Marshal Field store, Chicago, was the scene of the annual luncheon and raffle sponsored by the officers of the Central Committee, *Miss Mary Perkins*, *Mrs. H. F. Staley*, *Mrs. Mary Gleason* and *Mrs. Emilie Rupp*. It was the pleasure of your Catechist Supervisor and Catechist Wengritzky to attend this affair. Undaunted by the printers' strike which delayed the printing of raffle tickets, the business was carried through to a successful conclusion. More than three hundred dollars was realized. The weather was good and fifty-two ladies, representing at least twelve or fifteen Bands which belong to the Committee, were present. We pray God to abundantly reward our generous Associates for their efforts in our behalf.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER CLUB (Chicago)

AS THE name indicates, this Band is composed of mothers and their young daughters—most of whom are working girls. Birthday parties, silver wedding anniversaries and certain holidays are celebrated by the members, and always on these festive occasions, a collection is taken up among those present to aid our Catechists. It seems to me, as I mentioned in a letter, these ladies are very wise in so using innocent earthly joys as to make them count for eternity.

Mrs. Margaret Luetkenhus is promoter of this Band.

THE PASSING BELL RINGS AGAIN

Death claimed one of our Chicago promoters, *Mrs. Margaret Murphy*, the latter part of October. We knew she had been in failing health for over a year but the news was a great shock to us Catechists and her many friends and Associates. *Mrs. Murphy* had been the capable head of Holy Family Band since 1939, when it was first organized. During the intervening years the Band has given often and much. The deceased was an aunt of our Catechist McBride.



Catechists

ST. CATHERINE'S BAND (Los Angeles, Calif.)

WE DUB this group as a *new* Band composed of *old* friends of our Catechists. The promoter, *Mrs. Margaret McMannamy*, is sister to our Catechist Sophie Renier, one of the pioneers in our Society. Another sister and member of the Band, *Mrs. Frances Fitzgerald*, lives in Chicago. Most of the members, of course, comprising this Band live in Los Angeles where monthly meetings are held. At these meetings the members do not play cards but make lovely pieces of fancy work. When completed their handiwork is boxed and sent to Victory-Noll, to be sold at our annual fancy work sale, dating from August 5th to August 15th.

MARY, QUEEN OF HEARTS, BAND (Lombard, Ill.)

HERE again we have a group, headed by *Miss Wilma Wengritzky*, sister of Catechist Elizabeth Wengritzky, who prefer to keep their hands busy at meetings rather than play cards. Among other articles, they have turned out holy water bottles and bookmarks. We believe our Greeley, Colorado, Catechists are the favored ones whom they have selected to help with their handmade articles.

HOLY GHOST BAND (Elkhart, Ind.)

ONE of our smallest Bands, this group of Hoosiers headed by *Miss Mary Nye*, really accomplishes big things for our Catechists, because their contributions at the end of the year show a total not reached by some larger Bands. It was organized in 1939. They are proud of our Catechist Gildea who labors at our East Gary Mission, and who hails from their city.

ST. MARY'S SODALITY BAND (Detroit)

THIS Band labors for the support of our Catechist Badway, who is missioned at our South Bend Mission Center. *Mrs. Peter Pink*, promoter, is a close personal friend of Catechist. Mrs. Pink's missives have been short but regular, and always they contain a check. Among the practical articles raffled at their monthly meetings were bacon, cleansing tissues, and washcloths. May God bless these, our more recent friends and benefactors, with long lives, filled with usefulness in God's service.



A.C.M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

October 25 to November 20

Associate Catechists of Mary, Central Committee, Miss Mary A. Perkins, Pres.	\$321.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	6.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	7.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	10.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch	25.00
Mother & Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. Margaret Luetkenhus	10.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band No. 2, Evanston, Miss Celia Henrich	2.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. E. G. Walsh	25.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	20.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	8.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Miss Madeline Morro	25.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	3.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	15.00
St. Gemma Galgani, Chicago, Mrs. J. Vogt	6.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Helen Melke	3.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	4.50
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Bucci	55.63
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	79.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	30.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	5.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	5.00
The Srillians, Cincinnati, Miss Marion Mueller	3.00

FORTY-FOUR MONTHS IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 9)

ever, to the ingenuity of the men in camp. While the food was worse than ever, several of the men managed to make contacts on the black market in the city. Under cover of darkness, they would sneak out of camp and bring back whatever food could be obtained. While it was by no means enough to satisfy our hunger, it helped tide over a very critical period in our internment.

