

The

Jan 1940

MISSIONARY CATECHIST



January 1940

Once Upon A Time

When the number of our mission centers was very small indeed, it was not difficult for our subscriber-friends to follow closely the activities of each center. Some even took pride in becoming acquainted—through THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and private correspondence—with each new Catechist who vowed herself to God in The Society of Missionary Catechists. But the number of our members and foundations increased rapidly. Our little monthly was too small to keep the entire scope of our home mission activity continually before our readers. As a result, many tell us, ruefully, that they know little about some of our most interesting missions.

To remedy this situation we hereby inaugurate a Get-Acquainted-With-Our-Missions campaign for the year 1940. Each month THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST will present a review of Catholic Church mission problems in a particular diocese or section of the United States where the Catechists labor; and also will direct our attention to one or two of the Catechists' mission centers in this region. This month we take you to Nevada, the scene of our latest ventures. Next month we hope to survey the Catechists' work in Indiana. Then, we will attempt a flying trip to Utah, or perhaps, California; and so on, until you have visited all our centers.

This is our plan. How it will develop depends, among other things, upon the success we have in inducing our Catechists to write. They say they are too engrossed in the business of saving souls to practice the art of juggling words. Maybe they imagine that their humble efforts are not appreciated anyway. As to pictures, one Catechist says:

"You ask for impossible things! How can we send pictures when we do not possess a camera and probably never will unless we get a donation or two."

So there! But we are hopeful.

Your suggestions and constructive criticisms are invited. This is your magazine. The success of the Society of Missionary Catechists is your success for it is your sacrifice money which has helped finance the work. Let us continue to work together for the glory of God and the salvation of the poor. Let us make 1940 memorable for achievement in home mission endeavors.

We have reduced the dimensions of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in order to facilitate handling and printing. Now we think the change improved the appearance of our little monthly. Don't you think so?

The Editor.



Phil Guidt

A reliable memory
is a gift
or perhaps an acquired art.
Whatever it be,
it is well worth possessing.
However,
it seems to me
that an even greater gift,
a more desirable talent,
is
a good FORGETTER.
Take my friend, Jack.
He is happy
and lives at peace
with everyone.
What is more,
he is climbing
to a high place
in the Kingdom of Glory,
because
he has
a good FORGETTER.
When he shuts his eyes
in sleep at night,
he shuts out
all the unpleasant things
of the past day.
Then he greets each morning
as a new beginning.
He has a smile,
a kind, cheerful word,
a helping hand
for everyone;
especially
for those
who have wronged him
in any way.
True,
Jack is apparently
unimportant
in the big, wide world.
His job is humble.
His influence appears trivial.
But he is doing more
for the good of the nation
than a whole pack
of howling politicians,
for he spreads contentment
and goodwill
everywhere;
just because
he has
a good FORGETTER.
Now I think
that on his judgment day,
my friend, Jack,
will find
that God has a remarkably
good FORGETTER
too.



The Missionary Catechist

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THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is a monthly magazine published with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50, Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

O. B. L. V. PRESS VICTORY-NOLL HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Nevada's Mission Problem

Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, D.D.



The Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, D.D., Bishop of Reno

THE problems of the Diocese of Reno are not very much different from those of the other dioceses lying in the great Basin area between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. In all of them there are great areas of sparsely settled desert and mountain country, which create the peculiar problems that bishops, priests and people must try to solve.

To put it briefly the chief obstacle in the way of adequate services to the religious needs of the people consists in the fact that while the area of these dioceses is very large, the Catholic population, on the contrary, is very small. This results in the necessity of having very small parishes in widely separated areas with the consequent result that priests must travel great distances to visit the members of their flocks and celebrate Mass for them, and that the people often live in isolated places and must travel a great distance to attend Mass.

All the material and spiritual elements in the program of such a diocese are, therefore, dominated by this factor. Among such problems one of the most important is that of the religious education of Catholic children. How to instruct the children properly under these conditions is a question faced by every parish priest. From the beginning of the Diocese of Reno eight years ago this fact was recognized. Some way to develop an effective program of religious education must be found. All the usual methods have been used, religious vacation schools, Sunday schools, week-day religious instruction, the

program of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, etc.

