

November 1946



*The Missionary Catechist*

# Mission Intention For November

*By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell*

## MORE NUMEROUS MISSION VOCATIONS

FIFTEEN months ago the supposedly epoch making peace documents, which terminated the war in the Far East, were signed on the U. S. S. Missouri in the quiet of Tokyo Bay. However, the longed-for peace, so ardently desired by millions of combatants and civilians alike, seems as remote today as on the fateful December 8, 1941. While this state of affairs is discouraging, the present situation is not without its compensations.

PERHAPS unknowingly, but none the less actually, there has been an almost complete transformation in the ideas and ideals by which Americans evaluate the worthwhile things of life. Among older people—those who watched not one, but two generations train, suffer, and die in dual conflicts of world-wide proportions—a new feeling has come into being and continues to grow. If the sacrifice of our youth is required to make this a better world in which to live, why not consider the possibility of offering that youth, or at least an appreciable portion of it, for the greatest cause in existence—the salvation of immortal souls?

ON THE other hand, to the men and women who have viewed first hand the horrors of actual warfare, those who recognize the instability of the present man-controlled deliberations to formulate plans for a lasting peace, the present has become the time for some personal stock-taking. Many of them, but lately returned from the battlefields where death was their daily companion, have experienced personally the truth of the query, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

## A TIMELY SUBJECT

IN THE world of 1946 A.D., the barrier of distance no longer exists; in America we realize with ever increasing consciousness that the world is on our doorstep. What occurs in remote areas of the U. S. A., in Central and South America, as well as in China, Japan, India, the Near East, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific, will affect the trend of events in this entire nation and in our individual lives. It is from the understanding of these facts that the Holy See urges prayerful consideration of the November mission intention, "More numerous mission vocations," and addresses a special plea to the parents and youth of America.

FOR the first time in our nation's history, we have witnessed the world vision of Catholicity. With their own eyes the men and women of the United States have seen the Church in action, not only within the grandeur of St. Peter's, the cathedrals of Europe, but in distant outposts in the atolls of the Pacific, in Africa, in China, in India, in Japan. They realize that this Church in action was possible because men and women, dedicated to peace, lighted the fire of faith in strange and distant lands. They accomplished what no force of arms could ever inspire—love of God and of His creatures.

IF WE are sincere in our wish to help rebuild this war torn world upon the lasting cornerstone of peace, let us give consideration to this November mission intention. Pray that the Lord of the Harvest may send more workers, and give serious consideration to the fact that the call, "Come follow Me," has a personal significance.

# The Missionary Catechist

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## Birthdays are Feast Days

By Catechist M. Dorothy Shrilla

"HONEST, Catechist, his name is "Nati"!

"NAUGHTY! He must be a very bad boy if everyone calls him "Naughty," I said, for it was only a few days after my arrival in Southern California, and I had not as yet become accustomed to the beautiful Spanish names of our Mexican children, much less to their nicknames.

"NO, Catechist, that's his name, and he's named for his Santo."

IT didn't make sense to me, but I knew I was too new an arrival among the Mexicans to argue the point. I did learn that the child's name was spelled N-a-t-i, not n-a-u-g-h-t-y as it sounded to me.

"NATI, how old are you?" I asked one day, several weeks after the above episode.

"I have eight years, Catechist."

"And when is your birthday?"

"The day of my birthday is . . . I do not remember how to say it in English."

"Well, then, tell me in Spanish."

"It is the day of la Natividad."

"NATIVIDAD! Christmas! You were born on Christmas, Nati, and your name is Natividad!" At last the door to my understanding and appreciation of the beautiful names of our Mexican children had opened.

EXULTANTLY, I read through the list of names in my classbook . . . Concepcion, whose birthday is December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception; Trinidad, named in honor of the Blessed Trinity, was born on Trinity Sunday; Pascual was born on Easter Sunday; Carmen, born July 16, feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; Guadalupe, born December 12, feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico's beloved Patroness. Incidentally Guadalupe, or "Lupe" as the Guadalupes are often called, is used both for boys and girls.

MANY little girls are named after men saints, and many boys have the masculine form of a feminine name. For instance, Juanita, Felipa, Francisca, Antonia, Augustina, Gregoria, and Ramona, all girls' names, have as their patrons, Saints John, Philip, Francis, Anthony, Augustine, Gregory, and Raymond, respectively.

YOU might think that boys would resent being named after a woman saint, but I never saw a youngster look so pleased as sixteen-year-old Mario when I remarked that he must be named in honor of Our Blessed Mother.

CHAVELO is non-committal. He has never revealed whether he likes or dislikes being named after Santa Isabel—St. Elizabeth.

RITO was the one who had me puzzled for awhile; I wasn't sure whether St. Rita was his patroness or not. But one day when we were

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# Legion of Mary Notes Silver Jubilee

By Very Rev. Msgr. Charles H. Helmsing

GRATEFULLY, the Church recalls on each September 8 that Mary's birth was the beginning of our redemption and prays that its celebration may bring to us an increase of peace. To understand with St. Augustine that peace is the unity of love is to see how this prayer was literally fulfilled in a wonderful way twenty-five years ago, when at the first vespers of the feast of Mary's Nativity there was founded a new Society under Mary's patronage, a Society which, prior to all its other benefits, produces a marvelous increase in the love of God and of the neighbor in the souls of its members and in all those who come under their influence. That Society celebrated on September 7, 1946, the silver jubilee of its foundation.

TO recount the story of the outward workings of the Legion of Mary during the past quarter century, would require more than a folio volume; to tell the real story is as impossible as to photograph the spirit and growth of a religious community. Only a few highlights of the fleeting months and years since September 7, 1921, can be attempted.

"ON an autumn evening in 1921, seventeen people met in a back room of a house in a poor street in Dublin. They sat around a table on which there was a statue of the Madonna between candles and two vases of flowers. They had chosen to put in the chair the only person who was not young, an old woman who had finished her day's work of sewing. On her right hand was a priest of the parish; on her left, a man who held a high position in the civil service of Ireland. The others were girls, workers in factories and offices . . .

"THE meeting in this unremarkable cenacle (we quote from Cecily Hallack's book on the Legion\*) was to consider the desire of these women, who were not free in the daytime, to work for those who were poorer than themselves. They had been helping the brothers of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in odd jobs which could be done in the evenings or at the week ends. But some work had been proposed to them, which if they undertook it, would mean permanent and organized service.

