

The  
**MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST**



*February 1941*



## ALL FOR JESUS THROUGH MARY

This month THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST brings you stories from our recently established mission centers at Ely, Nevada; Goshen, Indiana, and San Pierre, Indiana. The stories are full of human interest. Most probably they will leave you with a taste for more—and we trust that more will be forthcoming in subsequent issues.

While we are speaking of our magazine, we appropriate the occasion to say a hearty THANK YOU. Yes, thank you for the many complimentary things you tell us about THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Thank you, also, for your frank criticisms and kindly suggestions. Your personal concern for our publication is assurance that you—the reader—continue to be our sincerest friend. In compliance with your expressed desires, we have, from the beginning, endeavored to keep the magazine an intimate, friendly mission letter to you. It is gratifying to know that you receive it as such, and that you read it with genuine pleasure.

We are grateful for your friendship which finds practical expression in the generosity of your responses to our constant appeals for financial aid. But we need more friends like you if the increase in the circle of our reader-missionaries is to keep pace with the steady and rapid growth and extension of our Society of Missionary Catechists. MORE FRIENDS is our watchword for 1941. Will you help us win them? If you are like many of us who read the last page first, then you already know how to do this.

May we count on you again?—And once more, THANK YOU.

The Editor



VALENTINES

Barbara is two years old and Lynn will soon be three. Only a fence separates their play-yards.

Lynn was suffering from a severe cold last week and so Barbara's mother cautioned her not to play with Lynn. Now Barbara is in bed, on the verge of pneumonia. Her mother suspiciously questioned her:

"Did you go over to Lynn's yard?"

"No, Mother."

"Did Lynn come over here?"

"Oh, no!"

"You're sure you didn't play with Lynn?"

"Oh, no, Mamma, we only kissed through the fence."

And that's the whole truth, just as Barbara told it.

W. Wengritzky

OUR COVER pictures were taken by Catechist Mary Martha Killian in our mission at Goshen, Indiana.



A few of our darlings on the way to Catechism class.—Denio, Nevada

# The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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# Lourdes

by Reverend Henry C. Schuyler

OVER eighty years ago, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared eighteen times to a little peasant girl named Bernadette. The "apparitions" took place in a grotto or cave at the base of a rocky hill—Massabielle—on the outskirts of Lourdes, a village on the French side of the Pyrenees.

FOUR years later, with the formal approval of the Church, a Basilica was built on the hill over the Grotto. From then on the rapid development of Lourdes into the most popular Shrine of our Lady in the world is well known to both Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

TO the questions: why did God send Mary to Lourdes, and why does He work so many miracles in answer to prayers specifically directed to her under the title of "Our Lady of Lourdes," there is of course, the obvious answer. Her appearance at Lourdes, and the amazing manifestations of divine power and mercy taking place at this shrine as a result of her intercession are simply another phase in the working out of her mission as Mother of mankind, a means used to bring human beings closer to her Son.

BUT there is a much more specific answer, as we can see from the timing of the "apparitions." They occurred in 1858, four years after her Immaculate Conception was solemnly defined as a dogma of the Church. Just about long enough—when we consider the slowness of national and international communications in those days—to have enabled Catholics all over the world to grasp, in some appreciable degree, the significance of the newly declared dogma. This answer Mary herself suggested, by implication, when, on the occasion of one of her appearances to Bernadette, she said to her: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

IN Mary, the second Eve, we see the most perfect human being ever created. There is no flaw, no possibility of flaw, in the Ideal Woman whom God sent to Lourdes in 1858 as a sign of His pleasure at the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. We may safely presume that He thus wished to emphasize the fundamental truth which is precisely, and in the highest possible degree, realized in the conception of Mary without the stain of original sin. She was the most beautiful of the daughters of Eve because she possessed that perfect balance of adjustment of all her inclinations, that permanent and complete mastery of right reason over human activity which is a necessary condition for the attainment of the highest beauty of which our nature is capable.

HER appearance at Lourdes, therefore, under the spotlight, as it were, of the dogma so recently defined, serves to point out to mankind how necessary it is for the full development of human nature that



all our efforts and all our aims be unified by the dominant motive of doing God's will and thus adding our mite to His external glory.

THE history of the Shrine at Lourdes vindicates more and more impressively as the years go by the truth of the above statement. We can clearly see, in the scores of authenticated cures of bodily afflictions taking place every year at the Shrine, the limitless knowledge and power of God, restoring at the petition of Mary, that unity of structure and function which is the body's normal state as designed by the Creator.

WE mention bodily cures, not because man's true happiness depends upon a perfect state of bodily well-being, but because cures like these are readily perceived as such by the average man. God uses them to lead man to something more subtle and much more important, just as He did in the days of the Public Ministry when our Savior healed the sick and raised the dead so that human beings, through these obvious miracles, would come to a knowledge of the infinitely more dangerous diseases produced in the soul itself, and seek their cure also.

LOURDES has taught the world, both Catholic and non-Catholic, that there is a very striking and undeniable connection between Mary at Lourdes and the many proven cures of bodily ailments that have taken place there in the years that have passed since 1858. It is these cures which she offers as proof that she was sent by God to help mankind back to union with his Creator.

THAT the scope of this help was not to be confined within the narrow and obvious limits of a normal unity of bodily functions can be readily understood by all who look upon a true mother as one who is concerned not only with the body's health, but also with that of the soul. Every Christian

knows also that it is sin which ravages the soul. We expect to see, therefore, that the deeper interest of the Immaculate Queen is centered on the spiritual health of her children. And Lourdes abundantly proves this point.

IT is here that we see the resemblance between the Son's mission and the Mother's. "Resemblance," however, is hardly the right word, for the two missions are identical in so far as both Son and Mother have a common purpose, the salvation of human souls. Only, of course, Mary's part in the mission is conditioned by its dependence upon God's absolute love and power.

NOW, just as the Son performed miracles visible to man in order to demonstrate His divine power and thus attract man to Himself; so Mary, His Mother, works cures of the body—by her Son's help, of course—in order to prove that she was sent by God. It is by so acting that she also hopes to draw man closer to herself, and thus closer to her Son, so that she may be in a position to carry out the deeper and infinitely more important mission of helping man, by God's grace, to free himself from the disease of sin.

IN other words, her intercession with God brings about the performance of a miracle of far great-

er importance than the restoration of normal bodily unity and well-being. She who, by reason of her Immaculate Conception, stands forth as humanity's sole example of the perfect reign of right reason, has been—and still is—working miraculously at Lourdes to extend this reign, to help establish divine order and peace throughout the world.

HOW many human beings have been cured of spiritual disease as a result of the loving intercession of our Lady at Lourdes, no one save God can know. Obviously cases of this kind are, for the most part, kept concealed from the public eye. But we can safely assert that they far outnumber the bodily cures.

