

June 1949

**THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST**



Devotion to the Sacred Heart

Promises made by Our Lord to Saint Margaret Mary in favor of those who practice devotion to His Sacred Heart:



Statue of the Sacred Heart in indoor patio of our convent at Redlands, California.

1. I will give them all the graces necessary for their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their families.
3. I will console them in all their difficulties.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life, and especially at the hour of their death.
5. I will shed abundant blessings on all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in My Heart a fountain and boundless ocean of mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall rise speedily to great perfection.
9. I will bless every house in which the picture of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored.
10. I will give priests the power of touching the hardest hearts.
11. Those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, and they shall never be effaced.
12. I promise thee, in the excess of the mercy of My Heart, that its all-powerful love will grant to all those who receive Communion on the first Friday of the month, for nine consecutive months, the grace of final repentance, and that they shall not die under My displeasure, nor without receiving the Sacraments, and My Heart shall be their secure refuge at the last hour.

O Almighty and Eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in behalf of sinners, and being appeased, grant pardon to those who seek Thy mercy, in the Name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXV

June, 1949

Number 7

Confraternity Teachers

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO



PICTURED above are fifteen of the eighteen lay teachers who were received into the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine at Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Las Vegas, New Mexico, recently.

The Confraternity members have a study club for their own benefit, which meets once a week. At the meetings the members discuss the material to be used in their religion classes the following week.

In addition to assisting the Sisters in instructing the nine hundred Catholic children in the Las Vegas public schools, the lay teachers also help keep order at the children's Mass on Sundays, assist the Sisters in home visiting and other works.

The newly elected officers are, Mrs. Duran, President; Mrs. A Martinez, Vice President; Mr. Jesse Hernandez, Secretary, and Miss Gertrude Tapia, Chairman of the Study Club.

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O. B. L. V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

Juvenile Delinquency

by Reverend John Szot

I HAVE called this article *Juvenile Delinquency*. Actually it is misnamed, for there is no such thing as *juvenile* delinquency. Normally, a child develops as it is guided by surrounding influences. Since the first and foremost influence on the child is that of the parents, the child develops according to parental influence. Therefore if the child prove to be delinquent, it simply means that the parents have failed, knowingly or not, somewhere along the line. Thus our subject should really be entitled "Parental Delinquency," for in its last analysis juvenile delinquency has its beginning in the HOME.

TO PROVE that I am not alone in this view of delinquency, let me quote from a talk given by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, to the *National Fifty Years in Business Club*, Nashville, Tennessee, on May 20, 1939,—ten years ago:

The responsibility for youthful law infraction today rests more upon the shoulders of the adult than it does upon that of youth. It exists largely because of a lack of discipline. Thirty million homes hold the solution. If the younger generation is properly trained and the proper examples set before it, the safety of tomorrow is assured . . .

Since the dawn of time adherence to certain rules of conduct has been fundamental. Laws of morality cannot be violated with impunity, neither can the laws of nature or of man . . . It is time for America to resurrect that standard of parental discipline and guidance which did so much to create law-abiding, successful, and forward-looking citizens in the past.

Criminals develop in our homes, through errors of commission or omission. Shirking responsibility seems to be one of the signs of the times. Though we live in a modern era, nothing is more important than that we insure for the future. The course is from the high chair. It is up to the parents to see that the end isn't the electric chair. The American home holds the ultimate solution to our crime problem.

ALMOST all experienced social workers, as well as other individuals interested in juvenile problems, agree one hundred percent with this view of Mr. Hoover.

WITH this knowledge of the cause of juvenile delinquency, let us see how serious the problem is nationally. According to the "Uniform Crime Reports" issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the year 1948, twelve percent of our murderers, twenty-seven percent of our robbers, thirty-nine percent of our burglars, thirty-two percent of our rapists, and forty-five percent of our car thieves were under twenty-one years of age—JUVENILES.

WOULD you believe that among our teenagers there are regular drinking parties? Not those innocent affairs where a glass of beer is sneaked, but where quantities of liquor are consumed—and the one who passes out most completely is often the hero or man of the hour. I know for a fact that some youngsters of high school age can consume more liquor than their parents put together—and that without batting an eye.

IT IS a known fact that youngsters have "borrowed," without the knowledge of parents or neighbors, automobiles and used them for joy rides. It is just fun to go out and siphon gas out of a parked car—it is a lark, not theft. It may be difficult to believe, but it is true nevertheless, that some of our high school youngsters are indulging in familiarities with each other . . . that even the ugly and lowly vice of perversion has not left the juvenile crowd untouched.

THESE are not fancies nor dreams, but facts that have been proven to me beyond doubt. The surprising thing is that the youngsters so involved are not always from less privileged homes, but often from the so-called better homes. These youngsters of today are past masters at pulling the wool over parental eyes, without the slightest scruple as to how this is done. Unless we are blind or absolutely refuse to believe facts, we cannot deny that juvenile delinquency exists and should be dealt with promptly.

EVERY fireside, every home, every family, irrespective of financial or social standing or background, is potentially affected and endangered by this sad situation. Parents should not for a moment foolishly believe—as parents are wont to do—that their children are different, that their children couldn't possibly do such things. No parent should think, "My children know better, they have more sense, understand better

what life is all about . . ." Today's children may be better developed, more intellectual, more alert than the children of a generation ago, but just because of these qualities they need to have stricter discipline today in order to direct these qualities into the right channels.

THE only means to fight delinquency is "to resurrect that standard of parental discipline and guidance which did so much to create law-abiding . . . citizens in the past." (J. Edgar Hoover, quoted above.)

LACK of parental authority, loose and careless discipline spreading so firmly into modern homes, demand a miracle if the souls of our youngsters are not to be touched by one form or another of delinquency. Everywhere these children go they are confronted by the false philosophy that everything is okay, everybody is doing it, do whatever you will—only don't get caught. And it is up to parents to counteract that influence.

