

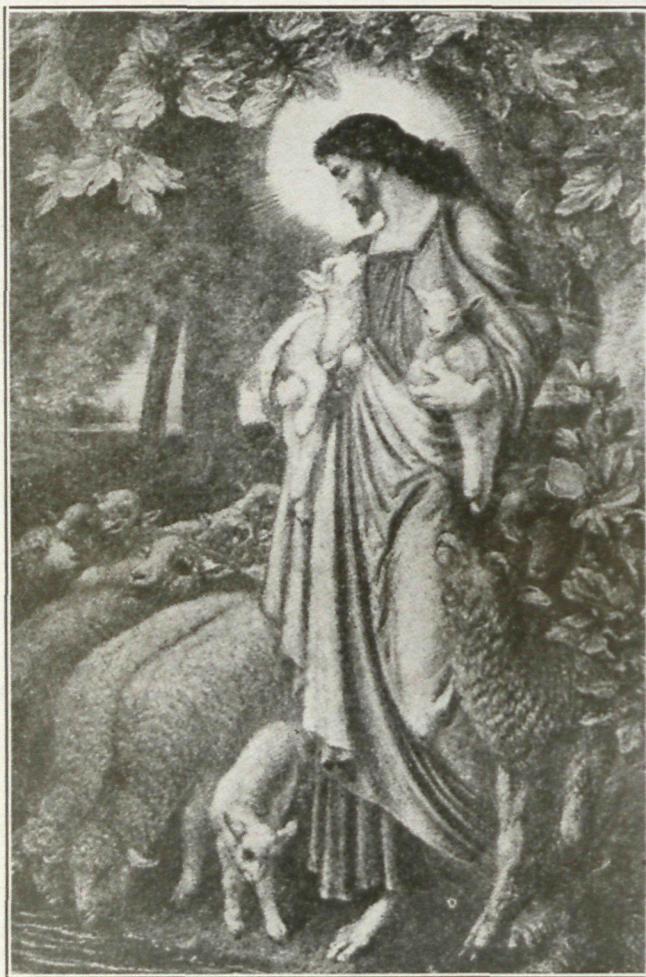
# The Missionary Catechist



Volume VII

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, September, 1931

Number 10



## The Master's Question

Have ye looked for my sheep in the desert,  
For those, who have missed their way?  
Have you been in the wild, waste places,  
Where the lost and wandering stray?  
Have you trodden the lonely highway,  
The foul and the darksome street?  
It may be you would see in the gloaming  
The print of My Wounded Feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom  
The trembling, neglected lamb,  
And taught to the little lost one  
The sound of the Shepherd's Name?  
Have you searched for the poor and needy  
With no clothing, no home, no bread?  
The Son of Man was among them—  
He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted  
In their agony of woe?  
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you  
" 'Tis the pathway I often go!"  
My brethren, My friends, My disciples  
Can ye dare to follow Me?  
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,  
There shall the servant be.

Have ye carried the living water  
To the parched and thirsty soul?  
Have you said to the sick and wounded,  
"Christ Jesus will make thee whole!"  
Have ye told My fainting children  
Of the strength of the Father's hand?  
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps  
To the shore of the "Golden Land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary  
To soothe the pillow of death,  
To comfort the sorrow-stricken  
And strengthen the feeble faith?  
And have ye felt, when the glory  
Has streamed through the open door  
And flitted cross the shadows,  
That there I had been before?

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume VII

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, September, 1931

Number 10

## Training For Native Leadership

Catechist Blanche Richardson

**T**he third and latest Catechetical School for the training of lay Catechists was conducted by the Missionary Catechists at Mosquero, New Mexico. These splendid young women will labor in fields where it is impractical or impossible for Religious workers to establish a center. Mosquero lies in Eastern New Mexico not far from the Texas state line. Because of its proximity to Texas and a religious situation similar to that of the Lone Star State, this part of New Mexico is sometimes referred to by the Missionaries as "an extension of the Texas Pan-handle."

Thirteen young women assembled from eight scattered villages, ranging in distance from twenty to sixty miles out of Mosquero. Ten girls came from the Bueyeros parish, one from the Tucumcari parish and two from the Roy parish.

After an intensive study of the Catechism, teaching methods, Bible, History, Liturgy, and kindred subjects, the girls returned home to act as leaders in their respective communities. Because of the long distances between the school and the homes of these girls, it was necessary to provide food and sleeping quarters for them during the school term. We are very grateful to interested friends and benefactors, who aided in financing this school for the training of future spiritual leaders. As a general rule these native girls are poor but willing, zealous and capable, if given the opportunity and training, to act as Religious leaders among their own people.

The lay-Catechists trained by the Missionary Catechists in New Mexico now number forty-three.

The latest group trained has been at work only a few weeks but splendid reports are forthcoming. Catechism is being taught regularly, altar boys are being trained, sacristy work is being done, and childrens' choirs are being organized.

Some idea of the spirit and zeal of these young lay-Catechists may be gathered from the letters they write to the Catechists by whom they were trained and under whose supervision they labor: My dear Catechist:

Last week, Narcisa and I went to the homes where lived children who should make their First Communion but who are not attending class, to urge their mothers to send them. We are sure they will come now. Those names on the list I am sending never miss except in case of sickness. There has been much sickness here and in order to make up the time that was lost, I have been giving them Christian Doctrine every afternoon.

You ask me to tell you which were the poorest children in the First Communion Class so that you could try to get clothing for them. Everyone here is poor. We are fortunate to have a few little crops planted—otherwist we would have nothing to eat. The stores no longer give



Mosquero Lay-Catechists

credit and only those with money can buy anything. And no one has money since there is no work. This summer there is not a single girl who says, "I am going to buy a new hat this summer, or a new dress." We are all wearing old hats and old dresses and being thankful for these. My brother who used to carry the mail has lost his job.

I always pray for you and the rest of the Catechists.

May Jesus and Mary reign always!

Daniela Esquibel.

Veguita, N. M.

Dear Catechist:

We are having High Mass on Monday in honor of one of our Patrons. I am going to play. We will use the Mass that you taught us at La Joya. The girls here like it very much. We practice the Mass and Vespers every afternoon after Rosary.