THE appearance of our Lady at Lourdes is a modern supernatural fact. The initial miracle and its ever-multiplying effect are means to meet modern needs; rather, let us say, modern forms of a very ancient need: the unity of all human inclinations and desires brought about by complete subjection to God.

NINETEEN hundred years ago, the Father sent His Son into a pagan world to unify all men and women under the Kingship of this same Son, Jesus Christ. Then was established, visibly, the Kingdom

(Continued on page 18)



Courtesy of State of Nevada DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS

View of Lake Tahoe taken from the Nevada shore near Observation Point. Snow covered mountains in the background are the High Sierra Nevadas.

# Ely Greet You



by Catechist Dorothy Schneider

## Fine-Combing the Desert for Souls.—Ely, Nevada

STILL reveling in the rich, romantic history of western pioneer days, Ely, modern mountain town of eastern Nevada, greets you.

Ely is not too old for its residents to recall the arrival of the first train and the excitement ensuing among the bystanders when the engineer emphatically cautioned them to move away from the rails while he turned the train around; and not too young to have missed the early, energetic, albeit too-often tragic, camp experiences of prospectors' free application of the law.

Following in paths forged by early missionaries in the State of Nevada, we are watering and nurturing gospel seed planted sometimes in fertile ground, sometimes in fallow, yet gleaning withal a goodly harvest.

During the course of eighty years of Catholic life within the State of Nevada, its people have been subjects in turn of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, the Vicariate of Marysville, the Diocese of Grass Valley, the Diocese of Sacramento, the Vicariate of Utah, the Diocese of Utah, and finally—Deo Gratias—of its own Diocese of Reno, erected in 1931 with the Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman as first Bishop.

Though Ely is young as a parish center, White Pine County has been a Catholic mission field since 1869. Hamilton, Cherry Creek, and Ely have succeeded each other as points of principal interest. In 1906 the present church was erected. There was no resident pastor, however, until 1907.

Our work in the parish dates from 1939, when, at the request of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, and the pastor, Monsignor Hugo Meisekothen, we conducted religious vacation schools at Ruth and McGill. The mission center was formally founded last September and named Ave Maria Mission. It was staffed by Catechist Mary McConville, Superior, Catechist Josephine Cima, Catechist M. Gabrielle Skupien and Catechist Dorothy Schneider.

Though our home visits and census-taking have indicated a nucleus of practical Catholic families, they have also revealed the imperative necessity of intensive religious activity to kindle into flame the spark of faith still feebly burning in families which have long lived on ranches remote from church influence. We sometimes marvel, in view of circumstances, that the spark still burns, but burn it does as is evidenced by the baptisms arranged for after contacting the families in our visits. The baptisms now number thirty-two and there are at least ten more to take place soon.

Classes in Ely, which include a most lovable group of children ranging in age from three to six, are conducted twice each week. Both a choir and girl scout troop are in process of organization. Regular classes are also conducted for the children of Lane City, Ruth, Reipetown, Kimberly, McGill, Eureka and Duckwater.

# Reaping in Reipetown

By Catechist Mary McConville, Superior

**H**IDDEN between the little town of Kimberly and the Ruth Cooper Pit, at an altitude of 8,000 feet lies Reipetown, Nevada. It was introduced to us when we first came to Ely, as the toughest place in the United States. We have long since discredited this statement.

Upon completing the census we counted 150 Catholic souls, a few Mormon and Greek families, and eight flourishing saloons and gambling halls. "What an interesting outlook!" was our only comment.

As religion classes never had been held in Reipetown before, they were quite a novelty to both children and parents. To find a suitable place to teach seemed an impossibility to us. We were assured, however, that a place would be ready. Just how **READY** I am about to describe. Being asked to descend steps to the basement of a saloon, temporarily closed, I found a table covered with a clean white cloth. A huge bouquet of flowers stood in the center of the table, and twenty-nine children of pre-school and first

Communion age were seated in a row along the wall anxiously awaiting our arrival. Could this be REIPETOWN? It was.

Reipetown still radiates the same charm as on that first day, despite the fact that since the coming of winter our basement classroom is filled with water, and I am forced to teach my class in relays in our car. Catechist Skupien is more fortunate. She teaches the children from the upper grades in the home of a fine Catholic family.

At two-thirty every Thursday afternoon children come scampering from all directions. At three-thirty another group arrives. Finally, while Catechist is teaching the older children, I instruct a man and his wife who have long had the desire to become Catholics but did not know how to go about it.

To date, the harvest in Reipetown has yielded an enrollment of forty-five children, seven delinquent baptisms, and two converts to be baptized in the near future.

The harvest indeed is great and white!



The Catechists at Ely, Nevada, lay plans for covering their new territory.

# Warsaw

by Reverend Leo Pursley

WARSAW is one of the little "big" towns of the Diocese of Fort Wayne in which the total population (7000 according to local boosters!) would normally indicate a larger percentage of Catholics. But the history of the parish in Warsaw is typical of all the smaller mission places where a full program of religious practice has been impossible in past years. To be exact, the first resident pastor, Father Wiechmann, who built the church in 1876, was transferred in 1884. From that time until 1935, a period of fifty-one years, the parish was ministered to as a mission of neighboring Columbia City. The number of families during these years ranged from thirty to sixty, about one third of them living, as they still do, within a radius of twelve miles from the church. The children are, of course, in public schools.

SO, the field has long been ripe for the work of the Missionary Catechists. In the summer of 1934, '38 and '39, a short vacation school, in charge of the Catechists, was conducted with notable success. The pastor carried on the work during the winter months with what facilities were at hand in a small rented rectory. Under the present much improved arrangement, with suitable class rooms provided in the basement of a new rectory, two hours of religious instruction are given every Saturday afternoon. While obviously not adequate, these regular periods will go far, we are confident, toward laying the foundation of a more enlightened and sturdy faith in the seventy boys and girls of the parish who are to be, in a few years, the Catholic men and women of this strongly non-Catholic community. We rejoice in our good fortune and thank God for the generous and valuable services of the Missionary Catechists.

# Elkhart

By Reverend James P. Conroy

IT is almost five months now since the ordinary citizens of Elkhart first ogled anxiously at the "Sisters." "That Church on South Main" had brought forth something new in the line of Catholicity and not a few of the common folk were slightly disturbed. But that was five months ago.

TODAY, these most astute, and by now, quite beloved "Sisters"—Catechists—can well look back upon a trail of glorious effort. We priests can personally attest the fact. It is we who have been privileged to follow their Faith-blazed trail into all manner of homes.

WE have seen the joy of discovery written upon their faces many times. "Father, you should call there! He (or she) is just ripe!" has been a frequent, smiling, all-conquering statement. It has rarely failed to lead one or the other of us priests to the sight of a life in pitiful need of mending; or to whole families struggling in need of direction back to the arms of Holy Mother Church. Practically all of these instances, including the grand occasion of one death-bed Baptism, can be laid to the unerring, searching, prayerful zeal which these Catechists of Victory-Noll have been displaying before the eyes of St. Vincent's in Elkhart, Indiana.

