

The
Missionary
Centerists

Victory-Noll Welcomes Cardinal Tien



Cardinal Tien and Bishop Noll in Patio at Victory Noll.

ON Monday, May 13, the Missionary Catechists were privileged to welcome to Victory Noll, His Eminence, Thomas Cardinal Tien, S.V.D., Vicar Apostolic of Tsingtao, China.

THE Cardinal was accompanied by His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne; Reverend John Vos, S.V.D., who accompanied the Cardinal to Rome

and who for fifteen years has been a Missionary to China; Reverend Anthony May, S.V.D., Mission Procurator at Techny, and a cousin to our Catechist M. Catherine May of Redlands, California; and Sergeant Louis J. Maloof, 6th Marine Division, formerly of the New Orleans *Times Picayune* News Staff.

SERGEANT MALOOF, in a three minute talk introducing His Eminence, told of the reluctance of the Cardinal to believe that he had actually been the recipient of so great an honor. Sergeant Maloof said that it took the United States Marines three days to convince the Cardinal that some mistake had not been made.

"DON'T you know," the Cardinal said to Sergeant Maloof, after the arrival of Cardinal Spellman's cable of congratulations, which reached Cardinal Tien before the official notice from Rome, "don't you know that such an exalted position belongs only to the learned, to men of science, culture, dignity? Such is *not* for me, the *simple*. You must not believe it. I am not worthy of such an honor. It must be a mistake!"

THE Cardinal spoke a few words to the Catechists in English, then continued his talk in Chinese. The Catechists were surprised to find Chinese a beautiful language when spoken. Father Vos translated the Cardinal's talk.

CARDINAL TIEN is China's first Cardinal, the first Chinese ever to be a Cardinal, and the first Cardinal in the history of the Society of the Divine Word. When he visited Victory Noll another *first* was added to his list, for he was the first Cardinal ever to visit Victory Noll.

THE sincere congratulations, best wishes, and prayers of the Catechists follow His Eminence in the great work that lies before him. May God's blessing always be with him. Ad Multos Annos.



His Eminence, Thomas Cardinal Tien

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Two Years at Greeley, Colorado

by Catechist Regina Torzewski

THE row of woebegone faces lined up against the small mission chapel was strangely out of harmony with the song of the birds, the budding verdure, the gorgeous blue sky, and the smiling sunshine of springtime in Colorado.

WE called out a cheerful greeting as we drove up to the building. The children came hurrying to the car, but their expressions did not change; nor did they answer our greeting. Instead, they made this announcement: "Catechist, we can't come to religion classes any more. We are going to the ranch right now!"

HAD they been proclaiming the day of doom, they could not have spoken more dolefully.

"YOU will be back in a few months," I remarked by way of consolation, meanwhile ushering the small group into the chapel for a few words of affectionate advice before the sad departure.

"BUT will YOU be back, Catechist?" the children questioned over and over amid the final good-bys.

THAT Missionary Catechists will be teaching here next fall seems rather certain, but that these children will return is doubtful. And so, while I tried to cheer up the depressed little ones, I felt a wave of loneliness sweeping over me also, for these children had become very dear to us in the short time that we had been among them. Apparently much of our work in Colorado, like that of the Missionary Catechists in other fields, was to be the ceaseless planting of the seed of the Word of God in tender hearts, while the consolation of reaping the harvest—of seeing our efforts bud forth into fruit—is to be reserved for eternity.

WITH the coming of April, scenes of parting similar to this one, are enacted almost daily in one or the other of the missions which we reach from our center in Our Lady of Peace Parish, Greeley, Colorado. These scenes are indications that the teaching year is rapidly drawing to an end, and that soon we will close the book on another chapter in the history of our mission.

IN September, 1944, at the request of His Excellency, Archbishop Vehr, four of us Missionary



"We felt justified in making a trip of seventeen miles to prepare these boys for the sacraments."

Catechists came to open a center in the Archdiocese of Denver, at Greeley—to break ground, as it were, for our work in the State of Colorado, which is very much in need of missionary work such as ours.

AT that time our country was still in the throes of a crucial war, and to secure a home and furnish it as a convent for Sisters was no small matter. In Greeley this burden was assumed by the Archbishop's Guild, an organization of young women in the Archdiocese who are outstanding for a virile, personal Catholicity and for a stupendous amount of Catholic action in many spheres. The house secured for the Catechists' home was redecorated and furnished by the girls in such taste and completeness that it might be styled a feat of ingenuity, in view of wartime conditions.

THE deep personal interest of His Excellency, Archbishop Vehr, in establishing and promoting the work of the Catechists in the Greeley area has brought a correspondingly generous response from the people, young and old, so that the enterprise gives great promise of being successful in the essential work of saving and reclaiming spiritually needy souls.

GREELEY is located in the irrigated area of Weld County, northern Colorado, in the heart of one of the most highly developed and agriculturally productive districts in the United States. The people whom we Catechists have come to help spiritually, are mostly sugar beet workers and farm laborers. Many of these reside in this area, but there are also others—the transient families who spend their lives following seasonal crops.

OUR mission territory takes in fifteen out-missions and the ranch country within a radius of approximately twenty miles, with Greeley as the center.

THE problem of imparting adequate religious instruction and of giving a Christian training to our children is rendered difficult by the fact that the families are scattered over a wide area where they are employed on ranches which provide work, not only for the grown-ups but also for the children, from early spring until late fall. This is the reason, too, why many young men and women have never received formal religious instruction, and why a large number of older people have been out of touch with the church and religious practice for years.

PPRIVATE instruction, usually in the homes, is the only means we have at present of teaching the older children and of bringing back adults who have strayed. A private instruction often develops into a class. For example, last fall we began teaching in a home far away from any of



The four newly-baptized with their mother and stepfather.

our organized teaching centers. Four boys lived there, and since they were way past First Communion age, we felt justified in making the trip of seventeen miles to prepare them for the Sacraments.

