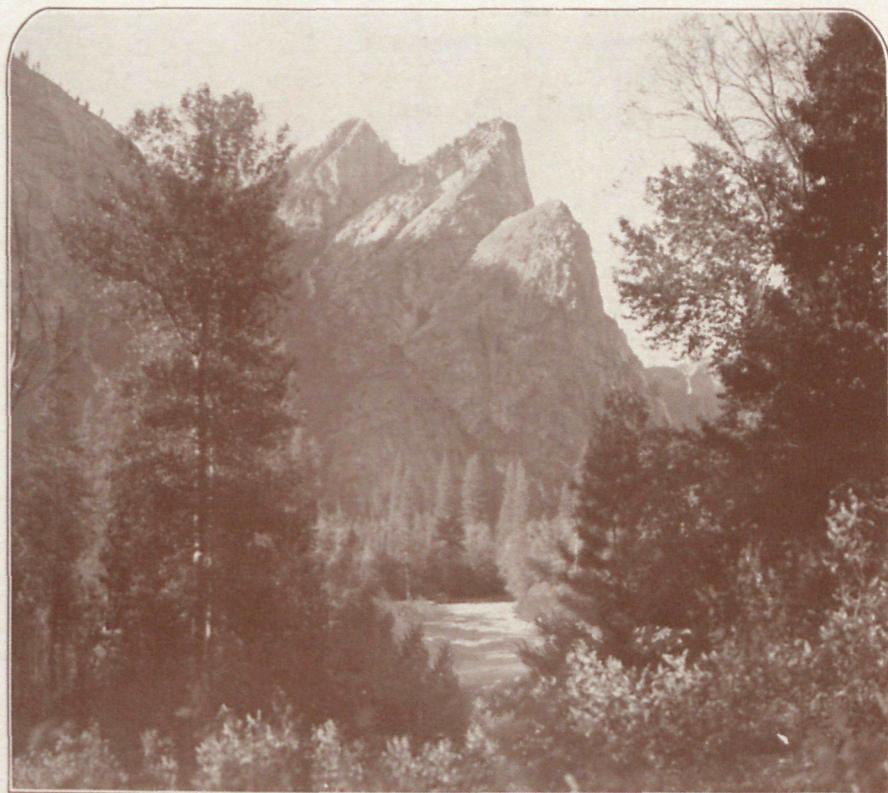


The Missionary Catechist



Volume VII

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, July, 1931

Number 8



DREAMING?

Dreams play an important role in the life of every individual,
In them the Characters of men and women may be read.

WHAT ARE YOUR DREAMS?

Are you dreaming dreams of loving service, of heroic sacrifice, of Faithful devotion?

Are you longing to do great things for Our Lord, and His Blessed Mother, for the Church and for individuals?

You have, no doubt, long realized that a life of worldly success and pleasure will never satisfy the noble aspirations that are yours.

Then don't go on dreaming! Make your hopes and desires materialize. **JOIN THE RANKS OF THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS.** They invite YOU,—all you who see the highest ideal of Catholic womanhood blazing golden bright before you!

In the Home Mission field of our own Southwest, among God's poor, you will find ample opportunity for the exercise of your zeal for service and devotion to the cause of Christ. Here you will find a happiness far surpassing that which you dream and a guarantee of life everlasting.

Write:

REV. SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR
Society of Missionary Catechists
Huntington, Indiana

The Missionary Catechist

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Mexican Youth Is Given A Chance

Catechist Dorothy Schneider

Will the Mexican become a naturalized citizen? Will he assimilate American ideals? Questions that puzzle the mind of the nation's social workers are being answered affirmatively by Missionary Catechists laboring in the Calumet steel district of Indiana.

Interested in the problem, and deeply concerned as to the welfare of the Mexican youth under their care, these Catechists determined to put the problem to a practical test. Discussion as to the form the project should take resulted in a unanimous decision that the training afforded by the Catholic Boy Scout Organization would best adapt itself to their plans. As a consequence Scout authorities were interested and Troop Number 24 became a reality.

With the presentation of their tenderfoot pins on March 1, 1931, thirty-two Mexican boys of Indiana Harbor, Ind., took their place as the first all-Mexican Catholic Boy Scout Troop in the Central West.

MAKING SPLENDID PROGRESS

Organized under the direction of Mr. J. Coughlin, of Chicago and trained by Scoutmaster Michael Kudzinowski, an ex-service man, this troop has made splendid progress during the past four months in passing the various tenderfoot and second class tests of the Scouts. In the opinion of Mr. A. J. Sambrook, Chief Scout Executive of East Chicago, Indiana, and Judge M. E. Crites of that city, who presided at the presentation, Scouting will lay for these Mexican lads a solid foundation for future citizenship and will develop in them a sense of obligation and responsibility for the country of their adoption.

Recently this newly formed Scout Troop, together with a Troop from Our Lady of Mercy Parish, Chicago, under the direction of Rev. J. M. McCabe, paraded through the streets of Indiana Harbor and made a splendid impression on its citizens.

"WHITE SOX"

Catholic and non-Catholic American business men of Indiana Harbor are evincing marked interest in Troop Number 24. They are anxious to co-operate with the Catechists in providing every means for educating these boys to good citizenship. Recently the Kiwanis Club formed a baseball league and not only invited the members of this Scout Troop to organize a team and play in the league, but also promised to provide them with suits and other necessary equipment. These boys will be called the "White Sox".

As one of the objects of the Catholic Boy Scout Movement is to foster a real love for Jesus Christ and His Holy Church and to encourage its membership to frequent and regular reception of the Sacraments, there can be no doubt but that these boys who receive Communion regularly in a body at the Mexican parish church of Our Lady of Guadalupe of Indiana Harbor, will be a source of good example to the adults of the parish.