"A CERTAIN book had been mentioned: a little book written in the first years of the eighteenth century, the manuscript of which had been lost, and found again after about one hundred and thirty years. It was called 'True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin' by Grignon de Montfort. Its thesis was that the Mother of Christ must necessarily be the true mother of those whom Christ said were members of His Body, and that if He had deigned to accept her care as He 'grew in grace,' Christians would have more likeness to Him if they sought the same care. It is a logical little book, and so it had struck them all. The book said that the great doctors of the Church had taught this doctrine from the earliest times, and cited their writings to show it. But the doctrine had not been reasoned out before in any book for popular reading, free from hard theological terms."

MUCH that gives the spirit of charity to the Vincentians of Frederick Ozanam was borrowed by the little group; more was taken from the spiritual doctrine of Blessed de Montfort, who literally breathed his own spirit of love for Mary into the charter members; the final practical outlook on works to be done was captured from the Sisters of Mercy with whom the pioneers worked in the city hospital of Dublin. A replica of the first meeting can be found in thousands of praesidia meetings, week after week, the world over. Yes, there are literally thousands of units or praesidia (that is, garrisons of our Mother Mary's army), in almost every part of the globe.

WHAT is the story of this marvelous growth? Until 1927 the Legion had not left Dublin. "It had become clear," we quote again from Cecily Hallack's book, "that the importance of the Legion and the results it would obtain would not be due to its enlisting 'influential people' or to its enlisting very soon considerable members, but to its learning humility and guarding humility . . . The Legion asked nothing better than to enlist those who would be content to be like pawns, simple and unimportant and nameless, prepared to be sacrificed. It was only the Queen's Move that was important, because she guards the King."

\* "The Legion of Mary" by Cecily Hallack, published by Frederick Muller, London, 1940.

SUCH a simple, nameless person was chosen to bring the Legion to Scotland, where the Vicar General reluctantly gave permission for its inauguration. Later he was to say that in the twenty-one years he had been in Aberdeen every year had seen the rise and fall of some good work, but the Legion never looked back. It was April, 1928, that the first unit began in Scotland.

ALTHOUGH Cardinal Bourne had given his approval and blessing that same year, no one could be found to sponsor the Legion in England. After a year of disappointments and humble prayer, it took hold in England with its first meeting on the feast of Mary Mediatrix of All Graces, May 31, 1929. A charter member of this first group was the wife of an Indian official. When her holiday in England expired, she returned to India, where she succeeded—beyond all her expectations—in establishing the first unit in Madras on the feast of the Purification, February 2, 1932. All these humble beginnings have been but the mustard seeds that have become trees of Legion growth.

MEANWHILE, the Legion had come to America. The present Rector of Kenrick seminary, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, happened to be in Paris in the summer of 1930 for the Chapter of his congregation. An Irish confrere told him about the Legion. His interest was aroused. Although he had passed through Ireland enroute to Paris, he retraced his steps and saw the Dublin units at first hand. Enthusiastically he returned home and wrote what he had witnessed.

AS A result of this article, a priest in Raton, New Mexico, wrote to Dublin asking for permission to start a praesidium. The first meeting was on the feast of the Miraculous Medal, November 27, 1931. Another unit was established at De Paul Hospital, St. Louis, in May, 1932. Thereafter the growth was rapid throughout the States and Canada, where envoys have extended and consolidated the growth of the Legion during the past ten years.

The year 1932 also witnessed the extension of the Legion in Australia and New Zealand through pilgrims to the Dublin Eucharistic Congress in that year. The missionaries in darkest Africa soon found the Legion their right arm for extending their priesthood in gaining souls for Christ. Before the war, the Legion had gone into China. Everywhere the story has been the same; members transformed into zealous lay apostles, serving as a leaven in the community, and winning lapsed Catholics and converts to the fold.

TO describe the works of the Legion would take us far afield. No work of charity, with the exception of material relief, is foreign to the Legion of Mary. It may do any work, within this limit, assigned to it by the Bishop or Director. In doing it, the Legion acts as the agent of the Mother of Mercy and Grace. Its successes are hers. That is its secret.



## "The Fighting Irish"

"NOTRE DAME'S gonna win; La Luz's gonna look silly," called out a little Mexican lad to another on the opposite side of the street.

"That's what you think!" replied the other youngster.

Notre Dame vs. La Luz . . . Sounded like football to Catechist, but there was some mystery connected with it. She was new in the mission and didn't even know that LaLuz—a small Mexican mission belonging to San Xavier parish—had a football team, but even if they did, who were they going to play? Not the great Notre Dame team, she knew well . . . it was Notre Dame vs. Army this week, wasn't it?

At recreation that evening, Catechist told her companions of the incident.

"Oh, those were probably some of my boys from La Luz and San Jacinto," one of the Catechists informed her. "We organized teams last year, and the boys from La Luz were content to call their team 'La Luz,' after the Patroness of their church, Nuestra Senora de la Luz. San Jacinto, however, would have nothing but 'Notre Dame—the Fighting Irish.'"

"'But you're not Irish,' I tried to convince them," Catechist continued with a smile.

"'Makes no diff'rence,' they replied. 'Notre Dame means Our Lady, that's all right, isn't it? That's what LaLuz call themselves—Our Lady of Light, no? And the Fighting Irish have the best team in the whole world, haven't they? Well, that's what we want to be—Notre Dame for Maria Santisima and 'Fighting Irish' for the best team our size.'"

"And," said Catechist, smilingly, "So far our little Mexican 'Fighting Irish' haven't lost a game."

Catechist Bernadette Doiron  
El Paso, Texas.

# The Belles of Our Lady

By Brian McShane

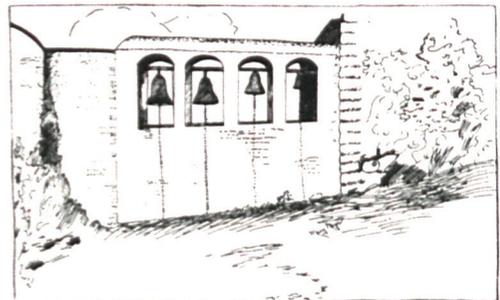
HAVE you ever had the experience of listening to a cluster of bells in some Cathedral spire or the tower of an ancient Abbey Church ring out feast-day joy to all who might be in hearing distance? Each bell, different in tone from its sisters, individualized even to the extent of bearing its own particular name, consecrated by the blessing of the Bishop in the popularly called "Baptism of Bells," nevertheless sublimates its own particular beauty of sound to the glorious effect produced by the contributions of the group.

