

The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, April, 1929

Number 5

Unknown America

Rev. Francis Scheper.

ALTHOUGH the Catholic Church has witnessed the storms and sunshines of twenty centuries, yet she is ever young and constantly meets new problems with new methods. However, our present-day problems, which strike as being so weighty, are nothing new to the Church, for, during the course of the centuries, she met and solved these very same difficulties. In her mission work, too, the Church has ever been resourceful; thus the valiant sons of St. Benedict and members of other Orders went out to convert the wild tribes in Europe, and not only converted them, but taught them to drain the swamps and till the soil; later on missionaries set out in great numbers to bring Christ's message to the Americas, and today we find all kinds of Orders and Societies within the Church, laboring hard to extend the territories of Christ the King.

Of the many modern Societies within the Church that have been founded to preserve and help spread the word of God, one of the most interesting and novel of all is the Society of Missionary Catechists, founded at Huntington, Indiana. The members of this Society are called to live and work among the poor Mexican people out in the Southwest. In little groups they live in these small outposts, instructing

the children, visiting the homes, nursing the sick, doing social work, and thus, by combining work and prayer, they are the loyal helpers of the Missionary Pastors in the Southwest.

The visitor, upon nearing the little city of Huntington, cannot fail to be impressed by the beautiful Spanish style structure of Victory-Noll, situated on a high bluff overlooking the Wabash River, that storied stream, so redolent of moonlight and candles gleaming amid the sycamores. Then as the pilgrim climbs the winding road that leads to this sylvan retreat, he beholds the Stations of the Cross and other statues that

form an attractive addition to the well-kept spacious grounds. The pilgrim is hospitably received, and is immediately impressed by the true spirituality, efficiency, cheerfulness and enthusiasm that reigns supreme within these hallowed walls.

Here in Victory-Noll the young ladies receive their training: they study Religion, Spanish, Nursing, Social Work, Music; in fact, they get a thorough training in all those branches that will help them in their later labors.

Surely, all those who live in districts where Catholics are widely scattered, where the faithful attend little mission churches, and only see the Priest once or twice a month, surely, those faithful and their Missionary Pastors will realize the importance of such a Society of Catechists. A missionary who labored in foreign fields for a number of years, confessed to the writer that the lion share of the success that he and his brother Priests had reaped was due to the loyal work of their native catechists. "They did the tiresome, laborious work, while we did the superintending, the reaping of their arduous efforts," he said.

The Catechists are destined to work in our Southwestern states where the large influx of Mexicans in recent years has offered an acute problem. Turn to Page 8



STARVATION PEAK
NEAR LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

Courtesy of "The Earth," Santa Fe R. Ry.

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S INTENTION: ASSIST THE MISSIONS

Teresa Chavez, "Wild" Girl

Constance Edgerton

WHEN Katherine Vincenzina Jones went west in the fall of 1900, it was because a doctor told her to do so. She had \$570.00, an adventurous spirit, and a registered smile. The town she decided to stop off in was a nice, dry, sunshiny place with desert air, and wide streets; cottonwoods and tourists, and many curio shops.

She went to the land office and shortly thereafter found herself with one hundred and sixty acres that would be hers if she lived on it a few years. She paid thirty dollars for a team, thirty more for a wagon; bought four cows and a few chickens. By the time her one room shack was livable she was fundless. Back east she had been a seamstress. Soon she began to sew. She averaged two dollars a week and in the desert where there is not much call for the clink of the coin this carried her through. She tended her home, planted a few flowers and vegetables.

In 1910 her house had three rooms; her herd of cattle was immense; her flock of hens yielded two bushels of eggs per day. She had given up sewing after the first few years and devoted all her time to the ranch, the rented pastures, and the shipments.

Vinnie Jones did not know who she was,—that is, she was reared in a Boston orphanage. She knew her parents' names. She had her mother's Rosary, with her mother's name engraved on the crucifix; two letters from her mother's sister; a few photographs. Ever she visualized her parents. "A fine woman," the ranchers said, and Father X prevailed upon her to take two little orphan Mexican girls, Teresa and Petra Chavez. There was no school for miles, so she sent them to Loretto Academy. Summer vacations they were in the saddle or helping crate the eggs.

Vinnie's success was spectacular. Who was she, Vinnie Jones, she asked herself on a soft June night in 1922, as she sat en masse at the graduation of her two girls, Teresa and Petra. Rich, happy, longing for what? She had her girls, yet her life was empty. For what? It was an undefinable something.

Now Teresa came out to the edge of the stage. Teresa was wild. She would sit at loose ease in her saddle and gallop after a lean coyote, or sing while her cow pony climbed like a cat up a steep incline. She could ride any horse in her foster mother's string. A little hoyden she had been (and still was) and grown up into a beauty. She could not, and would not dance. She gloried in branding, shearing, and trailing the herds.

Long had Teresa planned to teach in an all-Mexican village. Petra, who was a butterfly and loved society, had been asked to spend the summer with Isobel Armijo, who lived near Chamita, the second oldest town in the United States. Senor Armijo was a



Courtesy of "The Earth," Santa Fe R. Ry.
As It Was When Spain Ruled In Old Santa Fe

direct descendant of Onate, who founded the town and brought with him four hundred colonists, immense herds of sheep, horses, and cattle. Senor Armijo held many hundreds of acres, and although the sheep herding industry had declined, he still had vast herds. The house sat close to the trail. It was the typical squat adobe with walls three feet thick. The living room was fifty feet long. Along the walls doors opened into the sleeping apartments. Behind the living room was the kitchen flanked by the cook's quarters. Petra would be happy there. She loved gaiety. Chamita was close enough to Santa Fe for the ladies of the Armijo household to attend the balls at the capital, properly chaperoned. Then there would be the house parties at the ranch when Martina, the cook, would have a dozen velvet-eyed girls helping her; the dances, rides and barbecues. Petra would have a delightful summer, and then?