Pray for us.

Your girl,

Mary Ortega.

Logan, N. M.

Dear Catechist:

I started my classes in Catechism a week after I got here. The first day I had only nineteen children, but the next time I had twenty-nine. This fall when school starts I expect many more. I am teaching at the Church on Sundays.

I now have the boys and girls from five to twelve years. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Esteveltd told me it would be too much for me at present to teach the older boys and girls also. I love my children and enjoy teaching them so much!

The other day I was at Gallegos and helped Josephine teach some of her Catechism classes.

I remember you in my prayers every day. I also remember the "Little Secret".

With love,

Fanny Martinez.

Garita, N. M.

Dearest Catechist:

Our "Funcion" was the 15th. The Missionary Catechists of Chaperito brought their portable organ and we sang High Mass, also some hymns. Catechist Like asked me to try to get Telesforo to make his First Communion. He lives near our home so I am going to work hard until I get him to come to class.

Josephine—M.

IS A CATECHIST REPRESENTING YOU IN THE MISSION FIELD?

# The Shepherd of Valmora

Fray Angelico Chavez

(Continued from last month)

Came the day when the Senorita Ribera was to be married. Everybody had long expected that day, for the daughter of a wealthy rancher, beautiful and virtuous as Lola was, could not remain single for long. Her father, the prudent Don Sacramento, saw to it that the man she chose was all right in every way, and then the exact day was set for the grand "casorio". No less solicitous was the old man for the feast preparations. The Senor Ribera decided that the celebrating should be on a scale worthy of his own and his daughter's standing. It should last two full weeks at the least. And the Don meant what he said.

When Don Sacramento saw that everything was ready, he dispatched the family "caretela", a light, double-seated, aristocratic-looking carriage, in hot haste to Watrous in order to get Father Renaud. A man of pomp and ceremony was this Don Sacramento. He felt more like a king every minute. The people began to pour in from the farms along the canyon, followed by the merry groups of shepherds from different parts of the prairie. Divers tribes of relatives sprung like so many mushrooms. Thirty-third degree cousins began to drop in from Watrous, Wagon Mound, Las Vegas, and even from isolated Mora and far-away Taos. The "hacienda" became a veritable village indeed.

Alejandro, too, was among the happy groups. He was the happiest of all, for he knew that his Lola was to be married to him! That is what his companions had told him and were still telling him. But they little foresaw how it would fare with the poor man when he discovered that he had been deceived. And so the day came for which all had waited so long. For some it would be a day of joys, for others a day of sorrows,—for others a day of enlightenment.

After the solemnly-attended Mass and the impressive marriage ceremony, Father Paul strolled out alone under the cottonwoods. His host had seen him leave the house, but refrained from accompanying him when he saw the troubled look in the Padrecito's eyes. Surely, he surmised, the good man wants to be left alone for awhile. Nor was he mistaken. Padre Renaud was troubled in spirit. He had not yet written to His Grace at Santa Fe, he had not gathered up courage,—rather, he did not know for sure whether he should remain in New Mexico or return to France. He was more inclined towards his native land. "Mother of God," he prayed, "decide for me. . . either place, and I rest satisfied!"

Somebody called him by name. Father Renaud turned and saw Don Sacramento hurrying after him. "Pardon, Padre," he said breathlessly, "But will you come to the house? There is a big disturbance among the women—"

The priest and the rancher hurried back to the house, the host making a path through a crowd of bystanders, so that both could reach the center of attraction. The first thing the Padre noticed was his hostess, the Senora Ribera. With a voice shrill and piercing for her age, she was

hurling scolding words at a number of shepherds:

"Can't you see, you fools," she cried, "that you have sinned against God by deceiving the poor man like that? He might be simple and childlike to your eyes, but you're all stupid, brutish, crazy—" The little lady shook in her anger.

Father Paul now saw that the real center of attraction was Alejandro. His old violin and his shepherd's staff on the floor before him, he knelt with his head buried in his arms. His whole body shook violently with sobbing. The shepherds about him were hanging their heads in shame under their mistress' invectives, while the women folk, including the bride, looked down on him with pity and compassion. It was a sad situation, the Padre found out. The Senora had cooled down at sight of the priest, and she soon informed him about the whole situation.

Ordering all to leave the room, save the host and hostess, with the bride and her husband, Father Renaud knelt down beside Alejandro and placed his arms around him. "Come now, Alejandro, my son," he said softly.

At the sound of the priest's voice, the simple shepherd raised his head.

"It is I, Padre Pablo," the priest continued. "Come, 'hijo mio', brace up! Don't cry. Men don't cry. When men feel sad, they do not weep,—they sing!"



A Missionary Priest in the Southwest

The "inocente's" face was wreathed with smiles, although the tears kept on flowing freely down his tanned cheeks, the while he gazed into the Padre's countenance with a sort of worshipping devotion.

Encouraged by this, Father Paul raised Alejandro to a stool, saying in a coaxing manner, "Now you will sing our favorite 'cancion' for me, won't you? Come, 'My love is waiting—'"

Alejandro picked up his violin tenderly, placed it delicately on his knee, and began to pass the bow across the strings halfheartedly, half-listlessly. But, as he be-

gan to hit upon the well-known notes of his beloved ballad, and encouraged by the priest at his side, he broke forth in a trembling voice:

"My love is waiting for her shepherd-lover,

And there are mountains and a sea between them—"

The singer closed his eyes for a moment; the priest kept his closed a little longer, until the refrain:

"Arise, shepherd, arise! Your sheep wander today,

Pick up your staff and go, shepherd, away—away."

A new light, an expression of contentment came upon the singer's face, while the tears flowed down as copiously as ever. Through their filmy, crystal veil, he gazed past the priest, past his master and mistress, past his love, past the open door, and over the wall of big brown boulders, from which spread the free and open prairie. Again he flung all his soul in to the chorus, and again the last "away" died in a tuneful, mournful moan, exactly like a sudden breeze on the plains on a summer day; and, picking up his shepherd's staff, the shepherd of Valmora tucked his violin beneath his sheepskin and walked away toward the brown rocks, toward the pastures, to his only love, to his wandering sheep, his sheep—away. . . away. . .