CONCRETELY, in response to many questions, their work shapes itself into just this: a thorough check of the whole parish on the status of the Faith therein. They visit all homes, Protestant and Catholic, and methodically record their findings both in their own and the parish records. Census efforts have been materially furthered, and their information is reliable. From this basic check has blossomed all that has been truly notable and eminently useful in their campaigning for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

# Goshen

Parish of St. John the Evangelist  
by Reverend H. J. Miller

PRIOR to 1840 the present St. John's territory received spiritual ministrations from the hands of early Jesuit missionaries. In April of 1840, Bishop Hillandierre, then bishop of Vincennes, appointed Father Julian Benoit, of the Jura Mountains in France, to the pastorate of the up-state area of Indiana. The Goshen area was included in this pastorate. In 1861 St. John's of Goshen, Indiana, was raised to a full-time pastorate with resident pastor. A small brick church was erected which serves as the parish church today. The numerical strength of St. John's Parish has always remained within the range of a one-priest parish size. Neighboring missions have at times been served from St. John's Church. A quite solid Menonite population occupies the surrounding rural areas. Even the Catholic population in the city has never risen beyond the scope of the single St. John's Catholic Church, for the city of Goshen.

AN early small wooden building housed our first Catholic and parochial school. It was taught by lay teachers. In 1881 a substantial two-classroom brick school building was erected. The Sisters of the Holy Cross were given charge of the parochial school in the same year. In 1925 a more modern, and three-classroom school building and parish hall were built. Sisters of



St. Francis now taught the parochial school. Due to difficult years, slow income and an overhanging parish debt, and a dwindling children's population in the parish, the parochial school did not reopen in the autumn of 1933.

FOR the five succeeding years, School Sisters of Notre Dame, from the Milwaukee Motherhouse, ably conducted religious vacation school for pupils of the city and surrounding area. In the autumn of 1940 the parish convent was rehabilitated for year-round residence of Religious. By arrangement with the Most Reverend Bishop Noll, the Society of Missionary Catechists established the Holy Ghost Mission Center in this portion of the diocese. Its staff, residing in St. John's Convent, imparts religious instructions to the children of the parish on Saturdays, and reaches children of adjoining parishes in similar instructions.



Catechist Kaiser and girls of the newly-organized Sodality, enjoy their first meeting at the Catechists' home.—Goshen, Indiana

## News from Goshen

Holy Ghost Mission  
Goshen, Indiana

Dear Editor:

We are not surprised at your request for stories, but aren't you rushing us more than a little? We haven't been here long enough to watch "stories" develop. It is true that we are discovering many interesting cases; still, if you should hear rumors of "the wonderful work the Catechists are doing" do not be deceived into thinking that we deserve all the credit.

Without a doubt, the enthusiasm and zeal of our pastors, who are doing everything possible to make our work successful, and the splendid spirit of kindness and cooperation among the people in all our missions, will draw down God's blessing, and make our efforts fruitful for the salvation of souls.

Honestly, the welcome we received from pastors and people is something we shall never forget. Daily we receive new proofs of the sincere joy they feel in having us among them, and of their eagerness to help us.

Pray for us that we, who get so much undeserved glory, may not, on that account, receive less in eternal rewards for our humble efforts.

It is needless to tell you that we love our people and our charming, cheerful convent home. And of course, we find more than sufficient work to keep all four of us busy. At present we are working in seven places under the direction of five pastors. Our missions are:

Goshen, with Father Herman J. Miller as pastor;

Elkhart, Father E. J. Werling, pastor ;

Warsaw, Father Leo Pursley, pastor;

Kendallville, Father R. Derrick, pastor;

Ligonier and Albion under the care of the Oblate Fathers with Father Francis O'Brien, pastor;

Sturgis, Michigan, Father Francis Bowen, pastor.

Sincerely in O.B.L.V.  
Catechist Margaret Kaiser

### Rah! RAH!! RAH!!!

Three cheers for three up and going High School Discussion Groups! Warsaw. . . Kendallville. . . Ligonier.

The race is on and before this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is in print, the winners of the first half of the religion contest will be announced.

What's it all about? Just this:

At the beginning of the school term each boy and girl of high school age was placed on the roll call of a discussion group in one of the three centers; namely, Warsaw, Kendallville, and Ligonier (Indiana). The de-merit system was adopted as an excellent means of keeping up a high standard among the individuals and in developing a keen sense of competition among the discussion groups. The re-merit system works this way: Each member is credited with 100 points. If he is absent from class he forfeits three points; if he forgets the text-book or fails to cover the assignment, more points are deducted.

At the end of the first semester, and again at the end of the term, examinations will be given on the lessons studied and discussed. The group having the highest number of points—the winning group—will choose one of their members to represent them, and in person, give a report of the contest to His Excellency, our Most Reverend Bishop Noll.

The text-book used in all three discussion groups is CATHOLIC FAITH, BOOK III, by Cardinal Gasparri.

Catechist Margaret Kaiser

## FERTILE FIELDS

ONE of our most interesting out-missions from Ely, Nevada, is a fairly large mining town called Ruth. The chief industry there is copper mining. In the neighboring town of McGill the copper is milled. No story of Ruth would be complete without mention of the mammoth Ruth Copper Pit, one of the largest man-made holes in the world. Copper was first discovered there by a Mr. McDonald who named the town in honor of his daughter, Ruth.

We teach and visit at Ruth on Thursday. The classes are well attended, and what pleases us most, is the excellent attendance at Mass on Sunday. We have organized a choir for the high school girls which has aroused a great deal of enthusiasm. We have also started a small circulating library of religion books for children. The books are a gift of a kind benefactor. The success of the library far exceeds our expectations. Not only the children but also the parents and others in the home are deriving much spiritual benefit from the reading. One of the boys returned his book, saying: "Catechist, I read that book three times. Have you got any more like it?" Lest the appellation "library" deceive you, we must add that the entire stock consists of—ten books!

Ruth is a cosmopolitan place: The people there are of all nationalities and have come from all parts of the country to earn a livelihood in the mining industry. The homes are owned by the Copper Company. Only those employed by the Company are allowed to live in company houses, which they rent. For non-employees housing is a grave problem in these western mining towns. Houses are scarce and rents high. There are many so-called "ghost" towns in our vicinity the sight of which discourages the building of substantial homes. The ghost towns are a result of the closing of mines. When there is no more mining to be done, the people move away—the town dies. Hence the name, "ghost town".



The Catechists' Study Hour.—Goshen, Indiana.

Since we are out for nothing less than immortal souls, we make house to house visits so as not to miss a single person. We meet many who came from ranches where they had no opportunity for religious instruction. Others came from sections of our country where very little Christian education is obtainable. Many miners ventured out West alone. They appear without human encouragement and support—entirely forsaken. One with whom we talked said that although he had no contact with his church yet he always "called on the Lord when meeting with bumps."

