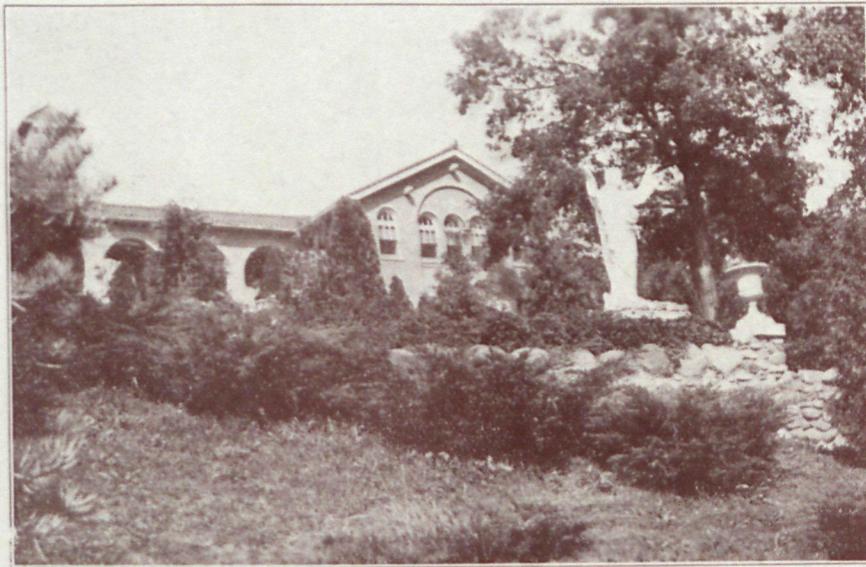


The Missionary Catechist



Victory-Noll is the Motherhouse and Training Institute of the Missionary Catechists. It is also a spiritual powerhouse from whence the Catechists derive the spiritual life, strength and energy to go forth as the loving slaves of Jesus and Mary, to save the Faith of the neglected poor in destitute Home Missions.

The beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart standing with outstretched arms in front of the building, seems ever to invite heroic souls to consecrate themselves forever to the spreading of God's Kingdom in the hearts of men.

The Missionary Catechist

SR. M. ERMENGILD, O. S. F.

A youthful, blue-robed figure
Gentle and stainless of soul;
In her eager eyes beams a wonderful light
As she visions the distant goal.

A silent, blue-robed figure
Pale and sweet in death;
She has loved and toiled for the sake
of Christ's poor
Till her latest dying breath.

A patient, blue-robed figure
Toiling among God's poor,
Helping His needy little ones
As she passes from door to door.

A gentle, blue-robed figure
Love Divine all aglow in her face,
Bringing to the souls of His straying lambs
The light of God's saving grace.

An earnest, blue-robed figure
Kneeling in silent prayer,
Pleading with Christ that her suffering poor
His love and bounty might share.

A tender, blue-robed figure
With comforting prayerful words,
Speeding the souls of her dying ones
To their Father and their God.



A radiant, blue-robed figure
Resplendent with glory now,
Bearing a crown of refulgent light
On her noble and beauteous brow.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume VII

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, October, 1931

Number 11

The Passing of Padre Esteban

(Catechist Blanche Richardson)

Padre Esteban was dead only a few hours when everyone knew it. The news traveled like wild-fire from one end of the vast parish to the other, and as quickly through neighboring parishes. Crowds of sad-faced people filled the streets of Mosquero, and passed over the cobbled-stone pavement in front of the little Mission Chapel to enter the church. There they offered prayers for the soul of their dearly beloved pastor and in turn asked his intercession, for they regarded him, as well they might, a saint. This scene was re-enacted in other little Mission villages, which had been under the care of this devoted Priest. For fifteen years he had ministered to their spiritual needs and had often, in times of distress, aided them in their temporal wants.

The little chapels, scattered throughout the parish, were draped in black, and the "tomba" erected in front of the altar. Night after night, the rosary was recited in common. It was a simple people's way of expressing their sorrow, as well as their love, for their "padrecito".

Hardly any of our readers, perhaps, had heard of the quiet, unassuming little

his parishioners spoke of him as their "Padrecito." He was an ardent well-wisher of the Missionary Catechists in the Southwest, for he could understand, from years of service in the vast Mission field, the need of just such a Society as ours to reach children in the remote sections of the widely-scattered parishes in New Mexico.

Shortly before the World War Father Dekeuwer left a devoted father and mother, brothers and sisters in far-away Belgium to come to one of America's Missionary dioceses. Father Dekeuwer was of very delicate health but this never deterred him from making long trips over snowy and muddy roads, to reach his Missions regularly. With pardonable pride, he once remarked that in all his Missionary career, he had never disappointed his parishioners, after having announced, by mail, that he would be at a certain Mission or Station for Mass. Of course, there were days when he didn't say Mass until noon, delayed as he was by bad weather. More than once, on this same account, he had been forced to celebrate Mass in an empty chapel, the weather having been so inclement that even the nearby ranches had failed to come for Divine Services. But his frail, emaciated form gave louder evidence than words of his devotedness to his people. He was simply wearing himself out for the good of their immortal souls.

Just as his life had been painful and self-sacrificing to the extreme so the death that claimed him afforded him none of those comforts which commonly surround the dying. Is it not what the Missionary arms himself for,—to give his ALL in the conquest of souls?

