

The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, May, 1928

Number 5

Bringing The Church To 90,000 Churchless Catholics

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Crowley, Chancellor of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese.

A brief description of the diocese of Monterey-Fresno would be "a cross-section of California beginning at the Nevada line and ending at the Pacific Ocean, a strip about three hundred miles wide and one hundred fifty miles deep and comprising some forty-four thousand square miles, or about one and one-third as much territory as all of Ireland." One parish alone includes an area of ten thousand square miles, Inyo County, the farthest corner of the great Mojave Desert. In California all the mountain ranges run parallel to the coast, and thus from the White Mountains on the extreme east to the ocean is a series of valleys running roughly north and south, containing the agricultural lands watered by streams from the perpetual snows, which supply the luxuries for the tables of the United States. The great valley of the San Joaquin, lying between the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range, varying from seventy to one hundred miles in width and nearly two hundred and fifty miles long, is largely within the diocese. Beyond the Coast Range stretches the Salinas Valley, nestling between these hills and the Santa Lucia Mountains. East of the snowy Sierras lies Owens Valley, now practically a desert, because its life-giving water has been diverted into the aqueduct which supplies the City of Los Angeles, two hundred and fifty miles away.

The cross-section of mountain and valley thus envisioned explains the remarkable diversity of climate, of population and of agricultural and mineral resources that this diocese possesses. Within its boundaries are the highest peak in the United States, Mt. Whitney, 14,502 feet, couched in eternal snow, and seventy miles away in the same county the hottest and the lowest spot in the United States, Death Valley, 276 feet below the level of the sea. Three national parks, Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant, are found in its mountains, containing the oldest living things upon this earth, the gigantic Sequoias. Upon one slope of the Sierras the coyote and the rattlesnake reign supreme, upon the other the oranges and the lemons deck with gold the dark green orchards that stand against the snowy skyline, the great floor of the San Joaquin is paved with vineyards,—more grapes are grown around Fresno, the raisin city, than in all of Spain. Thousands of acres of figs stand side by side with vast fields of cotton,

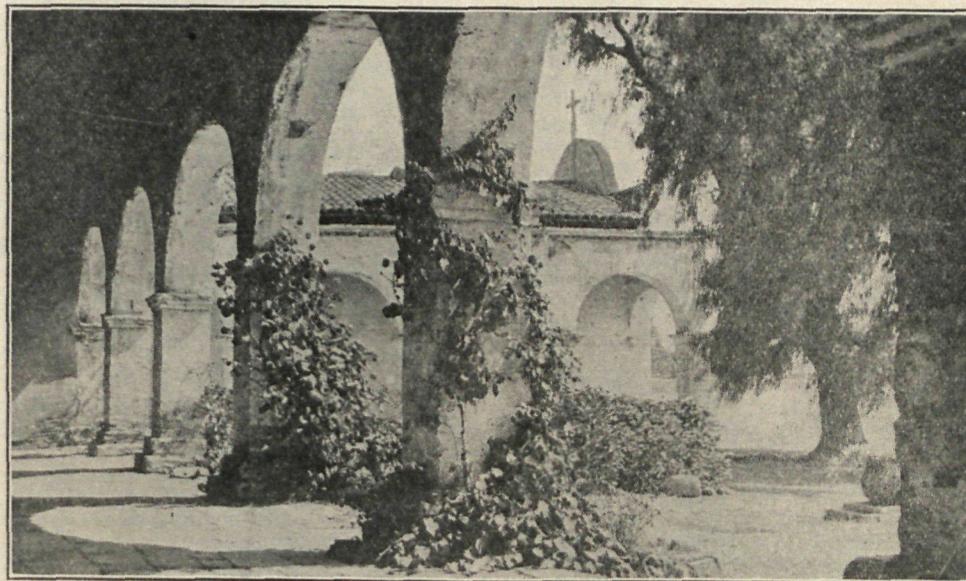
the valley's newest crop. Along the rolling foothills the golden wheat glistens in the sun and in the canyons cattle graze. In the great bowl formed by the ridge connecting the Coast Range and the Sierras at the southern end of the valley a giant pin-cushion of oil derricks stands against the blue sky. It is the region of the Elk Hills, famous in song and story. Along the coast, lettuce, artichokes and strawberries grow abundantly, and are rushed in refrigerator cars to the eastern markets.

On an August day the Bishop of Monterey-Fresno can drive from the fog-cooled shore at Carmel over the Coast Range into the semi-tropical heat of the great Valley in an hour and a half and another three hours will take him into the heart of Yosemite, with its thundering waterfalls and whispering pines; two hours more to the melting snows upon the roof of the United States and a scant three hours later could find him in the blistering desert air of the alkali sands of Inyo. Perhaps nowhere in the world can such contrasts be found, and it is all California, all Monterey-Fresno.

The population of the Diocese is just as

varied as its climate. Clinging to the desert slopes of the Sierras are the last of the descendants of the "forty-niners", still seeking the elusive golden sands. In forgotten canyons and stony gulches the disappearing Indian may still be found, a sad shadow of his former glory. In the great valley are Swede and Dane, Armenian, Russian, Anglo-Saxon and a few sons of Erin but many thousands of the children of the Azores and of sunny Italy. In the coast region there are still to be found descendants of the Spanish Dons and of the Mexican rulers of yore. Greater than all of these, perhaps, in number are the children of Mexico who have swarmed up from the southland in part because of the persecution in their own country but largely because of the demand for their services as laborers in the fields. It is estimated that over thirty thousand Mexicans enter the diocese every Spring and pass from one ripening crop to another, and when all the fields have been stripped in the late Fall, return to Mexico, or to Southern California.