It was in the evening dusk of that same day that the young Pere Paul Renaud stood at a distance from the "hacienda", a smouldering cigar between his fingers. Children, large and small, were romping gleefully around bright bonfires; the strum of guitars and the screeching of fiddles told of the old-time wedding dance within the house, in the glare of whose open doors and windows he could see the shadows and silhouettes of the older women passing back and forth; and, along the wall outside, deep in the shadow of the pine-log "vigas", he could discern the tiny red eyes of many cigarettes, where the old men were recounting to one another the tales of other weddings long ago. Everything was romantic quaint, old, strange—but lonesome, helpless, the priest began to realize.

What made him compare the scene to a sheep fold? these solemn old rams, these bleating ewes, all these gamboling lambs, were they not all helpless sheep? Father Renaud shook his head and smiled. He remembered Alejandro and that morning's dramatic incident. A new light broke upon him, too. "Rise, shepherd, arise," he began to sing to himself. "Your sheep wander today! Pick up your staff and go, shepherd, away, away."

He felt for the crucifix in his vest pocket. It was there. He took it out and kissed it fervently. Something within his breast, his heart, sweet and fresh and free, his heart that began to moan sweetly like a violin, softly, softly glided back into that beloved song, added the shepherd's mystic words, dispelled all doubts and fears, and broke into that trembling, but sure hymn of sacrifice once more, a canticle that rose past the humming light of western stars, into the heavens, into the heavens.

HAVE YOU ADOPTED YOUR CATECHIST YET?

# Granite Faith

(By P. Ward, O. M. I., In  
"Mary Immaculate")

**N**ESTLED in a small valley on the banks of the beautiful Llano River you will find a modern, busy little town which chose that same river's name for its own,—Llano. A few miles from the town, if you are driving towards Mason, you will encounter a series of granite quarries from which through the generosity of Mother Nature we take most of our beautiful Texas marble.

Among those who labor in the quarries there is a man who has a splendid wife. They both seem to have imbued their faith with the qualities of granite. It is firm, solid, everlasting. If you met Jose Hurtado and his wife Maria, nothing extraordinary would be evident to you. You would find them just plain, hard-working people. But if you could look within the portals of their souls and see their simple, trusting faith, only then would something different appear to you.

The Reverend Pastor and I being in charge of six counties are able to have Holy Mass in only four of our mission centers on Holy Days of Obligation that do not fall on Sunday, and Llano is not on the list. The visit to Llano is made on the first Sunday of every month. It was after Mass on the August visit that Jose inquired of Padre Manuel if the hour for Mass on Holy Days was the same as on Sunday. As Father was occupied at the time he replied in the affirmative without giving thought to the question, supposing that Jose had consulted the Mass schedule on the yearly calendar.

Thirty-six miles from Llano there is another mission—Mason—where I was to say Mass on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption into Heaven. I had just returned to the rectory, my Waltham stating that it lacked a few minutes of being eight o'clock, when I heard a knock, and what was my surprise upon opening the door to see the smiling faces of Jose and his faithful wife.

"Why, hello, Jose," I said. "What are you doing in Mason? Is someone sick at Llano?"

"No, Father," Jose replied, "we came to go to Mass. We are in time, I hope."

Their faces showed their disappointment when I told them that I had just finished Mass.

"But I thought that Padre Manuel said the Mass would be at eight o'clock."

"No, Jose, Mass on Sunday is at eight, but on Holy Days it is at seven. The people must have time to get to work and the children to school."

"Then, Father, could we receive Holy Communion as we are both fasting?"

## 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

To suffer bravely is heavenly.  
To suffer patiently is angelic.  
To suffer joyfully is divine!

**Our Annuity:—an opportunity of doing good without giving up even the smallest part of your income!**

Again, much to my sorrow, I had to disappoint them. "No, Jose, we do not have permission to keep the Blessed Sacrament at Mason, so I consumed all the particles."

Not to be out-done Jose had one more question. "Where will you say the late Mass, Father?"

"In Menard," I replied, "at eleven o'clock."

"Well, I am having engine trouble with my tin-Lizzie, but if I can get it started I will see you in Menard."

I am sure they would have traveled the forty-five miles to Menard still fasting. Alas, they were willing but the Lizzie was weak and had to be taken to the garage for repairs, so the trip to Menard was not made that day. Yet, what a beautiful record was written in Heaven that morning! Thirty-six miles over a sandy road, in a model T Ford to attend Holy Mass. What must we think of those Catholics who live, so to speak, in the shadow of the church, who own  
(Continued on page 10)

## Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

THE FIRST INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN AND BEGINNERS, is an Inquiry into the Catechetical Tradition of the Church, by Joseph Tahon, translated from the French; Edited by F. H. Drinkwater; pub. B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25.

The subtitle summarizes the contents of this little work. It is a well authenticated historical study of teaching methods of Christian Doctrine. Our Catechisms, in question and answer form, have failed, quite generally, to give satisfaction. The author demonstrates that the Catechism, like the church-pew, is of Protestant origin and that the traditional manner of teaching religion to the little ones was in the form of narrative. Memorizing words, questions and answers without the narrative background tends to burden and confuse little minds. Learning by rote has never made a master in any science. Wide-awake Catechists always appeal to the understanding. We truly know only that which we understand. This brief review of catechetical methods of the Christian ages may hasten the solution of our present day problem of finding a better way of making Christian Doctrine "stick".

**Our Annuity is a splendid investment for time and eternity!**

At Victory-Noll our Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is perpetual. Send in your name and intentions and join us in making this Novena.

"He does not deserve to have who is not willing to share."

Write for particulars concerning our Annuity plan.



Llano, Texas—Brady Missions  
Jose and Maria Hurtado at Home (978-M, I.)

Courtesy of "Mary Immaculate"

**BECOME A LIFE SUBSCRIBER ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.**

### DEATH WHEN POVERTY REIGNS

On Sunday morning, while most American girls are still dreaming sweet dreams we push the car out of the garage and set out on a weekly errand of mercy. In our district there are many old people who on account of their age and infirmity, or the great distance are unable to go to Mass. It is to gather these good, old souls and take them to church that we set out so early in the morning.