AFTER visiting the ranches in the vicinity of their home and spreading the news of our coming, we were happy to welcome several other children who asked permission to join the boys in a class. Before long our original group of four had increased to thirty-two. In this class were thirteen who wished to prepare for First Communion. One of these First Communicants was a boy of seventeen; three others were fifteen, and the rest were over ten years. This class also included four children who had not yet been baptized although they came from Catholic parents and wished to be Catholics. They were eight, ten, thirteen, and fifteen years of age.

AMORE receptive and happily interested class than these thirty-two children would be difficult even to imagine. The entire group rejoiced when the day finally arrived for the four catechumens to receive Baptism. Soon after when First Communion day came for the thirteen, the class celebrated again and congratulated each other on the blessings they had received this year.

BECAUSE of war and post-war conditions, Our Lady of Peace Parish, in which we work, has not its own parish church. However, we feel confident that in another year or two this acute need will be filled. His Excellency, Archbishop Vehr, and Father Dominic Morera, S.F., the zealous pastor of Our Lady of Peace Parish, are making every possible effort toward this end.

TWO mission years have sped swiftly by since our coming to Greeley. It seems but yesterday that we were getting acquainted and feeling perplexed and amused at the constantly recurring question, "How long are you going to stay?" It was among the first—if not the first—question asked by nearly every child we met. We began to wonder if it was an invitation to leave! Then one ardent youngster gave us the explanation in a dramatic little speech which ended with the heart-warming exclamation, "Then you are really MY Catechist!"

SISTERS, seminarians, and priests had come and gone in these parts, teaching a vacation school, perhaps, or preaching a mission. And just when the children had become accustomed to them and had learned to love them, they had departed as mysteriously as they had come. Now

the many-times-disappointed youngsters were going to be wary of giving their confidence and affection to transient workers, however kind and lovable they might be. Hence the blunt question, "How long are you going to stay?"

BEING "MY Catechist" to several hundred affectionate little ones is an incomparable joy to the heart of anyone longing to win souls for Christ. It is a recompense—sometimes we feel it is too great a recompense in this world—for the labor and fatigue and difficulties that must

necessarily be encountered in ceaseless missionary efforts.

AND so while many children bid us a sad goodbye as they set out for the ranches to thin beets, hoe onions, or help in some other way to increase the family income, we are looking forward to our third year's work in the Greeley area—praying and planning to bring a knowledge of the love and mercy of God, as well as the teachings of His church, to those souls among whom we have been called to work.

A Legend for Assumption Day

by Catechist M. Alice James

WEE CHERUB, as he was known throughout the Court of Heaven, peered surreptitiously between one tiny arm and the silvery mist of his tiny right wing. He settled back contentedly, for he knew what his next query would be.

"EACH little firefly is proud of the light he carries. He flits hither and yon so all may see it. That is what you saw, Wee Cherub. It made you think there were stars down on earth." At this point the Great Archangel stopped his narration and looked hopefully in the direction of the downy cloud. If only Wee Cherub were sound asleep. He wasn't. He was watching the Great Archangel as if to say, "And what else?"

THE Great Archangel turned his stately head slightly and yawned politely, but emphatically, into the mauve and golden softness of his great wing. Wee Cherub refused to take the hint. The Great Archangel grew very businesslike. "See here, Wee Cherub," he said, "I can't spend all my time answering your questions. Suppose you roll over on your downy cloud and sleep a bit."

WEE CHERUB'S eyes grew wide with pleading. "Please, just one more, Great Archangel, just one!"

WEE CHERUB then crawled to the very outer puff of his cloudlet and pointed a wee angelic finger down the velvet expanse of the heavens. "See that road, Great Archangel? See how white and long it is. I do believe it reaches the earth. How came it there? How I should like to follow it!"

THE Great Archangel lifted Wee Cherub from his perilous rocking on the cloudlet's edge

and plumped him down in the midst of its billowy whiteness, as he said, "You'll follow it head first, if you don't watch out." He smiled in spite of himself, and Wee Cherub, taking courage, said coaxingly, "Please, Great Archangel, please!"

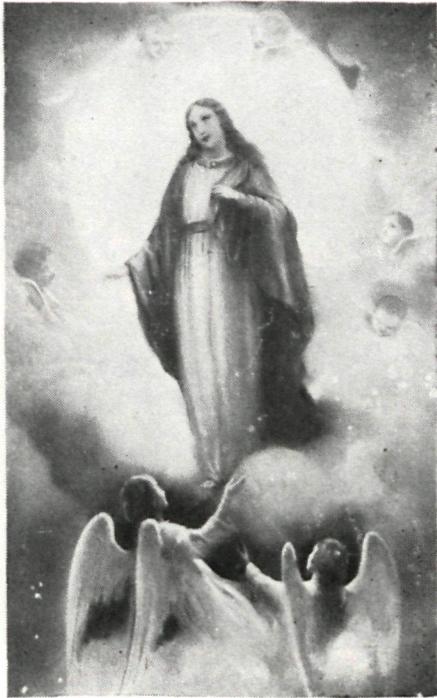
UNABLE to resist the pleading of Wee Cherub, the Great Archangel, without more ado (and even with secret joy for it was a favorite theme), told the story of the Milky Way.

"ALMOST two thousand years ago, according to earth time," he said, "there came a day which saddened the hearts of many of the children of men. It was the first Assumption Day. The Apostles had carried the dead body of our Mother and Queen to her last resting place on earth.

"SHE had been their dearest treasure. Trustingly they had gone to her again and again in their trials and disappointments. Do you know why, Wee Cherub? . . . Because she was more like her Son than anyone else. No wonder the Apostles were sad. But here in Heaven we were happy. Each one longed for the coming of his Queen. And as usual," the Great Archangel couldn't resist an unangelic dig, "the small Cherubim were everywhere, wanting to know about everything."

WEE CHERUB looked properly *unimpressed*.