"Mother Vinnie, this is Senor Armijo, Isobel's grandfather," said Petra, and Vinnie stared at the courtly old man whose hand was extended to her.

"Vinnie?" he asked. "I had a daughter named Vinnie. You are much like her. What was your mother's name?"

"Vinnie Armijo." She pronounced it as it was spelled.

"Ar-mee-ho," he smiled. "Katherine Vincenzina Armijo. I opposed her marriage to Bill Jones, a mining engineer."

Her mother's Rosary, the photographs and letters established her identity. Senor Armijo was insistent she come to live with them. She had other plans. If Petra were provided for—Senor Armijo would take her.

Vinnie leased her land, sold some of her cattle, and with her "wild" foster daughter,

Teresa, went to live in the all-Mexican village of San Antoino, on the bank of the Rio Gallina. Thirty houses, each with their little garden plot of land, the tiny 'dobe church. Here Teresa opened her school in an empty one room dobe. She and Vinnie lived in a two-room house at the end of the village. While Teresa was in school Vinnie was amongst the families, nursing, helping, consoling.

Soon they moved into a more pretentious house,—four rooms, owing to their enlarging family. Senora Montoya, who was old and blind, came to them, as did little Maria Lucero, the village orphan.

"Who knows, Teresa mia," said Vinnie, "but some day we may have an orphanage here for our own kind? And the village children will come in to the day school. Only one rule will I lay down emphatically: All the little orphans will not dress alike!"

"Who can know, madre mia? If grandpa Armijo sells the rest of your cattle we can have a school and home as you dream," answered the girl.

Diocese of Amarillo,
Amarillo, Texas.

My dear Catechists:

I thank you very much for your interesting letter of the 22nd and the comprehensive report of your work at Lubbock. I am delighted to know that you are really doing very splendid work.

I just received a report from the Knights of Columbus Mexican Welfare Committee in Colorado, lamenting the intensive proselytizing among the poor Mexicans. I will send you this report for your information, and for the purpose that you may better understand the merit of the work you are doing at Lubbock. Some of our Mexicans of Amarillo go to work in the beet fields in Colorado. I have instructed our people here to gather definite information including names, numbers of families, and destination in their beet fields, so that we can then inform the welfare committee of these people, and also tell them what kind of Catholics they were when with us here at home. I would also advise you to gather this information, in the event that any of your people are bound for the beet fields. In that way we will be able to keep a definite check on these people when they are away from home.

In praying God to bless you, one and all, with continued success in your work, and with all kind wishes, I remain,

Yours very sincerely in Xto.,

✠ R. A. GERKEN,

Bishop of Amarillo.

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S INTENTION: ASSIST THE MISSIONS

Letters To Mother

"All for Jesus Thru Mary"
Victory Mount.

My dear Mother:
Sweet Springtime is here again. It is twilight. At least that is what you would call it. Out here in the West it is more commonly styled "The after-glow". A moment ago a cloud of fire hung low on the Western horizon. My vagrant fancies caught it as a happy omen. As the luminous cloud conducted the Israelites to the land of Promise, will not the Missionary Catechists conduct the souls of our poor children through pending evils, safely through the valley of exile to their bright home in Heaven above?



Our Lady of Good Counsel Pray for Us

The Lenten season which has just ended has not had one dull moment for a Catechist in our Mission Center. Each day brings new tasks, preparation of class matter and interesting trips to our missions. You will be pleased to hear of one of our recent visits to a distant mission in a mountain district where roads are inaccessible most of the year. Immediately after our Community Mass we hastened from the Chapel to the refectory where we greeted a glorious sunrise from its east windows. Little time was spent in reverie however, for we hurriedly disposed of our prunes and cereal, packed copies of the Requiem in the ever ready Boston bag and arrived at the door just in time to greet the Missionary Padre whom we were to accompany.

Arriving at Ojos Calientes, which marks the beginning of the National Forest Reservation, we left the main highway and began the steep ascent on a road that weaves its way to dizzy heights around the mountain side. There were many rustic bridges over deep gulches in which flow the swift mountain streams during the spring season. As we passed a sharp curve the Padre obligingly stopped for a few moments so that we might fully enjoy the vast and gorgeous panorama unfolded before us. On the opposite side of the huge canyon were two mountains of equal size, whose layers of colored rock and low creeping shrubbery appeared like huge tapestries hanging from the sky above. Just beyond rose Hermit's Peak, snow-covered and majestic. Gazing into the canyon below with a nonchalance which I did not possess I could look upon the tops of the lofty pines bordering the river below. It was a birdseye view such as one might have from an aeroplane. Nearby we discovered a cave whose depths may have served in bygone days to shelter the prehistoric Navajo in his quest for the wild gallina (turkey). This reminded us that we were nearing our destination, the placita of Las Gallinas.

The Church was no exception to the rule of construction, being built in missions style of adobe and its huge bell soon tolled the hour for Mass to the people in the surrounding adobe huts. While Confessions were being heard, we busied ourselves laying out the vestments and preparing the Altar.

After the Mass the good Padre announced that the Catechists would give a short instruction to the children and so I found

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,
In all my doubts I fly to thee for guidance,
Mother! tell me, what am I to do?