One day, while returning from our trip, we met a lad of about ten who begged that we go with him to visit his sick father. The boy lived in a settlement not far from our center but it was necessary to cross the Gallinas river in order to reach it. It was a long way around via the bridge. But the river was very narrow at certain points and the water low at present so we left the car beside the road and took our usual shortcut, on foot. At this particular crossing an old log served as a bridge and we crossed with little effort. We found the man very ill indeed. After giving a few suggestions as to his care and comfort, we left, promising to send the priest and doctor. Fortunately Father had not yet left for another mission and gladly visited our patient. The patient seemed to regain strength after receiving the sacraments and, though the doctor said there was little chance of recovery, we began to hope his life would be spared for the sake of his poor wife and five children. The next day, however, while we were still at morning prayers, the mournful sound of a church bell reached our ears. We surmised,—correctly—that it was announcing the death of Mr. Q.

Scarcely taking time for breakfast, we hurried to the home of death. The Catechists who were leaving after breakfast

for a distant out-mission needed the car so we walked, taking the short-cut often used before. In our haste we failed to note that it had rained considerably during the night. We reached the river and to our dismay found that the water had risen several inches and the log-bridge had been carried down stream. We could see it caught behind a projecting rock several yards below us. While we stood there trying to decide what was the best thing to do, two boys, about ten and thirteen, sons of the deceased, came running up to the river on the opposite side. They had evidently been awaiting us. In a glance they took in the situation. Without stopping even to greet us, they hurried down stream and then, before we could guess their intention, they plunged into the river, clothes and all, and brought the log back to its place. The water was high and the bridge would not stay in place. "We'll hold it down, Catechists," they said.

I felt like scolding the boys for their rashness. The morning was cool and they might easily catch a cold going back home in their wet clothes. But when I saw their grief-worn faces and realized what our coming meant to them, I could not blame them for the deed which was, after all, deserving of praise.

The home of death is always a sad one. When death comes to the poor, especially if it smites the father and bread-carer of the family, it adds untold misery and anxiety to the weight of grief. So it was in this case and our presence was like a shaft of sunlight in a dark room.

We led in the recitation of the rosary and other prayers and did all in our power to console and encourage the widow and weeping children. After some time, we set out for home—the long way—leaving a group of women, who had charitably offered their assistance, to complete the work of preparing the dead for burial. They could not afford the services of an undertaker so the widow and a few willing friends did the work themselves. The burial would take place late that afternoon. We returned at the appointed time to again recite prayers with the gathered mourners. The corpse was laid out on plain boards covered with a dark cloth.

The burial was a quiet, heart-



### ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE OF NECESSITY

Louis came to our door yesterday to ask if he could attend cooking classes. We thought this a strange request from an eleven year old boy. But after hearing his story, we understood: Louis is the oldest of three motherless children. Paz, his little brother, just returned from the T. B. Sanitarium. A Mexican woman, a friend of the family, had been keeping house for them but now she is returning to Mexico and the father told Louis he must learn to cook and care for his little sister and brother. The father spends his days in a

hopeless search for employ-

ment. With the orphanages crowded and no funds on which to draw, there seems to be but one thing for us to do at present, and that is, to teach little Louis and help him as much as we can with the management of "his family". Louis is a bright lad and will learn to cook quickly but it is doubtful if he will have anything besides beans to cook.

—Catechist Mary Whitfield,  
Gary, Ind.

### THAT "LITTLE OFTEN"

"It is easy to give a little often" one of our friends wrote. "That is why I think the 2500 Club is such a practical thing for us who are eager to do all we can to help your noble work but who have very limited means. Even though I am out of work at present I manage, with some sacrifice, to put aside the dollar every month for the support of the Catechists in the field. I know that the poor whom the Catechists are trying to help are suffering a great deal more than I am."

You, too, may make your "little often" win for you a share in the works, prayers and sacrifices of the Catechists. Become a member of the 2500 Club. Your only obligations are to pray for the Missionary Catechists and the success of their work and to contribute one dollar each month toward paying the expense of keeping them in the field.

breaking affair. But my thoughts were not on the scene before me. I pictured to myself the feelings and emotions of that poor, bereaved family, returning home from such a funeral to begin life anew with a dark and dreary future before them.

—Catechist Laura Franken,  
Las Vegas, N. M.

# IN THE HOME FIELD

### THEY WILL NOT SOON FORGET!

Our girls at Gary, Indiana, welcomed the opportunity to display their culinary skill in a dinner for their mothers. In the Cooking classes they had learned to make many good things to eat. They had also learned how to set the table and how to serve properly the foods they prepared. In the sewing class they had made pretty, unbleached muslin, embroidered aprons for the occasion. Eagerly they awaited the day which was to be as big a treat for them as for their mothers. At last it arrived. Bright and early in the morning the girls came to The Settlement House. They had the day's program well planned and each one went about her work cheerfully and efficiently.

The mothers were more than pleased with the dinner and the little program following it especially since they knew their little daughters did it "all by themselves". They have every right to be happy and proud of their girls for the work they are doing in this line is exceptional.

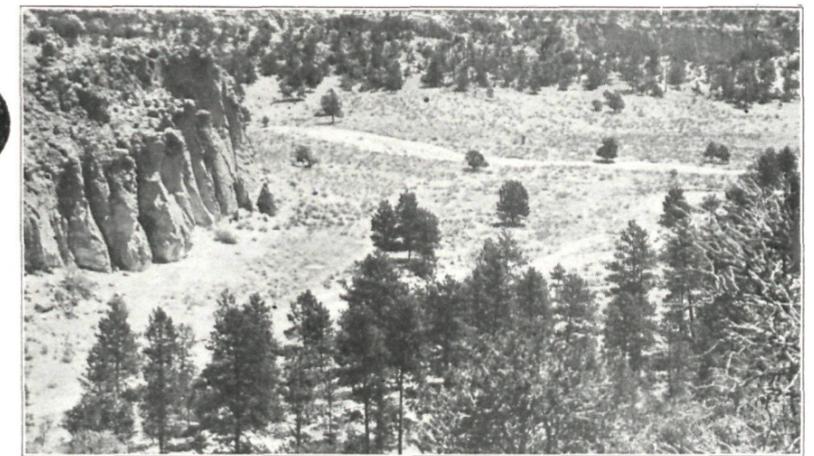
—Catechist Gertrude Zenner.