Returning home one evening at nightfall, the horse on which he was riding, missed its footing in a sandy, river-bed and fell heavily. In the fall, the Missionary was injured fatally. To add to his discomfort, it was raining. An hour, or perhaps two, after the accident, a lad of eighteen years found him and endeavored to carry the injured Priest to the rectory. He had to secure help,



however, before he could get him home. To be sure the loving hearts and hands of nearby parishioners did all they could for him when the news of his injury reached them. Doctors were called. But with thirty and more miles of rough mountain trails separating this remote village from "civilization," several hours passed before they arrived. Then another five or six hours elapsed and the padre began a slow, painful journey in an ambulance over rugged trails to the nearest hospital—sixty miles away! What tortures he must have suffered from the slightest jolts which could not well be avoided by the careful driver! The long trip came to an end at last,—but so did the life of this noble Priest of God. He breathed his last immediately after reaching the hospital.

The remains of Father Dekeuwer lie in the Episcopal City of Santa Fe a short distance from the ancient Cathedral where forty-seven Priests of the Archdiocese assembled to pay their tribute to a fellow-Missioner in this great harvest-field of immortal souls. The Most Reverend Archbishop Daeger, O. F. M., Archbishop of Santa Fe, preached at the

(Continued on page 6)



Father Stephen Dekeuwer

Priest, affectionately called "Padre Esteban" by the Americans who knew him and loved him as only an affectionate people can love their pastor. He was known as Reverend Stephen Dekeuwer by his American friends and neighbors of the parish of Bueyeros, N. M., and all

DO YOU RENEW PROMPTLY?

Teodosio of Carmel

Fray Angelico Chavez

As the shadows of the Western Sierra began to crawl down the Valley of Carmel, little Teodosio locked the corral gate and leaped on his burro. Proudly taking his accustomed seat on the rear part of the animal's back, like a millionaire's son in his 12-cylinder sport roadster, he turned on the ignition by prodding the electrifying spot between the burro's shoulders with a stick. The beast's motor began to cough and sputter; a few whacks with the same stick served as the complicated act of shifting; the burro began to move slowly and roughly. A kick in the ribs threw the machine on first, and the animal sped ahead smoothly, accelerating its speed as Teodosio stepped on the gas by repeated kicks in the groin.

Approaching the new Protestant church on his way home, Teodosio began to wonder if the minister's wife would come out with some candy. She knew that the boy relished caramels. Whenever she saw Teodosio pass by, she would run out with hands full of the candy, which was never refused. The boy would stock his pockets with sweets, thank the lady and ride merrily on. But that was all. He would not pay attention to her when she asked him to come to her church sometime. His mother had told him not to listen.

The minister's wife, however, did not come out as usual, even when Teodosio naively tooted his horn by coaxing a bray from the donkey. The boy guessed she was taking a nap or not at home. As he rode on, he came in sight of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, sitting like a brown one-cent match box on the hill. Looking back over his rumble seat, Teodosio glanced at the Protestant edifice and began to compare the two churches. The Protestant church was larger, with high-arched windows and a graceful belfry on one side.

But, alas, for the Catholic Church! It was a little square thing of adobe, with small square windows and a roof of rusty, corrugated tin. The little bell-tower sat like a misplaced kennel on the roof. Teodosio used to wonder before why the Protestants had such a beautiful house for praying, while the church of the Blessed Lady of Carmel, where God Himself came to dwell whenever the Padre came, was so poor and ugly. He had remarked this to his mother once, and she had told him it was the best the poor people could provide. She told him that Our Lady had gone into a stable in Bethlehem, and that Our Lord had come down



TO A WAYSIDE CHURCH

Dear little church by the wayside,
So humble, so quaint and so poor!
I wondered what charm could entice them
To pause and enter your door.

There is naught in your size and your
structure
Of majesty, beauty or power;
And yet men, women and children
Come hither each passing hour.

Dear little church by the wayside,
I learned your secret today;
The lame, little shepherd lad told me
Why he loved to enter and pray.

You are the haven of rest for the weary,
A joy to those burdened with care.
You hold comfort and strength for the needy,
"For," he said, "God is there!"

to earth just the same as if She would have rented a room in a new hotel.

Teodosio sighed: "Such a poor church the Lady of Carmel has! He began to ponder on a question that had often come to him. "Why do most of the people come to the poor church as they have always done, in spite of the many attractions that the Protestants offer? Why do the children come, too, although there is no one waiting with candy for them? What keeps them, excepting a few, from attending Protestant services?" Teodosio steered his Balaam bus close to Our Lady's chapel and pressed his nose against the small windowpane. The interior was dark, but soon he could see the picture above the little altar,—the Lady of Carmel in brown and white, holding the Infant Jesus on Her knee. A thought came to Teodosio!

Next day, the minister's wife came out to meet Teodosio. After stuffing a few caramels into his overall pockets, she asked him why he didn't come to services.

Teodosio grinned. "I don't come, and many others don't come, because—because our church is nicer."

"Nicer?" exclaimed the lady, turning to her own church. "Why, yours isn't half so big. It has no pretty colored windows, no pretty tower."

"No, ma'am, but you haven't got God!"
"Why, sure we have Him. Bethel is the name of our church, and Bethel

means 'House of God' in Greek—Latin—well, in some language Jesus spoke!"

"But you ain't got God," Teodosio insisted. "Our Lady of Carmel has—"

The woman lost her smile for a moment. "Your Church, my boy, is named after a woman, not God. We call ours the House of God. God likes our Church better. Pshaw! Church of the Lady of Carmel—Pshaw!"

Teodosio felt angry at the insult, saying blushing: "Our Lady is the Mother of Jesus, and Jesus likes us because we also like His Mother. His Mother keeps Jesus with Her in our Church and takes care of Him, while we are working out in the fields. If you have God in your Church, who takes care of Him when you go to Las Vegas and lock the doors?"

