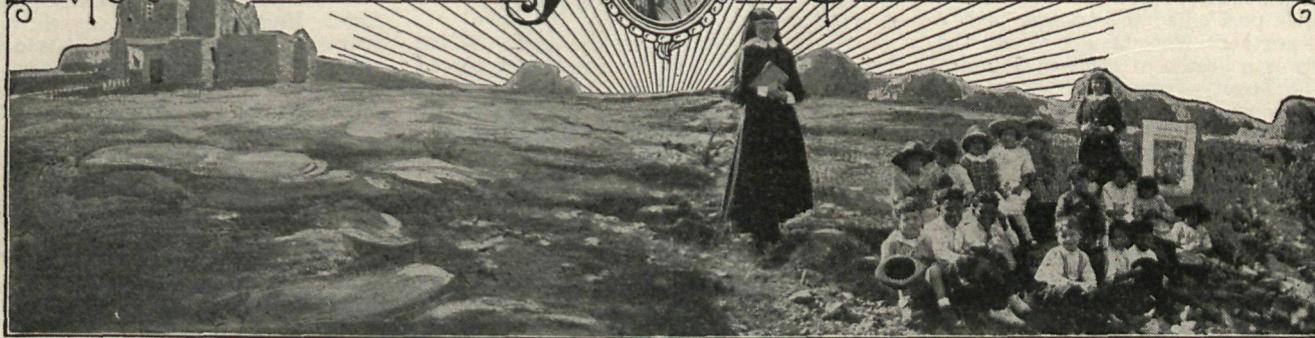


The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, August, 1928

Number 8

Big Trees From Little Acorns Grow

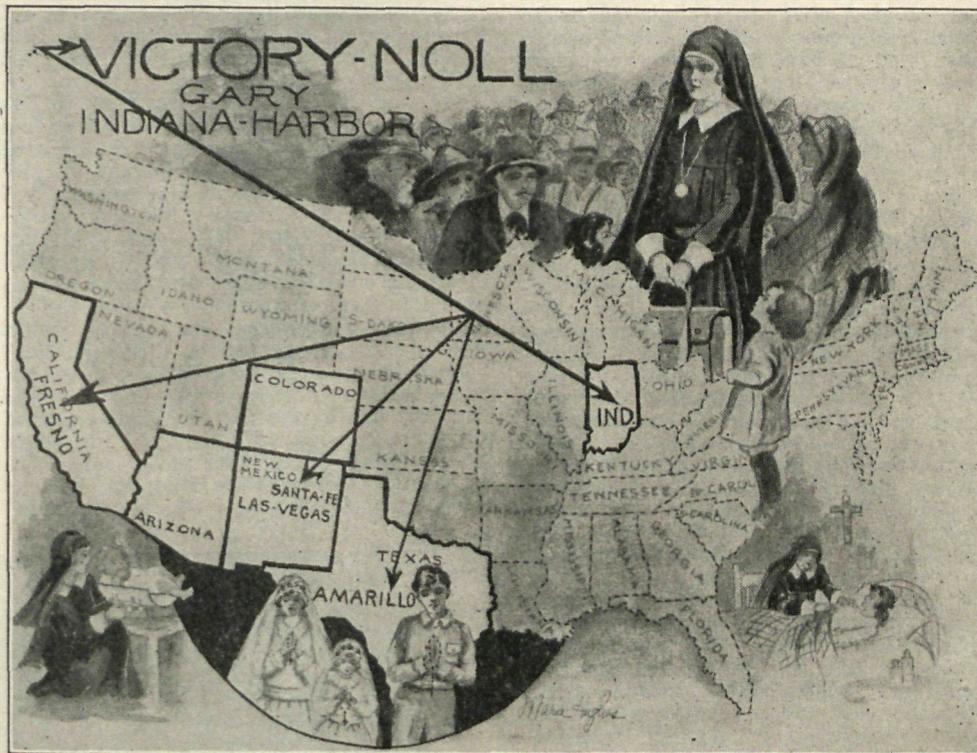
Catechist Blanche Richardson

TO measure progress, one must begin with the past. It was just three years ago in July, when approximately 5,000 people gathered under the shade of the spreading trees which crown the summit of Victory Noll to assist at the dedicatory services of the Victory Training Institute, on the outskirts of Huntington, Indiana. The dedication of this beautiful building, with its picturesque patio, and cloistered arches which had just been erected as a training center, for Missionary Catechists destined to assist the over-worked parish Priests in the Missionary Dioceses of the Southwest, was the first episcopal act of our beloved Bishop and benefactor, Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., who has continued to be, what he was in the pioneer days of our Society, the foremost sponsor of our new Apostolate, maintaining the Victory Training Institute through Our Sunday Visitor.

If the thousands of guests who came from far and near to see Victory Training Institute, and to hear one of America's greatest Missionary Bishops, were to return, they would find many improvements which bid fair to make Victory-Noll, according to His Lordship's wish, one of the most beautiful spots in Indiana. The hill, on which the Institute is situated, has been carefully graded and converted into lovely sodded terraces, while outdoor stations and a grotto in a woody grove abounding in ferns and wild flowers are some of the artistic features which were lacking in July, 1925. Shrubbery, dwarfed evergreens of many varieties, and a sunken garden, not quite completed, are other objects which contribute to the beauty of the "Noll."