IN our group there were a number of electrical engineers. We were on a very strict ration of electricity, but the engineers knew that the building had more than enough power. We needed heat for cooking the food we were able to obtain, as well as for boiling water since all drinking water had to be boiled. The electricians managed to by-pass the meter, change some of the wiring, make various outlets. The very necessary elements or coils were obtained with some difficulty on the black market. Then all kinds of electrical equipment began to appear. The most common were ovens, hot plates, stingers (coils wrapped around a piece of bamboo for heating water), cigarette lighters, etc. In our room we had an oven. When not in use we covered it with a piece of drapery material so that it looked like a seat—and passed as such.

WE were never sure of the guards in the various camps. They did not manhandle us as did the military police—and, by the way, you can believe all the stories you hear of the mistreatment of military prisoners—but they were mean and petty and went out of their way to persecute us in different ways. They would make rules and regulations which had no other purpose than to make the men rebel, so they would have further cause for punishment.

BUT during the last eight months of the war we were treated very well by the guards. Just prior to that time we had quite a bit of trouble in camp. There were twelve or fourteen guards; half of whom were on duty each day. These two groups were always quarreling. Those on duty one day would make regulations which those on duty the next day would counteract. Then one day one of the groups decided to play the black market. They made arrangements to get 250 pounds of sugar. When the other

group found it out, another squabble between the two groups took place. The matter was brought to the attention of the higher authorities in the city; the whole situation examined further; and, finally, about the first of December, all the guards were dismissed and a whole new set came in.

THE new head guard was very fair. As soon as he came into camp he gave instructions that no guard could give any order to any internee except through him. Guards could no longer make rules or give punishments. There were no communications between guards and internees, except through the head guard. That made it much better for us. We were very grateful that we got a man who was fair, especially at the end, when our physical endurance was very low. The guard who was second in authority was also very fair in his dealings with us. He had a certain sense of American humor which we never found in the Japs.

BUT just at this time the food was the worst it ever was. There were 164 men. Thirty-five pounds of some dry cereal, beans or rice, or a combination of the two, was given us each day. This had to do for three meals.

DUE to the efforts of Father Page, a member of the French Foreign Missionary Society, we were able to say Mass during our internment. When this noble priest heard that there were priests among the prisoners he immediately obtained permission from the authorities to send us the things necessary for Mass. His interest in our welfare never slackened during the long course of the war. Monthly his faithful Japanese catechist would appear at camp with wine and hosts. The guards, after inspecting them, would pass them on. Although Father Page never came to camp, we saw him twice. It was a sad day for us when the rumor of his death was confirmed by an official report. He was killed on June 5, 1945, when three hundred B29's raided Kobe. Father Page had served the missions of Japan well and long—55 years.

THE greatest day was August 15. When word of peace came over the radio the men—eyes filled with tears of which they were unashamed—went from one to the other with congratulations on their lips, but

hardly daring to believe it really was all over.

WE were rescued on September 8 by Rescue Squad No. 47. That morning Lieutenant Wolf came into our camp with several nurses, a doctor, and four or five soldiers. Their work was to check on our health and get us out of camp as soon as possible. By 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon we were on our way to Yokahoma.

AT Yokahoma we had a real thrill. The 8th Army band came out to meet us, playing "California, Here I Come." They continued playing various pieces that we hadn't heard for years. We were thrilled to the core. The men received us with open arms. We could get anything we wanted at any time—day or night. They treated us like princes. We owe them a great deal.

WE also owe a great deal to the 29th Replacement Camp in Manila. They deprived themselves of many things so that we might have them. For months these men had been put on small rations of beer so we could have it when we got there. The same was true of candy, coca cola, etc. The fact that we picked up so rapidly was due to the food we received after our release. All the prisoners gained a pound a day for the first two weeks.

WE were taken from Yokahoma to Manila by plane, stopping on Okinawa. Then we took the Admiral Hughes to Seattle.

AFTER Father's talk he spent some time going over our Catechetical display, making notes of new materials, and talking over methods with Catechist Hall, our Catechetical teacher.

"YOU know, Catechists," he said, "a very important part of our work in Guam is the catechetical instruction of young and old."