TOO often the love of parents for their children blinds them to their defects. Children are lovable, but they are also human, burdened with human weaknesses. Parents, try to learn the weaknesses of your children and by word and example correct them. You may love your children very much, but if that love prevents your dealing sternly and justly, even though kindly, with them, it is a misguided love.

HOW often does it happen that Daddy is so busy procuring material needs for his family that he becomes a stranger to his children. And yet they need the father's authority in their training. Perhaps you heard of the youngster who came dashing home in tears, shouting to his mother, "Mommy, Mommy, that guy what sleeps here on Sundays hit me." Exaggerated, perhaps, but too often this little anecdote contains more truth than fiction.

PARENTAL authority must be inculcated from the crib and high chair on. If it is not, all other authority is broken down—that of the church, the school, the state. If as the child grows older he finds nothing in the character of his parents to respect, he will not pay much attention to them.

DELINQUENCY is also due to lack of religious training, and I hasten to add this need not necessarily be blamed on the lack of Catholic schools. Our parochial schools help immensely, it is true, but fundamentally religious training begins at home and is fostered chiefly by the example of the parents. If there is not a truly religious spirit pervading the home, if religion is something which, like a Sunday dress, is put on each Sunday and forgotten the rest of the week,

delinquency can hardly be avoided. Religious motivation is absolutely essential in character development. If in their daily life parents are not so motivated, don't expect the children to achieve a well balanced character. Mere natural reasons—goodness for the sole sake of being good, uprightness for the sole sake of preserving one's integrity—are not strong enough motives to deter youngsters from going astray.

WE are living in a modern world . . . life moves rapidly. But even though we are living in a fast age, I see no reason why a child of fourteen or fifteen should have had all the experiences of an adult of twenty-one or twenty-two. Yet that is exactly what is happening. So often the reason given by youngsters for a crime or misdemeanor is, "We did it for a thrill, a new experience." At eighteen or twenty they are bored to death with life and are seeking new thrills.

DO not think I am old fashioned or narrow minded, but I cannot understand parents allowing youngsters, except under most unusual circumstances, to stay out after midnight. I cannot understand parents permitting youngsters dates on school nights. Parents who allow these things are only inviting trouble. Dating and steady company keeping are morally permissible only to those individuals who are contemplating marriage. High schoolers ordinarily are not keeping company for that purpose.

LET me quote again from the Director of the FBI, this time from a talk which Mr. Hoover gave before the Annual Board Meeting of the Catholic Youth Organization, January 8, 1946, at University Club, New York City. In speaking of the crime problem among juveniles, Mr. Hoover stated:

In the background of each of these youths (delinquents) lies a story of shocking neglect. Boys and girls are being deprived of the care and guidance necessary to proper formation of their characters. Their lawlessness had its roots in every instance in broken homes, in homes where mothers and fathers, because of their neglect, misunderstanding, or irresponsibility, had failed in their primary obligation. More often than not, God was unknown or, more important, was unwelcome in these homes.

PARENTS take heed. You may never be guilty or responsible for the death of your child, but if you do not recognize the seriousness, the importance of your duties as parents, you may be guilty and responsible for the eternal death of an immortal soul—the immortal soul of your child.

Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

DID I tell you last time about the contest which we had in catechism class? I betcha I forgot. Well, then, I will tell you about it now.

Every so often, when the Padre goes to the city to buy candles and such things for the church, he also will bring back home a few medals and rosaries and other prizes, which he will give to the lucky ones who can give him the best answers when he comes to visit the catechism class.

Now the hard part of all this is that we never know what kind of a question he is going to ask us. For instance, we could study our catechism till we know it backwards as well as forwards, and then he will come out and ask us a question like this, "Who can tell me what my sermon was about last Sunday?" So you see we never know what to expect.

On this particular Tuesday when he comes, he asks the Sister the first question. "Sister," he says, "which one of these boys and girls has the best record for daily Mass?"

Right away the Sisters answers, "It is Lupe, Father."

Father must have known ahead of time that it was Lupe, as he hands her a beautiful picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The rest of us are kinda glad that Lupe got it, as somehow or other there is always someone smarter than she is when it comes to answering questions.

THEN Father says, "I have another prize here, but it won't be given out until next week. It will be given to the boy or girl who can stand up and tell the best story about his or her patron saint."

He shows us the prize. It is a beautiful sick call set having blue glass on the front of it and a secret door in the back which slides open and you can see the holy water and blessed candles. But then, you know what a sick-call set looks like. I don't need to be telling you about it. The only reason I am telling you is that this is the first time I ever happened to see a crucifix which has a secret door in the back and holy water and blessed candles on the inside. Needless to say, I am hoping that I will be the lucky one to win this sick-call crucifix.

When Father leaves, he says, "Sister will tell you some more rules about the contest."

It seems we are to read up all we can about the life of our patron saint and then tell it in an interesting manner to the rest of the class. To make it harder, all the mothers and fathers are invited to come to this contest and vote for the best one.

One good thing, most of the fathers will be working at that time, and the mothers probably will vote for their own kids, so after all, it will be up to the Sisters to give the final vote. That way I am pretty sure of getting a fair deal, on account of I don't have a mother to put in a vote for me.

I am also thinking to myself maybe I will ask Miss Carter to come. If I don't make too many mistakes in grammar, maybe she will vote for me.

The next problem is, which St. Joseph am I named after—the regular St. Joseph or St. Joseph Cupertino? That same night when I go home, I ask my father who am I named after, and he says, "All I know is that you are named after your Uncle Joe, who went to the war and never came back."

This answer does not help me out any, so I figure there is nothing for me to do but to wade through a lotta books in our Catholic Children's Library to see which St. Joseph had the most exciting life, so I can tell about it.

I FORGOT to tell you, that same afternoon after catechism class, Sister says to us, "Boys, how about cleaning up the yard a bit before you go home?" This means that we gotta drag out the lawn mower and a coupla rakes and a coupla brooms and a few other tools and get to work. On account of this contest is gonna take place in Father's yard by the side of the church under the trees.