Mature consideration has convinced Bishop
(Continued on Page 5)



Within the Patio of San Juan Capistrano Mission.

COMMEMORATE MARY'S MONTH BY SAVING MARY'S MISSION CHILDREN



Little Sing

Mary Constance Smith



AS John walked along Maine Street in Buena Vista his thoughts ran as follows: "Perhaps, yes, perhaps! There are no people more harmless, in the respectable sense of the term, than the Chinese living in the Southwest. For seventy years they have come and gone between New Mexico and California in small numbers, quietly drudging in domestic service, laundries or restaurants." John's face was bland, as he thought in scorn.

"Perhaps," he repeated. The rest of the sentence was not his idea anyhow, but only a quotation from Manuel, the cowboy, whom John despised greatly—and feared slightly. The short journey here from Albuquerque had been long enough to give a clear and loud display of that young braggart, and John had his "number" so to speak.

So now as he and little Sing went along to market, they made no stir, not even a ripple. They were "Chinks" from the restaurant, and no more. They were newcomers, of course, because the former proprietor had sold out, as everyone knew.

Returning an hour later with heavily laden baskets, one of which was held between the father and son, they came in sight of the old church with its square towers and many crosses.

A smile flashed across the face of the boy and he raised his free arm shoulder high with a quick movement and said a few words to his father.

The latter replied only with a short grunt, but the child smiled back at him with a beautiful expression of confidence.

Father Augustino, standing in the enclosed porch of the church, was watching them, and he too smiled and raised his hand as if in salutation to the Chinese.

The face of little Sing was at once grave, yet as he passed he glanced up at the Priest fearlessly.

"Poor child," murmured the Padre as if in prayer, "he is older than the children of the other proprietor, and will have more difficulties. May the Lord and His Blessed Mother protect this boy."

Sing, however, was happy as could be in his new home. He set to work like a veteran at his tasks of peeling vegetables and scouring the cooking utensils, and when he was through he trotted out on the sidewalk and perched himself upon the water trough in front of the store next door.

The boys at the garage across the street were slowing up in their labors with thoughts of the lunch hour, and before long several of them stood at the gateway calling teasing remarks across to the foreign boy.

Sing was delighted at the notice he attracted and thought it all kind and friendly.

His half-long jean trousers and much wrinkled white stockings were the targets for some allusions to laundry work when he answered in his best American:

"I wash all myself. I wash all! I am nine years old," he finished.

"Me wash!" mocked the mechanics with loud laughter.

"No," corrected the boy with a broad grin, "I wash, I wash."

He turned his head as if looking for his father when his eyes met those of Padre Augustino.

"Who taught you English, my child?" the Priest asked, as he paused opposite the boy.

"Sisters in hospital at Frisco. My moth-



The Children's Choir, Holman, N. M.

er sick there, maybe die." Sing spoke slowly, and showed his embarrassment also by swinging one leg violently.

Just then the Angeles rang out and the Padre doffed his hat and made the sign of the cross. His praying ceased as the echoes of the bell still lingered, and when he looked again for the Chinese boy, a horse was bending over the trough, and Sing standing near but out of danger.

"Dolores Mendosa! Think of an angel and she will appear," exclaimed the old man now to the fair rider of the horse.

"Buenas dias, Padre Augustino. But, I thought you were saying the prayer of Angel Gabriel as I rode up." The young girl laughed as she spoke, and, in another moment, she had dismounted and extended her hand.

"Ah, my dear child! You with your training as a lay-catechist can help this boy, whose mother is sick. He was telling me that she is with the Sisters in San Francisco, and that he learned English there. He arrived here yesterday with his father.

Sing, taught to be polite long before he learned any language, smiled and nodded, but he glanced back as if in fear of his father who was now in the doorway of the restaurant.

"You are, then, a Catholic?" asked the girl softly.

A vigorous shake of the head ruled out this suggestion, and Sing backed away a few paces.

"Padre, I will go in with the boy and make the acquaintance of his father. I want a Chinese lad in the pageant, one who can dance and sing."

The boy smiled with delight, and Dolores knew she had a new actor for her play, if not a new Christian for the pastor.

In the months that followed John made quite a success of the restaurant business. His father and his grandfather had made their fortunes as cooks in California, and he guarded jealously their recipes. Like them, he would some day return to China, and ever in his dreams was a bamboo house beside a lazy stream where fish and waterfowl abounded.

Little Sing was great help about the place and always there was some transient coolie who could be impressed into a few days of service. And Miss Dolores Mendosa indirectly contributed her share to the growing fortune of John. For when she had written to the Sisters in San Francisco and found out that Mrs. Sing had become a Catholic, she encouraged the children of the town to be very kind to the Chinese boy.

At rehearsals for the pageant, children of the Americans began to appear, and when the cast for the crib was selected, a blonde boy was the third "wiseman" to stand on the platform with Manuel's brother and Sing from China.

"Cousin Dolores!" exclaimed the cowboy as he lounged in the doorway of the hall, "you have made Felipe a king, but, I don't like to see my brother keeping piebald company." And his raucous laugh startled the children.

"Manuel, go back to your work. I will take Felipe home on my horse. And tomorrow, you and Jose come here promptly at two o'clock to practice in the orchestra. We have only two more weeks until the fiesta."

But at the next rehearsal of the children, little Sing was missing, and Manuel was commissioned to go after the boy. With a sigh the Mexican laid down his violin and strode over to the end of Main street. The door was closed, and the shades drawn down. After several knocks, a sleepy old Celestial appeared and informed the cowboy that John's wife had died and a telegram had summoned him to Frisco.