UNQUESTIONABLY LOYAL

The interest manifested by these Mexican boys in American Scout activities and their facility in acquiring the knowledge necessary to pass the various tests prove that there is no reason why they should not become good citizens. Their loyalty to the American flag is unquestionable.

It is agreed that if we give youth a certain responsibility, either at home, in school, or in church, he accepts such responsibility and strives to do the best he can to measure up to our expectations. The response of these Mexican boys to the efforts expended in their behalf, their whole-hearted and enthusiastic co-operation in every plan, has convinced the Missionary Catechists that time spent in furthering the cause of the Mexican youth in this country is not time wasted.

As a result of the success of this first Troop, both the pastor of the Church, Rev. Jose H. Lara, and the Missionary Catechists are making plans for the organization of a second troop of all-Mexican Catholic Boy Scouts.



First All-Mexican Catholic Boy Scout Troop in Central West

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

Vincentita

Vincentita could not find the Saints and she feared they would obtain no favors for her people until she found them. It came about this way: San Antonio and the surrounding country was suffering from a severe drought. Droughts are not uncommon in New Mexico, but never before had the poor of this little village such genuine cause for alarm. Many of them were suffering extreme want due to unemployment and their only security against starvation was the success of their gardens and fields which, at best, afforded a scanty means of subsistence. No one recognized the impending calamity better than ten-year-old Vincentita. She, the "Sunshine of San Antonio" had heard the sighs and fears of the villagers and listened to their quiet discussions, for nothing was kept from her. Vincentita was the eldest child of one of the "best families" of this once prosperous village. But that had nothing to do with her popularity. She won her position and title by the exercise of a supernatural gift which was hers: the gift of comprehending and sharing the joys and sorrows, the successes and failures, the hopes and fears of young and old.

It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that Vincentita assumed the responsibility for the plight of her stricken people. One morning she arose early and hastened from house to house begging the mothers to "lend the children" to her for the day.

After some time, Vincentita, like another Pied Piper, led the children of the village to the banks of a nearby arroyo. This arroyo had been the source of water supply in the early spring, but at present, it resembled a deep ditch with pools of water settled here and there. When all were seated, Vincentita asked, "Did you bring your Santos?"

In reply dozens of small, brown hands delved into apron or overall pockets and drew forth pictures of favored saints. Vincentita was charmed. She produced a small statue of Our Blessed Mother and a still smaller one of The Little Flower. These she arranged on a pillow of branches and admonished two boys, her own age, to carry it with caution.

Then she explained that they were about to make a pilgrimage to the church of a certain village some three miles distant, in order to implore the mercy of God through the intercession of His Blessed Mother and the Saints.

"Unless we pray," she concluded, "and the good God sends rain, all the poor in San Antonio will die!" A bit exaggerated, perhaps, were her statements, but they struck home and soon an orderly procession was formed. Suddenly Vincentita discovered little Isabella, whose face and hands gave evidence of recent labors in the mud-pie factory.

"No one can go in procession unless he is clean," kindly but firmly asserted Vincentita, and set about inspecting the children and drawing one after another out of line.

"Dolores, you help me and we'll clean



It is fun unless the log slips

them up." No sooner said than done. Down to the pools of not-too-clean water, they led the youngsters. But what were they to do for a towel? Ah! Vincentita wore an apron—that was unnecessary; It would serve as a towel. It did indeed, and soon the procession was once more ready to go. Such a procession was never before seen in New Mexico! How Our Dear Lord, His Mother and the Saints must have smiled down upon these solemn-faced little ones, trudging along the burnt, adobe road, under the hot rays of a midday, June sun, holding high images of the saints and singing hymns as they went; or repeating over and over the Our Father and Hail Mary which were the only prayers they knew.

The pilgrimage caused much excitement in the neighboring village and drew

to the little church, a crowd of the inhabitants who caught the fervor of their guests and remained long to pray.

It was late in the evening when, happy, though tired and hungry and almost overcome with the heat, the children of San Antonio returned. They had accomplished their purpose. Confidently they would await the rain.

The day after the pilgrimage dawned warm and sunny. Thirty or more pairs of brown eyes scanned the heavens but no cloud appeared. The second day was a duplicate of the first. Frowns began to appear between childish, brown eyes, but no word was said. The third day, jolly Mr. Sun smiled his warmest down upon the sun-baked village and childish patience could bear no more. No elders were consulted, but again Vincentita assembled the children.

"We will bury the Saints," she told them desperately, "we will leave them in the ground until they get rain for us. Then we will uncover them and have a party in their honor."

Once again, they formed in procession, lifting up their voices in song and prayer, they marched to the hills. There a hole was painfully dug in the hard adobe. The pictures of Saints were gathered and buried, and the children returned home, grave but hopeful. Nor were they disappointed. The next morning many a tousled head breathed a "Gracias a Dios" as it turned happily on its pillow to be lulled back to sleep by the pattering of

rain drops.

The rain fell for two long days. Everyone was jubilant and gave thanks to God. Vincentita said nothing but prayed fervently. As soon as the rain stopped she, with a few chosen companions, hurried to the hills to recover the Saints and do them homage for so successfully interceding in behalf of the poor of San Antonio. But woe to them! They could not find the place wherein the Saints had been laid! No trace of their labors remained after the heavy rain, and they had neglected to mark the spot. With infinite patience they toiled, digging one hole after another in the sticky adobe, but no Saints were brought to light. Night fell and the children were forced to abandon their tasks. They hurried home in dismay,—all but Vincentita. She was sad, yes,—but not disheartened. She might have to form another pilgrimage to beg the Saints to find themselves, but then,—all things were possible if one prayed!