This is nothing new to us, as Sister looks at the lawn and says, "Boys, how about it?" to us kinda regular like, every so often. She keeps telling us that this is our church and we oughta be proud to keep it looking nice.

I think the Padre is kinda glad that we do it,

too, as he always comes out afterwards with a bag of candy which he passes around. He is an awful kind person. I betcha he has been a priest for practically fifty years, if not more.

NOT so long ago, when we were studying about the Sacrament of Holy Orders in catechism class, my pal Augustino says to me on the way home, "You know, Joe, I betcha lots of times it's more exciting to be a priest than an F.B.I."

"Oh, I dunno," I tell him. "Anyhow, I don't wanta be an F.B.I. anymore. I wanta be a boxer."

I am all set to try and talk him into being a boxer, too, but he goes ahead and says, "I betcha Father had a lotta things happen to him when he was a Captain in the Army over in the Old Country."

Now if you had a chance to know my pal Gus like I know him, you would find out that it is no use to argue with him when he has his mind set on something. It's no secret, so I can tell you about it. For the last few weeks he has set his mind on being a priest. Ever since we had Forty Hours devotion here, and a missionary Padre gave the sermons, my pal Gus has the idea he wants to be a priest.

"O.K.," I tell him. "Go ahead and be a priest if you want to. See if I care!" On account of, if he wants me to go through life alone as a famous boxer, there's nothing I can do about it.

"Look, Joe," he says (and once he starts talking again, I know I am almost beaten), "didn't we sorta promise each other we're gonna be friends for life?"

I do not even open my mouth to answer this. I just grit my teeth, stick my chin out, and nod my head.

"Well," he says, "can't I still be your friend, even if I am a priest and you are a boxer?"

This is kinda hard to take, as all along I figured we would go through life together, doing the same things. Somehow or other I feel it is better if I don't answer to this at all, as sometimes my voice comes out kinda high and squeaky-like when I am excited about something. So I just stand there and shake my head a good hard, "No!"

NEEDLESS to say, this conversation is continued on the next day and every day after that. Even our pals, Shorty and Ray, are kinda

concerned about it, as they are always trying to figure out some way to make things be like they were before between me and Gus.

For instance, a few days ago Shorty comes up with what he thinks is a bright idea. "Look, Joe," he says. "Ray and I were sorta talking this thing over, and it seems to us that Gus wants to be a priest more than you want to be a boxer."

"Meaning what?" I ask him.

"Well, uh," he kinda stutters around. Then he says to Ray, "You tell him, Ray."

So Ray says, "Maybe we are wrong about this, Joe, but instead of getting sore at Gus because you think your own plans are upset, you oughta be glad you have a chance to know a guy like him. Also, if you are a true friend of his, you oughta get down on your knees and pray for him, on account of it takes a lot of courage to be a priest and go out into those jungles and places and teach cannibals about God."

This is quite a long speech for Ray, and I am surprised that he is able to hit the nail on the head like that. In fact, what he says sounds so true to me that I have a feeling those thoughts were in my heart all the time, only I wouldn't let them come out.

About this bright idea which Shorty had, he tells me he thinks it would be a good idea if I would be a priest, too.

"Nix," I tell him. "You oughta have enough brains to know that I haven't got enough brains to be a priest."

THAT same night when I am saying my prayers to God I tell Him I am sorry for the way I treated my pal Gus, and from now on I am gonna be a true friend and pray for him in a special way.

I am also feeling a little bit sorry for myself, as I feel kinda left out of things, so I tell Mary, "I wish God would ask me to do something special for Him, I don't care how hard it is. In fact, the harder it is, the better." Somehow or other, to be a boxer doesn't seem to be hard enough for me.

The next day I am watching until I see Augustino pass my house on the way to school, so I whistle for him to wait for me. I am happy on account of we are pals once more like we used to be. Only I tell him it is going to be kinda lonesome for me when he is off in the

(Continued on page 18)

BALLOONS

by Sister Blanche

CURLY headed Karen, age five, stepped gingerly on the soap box to see if it would hold her weight. Reassured on that point, she carried it out to the edge of the front lawn and planted it near the sidewalk. Soon she began to display her wares and call them out like a seasoned hawker.

"Balloons, balloons, beautiful balloons, only a penny apiece!"

Some children who were playing down the street, stopped their game. They ran up and bought one each. A boy on a bicycle, doing an errand for his mother, was the next customer. Soon one neighborhood child was telling another. The customers came singly and in pairs.

About six weeks before that, Karen's dad had attended a charity ball, where the favors had been toy balloons. After it was over he acquired several dozens of them—red, green, blue, and yellow ones. Arriving home, he dumped them into the lap of his little daughter with the remark that here were enough balloons to last a year.

But Karen thought differently about it. She had recently joined *Mary's Loyal Helpers*, and although she saved every available penny to send to Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters for their work with poor children, it didn't seem to her that her Sunshine Bag filled with pennies very fast.

Here was an opportunity, indeed, to make money for the Missions.

Thus one warm Saturday morning found her plying her trade as a balloon salesman.

Grownups became patrons, too. A car of women, friends of Karen's mother, drove up to the curb.

"What on earth can Karen be doing?" remarked one.

"What are you selling, honey?" called another.



As "man" of the family, it was Pablo's privilege to hold the puppy while having the picture taken. These are some of the poor children Karen is interested in helping.

"Balloons," answered Karen "They are only a penny apiece, and I'll send the money to the Sisters to help them in their work with poor children."

"Then here is enough money to buy a dozen of them," answered her questioner, as she handed her a large silver coin. "You can keep the balloons, too, and sell them to someone else," she added.

The morning's sales mounted, and the Sunshine bag looped about Karen's wrist became fatter and heavier with pennies.

Close on to noon, when most of the balloons had been sold, three chubby-faced urchins presented themselves. The spokesman, with his feet planted wide apart and his hands held behind his back, asked, "Whatcha doin'? Are you sellin' them balloons?"

