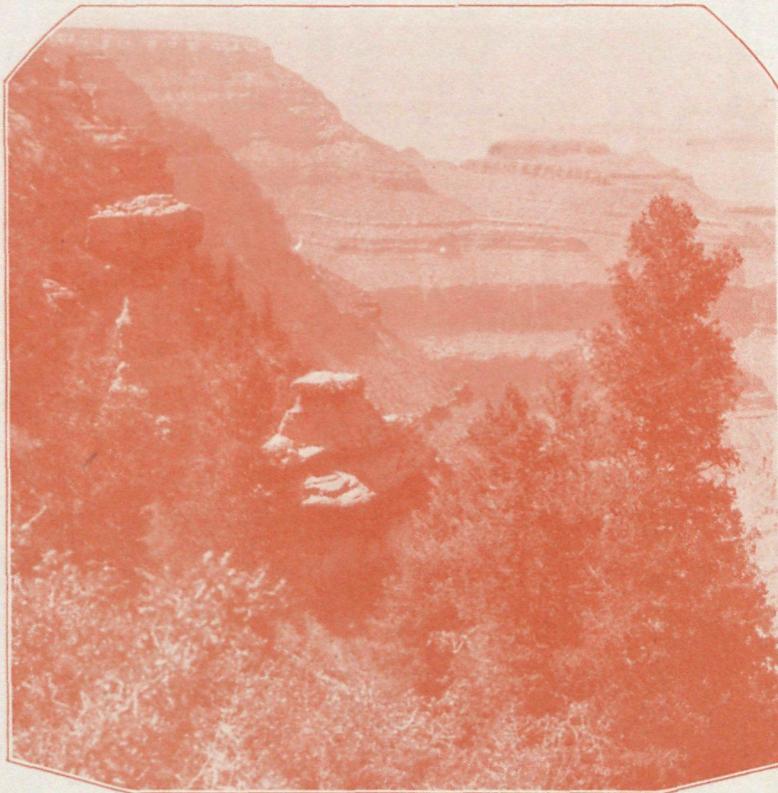


The Missionary Catechist



A View In the Grand Canyon

The Call of the Southwest

The heroic feature of Missionary work appeals to many of our good Catholic young women. Many are attracted by the charm and romance of the Missionary life. They would win entire nations and people to Jesus Christ and His Church.

Today our Catholic Southwest sends out the call for service in its vast Missionary fields already "white unto the harvest." All along the line the cry goes out not only for Priests but for Missionary Catechists.

The Missionary Catechists laboring in the needy outlying



districts of the Southwest, offer to zealous Catholic young women the lofty ideal of service in behalf of God's poor and neglected little ones.

Our Divine Savior, gazing over this vast harvest field of souls compassionates the poor because "they are distressed and lying like sheep without a shepherd." "The harvest, indeed," He says, "is great, but the laborers are few." May He not be calling YOU as He called the Apostles of old: "Come, follow Me, be a harvester of souls"?

Are You Heeding His Voice?

The Missionary Catechist

Volume VI

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, August, 1930

Number 9

Along Our Far-Flung Mission Lines

Catechist Mary McConville

To vacationists who have adopted the slogan "See America First" I extend the invitation to accompany us on a brief tour of the Southwest and, at the same time, to get a glimpse of the Missionary Catechists in their various fields of labor.

On Tuesday eve we board a Santa Fe train at Dearborn Station, Chicago, for the Pan Handle Section of Texas. At sunrise of the second day the vast, open plains of Texas, bare and treeless, greet us and soon we reach the first stop-off in our itinerary—Lubbock.

Lubbock is an oasis in a desert; a distinctly American town of 20,000 population, with Mexicans in small frame shacks segregated on its outskirts. In their midst is the only Catholic church of Lubbock and the Catechists Home. Thirty miles distant are the cotton camps. Until recently Catholics living here had not seen a priest in years. Consequently, many of the children were not even baptized. Since the coming of a Missionary Priest and the advent of our Catechists, however, conditions have changed for the better.

Ten hours more of travel and we are in the heart of New Mexico and of the coal mining region — Cerrillos. Cerrillos is like another world. It boasts no modern bungalows; for it is a city of flat, adobe houses, built with thick walls and few small windows. At the rear of the church and Catechists' house is a treacherous "Arroyo Seco" which is dry one day and the next day floods the town.

Franciscan Fathers have cooperated splendidly in establishing the Catechists here and in making their work successful.

En route, we visit the church of Belen under the care of the Servants of Mary—the Servite Fathers. The church is remarkable for its many statues, thirty-four in number, and the beautiful Immaculate Conception Shrine. Spanish cus-

toms are evident here. We noted that on her wedding day a Sodality girl placed a wreath before the shrine of Our Blessed Mother as a votive offering of devotion and fidelity to this, her Powerful Patroness.

We also visit La Joya where the Catechist Supervisor of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and her assistant are conducting a Catechetical institute for training lay-Catechists. At the close of this session, August 2, they will undertake the same work in an Indian pueblo nearby for the purpose of training Indian girls to become competent lay-Catechists and give instructions to children of their race.

Our next stop is at Las Vegas, the second largest city in New Mexico. The eastern part of the city is inhabited by Americans. The western part, commonly called "old town," is Spanish. Here, in adobe houses generally, live 6,000 Spanish Americans. Our Catechists conduct Christian Instruction classes in public schools after school hours. They have an enrollment of 500 children. Here also they have established a free clinic for the poor. The doctors are keenly interest-

ing in the health of the people. The snow-capped mountain peaks is a refreshing sight at all times of the year but especially during summer.