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

A TOUCHING CUSTOM



Joy of the Catechists.—Lubbock Texas.

A MOST WELCOMED GUEST

Among the recent guests at Victory-Noll was the Most Rev. Albert T. Dae-ger, O. F. M., Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico. This was his Excellency's first visit and his pleasure at being with us could not have exceeded our joy at having him in our midst. His farewell was a pressing invitation for us to come out to New Mexico where thousands of souls are in need of our assistance.

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, East Chicago.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9 Lubbock, New Mexico.
- 10 Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 11 Santa Rosa, New Mexico.
- 12 Catechist Blanche Richardson, supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 13 Calipatria, California, Box 533.
- 14 Santa Paula, California, 222 8th St. Express and freight shipments for Holman, Anton Chico and Chaperito are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The Missionary Catechist

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 Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of
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My vacation trip through the South-west had been so arranged as to include a brief stop-off at Las Vegas, New Mexi-co. This gave me the longed-for oppor-tunity of visiting the Catechists's home at Victory-Mount. Two years ago, at Victory-Noll, Indiana, I met a little Spanish Catechist who quite won my af-fection. Since then, she had been sent out to labor in New Mexico, and, though I was keenly interested in all the Cate-chists and their activities, it was princi-pally to see her that I included Las Ve-gas in my itinerary.

"Your little Catechist has been spend-ing the past week with her parents," the Catechist Directress of Victory-Mount in-formed me. "But she will return late this afternoon. The Catechists will drive down to get her as soon as they return from the out-Mission. Her home is only 30 miles away, you know. If you can spend the next two hours with us the Cate-chists will be back from Hot Springs and, if you wish, you may go with them to bring Catechist home."

I was delighted to stay. Just to be near and watch the Catechists,—kind, purposeful, busy and always happy,—was an inspiration and a novel pleasure. The two hours sped all too soon. The Cate-chists returned from their labors and graciously drove me to the quaint little Spanish set-tlement where the parents of "my Catechist" lived. We rode down a rocky, dirt road, between rows of low houses built of flat, grey stone. The buildings all looked alike to me, but the Catechists knew at which door to stop. Someday I shall write about my visit to that typically Spanish family. Here let it suffice to say that I have stored it away with my sweetest memories.

"Father hasn't come in from the field yet, where he is plowing," my little Catechist said. "It will soon be dark and we can't wait, so come with me. I want to say good-by to him before I leave."

We hurried across the stubble land and through a plowed field to where the father worked. He stopped the horse at sight of us and stood, hat in hand, until we reached him. Although no educated man, he, nevertheless, greeted me with all the courtesy and refinement of a Spanish cavalier. But there was little time for conversation. I stood by while Catechist spoke a few last words of farewell. Then,—what a loving parting! How different it was from any I had ever witnessed and how thoroughly Catholic!

The Catechist dropped on her knees in the newly plowed field and her father, raising his eyes to heaven, gave her his

paternal blessing.

Hot tears sprang to my eyes as I re-called the parting with my own parents and brothers. We are considered a rep-resentative Catholic-American family, but I remembered with a pang of remorse that thoughts and words of God were strangely absent from that scene. Yet there was a possibility that we might never meet again! Of course, Catechist was a Religious and I a very modern business woman,—perhaps that accounted for it. But who needs the prayers and blessings more, the Religious who leaves one home to enter another, or the girl who leaves the parental roof for college, for foreign travel or to embark upon one or the other of the many careers now open to our sex?

I thought many things during that brief space of time and soon I found my-self again crossing the plowed field and stubble land, returning to the house.

"The blessing was beautiful," I told the Catechist at my side. "I never saw anything like that before."

"O, didn't you? But of course, you wouldn't. It is customary among the Spanish people. Children always ask their parent's blessing before doing any-thing or going anywhere, even before setting out for school in the morning."

"A touching practice!" I remarked sincerely.

"Yes, we have many beautiful prac-



CATECHISTS AT LAS VEGAS, N. M.

tices but they are being lost," Catechist told me sadly. "So many of our young people, because of American-Protestant influence, have given up some of our age-old, religious practices; and others have even given up their Faith. But it is not strange that numbers of our Spanish people in the Southwest are losing their Faith. It is rather remarkable that they have kept it so long under the circum-stances. You know the conditions under which they live."

Alas, I did know, only too well! And I knew the splendid work the Catechists were doing among them in spite of the obstacles they encountered. I also knew,—and I blushed as I remembered,—

(Continued on page 7)

Although there are few individuals who can wholly adopt a Catechist, there are many who would gladly contribute toward their support. The 2500 Club was organized for such charitable Catholics. Its obligations are to pray for the Catechists and their work and to contribute \$1.00 a month toward their support.

Anyone may become a member;—Why not YOU?

ADOPT A CATECHIST

ON THE FEAST OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Twenty little children had occupied the first benches of the little Mission chapel of Mosquero. Twenty shiny faces (shiny from recent contact with soap and water) had waited expectantly for the Son of God to descend upon the altar in the little church, at the word of His minister. And the Good Shepherd had come, true to His Word, and had folded them in His arms,—these tiny lambs so dear to His Heart. Catechist Vigil had helped them make their Thanksgiving; had



"... It was a pleasure to 'outfit' Joana. Never before had we found such a healthy baby as Joana among our poor. But it was with many misgivings that we sent her home,—back into the hills,—to a weak, over-worked mother. Unless we could prevent it with timely instructions, there was nothing to keep this child from sharing the fate of her two older brothers. They, too, had been healthy babies and yet, due to a lack of medical attention they did not survive the attack of a common infant malady."

prayed with them for their parents, relatives, friends and benefactors, and now they were marching out of the chapel, two by two. The little boys, with stiff bows of white ribbon on their right arms, came first; some wearing "long trousers" for the first time. Then came the girls, dressed, of course, in white and wearing veils and wreaths.

