

February 1946



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The Missionary Catholicist

Mission Intention for February

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

CHRISTIAN ZEAL TOWARD INFIDELS

IN CONSIDERING this subject let us first give attention to the meaning of the word "infidels." Msgr. Boudinhon describes the term as follows: "As in ecclesiastical language those who, by baptism, have received faith in Jesus Christ and have pledged Him their fidelity, are called the faithful, so the name infidel is given to those who have not been baptized. The term applies not only to all who are ignorant of the true God, such as pagans of various kinds, but also to those who adore Him but do not recognize Christ, as Jews, Mohammedans."

FROM this definition it is evident that this intention is one that should have a universal appeal, particularly to the Catholics of the United States. According to the 1945 edition of the World Almanac, our population totals 131,669,275, while our accredited church membership amounts only to 67,327,719. From these figures we may judge by how many infidels we are surrounded right in our own country.

WE DO not mean by this that many of the 64,341,556 of our fellow Americans who have no church affiliation do not practice the natural virtues, but Christian charity should inspire us to give them benefit of our prayers and good example. There is no language barrier, as in the case of the millions of infidels in other sections of the globe; there need be no hardships of distance or strange customs involved. These are our own people and should receive the best from those who have been fortunate enough to be within the True Fold.

HOWEVER, our charity must not be limited to the people within our own country. Christian zeal should be shown also toward the infidels in other lands; it should be as universal as the Church to which we belong. It should include prayerful interests in the peoples of Africa, the Orient, Oceania, Europe and South America. The blood of the Redeemer was shed just as truly for their salvation as for our own. His Heart yearns for the day when all peoples will be united in one Fold under one Shepherd. Therefore we urge you to repeat the words of Ecclus. XXXVI, 1-7,

Have mercy upon us, O God of all, and behold us, and show us the light of Thy mercies;

And send Thy fear upon the nations that have not sought after Thee: that they may know that there is no God beside Thee, and that they may show forth Thy wonders.

Lift up Thy hand over the strange nations, that they may see Thy power,

For as Thou hast been sanctified in us in their sight, so Thou shalt be magnified among them in our presence,

That they may know Thee, as we also have known Thee, that there is no God beside Thee, O Lord.

Renew Thy signs, and work new miracles.

Glorify Thy hand, and Thy right arm.

The Missionary Catechist

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Number 3

Archbishop Welcomes Catechists



Old and new Catechists met in the Archbishop's garden when the Catechists from Victory Noll arrived in Denver on their way to open a new mission center at Brighton. Pictured with the Catechists are: His Excellency, the Most Reverend Urban J. Vehr, D.D., Archbishop of Denver; the Reverend Gregory Smith, Archdiocesan Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine; three Sisters of the Precious Blood from the Archbishop's residence; members of the Archbishop's Guild who helped prepare the convent residence in Brighton, and the Greeley Catechists who opened the first center in the Archdiocese in September, 1944.

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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,

Sienna Heights College

(Continued from last month.)

IF MEN so earnestly desire peace, why then do they not possess it? There are two reasons—either they do not know how to obtain it or they are not willing to make the effort.

BUT why should men lack the knowledge of what peace is or be unwilling to do whatever is necessary to get it? The reason is to be found in the failure of our social institutions—the home, the church, and the school. These institutions have failed because they have been uprooted from their true foundations, because they have lost sight of their true purpose.

WITH the rejection of divine revelation, the overthrow of the supernatural order, and the acceptance of human reason as man's sole guide, the right order of things was perverted. Man no longer possessed an absolute standard of judgment. He became the victim of his own limitations. The infallible standard of the Divine Mind was replaced by the fallible standard of the human mind. Truth, goodness, beauty and perfection, instead of being absolute, became merely relative, and therefore meaningless. Eternal values disappeared; temporal values took their place.

THERE are notable exceptions, of course; but in the main this is true. And, too, the exceptions do not constitute the people of the world.

IN THE home, the materialistic philosophy of life has destroyed the sanctity of the marriage bond. For many thousands of our countrymen, marriage is only a contract to be broken at will, a sort of ninety day option. Gone is the sense of security, of duty, of fidelity, which marriage as a sacrament, a divine institution, brought to the home. Gone is the respect for woman as a partner and companion of man. Gone, too, is the idea that marriage has as its primary purpose the bearing and rearing of children. In place of these, the modern concept of marriage has brought insecurity, neglect of duty, infidelity, the degradation of woman to the level of a toy or plaything of man. Children are

prevented, or when born—often through accident—are neglected in body and soul. The home no longer serves the purposes of God, but the lusts of man. It is hardly the place, therefore, to look for the training of individuals in justice and charity. These virtues are not practiced in the home, neither are they taught there.

PERHAPS they are taught in the church. Surely, if anywhere, these virtues might be expected to be taught in church. Out of the hundred and thirty millions of our population, seventy millions do not go to church; consequently the church bears no influence on their lives. The others, who do go to church, often profit very little for the experience. When the doctrines taught are not vague and meaningless, they are often of doubtful orthodoxy. The people frequently are not convinced of the truth of the doctrine or of the necessity of applying it to their daily lives.

PERHAPS the school makes up for the failure of the home and the church. But our public schools have long been known for their godless instruction. And so uncommon are those schools which ever mention justice or charity, they are really a novelty. In higher education the problem is quite different. Not only are justice and charity and all things spiritual taboo, but positive errors theological, philosophical, psychological, are actually taught. Indeed, there seems an actual conspiracy in colleges and universities against all Christian doctrines, even against all sound thinking. The student is not only robbed of his faith, he is even robbed of his manhood. It is carefully and frankly impressed upon him that he has no soul, no mind, no human personality. His scale of values is distorted. Truth, goodness, respect of authority, reverence for law, are so treated as to give the impression that they are of minor importance. The dignity of human personality is torn down, only to be replaced by the questionable dignity of the brute beast.