"INDEED," continued Great Archangel after a moment's pause, "I think it was just to get them out of the way that Heaven's King said, 'Little Cherubim, it is fitting that My Mother, the humble Handmaid of the Lord, should be welcomed by the little ones of Heaven. Hasten down to earth and bring her carefully to our



Mary is taken up into heaven; the angels rejoice, and blessing God, praise Him with one voice, Alleluia. (From the Offertory for the feast of the Assumption.)

Heavenly home.'

"IT was a relief to see the last flutter of the last tiny wing of the last little Cherub disappearing through the portals of Heaven. The rest of us went swiftly about our preparations.

"BUT soon the little Cherubim were back again, heads bowed, wings drooping, and tears spilling everywhere. 'We tried so very hard,' they said. 'And we were so very careful . . . but we could not raise our Mother from the tomb . . . We were too small.'

"THEN our glorious King smiled at His Heavenly Father, as He said, 'I shall go for her, My Father. I can wait no longer.'

"HE looked kindly at the weeping Cherubim. 'Perhaps,' He said soothingly, 'the little Cherubim might find a way to make a road, all pure and bright, for her to come upon.'

"THE little Cherubim put their heads together and then flew like darts of white flame to the garden spots of Heaven. And do you know what they did, Wee Cherub? They gathered every snow white lily that grew there. Swiftly

they flew to the ramparts of Heaven. From there they tossed their lilies down, down, down to the very earth. And God the Father smiled upon them, and, lo! the lilies formed a pathway of misty white, which reached from earth to heaven.

"OVER that pathway They came, our great King and our gentle Queen. Oh, the joy in our hearts that night! . . . When the rejoicing had become somewhat subdued, our Heavenly Father said to His Son, 'This pathway, weaving its white radiance to our very portals, is a reminder of the spotless purity of Heaven's Queen.' He paused and looked in the direction of the little Cherubim; then continued, 'The little angels worked hard to make it blossom there. Shall we leave it for all eternity?'

"AND all the Court of Heaven silently echoed the Son's smiling, 'Yes, My Father.'

"AND that is how the Milky Way was made," concluded the Great Archangel.

"THE Milky Way," repeated Wee Cherub. "Why was it given that name? Why wasn't it called the Lily Way?"

BUT the Great Archangel did not answer. He was bowing low before the Queen of the Angels, who stood smiling before him.

WEE CHERUB tumbled off his downy cloud. Tiny angelic arms encircled the folds of shimmering blue that were Our Lady's vesture. "I have just heard the story of the Milky Way, my Mother," he said.

THE Queen of Heaven smiled down into the upturned face; her gentle hand tumbled the angelic curls; she spoke softly to her small listener, "I have another name for the Milky Way, Wee Cherub . . . I call it Little Cherubim Highway."

THE Great Archangel looked slightly crestfallen, as Wee Cherub flecked a tiny corner of a tiny wing in his direction. This action and a certain something in Wee Cherub's eyes (could it be a look of triumph?) said as plainly as words, "You see!"





His Excellency, Bishop Noll, and Catechist Olberding, Superior General, at Sylvan Lake. Another Catechist and a postulant are almost hidden in back of Catechist Olberding. The postulant is trying to steady the boat while the photographer is at work.

Happy Days at Bishop's Island

by Catechist Blanche Richardson

THE green waters of Sylvan Lake gently lapped the shore at *Andy's Landing* as the Postulants, forgetful of their newly acquired dignity as members of the Society of Missionary Catechists, quickly scrambled from the cars and ran towards the water's edge.

THE sixty mile trip from Victory Noll had been a pleasant one, but once the cars left the highway and began threading their way through the narrow winding road along the shore of the lake, the delight of the Postulants was supreme.

AFTER the first excited "Ohs" and "Ahs" were over, the Postulants stepped—some confidently, some timidly—into the waiting rowboats. Each Postulant carried an improvised duffel bag—a large black apron, whose capacious folds contained bed linen and personal articles necessary for the week's vacation. Suitcases are not only heavy but take a great deal of space in a rowboat, and missionaries—even those in training—soon learn to be practical.

HALF a mile across the lake could be seen the Bishop's Island, with the spacious cottage,

which His Excellency, Bishop Noll, had placed at the disposal of the Catechists, crowning its sloping summit. This was the destination of the Postulants and their Mistress.

ONE Postulant heaved an audible sigh of contentment as the boats began to move smoothly over the rippling waters. "This is the life," she murmured, amid the soft splashing of the oars. "How nice to forget, even for a week, Spanish conjugations."

"And the science of education," interposed a second.

"And that 5:15 rising bell!" exclaimed a third.

AFTER the cottage had been duly inspected and appraised as "the most perfect in the world," the Postulants sat down on the large screened-in porch to enjoy the lunch which had been prepared before leaving Victory Noll. It would be superfluous to add that they did justice to the lunch, for Postulants always do that, even when appetites have not been whetted by a sixty

mile drive and a row across the lake.

NEXT, they worked out a system by which each Postulant would have a share in the cooking and necessary household duties, without anyone's being overburdened. Then "that 5:15 rising bell" having been changed to 7:00 o'clock, the lunch things cleared away, and sleeping quarters decided upon, a happy group of Postulants settled down for their first week's vacation at Sylvan Lake. Fishing, rowing, swimming, and games filled much of their days, though some found time for crocheting or knitting or quiet reading.

ON some of the mornings, before the Bishop's arrival at the cottage, the Postulants rowed all the way to the west end of the lake to attend Mass at Kneipp Sanitarium, conducted by the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

WHILE out rowing one afternoon the Postulants discovered the former home of Gene Stratton Porter, author of *Freckles*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, *The Harvester*, etc. The author's home has been converted into a museum and the Postulants spent a happy hour visiting it.

THE highlight of their stay at the Island was the arrival of Bishop Noll by motorboat. Each morning for the remainder of their stay the Postulants had the happiness of assisting at the Bishop's Mass and receiving their Eucharistic Lord from his hands.