At once, however, it was seen that some permanent year round program was needed to make up for the absence of Catholic schools, which circumstances made impossible. At once it was evident that the program of the Missionary Catechists of Victory-Noll was the very thing needed. One of the first actions of the first Bishop of the newly erected Diocese of Reno was to extend an invitation to the Catechists to come to the Diocese of Reno. After seven years that invitation was accepted. The priests and people of the Diocese realize the dozens of demands from all over the United States received by the Missionary Catechists and understand why it was not possible for them to come at once. However, we are all deeply grateful that we have been selected for two new foundations. The Catechists are already here and have been laboring so effectively for one year in their first foundation as to meet our fondest hopes and make us feel that they have in their program the most effective solution for our religious education program.

Catechists came first to the parish of Winnemucca, Humboldt County, Nevada. It is a vast area, in itself as large as some dioceses, with Catholic families living not only in the town in which the parish church is located, but in the very remotest corners of the county. Within one year, so effective and zealous has been the work of the four Catechists stationed there, that there is not a Catholic family, no matter how remote, nor a Catholic child, even though its home required literally hundreds of miles of travel over dusty roads to be visited, that has not had such a visit from these untiring and devoted women. The priests concerned and the people served, as well as their Bishop, are deeply grateful, first, because the Catechists decided to come to Humboldt County, and secondly, because they have worked there so well. Everyone concerned feels that although they have not a Catholic school in that parish, for no Catholic school could ever reach all of the children there, the Catechists have brought us the most effective solution to our problem.

AND now we are to have a second foundation of Catechists. This time they are to come to another great northern County of the State of Nevada, Elko. Their headquarters will be beside the parish church in the City of Elko. From that center they will serve a vast area. Having watched the wonders accomplished in neighboring Humboldt County during the past year, the pastor and his people have received the Catechists with delight and confidently look forward to the work they will be able to accomplish for their children.

So clear is it, not only in theory but as a result of our practical experience, that the program of the Missionary Catechists is effectively fitted to meet conditions such as are found in this Diocese and others like it, we fervently hope and pray that God will continue to bless their work, cause it to spread and prosper as he evidently has up to the present moment. It is a consummation devoutly to be desired that this type of work will appeal to an ever increasing number of young women so that more and more foundations of the type made in Winnemucca and in Elko will become possible.

WINNEMUCCA

Our first foundation in Nevada was made in St. Paul's Parish, Winnemucca, Our Lady of the Snows Mission Convent. The convent was formally dedicated by His Excellency, Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, on November 6, 1938.

St. Paul's Parish, Winnemucca, includes all of Humboldt County, an area of 10,000 square miles. Rev. James B. Empey is pastor.

The name WINNEMUCCA means "The Bread Giver," and is taken from the Paviotso tribe of Indians that resided in northern Nevada.

This year the Catechists have extended their activities into Pershing County and Lander County.

Out-missions from Winnemucca where the Catechists teach are: Golconda sixteen miles away, Inlay thirty-two miles, Paradise Valley thirty-eight miles, Valmy thirty-nine miles, Humboldt Station thirty-nine miles, Oro Vada forty-four miles, Battle Mt. fifty-three miles, McDermitt seventy-eight miles, Leonard Creek Ranch ninety miles, and Denio one hundred and four miles.

The Catechists in Winnemucca, Nevada, are: Catechist Mary McConville, Superior; Catechist Dorothy Schneider, Catechist Catherine Durkin and Catechist M. Catherine Murray.

ELKO

Our new mission Convent in Nevada—the second in that state—is in St. Joseph's Parish, Elko. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP was chosen special patroness of the new home.

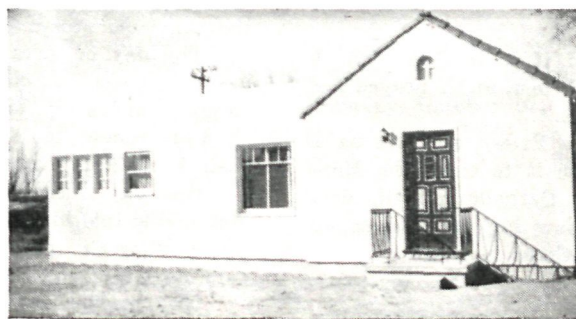
Reverend George L. Smith is pastor of St. Joseph's Parish, Elko.