WHAT is worse, the very doctrines which militate against any practice of virtue are daily taught in many classes, especially in philosophy,

psychology, sociology and education. We recognized that in fighting the Nazis we were fighting against their false ideas; we also knew that it was not enough to destroy them, we must also destroy their ideas. But the very ideas the Nazis taught in their colleges, we are also teaching in many of ours. The very same ideas have been popular for some time in Russia, England, France, and other countries. We are sending some of our professors to Germany to re-educate the Germans so they will not again be influenced by ideas contrary to peace. But the professors we are sending do not themselves know what peace is, and during the war were guilty of teaching the very same principles we now wish to root out of Germany.

IGNORANCE of the truth is not the only consequence of the failure of these social institutions. Bigotry is another one. If justice is destroyed by ignorance and false doctrines, charity is destroyed by bigotry. Unfortunately, bigotry is encouraged in many homes, churches, and schools of America. Yet, bigotry is the enemy of neighborly love and therefore of peace. Bigotry, like intellectual pride in our universities, is a mental disease.

ANOTHER effect of institutional failure is to be found in our labor problems. Employers, through ignorance of their true obligations toward their employees, or through their utter selfishness, deny the worker the right to a living wage; and employees, for the same reasons, deny their employers the right to an honest day's work. The unions, instead of making an intelligent and honorable use of their powers, are often guilty of grave abuses against justice. If both parties had a correct sense of their rights and their obligations, harmony would reign in industry and society would not be so frequently the victim of their disputes.

IF THE institutions did their job as they ought, we would not have our streets dotted with houses of prostitution, gambling dens; we would not have our movies, dramas, dance halls, and corner loan libraries, surfeited with lewd and lascivious fare.

IN VIEW of all these results of failure to teach truth and encourage sound morality, is it possible to have peace? I think it is. To have peace we must not be unmindful that there is such a thing as a family of nations, of which we are a part. We must therefore have a world organization which has the authority to legislate for the member nations and the power to apply sanctions to all recalcitrant members. But

this is not enough. We must have a foreign policy based on justice; we must have a diplomacy that is not a tissue of lies. We must return Christ to the home, to the church, to the school . . . We must inculcate a wholesome respect for legitimate authority, a reverence for divine, civil, and ecclesiastical law, a respect for the rights of others. We must encourage a love of truth, of goodness, of beauty, of right order in thinking and acting. We must set our nation back upon its foundation of Christian principles where our founding fathers so wisely placed it.

CAN we do these things? If we can, we will have peace. If we cannot, we will have no peace; instead we will return, as some wish, to the normalcy of our pagan days, and another war. The task is not an easy one. I think it an even greater task than winning the war itself. In reality it will be a war on the home front. The opposition will be strong and our opponents skilful. But if we really wish peace, this is the war we must win.

HOW shall we accomplish this gigantic task? First, we must see that our own personal lives are not at variance with the true doctrines of Christ. Sanctify yourself, then sanctify others. Second, let us see that our families live according to these same principles. Third, let us influence our neighbors by example and by word to observe justice and charity in all things towards all people.

LET us do all we can to get our people back to God. Urge all to attend church regularly, to be married in church, to be buried from the church, to make the church the very center and core of their lives. Let us all present a unified front against lewd literature, indecent movies, lascivious dances. Let us discourage hasty and ill-considered marriages, failures in social responsibility. Let us make our leaders lead us in an intelligent manner. Let us make our legislators, executives and judges realize that this is a Christian country and we are a Christian people and that we will tolerate no un-Christian conduct on their part. Their offices are sacred mandates from the people.

CAN we accomplish all this? I say we can. Let all of us, therefore, Protestants, Jews, and Catholics, resolve to cooperate in fighting this battle. Victory in this war on the home front will bring peace. We owe it to our honored dead, we owe it to their loved ones, we owe it to ourselves, to win the peace. May the good God give us all the strength to fight together until this job is done.

Catholic Literature for Children

by Catechist M. Edna Butler

THE home, the school, and the church, each play an important part in the development of the child's character. When one of these fails—and we fear that today all three have failed, to some extent at least—we have juvenile delinquency.

A LARGE percentage of the so-called delinquents are products of broken homes, or are "latch-key" children left to their own devices while both parents are employed. The movies, the radio, the comic books, occupy the greater part of their waking hours.

PARTICULARLY harmful to the undeveloped mind of the child are the current magazines, which lack Christian moral values and implant false ideals in the heart of the child. Many of the pictures and stories in these magazines are built on the theory that the end justifies the means—that two wrongs make a right.

IT IS not an uncommon sight before class to see more than half the children occupied in perusing this low type of magazine or comic book. Even good parents often fail to supervise the reading habits of their children, either through indifference or because they are really unaware of how much harm such reading does to children. Coarseness and braggadocio—in imitation of comic book heroes—are obvious both in and out of the classroom. The children's minds are so poisoned that they even classify the miracles of Our Lord in the same category with the deeds of superman.

THE need for good Catholic literature has become increasingly evident. Present day atmosphere is so permeated with pagan ideas that the majority of the children—and even many adults—can see nothing wrong where there are gross violations of God's law.

IT IS sad to realize that a great many of our American boys and girls have not only lost the taste for good reading, but even the ability to read. It is much easier to turn the dial on the radio, to look at the pictures in a comic book, or those flashed on the screen at the nearest movie house, than to spend the time and effort involved in reading a book.

IT IS especially detrimental to our children whose mother tongue is Spanish, to subsist on a literary diet of poorly written English, replete with faulty sentence construction, incorrect spelling, and slang—to say nothing of the moral issue involved.

THE vocabulary of the child in the public school is definitely limited in the fourth "R", because religion is not taught in the school, and the child never sees or hears the words. A convincing proof of this is that even the brightest children cannot read or write a simple sentence concerning a religious truth.