They marched to the large, roomy kitchen of good Senora Lovato; here two large tables were laid for them. The girls sat at one table; the boys at another. The good ladies of the parish passed steaming dishes of festal food.

The room was festooned with crepe paper flowers and beside each plate was a flowered crepe paper basket filled with candy.

In the afternoon, at the sound of the bell, the children reassembled at the little church. This time for the purpose of renewing their Baptismal Vows and of being invested in the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The good Priest spoke earnestly to them, telling them of their obligations which had become graver on this day, and exhorting them to live practical, Christian lives. He then had them repeat after him, the same promises made by their god-parents years ago when they were too small to do these things for themselves. The larger children of the parish sang a hymn appropriate for the occasion. To translate it, in its entirety, would occupy too much space, but the chorus, in which the First Communicant joined, ran as follows:

When I was baptized my godparents vowed
That to God and His Church always faithful I'd be,
But this day I come, with reason endowed,
To give myself to Thee, my God, to give myself to Thee!

Afterwards, kneeling at the Communion Rail, each child was invested with Our Blessed Mother's own livery, the Scapular.

The good Pastor then gave them another short talk telling them to always love Our Blessed Mother, and She, in turn, would always love and protect them.

The day's devotions closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then, according to the New Mexican custom, the little ones deposited their First Communion candles on the high altar to be burnt according to their intentions during future devotional exercises to be held in the mission chapel.

Catechist Blanche Richardson.

We have been kept quite busy lately attending the sick. It seems all our old ladies get sick at once. One especially has been a source of edification to us. Although she suffered great pain and was gasping for breath, between times her lips moved in prayer. Patient endurance of suffering seems to be a predominant virtue of our dear people.

Catechist Edna Like,
Chaperito, N. M.

The quaint adobe city of Acoma stands on an island of solid rock, which rises five hundred feet sheer above the level valley. As outposts around it tower strange, lofty buttes and shafts of varicolored sandstone.—Chas. Lummis.

IN THE HOME FIELD

Children are not only the hope of the nation, but also the hope of the Catholic Church.



THESE LITTLE ONES! WHAT HEART WOULD NOT GO OUT TO THEM IN PITY? In New Mexico where child welfare agencies are unknown, the infant death rate is appalling. Mindful of this, the Catechists are making infant welfare one of their special concerns. Though much good is being done, especially at the clinic in Las Vegas, still the Catechists are greatly handicapped by lack of funds.

A TRIUMPHANT CLOSE

School has closed for us at Santa Rosa, and our big picnic is also history, that is, all but recuperating from bruises, sunburn, etc.

Sunday morning, as soon as Mass was ended, our youngsters, sixty in number, assembled on our front porch and impatiently awaited the two big trucks we had chartered for the occasion. When they arrived it didn't take long for all, big and little, to clamber into them. Then, amid shouts and song, we were off for our thirteen-mile trip up in the mountains.

We picnicked in an ideal place. There was plenty of shade and water, good places for climbing and innumerable caves to satisfy the adventurous spirit of our daring boys. We had the usual accompaniments of a picnic—races and grab bags. Each child brought his own sandwiches, and, thanks to Jesus and Mary, we were able to provide the rest of the meal. The day ended too soon for all.

Catechist Loretta Smith.

A LATE START

Will you please say a prayer for one of our girls who is taking special instructions in preparation for her First Holy Communion? She is eighteen years old. Her mother died when she was small and Catalina went to school when it pleased her. For this reason she did not learn to read or write. Last winter the Catechists induced her to attend our classes. Catalina had just moved to Gary and did not know the way so her father brought her the first few times.

After getting acquainted she told us she would like to learn how to read and write. We went to Froebel School and arranged to have her placed in an Opportunity Class. She has learned to write a little, and a marked change has taken place in her personal appearance—she looks brighter and is more interested in everything. We hope to induce her to return to school next fall, though it will require much effort. We cannot, however, help but admire the pluck that kept her there the last few months, for she is much larger than any of the other children.

Catechist Margaret Dunsmore.



We were pleased with the success of our daily devotions during May here at Cerrillos. The attendance was better than we expected. Besides rosary, hymns and Benediction, we had a special little ceremony: three little girls offered flowers to Our Blessed Mother. To be eligible for this honor, they had to attend Mass on week days. All were anxious to offer flowers to the queen of May so they made every effort to come to Mass during the week.

Catechist C. Leutenegger.

San Diego Missions
Jemes, N. Mex.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I thank you for the kind invitation extended to me through Catechist Kuntz to visit Victory-Noll, the home of the Missionary Catechists. I hope to do so on the occasion of my visit home.

My joy will not be complete until I see more vocations result from the visit the Catechists made to Morris, Ind. last summer where they conducted successful Catechism classes. That they made an excellent impression on all cannot be doubted. That same kind of impression I desire to have them make out here. Only recently I found that quite a few of the native children from our missions are attending the Protestant schools at Albuquerque. These schools have no commendable influence to say the least. One of the mothers who sent her boy to this Protestant school said to me: "My boy forgot how to pray." But what can we offer instead? If I may judge from conditions here, it may be said that the people need house to house visitations from the Catechists.

This summer I intend to visit some of the places where the Catechists are now laboring. May their number increase!

Wishing you the greatest success in your labors I am,

Sincerely yours in St. Francis,
FATHER R. RAPHAEL, O. F. M.