IF YOU have, perhaps then you will understand a little better a comparison that raced through my mind just recently. It was occasioned by my standing in the shadows of the vestibule of a motherhouse chapel this summer, when the bells rang out for prayer. The similarity was this. How much like a cluster of bells pealing out glory to God and salvation to souls were, if you will pardon the pun, "the belles of our Lady" who answered that invitation to adore. From all directions they came, northeast, southwest, east by north, west by south, upstairs, downstairs, from the kitchen, from the woods, from the library, from the garden, from the tennis courts, from the study halls, these virginal belles of Mary. The tall ones, the thin ones, the healthy and the frail, they came gently trooping into the house of the Lord to let their voices swell out in music the like of which is heard in very few places this side of heaven.

AS ONE listened to those souls at song, one could not help but reflect that the American women who make up the personnel of our religious communities were a remarkable group. Not that they would tell you so. Mercy, no! For all their rules and constitutions emphasize the important place accorded the virtue of humility, the "behold the handmaid of the Lord" approach that colors their every day lives. Yet, on the other hand, their reluctance to parade their virtues and services should not lure us into believing that our religious women are leading a life that is a throwback to medieval times, an escape from the world because they had neither the ability nor the personality to lead any other kind of life. Any woman, who in this day and age, wears a rosary and an image of her crucified Saviour where all can see it, is far from being mediocre. Mediocrity would stop an aspirant for the belles of our Lady's life half way through the first week in the convent, for mediocre people do not rise at five in the morning to worship the

Being that created the dawn.

LIKE the bells in the tower, in their chiming for God, each Sister has her own little bit to contribute to the work of her community. Each community has its own specific gift to add to the treasury of the Mystical Body of Christ. Slightly appreciated by the outside world, except when they are brought to its attention, and then generally more as a "stunt," are their many achievements in fields that, for want of a better word, one may call their avocations. Perhaps you have never heard a verse-speaking choir softly interpret Sister M. Madaleva's (C.S.C.) "A Question of Lovers." Would you be too surprised to note on the title page of that intriguing pamphlet, "St. Peggy of Chicago," the by-line of Sister M. St. Virginia, B.V.M.? Did you know that Sister M. Andrea, a Daughter



of St. Vincent de Paul, is President-elect of the Indiana State Hospital Association? I know that I had a time of it, too, squaring my concept of nuns, drawn from the self-effacing way they go about their ordinary duties, with pictures of the Sister-surgeons of the Medical Missionary Sisters at work in a modern surgery in India, of Sister M. Aquinas, O.S.F., nun-pilot of Ironwood, Michigan, instructing her high school boys in elementary aeronautics, or even of Maryknoll Sisters being evacuated from their mission fields via the bucketseats of B-29s. Possibly the ejaculation, "These nuns, what will they do next?," may have passed your lips, as they did mine, when I studied a Sunday paper's rotogravure's feature of the Sisters' Band at DePaul University. Or maybe you raised your eyebrows, too, in a gesture of pleasant surprise, when it was announced that Sister M. De Lourdes, O.S.F., had been awarded a degree of doctor of dental surgery by Marquette University. Furthermore, if you really want to see something that will jar any pre-judgment you might have of the ability of nuns to cope with modern life, you must watch a Missionary Cate-

chist from Huntington, Indiana, piloting a 1937 Ford through heavy city traffic or down a corduroy country road with all the skill of an Eddie Rickenbacker.

ONE could continue for paragraphs with similar illustrations describing individual tones of these belles of our Lady as they blend into the symphony of Holy Mother Church. Even that would reveal only briefly, the talents and skills that are hidden under the veils and habits of the 140,000 American women who have dedicated themselves to God through the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The names and achievements mentioned above do not include the work of the Superiors, the teachers, the cooks, the sacristans, the secretaries, the registered nurses, the hospital administrators, the record librarians, the procurators, the technicians, the artists, the writers, the pharmacists, the musicians, the anesthetists, the lecturers, the Chinese and Japanese speaking nuns from Manhattan and the Midwest, the humble little nuns whose County Mayo brogue sounds strange to colored ears, the brave emigres from France, Poland, Italy, and Germany, and the thousands of others who have chosen Christ and His members for their only love.

SPEAKING of these other thousands, with their delightfully different names and habits, one is reminded of the statement that a Catholic author once wrote, "There are three things God Himself wasn't so sure about, how much a Jesuit knows, what a Dominican thinks about, and how many communities of religious women there are in the United States." Although not in a position to discover the nature of the Dominicans' mental gymnastics, nor the comprehensiveness of the sons of St. Ignatius' erudition, I found it interesting to check into the third part of the above quotation. Strangely enough, it was not quite as exaggerated as it may sound. One source placed the number of communities at two hundred and seventy-four, another, at two hundred and thirty-three. Possibly the reason for the seeming discrepancy may be found in the fact that some communities are listed under one title, e.g., the Sisters of St. Joseph, whereas in reality there are many individual groups, having separate governments and constituting autonomous units by themselves.

ONE would, also, it seems have need of recourse to Divine Wisdom, when attempting to chart the course of the original foundations of religious communities in what is now continental U. S. A. Authentic sources place the first foundation of nuns in this country as that of the Ursulines at New Orleans in 1727. In 1790, a convent of Carmelite nuns was founded at Port

Tobacco, Md., by the Rev. Charles Neale, S.J. After noting the fact that in 1809, at Emmitsburg, Md., the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul were founded through the saintly efforts of possibly soon to be canonized Mother Seton, one moves on unfamiliar ground. It is known, however, that in 1799, the Pious Ladies Convent of Georgetown was founded and that these women became Visitandine Nuns in 1816. The story of these early foundations and others that dotted the middle and latter parts of the nineteenth century, with their day by day diary of rebuffs, sacrifices, and boundless trust in the Providence of God is history still to be written.

TODAY, that the same spirit permeates the activities of these consecrated women is marked not only by their great works of charity, but, also, by the signal honor that the first citizen of the United States to be named a saint was a nun, Mother, now Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini. Her work and their work, that of being other Marys, continues despite the many unanswered vocations. To sum up, as it were, a description of their lives, we pluralize Father Leonard Feehey's cameo-sharp comment, "They are little ladies all consecrated to God, who arise at five in the morning and go to bed about nine at night. They have no worldly ambitions, they are poor, chaste, obedient, anxious always to be of maximum service to their sisters. They have the loveliest manners existent in the world, are modest, soft-voiced, invariably gay. They are as much at home discussing a new furnace for the cellar with the janitor as they are discussing the virtues of St. Catherine of Genoa with their sisters at recreation."