In answer to our question, "Are you a Catholic?" a certain woman answered: "I'm sorry I'm not. I wish I could say 'I am a Catholic'." She has since moved out on a ranch but not without taking along a copy of "Father Smith Instructs Jackson". Another said she was not sure that she had been baptized. She added: "I want to be a Catholic but don't know how to go about it."

In our mission there are so many adults who wish to be instructed that each Catechist in our house has several convert classes. It is a joy to help these people find the Truth. One of our deepest consolations came when a recent convert told us: "You know, Catechist, since I have

# IN THE HOME FIELD

found out that we were not made for this world but for perfect happiness in God, I never feel blue any longer."

On Friday we go to our McGill mission. Although we have people of several different nationalities there, the Austrians predominate. They live in "Austrian Town", a small section at the end of the settlement. We have found that many of them belong to the Greek Orthodox Church. One of the humorous features of our visiting among them has been recording the various claims of proximity to the Catholic Church which these good people put forth. At one home the woman greeted us cordially and alluded to her "close connection with the Catholic Church". The "close connection" was that her great, grand-nephew was born in a Catholic hospital. Another woman told us that she belongs to no church but always attended a Catholic church on Christmas and Easter. As we left we could not refrain from remarking to her: "We always like to go Home for Christmas, don't we?" And we added her name to the list of those for whom we are begging the grace to find their way speedily Home to the True Fold of Christ.

Catechist Josephine Cima Ely, Nevada

## EUREKA, PAST AND PRESENT

The "Gay Nineties Are Here Again," I sang to myself one Tuesday morning as we drove into Eureka, seventy-eight miles from Ely, to begin our census taking and religious instruction classes. I was delighted at the prospect of working in this typically western town which once had a population of 18,000 and now has 700 people.

On the main street we drove past what at one time had been a magnificent red brick court house. It bears the date, 1879, in faded gold numerals. Next to it is a bright new gasoline station which forms an interesting contrast to the abandoned and tumbled down horse stalls and barns behind the court house. Across the street is another imposing red-brick edifice with a large stairway which leads to an immense porch. Above the porch, which perhaps was used for standing room, is painted in high letters, "THE MOVIES." At present the occupants of this quondam theatre use the great porch to hang out the family wash.

One of our first visits was to Mrs. Delaney, a pioneer resident of Eureka.

"How long have you lived in Eureka?" I asked.

"Since I came from the Old Country, long, long ago." It must have been long, long ago for Mrs. Delaney is eighty-eight years old.

"How was Eureka at that time?" I noticed a sparkle in her tired blue eyes, as in answer to this question, she began to unravel a tale of reckless gold-rush days, with their unequalled gayety and splendor—while the gold lasted. I was delighted with her account of days when she was a dressmaker in the hoop-skirt and bustle age, and catered to the elite of Eureka; and I was amazed at the gambling away of whole fortunes in one turn of the roulette wheel. Well, that's how it used to be. Now Eureka is a quiet little place. The many abandoned homes bespeak of departed pomp and magnificence, and are reminders of the passing of time.

The public school children come to class at about two-thirty o'clock, and our instructions last until almost five. Then we begin our return trip, over seventy-eight miles of dark, lonely, and sometimes dangerous, mountain road. This two hour drive affords us ample time for reflection and meditation. Somehow mine always ends with "All things are passing; God alone remaineth."

Catechist M. Gabrielle Skupien



Edward Sullivan, treasurer of the Altar Boys' Club counts "dues".—Goshen, Indiana.

## DUES IS DUES

Shortly after we came to Goshen we organized a club for our altar boys. The boys elected officers and drew up rules. All went well until the question of dues was brought up. Then followed this discussion:

President: Well, Kids, what do you think about dues?

Edward: We oughta have 'em, Terry.

President: How much, ten cents a week? What do the rest of you think?

Larry: Maybe a quarter a week.

Vincent: We'd get our money faster.

John: Then we could buy a printing press.

(The boys are hoping to save enough money to buy a small press on which to print their own paper. I haven't the heart to tell them the cost of one.)

President: Catechist, do you think a quarter is enough?

Catechist: Well. . . I thought that a penny a week would be enough.

All: A penny!

Catechist: You would be sure to bring a penny, but I'm not so certain that you could bring the quarter.

President: Our dues is a cent a week, and nobody durst forgit it!

Catechist M. M. Killian

The colored women's sewing class held a bingo party in our basement for the benefit of St. Monica's Parish, Gary. During the game, while all were intent on the play and the silence was broken only by the Catechist calling numbers, one woman jumped up very much excited and yelled, "Bingo! Praise the Lord!"

Catechist M. E. Hohner

**WELCOME!**

It is a pleasure to introduce to you the **Florentine Mission Society**, St. Louis, Mo. The members have chosen Catechist Leuchtefeld as their missionary. The plan of action

which they have adopted is an excellent one, for it is a real incentive to greater interest among the members and is practical too. "We did not elect officers," Mrs. Katherine Krueger wrote. "Each member takes care of the business of the current month when she entertains our small club. In this way each one feels that she has a responsible part in the society, and takes an active interest in our progress." To celebrate their first anniversary the members made a special offering besides the regular dues. We were delighted to receive this surprise birthday gift, and wish our new Associates God's blessing and Mary's help and guidance.

**A VALENTINE FOR US?**

WHEN you were a youngster down in the grades, Sister was always first on your Valentine list.

Wouldn't you like to recapture the spirit of those sweet days of youth by giving a Valentine to another kind of Sister—a Catechist? I shall be happy to receive your Valentine, an offering to enroll you among the Annual Members of our Associate Catechists of Mary.

Your membership will bring you many graces, and will be a real gift for the missions. By joining, you associate yourself with our Catechists in the home mission field, and share the spiritual benefits of their prayers and labors for precious souls.

**The offering for membership is only fifty cents.**

There are no other obligations, although any "lift" you wish to give us will be deeply appreciated. By enrolling now you unite yourself in charity with fellow Catholics throughout America. Your membership continues for a year—a Valentine that will last until February 14 comes round again!

Dear Catechist,

Here is a Valentine for you! I am enclosing my offering, for I want to be an Annual Member in Victory-Noll Band of the Associate Catechists of Mary.

Name .....

Address .....

Send Your Valentine to : Catechist Supervisor,  
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

These charming Sodalists form the Apostolic Committee of the Immaculate Conception Sodality, Elkhart, Ind. "They helped give us a grand welcome to our new mission in Goshen," Catechist Margaret Kaiser told us. "The girls came one evening shortly after our arrival, their arms burdened with groceries and good things. They have been just as generous ever since, and our Catechists in Las Vegas, New Mexico, have also welcomed many of their mission boxes."