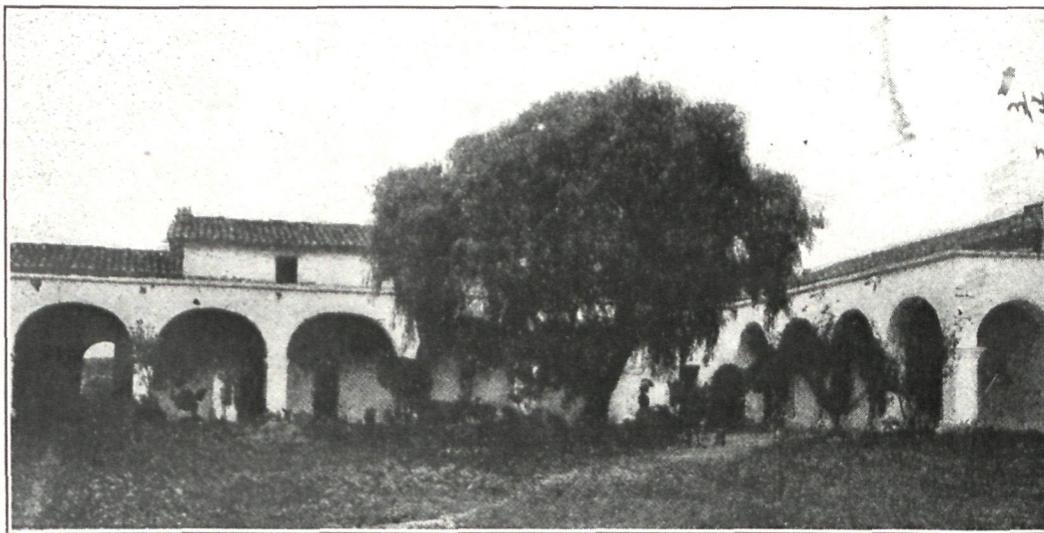
We are not surprised to note that a Presbyterian church stands opposite the Catholic church. As we near the site we wonder at the collection of buggies and are told that a funeral service is being held at each church. A "used-to-be Catholic" is having the Protestant rite performed over his remains while the other is being buried as a faithful son of Holy Church.

Anton Chico! Thirty miles to the south of Las Vegas, nestling on the banks of the Pecos River lies a one-time prominent village. A few years ago it was famous as a market for the large crops of chile raised in surrounding fields. A fatal blight transformed the land into a barren waste. Two years ago the lofty spires of the Catholic Church helped to maintain an air of importance about the village; but last year this building was destroyed by fire and Mass is now celebrated in a dilapidated store. The zealous French priest has for many years lessened the burden of poverty at this mission by conducting a small general store in connection with his home.

We now reach Santa Rosa, a progressive little railroad town of 1,000 population. The pastor here came from France eighteen years ago and has been fighting bravely against numberless odds ever since, doing great work for Christ. It is remarkable that his spirit remains unbroken. Last Fall when the Cate-

chists opened a center there, he stripped his house of furniture to supply their home. Good Father Pugins is very anxious to build a home for the Catechists adjoining the church and to open a Social Settlement Center for reaching all his people, some 60 miles from Santa Rosa.

(Continued on page 10)



ing and promise to give their hearty cooperation at all times. In addition, they will perform minor operations free of charge as soon as the clinic has the necessary equipment.

Then we arrive at Holman. Beautiful Holman located in a lovely, lonely valley surrounded by pine covered hills and

SUPPORT A CATECHIST DURING VACATION

A Black Chieftain

"The Last of the Wild Horses"

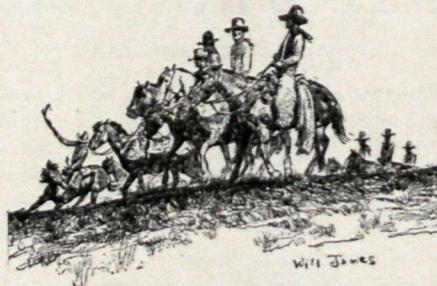
Mary Stephens

We had left the sleepy little town near Ute Mountain at midnight, five of us in a Ford touring car, together with cameras, canteens, and spacious lunch boxes; an altogether tight fit for a long ride, but not to be helped under the circumstances. Which circumstances consisted of the fact that there was only this one car to be had, and only this one day to visit a half-legendary spot far out in the desert, the reports of which drew us like a magnet. However, that purpose has nothing to do with the early morning experience with wild horses which was one of the unexpected delights sometimes befalling ordinary mortals who are not artists, or novelists, or thrill-hunters in any sense.

We had driven perhaps four hours when we came to a long and gradual climb, just about daybreak. There is something about a desert dawn which is the very essence of discovery—the long, horizontal flush in the East, suddenly turning vertical and glorious as the heralds of the sun appear; the pungent odor of sage brush, bruised by the car wheels; the creeping light coming down from the peaks to meet us, touching the lesser hills in passing and leaving new wonder on each of them. Even sleepy, sixteen-year-old Leo rubbed the prickles out of his eyes to look, and the driver, who had preserved a clammy and openly disgusted silence from the start, condescended to hazard a guess about the time.

Then, all of a sudden, looking up a steep slope to the flat, mesa-like top, we saw a sight I never shall forget. Sweeping down from this upper line, for a moment silhouetted sharply against the light, came a troop of horses, heads high, or with necks curved forward and downward, long tails flung out, and slender limbs beating up the desert dust until it all but hid them. At the head of them ran a great black brute, beautiful as any created thing could well be; and veering with quick suspicion as he neared us. Our Ford, however, got the better of his curiosity, and that of his consorts, and with a long circle they wound us in and closed up on us.

The driver stopped still at our request. This was something new for us and we wanted to see it out. A young mare came close enough to thrust her nose under the top of the car; but when a hand was thoughtlessly put out to stroke her, she whirled and was gone, and the rest with her, with a quick clatter of resentful heels against our tin sides. We remained



"I hope he never got the noose—"

still, however, and they soon returned, more warily. This time the black leader touched his nose to the steaming vent of the Ford's radiator. The result surprised him, and he threw up his head with a loud, sharp neigh, and lifted his vicious hoofs to strike at it. The driver thwarted this kind intention with a raucous blast of our very unmusical horn. This confused the herd, and they began running in circle about the car, pressing sometimes close enough almost to threaten our safety. We counted seventeen of them, blacks and bronzes, clean and shining; a beautiful sight in spite of our trepidation.

After perhaps a dozen such circlings, they stopped again, stock-still, each in his or her own tracks. The beautiful stallion's head went up again, as if to test the wind. There was another sharp sound, half way between a cry and a neigh, and in another minute they were following him in a glorious, long-limbed flight back up the mountain. As they reached the top they took to single file again, and our last glimpse of them was like our first—a black, magnificent line running lightly against the splendor of the desert morning. Then they disappeared over the crest; and though we watched for hours afterward, never another sight of them did we get.

We learned afterward that this was one of the very few wild herds left in the region, and that the leader was

VISIONED C. B. Lawler

I see Your glory in the starlit skies,—
So clear they shine—
As if the eyes of some far distant world
Were meeting mine.

I see Your glory in the summer morn
And sparkling dew;
As if the blades of grass and every flower
Were praising You.