WHEN Bishop Noll visits the Island on some of the week ends during June, and especially

during his month's stay there in July, it is as much to work in quietude as to rest, because he always has an accumulation of work connected with OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, with the National Organization for Decent Literature, or with the Country's Lay Organizations. But the Postulants, Novices, or Professed Catechists, who happen to be at the lake when he comes, almost always have the privilege of spending the long, quiet evenings in his congenial company on the screened-in porch.

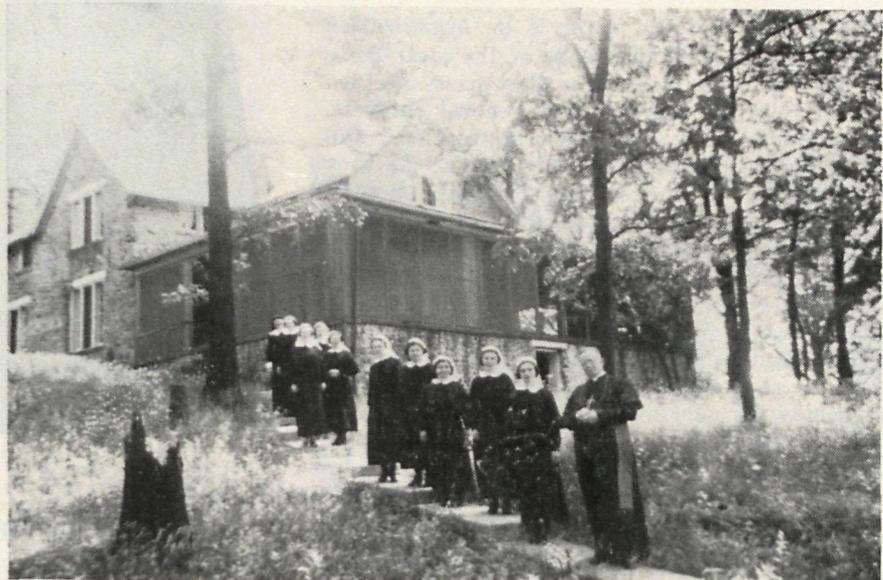
THE Bishop is often host to visiting Bishops and members of the clergy who come to visit him in this quiet retreat where they can be undisturbed even by a telephone call. Meetings of the Catholic Bishops of Indiana, of the officers of the National Council of Catholic Men, and of the National Organization for Decent Literature, have been held at the Bishop's Island.

"HOW large is this Island, Bishop?" asked one of the Postulants, as she and her companions sat grouped around the Bishop one evening.

"IT comprises about seven acres," replied the Bishop. "The Island was purchased by my predecessor, Bishop Herman Alerding, at the turn of the century. Bishop Alerding and his Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, Father LaFontaine, were wont to spend the summer months away

(Continued on page 15)

Bishop Noll and the Postulants are standing on the flag stones which make the path from the shore of the lake to the cottage which crowns the hill on Bishop's Island.



In The Home Field

MODERN KNIGHTS



Knights of the Altar.

PERHAPS one would more quickly associate cowboys with Nevada than knights, but we have our knights, too—Knights of the Altar. These knights are a group of boys, ranging in age from nine to fourteen, who belong to Sacred Heart Parish, Carlin, one of our out-missions.

CARLIN does not have a resident priest, but their pastor drives fifty miles every Sunday in order that they may have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Father is never without altar boys, for the knights vie with each other for the privilege of serving his Mass. In our band of ten, six are regular servers and the others are aspiring to that dignity.

THE Knights of the Altar is an organization founded to meet the needs of the altar boys. The boys advance in rank as they pass specified tests in religion, serving, and general subjects. As beginners, they are called apprentices, and the first rank attained is that of Page. As they advance, they become Knight, Knight Commander, Grand Knight, and Supreme Grand Knight.

MEETINGS, conducted according to parliamentary law, are held twice a month. Each meeting opens with a prayer, followed by the Knights' pledge. Then the minutes of the previous meeting are read, new business discussed, appointments for serving made, and advancements in rank announced. A feature of each meeting is a talk, usually on the life of a saint, given by one of the members. The remainder of the evening is spent in playing games.

MUCH enthusiasm and initiative are being shown by the boys. They have decided that

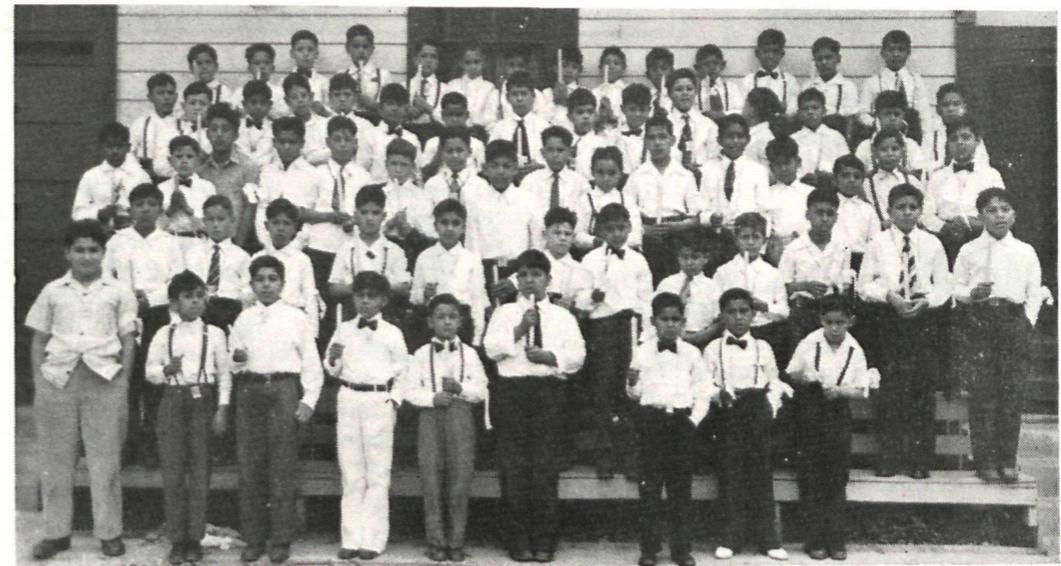
their regular meetings will be continued during the summer months. Now, during the month of May, they are daily keeping a date with Mary to say the rosary after school. I am sure that our Lady is pleased with her knights and that she will keep them faithful to their Leader, Christ the King.