THE Belles of our Lady may continue to be a mystery to some, with their saints and their sonnets, their heroines and their habits. May we hope, however, that as the sweet song of their deeds rings out over the cities and fields of our country, it will be re-echoed in the generous hearts of American young women, who will bring, in increasing numbers, their own vibrant God-given melody to swell Mary's chorus.



# Carlos Finds Himself

By Catechist M. Ellen Gallagher

"YEAH, if you didn't have those ole crutches, I'd give it to you right!"

"SEZ you . . . You're afraid of these crutches, ain't you?"

CATECHIST made a hurried exit through the back door of the convent. Just as she had suspected, the second speaker was Carlos. Although the twelve year old crippled lad is intelligent and gifted with many talents, his handicap had caused him to develop a resentful attitude toward the boys and girls of his own age.

CARLOS found expression for this resentment in all sorts of mischief, often malicious. While this mischief was directed primarily against the children, it often caused great inconvenience to adults. For instance, when the air had been let out of the school bus tires, the driver could lay his finger on the culprit without any investigation. Then, too, the driver was well aware of Carlos' tendency to send other children's belongings flying out the bus window. More than once he had had to stop the bus and send some one running back to rescue books, or caps, or lunch boxes.

ALTHOUGH Carlos was punished for his misdemeanors, he seemed to grow worse rather than better. We, who were interested in him, tried to learn the reason for his unnatural behavior, but Carlos refused to co-operate in any plan we proposed; in fact, after a little while, he refused to talk outside of class, though he always answered any question asked him during class.

THEN one day something happened. Carlos arrived early for class and he came without his crutches.

"Did you break your crutches?" Catechist asked him.

"NAW, I whacked a kid with them in school yesterday, and the teacher told me to leave them at home," he answered casually, as though "whacking a kid" was a matter of daily occurrence.

CATECHIST was amazed at the answer, but she carefully concealed her feelings, saying simply, "Let's go inside and wait for the other

boys and girls."

CARLOS accepted the invitation, and when he had seated himself comfortably in the corner of a bench, he pulled out a comic book and began reading it. When he appeared most engrossed, Catechist asked, "What are you reading, Carlos? It looks interesting."

"DO you want to see it?" asked Carlos, as he handed Catechist the book.

IT was the harmless Donald Duck type of comic book, and soon Catechist appeared to be deeply interested in it. She knew Carlos, a quizzical expression on his face, was watching her intently. Suddenly she looked up from the book, and said, "Carlos, what is wrong with everybody in the world except you?"

CARLOS, immediately grasping the implication in Catechist's question, was somewhat abashed, but he responded vehemently, "You mean the kids, Catechist. Well, I hate them. I hate them because they can do everything and I can't do anything. They play ball, I sit on the bench and watch; they ride their bikes, I ride the handle bars; they go on hikes, I sit at home in a chair . . ."

CARLOS would have gone on enumerating the other boys' abilities and his own disabilities, if Catechist had not interrupted him. "What you say is true. Carlos, but have you ever stopped to think about the really worthwhile things that you and the other boys can do in common?"

"Well, what can I do?" he argued.

"TO make a long story short," Catechist told him, "you have the use of your eyes, your ears, and your hands. You have a good mind, too, and you are able to go to school. Best of all, you are getting the opportunity to learn how to be happy with God forever in heaven. Isn't all this true?"

"Yes," agreed Carlos, twisting the button on his sleeve until he finally got it off.

"You do want to go to heaven, don't you Carlos?"

"Sure I do," he declared.



Quick, intelligent, gifted—Carlos learns there are many worthwhile things he can do in spite of his handicap.

"But you will have to work to get to heaven, Carlos. What does the catechism tell us about that?"

"To be happy with God in heaven, we must know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world."

"THAT'S right. 'We learn to know, love, and serve God from Jesus Christ the Son of God, Who teaches us through the Catholic Church' is the answer to the next question I should ask you. Instead, I'm going to tell you that the Catholic Church will never tell us we must be ball players, or long distance runners, or bicyclists, in order to get to heaven, but it does teach us that we must treat others as we want them to treat us. How do we want other people to treat us, Carlos?"

"We want them to be good to us," was the quick response.

"All right, suppose you start being good to the other boys," suggested Catechist.

Carlos thought a moment, then answered, "I'll try."

AT last Catechist had struck a responsive note in Carlos, and in order to keep her position secure, she tried a bit of strategy.

"Carlos, do you know much about baseball?" she asked.

"Naw, nuthin," he replied.

"OH, I wish you did," Catechist continued, with evident disappointment in her tone. "I don't know anything about it either, and I want to help the Sodality girls start a ball team. If you knew the rules of the game, you could explain them to me, and help me get the team started . . . but you don't."

"I could learn them," he offered. "When are you going to start the ball team?"

"As soon as I know something about baseball," Catechist assured him.

"I TELL you what, Catechist. I'll go to all the games and watch what they do, and I'll get a book and study all about it. Then I can help you. Will that be all right, Catechist?" Carlos was enthusiastic now, for the first time since Catechist knew him.

"Yes, Carlos, that will be fine. And I'll surely appreciate your help."

THE other children arrived at this point, and the discussion ended for that day. But Carlos managed to come early for class or to visit Catechist at home frequently after that. No, the girls' team has not yet been organized, but Carlos is now able to pass the parked bus without letting the air out of the tires, and the other children's belongings remain where they put them.

BEST of all, Carlos has discovered many of the things that he can do. He has a good voice, and he knows that a cheer leader can help his team a lot; he is reading good books and is an interesting story teller; he is a good student and has found he can help his companions with a difficult problem; he is cheery and helpful, and popular with the other boys, in spite of his handicap.

## JIMMY

JIMMY is a likeable little chap, with a smile which seems to have grown on him, so constant is it.

The first year we had him in class, Jimmy's mother died, and from that time on Jimmy took his little brother, Paulie, under his protection. The two boys were always together, and Jimmy looked out for all the interests of his little brother.

When Paulie was in the First Communion class, Father decided, for the first time, to have the children go to confession several times before First Communion day. As soon as Jimmy heard that Paulie was going to confession, he rushed home and brought his big sister to ask Catechist



Jimmy's smile wins all hearts.

if she should have Paulie's First Communion clothes ready for Sunday. Jimmy wasn't taking any chance on Paulie's making his First Communion without nice new clothing like he had had when Mother was living.