### "BOYS ARE BOYS"

The boys were discussing vocations and ambitions. I asked one lad what he hoped to do when he grew up. He answered that he wanted to work.

"But what would you like to do?" I questioned.

"Oh, I'll do most anything; of course, I would like to be a soldier or a fireman best, but I would like to work in a factory too,—if it's an ice cream factory!"



### WE NEED YOUR PRAYERS!

No gift is more valuable or more welcome than a fervent prayer for the success of our work; for the proper bringing up in our Holy Faith of the children entrusted to our care.

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 Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 12 Calipatria, California, Box 533.
- 13 Santa Paula, California, 222 8th. St.

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

The choir girls of Indiana Harbor, Indiana, enjoyed a days outing at "The Dunes" as a reward for their exceptional work in the production of "The Song of Triumph" a Cantata in honor of The Little Flower. Although the choir is in its first year of training the girls are doing remarkably well.

Catechist  
Sophia  
Renkey.

### QUEST OF DIVINE WISDOM

Thy Kingdom come, Dear Lord,  
Wherever hearts of mortals throb.  
Dear Lord, Thy Kingdom come!  
Make every soul the home of God.

And while for all mankind I pray  
And beg that You may Faith impart;  
O, hear me for my native land,  
For it is dearest to my heart!

### THEY FIND A WAY

Some of the little children have difficulty remembering our names but they find a way of designating the particular Catechist they want. Last Sunday one of the little girls in the First Communion class came to the door seeking her Catechist teacher. She said, "May I please see the Catechist who knows how to go to confession?"

Catechist Margaret Schneider  
Gary, Ind.

Working in the home mission field, rich in possibilities for the greater good, the Missionary Catechists invite every sensibly devout, zealous, self-sacrificing young woman to join their ranks, and thus become with them a partner of the First Great Missionary, Jesus Christ, saving the souls of the poor, the ignorant, the neglected for whom He suffered and died.

The Spanish were not only the first conquerors of the New World and its first colonizers, but also its first civilizers. They built the first cities, opened the first churches, schools, and universities; brought the first printing-press, made the first books; wrote the first dictionaries, histories, and geographies, and brought the first missionaries; and before New England had a real newspaper, Mexico had a seventeenth-century attempt at one!

—CHARLES LUMMIS.

Each Catechist is supported by a Burse. A Burse when completed, amounts to \$6,000.00. It is usually made up of small contributions.



Going out to welcome the Catechists

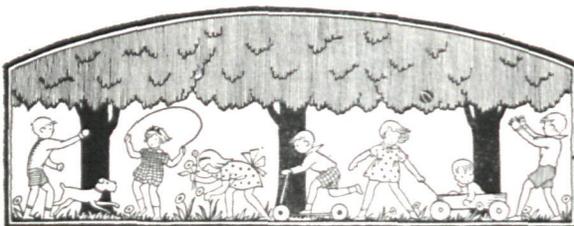
**\$1.00 WILL SUPPORT A CATECHIST IN THE FIELD FOR ONE DAY.**

**\$25.00 WILL SUPPORT A CATECHIST FOR ONE MONTH.**

# Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

I have already told you about the way Indians lived in pueblos built of adobe, or stone, with one story built on top of another. Out in Western New Mexico there are the ruins of an Indian pueblo about which an interesting story is told. This is the story of a brave Spanish boy whose name was Pedro. Pedro and his father had charge of twenty-five hundred sheep that belonged to a very rich man. One day Pedro's father had to leave Pedro with all the sheep and go back to the village for supplies. As soon as his father left, Pedro had all kinds of troubles. First of all a bear came along and frightened the sheep and scattered them. Pedro and his two faithful shepherd dogs finally got them together again. Then he sat down to rest for a minute. He was so tired that he fell asleep. When he woke up, his sheep were all gone. He and the dogs started after the sheep and he found that they had wandered into a place called "Bewitched Canyon". It was given this name because there was a poisonous weed growing there. If the sheep ate this weed they would jump about as though they were bewitched and then fall down and die. And sure enough, Pedro got there just in time to see some of the sheep jumping up into the air and then falling dead. Poor Pedro didn't know what to do. He knew the man he worked for would be very angry and that he and his father would lose their jobs. And this wasn't the worst either. He called the dogs to drive the live sheep away from the poison weed, and while the dogs were chasing the sheep, a couple of coyotes came sneaking along and killed a few more sheep. Pedro had his gun and he killed one coyote and the others ran away, but altogether Pedro had lost more than fifty sheep. After calling the sheep together and getting them settled again, he thought he would be safe at least for the night. All of a sudden he heard something. And that something sounded like an Indian signal. Pedro jumped up, called the dogs and soon was on his way again. His father had warned him to be careful or the Navajo Indians would steal all the sheep. For a minute Pedro was scared because he didn't know where to go to get away from the Indians. Then he thought of the old deserted and ruined Indian village that his father had shown him a long time ago. Maybe he could take the sheep there and hide from the Indians. He decided he would try this. He reached the old pueblo and drove all the sheep in through a hole in one of the walls. He filled up the hole with big flat rocks and climbed up to



one of the upper floors and looked out. Sure enough way out in the distance he saw one Indian, then another and another, until he had counted twenty-seven. And he only had twenty-two shots for

## GOOD NEWS!!!

The Little Helper's Burse has a name at last. I hope all the Little Helpers will like it, and will work real hard now to add their pennies to it. It is "THE HOLY CHILD BURSE", and is named after the Infant Jesus. It is just a year since the Burse was started and now we have \$458.00 on it already. Isn't that fine? Just think how much your pennies can do. So keep up your good work. Don't forget, Little Helpers, that THE HOLY CHILD BURSE is YOUR Burse, and every penny that you save for this Burse helps to take care of a Catechist. Don't you think it is nice that the Little Helpers have a Catechist all their own to work for?

his gun. Pedro was a good shot, but he felt pretty much frightened to think he was all alone there with no one to help him. Not only that, he was afraid his father would return and would follow the sheep tracks and run right into the