The population of Elko totals about 4,000. Many nationalities and races are represented; among them are Irish, German, French, Spanish, Basque, Italian, Japanese, Chinese, Mexican and Negro.

Elko is listed as one of the few industrial centers of Nevada.

Besides teaching in Elko, the Catechists will teach the children in Carlin twenty-five miles away, Lamoille thirty-five miles, Wells fifty miles and Montello one hundred and five miles distant.

The Catechists are deeply grateful for the royal welcome accorded them by Father Smith and the people of their new Nevada Mission field.



Our Lady of the Snows Mission Convent,
Winnemucca, Nevada

Our Community in Elko consists of four Catechists: Catechist Eleanor Gerhart, Superior; Catechist M. Regina Foppe, Catechist M. Alice James and Catechist M. Hazel Sullivan.



PRAYER OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

LORD, make me an instrument of your peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Somewhere in Nevada

Catechist Dorothy Schneider

There lives a lad six years old determined to do things for God. Jimmy is his name, and he's a real boy. His mother is a Mormon; his father is Catholic, of good Irish stock, but ever since their home broke up, Jimmy has been living in a foster home.

His foster mother and father are actively Catholic and Jimmy knows his prayers. When we enrolled him for vacation school we marked him down as a prodigy. This is how he greeted us:

"Do you want me to say all the prayers I know? I can say the Our Father, the Hail Mary, Act of Contrition, Apostles' Creed and Hail Holy Queen. Which shall I say first?"

Six and a half! Will we ever meet another?

On the morning of his First Holy Communion Jimmy told the Pastor:

"This morning I prayed if it is God's will I will have a vocation to be a Priest, and I prayed for a little favor Catechist wants."

So Jimmy wants to be a Priest, and has he a big task ahead! His ambition is to teach the Mormons how to become good Catholics. Well, who knows? The last time we saw him he told us he could make the Sign of the Cross in Latin.

And near Jimmy there lives another little boy whose father is Catholic and whose mother is not. After the opening prayers on the first day he accosted Catechist and said:

"I don't know that poem the other Catechist said, the one that begins 'In the Name of the Father—'."

Though eleven years old, neither he nor his nine-year-old brother had been baptized. After we had had several interviews with his parents and obtained sponsors for the boys, both were baptized. Whenever he was assigned a new prayer to memorize his response was.

"I'll know that tomorrow."

He proved a real spur to the rest of the class.

One day when we were looking for a family of boys whose name suggested Catholicity, we stopped to inquire at a little house along the way.

Result? The enrollment of two children age eight and ten, and their baptism a few weeks later. In this instance the mother is Catholic, the father non-Catholic. Although the children had not been baptized, they had been going to Mass regularly. Their father was present at their baptism and we hope he will soon begin to take instructions.

And in a canyon upon the sides of which stand



Catechist Dorothy Schneider with her pets in Battle Mountain, Nevada.

the little homes of miners working in the famous Ruth copper pit, one of the largest the world knows, lives another boy whose hobby is to look as wildwest as possible, pistol ever in hand. He is ten years old and had successfully passed through three Communion classes, only to be held back by his mother with the same old story: "No clothes."

The day of days came again, but she did not relent. And so our cowboy came to Mass, his pistol hanging on his hip, and wistfully watched the other children renew their baptismal vows and receive their First Holy Communion.

One day during the following week Catechist McConville told his sister to say a prayer asking the Little Flower's intercession for her brother. The very next morning the boy came beaming with joy.

"My mother says I may make my First Communion."

So on the last morning of our vacation school he went to confession and received Holy Communion to the delight of all the children, who happily attributed his mother's change of mind to the "Saint with the flowers."

And a little closer to the great copper pit lives Michael, whose bright eyes, one hundred percent attendance and application brought us great happiness. But Michael was not baptized and those who were to be his sponsors lived in California. A hasty letter brought this discouraging news that they could not come until August. Proxies would not do. But Michael continued to study, and to study hard. He learned the confession form and practiced going to the altar with the other children. But his father, of Italian descent, would not relent.