IN THE past few years great progress has been made in the field of Catholic literature for



Santa Paula children enjoy their weekly copy of *Timeless Topix*.

young people—books, pamphlets, and stories have all been attractively written for little ones. Even the Catechism has undergone a change. From a dull, monotonous book of questions and answers, it has been transformed into a colorful, living story of Christ, His life, His laws, His Church. The lives of the saints have likewise been written as thrilling and appealing tales of real flesh and blood heroes, brave in deed, and living up to high ideals.

IN OUR classes we have tried to encourage the children to develop good reading habits and to cultivate a taste for good literature. We have taken advantage of the supply of attractive and appealing books now available and have placed them on exhibit during all our classes. This has proved to be a very satisfactory way of bringing good Catholic literature to the attention of the children, and the children are learning to read and enjoy it.

WE DID not have the display many weeks before the children were saving their pennies to buy the booklets, *Timeless Topix*, etc. They would look over the selection eagerly each week until the time came when they could buy their own copy.

"AND which one do you want?" I asked a little miss of five who was holding out a handful of sticky pennies.

SHE looked up trustingly and said, "One about God."

ONE of the older girls bought several of the books and left them in the living room, where she knew her non-Catholic grandmother would see them. The grandmother had been hostile to the Faith, but, after reading the books, her criticisms lessened and soon she dropped all objections to the children's attendance at Sunday Mass and classes.

In this small, but effective way, we are striving to counteract the evil influence of the wrong kind of reading and lead our children to a deeper appreciation of their Faith.

OUR COVER: Catechist Loretta Srill supervises Catholic literature exhibit at Santa Paula, California. The Santa Paula Catechists have an exhibit at all classes in order to encourage the children to form good reading habits.

February, 1946

PARTICULAR, TOO

"So Olga does not play with the new children next door? Did they quarrel?" we asked our good friend, the mother of a large family and the manager of a busy farm, whom we had stopped to visit.



"No," she explained carefully in her broken English, "no, they did not quarrel. But the other day the *keeds* next door say to my Olga, 'It is all right for you to be our school friend, but no more than that cuz you are one of dem Catlicks.'"

The good woman drew herself up proudly, and continued, "And my *keed*, she say, 'O. K.—I is pertic'lar, too.'"

Catechist J. Manternach
Monterey, California.

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

A Mother Loves to be Loved

by Rev. Roger-Marian Charest, S.M.M.

BENEDICTION was over. A goodly concourse of parishioners issued forth from the dimly lighted village church into the cold, starry night. The last strains of the organ were intermittently wafted into the night air, while clouds of thick, grayish smoke—like sweet smelling incense—rose majestically above a score of neighboring housetops. It was the second of February, the feast of Mary's Purification.

BACK in the sacristy, Father Donovan, the venerable, gray haired Pastor, was divesting himself of the cope.

"**E**XCEPTIONALLY good attendance at the Novena tonight, eh, John?" he observed with glowing pride.

"**I**T'S Our Lady's feast, Father," said the old sexton, putting the priest's vestments into the wardrobe. "And, besides," he continued, "you stressed that point enough last Sunday, Father."

THE priest laughed at this harmless piece of banter.

"**A**ND if you keep on publishing all the favors the people are receiving through these Novenas, Father," added the sexton, "you'll have to get yourself a bigger church!"

"**A** Good sign, indeed!" smiled the Pastor with perfect satisfaction. "That is exactly what we want! We want the people to pray to Our Lady, and to pray through her to her Divine Son."

THEY tell me Mr. Smith's paralysis is completely cured, Father. The doctors can't explain it; everybody claims it is a real miracle. You know how much his wife and children have prayed for his cure."

"**T**HERE is no doubt that these Novenas are doing wonders, John, both physically and spiritually. We all know the wonderful change that has come over Mr. Bowden and how he has come back to his faith and his family. And we know, too, how earnest his wife and children were in their prayers to the Mother of God for this favor. A miracle of grace, certainly, and one of the many answers to our Novenas to Mary

Mediatix. Mary is always a Mother to her children, John, and what mother does not like to be asked for help?"

A FEW moments later, Father Donovan was kneeling in the back of the church, preparing to recite his Divine Office, in the light of a small wall lamp. As he opened his breviary distractedly and fumbled about for his bookmarks, his thoughts were of Mary, of the sermon he had just delivered on her Purification, and of the large attendance at the services.

AS HE rolled these thoughts over in his mind (forgetting all the while to begin his prayers), the priest's eyes suddenly lighted on the shadowy figure of a small, stooped, silver haired woman, who evidently had been kneeling before Mary's altar ever since devotions were over. She was now making her way towards the church door.

FATHER DONOVAN recognized her instantly as Mrs. Baker, a kind old grandmother, better known in the parish as "Grandma religion"; obviously so called because of her never-failing attendance at all church services.

"**T**HERE'S a good soul!" mused the zealous priest, his finger still inserted in a page of his breviary, "a soul who truly loves Mary. Still, I wonder what she could be asking for at our Novenas. She has not missed a single one in the past ten years . . . always the first in church and always the last to leave!"

THE old woman was now leaving the church. The Pastor arose to lock the door behind her. But to his astonishment, as he opened the storm-door, he was greeted with a hearty, "Good evening, Father!" It was the familiar voice of Donald Baker, Jr.

"**D**ON'T tell me you have been waiting all this time for your grandmother, Donald," said the priest.

"**O**H, NO, Father," grinned the tall, robust young man. "I know just how long she stays after the others leave, so I judge my time. In fact, I've just arrived here. Pretty good timing, isn't it?" he said laughingly. The Pastor



I am all Thine and all I have is Thine, O most Loving Jesus, through Mary, Thy Holy Mother. ..(Ind. 300 days.)

laughed with him.

"BUT, Donald, don't you ever come to Novena services?"

"YES, I came last year, Father. But just now I really have nothing in particular to ask for."