Indians and be killed. Pedro couldn't read or write, but he felt that he had to warn his father some way. He called one of the dogs, tore a rag from his waist and tried to draw a picture of the old pueblo and twenty-seven Indians in a row. Then he pointed in the direction of his home and told the dog to go. The dog started off and by that time the Indians were at the foot of the pueblo starting to climb up. As each one reached the top of the wall, Pedro aimed and killed him. After ten or twelve had been killed, the Indians began to think there were more than just Pedro and they gave up the fight for awhile. Pedro was getting pretty discouraged and began to wonder how his poor father would feel when he found that he had been killed. Pedro didn't take his eyes off the place where the Indians had first appeared, feeling sure that more would soon be coming. And as he looked, his heart seemed to stop beating, for there in the distance were figures moving towards the pueblo. But as they came closer, Pedro saw they were not Indians, but his father and some soldiers, and with them, poor Borracho, the faithful dog who had traveled more than a hundred miles to get help. You may be sure it didn't take long to put the Indians to flight. So, although Pedro had lost a great many sheep, the man for whom he worked was so proud of him that he not only did not scold Pedro for the loss of the sheep, but he gave him fifty of his best sheep for his very own. And then when Colonel Chaves, the leader of the band, who was the hero of New Mexico said to Pedro, "Thou art a brave boy. I wish I had an army like thee," his cup of happiness was full.—Wee Willie Winkles.

Dear Catechist:

I am proud to say I belong to Mary's Little Helpers. I have saved my pennies and am sending you the \$2.50 by check. I hope I will be remembered in your prayers, and hoping God will bless your Missions, I remain

Your little Helper,

—Elizabeth Rettig.



Little Helper Picnicers at Victory-Noll

Perhaps some of your little friends would like to be Little Helpers, too. If you will send me their names, I will write to them and ask them if they wouldn't like to be little missionaries. Let's see how many names each Little Helper will send in. The one who sends in the most names and addresses will get a prize.

**SAVE YOUR PENNIES**

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

Dear Friends:

With the coming of Fall, we are expecting many new bands to be organized. Will you be among those who are willing to help us extend our work among God's poor? If I could take you on a little trip to our Missions and show you what real poverty is, I know that everyone of you would do your bit to help and get a band started. It is true that poverty prevails all over the country, and we know that many of our good friends are making real sacrifices to help our neglected poor. You may say "We have poor to take care of in our own neighborhood." We know this also is true, but, your poor have the consolation of their Faith, and the means of getting assistance are near at hand. The Mission-poor, on the contrary, are starving both spiritually and temporally. And, in order to save these people, we must do as Our Divine Lord did while here on earth,—feed and clothe the body in order to reach the soul. If a poor family comes to us for food, clothing or medicine, and we are unable to relieve their distress, what happens? Those missionaries not of our Holy Faith, are ready to do what we cannot do,—they have the means at their disposal,—money, food, medicine, and will bountifully supply all the needs of the poor. As a result of their activities oftentimes an entire family is lost to God and Church. We cannot blame these poor people and say, "Their Faith must be weak indeed." Such is not the case because these people, if properly instructed in our Holy Religion, become excellent Catholics. But, without instruction, how can we blame them? Then, too, there is the ever-important question of the children,—trusting little hearts hungering for knowledge of the love of Jesus. Is the lack of a few dollars, a few old clothes, or the question of sufficient food to keep the light and knowledge of our Precious Faith from these tiny hearts? Dear friends, if, on a First Communion day, you could see the love of God shining in the eyes of our little tots, you would learn a lesson in Faith that you would never forget. Won't you share in this big work of spreading God's Kingdom on earth? Get your friends interested in our Missions. Ask them to save their old clothing; to have a card party or a "shower" for the benefit of the Missions. Most of our friends are anxious to help but they are timid about getting started. Be a leader! Do something to save souls for Jesus and Mary. If you do not know how to organize a band, write and ask for information. I shall be glad to help you, and Our Dear Lord and His Holy Mother will bless your efforts.

Sincerely,  
THE CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.

TO A LITTLE MOTHER OF GOD'S  
POOR!

Your earthly work is done  
And you are Heaven's guest;  
Your gracious hands are folded now  
In peaceful rest.

You were a mother kind  
A family mourns its loss of you;  
And many a poor little girl and boy,  
In you, has lost a mother too!

Though you from us are gone,  
Your charity and care,  
And work's of love will e'er acclaim you  
"A woman valiant and fair!"  
—C. R. T.



The Associate Catechists of Mary suffer a great loss in the death of one of our most zealous promoters, Mrs. J. S. Scheuer of Chicago, who passed to her eternal reward July 28th. For six years she worked unceasingly with her faithful associates of the Sacred Heart Band, for the Catechists she loved so dearly. Under her able leadership the Band not only supported a Burse and kept a Catechist in the field, but also supplied First Communion outfits, food, medicine and clothing for our poor Missions. In her own home she was a devoted wife and a dutiful mother. And to God's poor she was a true mother. She was more than a benefactor or friend of the Catechists. Even on her deathbed her thoughts were with God's poor, and her last words were: "Keep the Sacred Heart Band together!" May her dear and gentle soul "Repose in the Eternal Peace of the Lord!"

EVERY MEMBER GET A MEMBER!

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Catechists:

I had been laid off from my work and was beginning to think that I would never get back to work. I began a novena to St. Anthony and I promised him that if I would get back to my old work, or find a new position, I would make an outfit for a poor baby. It was only the fourth day of my novena when I was sent for to come back to work, so I want to carry out my promise as soon as possible. I know of no poor little one just now, so I thought of writing and asking if you could tell me of some of your missions that could make use of these clothes. If so, please let me know. These garments will fit a baby of six months to one year, or may be given to a new born babe. I haven't it all ready, but will try to complete it as soon as possible inasmuch as I buy a little every week.

I heard of the Catechists through the St. Anthony's Missionary Circle here in Detroit which I know makes First Communion outfits for the poor children.

Sincerely yours,  
L. L.

We are deeply grateful to the zealous workers of the Dolorosa Band of Buffalo for their continued good work. These good friends realize that our poor must be taken care of and they are working hard to help us. They recently had a very successful party and sent us \$100.00 for the support of one of our Catechists.