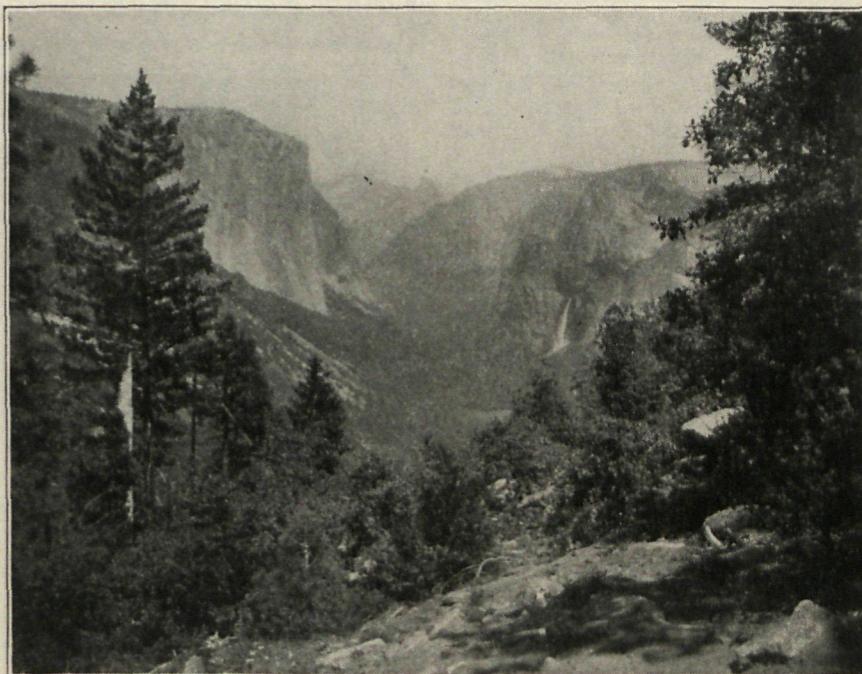
Be of all my friends the best and dearest,
O my counsellor, sincere and true!
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest
Mother! tell me, what am I to do?

—Sister M. Stanislaus MacCarthy.

myself addressing thirty or more attentive little ones together with their parents. Only a few of the congregation had left the Church. I was happy to learn that most of the children knew the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary." They readily learned the "Act of Contrition." This was followed by an explanation of Prayer and I urged them to persevere in this devout exercise as a means of obtaining all the spiritual and temporal graces, since they rarely had the opportunity of hearing Holy Mass and receiving the Sacraments. As we were bidding them "Adios" the mothers came to us asking that we come to instruct their children and prepare them for First Holy Communion. They offered us all the hospitality their poor homes could afford.

We are trusting that with the arrival of more Catechists we shall be able to bring the great and wonderful truths of our Holy Religion to this and many other lonely and neglected Missions. You must help us, mother dear, we need your prayers for vocations to our dear Society and for the spiritual and temporal means necessary for its maintenance. Pray, too, for the child who is ever

Yours in O. B. L. V.,
CATECHIST MARY.



From Inspiration Point

Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"CHRIST AND WOMEN", by Dan. A. Lord, S. J., The Queen's Press, St. Louis, Mo. 10cts.

"Did Christ ignore women"? Fr. Lord asks. The answer is given in this 30 page pamphlet. Its reader will lay it down with the conviction that woman in the Gospel holds a very honorable place. Women were Christ's best friends and most faithful followers. No woman denied, betrayed, hated or persecuted Him. Claudia pleaded for Him while Pontius Pilate condemned Him; when men led Him to death women wept for Him. Christ's attitude towards women presents a beautiful picture of understanding and tenderness. His life was intimately bound up with the Queen of them all—Mary Immaculate—but his attitude towards women such as the world offers them,—saint and sinner,—is so full of gentleness and sympathy that they cannot contemplate this fact without feeling themselves drawn to Him with chords of compelling love.

Dear Rev. Father:

"IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN" brought in \$40.00. I am very sorry that it is not \$400. The picture has fine spiritual and educational value and I am sure it is doing much good. I regret that more of the parish did not see it last night.

With good wishes,
Rev. J. H. S.

Brevities

From statistics we learn that the Nation's chewing gum bill for 1927 was \$58,018,271.

It is estimated that last year the amount spent for gum was over \$60,000,000.00.

With \$60,000,000.00 at its disposal for mission purposes, the Church could easily take care of its needy, neglected home missions.

We would ask our subscribers to send in their names and intentions as early as possible for the Solemn Novena of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, which begins May 15th.

The Holy Father's Jubilee Year Wish: That all who can shall assist poor missions financially.

Let an ANNUITY INVESTMENT work for you after your death.

The number of partial payment subscriptions that have come in during the past month is a pleasing indication of the approval of our subscribers. The plan? One dollar a month for ten months.

The "2500" CLUB provides an excellent method of monthly contribution toward the support of a Missionary Catechist. That "Order is Heaven's First Law" is a motto early instilled into the heart of each school child. Some of us forget it in later life. Let us be reminded that order and system may be applied to our charities with excellent advantage. Regularity insures Remembrance.

We wish to correct a typographical error which occurred in this column last month, namely,—We were highly gratified that during the past ten months a large number of our readers paid a life subscription of \$10.00 (rather than \$10.44) by sending \$1.00 a month for ten months.

Riesenbeck, Westfalen, Germany Dear Friend Father Sigstein:

Please find enclosed checks from my sister and myself for the good Catechists. I will send more in the course of the year as God wills.

You know, how every day your name and your work, as well as those of the Catechists, are especially commended to God in my Masses, rosaries, my Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament. I do hope and pray that God may give you and all the Catechists strength and health for your work. It is a tremendous work and a great harvest of souls is to be the fruit of it.