Catechist M. Monica Gogin
Elko, Nevada



Francisca is the lucky—perhaps we should say the studious—little girl to whom the Santo Nino is being presented. We should not be surprised if it were her patron, St. Francis of Assisi, who helped her master the many difficult requirements for the winning of this prize, so that she might be led to imitate his devotion to the Infant Jesus.

The Missionary Catechist



Boys of the First Communion Class at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, San Bernardino, California. (We don't mean to slight the girls, but they didn't send us their picture.)

IT MUST HAVE BEEN PRE-WAR RUBBER

HOW we practiced walking up and down the aisle for First Communion! We did it over and over again, until the children did it slowly, reverently, and with hands folded properly.

FIRST Communion morning came, and all was ready. The processional began, and the little ones started walking up the aisle. How Our Lord must love every one of them! How pliant and responsive some were to any religious instruction. Others were a bit more difficult.

THERE was Jimmie, for instance. We had to visit his home over and over again to induce him to come for instructions. When he was in class, we had to keep a vigilant eye on him, lest he disrupt the class with his antics and pranks. But here he was, as devout as any of the other children. I was so happy about him.

SUDDENLY my momentary reverie vanished. Jimmie had stopped with a jerk. The little clamp on his suspenders had suddenly given way, snapped back and given him a smart little crack on the back of his head. He wheeled around and with clenched fists glared at the boy in back of him. But evidently, the sight of the other little boys coming up slowly, reverently, with folded hands, dispelled Jimmie's flare-up,

and he turned and marched devoutly to his place.

WHEN Jimmie got into his pew, he realized his trouble, and the boy next him helped him catch the offending suspender and snap it into place. I thanked his Guardian Angel for preventing a fist fight, and then continued my meditation on God's love for His little ones.

Catechist M. Gabrielle Skupien
Redlands, California





Associate Catechists

EXCHANGE CORNER

Dear Associates:

FOR several years we have combined the July-August issues. Moreover, because of our eight-day retreat, yearly appointments and other community business coming up during the mid-summer months, we find it necessary to prepare the September issue four weeks in advance of our usual monthly schedule. This is bound to make quite a difference in the publication of the ACM Band Contributions. All donations received from May 22 to June 19 will appear in the September issue. All received after June 19 until August 20 will appear in the October issue. There is consequently a long interim between the publication of Band donations in the September and October issues.

WITH this present number we begin our EXCHANGE CORNER. Please help us keep it going by furnishing us with ideas for making articles to send to our Catechists in the Missions or money-raising devices which will prove mutually beneficial.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

SRILLIANS BAND (Cincinnati, Ohio)

THERE are only eight members in "The Srililians," yet by dint of persevering efforts they put out a lot of handiwork for our El Paso Mission, besides sending us monthly club dues. At one time they write us they are making baby kimonos; again they are hard at work on First Communion dresses. More recently they have been mimeographing and assembling First Communion prayer books, with prayers in Spanish, for little children who are to receive the first time this year.

The Promoter of the Band is Miss Marion Mueller.



HERE is something that will interest those who like to keep their hands busy at meetings. The Infant of Prague Band make bean bags out of discarded felt hats. To do this they cut duplicate pieces in animal shapes. A chain stitch in contrasting color around the edge holds the beans in place. The sample sent me is a green bunny sitting on its haunches.

ST. BRIDGET'S BAND (Bellevue, Ky.)

AS surely as a new month rolls around on the calendar we can expect to hear from Miss Grace Kern, who is in charge of St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Kentucky. One of their members joined the WACs during the recent war. During that time she faithfully paid her dues in the Club.

WE notice that this group of twelve members sent us their first contribution five years ago. We appreciate the steady assistance given throughout the intervening time.

ST. MARY'S BAND (Chicago)

THE passing years have taken a heavy toll in the membership of Mrs. Annie Hansen's Band. Last winter they were down to six members. Annual figures, however, show the Band to be keeping pace with much larger Bands in the matter of financial returns. This means the few remaining members, if we exclude occasional guests, are giving most generously to offset what might be a drop in contributions. In 1945 they sent us \$158.00.

ST. PHILOMENA BAND (Chicago)

IT IS more than ten years since Miss Mary Schaefer of Lombard, Illinois, first organized this Band. There are fourteen members who belong to it, and each year we average one hundred dollars from them. Miss Schaefer is a very busy woman, and yet her zeal for God's poor prompts her, and noble women like her in St. Philomena's Band, to keep up their missionary activities year after year. God bless them.

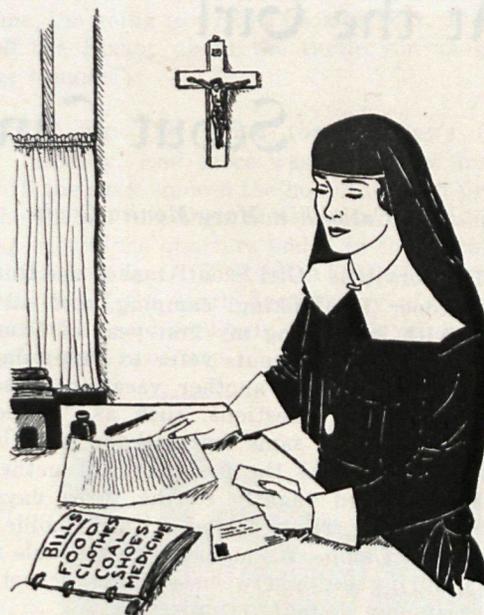
of Mary

ST. JUSTIN, MARTYR, BAND (Chicago)



OUR Chicago Band under this title bears the distinction of having three Gold Star mothers among its members. *Mrs. Helen Kiefer*, Promoter and mother of our Catechist Kiefer whom the Band sponsors, writes that the women eagerly follow the

Missionary experiences of their Catechist. These members sacrificed all sorts of innocent fun, such as grab bag parties, etc., they used to have among themselves, in order to have more money to aid Catechist in her work.



INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (Chicago)

IT WOULD seem that we are featuring this Band in the current issue, because of another item dealing with their activities. However, since these young ladies were the ones who requested a monthly Exchange Corner, we thought it fitting that their own suggestion be the first to appear in it.

JUST before Easter, they made one hundred Easter baskets, filling them with grass and candy eggs for the poor children cared for by our Catechists in Salt Lake City, Utah.

MISS DOROTHY SPITZER took over the duties of Promoter the first of the year.



A. C. M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 19 to May 21, 1946

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katharine Hennigan\$ 7.00

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| Christ the King Band, Detroit, Mich., Miss Elizabeth Bien | 53.53 |
| Dolores Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel | 45.00 |
| Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. L. Framme | 6.00 |
| Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Secretary | 13.00 |
| Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann | 2.00 |
| Mother & Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus | 40.00 |
| Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Miss Shelia Woodworth | 25.00 |
| Our Lady of Victory Guild, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Edw. McCaffrey | 5.00 |
| Our Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Catherine Binz | 150.00 |
| Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier | 10.00 |
| Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern | 16.00 |
| St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Miss Ann Brink | 3.50 |
| St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern | 2.25 |
| St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy | 30.00 |
| St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Helen Melke | 22.50 |
| St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer | 20.00 |
| St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer | 55.00 |
| St. Margaret Mary Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Earle L. Leu | 60.00 |
| St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Agnes Shanahan | 10.00 |
| St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Dale Bryant | 25.00 |
| St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer | 18.00 |
| St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan | 10.00 |
| Strillians Band, Cincinnati, Miss Marion Mueller | 2.00 |

At the Girl Scout Camp

by Catechist Mary Monica Gogin

THE very title "Girl Scout" makes one think of outdoor life, hiking, camping, and all that goes with it. During my first year of scouting, I often heard the Scouts refer to happy days at camp. Long before another vacation season, I was plied with questions, such as, "Catechist, may we have the same tent and the same bed?" "May we be cooks the first day?" Together we looked forward eagerly to the three days reserved for our trip to the beautiful Lamoille Canyon Scout Camp. We managed to schedule those days during July between summer school sessions in our distant out-missions.

ALL preparations, menus, provisions, and projects were planned in advance. These precious days must be spent in accomplishing plans and enjoying results. Each girl had her list of essential articles, bedding, clothes, and note book. Finally the day of departure dawned and all assembled, at the appointed hour, on our convent grounds. A Forest Reserve truck provided transportation. Bundles were loaded. These were wrapped in blankets, several blankets, for mountain nights are cold. Happy Scouts followed their bundles. Two Catechists accompanied them and two followed in our car which remained in camp lest any emergency arise. "Be Prepared," we remembered, is the Scout motto.

On arriving at camp some were off to fix their tents while others assisted in preparing the first outdoor meal. The girls ranged in age from ten to fourteen years, so three patrols were formed and names chosen. The ten-year-olds, just past the "fly-up" from Brownies, appropriately call themselves the "Lambs." They are willing little helpers still in awe of their new dignity as Girl Scouts. The next patrol was "Fawns." These are Tenderfoot Scouts, more sure of their way in scouting but not so assertive as the last group, the "Wolverines." Each patrol had its day for kitchen duty and all proved efficient workers. The outdoor cooking means points for the Outdoor Cooks' Badge which they will one day proudly display on the sleeve of their uniform.

THESE days were filled with a variety of activities. Early morning brought shivering Scouts on the run to the shower room. Dressing quickly, they assembled for morning prayers, flag



raising, and a few minutes of brisk exercise. Next, a rush for the mess hall where pancakes and hot chocolate disappeared with astonishing rapidity. After breakfast those not on kitchen duty hurried off to tidy their tents before the daily camp inspection. There would be a prize for the neatest and most attractive tent. An improvised altar was erected in each tent. Wild flowers were gathered to place by the Sacred Heart statue, that of our Blessed Mother, or the picture which held the place of honor.

OUTSIDE of kitchen duty and a short rest period, time is spent in hiking, swimming, and work on proficiency badges. This year, work was completed on three badges. In addition the girls worked on an attractive sea-shell project. After washing the sea shells the hollow part was filled with plaster of paris and a small safety pin inserted. On the face of the shell each one pasted alphabet noodles forming her own name or that of someone she wished to remember with a gift from camp. The finished pin was given a coat of clear shellac bringing out the natural colors of the shells.

IN the evening after supper, all gathered around the campfire for an hour or more of games and songs. The air grows chilly very quickly after sunset, and it is soon time for night prayers. After prayers lanterns are seen bobbing around in the dark toward the tents. Quiet gradually steals over camp except for the roar of water constantly rushing down the mountainside.

THE last night in camp each patrol staged an amateur show for our enjoyment. Their efforts were not only entertaining but gave them their point in dramatics required for Second Class rank.

THREE days filled with fun and new accomplishments passed all too quickly. Before departing, our Scouts left a friendly welcome to the General Scout Troop soon to pitch camp. Pine cones and twigs of spruce were gathered to form a centerpiece for each table in the mess hall. By diligent work enough small shell pins bearing the initials G. S. were made to leave one for each sister-Scout. For "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout."

HAPPY DAYS AT BISHOP'S ISLAND

(Continued from page 9)

from the center of the business district of Fort Wayne, where the Bishop's house was then located.