But if improvements are visible to passersby, those who enter the building find inner adornments, too. The chapel has a softened and subdued light, now that the beautiful stained windows have been added to its furnishings. An artistic image of the Immaculate Conception, in the community room, a shrine to the Little Flower in the corridor which leads to the refectory, and a small altar of St. Anthony, close by the chapel are recent acquisitions made possible through friends of the Society.

It should not be overlooked, however, that material progress, after all, is not the important thing. It is not material progress, but the supplying of the spiritual and



corporal necessities of the poorest and most abandoned of God's poor that is the very soul of the Society's existence. What of the end for which the Society was organized? How has the scope of work increased? Here, too, results are gratifying. The membership is four times greater than on that memorable day in July, 1925. Practically all of the Catechists in training at that time are now laboring in the great Mission fields of the Southwest, whilst a much larger crowd of Catechists in training have filled the places made vacant by those entering upon actual service.

Moreover, the preparatory course of training for the Missions, which the Missionary Catechists receive here, has been gradually reduced to the most practical and efficient lines.

As in the case of every religious com-

munity, the first and foremost endeavor of the Society of Missionary Catechists has ever been the formation of deeply spiritual members. Every member is made to realize that the greatest good she can effect for the Society is personal holiness, and that she cannot hope to gain souls for Jesus and Mary, unless she has unreservedly surrendered her own to Them. She renounces forever, upon entering Victory Training Institute, her independent life in the world, to follow Her Master in the paths of humble submission and obedience; in a life of obscurity spent in the desert sections of our rugged Southwest.

In addition to the regular classes of Christian Perfection, foreign language, Catechetics, Christian Doctrine and Liturgy, special instructors have been engaged from

(Continued on Page 3)

SUPPORT A CATECHIST IN THE SOUTHWEST MISSION FIELD

One Man's Loss Is Another's Gain

Constance Edgerton

WAR time 1917. The month of May. Belle post office and trading post—in northern New Mexico where the sky is a dream of color and luminous beauty—was the scene of a heated conference. Cowmen from far and near were assembled.

"All we have to do is lease the land from the government, fence it, and run our cattle," said Francis Schoof, whose father had come to New Mexico in 1880, and taken government land. Twelve years later when Francis was twenty-one, he took up the adjoining homestead that had lain unclaimed, unwanted. In addition Schoof and Schoof rented fourteen thousand acres of a cattle run from the government.

"But what about the sheep on that run?" asked John Berry who had a New England conscience. "What will become of them?"

"Let them move on," said Duncan Wallace. "This is America, not Spain. When the U. S. annexed New Mexico, it assumed the obligations of the preceding sovereignties. Thereafter Congress quit-claimed tracts of land that were supposed to be identical in boundary to the earlier Spanish grants. All we have to do is to keep clear of these grants. The land in and around Watrous is ours for the asking."

Day after day council meetings had been held at Belle. The country was at war. That meant more food—beef. More beef called for more pasturage. Around Watrous the land had lain asleep, and there were streams in the tiny valleys, also numerous sheep, and herders. They were Mexicans and they had their cabins in different little valleys of the Raton Range.

Around Watrous the land had not been quit-claimed. Three generations of Romeros had been reared upon it. When in the late '50's Congress was quit-claiming to holders the land granted them by their former governments, Pablo Romero vowed no gringo had the right to tell him he could hold land that was already his. The land was theirs. His son, Juan, and Juan's son, Ramon, believed as he did, and through the years the Romeros lived in old time splendor.

Ramon Romero, owner of the thousands of unfenced acres, raised sheep. His cabins were scattered through the valleys. The men who worked for him had worked for his father. Some had worked for his grandfather. Mostly they were married. The Romero kitchen and laundry gave employment to many women. And so, on a gentle April day in 1917, when War was declared, Ramon sat on his broad veranda and dreamed of increasing his herds.

Ramon had been educated in a Brother's School in Santa Fe. Maria, his wife was graduated from Loretto Academy in Las Cruces. When great herds of cattle were driven into their pastures by cowmen who told them this land was theirs—they having rented it from the government—it had never belonged to the Romeros, that is not since New Mexico was annexed, because grandfather Romero never had his Mexican grant quit-claimed, it took form in Ramon's mind that this was legally illegal.

He went to the U. S. land office and found he was living on government land, as had his father, and his grandfather. He immediately filed claim on three hundred and twenty acres, which gave his the homestead

wherein had been entertained the best blood of New Spain.

He sold off what sheep he could before they would starve. His workers were forced to move, to what? They could not starve. He paid them off and his heart was heavy as they trudged away. One old woman, Patrocina, who had no people, and who had been Ramon's nurse, was kept. Maria and she would do the work. Sorrowfully Ramon thought of his people, like the Israelites, faring forth into an alien country.