"YOUR grandmother must have a lot to ask for, Donald," said the priest half questioningly.

"OH, SHE'S got more religion than I have," chuckled the brawny lad.

"I KNOW what it is to be a mother," said the pious grandmother, from under her black shawl. "I know what a mother loves most; she loves to be loved. And that is the reason why I never miss any of the devotions in honor of the Blessed Mother."

THE priest was now deeply interested. Forgetting that he was out in the cold winter air, he asked another question,

"IF I'M not too inquisitive, Mrs. Baker, may I ask what you usually pray for at our Novenas?"

"NOTHING very particular just now, Father. I only ask her to increase my love for her and to make me more patient and generous in her service."

WHEN the priest re-entered his pew a few seconds later, he caught himself repeating aloud, "I know what a mother loves most . . . I ask her to increase my love for her . . . to make me more patient, more generous in her service."

THEN Donald's cursory remark flashed back to him, "Just now I have really nothing particular to ask for" . . . and this pained him.

"HOW much more logical and understanding is Grandmother Baker's observation!" he thought. "If all my parishioners were inspired with such a true devotion to Our Blessed Mother, surely our Novenas would draw a wider circle of devotees."

GRANDMOTHER BAKER had struck at the very root of devotion to Mary, which is LOVE AND SERVICE. Her grandson, who came to Novenas only when he had something "to ask for," saw only the surface of devotion to Mary. He did not realize that at the very source of all true devotion to Mary lies that tender, filial affection, which causes us to go to Mary, not only in our needs and difficulties, but always and at all times. Just as a truly loving child does not content himself with throwing himself into his mother's arms when he is in distress, but even in his moments of greatest prosperity and joy; so does the devoted child of our Heavenly Mother seek her in joy or sorrow, in prosperity or adversity.

BLESSED DE MONTFORT has expressed this beautifully in his "Treatise on True Devotion to Mary," when he wrote:

"TRUE Devotion to Mary is tender . . . full of confidence in her, like a child's confidence in his loving mother. This confidence makes the soul have recourse to her in all its bodily and mental necessities, with much simplicity, trust and tenderness. It is also disinterested; that is to say, it inspires the soul not to seek itself but God only, and God in His Holy Mother. A true client of Mary does not love Mary just because she obtains favors for him or because he hopes she will, but solely because she is so worthy of love. It is on this account that he loves and serves her as faithfully in his disgusts and drynesses as in his sweetnesses and sensible fervors." (T.D. 107, 110)

IN THE quaint, yet highly significant words of Grandmother Baker, "I know what MARY loves most: SHE LOVES TO BE LOVED!"

In The Home Field



Joe kisses the baby goodbye before he goes to class.

CATECHIST FINDS A WAY

"Catechist, I can't come to *doctrina* today." There was a note of disappointment in the voice, and as I glanced in the direction of the speaker, I noticed a look of sadness on the little face peering over the top of the baby carriage.

"Why not, Joe?" I asked.

"'Cuz I have to take care of the baby," came the response.

"But, Joe, where is your mother? She knows this is the day you come to *doctrina*, doesn't she?"

"Yes, Catechist," Joe replied, "but my mother had to go to the doctor. All the kids are in school, except Daniel and the little baby. My mother said I had to take care of them."

There was an audible gulp in the boy's throat, but he continued bravely, "I would come if the little baby could walk like Daniel, but she can't, she has to stay in this buggy." At this point the tears began to roll.

"Come, Joe," I gently chided, "wipe the tears away. Perhaps we can find a way for you to come to class even though you must take care of the baby."

His "All right, Catechist," was muffled by

the ragged sleeve brushing across his face.

"Look, Joe, you may put the buggy right here by the door. Then you will be able to watch so that nothing will happen to the baby while you are in class."

The quick smile showed his joy at the solution. The buggy was pushed in front of the door, a kiss of good-by was implanted on the tiny cheek, and Joe was ready for class.

Catechist M. Lurlien McCoy

Los Angeles, California.



ANDY GIVES ALL TO GOD

"Here's the money for my scapular, Catechist," said Andy, his eyes shining as he offered me the money that was to pay for the scapular in which he was to be enrolled after Mass.

Andy was the outstanding pupil in this First Communion class, and he had won all our hearts. He was the first to arrive for Mass on his big day—but he came alone. His father is non-Catholic and antagonistic; his mother, though Catholic, is careless and indifferent.

Shortly before Mass, a lady, who is one of Andy's neighbors, bought him a first Communion set, as she realized his parents would never think of doing so. I was happy for Andy's sake, and as I handed it to him, I whispered,

"Here is the dime you gave me for your scapular, too. There is one in the set, so you won't have to pay for one."

Quick as a flash, Andy replied happily, "Keep

the dime, Catechist, and give it to God."

After Mass, Andy was radiant with joy. "Imagine Jesus really inside me, Catechist," was his awed comment.

The same kindly neighbor, noticing Andy waiting for the bus at the corner, offered to take him home in her car. Before getting into the car, Andy rushed over to me with his bus fare. Pushing the nickel into my hand, he said,

"Give this to God, too, Catechist. I won't need it."

Catechist M. Catherine May

Redlands, California.

WITHOUT MODERN CONVENIENCES

On Sunday afternoon we teach in a Spanish colony which is made up of a Catholic church, a pentecostal church, a grocery store, a pool hall, four rows of small houses—each row about a block long, and . . . a pump.

The town pump seems to be the most important object in the village. During the summer it is a pleasant place to meet friend or neighbor and to discuss the events of the day. But in the winter, bringing home the water supply becomes a disagreeable chore, for the ground is covered with snow and ice, and the pump is



When the weather is nice, this little grandmother goes out to gather firewood.

cold and hard to manipulate. And so we urge our boys to do acts of kindness by bringing water to the two little grandmothers who live alone in the colony.