Faulty as the boy's theology was, the woman could not answer him. "Such superstitions!" she managed to say at last. "God doesn't have to be taken care of. He's no baby. Why, you picture Him as a child!"

"Sure, ma'am," said Teodosio, "like a child! Don't you like children?"

She started. "Yes—surely, I do, my boy!" she said, jumping at the question. "Don't we try to gather the children of this valley, as Jesus gathered the little children? Don't we give them candy? Don't I give you a lot of caramels?"

"Yes, t'anks, ma'am!" the lad retorted. "You love children so much? But you haven't any of your own!"

She turned red. "Your—your Padre has no children, either!"

"Because he has no wife," came the rejoinder. "You got a husband, ma'am, but no babies like my papa and mamma. Maybe, if you did, you would know why we like the Child Jesus and His Mother."

Incensed beyond herself, the minister's wife spun around and walked toward her house, saying something about "these impudent, little brats. Superstitious, rascally, malicious Mexican. . . ."

"Do I get some caramels tomorrow?" Teodosio shouted to her, a lump in his throat. Oh, it was so hard to lose those caramels forever. And all this, just for defending his own Church. He was glad, however, to have stood up for the Lady of Carmel. Spontaneously, tears began to flow as he pictured to himself the brown-robed Virgin with the Infant on her knee. It was a prayer. Again he repeated: "Do I get some caramels?"

The woman was already at her door. For a moment she paused; then she turned around, trying to smile through her wrinkles, and said: "Yes!"

VICTORY-NOLL NOTES

The 8th of September was a happy day at Victory-Noll. Fourteen young ladies took the first step in the service of Jesus and Mary by renouncing the world and offering themselves as Their true servants and children.

The simple, beautiful reception ceremonies were conducted by the Rev. Clement Neubauer, O. M. Cap., St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, Ind., who also preached the short retreat preceding the reception.

Our new members are: Miss Margaret Kaiser, Miss Florence Luechtfeld, Miss Irma Kato, Miss Muriel Balch and Miss Margaret Miller of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Josephine Classick, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Genevieve Dziedzic, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Ethel Allen, New Orleans, La.; Miss Helen Sullivan, DeQueen, La.; Miss Helen Hain, Decatur, Ind.; Miss Mary Pauillie, Nekosoa, Wis.; Miss Catherine Farrell, Rockford, Ill.; Miss Magdalene Lenges, Terre Haute, Ind., and Miss Gertrude Powers, Tulsa, Okla.

ROSES OF LOVE

What a world-wide influence the Little Flower fields! From her simple cloistered life of holiness the sweet scent of virtue and goodness is being wafted into thousands of lives, gently impelling them to serve the Infant Jesus with a sweeter, truer, simpler love. And these thousands are bringing her "Little Way" into thousands of other lives, and the great good is piling up until one day it shall reach Eternity and we shall marvel at the wondrous ways in which God shapes one soul to win a million others.

Every tiny sacrifice we make may be offered as a flower of love to Jesus through Mary, every suffering we cheerfully accept as coming from the loving Hand of Our Good Saviour, may be tendered as a red, red rose to win new favors for suffering souls, and for souls that are straying. Ah, let us make use of these precious means to save souls; let us make our lives fruitful for the Good Jesus; let us, with the Little Flower, remember His Missionaries and pray always that He may sanctify them and through them lead innumerable souls Heavenward.



MARY, THE UNIVERSAL MEDIATRIX and Blessed De Montfort, Her Apostle

(Cardinal Mercier's prayer to obtain the dogmatic proclamation of the universal mediation of Our Blessed Mother.)

O Lord Jesus Christ who was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, grant, we beseech Thee, that, enlightened by the same Spirit, Holy Church may define and proclaim as a dogma, to the glory of the Father, the doctrine of the Universal Mediation of the Virgin Mother. For this end, O Lord, we willingly offer Thee our sacrifices, our prayers, and our works, praying, also, that Thy great Goodness would grant to Blessed de Montfort, glorious Preacher and wonderful Doctor of this Mediation, the supreme honour of canonization.

For he it was who did so admirably explain, and preach far and wide, the great mystery of Love of Thy divine Wisdom: MARY, the ineffable MEDIATRIX, Thy Mother and ours.

Like another John, penetrating the deep mysteries of Thy Incarnation and Passion, of the sanctification of souls and even of the end of the world, he beheld, in Mary, Thy Associate in all Thy works, the Universal MEDIATRIX of all graces, the true Queen and Mistress of all hearts, who destroys the power of the devil, and leads unto Heaven all Her devout children, Mary, the sure way, chosen by God for our return to Him.

Following Thy example, O Lord Jesus, he has drawn us to that warm and intimate life of love, which Thou didst lead, and has taught us the simple and perfect way of the SLAVERY OF MARY, that as new born babes we may surrender ourselves entirely, body and soul, to the motherly care of this Blessed Mediatrix, and thus, through Thy Mother, may become in all things like to Thee, living with Thee, and in Thee for the Father.

O Jesus, Lord, O Mary, our Mother, graciously hear our prayers. It is for your glory and the glory of the Father that we plead; the more Blessed de Montfort

The Missionary Catechist

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana

is honoured in the Church, the sooner will souls turn towards You and the God of Love, to love and serve Him and to sing, without ceasing, the Hymn of Glory to the most HOLY TRINITY. Amen.

May the Mother of Jesus and our Mother, Mediatrix of the human race, by her chain of love, draw all souls to Her Son and by the Son to the Father.

The practice of daily reciting a part of the rosary is a source of many graces and untold blessings. October, the month of the Holy Rosary, is an excellent time to begin the formation of this most praiseworthy habit.