I see Your glory in the fields and trees,
In birds that sing,
In sun, and rain. I see Your glory, Lord,
In everything.

known far and wide as the Black Devil. His herd was occasionally recruited by young mares enticed from the tamer pastures of the homesteaders; and for that reason he was heartily hated by them. But, outlaw though he may have been, he gave us a few thrilling moments and a new sense of primitive beauty; and to this day I hope he never got the noose or the bullet which he probably deserved.

THE HEROIC PADRES

A glimpse at the life of the missionary to New Mexico in the days before there was an English-speaking preacher in the whole western hemisphere is strangely fascinating to all who love that lonely heroism which does not need applause or companionship to keep it alive. To be brave in battle or any similar excitement is a very easy thing. But to be a hero alone and unseen, amid not only danger but every hardship and discouragement, is quite another matter. Some of these quiet, gray-robed men had already seen such wanderings and such dangers as even the Stanleys of nowadays do not know. They had to furnish their own vestments and church furniture, and to pay for their own transportation from exico to New Mexico—for very early a 'line' of semi-annual armed expeditions across the bitter intervening wilderness was arranged. The fare was \$266.00, which made serious havoc with the good man's salary of \$150 a year (at which figure the salaries remained up to 1665, when they were raised to \$330.00, payable every three years.) It was not much like a call to a fashionable pulpit in these times. Out of this meagre pay he had to defray all the expenses of himself and his church.

Arriving, after a perilous trip, in perilous New Mexico, the missionary proceeded first to Santa Fe. His superior there soon assigned him a parish; and turning his back on the one little colony of his countrymen, the Friar trudged on foot fifty-one hundred, or three hundred miles, as the case might be, to his new and unknown post. Sometimes an escort of three or four Spanish soldiers accompanied him; but often he made that toilsome and perilous walk alone. His new parishioners received him sometimes with a storm of arrows, and sometimes in sullen silence. He could not speak to them, nor they to him; and the very first thing he had to do was to learn from such unwilling teachers their strange tongue—a language much more difficult to acquire than Latin, Greek, French, or German. Entirely alone among them, he had to depend upon himself and upon the untender mercies of his frock for life and all its necessities. If they decided to kill him, there was no possibility of resistance. If they refused him food, he must starve. If he become crippled, there

(Continued on page 5)

Victory-Noll Notes



June 30th found Victory-Noll dressed in festive array and pervaded by a spirit of jubilation. The occasion was the fifth anniversary of the Rt. Rev. John Francis Noll's consecration to the bishopric of Fort Wayne.

The celebration began with a solemn episcopal High Mass at 10:00 o'clock in the St. Mary's church, Huntington, Ind., of which he had been pastor for fifteen years. Despite the rainy weather, over sixty priests of the diocese were in attendance.

After Mass, the Rt. Rev. Bishop with relatives, special friends, priests and employees of Our Sunday Visitor drove to Victory-Noll. The dinner and program, originally planned as an out-of-door celebration but interrupted by showers, was held in the auditorium. At the end of the dinner, the Vicar-General of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John P. Durham, in the name of the priests, presented the Bishop with a purse which was to establish a Burse for the education of some poor boy for the priesthood.

Representing Our Sunday Visitor, Mr. Charles Niezer, of Fort Wayne, promised the Bishop that, upon his return from Europe, they would replace the car presented to him five years ago by Our Sunday Visitor, with another.

Following the banquet, the Catechists gave a short program. The humorous sketch entitled "Shopping for a Vocation" was especially well received. The program closed with the presentation of a basket of beautiful red roses in which was concealed a spiritual offering for the Bishop from the Catechists.

Our Society is indebted to Bishop Noll for much of its success and extraordinary growth; and we rejoiced with him on this holy day, not merely because he is a sponsor of our Society and its works, but because he is a very dear friend and a Spiritual Father to all the Catechists.

Our Divine Saviour died to save immortal souls. If necessary, He would have died on the Cross for a single soul. Therefore, the saving of a soul is the most important work that can be accomplished.

The Heroic Padres

(Continued on Page 4)

were no nurses or doctors for him except these treacherous savages. I do not think there was ever in history a picture of more absolute loneliness and helplessness and hopelessness than the lives of these unheard-of-martyrs; and as for mere danger, no man ever faced greater.

PUEBLO INDIANS

When Coronado and Onate, with their soldiers, marched through New Mexico in the early part of the sixteenth century, they found the Indians settled in permanent villages. These villages they called PUEBLOS, and the Indians they named PUEBLO INDIANS. This term distinguishes them from the nomadic tribes such as the Apaches and the Comanches. These have no fixed villages, but move about from place to place.

Thirty-nine miles north of Sante Fe, New Mexico, is the Pueblo of San Juan. It is the very cradle of White civilization in the Southwest. Here Onate, accompanied by his soldiers and the Franciscan Fathers, founded his first colony and the capital of his newly-won kingdom,—later to be called New Mexico.

The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament have a flourishing Indian School in which the children of the Pueblo Indians are given a good Christian education.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS, I PLACE MY TRUST IN THEE!

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for the morrow
So each day begin again.



Child, give me thy heart

Is
Your Devotion To
Our Blessed Mother
Practical?

Be sure to read "Practical Devotion To Our Blessed Mother" beginning next issue.

Enclosed find membership fee of \$1.00. I wish to be enrolled as a member of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts:

Name _____
Address _____

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"By the King's Command" by Mary Brobson Littleton. P. J. Kennedy and Sons, N. Y., \$2.00.

A romance worth reading! English literature is never a conspiracy against truth more criminally than in its appraisal of political, social and religious life of Spain in the sixteenth century. There is a psychological reason for this Hispano-phobia. Spain was the most Catholic country of Europe when England turned Protestant and her most formidable rival in her aspirations to world empire. This romance is Spanish history in the garb of a delightful novel. The worthy authoress weighed well the importance of the task before her. If she was to vindicate chivalrous, romantic, Catholic Spain, half-measures and guesswork would not do. She would have to wade through heavy tomes, recording the history, the ideals, the morals and mysticism of that much caluminated century. This she did. The result is this gripping romance; in its thrilling drama and daring of knighthood comparing well with Walter Scott's novels; however, more illuminating because it is history and not mere fiction.