One of these grandmothers is close to ninety years of age. She lives in a small room. In one corner of the room is her coal supply and in another her stove. Her cot and an improvised table find a place in the other two corners of her tiny home. She seldom leaves her room except to look for wood. During the past summer, she told me, she was lost in the woods five times while picking up firewood.

"How did you ever get back home?" I asked.

"The good God helps me to find the path again," was her answer.

A year ago this dear old lady lived with a married daughter who is pentecostal. Of course, no religious articles were permitted in the house. Now that Grandmother lives alone she can again display her objects of devotion, but she is still childishly afraid of doing so. She was elated with the rosary we gave her, and she was proud to tell us that she knows how to pray it and will do so often.

May our Blessed Mother prepare this dear soul for a happy passage into eternity!

Catechist Dorothy Wilke

Greeley, Colorado.



Associate Catechists

OUR DOLORES BANDS I AND II (Chicago)

SINCE both of these Bands labor for the support of our Catechist Hazel Sullivan, we hope they will not mind if we mention them, this month, in the same breath. Dolores Band I, whose promoter is *Mrs. Anna Klingel*, was organized in 1937. Dolores Band II, with *Mrs. Ann Bechtold*, promoter, was organized two years later. Both Bands have given well. We heard from each promoter this fall, with a sizeable donation.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS BAND (Chicago)

THIS BAND, of which *Miss Florence Kuenster* is promoter, lets us go several months without hearing from them. Suddenly they pop up with a large donation which represents the proceeds of several card parties. Most of the Band members are young women employed in offices. We hope their cherished plan, to have their mothers organize a separate Band, may yet materialize.

LES PETITES FLEURS CLUB (Chicago)

LES PETITES FLEURS CLUB observes its twentieth anniversary this year. At first their efforts were directed to helping a Padre in China. Shortly after they were organized "things began to happen." Two members entered the convent; a third, our Catechist Wilke, joined our Society.

Miss Elsie Jachmann was the organizer of this Club, and is its present Promoter. The members decided to use the proceeds of their parties toward Catechist Wilke's support. In addition to cash donations sent regularly to Victory-Noll, they have never failed to pack mission boxes and ship them to Catechist in the missions. To quote Catechist Wilke, "the lovely assortment of toys sent us has been breathtaking."

Recently we received a large check from the Club members which represented one half the profits on chances sold for the benefit of Father Luke's Contentment Home.

ST. IRENE BAND (Chicago)

THE Promoter of this Band, *Miss May Walsh*, and I are old time friends, she having been present at Longwood in 1923 when I received my habit. Monthly we can expect a brisk letter from her, beginning with "St. Irene's Band reporting," and always with it a much appreciated check.

SACRED HEART MISSION CLUB (Newark, N.Y.)

THE corresponding secretary of this group is *Miss Madeline Marro*, and she fulfills that office very, very well. These members are always doing things in a big way for our missions. Their membership is large and they are constantly adding to it.

A.C.M. Supervisor
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana
Dear Catechist,

I wish to join a Mission Band. Will you please tell me if there is one in my city or in my vicinity?

I would also like suggestions as to how one goes about organizing a new Band.

My Name

Address

Before their socials, they get publicity from the pulpit from their pastor. He urges his parishioners to patronize the bingos, card parties, etc., given by these good ladies, and the large checks we receive show that the people respond.

"We get our money's worth at your affairs!" declared one member of the congregation.

Enthusiasts in the cause of the missions, these devoted Associates would hide (what we can perceive very readily) their utter selflessness and disregard of the mental and physical fatigue involved in their large undertakings. God bless their generosity a thousandfold!

of Mary

A. C. M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

November 20 to December 22

Adrian Club, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	\$75.00
Archbishop Stritch Band, Miss Helen Gaethke	13.30
Central Committee, Chicago Area	
Mary Perkins, President	7.00
Charitina Band No. 1, Chicago,	
Miss Katherine Hennigan	5.00
Dolores Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	16.00
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. H. F. Staley	85.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago	
Joseph Walz, Secretary	20.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind.,	
Miss Mary E. Nye	40.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago,	
Miss Elsie Jachmann	33.50
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mo.	
Mrs. Arthur Krueger	14.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Tex.,	
Mrs. E. G. Walsh	25.00
Our Lady of Snows Band, Elkhart, Ind.	
Miss Kay Hall	3.50
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago,	
Virginia Woodworth	15.00
Our Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	
Miss Mary Madden	75.00
Our Lady of Victory Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Edw. McCaffrey	25.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	30.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,	
Mrs. J. V. McGovern	60.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y.,	
Madeline Marro, Secretary	25.00
St. Agnes Band, Martinsburg, W. Va.,	
Gertrude I. Atkinson	2.10
St. Ann's Mission Circle, Fort Wayne, Ind.,	
Ann Brink	7.25
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago,	
Mrs. A. F. Beck	220.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky.,	
Miss Grace Kern	2.50
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	15.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Lucille M. Dea	55.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Helen Melke	3.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	3.00
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago,	
Miss Anna M. Knusman	25.00
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala	20.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	20.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Katherine Hammer	65.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Agnes Shanahan	15.00
St. Mary's Sodality Band, Detroit,	
Mrs. Peter Pink	11.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	87.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill.,	
Miss Mary Schaefer	16.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis.,	
Mrs. J. J. Huebl	140.00
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Marie V. Dwyer	\$25.00
Strillians Band, Cincinnati, O.,	
Miss Marion Mueller	1.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Anne Genge	37.50



OUR LADY OF SORROWS BAND (Chicago)

THIS Chicago Band, which is dedicated to Our Sorrowful Mother and headed by *Miss Sheila Woodworth*, began operations in 1938. Since that time they have not failed to let us hear from them every year with generous donations. They sponsor Catechist Blanche Lawler, who is doing missionary work in New Mexico.