Marie, who had been born a Sandoval, and accustomed from infancy to the highest standards of living, changed her silken apparel for the calico of the working woman. The many rooms of her home that had been warmed and lighted, were closed to save expense. Her hands became coarse and workworn. Ever she sang.

"It's really our fault, Ramon," she said to her husband. "We were culpably ignorant. We caused great suffering to those who depended upon us." Such was the belief of this gently reared woman whose forefathers had carried "the true faith of St. Francis" into the wilderness; who had taught her servants, rejoiced and sorrowed with them.

Most of the Romero herders went to Las Vegas. One man, Juan Espinoza, who had been gardner of the Romero estate, secured similar work at Vegas Hot Springs. A few others lived for a time at Hot Springs and eventually became floating laborers. Some families were divided. The poverty of those who were together was unbelievable. Deprived of work—for the Mexican is a born herder and sheep owners were forced to decrease their flocks—they faced what would have been despair to the majority.

From the time Duncan Wallace drove his cattle into the Romero grant, he forgot the Romeros and in fact all the Mexicans that his act had rendered homeless. He sat in his office late September 1922. The heat of the noonday held the land, but he was thoroughly acclimated. His gold banded

fountain pen moved methodically across the page. He made certain cryptic figures. A parrot called in Spanish. A mocking bird trilled saucily from its cage. Came another sound, one to which the western ear is attuned, the thud of horses' hoofs. He looked from his writing to the blue mountains that half-bordered the horizon, and then to the woman in the doorway. She was sun-browned, vibrant, dressed in riding clothes. Her eyes were calm, unafraid. Softly she spoke: "I am Miss Parks, Osa Parks. I need one more neighbor to declare I have lived on my claim three years. Will you? And then, take your cattle off my ranch, please."

"No!! I will not say you lived there!!" he roared.

"I thought you would say no. Tomorrow, at sunset, have your cattle out of my draw," she said without flicking an eyelash, and her voice was so powerfully soft he knew she meant it.

"Wait!" he ordered as she stepped to her horse. "How come you creep in like a thief in the night while I am in France and take the land I thought was mine?"

"Human behavior, or misbehavior cannot be accounted for," said Miss Parks. "While teaching down Hot Springs way, five years ago, my school was swelled to capacity with the Mexicans you rendered homeless. I learned the story. You crept in and took the land from Ramon Romero. I came in the daytime, taught school here, and proved my claim. The land is mine. This is not an isolated case, Mr. Wallace. The state teems with similar ones."

His eyes rested on the blue mountains that half bordered the horizon—on one mountain of peculiar shape. This was Baldy whose sheer purple stone sides were verdureless, but at its base grew cactus and the gray-gren sage. His thoughts ran: "Behind Baldy there might be grass, water, herders' cabins, and lush grass. Quien sabe?"



"His eyes rested on the distant blue mountains."

WHY NOT BE A MISSIONER BY PROXY?

Victory-Noll Notes

AUGUST 15th, the beautiful feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother into Heaven, will be Profession and Investiture day at Victory-Noll. As "The Missionary Catechist" is going to press unusually early, the details of this event will have to be omitted until the next issue.

Victory-Noll's missionary spirit is daily increasing in fervor and intensity. One everywhere feels an undercurrent of subdued excitement. Besides, Spanish is receiving noticeable attention these days.—no longer is it heard just in the class room, but, it is also quite in vogue at meals and recreation.

Dear readers, you are doubtless wondering why. Well, the Catechists receiving their vacations this summer, are spending a few days here at the Noll before returning to their respective Mission Centers. Their tales of Mission life in the great Southwest, with its attendant joys and sorrows, have enkindled in the student Catechists a greater desire to prepare themselves to the best of their ability for their life work here, so that they, too, may soon be out there with their sister-Catechists engaged in active Mission life.

Yet another reason. Rumors of new Mission Centers to be opened in the near future make each one wonder if she will be in the little band chosen to enter these new fields.

Recently we had the pleasure of a short visit from the Very. Rev. Msgr. John J. Crowley of Fresno, California. Our readers will probably recall his recent article, "Bringing the Church to 90,000 Churchless Catholics." It is his firm conviction (as he also stated in his article) that the Missionary Catechist alone can meet the deplorable situation which is to be found in the San Joaquin Valley in the Monterey-Fresno Diocese.

Father Rudolph Bonner, O. F. M., who has just completed his visitation of the Franciscan Missions in the Southwest, honored the Noll with a brief visit. While here he expressed himself much pleased with the work being done by our dear Society in the Southwest.

One morning during the latter part of July the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered in our Chapel by our beloved and ever-welcome Bishop Noll.

Miss Anna Garvey, on her return trip from St. Augustine, Florida, stopped at Victory-Noll for a few days.