Manuel's keen ear had caught the echo of a childish sob, so he pushed the old man aside and entered. Sure enough, poor little Sing had been left behind, so afraid was John of having the child take tuberculosis which had claimed the mother.

Tenderly now, as if the lad had been Felipe, the cowboy lifted little Sing from the dark bunk, and despite the protests of the man in charge of the restaurant, he strode off to the church hall with the little Oriental snug on his shoulder.

"Make him St. Joseph! Make him the Holy Child!" were the warm-hearted suggestions of the Mexican and American children when they learned of little Sing's great sorrow. But no, the child was happy as a king, and well suited to the role.

And now today, two years afterwards, little Sing is still living with Padre Augustino to whose house he was taken by Manuel on the evening he was found so deserted and lonely. He is a fervent Catholic and is studying Latin with the good Priest as tutor, with a view to becoming a Priest himself after a dozen years. The nhe will go back to China and after visiting the graves of his father and mother, he will labor among those of his own race teaching them to love the Lord and their neighbors—particularly the Missionaries who come to enlighten them.

Victory Mount Echoes

Victory-Noll Notes

VICTORY MOUNT was most highly honored on April 19th, with the visitation of a very distinguished personage, His Excellency the Most Reverend Peter Fumasoni-Biondi, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, accompanied by his secretary, Msgr. George L. Leech, J. C. D., and Archbishop Daeger.

His Excellency's time was very limited as he planned to visit the Catholic Institutions in Las Vegas before taking the early afternoon train for Colorado. He sat with us for a friendly conversation, inquiring about our work, complimenting Father Sigstein's great undertaking, and Bishop Noll's wonderful apostolic labors. When reminded by his secretary that it was time for their other visitations, His Excellency reluctantly arose saying, "Now I should like to spend more time here, for this is surely a center of Missionary Propaganda." His Excellency left immediately after giving us his blessing.

Our hearts are filled to overflowing with gratitude and renewed holy fervor imparted as it were by this beloved Representative of our Holy Father.

Rev. Felix Buron, D. D., our chaplain, is giving us a course of lectures on the Catacombs. This study of one of the greatest historical documents, is most interesting and educational.

One bright Sunday morning last month when Catechist G. answered the door, she was greeted with a hearty "Buenos Dias, Hehmanita, les de Dios." ("Good morning, little Sister, God bless you"), accompanied with a courteous bow. This salutation from a tall, neatly clad mountaineer, sombrero in hand. Beside him stood three little boys about eight, ten and eleven years of age. Neatly clothed, though their garments bore so many patches that almost none of the original was discernible.

This mountaineer, Senor Lopez, explained that his home was in a remote part of the mountains about ten miles from here. That it was impossible for his sons to attend the Hermanitas Catechism Classes; the nearest being at Ojos Calientes, nine miles from his ranch. Senor Lopez had, himself, instructed his boys in Christian Doctrine. He requested that we test the boys' knowledge of their Catechism, and if possible permit them to receive First Holy Communion with the Class at Ojos.

The boys were examined, and to the great edification of us all, answered promptly and intelligently all questions. They did not merely "parrot" the words of the Catechism but were able to explain La Doctrina mas preciso, (The most essential doctrine), that is, they knew how to live their Faith.

The mountaineers, after the examination, went into our little chapel. There the father led a series of prayers, the boys responding,

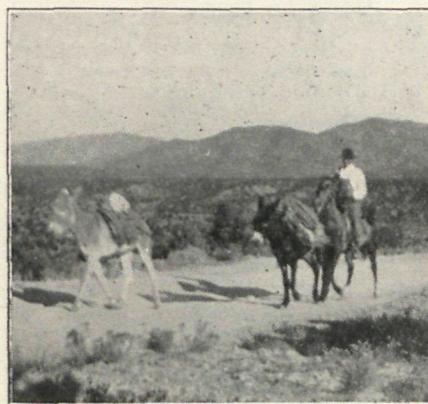


With the Catechists at Victory-Noll.

in Adoration of Our Lord in the Tabernacle. When their prayers were finished all remained kneeling while the father gave his blessing to each of his sons, beginning with the eldest. Each in turn kissed his hand.

The Spanish retain the beautiful ancient custom of blessing their children before they take any important step in life. Hence, this good Spanish cavalier blesses his sons who are soon to receive Our Lord in their First Holy Communion.

Due to the generosity of a thoughtful benefactor, we were able to give each boy a complete outfit of clothing. We pray Jesus and Mary will clothe these souls with Their Dispositions—What more splendid raiment for receiving their Eucharistic Lord?



THE SANTA FE TRAIL

"Low broods the sun far down the West
To deep of night flows silent day:
Through peace of plain, all peace, all rest
Still winds this Trail its ancient way.

One simple son of noble race
Content he rides, nor seems to stay.
He sees his God reflected in Nature's face,
The old, old Trail! The Santa Fe."

MAY Our Blessed Lady of Victory shower many blessings upon us Her children during this Her own month!

—o—
That mischievous, capricious, and beloved nymph, Spring, has descended upon the wooded slopes adjoining Victory-Noll, and has touched everything with her fairy fingers. The trees are holding their bud-laden branches heavenward, as if waiting their Creator's Word to burst into leaf and bloom. Wood violets, some dark velvety purple, others blue like June skies, inquisitively poke their little heads from their leafy hiding places.

From our knoll we have a good view of the Wabash Valley, where the busy farmers are turning the brown earth for spring planting. Pale green fields, with their lacy border of trees and the white farm houses scattered here and there, form a scene of restful beauty.