Ferdinand De Soto is, as we know, one of the conquistadores of the western continent. Those who have read Prescott and kindred writers will receive a truer concept of the spirit that motivated the great explorers and conquerors when they read "BY THE KING'S COMMAND." They will feel admiration for the chivalry, the purity of life, the romantic love and the childlike faith and devotion of the Spanish Catholic.

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

Jean had a woeful tale to tell the Catechist. "Catechist, our teacher told us today that we all are human beans!"

The Missionary Catechist

Huntington, Indiana

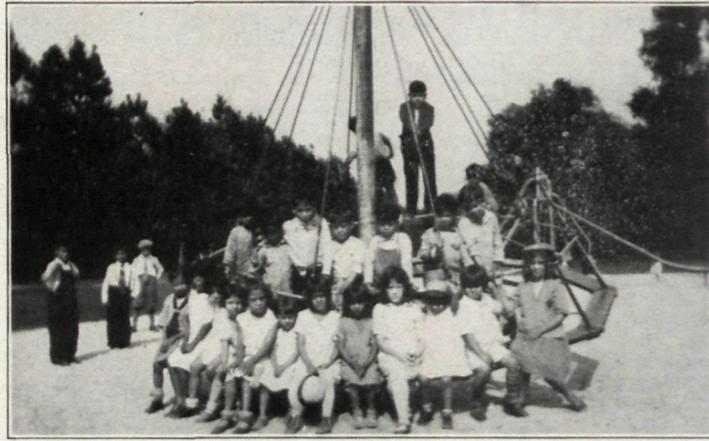
Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies. Life subscription, \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana



Gary
Children
at their
Picnic

Our children received a pleasant surprise when they discovered that their annual picnic was to be held at The Dunes, State park. Two Gary Railway Busses were loaned to us for the occasion and the kiddies enjoyed the ride to the park as much as the picnic itself. We are grateful to all those who helped make this celebration possible and the children give fervent thanks in prayer for every bit of joy that is sent to brighten their drab lives.

Catechist M. Whitfield,
Gary, Ind.

Cerrillos, New Mexico.

Dear Irene:

We are in the midst of a terrific sandstorm. The sand is whirling all about us and it is impossible even to see across the street. Sandstorms in New Mexico are like the arroyos; you must see them to know what they really are. How we wish that occasionally one of the storms might be rain instead of sand. We have not had a good rain since last Fall.

So you are wondering if we do not get lonesome now that Catechism classes are over for a few weeks. It is true we miss the children but if you have the patience to follow me through yesterday's activities I think you will understand that there is little danger of us having enough time to get lonesome.

It was Monday and our regular wash-day. Father came over the evening before and told us that there would be a funeral in Madrid Monday morning at 9:00 o'clock. A funeral in a neighboring mission at 9:00 o'clock on washday! Perhaps we could postpone the washing. With this in mind we scanned the week's program and found: High Mass in Madrid on Tuesday; High Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart and Benediction on Wednesday; Corpus Christi on Thursday; Classes in Golden and San Pedro on Friday. There was nothing to do but wash on Monday!

After Mass Monday morning, a little girl came to us with: "Mamma wants you to come over right away, please." We started at once and on the way the little one further informed us that "Daddy can't see hardly anything." When we reached the house we found her statement only too true. The father had been working on a battery and acid had been blown into his eyes. They had taken him to a doctor who reported that it would be three or four days before he could tell definitely how much the eyes were in-

jured. There was little we could do, so we gathered a few of the children and got them to pray for the poor man. Powerful indeed are the prayers of little children! Before nightfall the excruciating pain had gone from the man's eyes and this morning his sight is almost normal.

We finally finished washing! After Office I decided to do some necessary repairing. I began by taking apart the old coffee grinder. Not being much of a mechanic, I had to put it together and take it apart half a dozen times before I could get it properly adjusted. That finished, I began working on the front door lock which refused to lock. Of course I was interrupted. A little girl, the daughter of some "show people" who have been here for several months, came with a note asking us to be present at their entertainment at 4:00. We did not like to disappoint the children who had invited us often so I promised to be there and returned to my broken lock. After much praying and sweating I managed to get it fixed.

In the evening Catechist Barthen and I went to visit a sick woman. While we were gone one of the children came to beg the Catechists to please go to the Chavez home right away. The baby was crying and the uncle who was taking care of it did not know what to do. The Catechists brought the baby home with them and it politely stopped crying and slept until the parents called for it.

This ended one day. Do you think there is much danger of our getting lonesome? CATECHIST H. SRILL.

AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION

The children gathered at the roadside to watch us change a flat tire. Suddenly, a little boy gifted with wisdom beyond his years, asked, "Catechist, is this car yours?"

"It belongs to all the Catechists," I answered hoping he wouldn't bother me for I was having difficulties with that tire. After a brief silence he questioned with much apparent concern: "Have they got it paid for?" Of course we laughed at the same time realizing the truth. The car that takes us daily to our many out-missions is NOT all paid for!

CATECHIST M. SRILL, Grant, N. M.

IN THE HOME FIELD

POOR BLIND ISIDORA

Last Friday when the Catechists visited the box-car inhabitants of a railroad camp here at Lubbock, Texas, they found a blind girl thirteen years of age, who had not made her First Communion. Her family was soon to leave for New Mexico so we at once proceeded to give her special instructions. She was most attentive and eager to learn of Our Dear Lord and to receive Him in Holy Communion. The morning before the day set for blind Isidora's First Communion, she and her mother called at the Catechists' home and sadly made the announcement that in order to use a railroad pass they found it necessary to leave for Clovis that afternoon. Isidora would not be consoled and we grieved with her. But Jesus shall not be withheld from His own. We are making every effort to get in touch with the Padre at Clovis to whom we can safely trust our beloved charge.

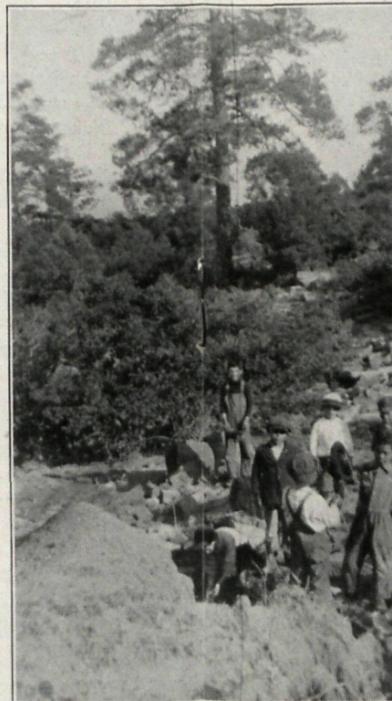
Why is Isidora incurably blind? When she was born her mother was too poor to have a doctor or nurse in attendance and the baby's eyes did not receive the proper care.