*Fleet through the arches of heaven
Passes the happy throng
Of Saints and Angels and Blessed,
Chanting their jub'lant song.*

*Out o'er the confines of heaven
Garbed in their robes of white
They hasten, anxiously longing
"Waiting the earthly sight."*

*When through ethereal vistas
Suddenly breaks the scene—
In triumph, Angels ascending
Bearing their lovely Queen.*

*Into the country of glory
Singing their gladsome lay
"Assumpta es, O Maria,
Heaven is thine today."*

—Roy Grotenrath, C. PP. S.

BIG TREES FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW

(Continued from Page 1)

time to time to give courses in Pedagogy, Child Psychology, Pharmacy, Pediatrics, First Aid Nursing and Social Service. Among these instructors were Sister Loretta, S.S.N.D., Miss Estelle Bonner of Salina, Kansas, Drs. Johnson, Bauer and Dipple of Huntington (the latter now deceased). Mr. Eugene Huguenard, Registered Pharmacist of Ft. Wayne, Miss Elizabeth Springer, Superintendent of the Huntington County Hospital, assisted by Miss Ina Regan, the Community Nurse of the city of Huntington, Dr. Esther Quigley, of St. Bernard's Hospital, in Chicago, Miss Stella O'Brien of the Sunday Visitor, Miss Marie Sheehan of Loyola University, and Miss E. B. Sweeney of the National Council of Catholic Women. Mrs. Harke, of Chicago, and Miss Hilda App, of Ft. Wayne, were engaged successively, as choral conductors.

Such publicity has resulted through the increased circulation of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, and the production of two movies,—“In the Footsteps of the Padres,” and “In the Service of the Queen,” that the Society, and its aim of reaching the most scattered and neglected portions of America's vast vineyard of souls, is now known in practically every diocese in the Middle West. With the knowledge, has come widespread interest and the desire for the success of our new Apostolate. No one looks on its growth with greater hopefulness, perhaps, than the Western Bishops and Clergy, who realize the necessity and utility of such an organization, and the great amount of good Missionary Catechists might accomplish in their respective Dioceses.

One of the outstanding features of the growth of the Society is the opening of new Centers of Missionary activity. At the time of the dedication of Victory-Noll, there were but two Centers,—that of Ocate, and Chaperito. Later in the same year a band of Missionary Catechists reopened in Gary the Junior Mission Training House which serves the dual purpose of providing the Junior-Catechists with their final training, and of succoring the thousands of poor, scattered Mexican families to be found in this great steel city. Less than a year ago, the neighboring industrial district of Indiana Harbor, an immense field indeed, was also taken over by the Missionary Catechists. Although handicapped in not having a residence in this last-mentioned city, our workers from Gary make regular weekly trips there to look after the 6000 needy Mexicans living for the most part in great destitution.

In New Mexico, new Mission Centers were opened at Chaperito, Carmen, Holman, Anton Chico, and Cerillos. The Catechists from each of these Centers attend from two to five outlying Missions, which lie a distance of from five to twenty-eight miles from their central house.

Plans are now under way for the extension of our Society into other states and Dioceses in the West, where the Spanish-speaking population, as in New Mexico, is exceedingly great, and the spiritual and corporal needs of these people even greater.

May we ask our readers to pray that God will continue to bless our efforts, and prosper our labors in spreading and preserving the Catholic Faith among the Hispanic-Americans?

First
Communion
at
Indiana
Harbor



SUPPORT A CATECHIST IN THE SOUTHWEST MISSION FIELD

"HOW RICH ARE YOU?"



HE question startled Mr. Meldon. Unnoticed the magazine which he had been reading slipped to the floor.

How rich was he? He glanced about his office. True, the furnishings were sumptuous; his business was prospering; his bank account growing—and yet? There was his wife—impossible to please her. And Marion?—ever seeking excitement. Jim?—a thoughtless, heedless, impetuous lad of seventeen. These—his assets.

Yet he did not consider himself wealthy: there was something lacking, something missing.

Musing, he sat, head in hand, looking back over the years that had passed since the star of Prosperity had begun to shine.

In the beginning of their wedded life they had been happy,—Evelyn and he. A chuckle escaped him as he thought of Marion's childish whims and charming ways. Then Jim: what a mischievous youngster he had been! How like an angel he had looked with his baby blue eyes and golden curls!

Ah! What was that? Angel? His thoughts took on a new trend. In those days there had been daily attendance at Mass, unflinching interest in parish activities—and happiness. Perhaps, well, now how long was it since he and Evelyn had knelt together to receive their generous God in their hearts at the Communion Rail of All Saints Church? How long was it since he had interested himself in church activities?

By this time he was pacing the floor.

"How rich was he?" Why, poorer than—than even Bob Hurley, the least of his employee. Only a few days ago he had smiled politely when Bob had told him of his daughter's heroic life as a Missionary Catechist, and had handed him a copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Where had he put that magazine?

What was this? A plea for funds for a mission automobile? Two horses and a rickety buggy? Ridiculous!

How rich was he? Well, he'd soon be a little richer. His heart smiled as he wrote the check and sent it on its way.

How rich was he? Well, a little richer now, for that car would serve to bring Religious instruction and Christian training to children bereft of every good influence.