A branch of the river known as the Little Wabash, like the prodigal son who wandered from his father's house, meanders like a silver thread thru' the patches of green and brown, perhaps thinking to find a more favorable bed afar, but after a few miles of useless search, returns to the father's house,—the Big Wabash—and flows onward, onward to the sea.

—o—
Two of our Catechists attended the recent Mission Display which was held at Lafayette, Indiana. This display was given under the auspices of the Franciscan Mission Circle of St. Boniface's Church. For the past five months this group, composed of sixty members, has labored zealously to meet the urgent requests which have poured in from the poor Missions. The hundreds of articles exhibited by this very enthusiastic Circle included all possible Mission needs—Vestments and Altar Linens, First Communion Outfits for both boys and girls, as well as numerous articles for use in the homes of the destitute people in the Missions. Several of the Missions in New Mexico which are under the care of the Missionary Catechists were benefited by the work of the Franciscan Mission Circle, namely, Los Cerrillos, Anto Chico and Las Vegas.

St. Joseph, Wis.

Missionary Catechists,
Huntington, Ind.

Through the kindness of one of our club members we were informed of the wonderful work you are doing.

You will find enclosed a money order for \$14.55, the amount we collected at our "Mission Day" last week. We feel that your work is, indeed, noble and we hope to be able to assist you more in the future.

Yours respectfully,

Members of the Brownson Study Club.

COMMEMORATE MARY'S MONTH BY SAVING MARY'S MISSION CHILDREN

True Devotion

"What impressed me most about the Catechists when I visited them in their humble mission homes in New Mexico," declared a speaker at a recent mission rally, "was their sense of nearness to the Blessed Mother of God. To hear them speak of Her, one would think that She were in the very room with them. It seemed to me that their love for Her was the most real and personal I have ever witnessed. They always refer to Her as 'Our Blessed Mother,' 'Our Dear Mother,' 'Our Sweet Mother.' Never once did I hear them refer to God's Holy Mother as the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady, The Virgin Mary.

"I was not only edified with their ardent devotion to Mary, but felt convinced that they could not fail in their mission to spread this devotion among the poor with whom they are living and working."

Any one acquainted with the spirit of the Missionary Catechist doubtless voices the same sentiments expressed at this Mission Meeting.

The very first step taken in the Religious Life by the Catechists is an "Act of Consecration to the Most Holy Mother of God." By this act of consecration which is solemnly made before Mary's Altar when they receive their White Veil, they pledge themselves "to belong entirely and perpetually to Jesus through Mary." They thereby renounce, not only all external possessions, but also all the powers and faculties of their body and soul. Not satisfied with this renunciation of all exterior and interior possessions,—their minds, their hearts, their will,—they go even beyond this heroic act of freely giving up in favor of their Blessed Mother all the satisfactory merits and graces they may gain through the performance of good works in Her honor.

Now, it has ever been the intention of the Society of Missionary Catechists to spread this "True Devotion," practiced by the Catechists to all their generous friends and benefactors.

In the near future it will be our happy portion to announce to our loyal friends and subscribers that through the affiliation of our Society with the Prime Center of The Archconfraternity of Mary, Queen of Hearts in Rome, we shall be able to enroll them as members of this great Society of Mary and to have them share in its priceless privileges and merits after their solemn consecration as the "Devoted Slaves of Mary practicing the True Devotion and engaging themselves to promote Her honor among all Catholics of good will."

Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address: "Society of Missionary Catechists" at:

7. Holman, New Mexico.
2. Anton Chico, New Mexico.
3. Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
4. Box 30, Montezuma Route, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.
5. 620 W. Fifteenth Street, Gary, Indiana.
6. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory Mount, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Express and freight shipments for Holman and Anton Chico are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of
The Society of Missionary Catechists
Editor

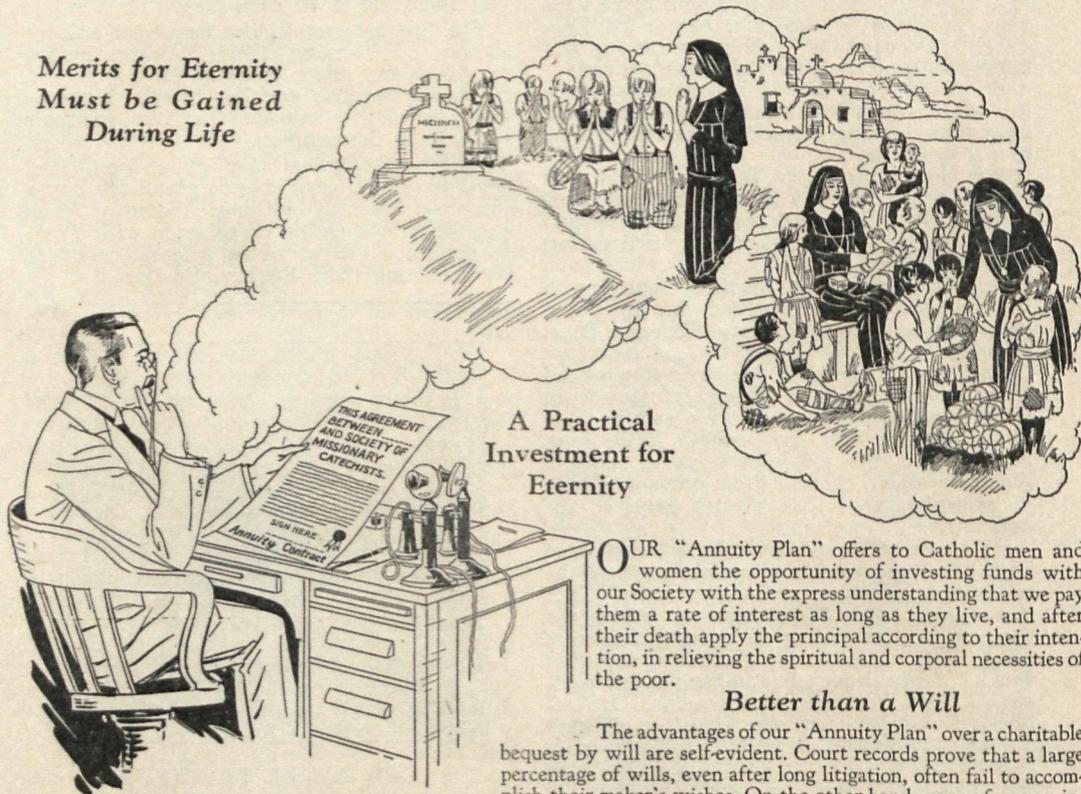
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Three years ago the Methodists of the United States raised the vast sum of \$100,000,000 for their various Missionary activities.