"HOW large is the lake, Your Excellency?" was the next question.

"SYLVAN Lake," the Bishop answered, "has about eleven miles of shore line. As you have already noticed, it nestles amid very beautiful, hilly country. It is fed by springs, and its overflow, near the town of Rome City, furnishes the water for the beginning of the Elkhart River, which flows into the St. Joseph River near South Bend, Indiana. The famous Kneipp Sanitarium is located at Rome City."

"WE'VE been over there," chorused half a dozen voices. "We've rowed over there for Mass."

"I NOTICED the names of some Sisters in the log book, Bishop," spoke up another Postulant. "Do Sisters from other Orders come here, too?"

"WELL," responded the Bishop, "the Catechists were the first ones to come here and they have been coming every year since 1939. But about five years ago, when travel was discouraged, the Sisters of Providence, who teach in the downtown Central Catholic High School in Fort Wayne, were unable to return to their Motherhouse. I invited them to use the cottage in groups of eight or ten each week, during the month of July. But except for that time, the Catechists have had the use of the Cottage from June to September."

THE Bishop paused reflectively. "How we wish," he continued after a moment, "that the members of all Sisterhoods, either immediately before they enter summer school, or immediately thereafter, could have an outing of at least one week where they could go boating and fishing! And what a relief it would be to the Sisters who staff the Catholic hospitals of the country—all of them engaged 365 days a year, and long days—if they could have a similar outing before or after their respective retreats."

"IT ought to be *required*," said one of the Postulants when the Bishop had finished speaking. "You know, Bishop, this is not only a glorious change and rest, but it is a liberal education as well. There's the science of fishing,

now. When I'm professed and have a little more time, I'm going to write a book on that. Lorraine, tell the Bishop about the turtle you caught by the tongue."

THIS was the signal for the day's fishing stories. And there was no lack of material until the clock showed the hour for night prayers. The Bishop rose then, and just before disappearing within the quarters added to the cottage for the Bishop by OUR SUNDAY VISITOR on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of his consecration, he said smilingly, "I think you will make better 'fishers of men'!"



Pals

HER LUCKY DAY

ONE afternoon, on our way to teach, we were greeted enthusiastically by a colored lady. "I'm sure glad to see you all!" she said.

AFTER being assured that the Catechists were very happy to see her, too, she explained the reason for her hearty greetings in these words: "I usually sees only two of you, but today I sees three—three of a kind. That means good luck for me—this is my lucky day." And with another expansive smile, she took leave of us, repeating again, "This is my lucky day!"

Catechist M. Evelyn Walker
El Paso, Texas



Mary's Loyal

ther is All-Powerful, but sometimes I think He waits to match our good-will.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

Dear Loyal Helpers:

MID-SUMMER is here with its hay-making and wheat-harvesting seasons. Country children know these are busy days. City children consider it a privilege if they can spend a few weeks in the country, away from the sun-baked pavements.

AS you pass the billowy fields of golden grain on auto trips, do you think of the bread-hungry children in Europe and Asia? While in school last spring you doubtless took part in a "pennies-in-the-pail" campaign to help feed these poor children. We must not yet let up our efforts in their behalf.

OF course no Loyal Helper would ever *waste* a piece of bread. While we can't do without it entirely, we might try eating a little less bread and a little more of something else—*spinach* for example! We know that summertime is picnic time, and picnics for Americans usually mean big slices of bread made into sandwiches. The next time we have a picnic, we might wait until we arrive at the picnic grounds before we put the sandwich spread on the bread, and then eat it minus the top slice, a sort of "open-faced" sandwich as it were.

GOD will bless our sacrifices, and who knows but that He will again miraculously multiply loaves—this time those we send overseas—because of our acts of self-denial. Our Heavenly Fa-

A HELPER IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

IT gives us great pleasure to make you acquainted with



Margaret Foeckler of Washington, D. C. Margaret is one of our old time Helpers having joined us four years ago. She is fourteen years old and a Freshman at Notre Dame Academy in Washington.

CHAMPIONSHIP

WE believe that *Kathleen Samp* of Chicago, Illinois, wins the 1946 trophy (and none of our present Helpers can ever hope to wrest the title from her) for being our *youngest* Helper. Kathleen is twenty-one months old! We hope to publish her picture later.

MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

IN July we pay honor to the Sacred Blood of our Dear Redeemer. Let us resolve to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass once to make up for the times we may have performed our sacramental penance, after Confession, in a careless manner.

IT is in Confession that our souls come directly under the influence of and in contact with the saving merits of Our Blessed Lord's Most Precious Blood.

A SECOND HELPER FROM TIFFIN, O.

IN the March issue we introduced a Helper from this city. This month we are happy to introduce another. Loyal Helpers meet *Marie Unterwagner*.



MARIE seems to be a bit shy so we can't tell you very much about her except that she enjoys the MLH page tremendously each month. She is a Sophomore in high school.

The Missionary Catechist.

Helpers Pages



What is this that has come on the lawn and seems to want to interfere? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will see that the little man will have a jolting surprise in just a minute.

Work the puzzle, send it to us, and we shall mail you a holy card.

A GIRL AND A DOLL

WE are happy to introduce *Mary Louise Previdi* of Dan-



bury, Connecticut. She is eight years old and another of those famous Third Graders of St. Joseph's School.

MARY Louise seems to be very proud of her Sister doll. Perhaps when she grows up, she may serve God as a Sister. What a great honor that would be for her.

WEAR AN "MLH" PIN

WE have on hand a limited supply of beautiful blue and white enamel *Mary's Loyal Helper* pins. We believe we should explain that the flaming torch on each pin signifies the Torch of Truth (in other words, the Catholic Faith) which our Helpers are instrumental in helping our Catechists to pass on to those who may yet be groping in darkness. A Missionary carries the light of Faith to all such persons. You hold up the arms of the torch bearers and have a real share in their conquest of souls, through your prayers and sacrifices.