AND this after more than three years and eight months in a Japanese internment camp! One might think that enough sacrifice for a while. Yet what else would one expect from a Capuchin whose very way of life is that of mortification, self-denial and penance—whose one great, burning desire is to resemble in all things the Crucified God whom he serves? He knows the insatiable thirst of the dying Christ for the souls of men, and the Capuchins who have been returned from Japan will—like all their confreres—continue to give Him the souls for which he yearns; for the Capuchin way of life must needs draw from the Heart of Christ those graces so necessary in the work for souls.



"Gee, Catechist, your dress is pretty!"

A DRESS FOR MOTHER?

It was a warm day and Fermin was seeing me without a mantle for the first time.

"Gee, Catechist, your dress is pretty!"

"Do you think so?" I remarked to the smiling seven-year-old.

"And you keep it so clean," he continued.

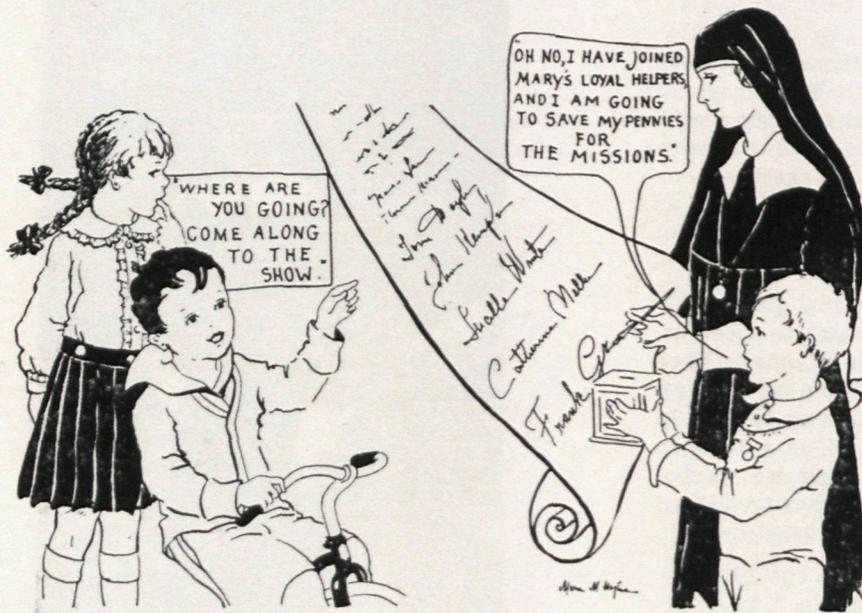
"Except where little boys touch it with their feet," I replied, with a smile, for I taught in a small room which was always crowded.

"That part is dirty because we make it dirty," said Fermin, as he stooped to brush the dust from my habit.

About three weeks later, Fermin pressed close to me and took my cincture in his hands. Again, he exclaimed,

"Gee, Catechist, your dress is pretty! Do you know what I am going to do when I get big? I am going to work and get money and buy cloth for my mother so that she can make herself a pretty dress just like yours. I think my mother would look more pretty in a dress just like yours!"

Catechist M. Martinez
Greeley, Colorado.



Mary's

Dear Loyal Helpers:

VACATION days, which brought visits to the crib erected in church, Christmas programs, and tinsel-trimmed trees weighted down with packages, are over for another stretch. Wearing solemn faces you've had to put on your thinking-caps, grab your school books and trudge to the nearest school.

SPEAKING of thinking-caps, I hope you think once in a while not because you *have to* in order to make your grades but because you like to. I'm going to ask you to think about something this very afternoon. So sit down and stretch out your feet on the nearest stool. Are you comfortable? Here goes. You've seen all kinds of "kids" at your school. Some you like very much, and some you like less. (But we must *love* all of them you know, because Christ commanded it.) *Why* do you like some of your companions at school more than others? What makes them stand "head and shoulders" over the rest? What have they *got* that the rest haven't? When you say to yourself, "he's a swell guy" or "she has the real stuff," just what do you mean? How would you analyze it?

WOULD like each one of you to write me a letter, telling me what, in your opinion, goes to make up real Catholic leadership. Describe a good Catholic leader—one you've seen at school or your idea of one. How does he or she act in church, in class, at school games, at social affairs, on the way home from school, towards teachers, parents, classmates?