ON THE ROAD TO GOOD HEALTH

Eighteen little girls and boys from Grants, N. M., have been put on the road to health by the removal of their tonsils and adenoids. We have just had two more tonsil clinics at St. Mary's Hospital in Gallup. These clinics were made possible through the kindness of the good Sisters and two of the Gallup doctors. May their charity be rewarded by continued success in their work!

We are indebted to the kindness of an eye specialist in Albuquerque and the good Sisters at the Hospital there for taking care of another one of our men who became blind from cataracts. The operation proved successful, and the man will regain sight in both eyes.

Catechist M. Scull.

VALIANT CHAMPIONS OF THE FAITH

The Italian Federation was organized by a pious Italian at San Francisco and is growing very rapidly. Through Father Franco's influence a branch of it has been organized at Dos Palos. At first there was doubt as to its success here. Now, thanks to Jesus and Mary, the membership of this local branch has reached the fifty mark and every one is surprised at its success. The president is a staunch worker and is pleased with the showing here. One of the many good results of it is that a great number of negligent Catholics are now coming to church.

The president was instrumental in sending us, for our poor Mexicans, five hundred pounds of flour and two hundred pounds of beans with other groceries. He has also promised to do all he can in the way of promoting health and sanitation among our people.

Catechist Agnes Kozla.



"... Manuel's mother is dead. His father is struggling desperately during these hard times to keep a roof over the heads of his five little ones. There is, of course, small chance for these poor children to get the proper diet. Unless we can supply Manuel and his little sisters and brothers with proper food, there is danger of their being carried off by the all too common 'summer complaint.'"

A TOUCHING CUSTOM

(Continued from page 5)

and loved the Catechists, was forgetting that they depend entirely upon us,—their friends,—for the means with which to carry on the blessed work. There and then, while crossing the stubble land under a New Mexican sky, I resolved to prove my loyalty to the Catechists and that I, like so many others who admired their cause by assisting them in a financial way:—I determined to adopt my dear little Spanish Catechist!—and I am carrying out my resolution.

R. G.

MARY'S

Dear Little Helpers:

The other day when I was walking down the street I saw some woolen blankets hanging on a line in a yard, and it made me think of something I want to tell you. I was surprised when I found that there is a root in New Mexico that the boys and girls eat like candy, but I was more surprised when I found that they also have a root there which they use for soap. Isn't God good to put so many things in the ground for His poor people? This soap, of course, doesn't come out of the ground in bars like our soap. It is the root of a plant that looks something like a cactus plant. They either dry it in the sun, or pound it into a pulp. They use it especially to wash woolen things, because it makes such a nice soap-suds. And now I'll tell you a story about this natural soap and how it helped a little Spanish boy and his mother. The little boy's name was Lupe and he lived with his mother. His father was dead, and they were very poor. The only thing they had that was nice, was a priceless Indian blanket which had been given to Lupe's father by a famous Spaniard. And now Lupe's mother was very sad because she would have to sell this beautiful blanket. A rich man had offered to buy the blanket for \$150.00, so you see it must have been beautiful. Lupe's mother told him to go and get some amole—this is what they call the soap. She would wash the blanket and then they would sell it. Lupe was an obedient little boy so he went right up into the hills and dug up some of the roots, brought them home and began to pound them. While he was pounding them, he discovered a little piece of gold in the dirt around the root. As you can imagine, Lupe was all excited. He called his Mother and showed her the gold. "Just think," said Lupe, "if we can find more gold, maybe we won't have to sell Father's blanket." Luckily, Lupe remembered the exact spot where he had dug up the roots, so he and his mother went to this same spot and he dug, and dug and dug. Each day he found a few more grains of gold, and once in awhile a real nugget. The hole got so deep that Lupe had to go down with a rope. But, one day while Lupe was down in the hole, the ground caved in and Lupe was buried under all that dirt. His mother waited and waited for him to come up, and then she got scared. She looked down and saw that had happened, and she began to dig. She finally got Lupe out, but Lupe had almost smothered to death, and he was sick for a long time after that. But they found enough gold in their little mine, not only to save their precious blanket, but a whole lot more. I'll bet it must be

lots of fun to live in New Mexico, don't you? I mean if you have plenty to eat and everything, like we have.

Your faithful friend,
WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Joan Hughes of Indiana has organized a new band with eleven members. We know that Joan's band will be a success.

How many of our Little Helpers like to write stories? All children love stories, and if you will send us some, maybe we can publish them on the Little Helpers' page. Why not try it? Just think how much fun it would be to see your own story in our magazine.

Our Band at DeLand, Florida, which was the first Little Helpers band organized, has almost as many boys as girls among its members. The boys have as much fun making things, and packing their mission boxes as the girls do. This shows that boys can be regular missionaries, too, if they want to.

Marie Garrity's Little Flower Band had another card party for the new Burse. At this party she made \$31.00. And besides this, Marie still sells fifty magazines every month! Isn't Marie a regular Little Helper?

Be one of Our Blessed Mother's Little Helpers. All of our Little Helpers are proud of their medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Surely you would like one, too. Send me your name and address and I will enroll you as a Little Helper. Then you, too, will get a medal, a membership card and a mite box.

We have a new little band in Williamsport, Pa. These little missionaries call themselves the "Jolly Little Helpers Club". There are twelve members and they conduct their meetings every week. I am sure these Little Helpers will work hard for the Missions.

Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band of Lafayette, Indiana, are busy as usual. They have been making First Communion outfits. In addition to this they raffled off an electric train and made \$5.25 for the new Burse.

Dear Catechist: I received my pin and your letter and I am proud to think that I am a Little Helper of Mary. I will save my pennies and send them to you for the Mexicans. When I say my prayers, I also say a prayer for you. Your Little Helper, JACKIE.