In the hearts of the strongest men there sometimes sings a song unequalled by human pen: the song of charity. It is this and this alone which opens to them the road to happiness.

That night Mr. Meldon surprised Mrs. Meldon with the invitation to take a moonlight jaunt. Before they returned there was a never-to-be-forgotten visit to the Church where they had knelt in other years.

How rich was he? Well, he couldn't measure it now!

Author's note: This is only a story—but, wouldn't it be glorious if it came true?

La Porte, Ind., July 2, 1928.

Rev. dear Father:—

Please find enclosed \$1.00 per check as my monthly contribution towards the Babe of Bethlehem Burse.

I also want to thank you for the check for \$8.97 for interest on my Annuity.

Sincerely yours in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

M. R. P.

The Missionary Catechist

Huntington, Indiana

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

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Huntington, Indiana.

Brevities

The Archdiocese of Santa Fe is the fourth largest in the Union, having an area of 104,168 square miles. For this immense territory there are 50 Secular Priests and 57 Priests belonging to Religious Orders; 54 Parishes with Resident Priests; 311 Mission Churches without Pastors. Some Priests have as many as 25 Missions to attend covering an area of from 3,000 to 5,000 square miles. For this entire Catholic population there are not even three dozen parochial schools.

In the Southwest Protestants are conducting 38 Mission Trade Schools, Colleges, Academies, Boarding Schools, etc., for the exclusive education of the Mexican youth. In New Mexico alone they maintain fourteen day schools and six boarding colleges.

The Faith of 2,000,000 Catholics in the Southwest is in danger of being lost on account of the lack of schools and due to the intense activity of these Protestant Missionaries. Countless thousands are now being lost and will be lost to the Church. The Society of Missionary Catechists is most anxious and can supply the remedy and can preserve the Faith of these people if generous benefactors will but contribute every month a small amount toward the support of the Catechists laboring in this neglected Mission territory. The Missionary Catechists have no source of income excepting from the charity of faithful friends. Will you become co-partners in this great task of saving souls? Your contribution of only a \$1.00 a month will entitle you to membership in our "2500" Club and will make you a sharer in this most meritorious work.

"The mind of the Church is that, although the general mission aid organizations (such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith), are to be promoted in the first place, yet the efforts of particular Missionary societies must not on that account be discouraged." It is the duty of every Catholic, who can do so, to assist them to the best of his ability."

August 15th will be Profession day at the Victory Training Institute of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Will one of these new spouses of Christ be your missionary? Each newly-Professed Catechist means a new Burse. Every donation, no matter how small, will help build up this Burse.

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

1. 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.

PRACTICAY WAYS OF HELP-
ING THE NEEDY
MISSIONS

1—Establish a Burse. A completed Burse amounts to Six Thousand Dollars and donations, no matter how small, will be gratefully accepted and applied towards whichever Burse the donor may designate.

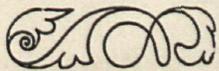
2—Support a Catechist. It costs only \$25.00 a month to support a Missionary Catechist. Your contribution will feed, clothe and house a Catechist, so that she may carry on her Christ-like work among the poor and neglected children in the destitute Missions of the Southwest.

3—Join the "2500" Club. 2,500 charitably disposed Catholics pledging themselves to give but \$1.00 a month for a year can amply provide for the maintenance of 100 Catechists for that period.

4—Join the Associate Catechists of Mary. This organization is the lay auxiliary of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Each band supports a Missionary Catechist financially or furnishes food, clothing, medicine or other articles required in her labors.

5—Subscribe to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Subscription rates are 50 cents per year,—\$10.00 for life.

6—Invest in our ANNUITY PLAN. Investment in our Annuity assures you of a stipulated income for the balance of your life and of a perpetual memorial of your charity after your death.



The Old Texan Capital



WRITING of our Hispanic Southwest, Ernest Peixotto says: "We are accustomed to think of our Southwest as an arid land, a solitare of vast horizons, and rainless skies—as a new land, too—so that it is with some surprise that the traveller, stopping off at San Antonio upon his long transcontinental voyage, finds this old Texan capital set in a semi-tropical valley presenting that charming mixture of old and new that we are accustomed to associate only with some quaint city in a foreign land.

Many of a certain class of its citizens call the city San Anton, with a very broad "o" and a special sort of affectionate accent, and when questioned about it any of them will reply: "Yes, we call it so because we kind o' jest love it." And who can wonder! To many of them its balmy winters and pure air have spelled restored health and a new lease of life; to others its opportunities have brought ease and sometimes wealth, and to all alike it extends the welcome of its pretty streets aglow with flowers and blossoming shrubs.

You plunge in an instant from the bustling business quarters into quiet, shady byways where boarding-houses and family hotels invite the winter sojourner. Tucked away among modern residences stand unmistakable little Spanish villas smothered in vines and fig trees, semi-abandoned, and old adobes, pink, grey or blue, with overhanging porches, silently awaiting destruction.

The city, indeed, is improving so hastily that it is a pity that more of these landmarks of the old days have not been spared. Realizing this, both of the main railway stations have adopted a well-considered Spanish type.