Catechist M. Campbell.

"The good things we actually do are far less in number than those we intend to do. Do you know why?"

Eleven little ones made their First Communion at the Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Crown Point. The Protestant children there think it a great privilege to be Catholic and begged to come to Catechism instructions. The doctors suggested that we teach all the children, but, of course, this is out of the question unless the parents of the non-Catholics give their consent.

Catechist Whitfield,
Gary, Ind.



At Play in the Mountains

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

Kneeling by the banks of the Rio Grande, Onate offered the following beautiful prayer:

"Holy Cross, divine gate of heaven, open the gate of heaven to these infidels; found the Church and Altars where the Body and the Blood of the Son of God may be offered; open to us a way of safety and peace for their conversion and our conversion, and give to our King, and to me, in his Royal name, peaceful possessions of these Kingdoms and Provinces for his holy glory."

Mayville, Wis.

Dear Senior Catechist:

Santa Rosa, New Mexico.

As I am very much interested in the work you are doing among the poor, I am sending you a package of old shoes and a bag of aprons, dresses, shirts, coats and a lot of other things that I thought you could make use of for the children under your care. I am also enclosing five dollars to pay the charges on the packages. I wish I could send more but I have only limited means and many other expenses. What I give is with a heart full of love for Jesus and His Beloved Mother.

MRS. H. B.

Do not run after happiness, but seek to do good and you will find that happiness will run after you.—James F. Clarke.

When His Grace, Archbishop Daeger, paid us a short visit I tried to induce him and the three Fathers accompanying him to take lunch with us. I told them the cook baked delicious doughnuts, but before I could say more one of the priests interrupted with, "we just ate all the spare tires at Anton Chico." Evidently they think it is a rule in our Society to have doughnuts on Tuesday.

Catechist C. Meister,
Santa Rosa, N. M.

In the
Zuni
Mountains



This is the little old log cabin in the Zuni mountains where Father Robert, O. F. M., stays when he celebrates Mass there in order to give the people living in these mountains a chance to make their Easter duty. This year seventy people were present at Mass and most of them received the Sacraments. Some of these poor people walked eleven miles over mountain roads to attend!

Catechist M. Srill, Grant, N. M.

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

- 1 Anton Chico, New Mexico.
- 2 Chaperito, New Mexico.
- 3 Dos Palos, California.
- 4 Grants, New Mexico.
- 5 620 W. Fifteenth St., Gary, Indiana.
- 6 Holman, New Mexico.
- 7 3868 Block Avenue, Indiana Harbor, Indiana.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9 Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 10 Lubbock, Texas, Box 1658.
- 11 Santa Rosa, New Mexico.
- 12 Catechist Blanchard, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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

LOS PORTALES (THE PORTALS)

The Catechists at Grant invited their Sister-Catechists from the other mission centers in New Mexico to celebrate the Feast of their Patroness, Our Blessed Lady of Victory, at "Los Portales" which is about one mile from the old penal colony of Seboyeta, N. M. The occasion proved to be a gala-day for the sixteen Catechists, the three Sisters of St. Francis and the three priests who attended.

"Los Portales" is a wonderful shrine in its natural setting. No human hand could have designed a more perfect one. Immense mountainous rocks rise for more than a hundred feet forming three sides of the grotto. On the inner side there is a large canopy of rock which stretches across the whole expanse of the shrine.

Years ago this natural wonder was dedicated to the Mother of God. In the shrine proper, there is a niche hewn in the wall of rock wherein stands a large,

beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception. Directly beneath the statue is an ever-flowing stream of pure crystal water. To the right of this spring stands an altar "mesa", or table, whereon the Holy Sacrifice is offered occasionally. This "mesa" is hewn from a projecting ledge of rock and is connected with the wall at the rear.

Here it was that the Missionary Catechists celebrated the Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. On the morning of May 24th, at 9:00, a procession was formed at the church in Seboyeta. Amid alternate praying and chanting the praises of Mary this procession of people, Catechists, Sisters and Clergy wended its way to "Los Portales". Here a high Mass for the Catechists was chanted by the Rev. Robert Kalt, O. F. M. The Catechists and Sisters accompanied the celebrant in chanting the Mass.

As the Mass progressed the solemnity of the occasion, its meaning and purpose, became more and more evident. Here was a glorious band of self-sacrificing young women who had renounced the world with its pleasures and allurements, and had chosen "the better part"; to serve God's poor and neglected. The ceremony reached its climax, when just after the Agnus Dei, as of one voice, the sixteen Missionary Catechists present renewed, aloud, their consecration to the Blessed Mother and their Fealty to Her cause.

Immediately after the Mass, the Rev. T. Calkins, O. S. M., from Belen, N. Mex., addressed the Catechists. He told them how deeply he was impressed with the ceremony of the morning. He praised their spirit of sacrifice in this materialistic and selfish age in which we live. And he spoke a few words of encouragement to them concerning their good work amid many discouragements and disappointments. He furthermore suggested that they come to this shrine annually, on the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, and here obtain a renewal of their fervor and devotion to Mary and their cause.

Fr. Robert then spoke briefly in Spanish to the people who came to celebrate with the Catechists.

The foresight of the Catechists and the good Sisters in providing sandwiches, coffee and the accompaniments, caused the remainder of the day to be spent as an outing.—Fr. Winfrid, O. F. M.

Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

Are you having a good time during the hot weather? I suppose most of you are out playing and don't even notice that it is hot. Speaking about hot weather makes me think of the Hot Springs in New Mexico. That is a place out near Las Vegas and there are really hot springs there. It seems as though Our Lord must have put these springs right there for the benefit of the poor people. The people out there don't have hot water in the houses like we do. When they want hot water they have to carry the water a long way from a well and then heat it on the stove. So if any of you ever help Mother wash, you can imagine what a hard job it is when you have to carry the water first and then heat it. So, these people who live around the Hot Springs instead of carrying their water to the house—carry their clothes to the Springs and wash them right there. Now, isn't that a good idea? The Springs are right beside the side of a mountain and the funny part of it is that right beside the hot springs is a river of ice cold water. There are lots of trees on the side of the mountain so as soon as the clothes are washed they are hung on the trees to dry. Almost any day that you go there you can see wash hanging around because everybody can't wash on the same day. I'll bet when strangers pass by the Springs and see all the wash hanging on the trees they wonder what it is all about, don't you? Especially if they don't know why they do it.