## Our Associate

**OUR A.C.M. IN TWO CITIES**

Dayton, Ohio. Even a nation-wide election couldn't dampen the mission zeal of **Our Lady of Guadalupe Band**. "I didn't think about November 5 being election night when I planned the date for our card party," Miss Rose Marie Heier, Promoter, told us. "I was worried for fear we wouldn't have a crowd. Eighty-five people showed up! We sold tickets in advance and that helped a lot. A lunch was served, and we had beautiful prizes. Everyone said they enjoyed the party." And the profit? For the members who sponsored it, blessings for their charity and the happiness of a worthwhile accomplishment for Our Lord and His missions; for their guests, a pleasant evening and the satisfaction of knowing that their "price of admission" was used for the benefit of the poor of Christ; and for us, a substantial gift of \$56 to help us carry on our apostolate. God reward your charity, Guadalupians—and thanks!

Chicago. Another kind of help, but also welcome, was given us by the members of **St. Bernadette Club**. 640 pounds of mission goods, packed into 15 mammoth boxes, were their Christmas gift to their Catechist and our little ones at Salt Lake City mission. We could not help thinking it was a close second to Santa's pack itself when we read Miss Catherine Lichten's letter. "They certainly had a great variety in them, everything from 'soup to nuts': food, clothing, toys, religious articles, stationery, medicines, and about everything name-able." A box of mounted pictures and other gifts was sent to our Azusa mission, largely the work of the **Bernadette Juniors**. The girls spent months preparing this gift for their missionary, Catechist Genevieve Sullivan. They are making Catechist's Burse grow, too, with a yearly offering. We unite with your Catechist in praying our thanks!



# Catechists of Mary

## OUR MARIANS

THE Democratic victory was not the only one last November. Our Marians of Chicago, with Miss Marie Welter as Promoter, held an election of officers to close

their year's activities. It got them ready for a vigorous start after the arrival of this new year, and they hope to push forward to ever greater successes for the support of their Catechist, Catechist Gabrielle Skupien. "Mable Funk is now president," Miss Welter wrote, "And Dorothy Daly is treasurer. Both are good workers and have been regular members, willing and helpful. I know they will try harder than ever now."

"We had the pleasure of seeing movies of Grants mission, taken by Catechist's brother, Father Skupien. It is hard to realize the want and misery of the poor until one has had an opportunity of speaking with someone who has been there, and has actually seen their poverty. Father couldn't say enough for the need of the people. We appreciated this opportunity of becoming more familiar with the Catechists."

THE Marians are happy to share their Catechist's work at a new mission this year, in the Silver State of Nevada. Our Catechists' mission convent is in Ely, which has a surprising pronunciation that sounds like "Ee-lee." "It is a very modern little city," Catechist Skupien wrote, "and is proving to be the most delightful surprise package I ever experienced in my life." The gifts and boxes which our Marians send are delightful surprises too, and both Catechist and we are grateful to have them associated with us in our mission work.

February, 1941

THE history of every organization is an interesting story, especially in its humble beginning. Our A.C.M. is no exception, and each mission club possesses

a real tale of charity and zealous effort all its own. The inspiration for the formation of a Band in honor of Archbishop Stritch came to Miss Helen Gaethke, Chicago, while listening to Mrs. L. J. Owens give a talk in which she mentioned the loved head of their Archdiocese. Miss Gaethke got busy right away, interested a few friends in her plan, and then broke the welcome news to us in this letter:

"Since our little visit I became ambitious and started another Band. I asked several girls that I know if they would contribute a small sum monthly, even as little as ten cents. Whatever we are fortunate enough to get together will be sent to Victory-Noll each month. Just how much it will be is impossible to tell but I hope never less than a dollar. We will be known as the Archbishop Stritch Band. While our beginning is small I am confident that we will grow.

"I told the girls that I will send in their names but no addresses, because often people are glad to give but do not like to have their addresses known because of tickets, etc. Would you send me the membership card for each one? Our aim is \$12 a year, and if that is steady it will do some good, won't it?"

EACH letter from Miss Gaethke brings more names to be added to the list of this new band of Associates. The number, both men and women, has reached fifty and is still growing! There are no meetings, you see, nor social obligations. The zealous Promoter simply collects or receives the amount each month which her members have saved for the missions, and sends it to us for the general support of all our Catechists in the field. Already their offering exceeds in one month the goal they originally set for one year.

We are deeply grateful for their interest and sympathetic generosity. Best of all, the members themselves share daily in missionary labors for immortal souls, and are remembered in the prayers and sacrifices of Religious who have consecrated their lives to the service of God.

IN November we welcomed a new group of Chicago Associates to our A. C. M. They chose a newly canonized Saint as their patroness, naming their club **St. Gemma Galgani Band**. Mrs. Rose Bunyan is Promoter, and Mrs. Joseph Vogt is one of the organizers of this Band. Besides the monthly offering they so kindly send to help keep our Catechists in the field, they adopted layette-making as their own special activity. Learning of the urgent need of a poor mother in a nearby mission, these generous Associates sent us a beautiful layette for Christmas. It was a welcome gift, well pleasing to our new-born Savior.

CHINO was running away, far, far away to what he hoped would be utter oblivion. The pavement was hot beneath his bare feet. What did it matter? The noonday sun forced muddy rivulets down his doleful face. Again, what did it matter? Passersby looked askance at the unnatural bulge of his shirt-waist where twelve tortillas lay wet and sticky against his bare skin. A third time, what did it matter? What does anything matter when you are half-past eight years old and your heart is broken because you have come to realize that you are unimportant to anyone; not exactly unwanted—but what is worse—un-needed.

ONCE before Chino had known that feeling. In fact it had shadowed him for weeks until he found Grandma. Yes, he did find her, though Grandma gave all the credit to a certain Archangel Raphael who, she said, “arranged the happy meeting.” Chino used to smile at this because deep down in his heart he knew that he had found Grandma. His thoughts turned back to that “happy meeting” now as he trudged wearily along.

CHINO had not belonged to anyone after his mother's death, about two years ago. On the very day of her burial his drunken father had thrown the bewildered boy out into the alley. At first Chino almost died of grief and hunger, but he didn't go back. He was afraid. Soon the alley became his home and he roved about at will, learning many things, mostly bad, and feeling pains of heart and soul unknown to others of more mature age. Among the pains was a terrible loneliness for his mother, and could he have defined it, a no-purpose-for-my-existence feeling. When these agonizing moods were upon him, he used to leave his alley haunts at night and go across the tracks to where lights gleamed brightly in small, gay-colored houses. He liked to watch the lights. They seemed to twinkle with a wonderful-purpose-for-existing gleam, as though they knew they were making people happy. Even Chino felt all quiet inside while he watched them. It was like being under a spell; the stillness, the gleaming lights, and the soul-pain melting away into the blackness all around.

ONE night while he was watching the lights, a cry pierced the silence. Chino froze in position behind the tree trunk which sheltered him, and waited. The alleys had taught him caution. The cry came again. Someone was in distress, in pain. Chino looked up the street and down. Lights shone in restful houses as before. Not one door opened to break the spell of quiet and emit help. No one else had heard the cry but he. He must do something.