"Yes," answered Karen. "Aren't they pretty? Wouldn't you like to have one? They are only a penny apiece."

"We aint got no pennies," answered the boy. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "Will ya let us help sell them?"

"All right," answered Karen, good naturedly. "You can if you want to."

For the next few minutes the street selling was pepped up by the addition of three boys' voices lustily shouting the particular merits of these particular balloons.

When the last balloon had been sold, there was nothing else to do but to close shop. Karen stepped down from her box and gleefully displayed her Sunshine Bag now bulging with pennies. She thanked the little boys for helping

her to earn Sunshine pennies.

The boys did not move. They stared wide-eyed and open-mouthed from her to the penny-filled bag.

"Say!" said one of them at last. "We helped you earn those pennies. We ought to have some of them."

Before the amazed Karen could speak, the second boy added, "Yeah. We want pay for selling some of the balloons."

The third boy only echoed, "Yeah" but with vehemence.

Karen sighed. What could these little fellows know about Sunshine pennies or the Missionary Sisters or the poor children in the mission fields, whom the Sisters taught to know and love and serve God?

"Aw right!" she answered simply. "Come with me to the drug store and I will buy you something to pay you."

They agreed. "Something cold," said one, mopping his freckled face.

When the quartet had entered the drug-store a clerk spying them approached Karen, holding the penny bag, and inquired?

"What'll you have, kids? Something cold? Ice cream cones or popcicles?"

"How much are the cones and popcicles?" asked Karen, as she drew the drawstring of her penny bag.

"Ice cream cones are five cents each, and the popcicles two for a nickel," answered the clerk.

Karen glanced sideways at the three "salesmen." They were looking at the candy in the showcase and had not heard the price quotations.

"I'll take the popcicles," she said. "Four of them."

Her partners in business, each sucking a popcicle, departed for home, well satisfied with the commission they had earned in the balloon transaction, and Karen, with the fourth popcicle in one hand and her filled Sunshine Bag in the other, skipped down the street to tell her mother about her morning's business for the missions.



Ringing the bell for catechism class, Eldorado, Texas.

In the Home Field



Bobby (left) wonders what Jackie is so excited about. Doesn't he know "Pal" is posing perfectly for his picture!

SERVICE

THE class had just settled comfortably to listen to the forthcoming instruction when the door at the back of the church opened, and Jackie, breathless and with a look of concern on his usually smiling face, hurried up the aisle.

"Sorry I'm late, Sister," he apologized. "I lost my catechism and I've been looking for it."

"That is too bad, Jackie," said Sister, "but I have an extra one you may use."

"But mine had some important papers in it, and I've got to get it back."

Eager to get on with the class, Sister suggested that Jackie say a prayer to St. Anthony.

"Which one is St. Anthony?" hopefully queried Jackie, who was looking forward to baptism soon and had not yet learned the names of the many statues in our Church.

"That one on the pedestal," Sister replied. "The one holding the Christ Child."

"What prayer shall I say?" continued Jackie.

"Well, you might say an Our Father and a Hail Mary, or you might make up a prayer of your own."

Quick as a flash Jackie was on his knees, hands tightly clasped, eyes closed. His prayer was short but fervent.

For a few minutes the class instruction went on, but soon up went Jackie's hand. Then came a worried, "Do you suppose St. Anthony will really find it for me?"

"Well, you asked him, didn't you? Of course, he will," assured Sister.

"You mean he'll put the book right here in my hands?"

"Well, I wouldn't ask for such service as



May Queen and her attendants, Grove Hill, Alabama. Because of a shortage of girls, it was necessary to choose boys for the Queen's attendants.

that," replied Sister. "And be sure to promise St. Anthony something in return for your book."

As the children knelt for the prayers after class, the church door opened once more, and up the aisle came St. Anthony's messenger boy—a youngster from another class. He looked around, found Jackie, put the lost catechism in his hands, genuflected, and went out as quietly as he had come in. For once in his life Jackie was unable to speak.

Sister Denise

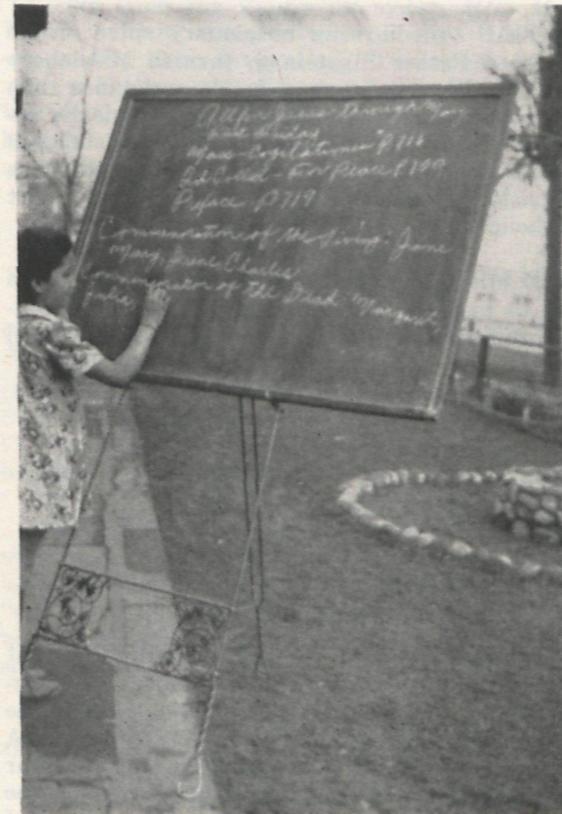
Los Banos, California

Dear Sisters:

I have just finished reading the January issue of *The Missionary Catechist*. I am always amused when I read the humorous side of your experiences. I am frequently reminded of the little Colored lad's experience after he had heard "temptation" explained in catechism class.

Now when he was inclined to do something that he should not do, he knew that it was the devil who was encouraging him to disobey.

One day his mother forbade him to take any more apples out of the box. But he got to be very hungry for an apple. Finally his desire overcame his resistance, and he grabbed an apple, put it in his pocket and sneaked away.