I often felt that Jimmy, with his sunny disposition and constant smile, must be very dear to Our Lord, and I was convinced of it when I found he went six blocks out of his way after school to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. I stopped in church one evening to say a little prayer for a special intention, and there was Jimmy kneeling devoutly before the Blessed Sacrament, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle.

I decided to solicit Jimmy's help in obtaining the favor for which I was praying. In response

## In The Home Field

to my request, he looked up, smiling as usual, and said, simply, "Sure, Catechist." Then his eyes went back to the tabernacle, and I was not at all surprised when shortly afterwards my favor was granted. I knew that if Jimmy's smile won the hearts of all whom he met, the Adorable Heart of the great Lover of children could not resist it.

Catechist Catherine Leven  
Los Angeles, California.

### WAS IT INSTINCT?

David won a Bingo game and selected as his prize a small boat. There was a little water in the canal, so he ran over to try out the boat. In a few moments he was running back, calling joyfully, "Catechist, Catechist, my boat knows how to swim."

Catechist M. A. Gerlitz  
Brawley, California

### POLITENESS

Palm Sunday morning, as I left the church after Mass, I was accosted by one of the little ones from the prayer class. "Catechist," said four-year-old Janice in tones of mingled disgust and pride, "I was the only one that said 'Thank you' when Father gave us the palm."

Catechist M. G. Spetter  
Elko, Nevada.



America's men of tomorrow—at play.



One way to train young people to good reading habits is to furnish them with the right kind of literature.

### MARY JOAN'S DADDY

When our children receive their First Holy Communion, we ask them to urge their parents to receive Holy Communion, too. Some of the little ones tell us, "My mother goes to Communion many times, but not my daddy. He is afraid that the other men will laugh at him."

How true this really is, was brought home to me when the mother of one of the little ones in the First Communion class asked to see me one day after class. "I came to talk to you about my husband," she said. "The children and I receive the Sacraments frequently, but we can't get my husband to go. Before we moved here, he always went with us. Now he prays and attends Mass, but he has not been to the Sacraments for fourteen years. Will you talk to him before First Communion day? Mary Joan is so anxious that we all receive Holy Communion on her great day."

I promised to do my best, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself, I did speak to Mary Joan's daddy. "I do not receive the Sacraments because I know I will be the only man receiving," was his excuse. I assured him that if he received on the day of the children's First Communion, he would be lost in the crowd and no one would observe him. He promised to do this.

The Missionary at this particular place hears confessions before Mass, as he has so many missions to take care of that he cannot come an extra day for this purpose. On First Communion morning there were so many people to go to confession, that Father had to stop before all were heard, since he had to go to another mission for Mass after the First Communion Mass here. As I feared, the man who was returning to the Sacraments after fourteen years was among those who had to be postponed.

"I was all ready to go," he told me later, "but there wasn't time. But don't worry . . . I promise you that I will go the first time I get a chance."

Not long after, when we were walking back to the car after class one evening, a little girl called to me, "Catechist, my daddy wants to talk to you." It was Mary Joan.

I gave the children my books to take to the car and waited a moment while Mary Joan's daddy came quickly toward me, a broad smile on his face. "Just one word, Madrecita," he said, "I went to confession and Holy Communion Sunday. You weren't here to see me, but I wanted you to know I kept my promise."

Catechist M. Martinez  
Greeley, Colorado.



### PAGING THAT ANGEL

"AND he'll be the best boy until Christmas, Catechist. Then Santa will bring Donnie many toys."

Donnie's mother looked hopefully at her mischievous little son, as she started from the room. Left alone with Donnie, I proceeded to give him some reasons for being good *all* the time, not just "until Christmas."

Donnie listened with interest as I explained how God loved him so much that He gave him an angel to help him to be good and to take care of him morning, noon, and night.

At this point Donnie interrupted me. "Where wuz that angel when I fell down the steps yesterday?"

Catechist M. Patricia Knapp  
Brighton, Colorado.

# Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:



PERHAPS some of you in your devotions, like myself, have been partial to sinners. I knew the Holy Souls had won the fight and were incapable of losing God eternally. On the other hand, sinners are constantly in danger of losing their immortal souls. However, since reading Father Faber's chapter on the Souls in Purgatory, in his book *All for Jesus*, I've altered my opinion somewhat. He reminds us it is greater charity to help the helpless than those who can help themselves. The Holy Souls are entirely dependent upon our charity, whereas sinners are still capable of helping themselves. The latter have free will and still may choose between right and wrong. Moreover, God sends them many actual graces.

AFTER pondering the subject, I resolved to give the Souls in Purgatory a larger share of my prayers and good works.

LET us each and everyone help these Holy Souls, especially by offering our Masses and Holy Communions for their relief.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

## EXCHANGE CORNER

ONE Mission Club requires the payment of a ten-cent fine by members who fail to make their appearance at a monthly meeting, even when legitimately excused. This "keeps em coming" and helps raise the mission fund.



## JUANITA CLUB (Chicago)

THIS Club has a musical and colorful name. Did they choose it, we wonder, to honor our Spanish-speaking people north of the Border? There are nine members in it and *Miss Marie Cummings* continues as Promoter.

FOR more than a decade this group has let us hear from them with a sizeable donation. May God bless them and reward their charity.

GOOD WILL MISSION CIRCLE (Carrollton, Ky.)

OUR Kentucky friends are now headed by *Mrs. Lawrence Framme*. A member writes us that their social gatherings consist of card parties with an interesting program featured at each meeting. There are twenty ladies in the group.

CHRIST THE KING (Detroit)

YOU have heard of a "committee of one." *Miss Elizabeth Bien* of Detroit has been just that. She enlists the help of many and refuses the help of none in an effort to build up the Burse of her sister, Catechist *Bernice Bien*, of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

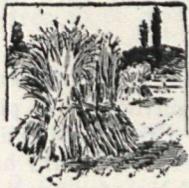


OCCASIONALLY, employees at Elizabeth's place of work swell her mission fund with free-will offerings. At other times the check is her own personal gift. A few weeks ago she wrote us: "Enclosed is a check for \$63.00. Of this amount, \$28.56 is my vacation check and the remainder represents a nickel raise given me on back pay."

WE are happy to print a snapshot of our faithful Associate which was taken recently.