TO THE Loyal Helper who writes the *best* letter on this subject, I offer as prize a beautiful blue and white enamel *Loyal Helper pin*. To all others who *try*, I shall give honorable mention by listing their names on these pages.

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

INTRODUCING— NEW JUNIOR HELPERS

- Lois Demler, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade.
- Phyllis Fenzl, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade.
- Imogene Hall, Owensboro, Ky., 11th grade.
- Mary Nell Hayden, Owensboro, Ky., 11th grade.
- Alice Kuntz, Toledo, Ohio, Cadet Nurse.
- Elizabeth Lynch, Fort Wayne, Ind., 11th grade.
- Patricia Martin, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade.
- Mary Alma Mattingly, Louisville, Ky., 11th grade
- Joann Mauritz, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade.
- Lorraine Noll, Neillsville, Wis., 11th grade.
- Jean Marie Nye, Tiffin, Ohio, 9th grade.
- Sylvia Paulick, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade.
- Mary I. Quesnell, West Allis, Wis., 8th grade.
- Celesta Recker, Ottawa, Ohio, 11th grade.
- Margaret Roeger, Fort Wayne, Ind., 10th grade.
- Dorothy Rosswurm, New Haven, Ind., 11th grade
- Lois Ann Rosswurm, New Haven, Ind., 9th grade
- Mary Ellen Sanders, Hamilton, Ohio, 9th grade.
- Elmer Schaffner, Jr., Louisville, Ky., 12th grade
- Julienne Schmidt, Ft. Recovery, O., 9th grade
- Margaret Schroeder, Ottawa, Ohio, 9th grade.
- Joanne Schroeder, Ottawa, Ohio, 8th grade.
- Evelyn Seitz, Norwalk, Ohio, 10th grade.
- Dorothy Siefker, Ottawa, Ohio, 9th grade.

Answers to puzzle. Candy, oxfords, harmonica, tennis shoes, to sl chest, baseball bat, neckties, cornet, field glasses, football, train

Home Visiting

by Catechist Dorothy Schneider

HOME visiting in rural districts had to be practically discontinued during the war on account of the gasoline shortage. We have never doubted the need of systematized visiting at regular intervals, but its importance has been impressed upon us anew as such visiting once more becomes a part of our regular routine.

A FEW weeks ago the Pastor of one of the adjoining parishes asked us to take a census of his district. To obtain a complete, up-to-date record of every family requires time, but it affords a splendid opportunity not only for contacting fallen away Catholics and families remiss in fulfilling their religious obligations, but also for giving encouragement, consolation, and advice where it is needed. It also enables us to refer special problems to the Pastor, and to secure reliable information for future follow-up work.

OUR usual objective in making home visits, however, is to become better acquainted with the parents of the children attending our classes. As teachers of religion, we are interested in the sources from which the children are drawing their moral ideas. Environment plays an important part in the formation of the child's character. The effect of good example cannot be overestimated. The regular attendance of the parents at Sunday Mass, their frequent reception of the sacraments, their attitude toward family prayer, the interest they take in the religious instruction of their children, all have a distinct and lasting influence on the spiritual life of the child. Principles of good conduct and right living readily learned during the religion period may be just as readily unlearned in the irreligious atmosphere of the home, for while the influence of the religion class on the moral and spiritual life of the child may be great, that of the home is far greater.

ALTHOUGH children are constantly reminded of their obligation to respect and obey their parents, parents are all too seldom impressed with the importance of their role in forming the characters of their children. Therefore a necessary part of our missionary program is frequent visiting of the homes in order that we may encourage regular attendance at Sunday Mass, frequent reception of the sacraments, and family prayer. We also urge the parents to supervise the children's reading, to make sure that they attend only those movies that are

suitable for their years, and to see that they attend religious instruction regularly.

CONTACT with life in the home also prepares us for our work in the classroom, insofar as it makes us more aware of the problems and temptations the children may have to meet. Forewarned is forearmed! Furthermore, it enables us to judge more accurately the progress we may expect from each child. The other day, for instance, the mother of one of the little girls in the prayer class said,

"WHAT shall I do? Jeanne wants me to teach her her prayers, but I do not know them in English, neither can I read it. In Portugese I could teach her—but not in English."

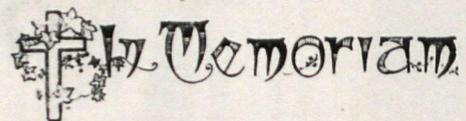
OBVIOUSLY Jeanne will require more help in class than a child whose mother and dad were educated in this country.