The day of first confessions came and we made one last attempt. Neither his father nor mother was home, but we spoke to his aunt and then returned to the church. When the clock struck five Father was almost finished hearing confessions and I looked out to the door to see—Michael, his aunt, and grandparents approaching. Michael was to be baptized and receive his First Communion with the other children.

And so we pay tribute to the Little Flower who obtains so many favors for us through her intercession with Our Blessed Lady of Victory, her patroness and ours.

Echoes from Elko

Catechist Mary Alice James

Friday, October 6, 1939.

"Elko, Nevada," called the trainman. Four pairs of eyes smiled in delightful anticipation. Four hearts thrilled to the joy of doing the Master's work in our new mission here in the west.

In the station we had a confused glimpse of friendly looking cowboys in ten-gallon hats; fellow-passengers smiling their farewells; passersby gazing with good-natured curiosity; and in the distance tall mountains, the peak of one reminiscent of "joggerfy days" and the picture of Fujiyama.

There was just time for a triumphant "We're really in Elko," and then we experienced the far-famed hospitality of the west in the welcome given to us by Father Smith, our pastor, and two ladies of his parish.

A short drive brought us to our convent "your little grey home in the west" as one of the ladies remarked, and the name just fitted the little grey cottage in the midst of an old-fashioned garden.

We visited our Dear Lord in the mission church, next door, to say a fervent Magnificat for our safe journey, and to ask for the blessings we need for our new mission.

Saturday, October 7.

Mass in St. Joseph's Church. During the day we arranged our home to suit our needs. We found many useful articles which were given us by people here in Elko.

We planned our oratory. Two rows, two chairs in a row, a beautiful crucifix on the wall, and all was ready for community prayers.

A sacrifice not to have our Sacramental Lord? Yes, but a joy to know that for love of Him we bring sacrifice.

Sunday, October 8.

We met some of our people after Mass. Townspeople and ranch people, pioneers in this great desert country, all had a word of kindly welcome for the Catechists.

Tuesday, October 10.

Census-taking. It hurt deeply to list such splendid Catholic names as Murphy, Brennan, and O'Reilly as Episcopalian, Mormon, etc. Yet in this country of far-scattered ranches, one can realize the difficulty of the first missionaries in trying to reach these people. And it is easy to understand that the people's natural craving for religion of some kind, brought them to these sects.

We met many Basques. A number of these people are indifferent to the faith. During their first years in America, handicapped by their ignorance of the language, they neglected to go to church and to receive the sacraments.

In the afternoon we held our first class in St. Joseph's Church, with an enrollment of seventy-two. The children are intelligent and enthusiastic. They represent a number of nationalities: Irish, German, Italian, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, and Basque.

Wednesday, October 11.

We visited the State Industrial School for Boys to arrange classes. The boys, many of them placed in the school because of improper conditions in their homes, were eager to see us and to know when classes would commence.

The old people in the County Home smiled happily as we distributed religious articles and told them we would visit regularly at the home.

Sunday, October 15.

"Please bring me a Santito," said a little Mexican woman on our first visit to the Elko hospital.

A number of the patients are ranch men who were injured by horses.

New Year Greetings to Our Subscribers

**May you and your families be blessed
with health and happiness;
and may your hearts and homes abound
with the peace and contentment
which only the friendship of God can give.**

The Missionary Catechists

Tuesday, October 31

Our car arrived! We are now preparing for out-mission work. Carlin, a distance of twenty-five miles; Lamolle, thirty-five miles; Wells, fifty miles, and Montello, one hundred and five miles, comprise our out-mission territory at present.

The ranch people are patiently waiting for us to begin classes for their children.

So we prepare joyously to "put our hands to the plough" in this land of the sage and the pine, knowing that with the help of Jesus and Mary, there will be no need for "looking back."



After a Snow-Fall.—Victory-Noll.

Around the year with weather lore

CLIMATE is fickle. Weather seems to delight in falsifying all forecasts at times. Yet in spite of this, our forefathers have handed down to us a series of weather proverbs which often prove wonderfully faithful and appropriate. These proverbial utterances have their origin, for the most part, in rural districts, but as the monuments of shrewd observation which they are, they arouse the interest of all.

No sooner do we enter upon the new year than our proverb reminds us that

"As the day lengthens

The cold strengthens;" an adage almost always supported by fact.