One of the Catechists told me that the little boys in their Mission like to help the Catechists wash. Would you believe that? The reason for this is that they never saw a wringer before and they get a big thrill out of turning the handle and watching the wash come out. They all stand in line and wait for their turn. That's a good way for the Catechists to get their wash finished, isn't it?

It's almost too hot to write, so I'll say Adios until next month.

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Here is a beautiful little prayer that one Little Helper thinks we all ought to say. I think so too, so I am publishing it for you:
Sweet Infant Jesus, come to me
And make a real good child of me.
Though small my heart, it longs
for Thee
Sweet Infant Jesus come to me.

Betty Gene Gerkin of Marysville, Kansas, tells us that she goes to Mass every day during vacation. I hope all the other Little Helpers are following her example. She also sent us fifty cents for Wee Willie Winkles First Communion Fund.

Peggy Cassidy out in New Mexico has the record so far for the most subscriptions. She has secured two life subscriptions and twenty-three one-year subscriptions in the past few months. I think we will all agree that Peggy is working hard for the Missions.

Our newest Band of Little Helpers in Chicago has the record of having the youngest promoter. This is what this industrious Little Helper says:

I can't write so nice like mama dos, but I will do the best I can so you can read cause I am only in 1st grade. I am 4½ years old. I have 8 girls and want a club to be the Little Flower of Jesus. We will sew dresses for poor babys. Mama will help us to sew. I have a good mama. She always gives me what I want to do. We want to know how to start a club and will you please help us. We are saving money to. We only

started to save. We have only 28c but mama will give me more so we can give a dollar every month.

LORRAINE PANEK.

Lorraine's mother also sent a box of lovely baby clothes to our Mission at Indiana Harbor. Surely Our Dear Lord and His Holy Mother will bless Lorraine and her good mama.

Betty and Donald Mielke write to tell us that although they haven't had time to write for a long time, they have been saving their pennies. They saved \$1.50 and also sent us a First Communion outfit for some poor little girl.

One of our Little Helpers from Kentucky, Carrie Belle Fish, took her mite box to school and asked all her little classmates to help fill the mite box. This is another good idea for the other Little Helpers to follow.

We also wish to thank the children of St. Mary's School, Lafayette, Indiana, for their good work. They sent us a check for \$8.00.

The Little Flower Club of Chicago, of which Marie Garrity is the promotor, had a very wonderful party. Seven little girls were hostesses and they had twenty-eight beautiful pieces of handwork on display. The result of this party was \$25.00.

John and Robert Dietzen are members of a new Band that has just started in Danville, Ill. They started saving their pennies right away and have already saved \$1.73.

We also have a new Band in St. Louis, Mo. There are seventeen members in this Band and they are all from the Visitation Convent. This is the largest Band of Little Helpers that we have, and everyone of them is a real missionary.

We would like for every Catholic girl and boy to be a Little Helper. We are sure that if the Little Helpers would tell their friends about it, they would be glad to be Little Helpers, too.

The Little Helpers of Mary, of Hamilton, Ohio, had a pound party. Each member brought a pound of dried food, such as beans, peas, etc. These Little Helpers open each meeting with a prayer for the Missions and a hymn to Our Blessed Mother.

The Senior Class of St. Joseph's Academy, Wheeling, West Virginia, sent some scapulars for our little First Communicants. These scapulars were made by a Sister who is eighty-three years old.

Dear Catechist:

Last evening we held our first meeting of our Band. We have decided to call it "The Immaculate Conception Band." Our motto is "All for Jesus through Mary." Thank you very much for my medal, holy card and membership card, and the two magazines. At the Club we decided to subscribe for the magazine but we will send the money later. Please give me some information on everything that you need in the Missions—for instance clothes, cups, etc., and tell me where to send them. Are old patched clothes good? What are the special prayers we should say for the Missions? How often should we turn in our mite boxes? I have been adding a Hail Mary every day to my morning and night prayers for the Catechists. If you want the Band to do anything special, please let me know. Yours sincerely, Charles Ryan.



BE
A
LITTLE
HELPER
TOO!

The Associate Catechists of Mary

We celebrate birthday anniversaries, wedding anniversaries and many others, but one dear little lady shows us what she considers the most beautiful anniversary of all—and that is the anniversary of her First Holy Communion. A beautiful thought indeed—celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her First Holy Communion. And how—with a party? No, by giving a check of \$50.00 to provide First Communion outfits for poor children in the Missions. Surely a noble and inspiring deed, one which Our Dear Lord will reward.

The spirit of charity such as is manifested by our friends is indeed a beautiful one. In response to our appeal for religious articles for our sick poor, we are sure that many people are parting with cherished rosaries, crucifixes, etc., and we fervently pray Jesus and Mary to bless them. We are also deeply grateful to those who have sent sewing materials to our Gary Mission for their sewing classes.

From Cincinnati, Ohio, we are happy to welcome some new friends into our A. C. M. Circle. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. G. Uphof recently paid a visit to Victory-Noll and brought with them fifty-six new dresses for the poor Mission children.

Miss Frances Klein who is a member of the Alpha Omega Club of Chicago has been instrumental in bringing much happiness to God's poor by providing many First Communion outfits and clothes for them.

St. Vincent's "J" Club of Elkhart, Indiana, has added \$25.00 to their Burse.

BAND ACTIVITIES.

During the month of June \$500.00 was added to the Sacred Heart Burse by St. Joseph's Band of Chicago of which Mrs. Service is the promoter. The Sacred Heart Band, of which Mrs. J. S. Scheuer is promoter, also added \$75.00 to this Burse.

St. Valentine's Band of Chicago increased their Burse by \$18.00. Another new club in Chicago has started to work for our Missions. It is called the Juanita Club and we

are happy to acknowledge their initial donation of \$20.00.

Mrs. Wainwright's Club continues to



work hard and has added \$46.00 to the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

St. Anne's Band, Paris, Mich., sent a

while on her vacation and to hear some of her interesting experiences from the Mission fields of Texas.

The Charitina Club of Chicago had another successful "First Aid Shower". They also made \$33.00 on their parties.

Mrs. Thomas Kennedy who is the promoter of Our Lady Club has worked very hard to make her club a success and has again sent us a large check for \$52.00.