* * *

Seven years ago the Most Reverend A. T. Daeger, O.F.M., Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico, started a campaign to raise \$20,000.00 for the orphans of his Archdiocese. In four years time he was able to raise only \$6,000.00, and was forced to give up the campaign as a hopeless task.

Merits for Eternity Must be Gained During Life



A Practical Investment for Eternity

OUR "Annuity Plan" offers to Catholic men and women the opportunity of investing funds with our Society with the express understanding that we pay them a rate of interest as long as they live, and after their death apply the principal according to their intention, in relieving the spiritual and corporal necessities of the poor.

Better than a Will

The advantages of our "Annuity Plan" over a charitable bequest by will are self-evident. Court records prove that a large percentage of wills, even after long litigation, often fail to accomplish their maker's wishes. On the other hand, sums of money invested in our "Annuity Plan" will bring you regular interest payments during your life and become available for charitable purposes without any legal procedure immediately upon your death.

A Safe and Meritorious Investment

An investment under our "Annuity Plan" is a safe investment for time, a meritorious investment for eternity. During your life it will provide you with a regular, good-paying income; after your death it will be a precious and perpetual memorial of your charity, a never-ending prayer for the repose of your soul, and a pledge of God's mercy for eternity.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS "Victory Noll" HUNTINGTON, IND.

SUPPORT OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY CATECHIST AND MERIT MARY'S SPECIAL BLESSING.

Our Blessed Lady of Victory

THE famous victory which the Christians gained, in 1571, over the Turks, near Lepanto, in the Ionian Sea, will forever be a monument to Mary's title to the appellation of "Help of Christians" and that of "Our Lady of Victory." During more than a century before that time, the Turks caused the greatest anxiety and apprehension among the Christians. They gained victory after victory. God permitted this, to punish and humble the Christians, and by this humiliation to awaken their faith; as also to manifest His glory and power by honoring Mary through the wonders He was to work for Her servants.

The Turkish Sultan, Selim, the son and successor of Soliman, had taken the Isle of Cyprus from the Venetians; and, elated with his success, thought of nothing less than of subjecting all the Christian Kingdoms to his sway. At that time the chair of St. Peter at Rome was filled by St. Pius V, whose zeal for the faith, and confidence in the intercession of Mary, were unlimited.

The Pope was greatly alarmed at the danger to which Christendom was exposed; but, with undoubting confidence in Mary, he united with the Venetians and Spaniards to repel the common enemy.

There was, indeed, no proportion between the Turkish and Christian fleets; and in all human appearance, it must have seemed foolish to contend with such a superior enemy; but the Holy Pope did not for a moment doubt but that Mary would obtain victory for the Christians. He accordingly ordered general fast days, and specially exhorted all Christians to flee to Mary for protection.

All Europe was aroused by the approaching danger, and joined in this devotion; and everywhere processions and other devotional practices in honor of the Mother of God were established. As Pius sent his blessing to John of Austria, the admiral of the Christian fleet, he gave him the strongest assurance that he would gain the battle. He ordered him, at the same time, to dismiss all disorderly soldiers, or such as thirsted for plunder, lest God should withdraw His protection from the cause, in consequence of such sinners.

Like another Moses, Pius raised his hands incessantly to Heaven, and sought through Mary, the Mother of Mercy, the blessing of God on the Christian arms. The battle took place on the 7th of October, 1571, at Lepanto. Both sides engaged with the greatest fury; and, for a few moments, the Christians seemed to be on the point of yielding to the superior power of the infidels. Mary, however, had heard the prayers of Her children, and the God of armies decided the cause in the favor of the Christians.

The Turks were completely beaten; they lost upward of thirty thousand men, and their formidable fleet was forever destroyed. The Holy Pope announced the victory at the very moment in which it was gained. He was then engaged in conference with the Cardinals, when suddenly stopping the discourse, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and said to them: "Enough of business today; at present we have nothing better to do than to thank God for the victory He has given to the Christian arms."

The sequel showed that at the very moment in which Pius spoke these words the battle was gained at Lepanto; and the Holy Pope was fully convinced that this victory



O Victorious Lady, most powerful in pleading,
Lift up thy voice unto thy Son divine;
Favor implore for us whose bitter need
Bows us today in prayer before thy shrine.

was to be ascribed to the intercession of the Mother of God.

To leave a perpetual memorial of this great battle, he inserted in Her litany the words, "Help of Christians, pray for us," and instituted a special festival for the same purpose. Gregory XIII ordered it to be celebrated throughout the Church on the first Sunday of October, which is therefore called "Rosary Sunday."