In walking about the city one constantly comes upon the San Antonio River that traverses the city in a number of loops and bends, so twisting, indeed, that thirty-seven bridges span its meandering waters. Some of the older ones are strictly utilitarian in character, but those of more recent date are made of concrete, well designed, and ornamented with drinking fountains, potted plants, and appropriate architectural features.

The river banks themselves are confined by stone copings and laid out with lawns and handsome trees — peppers, palms, and oaks—thus forming a charming feature of a city neither too large nor too small, a delightful combination of town and country. Overhanging the stream in several places restaurants are installed as well as "candy kitchens" that invite you to linger, while an enterprising boatman has even established a "boat club," and takes those who will on excursions in motor-boats up and down the current.

San Antonio from the date of its foundation by Alarcon has been a combination of villa, mission, and presidio. The civil life centered in Main Plaza, or the Plaza de las Islas, as it was then called, in honor of the families from the Canary Islands, sent over by the King's orders to help populate the infant colony. The presidio was situated in the Plaza de las Armas, now Military Plaza, the soldiers' barracks facing on the north side, and the governor also residing in this square in an old palace that stood until very recently, indeed, with the arms of Spain and Austria quartered on the keystone of its main entrance.

The west side of the Plaza de las Armas was given over to the clergy, who here built a pueblo church. This church has now grown into the cathedral of San Fernando that still marks the geographic center of the city and is a queer composite of varying styles.

To the west of the church lies a veritable township of tumble-down shanties so extensive and so completely peopled by Mexicans that it is easy to realize that Spanish is the language of more than half of San Antonio's population.

The Cathedral marks the transition from the somnolent Mexican quarter to the bustling American business section that stretches its broad, glittering thoroughfares to the eastward. Here are assembled the attractive stores as well as the little shops to entice the curio-hunter.

The business quarter extends up as far as Alamo Plaza, a square of modern aspect,

upon which fronts the oldest of the city's missions—San Antonio de Valero, founded when the presidio was established here at about the close of the seventeenth century. After a hundred years or more of quite uneventful history, this old chapel, now known as the Alamo, became the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes of American history.

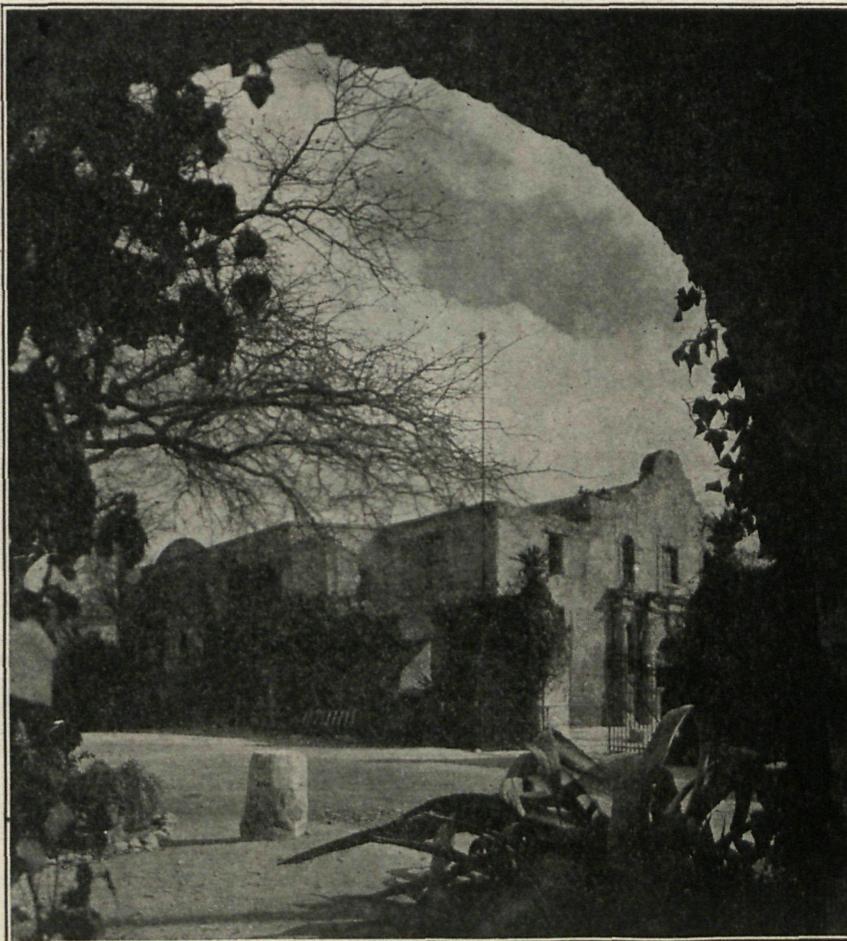
Since 1822, when Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the few American colonists in Texas had endured much at the hands of the new government. A climax was reached when Santa Anna seized Mexico City, overthrew the constitutionalists, and made himself dictator. He was the particular enemy of the Americans, and ordered the arrest of some of the most prominent of them. This brought clashes between them and the Mexican soldiers. Friends came from Missouri and Louisiana to help, until finally they organized a little army and marched upon San Antonio. After a stubborn house-to-house fight they took the town on the 7th of December, 1835.