This state of things is better than the contrary we are assured:

"If grass grows in Janiveer

It grows the worse for it all the year."

And again:

"March in Janiveer,

Janiveer in March, I fear."

As to February, our ancestors preferred it frosty rather than warm.

"If February gives much snow,

A fine summer it does foreshow."

Another February proverb applies to Candlemas Day.

"If Candlemas Day be fair and clear

There'll be two winters in the year."

Weather Lore desires February to be as stormy as possible. Our wise, old-time farmers would have the cold rains of February make way for a dry March, for, they tell us,

"A wet March makes a sad harvest."

Another March proverb has it that this month never ends as it begins.

"It comes in as a lion
and goes out as a lamb."

or

"It comes in as a lamb
and goes out as a lion."

April should bring showers, many showers and not too mild.

"Cold April gives bread and wine."

Our rural forefathers also welcomed April with joy if thunder announced its arrival.

"If it thunder on All Fool's Day

It brings good crops of corn and hay."

Weather wisdom about May is contradictory. A striking proverb among many is:

"A hot May makes a fat churchyard."

Then we come to June, the loveliest month of the whole year. The proverb chants:

"Mist in May and heat in June,

Makes the harvest come right soon."

A little rain is appreciated in July:

"A shower of rain in July,

When the corn begins to fill,

Is worth the plough of oxen

And fills the grinding mill."

But in August no wet is desired; at least not in the days of harvest.

"Dry August and warm

Doth harvest no harm."

The ripened fruit of September called forth another proverb:

"September blow soft

Till the fruit's in the loft."

So much for weather lore, which, though it is the product of wisdom and experience, often serves but to indicate the contrast between anticipation and reality.

God Reigns

By Rev. Francis P. Faust

"THAT which is known of God is manifest in them. For God hath manifested it unto them. For the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen; being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power also, and divinity; so that they are inexcusable."—Rom. I, 19-20.

The prophet Daniel while in captivity at Babylon used every day in his house to open the window which looked toward the city of Jerusalem and to fall on his knees to pray to God. The city of his yearning was far away indeed, but it was the chief city of his native country; the home he loved and where stood the magnificent temple of the true God. The very thought of that city was a comfort to his soul in his exile.

The heavenly Jerusalem, the city of everlasting peace above, is our true home. We are created for it, and this earth is our land of exile. Hence the thought of heaven should daily lovingly occupy our thoughts and rejoice our hearts.

And what is heaven? The essence of heaven is beholding God, seeing Him face to face, rejoicing in Him and praising Him forever. This is the ultimate end or purpose of our existence. Hence, our first duty here below is to acknowledge God's personal existence, His eternal power, also, and divinity. For God manifests Himself in man's reason and heart by the things of the universe which our bodily senses perceive. "The heavens announce the glory of God and the firmament shows forth the works of His hands."—Ps. xvii, 2. These visible things, as it were, speak to us of Him Who made them.

The popular proof of the existence of God is divided into three parts or chapters. We base the first part of the argument on the principle of causality, or sufficient reason, upon which principle the value of physical science and human knowledge generally is based. This principle states that whatever exists or happens calls forth a sufficient reason for its existence or occurrence, either in itself or in something else. In other words, whatever does not exist of absolute necessity, that is, whatever is not self-existent, cannot exist without a proportionate cause external to itself. This principle is taken for granted by all scientists. Thus: "In the universe we observe that certain things are effects, that is, they depend upon other things for their existence, and these again on others; but, however far back we may extend this series of effects and dependent causes, we must if human reason is to be satisfied, come ultimately to a cause that is not itself an effect; in other words, to an uncaused cause, or self-existent being which is the ground and cause of all being."—Cath. Encycl.

The things of nature could not have made themselves nor could they have developed originally from naught. An infinitely powerful someone made them and we call this Someone God, the Creator. Man's reason, therefore, assures him that God exists and is infinitely powerful. God has put into man's nature this search for Him, that man, by perceiving the things of nature with his bodily senses, would direct his soul to the Creator of all things. Already as little children we asked Mother: What is this, what is that, why is it, who made it? Each star in the firmament, each blade of grass in the field, each fish in the sea, each bird in the air, each flower in

the meadow, each grain of sand upon the sea shore, and each drop of water in the ocean; each bears eloquent testimony to an all-powerful God.