In like manner, in the year 1683, the Turks were completely defeated by the Emperor Leopold I, before Vienna, which they had besieged with an army of 216,000 men, and a large park of artillery. They had laid the whole country waste; had slain or enslaved thousands of Christians, and threatened the whole Empire with ruin. Meanwhile, the protection of Mary was fervently invoked throughout the province, public processions and supplications were made in Her honor.

(Continued on Page 8)

BRINGING THE CHURCH TO 90,000 CHURCH-LESS CATHOLICS

(Continued from Page One)

MacGinley that the only solution of this problem is the establishment of auto chapel cars which will follow these itinerant laborers from camp to camp, carrying one or two missionary priests with each bus, who will say Mass, give missions and instruct the people wherever they go. MISSIONARY CATECHISTS should travel in their own cars amongst these laborers, catechizing the children and preparing them for the coming of the priest. In this way and in this way only can anything whatsoever be done for these people who know no permanent home and who constitute at present one of the greatest problems of the Church in California.

The ranchers do little or nothing for the welfare of their employees, the public authorities, both school and civil, are trying to evade the situation, the Church must meet it alone.

At this writing it appears as if we must continue to face this staggering problem of the migratory Mexican, who knows no home but the family Ford, no language but his own, no education save the smattering he has acquired from the schools of Calles or his predecessors and no religion save that which he has been able to preserve of the Faith of his fathers. His children, when not in the fields helping to fill the family exchequer with the cotton bolls plucked by their tender fingers, are crowded into wooden shacks and gathered around tables which are roughly called grades, there to struggle with reading and writing and arithmetic under a lone teacher for two or three weeks before moving on to the next camp. The itinerant peddler wends his way through these camps selling the gewgaws which the Mexican loves and upon his heels comes the Baptist or the Methodist missionary in his endowed chapel car to take from this poor child of the earth the only solace left to him amidst his brutal surroundings.

Physically, morally and spiritually the condition of the Mexican in the camps of the Joaquin Valley is deplorable. One agency alone is willing to help and that one agency finds its hands tied by lack of funds and above all by lack of trained workers. We need the MISSIONARY CATECHIST with her cheerful smile, her knowledge of the language of old Mexico, her skill in healing the bodily ills of these poor ignorant people, but above all we need her power of gathering around her these brown-skinned little ones and teaching them the story of the Lord Who came to save them. Catechists are needed elsewhere, for the Mexican is everywhere in the southwest, but in other places other Communities can cover the field in some measure with almost equal success. In the San Joaquin Valley, however, only the Catechist can meet the situation, for she must go forth into the fields and follow her flock from place to place. Their home must be her home. No other Community is trained or fitted to meet this modern problem as well as the Missionary Catechist. May God speed her to the land which Serra sanctified—California and the San Joaquin!

COMMEMORATE MARY'S MONTH BY SAVING MARY'S MISSION CHILDREN

The Associate Catechists of Mary

SOME WHYS ANSWERED

By "V. T. Noller."

Questions and questionnaires are being sent these days to colleges and universities for answers. Inquiring reporters walk the streets asking people their views regarding events and topics. Often the questions are asked:

- (1) Why are people so easily interested in the work of the Missionary Catechists?
- (2) Why do people become so eager to give spiritual and financial help to this Society?
- (3) Why is it so easy to establish a Mission Club for the benefit of the Catechists?

The old romantic history of the Southwest casts a spell over any American. Conquistadores, padres, chivalry, heroism, martyrdom: what subjects command attention more easily? Old Spain has enacted a glorious history in our Southwest. Through her early discoverers and explorers she has brought to our young country riches and culture. She was the first nation to plant the Catholic faith, convert the natives, and build churches in America. All this merit our eternal appreciation and gratitude.

What a contrast time has wrought in this magic and picturesque portion of the United States!

The descendants of these early discoverers and explorers drag out a most miserable existence in their little adobe huts, many of which are floorless, stoveless, having little or no furniture but that improvised of boxes, no water and only bags of straw to serve as beds. What extreme poverty! Not means enough to call the nearest physician, thirty or forty miles away, during a typhoid or diphtheria epidemic!

Few Priests and Sisters have labored amongst these people for the last hundred years. Nevertheless, they have clung and still cling tenaciously to the Faith. By means of canticles and sacred songs they teach the children the fundamentals of Christianity. Firmly they believe in the Blessed Sacrament. An enviable devotion and veneration fills their hearts for Mary, the Mother of God and the Mother of the poor; so much so that the beggar at the door of a miserable adobe hut needs only give the salutation, "Ave Maria Purissima", and this expression of love for Mary is immediately rewarded with the answer, "Esta casa is suya!" (this house is yours.)

That such terrible material and spiritual conditions exist at home, in our rich United States, is hardly believable. Once people are acquainted with these conditions, certainly interest, enthusiasm and sympathy are aroused. Help is not delayed. Charity begins at home. A ready response is given because it is not asking help for the arduous task of converting pagans, but merely to aid in preserving the Faith already existing.

The Society of Missionary Catechists is the only Catholic Organization giving food, clothing, and medical care to these needy people. Not a penny is asked by the Catechists for their services in behalf of these destitute Catholics. Alone the Society stands in aiding these people to hold fast to the Faith. The Catechists impart religious instruction and prepare the children for the reception of the Sacraments. During the long absence of the Missionary Priest, they

baptize, console the dying, and even conduct religious services.

Practically it is the only organization through which the people of the Southwest can be helped. Learning this, it is of little wonder, that people become eager to help, spiritually and financially, this Society, the only outlet for their charity in this direction.

Organization is the cry of the time. In union there is strength. The good several people individually are able to do might be small, but collectively, it amounts to something worth while. Hence to help in the most effectual manner to keep up the mission spirit, clubs are formed.