All devout clients and children of Mary who wish to show their love for Jesus and Mary in a practical way while, at the same time taking the safest and easiest path to heaven have an opportunity of doing so by joining the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts.

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

Name _____

Address _____

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Father:

I would like to invest \$200.00. I am only a poor girl and I am sorry I cannot do more. I think it is a wonderful investment. I want to do something for your Catechists and for the Most Reverend Archbishop Daeger in the Missions. I know the good Archbishop as I had the privilege of traveling with him to the Holy Land in 1904.

I wish to say I was praying for a special favor for a long time, and I promised if I got it, I would invest \$200.00 with you. So, in thanksgiving for the favor I received, I am sending you this Annuity.

Hoping to be remembered in your good prayers, I remain,

Humbly yours,

M. P.

"WHEN WE GET TOGETHER"

The announcement of a Vacation School taught by the Catechists was received with joy by the children at Indiana Harbor, Indiana. Over 300 children enrolled.

The class schedule was made up of the following subjects: Catechism, Congregational Singing, Liturgy, Bible Stories, Lives of the Saints, Cooking, Sewing, Woodcraft and Handwork. Special classes on Health and Deportment were held twice a week. Saturday was reserved for recreative purposes.

At the close of the Summer session the Community Center was turned into a de-



A Class of Colored Sunbeams

partment of "Finished Work on Display." There were many articles completed in the classes of Wood craft, Needlework, Sewing, Cooking and Handwork. Each piece was tagged with the name of the child who made it. This pleased the children, and in some cases, was ample reward for the effort expended. The parents and many of our friends and benefactors present were surprised at the beautiful work done by our children.

After the Exhibit was admired and inspected by all, the stage curtain was drawn to the setting of a little playlet called "Children of Good Habit Land." A miniature minstrel given by the colored children attending our classes closed the program.

We regretted very much that all our dear benefactors who so graciously supplied the material used in our classes and for stage decorations and costumes could not have been here to witness the joy these closing exercises brought to the hearts of our poor neglected children and their parents. May our Blessed Mother bless all those who, in any way, helped us so successfully to close our year of labor!

The class work was over and the school session closed with the Exhibit and program. Then came the "treat" as a reward for good attendance and diligent application. The day of the big picnic dawned. "Don't come before ten," was

our instruction the previous day, but, nevertheless, while we were still reciting morning prayers, a half-dozen youngsters were already swinging on our front gate impatiently waiting for us to emerge from the chapel.

Ten o'clock found 350 children swarming like bees around the first truck that had just arrived. In less time than it takes to tell, the truck was loaded and off amid the clamoring of those left behind.

We had a hard time assuring the crowd that there would be enough vehicles to accommodate all if they could only wait. Shouts and cheers arose every time another truck arrived, until finally four trucks and two mammoth buses, groaning under their weights of human cargo, started on the seven mile drive to the picnic grounds at Wicker Park.

After a hurried exploration of the grounds and the playing equipment, the children returned to the tables where lunch was

being prepared.

"When do we eat?" was an oft-repeated inquiry.

"I'm hungry. I didn't have any breakfast!" This came from a half-starved looking youngster.

"Ditto"—yelled a whole chorus. It often happens that there is nothing in the house on which the children can breakfast.

Two "hot-dog" sandwiches, pop, a banana and a cone of ice-cream disappeared very fast. To one or the other of the boys "the sample was good but when does the lunch begin?" At last, however, all appetites were satisfied. A broad grin and a loud "Thank you, Catechist," expressed the gratitude of every happy, little heart. To many it was "the first and only picnic".

After games and races, for which prizes were awarded, the trucks were reloaded, but not before the children exacted a promise from us to have "another picnic like this next summer in a new place."

We sincerely appreciate the co-operation of our friends who so generously assisted us with donations, and of the local concerns who helped us make this, our first "big picnic" at Indiana Harbor, a success, thus bringing happiness into the barren lives of our poor Mexican and Negro children.

—Catechist Cordelia Bahl.

IN THE HOME FIELD

MORE THAN HIS "TITHES"

When a request was made for volunteers to give a day's work to help put a new roof on our house in one of our Missions, an old man over eighty years of age came and offered Father a dollar;—the amount paid for a day's work there. He told Father he would like so much to help personally but as he was too old and feeble for his services to be of any use, he wanted Father to hire a younger man to take his place. Father assured him of our grateful appreciation, but told him he had done more than his share for the parish during his lifetime and should leave this to the younger generation. Shortly afterwards the old man's grandson, a boy of about eighteen years, volunteered three days' work, one for himself, one for his father who was away with the sheep and one for his grandfather.

THE PASSING OF PADRE ESTEBAN

(Continued from page 3)

Solemn Mass for the deceased. Many parishioners traveled from 200 to 250 miles to get a farewell look at their beloved pastor and to assist at the funeral.

Padre Esteban will live long in the memories of those who knew him and his deed of charity. We are confident, moreover, that to Heaven's Court there has been added another advocate of New Mexican Missions and Missionaries.



To Many it was the "First and Only" Picnic.—Indiana Harbor, Ind.

THE COMING OF "THE KID"

"Catechist, look at this here kid I brung," said nine year old Tony as he proudly pushed a small boy into the room. "He's ten years old an' he don't know nothin'."

"The "kid" planted himself firmly in front of me, squared his jaw and tilted back his red head so that he could get a good look at me from under his shaggy hair.

"I'm Mathew," he announced.

"And you are ten years old?"

"Yes."

"An he don't know nothin'," added Tony.