THE MARIANS (Chicago)

HAVE you noticed that we Catechists have a way of stealing your best Associates? The history of this Band proves this point. The original organizer and promoter is now Catechist Marie Welter! We believe Our Blessed Lord, on witnessing the charity and zeal for His dear poor displayed by our Band members, rewards some of them with the greatest of all graces—the grace of a religious vocation.

THE Band is now in the able hands of *Mrs. M. Maher*. Members meet every two weeks and pay dues of twenty-five cents at each meeting. They have an annual bingo party in the Spring, and pack a mission box at Christmas time to aid Catechist Skupien in Nevada.



A Lay Apostle

by Catechist M. Eva Geiskopf

THERE was something depressing about the cluttered street, the uneven row of cluttered houses. The Catechists felt it every time they walked its length on their morning round of visits. Today, just half a block away from the convent, they caught sight of a familiar figure coming toward them. Even at a distance of several hundred feet they recognized Juan's slight, middle-aged figure, his brisk, purposeful step. His eyes were averted today, though, until they were almost upon him.

"BUENOS dias, Juan," they chorused, and they couldn't help noticing the somewhat furtive movement of his right hand, the while he smiled his slow, meditative smile. That smile always made his clean-shaven face look decidedly radiant.

"GOOD morning, Catechists," he answered, and in his voice and demeanor they sensed that chivalric courtesy so typically Mexican. The Catechists' quick eyes, however, detected what Juan had been trying to hide—the little black rosary, which, with an embarrassed gesture, he had been trying to shove into his pocket.

"OH, PARDON us, Juan," they said. "We interrupted your prayers, didn't we?"

"NO, YOU didn't," he countered, almost in apology. "I was just holding my rosary. I always do when I am walking along."

OF A SUDDEN the cluttered street seemed a happy place, and very bright, for God was there in the soul of Juan.

"I'M ON my way to your house," he said, "I want to finish that paint job."

AND SO it had been for many a year. The convent was an old, old house, which needed constant repair. Juan could always be counted upon for assistance in any work which required the stronger, more skillful hand of a man; and this in spite of a long, full day or night at the steel mill. Who could tell how many hundreds of dollars he had saved the Catechists during all this time, dollars which could instead be used for helping the poor, for bringing God's word to the neglected.

HIS pay? Oh, one of Catechist's nicely cooked meals, which always delighted him, as he



Juan repairs roof of porch, one of the countless services he has rendered the Catechists.

lived alone and had to cook his own meals or eat in a restaurant.

"THE food smells so good, Catechist," he would say in delicate compliment, as he prepared to sit down to table, but never, by the way, without first making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel.

"NOW, JUAN, you've worked hard today," the Catechist cook would tell him. "So you must eat everything you have here."

"I NEVER eat very much, Catechist—really only one meal a day."

BUT when Catechist returned to clear the table, she would be delighted to find the dishes empty. Juan was obedient, if not too hungry. He would eat everything because Catechist had told him he must.

THEN there would be an occasional bit of clothing that had come in a mission box. It was plenty good enough for him, he would assure us. If he didn't have to spend money on clothes

he could give it to the church.

AH, YES, the church. The church was Juan's recreation. Whenever his shift at the mill would permit, he was at Mass, or rather at the Masses, as there are two each morning. He would kneel motionless throughout them both, rosary in hand, gazing at the altar. He would move only when it was time to receive Holy Communion. His thanksgiving was always prolonged beyond the time the Catechists remained in church. There was nothing narrow about Juan's outlook. He had the whole world to pray for. He would run for blocks to be on time for the Sorrowful Mother Novena or the weekly Holy Hour.

BUT prayer wasn't the only means Juan employed in his apostolate. Every Monday he made the rounds of the churches of the city on foot, gathering all the left-over Sunday Visitors and other Catholic literature. These he distributed at the mill, among his friends, or wherever he thought they would do some good.

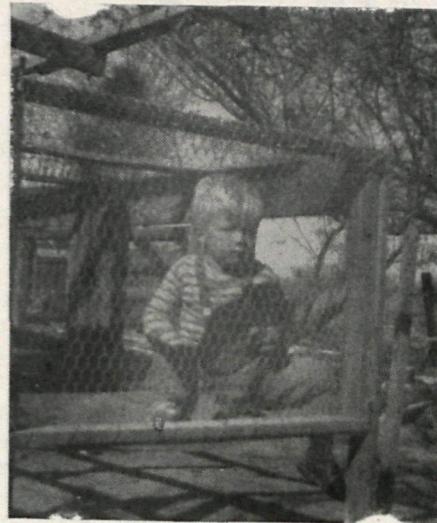
A TRIP to the public library one morning gave the Catechists another glimpse of his apostolic activity. After finishing their business at the central desk, they were attracted by a display of magazines. They went over to see if, perhaps, there might be a Catholic periodical among them. There was. Just one! And on the back of it was stencilled Juan's name and address! Really he left no stone unturned. Unlettered, untutored, unassuming, hidden, he was working quietly to make Christ's Kingdom come.

UNCONSCIOUSLY he was influencing others by his example. His neighbors above and about his dark but neat little basement room had only praise for him. "Juan? Oh, yes, he lives downstairs. He is always so quiet, so clean, so good and kind; never makes trouble for anyone."

SO FAVORABLE was everyone's opinion of him, so universal the veneration in which he was held, that people were inclined to think that he had always been entirely devoted to God; but a chance remark of his one day gave evidence that a mighty battle had been waged in his soul at one time, a battle in which strong resolve and earnest prayer had been the tools of victory. This it must have been which gave him that strong yet humble air of a conqueror. He was putting all his effort now into making that conquest a permanent one, so that he might some day hear, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

IS IT any wonder then, that over and over again when he smiled or spoke, worked or prayed, the Catechists were reminded of that other Juan, who was called Diego, to whom the Queen of Heaven had been pleased to appear centuries ago as the "Little Brown Virgin?" Is it any wonder that they felt that this modern Juan was just as dear to her as the one to whom she said, in protecting assurance, "Do not fear . . . Am I not here, who am your Mother?"