Before class Maria writes out directions for the dialogue Mass for the following day, which happens to be a First Friday.

Palo, Alto, California



Juan and Pedro "had a little lamb" . . . and Sister took its picture.

But soon his conscience began to bother him and he felt quite uneasy. Sitting in a corner, with one hand clutching the apple in his pocket, and the other scratching his head, he was doing some pretty deep thinking. At last he got up and put the apple back in the box. Greatly relieved, he said, "Dat am one on you, Mistah Satan."

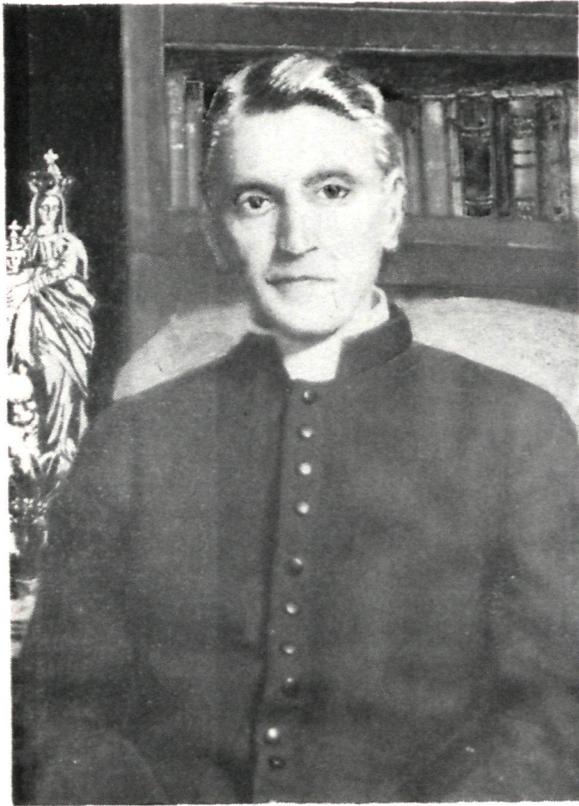
I am fully acquainted with life in the missions, Sisters, having spent twenty-eight years on a Montana homestead. Sometimes we did not get to see a priest from fall until spring—no highways then, no cars.

Most sincerely,
E.G.S.

THE subject for our class was Creation. The children were trying to think of all the wonderful things God made for them.

Little Mary thought God was very good to give us sheep. "You see, Sister, that is where I got my sweater and it keeps me nice and warm."

Angie looked puzzled as she said, "Sister, my sweater didn't come from the sheep, because my sweater is red."



Forty Years a Priest

Dear Associates:

THIS month, through the medium of these pages, we wish to pay special tribute to *Reverend John J. Sigstein*, founder of both our own community and your auxiliary organization which is now known as "Associate Catechists of Mary" but which was formerly called "Society of Missionary Helpers of Our Blessed Lady of Victory."

IT WAS forty years ago this month, June 5, 1909, that Father Sigstein was ordained a priest. On the following day, June 6, he offered his First Holy Mass.

HIS ardent zeal for souls asserted itself at the very beginning of his priestly career, first in bringing comfort and material aid to the poor of the parish to which he was assigned as curate, and then, in ever widening circles his charity embraced the poor, the social outcasts in the slum districts of his own great city of Chicago. With the aid of Father Collins and a few devout Catholic laymen a Mission house of hospitality was conducted near old St. Peter's Church for jobless and drifting men to reclaim them to a practical Christian life.

Our

CHICAGO, with its teeming millions, was a vineyard of souls large enough to satisfy the zeal of any priest—save Father Sigstein. His charity was universal. But it was also of a practical stamp.

WITHIN six years after his ordination—in 1915—he had organized the Society of Missionary Helpers of Our Blessed Lady of Victory whose object was to honor Our Blessed Lady of Victory by assisting needy missions wherever found. After four years, these same Missionary Helpers could boast of having sent 900 sets of vestments, 230 chalices, and other church goods to scattered mission places. The membership consisted then, as now, of Catholic women who gave freely of their money, time and personal services in renovating old vestments and making altar linens, large and small, for Divine Service.

IT WAS this burning missionary spirit which moved Father Sigstein to furnish Missionary priests with even more valuable assistance than the material aid heretofore given. This he accomplished by founding a Missionary Sisterhood whose members would prove capable auxiliaries to pastors in mission fields too poor to support Catholic schools.

WE know that you, dear Associates, will join us in extending to Father our heartiest congratulations and the assurance of our continued prayers.

Yours in Jesus and Mary,

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

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

ORGANIZED in 1942, this Mission Band, at present comprising nine ladies, sponsor Sister Mary Elizabeth of Victory Noll, who is the sister of *Wilma* and *Walburga Wengritzky*. A long auto tour of the West undertaken a year or two ago heightened the appreciation of the Wengritzky sisters for the accomplishments of Missionaries in sparsely settled regions. *Wilma* has headed the Band since its founding.

The Missionary Catechist

Associates

GOOD SHEPHERD MISSION CLUB (Chicago)

At the beginning of the year, the ladies of this Club held an animated discussion with their President, *Mrs. Mary R. Staley*, as to ways and means of raising more money for the Missions. It was finally determined that each member, without fail, would give a party in her home. Ladies were to entertain according to their initials. Consequently, *Mrs. James Burke* was the hostess for January. She cleared more than \$30.00. The Associates who held subsequent parties have done equally well. Congratulations to them for their splendid achievements.

ST. IRENE BAND (Chicago)

WE look forward each month to the cheery missive from the Band's Promoter, *Miss May Walsh*, which nearly always opens with the words, "St. Irene's reporting." There was a time when a broken wrist kept her from writing, and her sister-in-law, *Mrs. Helen Walsh*, did the honors. We trust *May's* hand is now as good as it was before the break.