"Well, I ain't been baptized," the "kid" asserted by way of excuse for his ignorance.

"Oh,—What religion are your parents?"

Mathew wriggled his bare toes in silence for a few minutes.

"They're Irish,—Catholic-protestants," he stated.

"Do they know you are here, Mathew?"

"Sure. It's all right if I'm home in time for chores."

"Very well. You may sit on that egg crate next to Peter. It is time to start now. Tony will you please call the rest?"

The others came and took their places on the boxes, pails and pipes in the room. Holding his place on the egg crate, was Mathew, the newest member of my "League of Nations" class. We called it that

because most of the nations of Europe have a representative in it. Mathew did his best to conceal any trace of interest in the lesson, but in spite of himself, he did show pleasure in receiving the

Catechism I offered him. In reply to my invitation to come to class every week he answered, "I might come again sometime if I am not too busy."

But Mathew did come again. It wasn't very long before he could answer a few questions in a manner all his own. One day a child stated that God "made" the world and Mathew objected.

"Who did make it then?" he was asked.

"N o b o d y. T h e r e wasn't nothin' there to make it out of. God said, 'wisht I had a world' and, bingo! the old world popped out of nowhere."

Mathew is now getting ready for baptism. At first his parents objected but gradually they relented, for Mathew wields influence in his family. The latest report from his lips was:

"Sure, I go to Mass every Sunday. If I didn't how could I be sure my dad would go?"

—Catechist Blanche Lawler.

LITTLE MOTHERS OF THE POOR

We had been very busy and unable to visit Dona M. for several weeks. She is a dear old lady; an invalid of many years. When we called on her the other day she told us how much she had missed us, but that she knew we had not forgotten her, "for," she added, "you are the little mothers of the poor and the aged."

Remember the Souls of your dear departed during November, the Month of the Poor Souls. Send us the list of your beloved departed whom you wish included in our special prayers for the dead.

NOVENA

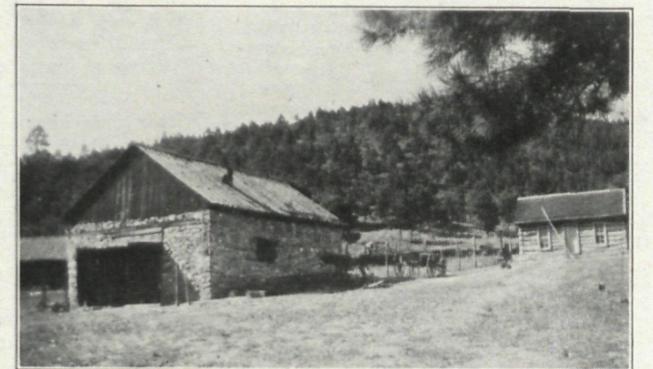
Are you praying for some special spiritual or temporal favor? If so, include your intentions in the Perpetual Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory which the Catechists are making at Victory-Noll.

"NO GOT-TEE MONIES!"

We were visiting Dona Cruz and incidentally checking up on her method of caring for her baby. The same old story! Though in general there was a decided improvement over her former methods, she again had her tiny infant bound, Indian-fashion, in rags. We noted that today the rags were clean.

Blankets are a luxury in our Mexican pueblo. To the promotion of T. B. our Mexican mothers at Lubbock are binding their little ones thinking it is the only way to keep out the cold.

While we were still at the home, an agent came to the door. Addressing Dona



A Neat Little Adobe Dwelling Among the Hills

Cruz in English he showed her pictures of a sewing machine. She backed away from the door saying, "no got-tee monies!"

"No got-tee monies!" Oh, how many times we Catechists have to express this same truth even when it is a matter of our daily bread and necessary expenses!

Catechist Margaret Campbell.

There will not be wanting poor in the land of thy habitation; therefore, I command thee to open thy hand to thy needy and poor brother, that liveth in the land. (Deut. xv, 11.)

—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 Los Banos, Calif.
- 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, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 12 Calipatria, California, Box 533.
- 13 Santa Paula, California, 222 8th. St.
- 14 Tulari, Calif.

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

Mary's Little Helpers



Dear Little Helpers:

Hallowe'en with its ghosts and goblins makes us think of witches flying over our heads or riding around on broomsticks. It also makes me think of a witch story I heard when I was visiting the Indians at Acoma, and I know you would like to hear it. Once upon a time an Indian married a witch, and she always played tricks on him. One day while he was sleeping, she carried him way up to a high mountain and left him there. The place where she put him was just like a shelf and he could hardly move, for fear he would roll off. He stayed there for four days without anything to eat, and he was beginning to get pretty hungry. All of a sudden a tiny squirrel came along with two acorns, —one had soup in it and the other was filled with water. The squirrel told the Indian to eat it, but the Indian laughed and said, "Why, a drop like that would make me hungrier than ever." But the squirrel insisted and the Indian finally took the soup and ate it. Then he noticed a funny thing, the soup kept increasing, and so did the water, until he wasn't hungry any more. The squirrel was happy and scampered away. He went down to the bottom of the mountain and planted an acorn. And then what do you think happened? A great big oak tree grew up. It became as tall as the mountain where the Indian was lying. The little squirrel came up the mountain again and jumped onto the tree. He told the Indian that he could climb down the tree and go home. So the Indian crawled over to the branches and climbed down and went home. His witch wife was surprised to see him, because she thought he would have to stay there until she brought him home. The squirrel told the Indian that he ought to punish his wife, so he did. And you may be sure that the witch didn't play any more tricks on him.