IN THE RABBITS' PEN

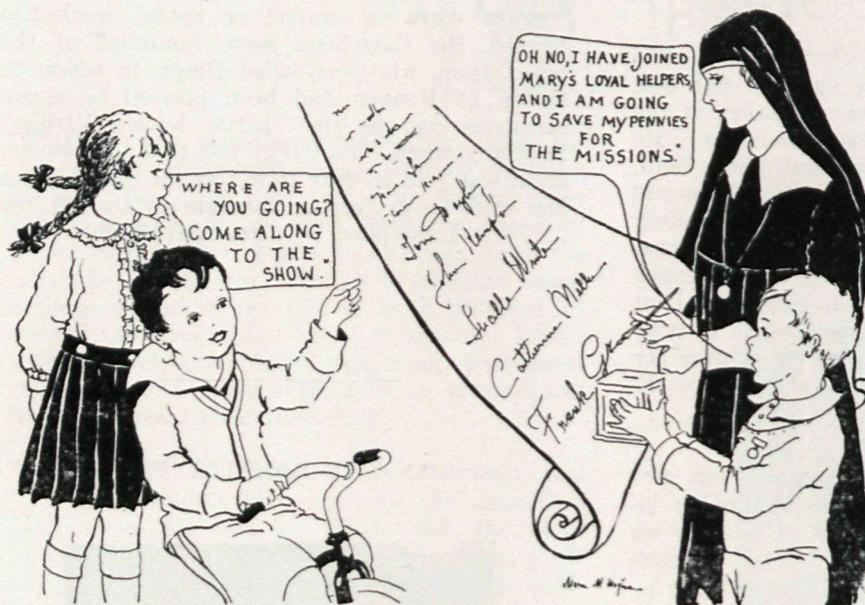


Freddie poses for his picture.

Freddie's mother, although not a Catholic, had graciously given us permission to teach in her yard. But Freddie, his little brother and sister, presented another problem, for they proved to be good entertainers. Very often their performances were more interesting than the religion class, with the result that they had the attention of my pupils.

One day when we arrived at his house, we found Freddie in the rabbits' pen. I was tempted to close the door of the little cage, and have one less distraction during class. Instead, I went back to the car for my camera, and Freddie, like the good little actor that he is, posed for the picture.

Catechist M. Gertrude Kelly
Coachella, California.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

Since I last wrote you, you've finished your mid-year exams—successfully I hope. At any rate, I've prayed that you might make good grades. It's too soon for me to report on those CONTEST letters in which you were to set forth all the qualities and character traits of a good Catholic leader. Do you recall the special points for discussion? (1) How does he or she act in class, (2) in school games, (3) at social affairs, (4) on the way home from school, (5) toward teachers, (6) toward parents, and (7) toward classmates? I'll be waiting for your comments. Remember, a beautiful MLH pin goes to the winner and there'll be honorable mention for all who write on the subject. I'll be waiting for your comments. I think your letters can make this column very interesting—but you've got to take time out and write them. Meanwhile, read the story of RAUL in this issue. Do you know of a boy or girl who can compare favorably with the leadership qualities he displayed?

Mary-ly yours

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

THEY MAKE THEIR BOW

New Helpers continued from last month

Angela Brown, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade
 Joan Boushele, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade
 Janet Korbish, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade
 Judy Leib, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade
 Audrey Sphatt, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade
 Frances M. Stangle, Butternut, Wis., 9th grade
 Helen Steinbrunner, Ft. Recovery, O., 11th grade

Delores Steinbrunner, Ft. Recovery, O., 8th grade

Ruth E. Streator, Appleton, Wis., through school

Barbara Swanebeck, Fenton, Mich., 9th grade

Audrey Swanke, Oshkosh, Wis., 8th grade

Irma Thurner, Oshkosh, Wis., 10th grade

Ann Toerner, Hamilton, O., 10th grade

Donna Trepanier, Stevens Point, Wis., 11th grade

Margie Uhlenhake, St. Henry, O., 11th grade

Marie Unterwagner, Tiffin, O., 10th grade

Mary Jane Vogelsang, Ft. Loramie, O., 10th grade

Rose Voisard, Houston, O., 12th grade

Beatrice Wagner, Coldwater, O., 10th grade

LaDonna Wagner, Coldwater, O., 9th grade

Grace Wagner, Butternut, Wis., 9th grade

Next month we will publish the name of some new "little" Helpers.



Of course you will want to get acquainted with Celeste Renier of Chicago. She is only four years old, but she has filled her "Shine" Bag, as she calls it, several times. She especially wants to help poor children in the Missions. Her

brother Donald, two years old, gathers pennies for the bag, also.

Loyal Helpers



Esther Herman,
Wyandotte, Mich.

ance out of which she saves dimes for us. She worked the turkey puzzle and asked that her prize—a holy picture—be autographed. It was!

This little lass of Wyandotte, Michigan, has been helping our poor Missions for three years. Esther's mother works, which means they "play partners" on the housework to be done at home. For faithful and conscientious help, her mother gives her a weekly allowance



Mary Marron, MLH, of Davenport, Iowa, is proud of her Daddy, Chief Bos'n Mate James F. Marron, and he is equally proud of her!

OUR FEBRUARY PUZZLE

Can you unscramble these words so as to find the name of the Father of our Country, together with places and circumstances connected with his life? Answers given next month.

NOWGINHAST
THECTAH
RYECHR
VELNORUTIO
AREWELAD
NOITSNOTUICT

A LETTER FROM CASCADE, IOWA

"EVERYBODY in the family cooperated in filling the sock, so the credit does not belong to us" wrote Francis, Theresa and Monica Manternach. They have an aunt who is a Missionary Catechist. Their brother Albert, who has been in the army five years, is expected home for Christmas.