May God inspire many zealous young women to devote themselves to this sacred cause! May our Dear Lord speed you in this your great work. Where I not so old, (I am past 83) and in feeble health, I would like to join in your work.

However, since this is not God's Holy Will, I try to get some share in your merits by my continuous prayers and as far as I can by my financial support.

Commending myself to your memento and prayers, I remain,

Sincerely in Christ,

RT. REV. JOHN H. OECHTERING

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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Society of Missionary Catechists, Box 109, Huntington, Indiana

Reverend dear Father:

In honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel

I am enclosing \$_____ to be applied to Burse of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Name _____

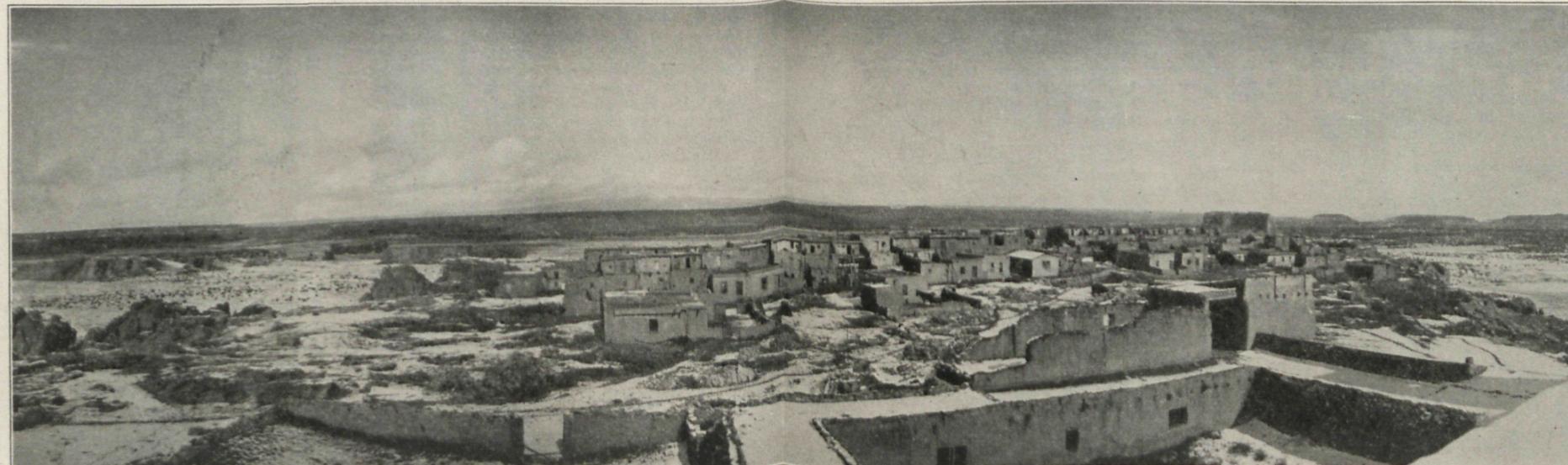
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AMERICA'S FIRST BUILDINGS

The average reader looks dumbfounded when he is told that many of the First Americans built and inhabited many-storied buildings a thousand years ago. However, there is one great people in North America above Mexico which has lived in permanent and excellent houses since before history began— and that is one of our largest tribes, the Pueblos. Uncounted centuries before the landing of the Pilgrims—or even of the Spaniards, who were more than a hundred years ahead of them—the Original Americans of the Southwest built and occupied tremendous community houses, from four to seven stories in height, and some of them with a thousand rooms. Hundreds of ruins of these enormous "community houses" are scattered over Arizona and New Mexico, and some in Colorado and Utah, and some are still occupied towns.

All these great houses were of stone masonry very well laid. The typical architecture of the Pueblos is unique and characteristic, and their original houses look unlike anything else in the world. They are all terraced, so that the front of a building seems like a gigantic flight of steps. The second story stands well back on the roof of the first, which thus gives it a sort of broad uncovered porch its whole length. The third story is similarly placed upon the second, and so on up. There are no stairs inside even the largest of these buildings, but trapdoors and ladders to go down into any lower stories, built in the old fashion with out doors. In Acoma, which has about seven hundred people, there were, when the author first knew it, but six doors on the ground, and there are but few more now.

All these architectural peculiarities were for purposes of defense. The lower story was a dead wall, into which no enemy could break. The ladders could easily be drawn up, and the level roofs made an excellent position from which to rain stones and arrows on a foe. Even if the enemy captured the first roof, the people had only to retire to the second, from which they could fight with undiminished advantage. From these terraces the inhabitants could hold their own against a superior foe. Besides, the tenements, were generally built around a square, so that their sheer back walls presented a cliff-like and unbroken obstacle which no savage foe could scale, while their terraced fronts faced upon the safe inner inclosure.—From "Mesa, Canon and Pueblo," by Chas. F. Lummis.



ACOMA—THE CITY OF THE SKY

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S INTENTION: ASSIST THE MISSIONS

An Ideal Vocation

Father Basil, O. M. Cap.

THE Catholic girls of America constitute a most distinguished portion of the human family and the Church. Our young women are noble-minded and big-hearted, full of life and energy, ready to espouse a worthy cause, once they see its merits. They are devoted, generous, and enterprising. Great deeds and heroic sacrifices attract them. Mediocrity is a word they would like to expunge from the vocabulary.