# of Mary

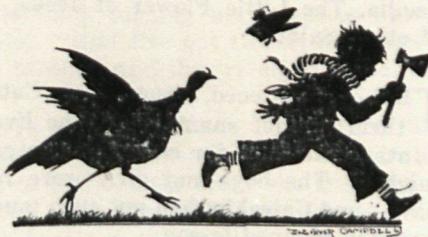
## OUR ST. LOUIS BANDS



WE have three ACM Bands in St. Louis, Missouri. Two of them, the *Florentine Mission Society* and the *Mother of Perpetual Help Band*, have the same Promoter, Mrs. Katherine Krueger. They work for our Catechist Florence

Leuchtefeld, a former resident of St. Louis and now superior of our Convent at Santa Paula, California.

THE third group of Associates in this city work for our Catechist Edna Butler, missioned at Brawley, California. Their Band is known as *The Child Jesus Band* and *Miss Adelaide Fitz-Patrick* is Promoter. Mrs. J. Butler, Catechist's mother, is a member.



## ST. MARGARET MARY BAND (Omaha, Nebr.)

WE were delighted a few months ago to receive a check for \$70.00 from the secretary of this Band, Mrs. H. A. Leutenegger. She told us the amount included dues and the results of a raffle. These ladies are accustomed to busy themselves on meeting afternoons making layettes for poor babies.



THE BAND, whose President is Mrs. Agnes Shanahan, consists of fifteen regular members and five contributing members. They work for our Catechists Clara Leutenegger and Margaret Shields, formerly of that city, and now doing mission work in Ohio and California, respectively.



## A. C. M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

August 21 to September 18, 1946

Christ the King Band, Detroit, Miss Elizabeth Bien .....	\$63.00
Florentine Mission Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....	8.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary E. Nye .....	50.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins .....	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann .....	2.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger .....	14.00
Poor Souls Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	11.50
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern .....	4.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy .....	16.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Marie Vaughn .....	15.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....	5.50
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Miss Anna M. Knusman .....	70.00
St. Joseph Mission Society, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Marie Williamson .....	19.00
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala .....	5.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	20.00
St. Mary Sodality, Detroit, Miss Ann Huhn .....	10.00
St. Michael Guild, Palos Heights, Ill., Mrs. Dale Bryant .....	15.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary C. Schaefer .....	14.50
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. M. Quinlan .....	13.00
Srillians Band, Cincinnati, Miss Marion Mueller .....	3.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Anne Genge .....	20.00

# The Greatest Love Story

By Catechist Theresa Egidy

THEY were a lively group, those boys and girls of the upper grades and high school, who had assembled in the little stone mission church for class. After prayers had been said, Catechist recalled the main points in the practice of our Holy Religion by a few rapid questions: "What is the Mass?" "How often must we attend Mass?" "When must we go to confession?" "What is a good way of spending the evening before we receive Holy Communion?"

SODRONIO, the class mischief, was called on to answer this last question. He slowly pulled himself to his five feet six, turned his head to survey the class, particularly his pals, then with a silly grin on his face, drolled out, "Reading a love story."

THE class started to titter, but stopped midway, as Catechist promptly replied, "That's right. But *what* love story should you read?"

SODRONIO did not answer. His expression changed to one of surprise. The class became exceptionally attentive.

"WHAT love story should you read?" repeated Catechist. Profound silence was the only answer. Sodronio was bewildered now, and not a little embarrassed. He had been trying to be smart, and now Catechist was taking him seriously. He looked at his pals again, but it was a look that said, "I got caught this time."

"WELL, Sodronio, you began the answer, aren't you going to finish it?" reminded Catechist, after a few seconds that seemed an hour to the puzzled class.

"I DON'T know," confessed Sodronio, reluctantly.

THEN Catechist gave the class a chance to help with the answer. "Can anyone tell us," she said, distinctly, seriously, "what love story it would be well to read the evening before receiving Holy Communion?"

THERE was the question again . . . they were not misunderstanding Catechist. Clearly, she thought it was well to read a love story the very night before receiving Holy Communion. To most of these boys and girls, love stories were associated with the stories in "True Stories"

and similar magazines, and Catechist, herself, had told them over and over again not to read those magazines. Just how could reading one be a fitting preparation for receiving Our Lord next morning?

IT WAS Catechist who solved their problem. Pointing to the fourteen beautiful, vivid pictures of the Stations of the Cross, she said, "There is the greatest love story the world has ever known, the love of the God-Man for us. You could do nothing better on the eve of receiving Holy Communion than read that story. You have it in your bible histories. You cannot read it too often."

"THE Passion and Death of Christ," continued Catechist, "is the very greatest of all love stories, the story of God's love for man. But there are other love stories that you should read, stories of the love of holy men and women for God. You will find them in the life of St. Sebastian, St. Tarsicius, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, The Little Flower of Jesus, and a host of other Saints."

THE class listened, absorbed, as Catechist gave them a brief summary of the lives of these saints. The time for class to close came all too quickly. The boys and girls were reluctant to leave—and Catechist had not even touched on the carefully planned lesson.

BUT it was a thoughtful group that went home that afternoon—thoughtful because they now realized that love is not the passionate kiss so common in the movies, but a beautiful and noble quality, a giving of oneself, a sacrifice of devotion to duty even to the point of heroism. They were thoughtful, too, because of the challenge made to each one personally, "What will your love story be?"

THEIR life stories will probably never be written, but I hope to hear the love story of each one at the final reunion in Heaven.



# Catholics - All

By Catechist Mary Masterson

"TEACHER, can boys that aren't baptized come to your classes?" asked a youngster timidly, as we waited at the school for the children to be dismissed.

"WHY, yes," answered Catechist, "but boys who aren't Catholics have to have their parents' permission to come. You would have to ask your mother and dad if you can attend Catholic instructions."

"OH," replied the boy, "I'm a Catholic. I'm baptized. But my brothers," he pointed to two older boys standing a little distance away, aren't. My mother wants us to come—and my daddy is away in a big hospital."

"WELL, you may all three come today, then. And perhaps I can see your mother before the next class day."

"THAT'D be swell, Teacher. Hey, Tim, Tom! we can go with the other kids. My name's Larry," he said, turning his attention again to Catechist. "And I've got two little sisters and one little brother, and they're all baptized, too."

THE boys attended class. They were manly, well-behaved youngsters, and Catechist determined to find out the story she knew must be behind the fact that the two oldest children were not baptized, while all the younger ones were.

THE mother was very happy to see the Catechists. No, she was not a Catholic, but her husband was, although he had not practiced his religion since Tom, the oldest boy, was born, and he had steadfastly refused to let his sister, a very good Catholic, arrange for the baptism of the children.