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GET A FRIEND TO BE A LITTLE HELPER

The Associate Catechists of Mary

WANTED!

One hundred and eighty-eight NEW MEMBERS for the Victory-Noll Home Band. At the present time we have 412 members in the Home Band. 412 members, each paying fifty cents a year, makes a total of \$206.00. It takes \$300.00 a year to support a Catechist. If we had just 188 new members, making a total of 600 members, the Home Band would be paying \$300.00 a year,—enough to support one Catechist. If you are not a member, then join now. If you are a member, get a friend to join. Help us get 188 new members.

While you were doing your spring house-cleaning, did you find a trunk-full of clothes that you have no further use for? If you did, we will be more than grateful if you will remember our poor in the Missions. We had an appeal for clothes from our Mission at Gary, Ind. Their clothes-cupboard is empty, and they need clothes for all ages and sizes, and especially for children.

When we hear about the troubles and sorrows of others, we are always ready to sympathize with them. We wish that we might be able to help them, but it seems that just at this time there are so many things that we must take care of first. Our idea of helping is to be able to present a large check. This, however, is not the case, and every mite, be it ever so small, will help to relieve the suffering and distress of God's poor. Get the Mission Habit, and do your bit! And do it now! Don't put it off!

No man can be generous with God has not a great, broad love of his neighbors.—Father Faber.

The door-bell rang. When Catechist opened the door, there stood a little bare-foot boy. "Catechist, have you got any real shoes?" After much searching, Catechist found a pair that were a few sizes too large, but rather than see him go without any, Catechist gave them to him. He put them on, and looked up at Catechist with a big grin, "Gee, Catechist, they're swell. They're real alright." When Catechist asked him what he meant by "real", he answered, "Well, you see, Catechist, I never had 'em before with heels, and bottoms and shoe strings and everything."

You are devoting your time and your

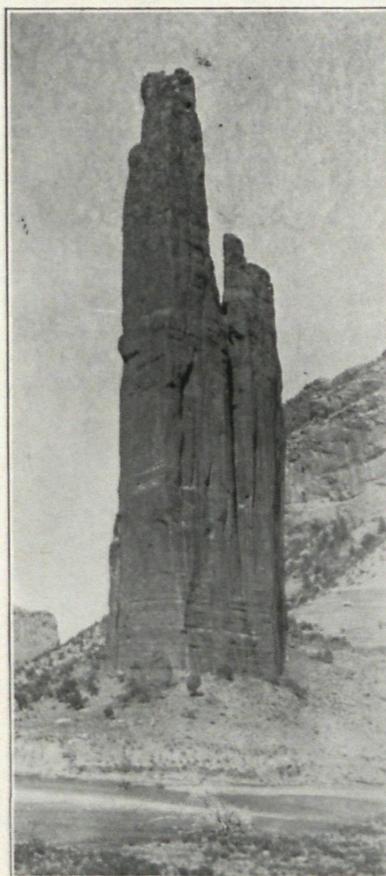


labor to the cause of the Catechists; this shows that you are interested in our work. Why not, then, tell others what you are doing, and get them interested also? Every new person interested, means a new friend.

EVERY new BURSE means a New CATECHIST in the FIELD and EVERY new CATECHIST means that more SOULS can be SAVED.

START a BAND and work for A NEW BURSE!

Our annual ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY Retreat will be held over Labor Day, beginning Saturday evening, Sept. 5th., ending Tuesday morning, Sept. 8th., at Our Lady's Academy, 95th & Throop Sts., Chicago. If you wish to make this Retreat, make your reservations early. Call or write Sister Mary Leo at the Academy.



A Lone Desert Sentinel

BAND ACTIVITIES

The Cure of Ars Band, Chicago, which is one of our latest Bands, had a very successful card party and realized \$100.00. This band is working for the Cure of Ars Burse.

Mrs. Hennegan of Chicago gave a card party for St. Joseph's Band and made \$27.00.

Some of our bands discovered that it pays to keep a mite box handy at their meetings. Our Lady of Lourdes Band, Chicago, collected \$25.00 in their mite box in just a short time, and the Les Petite Fleurs Club collected \$11.58.

Father Lescher's Bands of Chicago sponsored another successful dance, and added \$65.00 to their record. These hard-working bands are supporting two burses—Jesus, Father of the Poor Burse, and St. George's Burse.

St. Anthony's Band of Chicago continues to work hard. \$67.65 has been added to St. Paschal's Burse by these zealous members this year.

The Alpha Omega Club, Chicago, is also working for St. Paschal's Burse, and has applied \$29.00 to same.

We are very grateful to our zealous promoters and their loyal members, for their continued cooperation, and wish to acknowledge the following:

- \$154.00 from our Fort Wayne Bands.
- \$100.00 from St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Service, promoter.
- \$53.00 from Our Lady of Perpetual Help Club, Chicago, Mrs. Wainwright, promoter.
- \$42.50 from our Crown Point Band, Mrs. Eder, promoter.
- \$35.00 from St. Mary's Band, Mrs. Hansen, promoter.
- \$29.00 from The Charitina Club, Katherine Hennigan, promoter.
- \$25.00 from Sacred Heart Band, No. 1, Mrs. Scheuer, promoter.

Here is a good suggestion! St. Anthony's Band of Detroit had an all-day bazaar, the proceeds of which was applied to St. Anthony's Burse. These zealous workers also made twelve First Communion outfits for our Mission children.

JOIN THE HOME BAND!

NEWSY NOTES FROM GRANTS, NEW MEXICO

On writing to the Franciscan Sisters at St. Anthony's Orphanage, Albuquerque, to find out if they could take one of our boys who was recently left homeless by the death of his grandmother, we received the following reply:

"Although we are overcrowded we will do the best we can for the little boy."