TOO MUCH emphasis cannot be placed on home visiting. It is an important phase of our work and bears much fruit, directly and indirectly.



OUR COVER

View of St. Joseph's Building, Victory Noll, which houses Novitiate.



Mrs. Rose Rastetter, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Walburga Bogenschuetz, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Mary Clara Wey, Houston, Texas
Anna Golobic, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Marie Laughlin, Omaha, Nebr.
Ambrose Wechselberger, Chicago, Ill.
George P. Ebner, Carnegie, Pa.
Mrs. Margaret Murphy, Chicago, Ill., Promoter,
A.C.M. Band.

Mission Intention for January

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

PEACE IN THE ORIENT

AS ONE views the trend of events during the past year, he appreciates anew the world-embracing interest and concern of the Holy See for all peoples for whom the Blood of the Redeemer was shed. As a case in point, let us consider the Mission Intentions for the past twelve months. Without exception they were devoted to the different phases of the apostolate among the Mohammedans. Certainly recent developments in the world of Islam, its nationalistic aspirations, its extended territorial claims, all prove the wisdom and far-sightedness of the Holy See in this regard.

NOW, as the New Year dawns, a call goes forth from Christ's Vicar for renewed interest in "peace in the Orient." The most casual perusal of today's headlines gives ample proof that this is a most timely subject for prayerful intercession, for actually the signing of the peace treaty seems to have unlocked a new Pandora's box of unrest, intrigue and upheaval in the Far East. As one student of oriental affairs stated recently: "By signing the treaty Japan insured the continuation of her policies because she was certain that the seed planted by her 'Asia for Asiatics' program would eventually bear abundant fruit."

The Unknown Factor

UNDOUBTEDLY Russia occupied little or no place in Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperty Sphere," but subsequent events proved that the enigmatic Kremlin was poised and ready to use that plan as a springboard for enlarged activity. For more than three years after our entry in to the Pacific War, Russia maintained

strict neutrality in regard to Japan. However, she had not been idle in the interim. Her strongholds in Mongolia were enlarged, and, when the tide of battle turned, her troops were tramping across Manchukuo and racing down the Korean peninsula, to which she had long cast envious eyes for ports other than ice-locked Vladivostok.

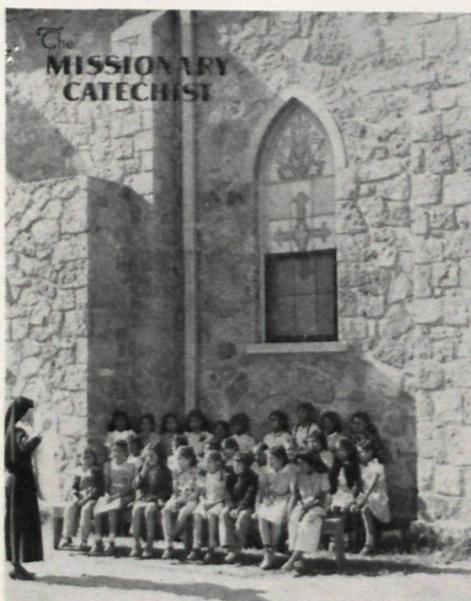
IT IS now possible also to launch new and more vigorous demands upon China. Yenan no longer remains the stronghold of communism as the present clashes indicate. Not only is the Kremlin demanding a controlling hand in shaping the destinies of post-war Nippon but would seem desirous of transforming China into another of the republics of the Soviet Union.

IN SOUTHEASTERN Asia, including Indo-China, Burma, India, Malaya, the seeds of the "Asia for Asiatics" are developing into veritable grapes of wrath, which threaten to have serious results upon post-war mission work. Unrest, uprising and bloodshed mark the dawn of peace in these densely populated countries. In addition, the call for a "holy war" is once more echoing through the Moslem ranks with the same clarity it sounded thirteen centuries ago.

PERHAPS in the ways of Divine Providence, these events will eventually prove boomerangs, reacting in a totally different manner from which they were intended. Perhaps, also, they may presage a new era in Church history, which, opening in turmoil, may close in tranquility and order. However, to insure this latter result, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges the faithful of the United States to unite with the Holy See in praying for "peace in the Orient."

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