"Mary, Mary (but *not* contrary), how does your garden grow?"

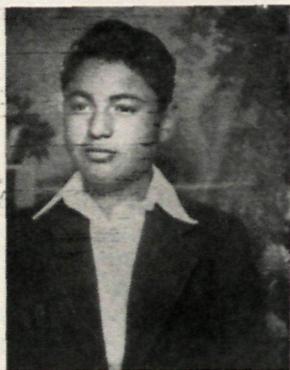
This will introduce Mary Catherine Hahn of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who is 14 years old and a sophomore at Central Catholic High in that city.

Mary says, "I used to sell things from a garden across the street from our house. That way I paid for my tuition, which was \$10.00 a year, for six years." She won a scholarship for the first year of high school, and has helped pay her way by working in the high school cafeteria. Mary, therefore, knows the value of hard-earned money, and yet she generously shares it with our Missionary Catechists.



Mary Catherine Hahn,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Raul



RAUL was an altar boy. When serving Mass his exterior reverence was so marked that many who observed him breathed a prayer that he might one day be one of God's chosen priests.

ALL THE boys in the little Texas town of Midland looked up to Raul. He led in their games and in the local Catholic Boys' Club. He was the first of the older boys to attend the religion classes our Catechists organized for the Catholic children in the public school. When one of the big boys was ashamed to attend the private First Communion classes Catechist had arranged for him, Raul—in order to help overcome this boy's embarrassment—came with him to every class until he was ready for First Communion.

LAST spring when the baseball season opened, Raul organized a team. Before the Catechists left for the summer, he arranged for his team to play against Big Spring. The Catholic Girls' Club at Big Spring—with the help of the Catechists—served refreshments to both teams after the game. Raul's team won, and as President of the Catholic Boys' Club at Midland, he was called upon to make a short speech. He thanked the Catechists and the Girls' Club for their hospitality. Then he invited the boys of Big Spring to Midland to play a game next season, adding—with a smile—that he hoped they would win next time.

WHEN the Catechists returned to Big Spring in September they learned with sorrow of Raul's death, following an unsuccessful operation for appendicitis, during the summer. We believe that Raul had the makings of a Catholic leader. But God, in the mysterious ways of His inscrutable Providence, had another role for him to play, perhaps as an intercessor before His heavenly throne for the legion of Catholic leaders so sorely needed in our country during these critical post-war years.

Catechist M. E. Vigil
Big Spring, Texas

All things to All Men

"Sister, will you read this, huh?" the old man asked anxiously, as I drew near his bed.

I took the letter. It was addressed to "Nick, the Greek." As I looked up from the writing, I caught the puzzled look on the old man's face.

He explained that the letter had been sent by a former patient at the county hospital. The man had work and he would be glad to send some tobacco to old Nick. Evidently he had not known our friend's real name and had used "Nick, the Greek" because there was no other person of that nationality in the hospital.

"I like tobacco very much," said the old man after I had finished reading the letter. "I like the good man, too. But I think he should know that I am not Nick. You will write, Sister, huh? I tell you what."

And this is what he dictated,

Dear Friend,

Forgot my name? It is Kostas Vanos. My trouble is the same. I am no better. Please send me some tobacco. I shall be glad to have it. I am glad you are well. I am still in the same corner and the same ward eighteen years. No other Greek is here. My name is not Nick. Happy New Year to you. Thank you for your kind letter.

Your friend,
Kostas Vanos.

All things to all men—even a secretary!

Catechist C. Brohman
Brawley, California

Memoriam

- John Lembeck, St. Louis, Mo., father of Catechist Lembeck.
- Matthew Stetar, Burgettstown, Pa., father of Catechist M. Ann Stetar.
- Mrs. A. Javaux, St. Louis, Mo., mother of Catechist Margaret Javaux.
- Mrs. Ellen Murray, Pittsburgh, Pa., mother of Catechist M. Catherine Murray.
- Mrs. Canuta Sanchez, Dilia, New Mexico, sister of Catechist Monica Ulibarri.
- Elizabeth Fallon, Chicago, Ill.
- Fred Keller, Chicago, Ill.
- J. Donovan, Chicago, Ill.
- Lt. Jack Mueller, Chicago, Ill.
- Lawrence Sieg, Depauw, Ind.

Meet our Postulants



THE feast of All Saints was a gala day at Victory Noll, for it was on that day that sixteen new postulants were added to our household. We know you would like to meet them, so we are showing them to you, pictured here with our Superior General, Catechist Catherine Olberding, right, and their Postulant Mistress, Catechist Cecilia Schmitt, left.

FROM left to right the postulants are: 1st row, Della Massaro, Clairton, Pa.; Geraldine Kirkessner, Lebanon; Pa.; Rita Snyder, Chicago, Ill.; Janet Peters, Detroit, Mich.; Nancy Fedell, Salamanca, N. Y.; 2nd row, Mary Huegel, Iona, Ia.; Catherine Stadler, Topeka, Kans.; Shirley Kelly, Portland, Ore.; Margaret Palmer, Fort Wayne, Ind., Eileen Fortier, Detroit, Mich.; 3rd row, Bertha Moloney, Marion, Ohio; Julia Merkosky, Cavell, Sask., Canada; Jane Cholewinski, Culver, Ind.; Dolores Imming, Aviston, Ill.; Barbara Witt, Belleville, Ill.; Lorraine Masters, Humboldt, S. Dak.

IT IS interesting to note that two of the postulants come from families of six children, two from families of eight, one from a family of nine, two from families of ten, two from families of eleven, and one from a family of twelve children. Not one of the postulants is an only child.

THE postulants represent ten States and the Dominion of Canada.

THIS IS CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH
and your **OPPORTUNITY** to
HELP SUPPORT THE CATHOLIC PRESS



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from your Diocesan Paper and
Provide Your Family With Good Catholic Literature