DURING the depression, her husband was unable to find work, so he enlisted in the Navy. His wife and children lived near him as long as he was stationed in the United States. While he was away on a short voyage, his sister had arranged for the baptism of the four younger children, but the two older boys had to have instructions before they could be baptized, and the time was too short for that.

THEN came World War II. Her husband was in the Pacific, and while stationed on one of



The mother and six children are all Catholics now, and all are praying for the father, who rejected the faith that is theirs.

the islands there for a short time, had contracted a tropical disease which seemed to have affected his mind, and he was now confined to an institution.

THE mother told us that since the outbreak of the war, she and the children had been living up in the mountains and there had been no opportunity to send the boys to Mass or instructions, but now she would like to do so. Her sister-in-law would guarantee that the boys would be raised Catholics—besides, for a long time, she had been wanting to take instructions herself.

FROM that time on, the four older children were regular attendants at our classes. In addition, Father instructed the mother and two older boys twice a week. On Holy Saturday Tom and Tim and their mother were baptized, and on Easter Sunday they received, for the first time, their Eucharistic God.

(Continued on page 18)

# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

"Oh boy!" Isn't this a surprise? Who said the boys are not working might and main to help our poor Missions? On these two pages you see a few of them. We hope soon to introduce you to others. Our files are not yet emptied of their pictures, and among our Helpers are some fine lads who have never sent us a snapshot. Not having seen your pictures for a while, the girls thought they had the whole field to themselves and that the boys were spending their money on candy bars and shows, without ever a thought of the poor people in the Missions, whom they could help with their Sunshine pennies. *Now they know better!*

SOME splendid help for our Missions has come from *Holy Innocents School Chicago*. The five boys pictured at the left are among our mission workers there. *Sister M. Patricia*, one of the teachers, collects Sunshine money saved by the pupils and sends it to us. During the past year we received \$44.00 from this school.

THE determined-looking boys standing in front of Mark Power's home in Detroit (see opposite page) are a neighborhood group whom he organized last year under the name of *Mary's Loyal Helpers Club*. At their social gatherings Mark often gives a "pep-



talk" on the needs of poor Missions. His Aunt Monica is our Catechist Gogin missioned at Salt Lake City, Utah. The boys respond generously with self-sacrifice offerings.

IN THE lower right hand corner is *David Mills*, of *Crown Point, Indiana*. His Aunt Helen—our Catechist Beall—is doing mission work in *Lubbock, Texas*.



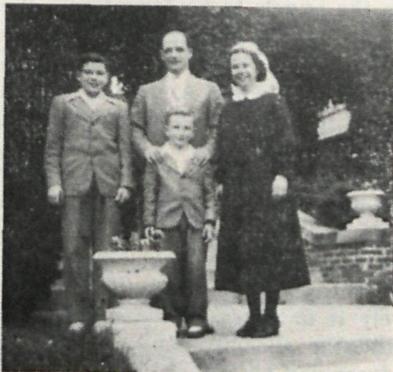
Reading top to bottom: Edward Czyzewicz, Raymond Augustyn, Chester Rochel, Joseph Czyzewicz, and Bobby Schmidt.



David Mills, Crown Point, Indiana.

*The Missionary Catechist*

# Helpers Pages



The Kirkessners at Victory-Noll

LAST month you saw a picture of girl Helpers who were snapped on a visit to Victory-Noll. Our boy Helpers come to see us too. On this page you see *Andrew and Jimmie Kirkessner* enthusiastic Helpers from Lebanon, Pennsylvania, who posed for a picture on our front steps with their dad and their sister, Catechist *Geraldine Kirkessner*, now a novice in our Society.

*Mary-ly yours*  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY



Reading left to right: Anthony Athos, Mark Power, Michael Sinko, Johnny Walsh, Norman Van Riper, Joe Croteau, Jerry Croteau, and Richie Riordan.

## NOVEMBER PUZZLE FOR JUNIOR HELPERS

THE Church calendar for this month gives us the feast days of five prominent women saints. Can you identify them from the description given?

- (1) A feast day of the Queen of Saints, commemorating an event which took place when she was three years old.
- (2) A virgin and martyr, patroness of musicians.
- (3) A queen and mother for whom God worked the miracle of changing loaves of bread hidden in the folds of her apron into roses.
- (4) Another saint of the same name as (3) who was mother of St. John the Baptist. Her husband shares the feast-day with her.



- (5) A virgin and martyr, patroness of students and of Christian philosophers.

## THANKSGIVING THOUGHT

Not everyone will eat turkey or roast chicken today. If our own table is well laden, let us show our gratitude to our dear God for His blessings, temporal and spiritual, by tucking a penny or two into our Sunshine Bags for the less fortunate.

## MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS

When a little child is naughty, sometimes his mother shuts him up in a dark closet until he is sorry. Then she comes and opens the door. How happy he is to see the bright sunshine again, and best of all his mother's smile!

Purgatory is a dark, frightful dungeon where the Holy Souls must wait until God opens for them the doors of Heaven. How happy they are when they may enter upon the brightness of eternal life and see God's beautiful Face!

Let us remember to pray for the souls of the faithful departed, especially during November.

## CATHOLICS—ALL

(Continued from page 15)

LARRY and Irene developed diphtheria in June just in time to keep them from making their First Holy Communion with the other children, but they made it privately as soon as the quarantine was lifted.

NOW all, except the two youngest children, are weekly communicants, and all are praying hard for their father's conversion.

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## BIRTHDAYS ARE FEAST DAYS

(Continued from page 3)

discussing various saints in class, among them St. Rita, Rito proudly informed me that his birthday was the feast of St. Rita, May 22.

NOW that Reyes, named after los Tres Reyes, (the Three Kings), is going to high school, I notice he is no longer Reyes, but Ray. Too bad! Reyes is much more beautiful!

OUR Blessed Mother ranks high in the estimation of her beloved Mexicans, her name being given to one or more children in almost every family. Besides Maria, the titles of Our Blessed Mother are commonly used. Guadalupe, of course, outnumbers all others. Then we hear Dolores, named after Our Sorrowful Mother; Soledad, Our Lady of Solitude; Rosario, Queen of the most holy Rosary; Consuelo, Our Lady of Good Counsel; Socorro, Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Refugio, Refuge of Sinners, and many others.