Here they were joined by Davy Crockett and others, and here they awaited the coming of the enraged dictator, fortifying themselves as best they might in the old mission church and its outbuildings.

When Santa Anna arrived, at the head of his five thousand men, he summoned the two hundred Americans shut up in the Alamo to surrender. Their only reply was a shot fired from the cannon that William Travis commanded. The Mexicans immediately laid siege to the old church and for ten days pressed it with vigor. Its defenders, hopelessly outnumbered, and with no chance of reinforcement, prepared to fight to the death. On March 6, to the sound of the "deguillo" (no quarter), the Mexicans advanced for the final assault.

Their ammunition exhausted, but fighting with their clubbed muskets or anything else that they could find, the heroic band of Americans fought on until, little by little, they were killed to a man, Travis, athwart his cannon, Crockett upon a heap of Mexican soldiers in front of the main church door, Bowie, sick upon his cot, defending himself with his famous knife. So, "Remember the Alamo" became the watchword of Texan freedom.

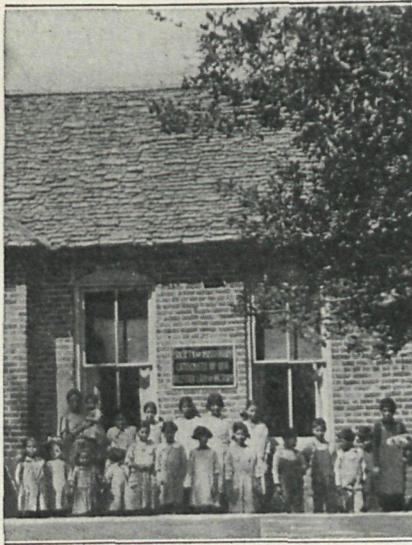
The Alamo itself, with its associations, is quite enough of a legacy for an American city, but when you add to it four other mission churches, San Antonio's heritage from Spanish days is indeed a rich one. This group of churches, quite unique in our country, constitute a precious memorial of the days of early struggle that preceded the American occupation of the country."



THE ALAMO—Courtesy of Santa Fe Railway

SUPPORT A CATECHIST IN THE SOUTHWEST MISSION FIELD

Letters To Mary



"All for Jesus through Mary."

Victory-Mount.

My dear Mary:

It was one of those sizzling hot summer days which melt nicely starched collars and add a few degrees of lustre to one's nose. The day coach, which carried us to Watrous, contained many weary mothers, holding in their arms wee babies which cried lustily.

The swiftly-moving panorama, viewed from the train window, revealed miles of green rolling prairies, in the foreground, with occasional glimpses of grazing cattle, or an aged shepherd surrounded by a flock of dirty gray sheep. Crowded against the far distant sky were misty blue mountains crowned with eternal snows. A gaudy poster, announcing the Annual Cowboys' Reunion, pinned to a telegraph pole, flashed on the scene and then off again in rapid succession.

The train whistled, gave a lurch and stopped. We waited on the platform until it drew away. The long line of coaches had obstructed the vision of New Mexico's fairest flowers. Who were they but our dear little New Mexico children. They had come to meet us at the station. A crowd of them now rushed upon us, seizing our many parcels and grasping our hands. Little Ana, felt very important, as she carried my big purse. I would not have deprived her of the pleasure had I known she would have lost it,—a calamity indeed, for the price of our return tickets was in it. The children chattered merrily about this and that, sometimes in English, usually in Spanish. The train was an hour late, and they feared we would not come, but they had waited. Tiny fists extended bouquets of wild flowers. Alas the warm New Mexican sun had not only wilted them, but had dried them until they rather resembled wisps of hay.

Three vigorous pulls at the school-bell brought the remainder of the children from the nearby homes to our classes. A large colorful chart, which we had hung on the front wall, drew a crowd of little folks before our opening prayers. Many were the comments made upon it. These charts, imported from France, are always very helpful in explaining the Commandments, Sacraments, etc.

After an animated class, the last fifteen minutes of which were spent in cutting out holy pictures (from religious magazines) and mounting them on silhouette paper, the day's program was concluded with prayers and a song. One of our children's favorites is "Salve, Salve Cantaban Maria." We usually assign two of the larger girls to sing the verses, while all the children, including ourselves, join in the chorus. It is not the least uncommon for those leading to sing ten or twelve verses. Yours Sincerely has lived in New Mexico long enough to prefer this kind of singing to that which she used to hear back East. One of my favorites is "Corazon Santo." Its euphony is quite captivating.

The children were finally dismissed. We ate a hurried lunch and directed ourselves once more to the railroad station to board the West-bound train for Las Vegas.