ST. IRENE AUXILIARY BAND (Chicago)

WITHOUT especially intending it that way, we find ourselves giving news of west side Chicago Bands in consecutive order. St. Irene Band, St. Irene Auxiliary, and Good Shepherd Mission Club consist of Associates who live in that neighborhood.

While St. Irene's Auxiliary is the smallest in matter of numbers—there are only seven members—it falls under the honorary caption of "small but mighty." Each year, this handful of women always manage to send us \$25.00 and sometimes more.

The Promoter, *Miss Madeleine Sebraska*, is also a member of St. Irene's Band.

IF YOU persevere until death in true devotion to Mary, your salvation is certain.

St. Alphonsus Liguori

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

March 17, 1949 to April 18, 1949

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	\$ 6.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill. Mary C. Gibbons	40.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien	5.32
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	26.75
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Sec.	17.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	10.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	20.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger	7.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	14.50
Our Lady of Fatima Discussion Club, Huntington, Mrs. D. Herzog Treas.	2.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill. J. V. McGovern	22.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. M. DeVito	100.00
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes A. Beck	166.10
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	39.50
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	35.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusmann	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere	24.50
St. Jude Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Fred Potthoff	103.50
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	24.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	45.00
St. Margaret Mary Band No. 1, Omaha, Lucille Murphy, Sec.	5.00
St. Margaret Mary Band No. 2, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Forest Lehmann	20.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	5.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Hattie Genge	15.00

Back Home - At the Settlement House

by Sister Alice Marie

"DOES anyone have room in her suitcase for . . ."

The question remained unheard and unanswered, as four Missionary Catechists of Our Lady of Victory hurried about the dormitory packing pieces of baggage distributed through the room. A little later the Sisters, after a last fond look at their surroundings, were ready for departure.

IT WAS the tenth of February, 1924. The little community of Missionary Sisters had outgrown the cradle so graciously provided for it by the good School Sisters of Notre Dame at the Academy of Our Lady, Chicago, Illinois. The future Mother House of the community, to be erected at Huntington, Indiana, was still in the blueprint stage. In the meantime the Sisters needed a temporary convent where new members could be received and prepared for the catechetical and social work of the community.

WHEN the Gary-Alerding House at Gary, Indiana, was being erected, Father DeVille, with the approval of the late Most Reverend Herman J. Alerding, D.D., then Bishop of Fort Wayne, had offered Father Sigstein an apartment in the Settlement House for his young community. This would enable the Sisters to have actual experience in teaching religion and in social welfare work before they left for the Southwest. Gratefully, Father accepted the offer.

AT THE time, it was expected that the apartment would be ready for occupancy as early as Easter, 1923, but it was not until the early days of February, 1924, that it was finally ready to receive the Sisters, and the little community was now about to establish its own temporary Mother House.

AS SISTER MARIE, the superior, and her little group boarded the New York Central train at Englewood, there was an air of joyous excitement about them that told of their happiness over this new venture for God and souls. Sister Marie added to the general merriment by explaining the reason for the suspicious bulge under the folds of her mantle. The object so carefully concealed from the view of all was the article Sister had mentioned during the process of packing—the community alarm clock.

THE excitement grew as the train pulled out of the station. It found escape in the general teasing about the hidden clock. Every now and then a Sister inquired mischievously as to the correct time. Sister Marie would not be inveigled into displaying her timepiece, but contented herself with assuring the Sisters that they would reach Gary at the time Father Sigstein had planned. Sister proved to be right . . . the train pulled into the station at exactly 6:00 P. M., the scheduled time.

ON ARRIVING at the Settlement House, the Sisters gathered about Father Sigstein in the as yet uncompleted St. Anthony's chapel and there recited the beautiful Magnificat, thanking Our Blessed Mother for their safe journey and asking her intercession on their present undertaking. How could she fail them! It was the vesper hour of the anniversary of one of the most touching manifestations of her love for the children of men—the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.

THE work in the new field was begun at once, and the Missionary Sisters experienced the kind interest of another community of religious—the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ. These Sisters lived in St. Emeric's convent, about two blocks from the Settlement House. Most of the Sisters taught in St. Emeric's parochial school, but two of them conducted classes in religion for Catholic children who attended the Gary public schools. These classes were based on a released time system known as the "Gary Plan." The children were dismissed for one period of school time and were given religious instruction by the Sisters in the Settlement House and in near-by centers. The Sisters held their classes from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon to accommodate the various grades released throughout the day.

UNDER the supervision of the Poor Handmaids, the Missionary Sisters aided in the religious instruction of the public school groups.

THE Missionary Sisters also began visiting the homes of the many Mexican families whose wage earners were employed by the United States Steel Corporation. These contacts gave the Sisters the opportunity to learn the character of the Latin and to use the Spanish language, and served as a remote preparation for their work in the Southwest, which would be

chiefly among Spanish-speaking peoples. The Sisters enjoyed the transition from the "book Spanish" of the classroom to the conversational Spanish which was to prove such a necessary requirement for their work among these people.

THE community life of the Missionary Sisters in the Settlement House took its simple, fervent course in the small convent. One room became a combined reception room, community room and oratory. Here the Sisters prayed in common before the statue of Our Lady of Victory which stood on a small pedestal in a corner of the room. The workmen were still in the Settlement House Chapel, and the Blessed Sacrament was not as yet reserved there.

IT WAS soon realized that the quarters at the Settlement House would be too small for the growing community. Three additional members had entered within the first three weeks after the arrival of the community in Gary. It would be impossible to house another member in the present quarters. At this time Father Sigstein went to see Captain Norton of the Gary Land Company, explained his need and told him of the

work the little community was attempting to do in Gary. Captain Norton, himself an Episcopalian, not only found an empty house available for Father (a thing most difficult even in those days), but offered to lease it free of charge until the new Mother House at Huntington would be ready for occupancy.

THE new convent was known as "The Annex" and was within walking distance of the Settlement House. On March 16, little more than a month since the Sisters had left the Academy of Our Lady, three Sisters moved from the Settlement House to the Annex. By mid-August three additional recruits had joined them.