AND . . . I must tell this one on myself. In Spanish ice cream is "nieve." In my ignorance, I thought little Nieves had earned himself a nickname for liking ice cream too well. But I was to learn that his birthday is August 5, and his patroness Our Lady of the Snows!

THEN there are the beautiful names Salvador meaning Saviour, Cruz meaning Cross, Esperanza meaning Hope, and Encarnacion and Asencion honoring the Incarnation and Ascension of Our Lord.

ST. JOSEPH is also a great favorite, so we have many Joses; Ho-zay we pronounce the name of this great Saint.

PEDRO and Pablo, Ricardo and Roberto, are well liked, too. Nor must we forget St. James,

the Apostle of Spain, and that other glorious Spaniard, St. Ignatius of Loyola, for there are many Santiagos and Ignacios among our children.

NEITHER are the angels to be forgotten. We find Rafael and Gaobriel and Miguel, in honor of the great archangels. And then there are Angel and Angela, Angelita and Angelina, though often enough the little "Angels" are not at all what their names imply.

WELL, no matter, it will be enough if all these little angels and saints attain to the everlasting bliss of heaven, to enjoy with their patrons and patronesses the vision of God for evermore. Surely it is a beautiful custom that gives to the child the special patronage of the saint on whose feast day he is born.

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## HOLY ROSARY GETS CATHOLIC SCHOOL

EVERY year we Catechists have the privilege and the pleasure of seeing another Catholic school take its place in the great parochial school system of our country. This year it is Holy Rosary Church in San Bernardino, California, that has achieved its goal—a Catholic school.

FOR twelve years the Catechists from our Redlands Convent taught religion in the parish. With the zealous pastor, the Reverend Thomas A. Matthews, we have looked forward to the time when Holy Rosary School would be a reality. Now, after almost insurmountable difficulties, it has been erected.

WE congratulate Holy Rosary on its achievement and we rejoice that we had a part in the religious education of the children of the parish.

Catechist Elizabeth Clifford  
Redlands, California.



George Hornby, Evansville, Indiana, father of Catechist Rose Hornby.

John J. McDonald, Ashland, Pa.

Mrs. Jessalyn Leven, Danville, Ill.

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

# Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the Catechists in the mission centers. Address THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

Our Lady of the Rosary Mission, Grove Hill, Alabama.

St. Coletta's Mission, Box 679, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles, 23, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.

Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, 13958 Fox St., San Fernando, California.

St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell St., San Pedro, California.

Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth St., Santa Paula, California.

St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 S. 6th Ave., Brighton, Colorado.

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306-14th Ave., Greeley, Colorado.

Mount Carmel Mission, Drawer 285, East Gary, Indiana.

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, 2, Indiana.

Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third St., Goshen, Indiana.

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 E. Dayton Street, South Bend, 14, Indiana.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit, 2, Michigan.

Blessed de Montfort Mission, Box 1527, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of Victory Mission, Route 2, Box 108, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry St., Big Springs, Texas.

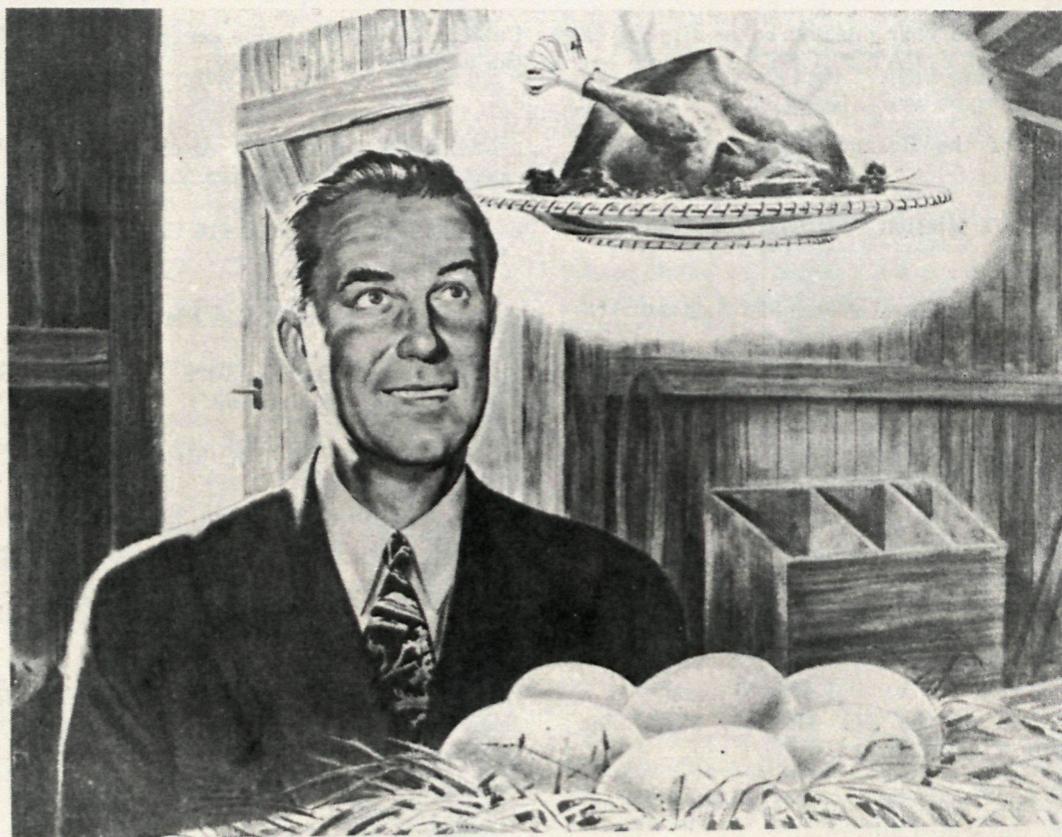
Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity St., San Antonio 7, Texas.

Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, 4, Utah.



## Sometimes you can break a good rule!

It's usually a wise rule not to plan a chicken dinner before the eggs are hatched.

*But not always!*

If the "chicken dinner" represents your future, and the "eggs" are financial nest eggs—go ahead and plan!

**Especially if** your nest eggs are the War Bonds you have bought—and the Savings Bonds you are buying. For your government guarantees that these will hatch out in just 10 years.

Millions of Americans have found them the safest, surest way to save money . . . and they've proved that buying Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan is the easiest way to pile up dollars that anyone ever thought of.

**So keep on buying** Savings Bonds at banks, post offices, or on the Payroll Plan.

Then you can count your chickens before they're hatched . . . plan exactly the kind of future you want, and get it!

**SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS**

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