There is many an act of charity  
Lost, alas! in the dust of the day,  
That might save a starving brother—  
Give him heart on his desolate way.

## BAND ACTIVITIES

In spite of the hot weather our faithful A. C. M. friends have continued their good work and we are very grateful for the following:

- \$66.50—Mrs. Eder's Band, Crown Point, Ind.
- \$33.50—Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Chicago, Mrs. Wainwright, promoter.
- \$16.00—St. Francis Club, San Francisco, Mary Sarsfield, promoter.
- \$15.00—The Charitina Club, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan, promoter.
- \$20.00—St. Anthony's Club, Chicago, Mrs. Klein, promoter.
- \$ 6.50—Alpha Omega Club, Chicago.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Catechists:

Enclosed you will find two dollars which I promised if I received my raise. I will send you two dollars every month during my lifetime.

Yours truly,  
J. L.

Help the Missions in your own country. Charity begins at home, and surely the souls among whom the Catechists are laboring, and who by right belong to God, deserve assistance.



**GRANITE FAITH**  
(Continued from page 5)

fine cars where there are beautiful paved roads, and who are forever thinking up excuses to avoid hearing Holy Mass?

In December of 1929, Reverend A. De Anta, O. M. I., preached a very successful Mission to the Mexican population of Brady. The first part of the week the weather was clear and cold, but Thursday brought damp misty weather with a sharp wind blowing out of the North. It was ideal for the contraction of the "flu" so we were prepared for the worst as we always are in such cases, and we received a great disappointment, for when the time for devotions arrived the crowd exceeded even the Pastor's expectations, —and Pastors are not easy to fool, for they generally know the church attending qualities of their flocks.

However, another surprise awaited us for which we were entirely unprepared. It proved to be a very pleasant one nevertheless. When a very ancient model of the car formerly assembled in Detroit, showing no sign of a top, in fact no protection whatsoever against the biting December wind, drove up to the church, we thought of course it contained some Brady residents. But after the two occupants, drenched with the heavy mist which had settled over the hill section, finally climbed down, we could scarcely believe our eyes, for we beheld in the flesh our good friends Jose and his wife.

When it was explained to the missionary that this good couple had driven sixty-two miles in an open model T Ford to attend the Mission sermon he was profoundly impressed.

**OUR SORROWFUL MOTHER**

Holy Mother Church consecrates two days during the course of the year to the memory of the Sorrows of Our Blessed Mother. The first is Friday in Passion Week, in which she asks her children to commemorate in a particular way the bitter anguish endured by Our Sorrowful Mother as She stood beneath the cross of Her dying Son. The second feast occurs in September which is observed this year on the fifteenth day of this month. It was instituted by Pope Pius the Seventh to honor the Mother of Sorrows through Whose intercession he attributed his deliverance from the captivity to which he had been so cruelly subjected by the tyranny of Napoleon Bonaparte. This beautiful feast of the Sorrows of Our Blessed Mother has a deep significance for us during these hard times. The realization that God's own Mother, and our Mother as well, had to suffer, is a source of strength and consolation to us in our sufferings. We may be certain that our Sorrowful Mother is deeply sympathetic towards us. She is merciful because She is full of sympathy for us, and she is full of sympathy for us because She has suffered so intensely through and with Her Divine Son, and because She loves us in Him as Her most beloved children. In imitation of our Heavenly Queen, and Sorrowful Mother, the hearts of the Missionary Catechists go out in sympathy towards all afflicted souls. In their novena which they offer in honor of the sorrows of their Heavenly Mother, they include all those intentions which are recommended to them by their friends and benefactors. This novena of the Seven Sorrows begins on the 6th of September. We ask all our friends and subscribers to send in their petitions so that they may be included in this beautiful novena.

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

Name.....

Address.....



"WE WELCOME JESUS"

A ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO T. M. C.—\$0.50.

**Catechism of the True  
Devotion to Mary**

By Rev. M. M. Rondon, S. M. M.  
(Messager de Marie Reine Des Coeurs.)

(Continued)

Does the Church teach us to honor Mary in a particular way?

Yes, She teaches us that we are obliged to honor Her in a most particular way.

Must we honor Mary more than other Saints?

Yes, by all means:

Because God, the Father loved Her as His most beloved daughter; God the Holy Ghost loved Her as His Immaculate Spouse and also because God the Son,—Our Lord, Jesus Christ,—loved Her as His dearest Mother and gave Her to us for our Mother when dying upon the cross.

2nd.—Because She far outranks all the Angels and Saints in holiness and glory.

3rd.—Because, through Her powerful intercession, She obtains for us from God all ordinary graces. (She is truly the "Mediatrice of Grace.")

4th.—Because Her Divine Son, when upon earth, loved Her, and, now, seated at the Right Hand of His Heavenly Father, He continues to love Her for all eternity.

(To be continued)

**VICTORY-NOLL NOTES**

On the beautiful feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother Investiture services were conducted at Victory-Noll. The Reverend Father Norbert, O. M. Cap. Father Guardian of St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, officiated at the services. He was assisted by Reverend George Lescher, Quigley Seminary, Chicago, and by the Reverend Spiritual Director of the Society.

The usual four-day retreat preceding the Feast was conducted by the Reverend Peter Claessen, S. M. M., of Long Island, N. Y.

**IN MEMORIAM**

Kindly remember in your prayers:

- Elizabeth Brennan, Josephine O'Donnell, Rose Seiler, Suzanne Anderton, Isabell Dunn, John Dunn, Mrs. Jos. Disser, Mrs. Magdaline Dell, A.C.M.; Mrs. M. Reilly, A.C.M.; Mrs. Anna Boyle, A.C.M.; Rev. P. B. Smith.

"May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen."

# Fiesta Time in The Sunshine State

Catechist Blanche Richardson

It is harvest-time and Fiesta-time in the Sunshine State! Natives and visitors have donned holiday attire, and caught the holiday spirit. The crimson chili peppers like long, coral necklaces, are hung from the eaves of the low adobe houses, and ears of corn in dried husks are strung about the yards. When the shadows deepen toward nightfall, one sees long yellow flames of light shooting out of the adobe ovens, and hears the fire crackle. Before retiring, the Indians will rake out the burning coals, and place the ears of corn, still enveloped in their husks, into these odd, out-door ovens and in the morning they will find them deliciously roasted.