THE days went along merrily and busily in the Settlement house and at the Annex. They were to be relived again and again in the hearts of our Reverend Founder and the pioneer Sisters. One event, especially, was to stand out in the memory of all—the first public investiture with the holy habit of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory.

(To be Continued.)

Five Polio Precautions Are Listed For Parents

Warning that the 1949 polio season is "just around the corner," the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has issued a list of precautionary measures to be observed by those in charge of children during the epidemic danger period which usually runs from May through October, reaching its peak during the hot, mid-summer months. The five easy-to-follow health rules for children are:

1. Avoid crowds and places where close contact with other persons is likely.
2. Avoid over-fatigue caused by too active play or exercise, or irregular hours.
3. Avoid swimming in polluted water. Use only beaches or public pools declared safe by local health authorities.
4. Avoid sudden chilling. Remove wet shoes and clothing at once and keep extra blankets and heavier clothing handy for sudden weather changes.
5. Observe the golden rule of personal cleanliness. Keep food tightly covered and safe from flies or other insects. Gar-

bage should be tightly covered and, if other disposal facilities are lacking, it should be buried or burned.

The National Foundation also listed the following symptoms of infantile paralysis: headache, nausea or upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, and unexplained fever. Should polio strike in your family, call a doctor immediately. Early diagnosis and prompt treatment by qualified medical personnel often prevent serious crippling, the National Foundation pointed out.

The organization emphasized that fear and anxiety should be held to a minimum. A calm, confident attitude is conducive to health and recovery. Parents, it said, should remember that of all those stricken, fifty per cent or more recover completely, while another twenty-five per cent are left with only slight after effects.

If polio is acutally diagnosed, contact the chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis serving your community. The chapter will pay that part of the cost of care and treatment which patient or family cannot meet.

CUT OUT AND KEEP FOR REFERENCE



*Heart of Jesus!
Reign in our
hearts and homes!*

Dear Helpers:

When you read these pages some of you will have put away your school bags, books, and writing tablets for the summer. Others will soon be doing the same.

WE have a few high school graduates among our Helpers. These will be leaving the ranks of children and entering upon the state of young manhood or young womanhood. Some will look forward, perhaps, to college next fall. A privileged few will have felt themselves called by our Blessed Lord to the religious life. It is a month of great decisions. In April we were bidden to pray for priestly and religious vocations. You should seriously consider whether it is not your own calling. Momentous matters such as these cannot be decided, of course, without the advice of your pastor or confessor.

AS FOR our Helpers who are still in the grades—and we have many such—keep up your prayers for priests and sisters, especially *Missionary* priests and sisters. The summer, with its sultry weather, offers many opportunities of making little sacrifices. Sometimes you can forego that tempting popcicle and drop the money instead into your Sunshine Bag. If you happen to be without change (as is often the case) you can still wait a few minutes before taking a cold drink of water when you are thirsty, and offer it up to God for souls.

MAY the Sacred Heart of Jesus have a special blessing for you in this *His* month!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

A DATE TO REMEMBER

Mary's Loyal Helpers Day, at Victory Noll, Sunday, June 19. If you are coming to spend the day with us, write *Sunshine Secretary* ten days in advance.

Mary's Loyal

ANOTHER SISTER JOINS

THIS introduces *Rosemary Dichello*. She is eight years old and in the third grade at



Holy Trinity School, Wallingford, Conn. Her teacher is Sister Maria Annunciata. Her older sisters—Jane and Barbara—are Helpers, too.

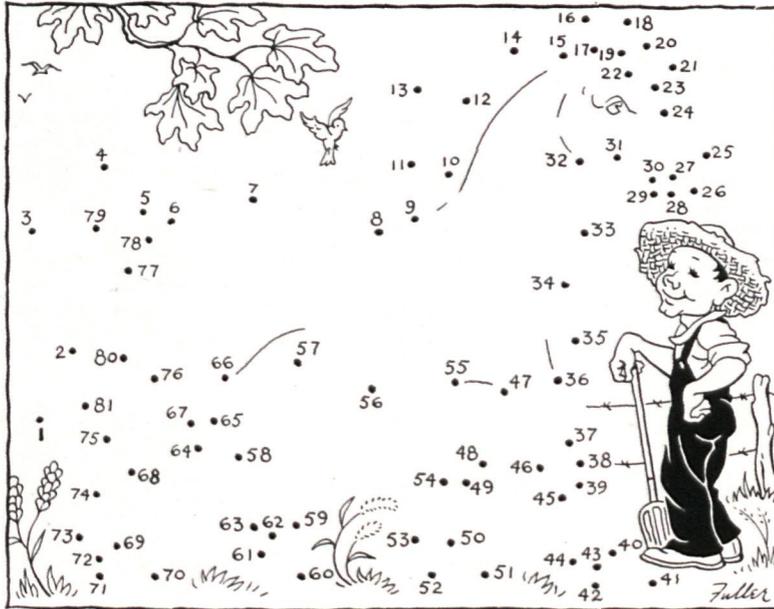
A KENTUCKY HELPER

WE ARE pleased to make you acquainted with *Martha Whittaker*, of Owensboro, Kentucky.



Martha is fourteen years old. Not content with being a Loyal Helper herself, she induced her young sister Nancy and three girl friends to join our Mission Club.

Helpers Pages



JUNE PUZZLE. Farmer Brown has been working hard in the field. He straightened up a minute to see a large animal pass by. Draw a line from dot to dot and you will discover what kind of animal it was. Send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, and she will send you a holy card.

Answers to May Puzzle. Carrots, pumpkins, cauliflower, beets, tomatoes, potatoes, radishes, egg plant, beans, cabbages.