Yours till the next time,

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Did you ever try to make a little Self-denial booklet? I think you would have lots of fun making one. One of our Little Helpers sent me one that was very pretty. The covers were made of plain cardboard with the picture of a rose pasted on the outside. The inside is made of plain white paper and each page has a picture of something that she did without and put the money in her mite

box for the Missions. These little pictures can be cut out of magazines or papers. On one page she has the picture of a glass of lemonade. Under it she has written, "I put ten cents in my mite box instead of buying a lemonade." On another page she has the picture of three pieces of candy. Under this she has "Saved five cents instead of buying candy." Another page has the picture of a movie and she says "Instead of going to a movie, I went to church and saved the money." Wouldn't you like to make one and see how many little sacrifices you can make to please the Infant Jesus? I am sure you would.

Dear Catechist:

I received your most welcome letter and the box for my pennies. I will be glad when school starts again.

I always think of you and the poor children in my prayers. Gee, I wish I could be a Catechist. Would you write and tell me all you have to do to be one?

Leaving Our Blessed Mother and Jesus to take care of you, I am,

MARGARET CONIGLIO.

Poor Wee Willie Winkles has been forgotten all summer long. Isn't that too bad? Wee Willie Winkles loves all the Little Helpers and tries to tell them interesting stories, and then the Little Helpers forget all about him. Wouldn't you feel badly if everyone would forget you?

Save your nickels, save your pennies;
Pennies, pennies we need many.
Not a penny must you spend
Not a penny must you lend,
Work with willing hands and feet
Till your Burse is quite complete.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Supervisor:

We have chosen a name for our band. The name is The Sacred Heart Band. We are getting along fine. We also thank you for the medals, holy pictures and our membership cards. I especially thank you for the Mary's Little Helper pin.

Sincerely in Christ,

GEORGE LACKNER,

Promoter of The Sacred Heart Band.

Peggy Brown did not like to go to school. Everytime school started Peggy cried. She didn't like reading and she didn't like arithmetic, and she didn't even like Catechism classes. She didn't want to study. She thought it would be lots more fun if she could just play all day

long. One day Sister told the children a story about a poor little girl who lived far away where they did not have the good Sisters to teach them. This little girl's name was Luella. She wanted to go to school so she could learn how to read and write, and most of all she wanted to learn about Jesus. The only place she could go to school was a little Mission three miles away and there was no way to get there except to walk. Three miles is a long trip for a little girl to make every day by herself, but one day Luella started to school. Even if it rained or snowed, Luella never missed a day. Then she got sick and couldn't go to school. Her mother was dead and there was no one to take care of her. The good priest from the Mission school came to see her and she received her dear Jesus in Holy Communion for the first time in bed. Then she died. Poor little Luella! But she died happy because if she hadn't gone to school, she would not have received her first Holy Communion. The story of this poor little girl made such an impression on Peggy that she decided she, too, would study hard after this. Then, when she began to take an interest in her lessons, she found that school could be a very happy place, and she loved her Catechism class best of all. Not only that, but she loved the poor little boys and girls in the Missions, and she saved all her pennies so she could help them.

Don't forget, Little Helpers, that we want lots and lots of new Little Helpers this year. You will probably have many new little friends in your class. Tell them about Mary's Little Helpers and ask them to join. Tell your Sister in school that you are one of Our Blessed Mother's own little missionaries and ask her if she won't enroll the whole class as a band of Little Helpers. I am sure she will if you ask her.



EVERY PENNY HELPS!

The Associate Catechists of Mary



Mr. John Scheuer and Family,
My dear friends,

It is with grief that I learn of the untimely death of your dear wife called to her eternal reward sometime ago. I surely am most sorry to hear of your bereavement and I send to you, and all the members of your family, my heartfelt sympathy.

I consider it my duty to pray for the happy repose of her soul, and to remember her in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, asking the good Lord to repay her now for all the good she has done for the poor Priests and Missions out here during the course of her short life. She will surely receive a hundred-fold for all that she gave while here upon earth. The good Lord, Who rewards,—according to His own words,—even a cup of water given in His Name, will not only reward her but will repay her with life eternal.

I am asking all the good Priests, who benefited by the charity and kindness of good Mrs. Scheuer, to remember her soul in Holy Mass and in their prayers. This, I know, they will do.

Would to God we had many more of such good charitably inclined persons, who would work more for our poor Missions. But we hope that now our good friend above in Heaven will send down her blessings and obtain from Our Lord many more vocations for this special line of work among the poor and for the poor.

Do you know that the good Lord blesses in a special way what the poor do? He loved the poor and still loves them, and He will send down many blessings on them and all who help them. I do hope and pray that the good work of Ella M. Scheuer will continue to the end of time!

With all these good sentiments I am sending you all a special blessing from the Archbishop of Santa Fe.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ F. Albert T. Daeger, O.F.M.
Archbishop of Santa Fe.

Every ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY,—whether he belongs to a Band or to the Victory-Noll Home Band, is a missionary, because he helps to save souls.

NOTES FROM A MISSION LETTER

The other day while we were visiting we met little Roberto playing on the street. Roberto should have been at Catechism class, so we stopped and asked why he wasn't there. "Oh," answered Roberto, "my brother Carlos is home sick, and I am staying home to take care of him." We smiled at this, because Roberto is only five years old, and we thought that if his brother were sick, his mother would surely be taking care of him. Wondering if this were perhaps just an excuse, we asked Roberto if he would take us to see Carlos. On the way to his home Roberto informed us that Mama had to go to work because they didn't have any money. That put a new light on the matter, and Catechist and I hurried our steps a little. Perhaps Carlos really was sick. Arriving at their home, which should be called anything but a home, we followed Roberto down a flight of stairs to the basement. We passed through a dark, narrow passage, hardly high enough to stand up, and entered a little room which was evidently intended to be a boiler room. The room was so dark that we could not see without using our flashlight. Roberto led us over to a corner, and there on a little cot lay Carlos, a boy about eleven years old, tossing about and muttering unintelligible sounds. We saw at a glance that this poor child was very sick and needed immediate attention. From all indications it looked like another case of pneumonia, so we went back home as quickly as we could and made arrangements to have poor Carlos taken to the hospital. And now, thanks to Jesus and Mary, he is getting along alright.