A little old lady lay dying in a hospital at Gary. When the Catechists went to visit her, she begged for a crucifix, but they had none to give her. When they arrived home they found a box waiting for them, and in it were some crucifixes some kind friends had sent. How happy these friends should be to know that through their generosity they made it possible for this dying woman to meet her God with her precious crucifix clutched tightly in her hand.

To All A. C. M. Members

Each and every member of the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY is cordially invited to participate in a First Aid Shower which is to be given for the benefit of our Dispensary which was recently opened at Las Vegas, New Mexico. No admission is required, but each one is asked to send some small article which may be used in the care of the sick poor. For your convenience we are listing some suggestions

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Boric Crystals | Thermometers | Gauze Bandage |
| Iodine | Hot Water Bottles | (different widths) |
| Vaselines | Ice Bags | Adhesive Tape |
| Ointments | Syringes | (different widths) |
| Mercurochrome | Cotton | Applicators |
| Rubbing Alcohol | Safety Pins | Small Hand Towels |
| Eye Cups | Tongue Depressors | Listerine |
| | | Medicine Droppers |

We are very grateful to Mrs. Agnes Ryan of Berwyn, Ill., and her kind friends for the wonderful party they recently gave for the benefit of our Missions. This party has made it possible for \$157.00 worth of supplies to be sent to our poor Missions.

THE WOES OF THE POOR

"Catechist, for the love of God, won't you help the poor; we have no food; no clothes for my little ones"

thus the mother sobs her woes to the Catechists. We can hardly refrain from weeping with her as we listen to her woeful story. Remembering, however, our empty clothes room at home we cannot respond to her plea. We cannot even promise a pair of shoes for Ramon, or a coat for Antonia, or a few clothes for the tiny baby wrapped in a flimsy rag. The clothes that we receive for the poor are pitifully few and far between.

The St. Francis Xavier Missionary Club of Spokane, Washington, is doing its bit to help our Missions by supplying beautiful altar linens for the poor Mission chapels.

box of lovely clothing to Gary, Indiana.

From Mrs. Eder, promoter of the Crown Point Band, we received \$84.00. This Band is happy to have the Catechist whom they are supporting visit them



Proud of Their First New Dresses

HELP OUR CLINIC



Probationers

Show your Mission Spirit! Contribute toward the support of a Catechist.

ALONG OUR FAR-FLUNG MISSION LINE

(Continued from page 3)

Chaperito is a quaint, peaceful village in a low valley reminding one of Stratford-on-Avon. The Catechists home of stone resembles Shakespeare's home. Near by are the ruins of an old convent used in the days when the natives were prosperous sheep herders. At Chaperito the Catechists are of invaluable service to the zealous Missionary whose Missions are widely scattered and of difficult access.

Grants, our next point of interest, lies in a beautiful, rocky, pine-covered region 99 miles west of Albuquerque. The lava rock found everywhere is evidence of volcanic eruptions ages ago. The Catechists established a center at Grants last Fall and from it reach several large Out-Missions. These Missions are under the care of Father Robert, O. F. M., who has charge of twenty-four missions covering a territory of over 4,000 square miles.

We cannot leave New Mexico without a visit to Acoma, "The City of The Sky". Laborously we climb the 300 feet ascent to the village on the rocky mesa. We are told that an ancient Indian tribe dragged all the material for the church and the adobe houses up that rugged slope and we marvel at their patience and endurance. The church claims our attention. It is an ancient structure built with walls eight feet thick and supported by beams of mammoth size. There are windows on one side only, far above the ground, built thus for purposes of defense. The altars and statues are hand-carved by Indians; the candle-sticks are of pottery and the crucifix is mounted on a battle ax. There are no pews. The ruins of an old convent adjoin the church. In this cloistered garden stands a lone peach tree—the only tree in the village.

Speeding swiftly past the Grand Canyon, over miles of Arizona desert, another day finds us in upper California. At Dos Palos we are introduced to the Catechists' bus which has done such splendid service as a Catechism Center on wheels, where hundreds of Catholic children receive Religious Instruction. We had always been curious to see the camps and are surprised to find that they are really tent villages on large cotton, rice and fig plantations during planting and harvesting seasons. Thousands of Portuguese, Italians, and Mexicans are employed here.

Our visit to Los Angeles and to its illustrious Bishop is responsible for our clear and comprehensive view of the Mexican situation in Ventura County and The Imperial Valley of California.

In Imperial Valley alone there are approximately 25,000 Mexicans. The majority of these live in Brawley, El Centro and Calipatrin. In San Bernadino, Colton, Corona and Riverside live 22,000 Mexicans. Missionary Priests attending Mexican Missions and settlements are overburdened. Imagine a Missionary Priest preaching six sermons on a Sunday morning and baptizing twenty babies, engaged in extensive Catechetical work!

The death rate among the children is terrifyingly high. In one Mexican settlement it is as high as 70 per cent. In this district there are often as many as five funerals on the same morning. It is no unusual thing to have eighteen or twenty Baptisms on a Sunday morning; the number has run as high as thirty-five.

Bishop Cantwell, through the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine under the able direction of Fr. Leroy Callahan, D. D., is making valiant efforts to safeguard the Faith of thousands of our Mexican brethren in his diocese. He is now soliciting the aid of the Catechists as the only real solution of his difficult problem of taking care of the 350,000 needy Mexicans in the Diocese of Los Angeles.

Our Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is perpetual. Send in your intentions and let us be united in prayer at the feet of our dear Mother.

Protestant Mission Societies believe in LAY CO-OPERATION. Every member is an "Evangelist." Each one of these Mission Societies develops competent missionaries for evangelistic work. They are then sent out in bands of ten or more, convinced that the best method of winning Catholics away from their Faith is by means of personal interview. They make house to house visits. These visits are followed by a series of services and instructions.

Reporting results of these evangelistic efforts: one church with a membership of 2800 workers made 2740 calls and received 326 new members into its community.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR FATHER:

You advised me recently that there is a balance of \$2.00 due on my LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to The Missionary Catechist. I am enclosing a check for same herewith.

You thanked me for what I have done, and while I know it is a very small amount, I am happy to give what I can. I know that for the great work the society is doing to save souls for Christ a great deal of money is needed. If only every person who reads the little Magazine could purchase a Life Subscription to The Missionary Catechist payable \$1.00 per month it would certainly help your Society extend its splendid work.