For such souls the life and work of the Missionary Catechists should have a strong appeal. Theirs is an ideal vocation. Like a bride the Candidate leaves the parental home to give her heart and her hand not to a mortal man but to the Eternal Lover, the Son of the Most High. By the religious profession she becomes His chosen bride and He her cherished Spouse, her Provider and Protector, her ALL. In the boundless riches of His tenderest love she finds her happiness. This consecration to God affects her whole activity, transfigures it and renders it Divine. St. Jerome wrote: "Ah, Christian virgin, you may be allowed here, indeed, a holy pride; you are below none of the women of the world, nay, you carry the day over all." "Yes," said St. Ambrose, "every virgin is a queen, because a virgin consecrated to God is the bride of the greatest of Sovereigns." When Isabella of France refused the hand of the Emperor Frederick, she said: "A spouse of Jesus Christ is more than an empress."

The Missionary Catechist is the teacher of our holy Religion. What a sublime occupation! Jesus delighted in being with the young. "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God." "And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." Is there anything nobler than to teach truth and virtue, to be a spiritual mother of many children, a visible angel of little ones, a custodian of the likeness of God, a guardian of living temples of the Holy Ghost, a loving mistress of Christ's unfortunate brothers and sisters, and a guide and companion to pilgrims on their way to Heaven? The renowned Gerson was

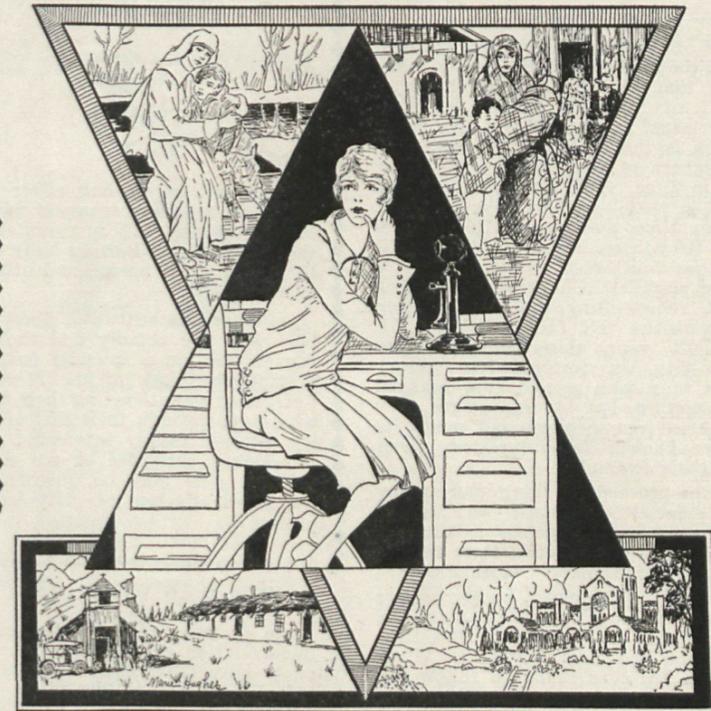
right when he said: "I have examined in vain, I find no function more beautiful than that of training the young. No! I see nothing greater than to snatch children from the power of the enemy of mankind, who seeks to pervert their souls."

To the imparting of the saving Truth is joined charity, the most fragrant flower and precious ornament of Christianity and the special feature of the Saviour's disciples. The Catechist visits the sick poor in their humble homes, alleviates their sufferings, assists the dying, instructs mothers in the care of their new-born sickly babies, helps

the needy, and instructs the children in household duties and singing. She radiates the love of the Sacred Heart. With Jesus in her bosom she works like Jesus for soul and body. Thus she renders our holy Religion attractive and opens minds and hearts to its reception.

By their stupendous labors and splendid achievements the Catechists call forth the admiration even of our separated brethren. God bless and multiply these unselfish and courageous women! They resemble the parish Priests who promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls in our communities. The Catechists, like the enthusiastic Missionary Priests, carry light and consolation to the forsaken children of God. "It is the special vocation of the Missionary Catechist to give Religious Instruction to the poorest and most neglected little ones of the flock in the outlying churchless Missions of our country. In these Mission-districts, actually to poor to support Priests, Sisters or Parochial Schools, and seldom or but irregularly visited by the Missionaries, the Catechists confine their labors to those souls outside of the ordinary sphere of Religious Instruction." Their efforts are directed towards those who are left without the required help. Certainly an heroic and most meritorious undertaking!

These brave young women walk in the footprints of the Incarnate Son of God and carry on His mission. They are heroines in God's holy cause. Young friend, does such a career not appeal to you? Can you choose a more honorable one, one worthier of your talents and capabilities? The consciousness of having worked for the Lord and immortal souls gives the deepest satisfaction and the sweetest consolation and the firmest hope. Why not take up the noblest vocation open to your sex? Implore the Holy Ghost to enlighten you.



The Associate Catechists of Mary

Mary's Little Helpers

"LISTENING IN" ON BAND ACTIVITIES

New Orleans

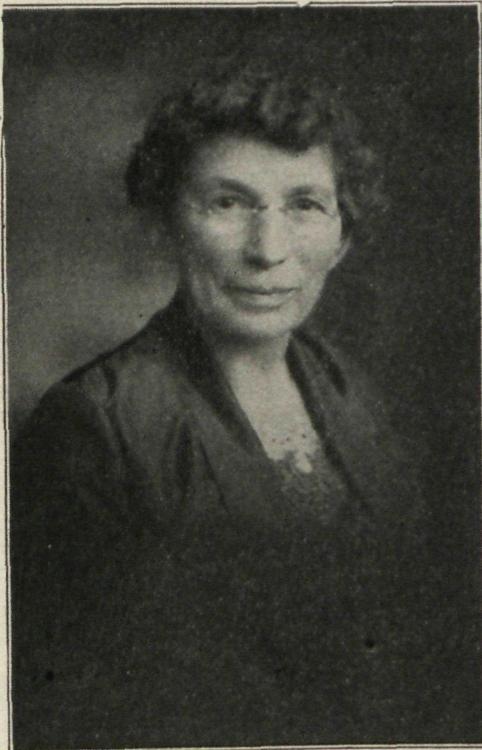


ONE of the first Bands to be enrolled in the Associate Catechists of Mary is that of "Our Blessed Lady of Victory Mission Circle" of New Orleans, La. Of this active Band, Mrs. Ogden is the zealous Promoter.