ALLEY-RAT that he was, he slipped from hiding and scurried along the sidewalk, in the protecting shadows, till he came to a helpless bundle moaning on the ground. A little old Mexican lady, whom he was later to call “Grandma,” had stumbled and fallen at her very doorstep. Her cane had rolled out

of reach and she lay there unable to rise, more shaken than hurt. The recovered stick supplied the deficiency of Chino's strength and soon he was ushering Grandma into her home. With pounding heart and bated breath Chino walked into the small neat room—and into a new life.

GRANDMA had a charm which small boys could not resist and she chose to exercise it to the full upon her timely rescuer. Two or three clever questions from her and the story of Chino's life unfolded in a few chapters, hesitatingly related in the cheerful light of the warm, cozy room. Grandma believed every word and understood. Instead of offering words of sympathy, she only smiled and begged Chino to stay and live with her because she needed him. He could see how helpless she was, couldn't he? Had she not needed him when she lay suffering and alone in the night just a few minutes ago? Something strong and beautiful came to life in Chino's heart at that moment. He didn't know what it was but he liked it. Grandma was offering him work to do. She needed him. Of course he must stay!

## Man - Sized

HE stayed and loved it. He loved the square, clean home. He loved the bright lights, red and green and gold, which Grandma placed here and there before her galaxy of saints. But he loved Grandma best of all. She always understood. There was the time when Pepie followed Chino home. Neighbors had urged him to whip the pup and send him away because Grandma would be angry. Instead, Grandma had been delighted. A boy should have a dog, she said. She even helped him give Pepie a bath before he was ceremoniously put to bed in his corner beside the kitchen stove. The very next day she bought a canary, saying that a home for children should be cheerful with music and song. But most vividly of all Chino remembered those memorable days when Grandma tucked the rent money, or the money for the grocer, or for the shoe man, into his pocket and told him to deliver it. Then that strong, beautiful something in his heart expanded and exalted until it threatened to burst the walls of his sturdy chest.

ALL that was of the past now. He swallowed hard and brushed the dimness from his eyes as he stumbled along, thinking of those two years of blissful home life. Chino had forseen a disastrous closing to this happy chapter in his erratic existence three months ago, on the night Grandma brought Reina Garcia home to live with them. A girl in the house could mean only one thing—trouble.

CHINO'S fears had all materialized and at last reduced him to his present vagabond straits. Not

that he begrudged Reina the loving protection of Grandma's domicile. Far be such a thought from his mind. Reina was seven, more than a year younger than he. Her father was dead and her mother had just been taken to the big white hospital in Los Angeles from which the poor people seldom returned. Reina was sad and lonely. Grandma openly cried over her, and had not he, Chino, shed a few tears also, when no one was looking, because the whole affair made him think of his own dear mother's death? The crux of the situation was this: On the first night Grandma had playfully remarked that now she had a "reina de mi casa" (queen of my home) and Reina had accepted that as the keynote to her position in the family. Apparently disregarding Chino's prior rights, she was quietly enshrining herself queen of hearth and hearts within the brightness of those four hallowed walls.

SHE began with the canary. It had taken Chino three months of patient whistling to win a responsive call from the yellow songster. Reina had conquered him the second day. In less than a month the bird fearlessly perched upon her little brown finger and warbled all manner of endearing songs. Chino's whistle was completely disregarded.

PEPIE had held himself aloof for one full week, in frank disdain of feminine wiles. Then he too succumbed and openly preferred Reina's company to Chino's. And Grandma—that's what hurt—Grandma didn't need him anymore. Reina always hovered near, eager to do the hundred and one little things for which Grandma had often expressed her need of him. In her quick, comprehensive way, Reina sensed Grandma's desires even before Grandma herself did. Chino found himself looking on in sullen uselessness while Reina did the tasks he used to do and forced upon him the bitter realization that he was no longer needed.

## Tasks

by Jovita de Vargas

HE didn't mind that Reina had stolen a place in the love of Grandma's heart. Grandma had a big heart, people said; there was room enough in it for both Reina and Chino. But he was no longer needed. He had agreed to live with Grandma because she had pictured her pitiful need of him. Now that was no longer a fact. He must go away. Day by day this conviction became stronger in his disturbed heart until at last he yielded to the impulse which was now driving him farther and farther away from everything that meant happiness to him.

CHINO paused to wipe his face and to look about for a shady spot where he could rest. He saw a tall tree among a cluster of low bushes and he directed his steps toward it. Before he was aware of

it, he had stumbled into a catechism class. A tall, blue-veiled figure stood before a small group of children under the spreading tree. These same blue-veiled Sisters, he knew, had come to his city not more than six months ago. Although he had found them and their instructions pleasing, he had no desire to meet one of them at present. His mind worked rapidly. He would pretend that his coming was deliberate so as not to arouse suspicion. This would give him an opportunity for much needed rest. A few heads turned as he squatted down upon the dry grass behind the group, but the teacher did not pause and his advent caused only a momentary distraction. The shady plot was a blessed relief from the hot pavement and Chino relaxed, inviting sleep to come and stop the turmoil of his aching brain. Sleep was impossible, however, for the words of the teacher reached him, clear and impressive.

"TOMORROW," the Sister was saying, "is Ash Wednesday . . ."

ASH WEDNESDAY! The words conjured up a distinct picture in Chino's mind. Exactly two days after he had become man of the house at Grandma's, he had endured a church ceremony for the first time. It was on an Ash Wednesday evening and he had gone with Grandma as a matter of course. Chino remembered that night well. The little Mexican mission church was crowded. People, mostly men, stood in the narrow aisles and near the doors. The air was heavy and hot. Chino was reluctant to enter but he had no choice. Grandma insisted that they must get ashes. If you did not receive ashes on Ash Wednesday you were not very Catholic. The ashes, Grandma patiently explained, made you think of death and the grave; they helped you to say "Thy Will be done" at the proper time. Grandma had said many other things which Chino could not put into words—things which had indelibly impressed upon him the necessity of receiving the ashes.

THERE had been a sermon "muy largo," that night, plaintive singing and then a rush for the front of the church. Grandma drew Chino with her out of the pew. They too must be signed with the blessed dust. Chino was small; the crowd pushed him and bumped him in none too polite a manner. He soon discovered that he and Grandma were making very little progress down the aisle of the long narrow church. Why shouldn't he do his share of pushing too? He was impatient for the end of the whole affair anyway.

"FOLLOW me, Grandma," he called back in a stage whisper. Then he put his clenched fists and bony elbows to work, clearing the way for Grandma through the surprised congregation. Once or twice men tried to stop him, but they were promptly abashed when they saw Grandma hobbling noisily after Chino and smiling sweetly as she nodded to the right and to the left. They got their ashes that night—Chino and Grandma did—a big black smudge upon their Catholic brows, and they got them on the third round. Grandma didn't say a word about the ceremony after it was over, yet Chino judged that she must be pleased because she gave him a dime to spend for candy at the corner store which they passed on their way home.