We know that you have done great deeds under considerable handicaps and I offer a prayer to Our Blessed Mother to help and care for the Catechists in their field of labor for Christ.

Sincerely,

C. R. T.

All those contributing towards a Burse for the support of a Catechist share in the Masses, Holy Communions, prayers and good works of the Catechist laboring under the patronage of that particular Burse. The little ones under the care of the Catechists in the Missions lift up their hearts and voices in fervent prayer for the intentions of these generous donors.

Add your contribution to:
Assumption Burse \$6.00

Augusta, Georgia.

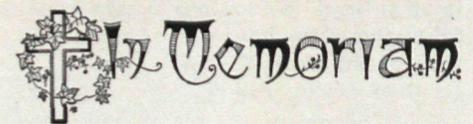
Dear Catechist:

I am enclosing \$2.00; my aunt is sending this in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for renting her house. Please use it to help buy food for the destitute families you write about.

Very sincerely,

H. C. L.

Write today for particulars concerning our Annuity Plan. By investing your hard-earned money in this annuity plan you will be making the best provisions for having your charitable bequests carried out after death.



We cherish the memory of our dear departed friends and benefactors. As we loved them and appreciated them on earth, we love them now that they have passed into eternity. Remembering the good deeds they wrought in behalf of God's poor. We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable subscribers the souls of those of our friends who have died recently:

Peter Weiskiercher, Steven Point, Wis.

Eli La Vigne, Adrian, Mich.

Mrs. Margaret Heiser, Miss Elizabeth Buchert, Mrs. Margaret O'Conner, Mrs. Augusta Miller, Ft. Wayne, Ind., A. C. M.

"May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

I cannot escape the fact that I am my brother's keeper. I can become instrumental in the saving or losing of his soul. Jesus Christ will infallibly condemn me if I cause the loss of my brother's soul; He will infallibly reward me if I become instrumental in saving his soul.

\$25.00 will support a Catechist in the field for one month.

We shall not only be pleased to include the intentions which our friends and subscribers send to us in our Novena, but we shall also make a daily memento in our Masses for these intentions.

Where Sickness' Disease and Death Collect Their Full Toll

Out here in Las Vegas, New Mexico, sickness, disease and death collect their full toll of suffering from the ranks of the poor. Ill from lack of proper food, their children undernourished and in many cases actually starving, the plight of these poor people is heart-rending. They are indeed the poorest of the poor.

We have visited many homes and have found conditions infinitely worse than the worst conditions of the sick poor in the cities of the East. There they at least have the advantages of visiting nurses, poor beds in the county hospitals, and often free dispensary or clinic treatment. Here, however, they have none of these advantages. Helpless little children and decrepit old men and women lie on the bare floor with neither mattress nor covering, and with no possible chance of medical attention or hospitalization. Is it any wonder that the death rate is so abnormally high?

For a long time we have prayed that we might be able to relieve this deplorable condition by opening a free dispensary and clinic for the sick poor of this community. Again and again we planned on opening this clinic, but were always deterred by lack of the funds necessary for furnishing even the simplest kind of equipment for it.

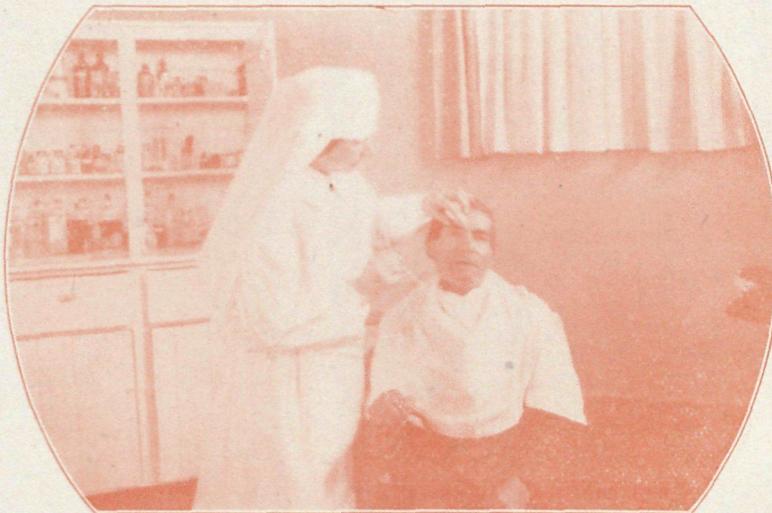
At last, however, on April 8th, through kindness of Father Dumarrest, we were able to secure the use of two rooms in an old school building in his parish. The best doctors and dentists of the city generously pro-

ferred their services for this clinic. Unfortunately we had not even the most elementary equipment to offer these doctors at the opening of our clinic. In the absence of hospital or dispensary equipment we had a few local carpenters construct a few rough tables and benches which served as improvised equipment.

Since that time we have, with the help of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, taken care of on an average of fifty patients a week, not only giving medical treatment and supplying medicines to the needy poor who apply, but also providing nourishing food for sick babies and giving the necessary instruction to mothers on the care of their undernourished children. We shudder to think what would happen to these poor people, so helpless in their misery and destitution, subject to all manner of diseases, if we had not been able to open this clinic!

If we but had the necessary funds to meet the ever-increasing demands of charity, how happy we should be in relieving the sufferings of these poor, sick people and their still poorer children! Our prayer and our hope is that 'Mary,

Help of the Sick' may inspire our generous Catholic friends to provide the equipment demanded by the doctors for use in our clinic, as well as the medicines and remedies that will restore the health and save the lives of our suffering poor.
Catechist Bridget Hynes



WHY
I WANT TO JOIN
THE 2500 CLUB

Many demands are made on my charity. In a world in which it is all but impossible to distinguish between worthy and unworthy causes, I want to be sure that I am helping a cause dear to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

I choose to join the 2500 CLUB

BECAUSE

THE 2500 CLUB enables me to fulfill my obligation in charity to do something definite for the benefit of God's neglected poor.

THE 2500 CLUB unites the dollars I have to give with hundreds of other dollars which together accomplish what to me alone is IMPOSSIBLE.

THE 2500 CLUB offers me the privilege of assisting the Missionary Catechists in saving the souls that would otherwise be lost.

THE 2500 CLUB assures me rich spiritual benefits and blessings.

The 2500 Club is an association of persons contributing \$1.00 a month towards the support of the Missionary Catechists and their work among the poor.