Holy Job speaks thus to Sophar, one of his visiting friends: "Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee and the birds of the air and they shall tell thee, speak to the earth and it shall answer thee, and the fishes of the sea shall tell. Who is ignorant that the hand of the Lord hath made all these things?"—Job xii, 7-10.

The second argument for our thesis is the proof from design which implies a supreme intelligence—God. Our reason finds evidence of harmonious unity in nature as a whole. Order, harmony, and design could not have come about by mere blind chance nor from nature's inherent self, but only from an intelligent power. And intelligence is the prerogative of a spiritual being, a person. The highest degree of intelligence is God, the supreme personal Being.

The millions of gigantic heavenly bodies run their course punctually. The planets uninterruptedly pursue the work assigned to them. Seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night follow each other. This our world, revolving round us, has been revolving with the greatest precision for thousands of years. Each year our earth travels some 600,000,000 miles on its path around the sun. We marvel at a clock that needs to be wound only once a year, and admire the clever maker. But behold here the unspeakably more beautiful and more complicated world mechanism, and it never need be wound. How wise, how mighty the Creator of the world must be. Reason teaches us that. Thus at every turn of the leaves of nature's book the picture of God is described. And every one who walks with observant eyes and thoughtful mind among the countless beauties of the world must say, "There is a God."

THE third phase of our proof of God's existence is the argument from conscience, for the soul of man unmistakably hears an ever recurring voice within itself which we call the voice of conscience. Surely the all good and holy Lawgiver has placed that voice there since every man, woman and child, who has the use of reason, experiences that voice. This interior voice gives us a sense of moral responsibility, sounds warnings and commands to the individual, threatens punishment to the one who obeys it not and promises peace and reward to him or her who obeys. Hence we must conclude that the Creator has placed the natural moral law into the souls of mankind and that they who deny or doubt the existence of a supreme personal Lawgiver are inexcusable. The psalmist assures us that the fool says in his heart there is no God.

"Now to the King of Ages, immortal, invisible, the only God be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."—I Tim. I, 17.





me of our Mexican children in Gary, Indiana, find the broken fence along the alley a convenient look-out and get-out.

MR. GOAT MAY LEARN

Three times Ascencion came to Catechism class and then came no more. One day I met him on the street and asked the reason of his absence.

"I would like to come, Catechist," he said, "but I have to take care of the sheeps and goats."

"But what about the salvation of your soul, Ascencion?"

"I have been thinking about that too," said he gravely. Then, "Catechist, will you sell me a catechism? I will study while I work."

I sold the book not expecting that it would ever be used by Ascencion. I was mistaken. Every day the young goat-herder took his catechism along and faithfully studied it. One day, so he said, the sun was unusually bright and the day warm. Ascencion struggled manfully to keep awake in order to study his daily lesson in religion. But sleep finally overcame him. He was awakened by a sudden jar, and upon opening his eyes, he saw his catechism in the mouth of a nearby goat. In vain he tried to rescue it before any damage was done. The next day he came to buy another catechism, and told his story. In conclusion he said.

"I couldn't catch that goat so easy. By the time I did he had the book chewed up pretty much. So I gave it back to him. 'Here, take it,' I said, 'I can't read it any more, and I hope it makes a good goat out of you, so that you won't take what belongs to someone else. That's the seventh commandment when you come to it, Mr. Goat. And now I'll forgive you since you didn't know better before!'"

Catechist Trinidad Luna

A Mother and her seven children, hungry and nothing to eat in the house! Not an unusual case to us, but one which demands immediate action. We hurried to the store. Catechist ordered the food; I listened, surprised at such a scanty supply for a family of eight. Catechist seemed to read my thoughts.

"This is the last of our poor Poor Fund," she said as she paid the bill.

Catechist Marcelina Montoya
3816 E. San Antonio St.
El Paso, Texas

In The Home Field



Much of our success is the result of persevering, friendly visits to the homes of our people.

A LETTER FROM MEXICO

Catechist Perl, Superior in our Brawley, California, mission, sent the following letter which will interest our readers. She received it from a twelve-year-old Mexican boy, one of their Catholic Crusaders, whose father had crossed the border into the United States illegally and was, in consequence, deported together with his wife and family. Names are withheld for obvious reasons. Note "Here are many soldiers. They march and do many things." ? ?