We have never met with a refusal from these good Sisters. They always have room for "one more".

We closed the month of May with procession and crowning of Our Blessed Mother, Queen of May. Over a hundred children took part in the procession. They were dressed in white, some wearing veils and wreaths. Each child carried flowers which he placed at the feet of our Queen. The wreath with which Our Blessed Mother was crowned was carried on a blue and white satin pillow by the privileged little tot chosen as queen. Nothing sweeter could have been imagined than the sight of her climbing to the top step of a blue and white decorated ladder and, with all the self-possession of a real queen, placing the crown upon the brow of the best and Dearest of Mothers.

We celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi with High Mass, procession and Benediction at the four outdoor altars, which the Ladies of the Blessed Sacrament Society prepared so beautifully for their Eucharistic King. All Grants was astir that day for the people had never before witnessed such a sight. Many not of our Faith turned out for the occasion. I am sure no one was disappointed in the beautiful and impressive ceremony.

The little girls in procession were dressed in white. Ten tiny tots, four and five years old, carried baskets of roses which they strewed before the Blessed Sacrament.

We are having a splendid attendance at our summer school classes which we conduct three days each week.

Catechist Margaret Srill.



"Our Boys Like to Work." Grants, N. M.

DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER

"Devotion to the glorious Mother of God," says a pious author, "brings with it so many blessings that the space of eternity alone suffices to acknowledge the graces which flow therefrom. The poor find in it riches to assuage their misery, the weak strength, the sick a remedy for all their woes, the ignorant instruction, the afflicted consolation, the sinner finds grace, the just their sanctification, the souls in purgatory their deliverance. In fine, there is no condition which does not share in its blessings, no nation which does not experience the protection of the Mother of God. All the earth is full of the effects of Her compassion. Her Heart—this precious Heart, which, after Her Son's, is the most loving, the purest, the tenderest of all Hearts—contains in itself more love and perfection than those of all the angels and the blessed in heaven, and therefore, Her tender, compassionate desire to aid us is greater than that of all the saints; an almost infinite number of blessings flow upon all creatures from this merciful Heart as from an inexhaustible source."

"Let us love Mary," exclaims St. Bernard, "with all our hearts and with all the tenderness of our affection. Such is the will of God. It was through Mary that He gave us His Son, and through Her still flow upon us the Savior's graces. Jesus is the source of all grace, and His divine Heart the repository; His holy Mother is the dispenser of His choicest gifts, and the Mysterious Channel through which they are transmitted to us."

An investment in our ANNUITY PLAN is safe. Amounts as low as \$50.00 are accepted. Interest: 6 percent., payable semi-annually.

Particulars sent free upon request.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY from the Renaissance of Jansenism by Rev. P. Pourrat, trans. by W. H. Mitchell, M. S. P. Kenedy and Sons, N. Y.

This third volume of the Christian Spirituality series by the Superior of the Grand Seminary of Lyons, in octave form, covering more than four hundred pages of fine print, is a monumental work. More than a historical review of the classic period of ascetic and mystic writings this book is a philosophy of spirituality. The learned author traces the development of methodical prayer, the genesis of the Ignatian Exercises, the influence of humanism, false mysticism, and Protestant Quietism on the various Catholic schools of spirituality. But few works give so comprehensive a view of the spiritual life in all its gradations, from the stages of conversion from sin to the peaks of passive contemplation and union. There is a thorough discussion and evaluation of the works and methods of such great guides of souls as St. Francis de Sales, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Ignatius, Card. Berulle and his followers, Olier, Condren and St. Vincent de Paul.

During these hard times when so many Catholics, weak in Faith, are bewailing their temporal losses and are murmuring against God because of such losses, it is a source of consolation and edification for us to receive letters from so many of our friends and subscribers, who are giving evidence, in the hour of their affliction, of strong, deep Faith, of implicit trust, and unshaken confidence in the Providence of God in their behalf.

It is a pleasure for us to include the petitions of these good friends in our regular and special Novenas to Our Blessed Mother, and we shall be pleased to include in our Solemn Novena in honor of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother, the petitions of these dear friends. We shall likewise be glad to have your petitions included in this Novena. If, therefore, you will check off your intentions on the list below, we shall place them on Our Blessed Mother's Altar during this Novena, and shall recommend to Her tender care all the intentions of your dear ones as well as your own.

- Spiritual Favors
- Temporal Favors
- Special Favors
- Restoration of Health
- Employment
- Conversions
- Peace in Families
- Vocations
- Successful Operation
- Happy Death
- Poor Souls
- Miscellaneous

Name _____

Address _____

ADOPT A CATECHIST

The Turquoise Necklace

GERTRUDE E. RYAN

Helen Waring, a Bostonian in Los Angeles for the winter, rose from the lunch-table with satisfaction. Well-cooked food perfectly served in a spotless dining-room,—could one ask for more? As soon as her guests were seated at bridge, she went to the kitchen. A young Mexican girl was deftly washing dishes. Helen thought that two months ago she had objected to employing a Mexican, and had taken Luisa with many misgivings. Little by little she was being won over by faithful, efficient service.

"Luisa," she said, "you did very well this noon. When you go, take that lavender linen suit from my closet as a reward."

"Muchas gracias, Senora," she replied.

"You look tired. Don't work too hard on the farm this afternoon. I'll see you in the morning."

"Si, Senora."