If anyone doubts the truth of the above answers, simply tell the story of the Southwest, the activities of the Society to a few friends and watch developments. Nothing less will result but interest, then help, finally, a club for the Home Missions under the care of the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.



MARY'S ROSE

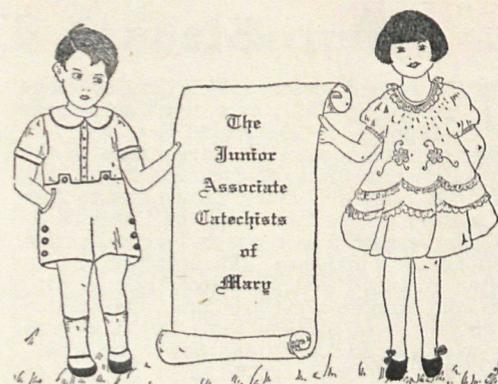
Babies are like roses in the dewy morn
 Gifts which God sends, surely this world
 to adorn
 Brighter far, and sweeter than any flower
 that grows
 Was the Infant Jesus, Mary's Baby Rose.

Curly was His little Head, and sparkling
 were His Eyes
 Lovelier far than any stars that twinkle
 in the skies
 His Lips were like a rose of crimson's clear-
 est red
 While in His either cheek were glowing
 rosebuds spread.

Dimpled were His infant hands, with cun-
 ning fingers curled
 Like roses, too, of tender hue, that are
 not yet unfurled.

Each of His little feet with tiny wriggling
 toes,
 Had the soft ruddy tint of a pale blush-
 ing rose.

Address all A. C. M. or Jr. A. C. M.
 communications to:
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
 Associate Catechists of Mary,
 Victory-Noll Huntington, Ind.



Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

Here we are at last! It took us quite a while to get organized, but yesterday on the beautiful Feast of the Annunciation of the Angel Gabriel to Our Blessed Mother, we became organized, and we are going to work with all our might to make up for lost time.

May God shower down His choicest blessings upon all the Catechists, and upon the good and noble work they are doing for His poor in the Missions!

Very truly yours,
 Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band,
 Agnes Gates, Sec'y.

Dear Juniors:

As Agnes says, the Feast of the Annunciation was a beautiful day on which to organize Our Blessed Lady of Victory's band. Our Blessed Mother will surely take this zealous band, and all the other Junior Associate Catechists of Mary under Her special protection and guidance, and will help them to do a great deal of good.

If you want any suggestions as to what you can do, just write to me, and I can tell you ever so many ways to help. You know, the Mission children don't know anything about the things you have to make you happy. They can't go to the movies, and they never get candy or pretty clothes. Lots of times, they can't even go to Mass nor receive Holy Communion!

The little boy who wrote the letter on this page certainly did his share. Now, you aren't going to let him get ahead of you, are you? Of course not! But summer is coming, and you are beginning to think of the vacation months. But do you suppose the Missionary Priests and Catechists are going to take a vacation, and leave their poor people to get along without them? If someone who had never been baptized was dying, do you think the Catechists would say, "I'll baptize you after vacation?" Of course, you know they wouldn't. But you know, too, that the Catechists need the help of the Junior Associate Catechists of Mary, and so you must be just as busy working for the Missions during the play months as during the school months, or even busier, because you will have more time. And Jesus and Mary are asking you to use this extra time for Them!

Redondo Beach, California

Dear Catechist:

I saved two dollars and a half by not going to the movies or buying candy, and I am sending it to you for the poor children.

Some day, I hope God will let me be a Priest. Please pray for me.

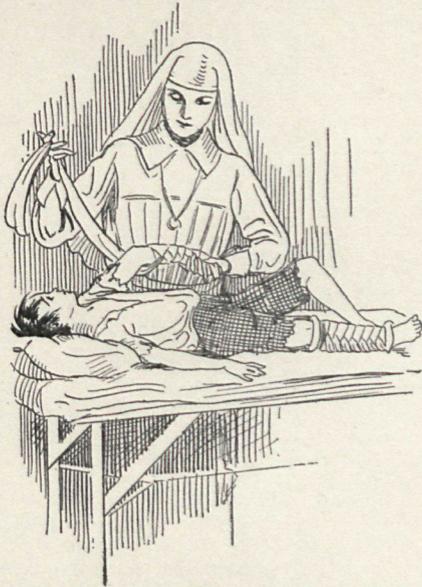
Yours truly,

R. H. W.

SUPPORT OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY CATECHIST AND MERIT MARY'S SPECIAL BLESSING.

WHERE FIRST-AID REALLY COUNTS.

Catechist Blanche Richardson.



THE Catechist-Nurse had refilled the medicine kit, preparatory for the afternoon visit to Plaza de Arriba, and was standing in the sunlit doorway of the Mission "Clinic." Unconsciously, she formed a picture which might have been the model for a Health Crusade Poster. Her white apron and snowy sleevelets certainly were suggestive of an uncompromising attitude towards disease and its sources. She did not have to wait long for a customer. Senora Sandoval, with baby in arms, could be seen coming up the narrow path to the Catechists' Mission Center. The pink and white cosmos heads which bordered the path brushed against her skirts as she walked.

Our model of sanitation playfully pinched the wondering-eyed baby under the chin and relieved the mother of her burden. It was not a new case. An infection had developed on one of the baby's arms which required daily treatment. The mother seated herself on a white-painted chair beside a small white table. The New Mexican sunlight sifted through the freshly laundered sash curtains revealing clean painted walls on which were hung attractive Health Posters in Spanish and English. In one corner was a curtained area with several rows of shelving. On these were uniform rows of glass jars, containing sterilized gauze, bandages, sponges, and cotton. Below were bottles and salve boxes of divers shapes and sizes, as well as all the usual first-aid appurtenances and appliances.