A YEAR later the Ash Wednesday procedure was repeated. By that time Chino had absorbed considerable reverence for the House of God and his methods of steering grandma through the crowd were less drastic than on the previous occasion.

(Continued on page 18)

# Mary's Loyal Helpers

## Get in Line!

*With These Happy Sunshine Helpers*



**D**EAR HELPERS: You will be as proud as I am to have a Helper like Frances as one of us in our mission club. She has been an invalid in a Sanitarium in Wisconsin for a long time. Last year she had to have four operations, one right after another, in order to go on living and suffering for love of Our Lord. He has sent her a really big Cross, yet Frances never thinks of herself. Nothing could stop her from finding a way to spread Sunshine and Joy among God's least ones in the missions far away. I will let Frances herself tell you about it, just as she wrote it to me.

"It is some time since you've heard from me, but I hasten to assure you that I haven't forgotten you and the missions. I am enclosing a money order for \$3.30, the sum total of mites which have been gathered from patients and visitors—ever so slowly but surely. I know you will remember the kind givers in prayer. They are always so ready to give their bit for a good cause like the missions.

"I notice in reading THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST that the Catechists I have met are all stationed in Western missions now. I enjoyed reading their articles, so full of spiritual and literary beauty.

"May I ask remembrance in prayer for a special intention—that of successful X-Ray treatments that were recently begun for me? If they prove unsuccessful pray that God will give me grace and strength to do His Holy Will. Jesus and Mary know best.

"I intend dedicating the next mite box to Mary, Queen of Peace, to ask her to obtain peace for each one of us, and peace for America and the world."

**D**O you know who I thought of when I read your letter, Frances? The Little Flower of Jesus. You are like her, a Rose of suffering, and your sunny, brave letter makes us all want to give our share of Sunshine to the missions in a bigger, better way. God has given us, Mary's Helpers, health and strength to go places and do things—for Him. Let's tell God we are grateful for this blessing, and for friends like Frances, by filling our Sunshine Bag quick. It will say "Thank you" in the best way, by actions which speak louder than words!

God love and bless you all!

Catechist Schneider.

*Marcella Gerlits, Silverton, Oregon*

Thank you so much for your letter, Catechist. You haven't heard from me for a long time but nevertheless I have been putting penny by penny into the mitebox, and pray every day for you and the mission children. I finally reached the amount of 100 pennies, and decided to change them into a dollar bill, so that I could send it off to you. Now I want one of the Sunshine Bags I read about. Will you send me one?

Sure will, Marcella! We enjoyed your "Guardian Angel" poem last month, and now we're glad to meet you. Thanks for the prayers—and the pennies too.

*Rosemary Crossen, Chicago*

This is the first time I've ever written to the Catechists, but I really wanted to tell you of the wonderful thing the girls in Room 16 at St. Mary's High have planned to do as a means of Catholic Action. They would like you to send a Sunshine Bag to me, so that I can put it in the room and let all the girls partake in the wonderful idea: helping the missions! Here's wishing you all the luck in the world.

Here's wishing you Room 16-ers all the luck in two worlds. Those Sunshine Pennies will count in merits for Heaven, you know.

*Sisters at St. Felix High School, Wabasha, Minn.*

We certainly appreciated the literature you sent us some time ago regarding your missionary and catechetical work. We shall place it on our school bulletin boards where all the pupils will be able to look it over at their leisure.

Sisters, boys and girls! Would you like to receive our interesting MISSION TOUR? It is sent free, and will let you in on the "inside story" of our missions out West.

*Sanctus Carolus Unit, C.S.M.C.,  
Bishop McDonnell High, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Although times are hard we are managing to keep up our mission spirit.

I would say your spirit is flaming lustily, Crusaders. You managed a gift of \$50, hard times or no. God bless you! That's 5000 pennies for our Sunshine Mile!

Father Ray solves the mystery behind those lovely messages you receive on Valentine Day

# For My Valentine

WHEN Father Ray stepped into our classroom on the morning of February 11, bits of red paper and colorful pictures were dexterously slipped out of view. We youngsters were not quick enough for sly Father Ray, however. The pretty things did not escape his eye.

"So you've been making Valentines!" was his comment. We grinned back at him, and nodded assent. Who had ever been able to keep a secret from Father Ray?

We needed no urging, and with one chorus-like movement, 48 Valentines reappeared above our desk tops. "A Valentine for Mother," read Father Ray, peeking over the shoulder of wee Alice in front of Sister's desk. "Good for you! She is the best one of all. And whose is yours, Bob. Mine?" Bob's blush and sheepish grin told everyone, including Father Ray, that he had guessed rightly. Father's merry laugh rang out as he strolled down the aisle. "That's a pretty one, Mary. And who is your lucky Valentine?" Mary's eyes fell, and she said nothing. Father patted her kindly, and did not press for an answer. Father Ray was like that. We all loved Mary. She was full of fun, yet so kind and different from the rest of us. Who was her Valentine for? We wondered . . .

"WOULD you like to know how it happened to be, this delightful custom of sending Valentines?" A chorused "Yes, Father" assured Father Ray we did, and we waited eagerly for the answer, fondly hoping that it would be a story-like one.

"Many years ago in the great city of Rome lived a good Bishop named Valentine. Everyone loved him. The rich went to him with their problems and sorrows, the poor with their troubles. Children ran to meet him when they saw him, and even the stray dogs felt that he was their friend.

"When Bishop Valentine grew old and feeble, he was no longer able to go among his people, or to listen to their sorrows and console them. Still he did not forget them. When he heard that anyone was sick or in trouble, he sent a letter of comfort. If any great joy

came to someone, he wrote to tell them how glad he was to hear of it. He wrote many letters every day, and in that way continued his loving kindness.

"A terrible persecution broke out at this time, and on February 14, about 270 A. D., Bishop Valentine was put to death because he would not renounce his faith in Christ. Clubbed, beaten and beheaded, he died praying just as Our Lord and St. Stephen did for the unhappy men who were his executioners. So you see, St. Valentine continued showing the kindness and love of his great heart to his brothers in Christ until his very last breath."

A few days later—on the feast of St. Valentine itself—Father Ray noticed a colorful something on the Communion rail when he entered our friendly old parish church. It was a Valentine! ". . . and a very familiar looking one, too," mused Father Ray to himself. Glancing up at the tabernacle where Jesus dwelt, he suddenly remembered. "Why, it is Mary's! So You are her Valentine!" Then kneeling, he breathed a prayer. "Dear God, I want You for my Valentine, too."

I'd like to make Father Ray's prayer mine this February 14—and every day. Wouldn't you?

Introducing



Our

Sunshine

Secretary

YOUR Helper Guardian added up in angel-quick time the Sunshine pennies you have sent me since we set out to travel that Mile of Pennies last November. You should have seen our little Secretary's heaven-like smile when he showed me the total! Can you guess what it was?