LETTER O' THE MONTH

Marine City, Michigan

Dear Sister:

I saved my money and now have one dollar. I am in the seventh grade at Holy Cross School in Marine City and am twelve years old. My sister, Mary Jo, is receiving THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for eighteen years now. She was enrolled at birth. I have as teacher Sister Brendan of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Order in school. I hope to save another dollar, so please include a folder.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Marguerite Ellison



A WISCONSIN HELPER

It gives us pleasure to show you a picture of Karen Kaiser of Green Bay, Wisconsin. Karen



is only six years old but she has been a Loyal Helper nearly two years. This picture was taken at Victory Noll when she visited her aunt, Sister Catherine Ann (Larsen).



JOE OF L. A. REPORTING

(Continued from Page 7)

jungles some place teaching the cannibals about God.

"Whoever said I am going to the jungles?" he wants to know. "Don't you thing there are still plenty of pagans to be converted right here in our own country?"

When I hear this I am happier than ever about Augustino going to be a priest.

THAT same afternoon we are having recess, and Miss Carter says to me, "Well, Joe, do you have your speech ready for the contest?"

I say to her, "Yes, I am going to talk about the *regular* St. Joseph, as I have an idea he is my patron saint, even if his life isn't very exciting."

I tell her that St. Joseph lived such an ordinary life that we don't even know one word that he ever spoke. Of course, everybody knows that St. Joseph was very important because God picked him out to be the foster-father of Jesus. And besides all this, an angel was sent to St. Joseph a coupla times with a special message from heaven.

But Miss Carter was really kinda surprised when I told her that people pray to St. Joseph for a happy death and also for a good husband. Like I told her, "It's very necessary to pray for a *good* husband, on account of once you're married, you're married for life!"

Then she says (but it sounds like she is saying it to herself), "Yes, it seems that the Catholic Church is the only institution in the world which upholds the sanctity of marriage."

I am kinda seeing red when I hear this, on account of I do not like the idea of people calling the Church an institution, like it was a reform school or an insane asylum or something. However, when I look at her face, I can see that she does not realize what she has said, so I do not say to her what I was going to say to her.

LIKE they are always telling me, "Joe, every time you open your mouth you put your foot in it." In case you do not know what this means, don't feel too bad about it, as I just found out last week that it means I have a habit of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.

For instance, my teacher is talking about this subject of why Catholics should not marry

non-Catholics. She asks me does it ever happen that the bishop refuses a dispensation (or something like that).

Now, I don't know how to answer this, but I don't wanta let on that I don't know what the answer is, so I say to her (which I had no business to say at all, but I don't know what else to say), "Are you thinking about being a June bride?"

"Of course, not!" she says. "I hardly know him yet, and besides—look, Joe, I believe you should be out on the field playing ball, shouldn't you?"

With that she walks away from me kinda haughty-like, and for some reason or other I have a feeling that this is another time when I have opened my mouth and put my foot in it.

WHEN next Tuesday comes, which is the day of the contest, I am not scared at all if I will win the prize or not, on account of I am hoping that my pal Gus will be the lucky one. He would have been the winner, too, if Juanita wouldn't have gotten up and told all about St. Joan of Arc.

By the way, when that show about Joan of Arc comes to your town, you ought to be sure to see it, on account of our Sister told us that if a lotta people go to see this picture, then Hollywood will probably consider making some more good ones like it.

Jim Callahan (you remember him, he's the Christopher who runs our boys' club) saw this show when he was in San Francisco last week on some business, and he says it was very good.

Just the other day he took a bunch of us kids to see the place where Father Serra is buried. Remind me to tell you sometime about that bus ride to Carmel Mission.

P.S. My father says he hopes I didn't forget to tell you that he is an usher at church now. Personally, it makes me feel kinda happy inside when I see him passing the collection box every Sunday at the eight o'clock Mass.

OUR COVER: Patrick and Louis Donelon, Los Angeles, California, on their First Communion Day. Ordinarily as lively and as mischievous as one would expect eight-year-old twins to be, they were all seriousness and devotedness on the day they received Our Lord into their hearts for the first time.

On Her Fifteenth Birthday

by Sister Elizabeth Ann



Photo, courtesy Armendarez Studio, El Paso, Texas

Jean Ribal of El Paso, Texas, had fourteen attendants for her "Quince Anos" celebration, making, with her, one for each year of her life.

JEAN had a birthday recently. She was fifteen years old. Now at fifteen she is just as grown up, just as mature as her American sister is at eighteen. And so, she made her debut in a ceremony referred to as the *Quince Anos*—fifteen years.

Just as in American families only the very wealthy can afford to have their daughters formally presented to society, so it is with the Mexican people. We do not hear of the *Quince Anos* farther north where only the poorer Mexicans live, but it is commonplace in Mexico itself, and we often see it in the large, predominantly Mexican cities like El Paso and San Antonio.

The Mexicans are a deeply religious people, and the young girl's debut begins in church. Attired as a bride, except that she does not wear a long veil, she enters the church on the arm

of her father. She is attended by several other young girls, the number depending on financial circumstances or on individual taste.

Inside the sanctuary her pastor awaits her. She kneels with her immediate attendants on the prie-dieu provided, and Father reads over her some beautiful prayers. High Mass follows, and all receive Holy Communion. In a special sermon for the occasion the young girl is exhorted to live a good and virtuous life.

After the religious ceremony a breakfast is served to the invited guests. A reception and dance take place in the evening.

With the blessing of Holy Mother Church upon her, the young Mexican girl is ready now to take her place in society.

2500 CLUB

The greatest GIFT is the GIFT OF SELF.

Everyone is not called to personal service in the missions but all who can should help THOSE who are actively engaged in the mission field.

Our Missionary Sisters have consecrated their lives to the sublime work of giving Religious Instruction to Catholic children attending public schools and in the performance of many other spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Our 2500 CLUB offers to others an opportunity to share in their work and in the rich eternal recompense.

The 2500 CLUB is an association of persons who contribute \$1.00 a month for one year, or \$12.00 yearly, as membership dues to aid in our mission apostolate.



Membership Application

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB. I shall pray for the Sisters and their work, and will send a dollar a month for one year toward your mission apostolate.

Name

Address

City Zone State.....