The members of this Band began their activities in June, 1926, and were enrolled in December, 1926—several months later. During this time these energetic workers have sent fifty-three boxes of useful articles to the Southwest missions,—six of these were sent last Christmas. A check of \$310.23, representing the returns from the motion picture "IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN" which these ladies sponsored in their city, was forwarded to Victory Noll. Not only was a nice sum realized from this picture, but by this means they also advertised our Society and made its work better known, and interested others to follow their example.

Besides the proceeds of this picture many other substantial donations, and useful household articles, as a fireless cooker, and a carpet for the chapel, found their way to the Society of Missionary Catechists.

Mrs. Ogden, the Promoter, highly praises the zeal and cooperation of her members, especially that of the President, Miss Harriet Scott and the Secretary, Mrs. W. J. Manion, who are ever ready to follow her suggestions and to co-operate with her in every way possible.



Mrs. J. Kline, Promoter of Victory Circle No. 1, Huntington, Ind. Within the last month this Band, composed of twenty-five members, loyal workers of the mission cause, have packed and shipped seven cartons to Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The articles contained therein are the Circle's ready response for aid in equipping the Training school for Lay Catechists.

WEAR OUR PIN



Fashioned of sterling silver in the shape of a shield, stamped with the letters "A. M. C." surmounted with the crown of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, this pin is an unusual attractive Club emblem.

Associate Catechists of Mary members will undoubtedly find the wearing of this pin a splendid means for making the work of the Missionary Catechists and attracting their friends, who may, through their instrumentality, become deeply interested in the Missionary activities of our Society.

These pins may be purchased for the small offering of fifty cents a piece.

PROUD TO WEAR OUR PIN

"I am enclosing four-fifty for nine A. C. M. pins. After we get these pins we are going to have them made into rings. Don't you think that a good idea?"

AVE MARIA CLUB.

"We are inclosing herewith \$4.00 and would be pleased if you would send us eight of the pins of the club. We are very anxious to secure these pins as soon as possible as they will remind us of all we can do to be of assistance to you."

CATHERINE TEGEWITHA CLUB

"If you have any membership pins to spare, I would like to have as many as three. They are for my wife, my daughter and myself. I am sure we shall be glad to wear them."

P. C. C.,
Richmond, Ind.

YOUR PRAYERS ARE ASKED

for the repose of the souls of Miss Regina Fischer of St. Theresa's Band and Mrs. J. B. Blaising of St. Catherine's Band, both of Fort Wayne, Ind., and for Mr. A. J. Dowling of St. Vincent de Paul Band of Chicago, Ill.

"May these noble souls repose in the peace of God they so richly merited by their charitable and missionary efforts."

Crab Orchard, Ky.

Dear Missionary Catechist:

Enclosed please find Money Order for \$2.26 which comes as follows:—I was reading The Missionary Catechist and asked the children how much they would give so every one reported. Josie, 12 years, 50c; Cecilie, 10 years, 25c; Rita, 8 years, 25c; Lioba, 7 years, 6c, all she had, and Anton, 6 years, 20c. Myself and Mrs. each 50c. Cecilie and Rita told me they would become Missionary Catechists when they get old enough.

God bless your work.

F. H.



Dear Little Helpers:

With our Lord's Resurrection come the first signs of Spring. All nature rejoices in His Resurrection. And you, Mary's Little Helpers, do not your hearts leap with joy, as you watch the trees don their new spring raiment, so soft and green, the flowers bloom forth in Easter joy, the birds carolling the glad tidings of another Resurrection Morn: Don't you want to sing with them, and sing and sing, Alleluia?

I wonder how many of you pray to the Holy Ghost? I'm sure that you all do and as April is the month dedicated to the Holy Ghost so you should pray to Him in a special manner during this month. You all know that the Holy Ghost is the third person of the Blessed Trinity; that God the Father has created us, that Jesus Christ has redeemed us, and that the Holy Ghost helps us to be holy and good. The Holy Ghost gives us strength to be brave soldiers of Jesus. He is the One who teaches us what is right and what is wrong. If you wish to learn your lessons well you should pray to the Holy Ghost for it is He who in Confirmation gives you the Gift of wisdom. Do you know that in New Mexico Confirmation is administered to even the tiniest baby? When the Archbishop visits the poor missions in the archdiocese, which is about once in four years, he confirms all the babies who have been born since his last visit. His coming is a great event. The churches are always filled—and often gayly decorated. Last summer Archbishop Daeger's itinerary included Anton Chico. There, as in the other missions many a baby was baptized and confirmed the same morning—Can you imagine a church filled with mothers and fathers—and crying babies?

Pray especially to the Holy Ghost during this month to increase your love for God's poor, and to help you to be more generous to them.

And—DON'T forget to write me about the pin.

Praying the Holy Ghost to increase your love for the poor in the missions, I remain,

Missionarily yours in O. B. L. V.,
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
Associate Catechists of Mary.