7 9 5 5 !

That takes us 497 feet on our Sunshine Mile. How far will we travel this month, Helpers? **It's up to you!**

Dear Catechist,

I want to help spread Sunshine and Joy among Christ's poor. Send my Sunshine Bag right away!

Name .....

Address .....

Paste on a card or send in an envelope to:

Catechist Schneider, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind.



## BOOKS RECEIVED

MARY IN OUR SOUL-LIFE, by Rev. Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated from the French by Sister Mary Bertille, and Sister Mary St. Thomas, Sisters of Notre Dame of Cleveland. Publishers: Frederick Pustet Co. (Inc.) New York; Cincinnati. \$1.75.

THEN JESUS SAID, simple reflections on the Sunday and Feast Day Gospels (second series) by Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S.J. The America Press, New York. \$1.50.

SPLendor AND STRENGTH OF THE INNER LIFE by Rev. Dr. Fr. Mack. Translated from

the German by Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D., of Cleveland. Publishers: Frederick Pustet Co. (Inc.) New York; Cincinnati. \$2.00.

A READING LIST FOR CATHOLICS compiled and edited by the National Catholic Library Association. The America Press, New York. Twenty-five cents.

MARY'S LITTLE TROUBADOUR, verses in honor of the Queen of Heaven, by Rev. Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. Order from the CHRISTIAN FAMILY, 265 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. Ten cents.

O Mary, you are the surest way of going to Our Lord and of arriving at eternal salvation.—St. Bernard.



## MAN-SIZED TASKS

(Continued from page 15)

Nevertheless, he had felt even more heroic because once Grandma stumbled and he had been right there beside her to prevent a fall.

**T**OMORROW was another Ash Wednesday. Grandma must have her blessed ashes, but who would be at her side to guide her safely through the jostling crowd? Reina—Chino's lip turned up in disdain. Of what use is a girl at a time like that, when strength and courage are required?

**R**EINA was afraid in the dark, and timid in a crowd. Surely, she could not be trusted to care for Grandma. Had not Grandma often remarked, in that sweet, trusting way of hers, that she was "muy contento" since she had him, the man of the house, to protect her? Where would that man be tomorrow when she would need him in the crowd of thoughtless worshippers?

**N**EED him? Yes, of course, tomorrow and every day. Reina might do the many little services in the house, like bringing Grandma's slippers and fastening her shawl. That was work for girls anyway. But there were other tasks, big things, which only a man could do.

**C**HINO forgot the blue-veiled Sister and her open-air class. Whistling he jumped to his feet and hurried away. He was going back, back to Grandma and the cozy, Mexican home; back to the bright lights and to all the cherished things he had been running away from. The strong, beautiful something in his heart was alive again and pounding out a song of triumph against the walls of his manly breast. He hurried along. The burning sun did not matter, nor the hot pavement beneath his bare feet. It was wonderful to hold a man's place in the family; wonderful to have someone to take care of, a gentle someone like Grandma, who really needed you!

## LOURDES

(Continued from page 5)

of God on earth, the Church. It spread over the whole world, offering its material ministrations to all human beings. Vast numbers accepted this invitation to visible union with God the Father.

**B**UT not all who thus entered the Church of Christ remained obedient members. From time to time various groups, large or small as the case may be, renounced their citizenship in this Kingdom and joined the millions who had, as yet, never felt the sweetness and security of life within the one, true fold.

**T**O soften the hearts of His rebellious subjects, as well as to enlighten those who still dwelt in darkness, God has often taken extraordinary measures. One of these latter was the appearance at Lourdes of the Christ-King's Mother. Unassumingly she began to work, began with a comparatively few faithful subjects for whom she procured astounding favors from God. Thus she paved the way for the full performance of her mission. She publicized, so to speak, her presence, and thus drew to Lourdes, to herself—and above all, to the King, her Son, the attention of the whole world.

**N**ON-CATHOLICS began to follow in the footsteps of their more fortunate brethren, and to ask for favors at Lourdes. Often they have had their prayers granted. News of the Mother's love, thus impartially bestowed, penetrated to every part of the globe, not only into those regions still within the visible Kingdom, but also those whose peoples had either broken the "cisterns of living water," or had never drunk from them.

**S**O the mission of Our Lady developed in visible scope and fruitfulness as the steady march of the years witnessed an ever-increasing number of pilgrims at her Shrine, and brought to Lourdes and to the outside world multiplying proof of the power and mercy of the King as manifested through His Mother.

# San Pierre Survey

By Catechist Agnes Ganse

ON September 10, 1940, we opened a new mission center in San Pierre, Indiana. San Pierre is a small town consisting of a bank, post-office, two general stores, a school and three churches. There is a fine Christian spirit among the people of the different churches.

THE Reverend John Hosinski, pastor of All Saints Church, had long cherished the hope of having the Missionary Catechists to instruct the children under his care. This hope is now fulfilled, thanks to the cooperation of Reverend August Kondziela of Kouts, Reverend John Staeger of Wanatah, Reverend Conrad Stoll of Knox, and Reverend Francis Leibert of Reynolds.

OUR territory consists of about forty-five square miles. We are teaching in sixteen centers each week. Since classes started in September, we have enrolled approximately five hundred and fifty children. As we visit from day to day we still find children whose names are not on our roll call.

THERE are only three of us Catechists here in San Pierre. We teach in several different places each day: Monday in San Pierre and Tefft; Tuesday in Medaryville, Francesville and Monon; Wednesday in Reynolds, Monticello and Chalmers; Thursday in Kouts and Hebron; Friday in Wheatfield and Kniman. Saturday morning we teach first in Knox then we go on to Hamlet. After eating our lunch we go to La Crosse and Wanatah where we begin classes at two o'clock.

WE work in five parishes and so Sunday morning finds us in a different one of the five parish churches for Mass. Our purpose in going from one to the other is to meet the people, especially the parents of our children, as soon as possible. Visiting, especially in rural districts, is for us too slow a method of making the acquaintance of all our people.

WHEN visiting we go from house to house in the city, and to every farm in the country. Catholics and non-Catholics are friendly and helpful. Our visits, as usual, disclose many fallen

away Catholics, but also non-Catholics who are interested in the Church. Several of these non-Catholics are now taking instructions.

OUR territory is no exception to the usual run of parishes, especially in rural sections. There is much work to be done among Catholics who have fallen away or grown careless as a result of mixed marriages. There are young men and women who have been baptized but who have never received Holy Communion. We hope, in time, to reach and help every soul committed to us in our new mission field of San Pierre.



Catechist praying before a favorite statue of the Infant of Prague at Victory-Noll.

The Catechists in Goshen and in San Pierre are asking for statues of the Infant of Prague for their mission-convent homes. If anyone is interested in donating such a statue please write: Catechist M. Kaiser, Superior, Goshen, Indiana; or Catechist M. Seewaldt, Superior, San Pierre Indiana.

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