But let us hasten to an Indian feast. The month of September is fast ebbing. The sun has barely peeped over the Eastern horizon when we begin our trip to Paguate. We soon leave the highway and take a mountain trail, winding in and out among the rocks. We meet an aged Indian on foot, bound for the same place. We take him in and find that he can talk Spanish quite well. We pass a sheep dip, where a week or two before, thousands of sheep had been cast into a disinfecting bath, amid many bleats of protest. Now we seem to be ascending to the very clouds. The road winds perilously around the outer rim of a mountain. The summit reached, we see the fair village of Paguate spread out neatly before us. The adobe used in the construction of most of these houses is almost pure white. These Indians are home-lovers, for such soil must be hauled many miles. The roofs are often colored a dull red, and the splashes of bright, blue paint around window and door frame make the homes attractive indeed.

As soon as the Missionary arrives, the church bells are rung successively, three times, at short intervals. Next the sonorous tones of an Indian, a sort of town-crier, are heard urging the people to hasten to Mass.

Some Spanish-Americans from neighboring villages have also come to the Mass. One can easily pick out the ladies. Clad in long, black scarfs with silken fringe, they look like sombre shadows in the midst of the bright reds, greens and yellows,—colors which the Indians love.

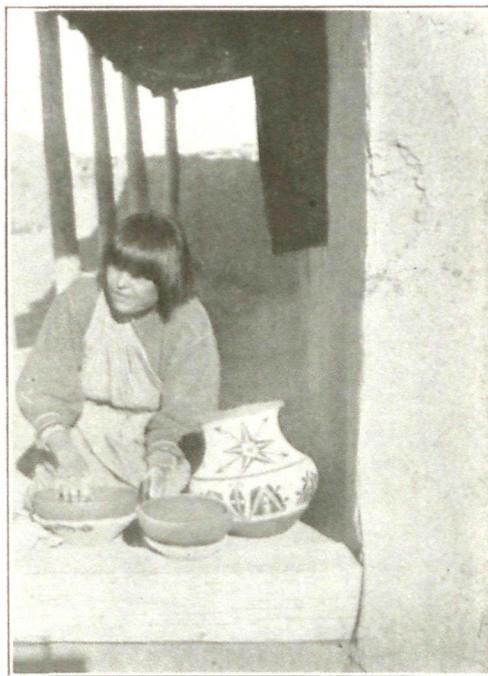
The old Indian men look strange with their odd mixture of old and modern dress. Their hair is bobbed. Some wear ear-rings and a bright red bandanna handkerchief twisted and bound around the head. Their suits, often of light gray, are very modern looking.

The Mass over, a procession is formed and the image of the patron saint of the church, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, is borne in triumph to an out-door shrine, accompanied by the entire congregation. Chanters go before the procession chanting the favorite hymns of the Indians. There is a short interval of prayer, and then the dancers assemble and march to the shrine to the music of a drum made of hide. The dancers usually consist of about six women and six men in pairs. With the exception of the pueblo of Acoma, where the Indian men are bare to the waist, and paint their skin the most striking colors (and their fiesta is a long story in itself) we find that the men dress in ordinary clothes at these feasts. Except for the red bandanna tied in knots around the head and the sleigh-bells tied around their knees, there is no

special dressing for the occasion. The women wear their usual Indian costume which consists of a dress with a skirt reaching below the knees. This dress is woven of black wool and is caught up over one shoulder while the other shoulder remains free. A blouse of ample proportions, with long sleeves, is worn under this sleeveless "jumper" dress. A red belt, adorned with buckles of silver, is drawn tightly around the waist. To this is added an immense silk handkerchief, of the gaudiest of colors, two corners of which are pinned to each shoulder in the back and the other portion allowed to hang loosely. Ordinarily, our Indian women do not wear their moccasins, enormous looking boots of light color which reach to their knees, but they are a familiar sight at the feasts. There are usually two sets of dancers, and they dance in relays so as not to become too greatly fatigued. A weird chant is sung, during the dancing, and of course, the beating of the drum never ceases. The dancing is done immediately before the out-door shrine.

We had a special treat in store for us at this particular feast. There seemed to be only one set of dancers, and while they rested, two young men attired in a magnificent array of eagle feathers reaching from the top of the head to below the knees, performed the graceful Eagle dance. They were both attired in tight-fitting, dark blue costumes of cotton jersey. Their faces down to the chin were painted black. The chin and lower edges of their cheeks were painted white. They wheeled and circled about now erect, now squatting, now bending their faces down to the dust to pick up with their teeth coins tossed to them by admirers. Never once did they lose a step in this difficult but beautiful dance, rendered more difficult today because of a strong wind which caught the feathers on the heads of the dancers like a sail at sea.

In the meantime, according to the custom of the people, loaves of bread, melons, and various other foods were deposited in front of the saint. Some of these foods were given to the Missionary Priest, some of us and the rest were carried back to the homes at the close of the Fiesta.



An Indian Pottery Maker

# 39,000 MORE TO GO!!!

Little Dimer got only a fair start in his climb to the top rung of the ladder of dimes.

**So far he records only 11,000 Dimes!**

## A FAIR START—

But it's still a long way to the coveted goal of 50,000 dimes.

*And Little Dimer is very much concerned.*

Upon this fund of dimes, St. Joseph's Poor Fund, we must depend for the food, medicine and clothing we shall need for our destitute and sick poor during the long, hard Fall and Winter months ahead of us.

*Your dime, small in itself, will increase St. Joseph's Poor Fund.*

If you have already sent in your bit, get your friends to give a dime in honor of good St. Joseph to help provide for the needs of God's dear poor.

*Help us reach our goal of 50,000 Dimes.*

The present time is always the best time for the exercise of charity.

All who send us one or dimes in honor of St. Joseph, become members of St. Joseph's poor fund family and share in the Masses, prayers and novenas of the Catechists as well as in the Mass offered every Wednesday in honor of St. Joseph.

The Society of Missionary Catechists,  
Box 109, Huntington, Ind.

I wish to become a member of St. Joseph's Poor Fund Family. Enclosed you will find \_\_\_\_\_ Dimes.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_