JOIN!!!!

Join WHAT?—The Associate Catechists of Mary!

WHY?—Because the Missions need YOUR HELP!

WHERE?—The Victory-Noll Home Band at Huntington,—or a Band in your city. If there isn't a Band, start one!

HOW?—By paying fifty cents a year, and by helping the Missions.

WHEN?—Right now. There is no better time than TODAY. Write for information.

Would you like to help our handwork classes in the Missions? To keep the child interested and busy, and at the same time teaching him something useful, is the purpose of the handwork classes. We are handicapped by the lack of the little things necessary for these classes and we know that our friends will be glad to help us. We need scissors especially and small scissors for cutting paper do not cost much. Then there are the many small things which bring joy to the child's heart, such as crayons, paints, colored thread, colored construction paper, moulding clay, beads for beadwork,

colored crepe paper and wire, embroidery designs and material for needlework; picture books to be colored, books containing suggestions and games for the older children; paste and brushes, colored sealing wax and material for the sewing class. Any of these articles will be greatly appreciated by our Missions at 620 W. 15th. Ave., Gary, Indiana, and 3868 Block Ave., Indiana, Harbor, Ind.

BAND ACTIVITIES

The Sacred Heart Band, Chicago, —\$86.53.

Juanita Club, Chicago,—\$50.00.

St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Service, promoter—\$50.00.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help, No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Wainwright, promoter—\$25.00.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help, No. 2, Chicago, Celia Henrich, promoter—\$25.00.

St. Anthony's Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Mayer, promoter—\$23.00.

The Charitina Club, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan, promoter—\$10.00.

Did you ever pack a basket for some poor family just around the corner who had had a streak of bad luck? And didn't you get a real thrill out of it,—going to the grocery and buying flour, sugar, coffee and the different things to fill the basket? We have many poor families "just around the corner" too, who would be made very happy by such a basket. Would you like to pack a basket for one of our poor families? If you would, but feel that the expense of shipping such a basket to our Missions would be too great, sit down, figure out what you would include in a "poor basket", how much it would cost,—then write out a check for the amount and send it to us. We will then fill the basket and deliver it for you.

Our Lord blessed the widow who had only a mite to give. He will bless your mite too, so do not feel that your offering is too small.



HAVE YOU RENEWED YOUR A. C. M. DUES?

WE ARE TO BE PITIED

My dear Esther:

So you are feeling sorry for me! Please don't! If you could but know how happy I am to be back among our beloved poor you would realize that you are wasting time feeling sorry. Like a sweet refrain my heart keeps singing over and over, "thanks to Jesus and Mary I am back again in the missions." But you know so little about our Society and the work we are doing that I am not surprised at your attitude. You say you have heard much about the hardships of a missionary life and you can't imagine "poor little me" enduring it. You have indeed heard the truth. The life of a missionary is not only filled with hardships and difficulties but hardships are his very life! Yet, have you ever heard or read of a true Missionary, inflamed with the spirit of St. Paul and with Christ in his heart, who saw the hardships and paused in the way that led him to the lost sheep? Do not the Missionaries, rather, dwell upon the joy of struggling for souls and carrying them back to the feet of the Good Shepherd?

So far, I have met with nothing that I could not cheerfully endure with the help of Our Blessed Mother and,—at times,—considerable effort. For we are indeed real missionaries and our work of gathering "strays" is often fraught with difficulty and strife. But after the battle comes the joy of victory!—not always, it is true, but often enough to console even the faint hearted. And those apparent failures,—who can tell but that they are the grandest victories in disguise?

On second thought, if you are inclined to feel sorry, I encourage you to do so. The Catechists need to be pitied by a great many practical Catholics. Not, however, because of the kind of hardships you mentioned. They, in a sense, are only a "boogy." The hardship of our life is seeing so many opportunities for work that we cannot undertake for lack of workers, funds, and co-operation from outside sources. As I write, a pathetic picture spreads out before me. I see the million and a half, or more, Mexicans who have crossed the border into the United States, scattered like wandering sheep all over our country. Through no fault of their own, three-fourths of them cannot read or write. They have never been taught the rules of health and sanitation. I see them crowded into wretched quarters where

If you can give but little,
Kind friend, do not repine;
Give Little with a cheerful heart,
And God, in His good time,
Will make your "little" fruitful
With His blessing from above;
For He asks not wealth nor fortune
But charity with love.

disease spreads like a raging fire. I see them,—sickly children, wide-eyed, cheated youth, weary men and women,—as we see them daily in the missions, hungry, cold, sick or dying and always starving for spiritual succor where there are none to satisfy their want.

With such a picture constantly before us, can you wonder that not an hour passes but I pray Our Heavenly Father to open the eyes of our good Catholics that they may see the needs of this destitute people? That He enlighten their minds that they may understand, and touch their hearts that they may respond to the appeals of these, our suffering brethren. And that He may send more

Do you wish to have the assurance that you are CONSTANTLY assisting the charitable labors of the Missionary Catechists among God's poor? Then become a life subscriber to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. It is simple when done according to our "INSTALLMENT" plan by which you pay for your Life Subscription by sending \$1.00 a month for ten months.

and more laborers into this corner of His vineyard! Yes, we are to be pitied! for there is much that we are powerless to do and our hearts ache at the very thought of it.