WE are willing to sell the pins at twenty-five cents each, although they could not be duplicated at the same price. Order one today.

MAKE A WISE CHOICE

With whom we go,
And the books we read,
Will surely show
As the years succeed.

ANOTHER WEE ONE

THIS little maid is four years old. She is *Mary Margaret Rohde* of LaSalle, Illinois, and a



member since last December. If the flower she is examining is one that she has raised, we must all agree that *Mary Margaret* is a successful gardener.

The girls enjoy this part of the Religious Vacation School program.



NEWLY-WEDS?

SOME of the Catholic families in the Greeley Colony have been strongly influenced by the many Pentecostals among whom they live. Though they continue to claim affiliation with the true Church, they lack the courage to practice their religion openly. Attendance at the weekly classes in Christian Doctrine is consequently poor. The small church bell brings some of the children, but there are always many absentees.

ONE day, instead of waiting until we reached the hall to summon the children, we began to honk the horn as soon as we drove into the colony. The effect was magical. Doors burst open and swarms of children came pouring headlong into the street. Even the Pied Piper might well have envied us that day.

UPON reaching the car, the youngsters stood back, surprised, then laughed heartily at their mistake. "You know why we came?" asked one, grinning sheepishly. "We thought you were *novios* (bride and groom)."

Catechist M. Ruth Lindenschmitt
Greeley, Colorado

National Enthronement Congress

The First National Congress of the Enthronement will be held for priests on July 16, 17, and 18, at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Father Larkin, S.S.C.C., National Director of the Enthronement, asks for Masses, prayers, and sacrifices for the success of the Congress, which will mean so much for the spread of the work and for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart.

NOTICE

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

Our Cover: Marcia, Carolina, and Maria Baca, Santa Fe, New Mexico. These little girls are nieces of Catechist Carlota Baca, who is missioned at San Fernando, California.



Mrs. Carl Roemer, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Margaret Telgman, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Louise Weber, Richmond, Ind.
John Urquhart, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Daniel Quinlan, Chicago, Ill.
John Joseph Nolan, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Michelene Keicher, Lancaster, N. Y.

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

Mission Intention for July

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

AN END TO CHRISTIAN DISUNITY AS A SCANDAL TO UNBELIEVERS

IN a recent article the following words, explaining the difficulties of mission work in Japan, might be said to describe the woeful results of Christian disunity in every section of the mission field. "The worst enemy to the spread of the faith has been Western unbelief. In 1938 missionaries in Japan declared that the old paganism hindered their work far less than the Christian nations that had betrayed their trust. 'Japan turns to them and to what they teach,' they said, 'and conflicting theories rend and tear Japan as they do Europe and America. The culture of the West has been brought to these people torn from the Christianity which gave it birth and which alone makes it truly intelligible.'"

NOW that so-called peace has been restored to the world we find that the various denominations are stepping up their mission work in all parts of the globe. Only recently a report in *The New York Times* announced that thirteen denominational mission boards planned to pool their resources to re-establish contacts in Japan. "The subcommittee, in response to desires of its thirty-eight constituent mission boards and societies, paved the way for them all to participate in forthcoming deliberations on what is to be undertaken in foreign missions in Japan," the article stated.

ALONG the same line is the report of Rev. D. Slattery, S.M.A., editor of *The Nigerian Catholic Herald*, who assures us that "the great tragedy of this present century is the variety of forms that Christianity has taken, one vieing with the other while the poor innocent African stands bewildered by the diversity of 'truth' which is being presented to him. If you pass through the streets of the capital city of Nigeria, every hundred yards you go there is to be found a church—at least Christian in name—and of course claiming to be the true one, and as usually

all united only in one belief—that the Catholic Church is wrong."

BABEL-LIKE CONFUSION

THERE can be little wonder, therefore, that Shinotisis, Buddhists, Taoists, Hindus, or pariahs, not to mention the uninquiring Moslems and the primitive peoples of Oceania and Africa, find that the divergence of precepts taught by these various missionaries, all priding themselves upon their Christianity, create confusion and give rise to scandal. How is the faith-seeking Chinese, Indian, Japanese, African, or Polynesian, to know that, while the Angelican minister may call himself a Catholic, in principle he refuses acknowledgment to the supremacy of Christ's Vicar on earth, thus disuniting himself with the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church founded by Jesus Christ? How can the Hottentots and the Zulus understand the antagonism shown toward Roman Catholic missionaries by the Boer Calvinists of South Africa, who pride themselves upon their Christianity?

AMERICANS have been taught from their earliest childhood that in unity lies strength. Yet, in religious matters, ours is a nation divided against itself. In 1936 there were 286 different religious bodies with some 55,807,366 members here in the United States. As a study in contrasts the 23,963,671 Catholics here, ministered to by 38,451 priests, presented the only unified front in teaching and belief.

THE present may well constitute the opening of a new era in the mission apostolate; at the same time the winning of the world to the knowledge and love of Christ may be greatly retarded by Christian disunity. Prayers during the month of July may be the one and only answer to the serious problem facing the Church today.

Wait A Minute!



Think A Minute!

Have You Joined Mary's Loyal Helpers Yet?

This is an urgent invitation to all Teen-Agers and under, whose parents are subscribers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, to join our Mission Club for youth and children. Members share in the prayers and good works of the Missionary Catechists. Teen-Agers are known as JUNIOR Helpers. Younger children belong to the LITTLE Helpers group. There are no dues to pay. There are only two rules to keep.

1. Say the Memorare or one Hail Mary daily for the Catechists.
2. Save sacrifice pennies in a Sunshine Bag.

(Tear off attached coupon and return without delay.)

Sunshine Secretary,
Mary's Loyal Helpers
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechist,

Please send me a Certificate of Membership as Mary's Loyal Helper; also send me a Sunshine Bag in which to save pennies for the Missions.

Name Grade in School

Street Age

City Zone State