Address all A. C. M., or Little Helpers communications to:

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
Associate Catechists of Mary,

Victory-Noll

Huntington, Ind.

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S INTENTION: ASSIST THE MISSIONS

Mission Echoes

ANOTHER BUD READY FOR THE HEAVENLY GARDEN

LAST Monday we experienced a thrill not unlike the one Mary Garvey in our movie, "The Service of the Queen," experienced when she poured the saving waters of Baptism on the forehead of a dying infant and a moment later a tiny soul winged its flight to Heaven.

The Hand of God must have directed us to this particular house on Adams Street. In answer to our knock an old lady bade us enter their humble home. It was a basement with a ceiling so low that one had to be careful not to bump one's head on the projecting rafters. With but one small window on the north side the room was so dark we had to grope our way. Newspapers covered the cracks in the walls and kept the cold wind from blowing in. Mrs. Rivera motioned us to be seated on the cot and excused the lack of chairs as they were too poor to possess any. The family had come from Mexico two months previous and the father had been unable to secure employment until last week.

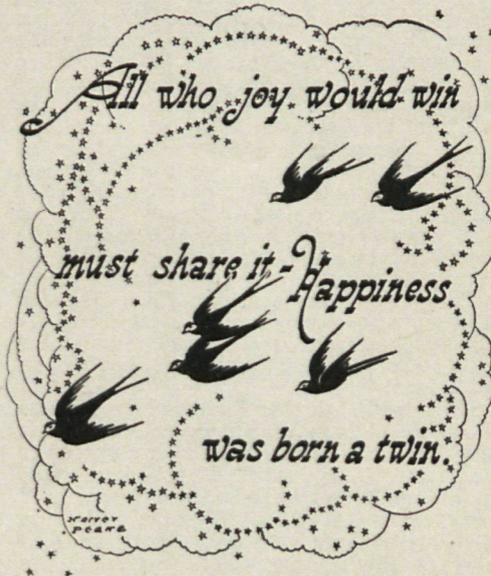
We had hardly been seated when Mrs. Rivera told us about her sick baby that had not yet been baptized. Being so very poor they had delayed the Baptism thinking that perhaps a little later they would be able to have a little fiesta and invite their relatives and friends as it is the custom with the Spanish people to have whenever there is a Baptism. When we saw that the infant showed little signs of life we became very solicitous fearing that it might die without Baptism.

"Could we not baptize it then and there?" Yes, certainly. A dish of water and a towel were brought; slowly, solemnly Catechist B. raised the dish and as the water gently flowed over the forehead pronounced the words: "Yo te bautizo, Reyes, en el nombre del Padre, y del Hijo y del Espiritu Santo." As Catechist finished the last word every one in the room gave a sigh of thanksgiving that now whenever it should please the Divine Gardner to pluck this bud it would be ready to be transplanted into the Heavenly Garden. That dark, under-ground hole, never meant for human habitation, was the scene for the administration of one of God's Sacraments. May it never be the scene for another, for it is just such basements that spell ruin of the health of many of our Mexican brethren.

STARTLING, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE FACTS!

Our Mission here keeps getting more interesting all the time. This may be a smaller mission, but there is a good deal of real mission work here in Lubbock. As far as we can judge these poor people are more sadly in need of Catechists than any we've seen yet.

Up to this time we have found some twenty-two court marriages. Why so many? It is because these people are pitifully ignorant. In our visiting we have found them married by the law, or not married at all. Ask them why? You soon discover that they do not know anything about their religion. Wednesday we visited a poor lady who also is married by the law. Upon further questioning we found she had never been to confession or Holy Communion and had



lived on a ranch all her life until she met the man she married. We told her the story of our dear Lord's life, as well as a few things about the commandments and the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. She drank in every word. When we explained how she could have her soul cleansed of all its sin, and have it beautiful as an angel's by going to Confession, her eyes lit up with hope and she exclaimed very earnestly: "O Madrecitas, quiero confesarme a menudo." (I wish to go to confession real often!) Then we explained to her that she must be married by the Priest first. And here is the sad part—will the man consent? We will have to go back there when he is in to ascertain if he can and will marry her.

We find cases like this almost every day, and truly, instructing these grown-up children in their own homes brings a real thrill of gratitude for our holy vocation.

Last week we visited the ranches. We took a picnic dinner and were gone all day. It was a real treat for all of us. We found even more pitiful conditions on the ranches. The families who stay on the ranches all year are little better than slaves. They can only come to town when the owner graciously loans them his truck. All their time is sold to him to keep things going on the ranch. We have not been able to find out

just how much they earn, but we are going to try to.

We noticed one shack way out in the middle of a vast field. At first we scarcely knew how to reach it: we could not see any sign of a road. Then we inquired of the ranch owner and she directed us through their field. In this hut we found a widow with two sons. She was so happy to see us. We found that she had forgotten her religion. Her sixteen year old son had not made his first Holy Communion, and she herself had not received the Sacraments for eighteen years. We stayed and instructed her. She promised to repeat to her sons all we had said. The following Wednesday she and her older son came in and received the Sacraments. She is going to bring the other boy in during Holy Week. They came in with another family who were married by Father after having been married by the law for six years.

For the most part working on these marriages is slow and sometimes seems like hopeless work. But when Our Dear Lord blesses our work by a visible conversion, it is a wonderful encouragement. Of course we tell each other that we must not expect any visible results,—still there is great rejoicing in our home when a marriage is adjusted or some stray sheep returns.