I am glad, dear Esther, that your pity is taking a practical turn. I shall appreciate every dollar you and your club shall contribute toward the completion of my burse. If you keep on making others "feel sorry" in that manner, you will be doing a missionary work yourself. Only please do believe that I am the happiest person in the world because I am bringing God and happiness into the lives of so many neglected, suffering poor.

Lovingly in O. B. L. V.,
Catechist Regina Phyllips.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

THE KING'S STEWARD, the true story of George Schumann, by George N. Lyons; pub. by the Dujarie Institute, Notre Dame, Ind.

The name "George Schumann" is, no doubt a pseudonym. This life of a modern "business man," who was a very BUSYMAN, is especially to be commended, not for the style in which it is written, but for the beauty of the life lived. God give us more "George Schumanns!"

As a merchant, as a father of a numerous family, as a tireless worker in that "Catholic Action" so much desired by the Holy Father, he towers above the average Catholic as Blanc does over the Alps. The mainspring of this noble living was his tender affection for Jesus and Mary. Get a copy, read it and give another as a present to your busy friend when Christmas comes around.

Give alms out of thy substance, and turn not away thy face from any poor person; for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee. (Tob. IV, 7.)

THREE CHEERS FOR "LITTLE DIMER"

Little Dimer is winning hearts and making enthusiastic friends. One of his latest boosters is eager to see him reach the top rung of the ladder,—his goal of 50,000 dimes. She expresses her active interest in a limerick inclosed with her dimes:

If our Little Dimer
Is such a good climber
And does not intend to stop,
I thought it worthwhile
With some self-denial,
To help send him over the top!

We are delighted with the spirit in which you are responding to Little Dimer's plea. But he wishes to remind you that he is yet a long way from his goal! Up to the present time he records only 12,500 dimes.

If you have already contributed your share toward this fund of dimes (St. Joseph's Poor Fund) get your friends interested. They will be glad to send a mite in honor of dear St. Joseph and thus help our Catechists provide the necessities of life for our suffering children.

A contribution of one dime makes you a member of St. Joseph's poor Fund Family. You then share in the Masses, prayers, and novenas of the Catechists as well as in the Mass offered every Wednesday in Honor of St. Joseph.

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

I will be a member of ST. JOSEPH'S POOR FUND FAMILY. Enclosed you will find _____ dimes.

Name _____

Address _____



Each Catechist is supported by a Burse. Each Burse when completed, amounts to \$6,000. It is usually made up of small contributions.

Contribute toward the support of a Catechist and share in the merits of her prayers, sacrifices and works of mercy.

*San Jose de Rio Grande Church,
El Paso, Texas*

*Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Huntington, Indiana*

Reverend and Dear Father:

In reading some literature on your work I realize that your Missionary Catechists would be Heaven's gift for my poor Missions. Would it be possible for you, dear Father, to spare two or three of these good Catechists for me? My beloved Bishop Schuler, of El Paso, knows my case and the spiritual needs of my poor people, and sponsors my appeal for Catechists.

San Jose de Rio Grande Church has a membership of about 5,000 souls. Most of my poor Mexican people live in very poor homes and work in the El Paso Smelting and Refining Works. Being people of the very poorest class and without the possibility of a Catholic school, you may easily imagine what Religious Instruction means to them. I do my best for them, using both the pulpit and the press.

About 200 or more Mexican families live on farms scattered within a radius of fifteen square miles west of my Church. They are good people. I visit them every Sunday, saying Mass in a little provisional Chapel. I have in these Missions, as well as in my Parish here, lay-catechism classes, but not with the best results. So, I am sure your Catechists would do wonders in this part of the Country.

I might suggest that my people are praying for a favorable reply to their request for your good Catechists.

*I remain, dear Father,
Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,
REV. L. F. COSTA.*



El Paso, Texas.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Father Costa's letter explains itself. In his own earnest way he tells a true story of a field most fertile for your Catechists. I am in hearty accord with his petition to you—and with him and his people, I am praying you will find it possible to give a favorable answer to this first petition from El Paso Diocese for workers for God's greater honor and glory from your Society of Missionary Catechists.

May God continue to bless your work where already established and so increase your numbers that you may enter into new fields for richest harvests!

Yours in Our Lord,
✠ A. J. SCHULER, S. J.,
Bishop of El Paso, Texas.

Why Should You

JOIN THE 2500 CLUB? —

BECAUSE

1. It will enable you to fulfil your Christian obligation of relieving the spiritual and corporal necessities of God's poor.
2. As a member, you will enable the Missionary Catechists to teach neglected little ones the saving Truths of Faith; to feed the hungry; to clothe the naked; and to nurse the sick poor.
3. As a member, you will have a share in the large spiritual benefits and merits gained by the Catechists laboring in our needy Home Missions, among Catholics who are too poor to support resident Priests, Sisters or Parochial Schools.

JOIN NOW—and

become associated with those charitably inclined Catholics who already contribute one dollar a month towards the support of the Missionary Catechists in their work among the spiritually destitute, the suffering and the sick poor.

Just Think 2500 persons contributing one dollar per month will keep 100 Catechists in the field!

WILL YOU BE ONE OF THESE 2500 BENEFACTORS?

THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,
Huntington, Indiana, Box 109.

Dear Catechists:

Please enroll me in The 2500 Club. I am enclosing \$ _____ for dues for _____ months.

Name _____

Address _____