The ticket agent, with rolled-up sleeves and perspiring countenance, furnished us with our tickets. A rollicking jazzy tune from a phonograph on the other side of the window, a few minutes later, proved there are many ways of forgetting the heat. As for ourselves, our hearts were making melody within. What greater happiness can earth afford than the affection of God's little ones?

Ever your devoted friend in O. B. L. V.
Catechist Blanche Richardson.



New Mexico's Fairest Flowers

JUNIOR ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

(Continued from Page 6)

There is a big lump in your throat as you see this, and as you hear the hearty, oft-repeated "Muchisimas gracias!" (A great many thanks). All at once you give a gasp and a surprised little jump of gladness as you recognize a Rosary that you sent being fervently pressed to its new owner's lips, or a pretty dress or a nice suit that you outgrew bringing delighted smiles to a sober little face, and a happy light into sad brown eyes. Oh, how happy you are then that you have helped after all! Dear Juniors, that is just what Jesus and Mary are asking you to do: to help their poor Mission children by being unselfish with your time, spending money, and the good things that they have given you. And you are not going to refuse Them anything They ask, are you? Then how They will love you!

Missionarily yours,
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.

Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"SHIBBOLETHS," by Sister M. Paula, Ph. D., Benziger Bros., Chicago. Price \$1.75. A book of tried educational recipes. These suggestions of Sister M. Paula will meet a hearty welcome from the teaching profession for they are the fruit of experience. The supernatural does not obtrude, however, it takes its rightful place in the solution of educational problems considered in the present volume, such as: Teaching of Modern Languages; Ethics; Reading; The Art of Questioning; The Art of Interesting; The Three "A's":—Absorption, Appreciation and Assimilation; Teaching to Think versus Memorizing. The chapter of "Sweet Peas," each flower telling of a virtue of the ideal teacher, shows a fine imagination and is beautifully done.

Passenger, stranded at small station, to rail official: "It's like the Deluge."

"The what, sir?"

"The Deluge. Haven't you heard about the Deluge—Noah and the Ark, and so on?"

"No, sir, we have had no papers here for four days."

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed find check for two dollars, which I saved in my mite box during Lent. I am rather late in sending it in, because I lacked a few cents, and I wanted to complete the two dollars. It gave me much pleasure to save my nickels and dimes, for I realize that every little bit helps. I am saving my mite box in order that I may help you again.

Wishing you success in your noble work,
I remain

MISS G. R.

CHEER-O-GRAMS

Alhambra, Calif. July 2, 1928
 Rev. J. J. Sigstein
 Society of Missionary Catechists
 Rev. dear Father:—

Referring to my inquiry of April 26 in regard to "Annuity Plan" I notice that in your reply of May 8 you state that you are willing to send specimen copy of contract for inspection.

I must have overlooked that paragraph, otherwise I likely would have written for a copy. I also took note of the fact that money will be returned in case of unexpected needs; I trust that I will not be compelled to avail myself of this privilege. Although I am over seventy years of age, I manage to earn a few dollars to keep the old man still alive, and when the Lord shall be pleased to call the old man from this vale of tears, I hope I shall have sufficient funds for funeral expenses and minor details. Only prolonged sickness might deplete me entirely, but, trust in Divine Providence enables me to have the pleasure and privilege of sending you the enclosed check for two hundred dollars for your noble and self-sacrificing work for our poor Missions, on your Annuity Plan.

You say that in the near future the Missions of Southern California will be taken care of. We certainly need all the help available, especially since the persistent persecution in Mexico has compelled thousands upon thousands to take refuge in the United States.

Praying that the Lord may inspire many generous souls to help in the support of the Catechists and their Christ-like work among the poor, I commend myself and my dear departed wife to your devout prayers and to a remembrance in the prayers of our dear, self-sacrificing Catechists.

F. L. S.

N. Troy, N. Y.

Dear Rev. Father:

My subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST expires either this month or next, therefore, I am enclosing ten dollars for a Life Subscription, also an extra dollar for two members.

I enjoy THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST so much as it is such a wonderful little magazine. In reading about the great work you have undertaken, it makes me wish I could help along, so that is the reason I am sending in the extra subscriptions. Perhaps, these women will become as interested as I am and will be able to help most generously.

Asking God to shower you with His choicest blessings, I am,

Sincerely in Christ,

MRS. H. K.

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Reverend Father:

Having been a recipient of two favors through Novenas in honor of "The Holy Wounds" (Chaplet of Mercy), I am enclosing a thanksgiving offering to be applied to the Burse in honor of the "Holy Wounds."

Please pray for my intention,

Sincerely,

A. M. L.

Society of Missionary Catechists:

Please find enclosed \$1.50. One dollar is my monthly contribution toward the Babe of Bethlehem Burse and the fifty cents is my renewal to "The Missionary Catechist."

Wishing you all God's choicest blessings, I am,

Sincerely yours,

M. A. P.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

Please enter my name on your subscription list for The Missionary Catechist. I am enclosing 50c for one year's subscription. ONLY \$10.00 for a Life Subscription.

Name _____ Address _____

WHY NOT BE A MISSIONER BY PROXY?