The Catechist-Nurse first washed the arm in a solution of bichloride of mercury, applied a healing salve and then wrapped the thin little arm in a piece of sterilized gauze. The Senora looked on admiringly. A year ago there were no Missionary Catechists in this mountain village. The nearest doctor was forty-five miles away and the sick died unattended, or incurred a bill which forced them to sell their cow, whose milk was so badly needed for the children.

In justice to the county doctor, he cannot be blamed very much. Sometimes he is the only physician in a radius of fifty or sixty miles. Located in a fair-sized railroad town, he is kept busy with local patients. The trips into the mountain districts entail the loss of much time, excessive gas bills, and the necessity of re-tiring his car frequently. Taking all these things into consideration, it is not surprising that he must present

STANDARD-BEARERS OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION

Tribute paid in Congress to Spanish Padres, Crusaders and Pioneers of Western Civilization

A warm eulogy of the Spanish Padres as the bearers of Christian civilization to the West Coast of the United States was presented to the House of Representatives a few days ago, at the same time that the Senate was voting to facilitate the Coast exposition, which will commemorate the Padres' service.

Speaking of the project to commemorate the Padres' service, Representative Evans of California said:

"Those who have visited Southern California and are familiar with its history can readily appreciate and understand how intimately and closely is the history of these early pioneers and crusaders connected with the country itself. All the early romance and tradition of this now converted section is closely woven around and into the work of these men, led by Father Junipero Serra, the founder of the Missions."

"The missions were constructed a day's journey apart on foot. As a part of and around them subsequently grew and sprung up the cities and towns of California. Beginning with Mission San Diego, a short distance north of the Mexican boundary, they extended along the valleys and fertile spots northward to above Monterey.

"The edifices supplied all the requirements of that day and time of home, school and fort for the protection from invasion by hostile natives that inhabited the country generally. It was there that science, education and art were introduced to the Indians. They were taught to cultivate the soil, plant the fields and produce crops, as well as the various mechanical arts, and, in fact, all the things incident to Christian and industrial civilization."—"The Echo," Buffalo, N. Y.

bills for forty and fifty mile trips which would even make the more prosperous stagger.

The Missionary Catechists receive a course in first-aid nursing at the Victory Training Institute, which enables them to be of great assistance to those people living faraway from doctors and hospitals. While complicated cases requiring a physician's diagnosis and treatment are not undertaken, except under supervision, nevertheless, minor injuries and ailments are constantly recurring which keep the First-Aid Catechist busy both in the Mission Center Clinic and in the homes of the poor.

There is scarcely an American home nowadays without a Medicine Chest, which contains the more common remedies. Cold Tablets, Aspirin and gargles are common means used to chase away an incipient cold. The prompt use of a solution of Lysol or peroxide may stave off possible infection in the case of a fresh wound. Our Mexican people have none of these remedies in their homes. They have no home medicine chest to have recourse to in case of sickness or accident. The Missionary Catechists are, therefore, of frequent and valuable assistance in staving off more serious forms of disease by their prompt first-aid assistance. Infection from sheep among the herders is common. Then, there are burns, scalds, cuts and bruises to be cared for. Since our people live in a somewhat primitive fashion, and have clumsy tools with which to work, this could easily augment the number of minor accidents. Perhaps "runaway horses" are now quite unheard of in the East, but accidents resulting from frightened teams are not uncommon in New Mexico.

The extent of the native's knowledge of medicine, and even of the more common home remedies, is extremely limited. It extends scarcely further than the alleged effectiveness of certain local "yerbas" when converted into poultices and teas. Of antiseptics and germicides they know very little. Neglect of precautionary methods often result in the loss of life. There is, then, a great field for "health education" in New Mexico, and the Missionary Catechists who form Centers in remote mountain districts far from doctor and hospital, are especially adapted for this work.

TO YOU:

A Dime a day means a Chocolate Soda, an "Oh Henry", or your favorite cigar.

BUT TO GOD'S POOR:

It means food or medicine.



A May-Day Celebration.

COMMEMORATE MARY'S MONTH BY SAVING MARY'S MISSION CHILDREN

Our Blessed Lady of Victory

(Continued from Page 5)

When the danger seemed most alarming they received help from Heaven. On the 12th of September, the Turks were attacked by the Christian army, which, although vastly inferior in numbers, succeeded in giving a complete overthrow to the enemies of the Faith.

For the perpetual commemoration of this signal victory, Innocent XI established the festival of the Holy Name of Mary, which he ordered to be kept on the Sunday immediately following the 8th of September, the solemnity of Her birth.

It is acknowledged by all that these two victories, especially that of Lepanto, were the means of preserving Europe from the evils of a Mohammedan invasion. Mary, is, then, the true Esther, by whose powerful intercession the evils, which the enemies of God's people designed for them, have been turned on themselves; the festival of Our Lady of Victories was then established in honor of these great events, the celebration is held on May 24th under the title of "Our Lady Help of Christians."

Peru, Ind.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein:

In a recent number of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST you asked for 2500 persons to give \$1.00 a month for a year towards the support of the Catechists. Now, I would like to be one of the 2500 this year and I am enclosing my check of twelve dollars for a certain intention. Please pray for this special intention.

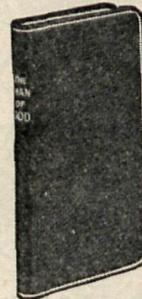
Sincerely,

K. M. K.

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