Thinking how pretty Luisa's rich, dark coloring would look above the lavender linen, Mrs. Waring returned to her guests. As it was Thursday, Luisa had the rest of the day free. She would go, Mrs. Waring knew, to the little vegetable farm on the outskirts of the city, which she and Manuel, her husband, were toiling to pay for. How they worked and saved! Luisa had only one dress beside her uniforms. Suddenly Mrs. Waring wondered what had become of previous gifts: hats, an old white silk dress and other garments?

While she was thus thinking, a sudden chattering in the patio drew her attention: the maids of the apartment-house leaving for their holiday. Some of them looked familiar. What was it? Appalled, she realised that Mrs. James' cook



The "home" of one of our Mexican families

was starting out in hers,—Helen Waring's—hat. Mrs. Lathrop's wore her old sport coat, and, worst of all, Mrs. Stevens' nurse bulged under the lavender linen suit. Angry, she decided Mexicans were not worth helping! She would speak to Luisa in the morning!

Morning came, but no Luisa. Instead, an elderly Mexican woman of surprising girth appeared.

"A nino—a son!" she explained. "He come early. Luisa send me to do your work."

Helen forgot her anger in amazement.

"But I did not know—"

The old woman kept nodding her head delightedly.

"Manuel's madre,—I. We all so happy! Luisa so glad! She wish you and Senor Waring to come to baptismo tomorrow."

It was many years since the last of Mrs. Waring's children had been baptized, yet she felt a sudden kinship to this woman who was "so glad," and she persuaded her husband to escort her to the Plaza. Indeed, he was afraid to let her go alone. They tip-toed through the ancient Mission into the baptistery. Around the font stood strange groups—men with sweeping mustaches, short, stolid women in cerise and orange and blue. And the center of each group was a baby, most gorgeous of all, with cabbages of ribbon over its ears, flowing petticoats of pink and even gold ear-

rings. Some of the men wore overalls. Most of the women were shabby. But the babies shone resplendent. And especially resplendent was the mite that Manuel proudly carried. The little cap of drawn-work fairly bristled with ribbon. The dress and several petticoats were elaborately embroidered, and greatest glory,

—a turquoise necklace hung on the tiny breast!

"What horrible taste!" began Helen, then, with sudden perception, she whispered: "How these people love their children!"

The Waring's of Boston were the last to park their car outside a tiny truck farm on the outskirts of Los Angeles. It had taken some time to find blankets of just the right brilliance. Luisa was carefully undressing the baby.

"He was the loveliest of all," said Helen.

"You like this coat, yes?" Luisa held up a white silk garment. "I made it from your dress. So many things you gave me! I traded them for what I needed. Only yesterday I gave the lavender suit for this necklace."

"But you needed the dress, child," began Helen. Then, as she saw a hint of disappointment in the thin face before her, she added: "Yet, I believe it was the best thing to do with that suit. It is a beautiful necklace."

On the way home, her husband looked at her quizzically.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, "but a people who love children so can't be bad after all."

"I was merely thinking,—not to contradict you flatly,—of what I heard an old Mexican woman say, somewhat with surprise: 'She is really kind, la Americana!'"

Vacation time is the time for the formation of friendships. Yet our pleasure-friends, however engaging they may be, are seldom more than "ships that pass," because a mutual bond, stronger than mere pleasure, is necessary to unite the interests of individuals and make them truly friends.

Don't forgo the happiness of securing new friendships during these summer months. Establish a common interest among your companions,—a safe interest,—a spiritual bond! And let that bond be OUR MISSIONS! TALK MISSIONS to your new acquaintances. They will enjoy it. Among good Catholics, be they men or women, MISSION WORK is a subject that never loses its charm. And our Missions hold an added charm in that they are YOUR missions also for they are the missions of our own country. Home Missions should be the pride and joy of every loyal Catholic American!

Then when the time of parting comes and all who have made merry with you during the summer, go, "each to his own place," follow them up with THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Subscribe for your new friends and let this little magazine be a monthly reminder of your continued interest and affection.

Subscription rates:—One year, \$5.00; Life, \$10.00 payable in monthly instalments of \$1.00

Grandma Jones Finds the Secret of Happiness

Three years ago Grandma Jones sat alone. Twilight shadows were lengthening: life was ebbing. And Grandma Jones had neither kith nor kin to comfort her.

Then came an eventful day—the day on which she “adopted” Catechist Lucille Worth: the day she became her Godmother and the spiritual Godmother of thousands of little brown-eyed boys and girls in the missions. Twilight shadows were dispelled: life took on new interest. Souls were being saved, little bodies healed through the new life of service she was living in the person of her adopted daughter. Cheery mission letters, quaint gifts and precious bouquets of prayers were fondled and treasured.

The knowledge that in adopting Catechist Worth she was sponsoring a career that would richly influence the lives of thousands of children, lifting them to a higher plane of usefulness, lent new courage to Grandma Jones. It was making life's passing easier: crossing the bar less fearful—

—And afterwards, long after others had forgotten her,—there would be prayers, sacrifices, Communions, Masses offered for the repose of her soul.

Blessed, consoling thought!

No wonder Grandma Jones had found peace and happiness!

Like Grandma Jones you, too, may share in this blessed peace and happiness that became hers by adopting a Missionary Catechist. Since the Catechists go only to the poorest and most neglected mission places and settlements in our country, they can hope for neither salary nor remuneration for their services from the destitute people among whom they labor.

Hence they must depend entirely upon the generosity of charitably disposed friends for their support.

Every Catechist is supported perpetually by means of a Burse or Foundation. Each burse, when completed, amounts to \$6,000.00. They are named in honor of Our Lord, some Saint, or the Souls in Purgatory.



To adopt a Catechist it is not necessary to remit the full amount of the Burse at once. Instalments may be applied on the Burse selected at regular intervals.

WHY NOT ADOPT YOUR CATECHIST NOW?