Yesterday we visited the section workers near Abernathy. They work for the Santa Fe Railway Company. One girl is very sick. e tried to get her into the hospital, but there is no hospital that will even cut their rates, and how can those poor people pay so much? The doctors told us they would do what they can for our cases, but that the hospitals are owned by private concerns and they can do nothing.

We teach Catechism every Saturday in a section house in Posey. These people are also employed by the Santa Fe Railway Company. We will visit the other sections as soon as possible.

We are taking a census of the Mexicans who will be employed in the cotton fields next September, and already have found that we will be able to have quite a large class in Wilson. We are sure there are other points where we will have to go to teach.

A moving-picture producer, on filming "The Passion Play," noticed that there were twelve Apostles. "Oh, that won't do," he said, "this is a big production. That number will have to be increased to twenty-four."



After the Easter Party in Gary

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Unknown America

(Continued from Page 1)

Here in these vast stretches where the Priests have to travel great distances between their numerous stations, the Catechists are indeed a Godsend. They prepare the little ones for the reception of the Sacraments, they visit the faithful, keep them interested, they take care of the little churches, they play the role of sacristan, organist, teacher and social worker all in one. Archbishop Daeger of Santa Fe and his Priests are loud in their praise of the work that the Catechists are doing. Indeed, their work has proved so successful that the Catechists are even reaching out beyond the confines of New Mexico, and are now working in the Texas Panhandle, and also in California.

While traveling through New Mexico the traveler cannot fail but be impressed by the romance and beauty of this land of turquoise skies. It was well named when it received the name of Sunshine State. Everywhere the Catholic note is predominant; it is a land rich in Catholic lore and history. The Catechists are called to work in a land that has been hallowed by the weary footprints of saintly men, many of whom drenched the hot sands with their blood which they shed for Christ. We first read of Fray Marcos, that valiant Franciscan who first dared to enter these trackless desert wastes; setting out from Culican in 1539, and accompanied solely by the Negro slave Estevanico, he was the first white man to gaze in wonder on the Zuni pueblos of which he had heard such glowing accounts. Some years later, Coronado, accompanied by this same Franciscan Father, led a force of men into New Mexico, eager to find the famed Cities of Cibola. Alas, instead of gold and silver they found only wretched Indian towns, their wealth consisting only of little stocks of corn and beans.

In 1597 Oñate, a born colonist, led some four hundred colonists into this state, founding his town near the Chama River in the Pueblo region. In 1609 he transferred his colony to the present site of the city of Santa Fe. Remember, this all took place some thirteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on the rock-bound shores of New England. Gradually the Faith spread, due to the great work of the Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries until, by the year 1680, there were no fewer than fifty well-built churches scattered throughout New Mexico. But persecution must break out in every new field to try the neophytes, and on August 10, 1680, an Indian uprising occurred in which twenty-one of the brave missionaries, and some four hundred colonists were killed. Even Santa Fe was be-

sieged by the hostile Indians, but the insurrection was finally crushed by the doughty Spanish warriors.

The ruins of the artistic missions built by these monks of old still dot California and the Southwest. While in California, Father Serra, that worthy son of St. Francis, built his chain of mission stations. Father Kino, a Jesuit, endured the dreadful desert of Arizona, working heroically to plant the Faith in that vast land. Due to his zeal and heroic efforts he had founded a chain of twenty-nine missions in southern Arizona before he passed to his reward. The most famous of his foundations is San Xavier del Bac, situated near the city of Tucson. The present church, one of the finest and most artistic of all the mission structures, was built by the Franciscans in 1797. What a shame that the great work inaugurated by these valiant men later on went to ruin, due to the short-sighted policy of the Mexican politicians!

The pilgrim who has had the happiness to gaze upon Acoma, the City of the Sun, that Gibraltar of solid limestone rising up out of the desert, its top crowned by a picturesque pueblo, can appreciate the intrepid spirit of the Franciscan, Juan Ramirez, who, in 1629, armed only with his crucifix, started to storm this rocky citadel for Christ. As he approached, a cloud of arrows showered around him. Unscathed and undaunted he started the perilous climb. Then it happened that a little girl fell from the dizzy heights, landing safely in a pile of talus at the monk's feet. Picking up the child he succeeded in gaining the top, where he was surrounded by the excited Indians who attributed the child's escape from death to a miracle wrought by the Priest. They were now eager to accept Christianity. There, on that bleak rock, living amid rude, uncultured people, far removed from all contact with his friends, that man of God toiled on and planted the Faith so deep that today their descendants still cling to the Church.

Yes, the Catechists are fortunate in having been called to work in this land of nat-

ural wonders, of beautiful mountains, of deserts vivid with cactus flowers, a land of canyons, mesas, pueblos, adobe houses and other remarkable sights. They are fortunate that they are called to work in a land that has witnessed feats of heroism and indomitable courage. Today as the tourist travels swiftly through the awful desert, he cannot imagine how these men ever managed to find their way, how they ever survived hunger and thirst, and the arrows of suspicious natives.

And today, the neatly garbed, gentle Missionary Catechists are called upon to help hold aloft the Cross that these great men planted so firmly and so well. What a noble endeavor! Let us hope and pray that the debt still resting on Victory-Noll may soon be lifted; let us hope that the number of Catechists may ever grow; let us pray that they may ever continue to be successful in all their undertakings. True, their work is arduous, it demands great sacrifice, but a great reward is in store for them, for the words of the Psalmist can well be applied to the Catechists of Victory-Noll: "Going they went, and wept, casting their seeds. But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves."

Received check for interest on my Annuity. Since the Dear Lord has blessed me so abundantly I can get along without it and will send it back.

Thanking you for your prayers and kind greetings and wishing you and the Catechists God's blessings, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

H. H.

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