October 31, 1939

Dear Catechist:

I am writing you these few lines to tell you a few things. We came here Friday and came to the house of a friend of my father and mother. They let us live in one of their houses. My mother says she is very sad over here. Here everything is very costly. Things cost too much and we are very poor. My brother does not want to take out a passport to the U.S. to work because he says he is ashamed, and I am too little to work, so I don't know what to do. Tell Catechist Benton and Catechist Balch (his teachers) that I don't know where the church is and haven't gone since we came. Here are many soldiers. They march and do many things. I wish here were Crusaders so we could march all around the streets too.

Yours truly,



Emergency call: Breakfast for four, please.

GIRL SCOUTING IN REDLANDS

To bring about a greater love for our holy Faith, for our Country and for our Flag among the Mexican youth, we organized Catholic Girl Scouts in Redlands, California, this year. Not only the intermediate girl scout but also the senior troop and the Brownie Scout Troop are aiming to improve their characters by living up to the promises and laws of the Girl Scouts.

At present the Brownies find interesting activity in a rhythm band and in folk dances. The seniors and intermediates delight in art work and hand craft.

As a special community service for Christmas the scouts made small cribs, Christmas trees and stars for the inmates of the county hospital and the old folks home. They distributed gifts to the aged and the sick, and also enlivened them with carols.

The intermediate troop in San Bernardino showed a real Christmas spirit too. They entertained their parents and friends with a cantata. In striking costumes and with beautiful songs they portrayed the Birth of Our Lord.

The troops plan a large display for the orange show which will be held in San Bernardino in April.

Catechist Frances Meyer

One of our boys said he could not go to Mass on Christmas Day, but that he went on Happy New Year Day.



Catechist Baca smiles at the serious faces of her class.
—San Xavier mission, El Paso, Texas

A SHORT-CUT TO SANCTITY

At last here was the solution to the mysterious disappearance of the holy water.

I entered the sacristy just as Fernando, fourteen-year-old altar boy, lowered a flower vase into the holy water crock. He brought it up, overflowing, and drank every drop.

"Fernando," I asked, "why do the altar boys get thirsty as soon as they come into the sacristy?"

I had taken him by surprise. In his confusion he answered meekly.

"Catechist, I'm not thirsty."

"Then why are you drinking? And what about that flower vase. Is it clean enough to use for a drinking cup?"

"Oh, sure, it is," he replied, and then became confidential. "Catechist, I drink the holy water to become more holy."

"Fernando, is that truly the reason why you drink it?"

"Yes, Catechist. Honest. The only reason I drink it is because I want to become more holy."

He was sincere, so for the time being, what could I say?

Catechist Mary Ann Seewaldt

INDIAN CLIENTS OF THE SACRED HEART

On the feast of Christ the King Father said Mass in the chapel on the Saboba Indian Reservation. After Mass Father gave a beautiful sermon about Christ the King, then blessed the large, framed pictures of the Sacred Heart and presented one to the head of each family which had been consecrated to the Sacred Heart a few months previously. This ceremony impressed the people from San Jacinto parish who happened to be present. Several requested pictures like those given to the Indians. Now we have hopes of seeing our families in San Jacinto consecrated to the Sacred Heart also.

The Saboba Indian Reservation is an out-mission from San Jacinto. Every Saturday morning we go from our mission convent in Redlands to teach the children of St. Anthony's Parish, San Jacinto, and its out-missions. We also visit the Indian hospital in the reservation.

Catechist Marion Weyenberg

Our Blessed Mother's Page

THE LOVE OF MARY

Why should human weakness hesitate to approach to Mary? In her there is nothing that is austere, in her there is nothing that is terrible. She is altogether sweet; to all does she offer silk and wool. Carefully go over the whole course of the Gospel story, and if by chance you ever find her chide, if there be anything hard in her, if you meet with even a sign of the slightest indignation in Mary, then you may hold her in suspicion and fear to draw nigh to her. But if you find, as you will find, that everything which belongs to her is full of motherly kindness and grace, full of gentleness and mercy—then render thanks to Him who in His most loving mercy has provided for you such a Mother in whom you find nothing to dread. She has become all things to all men. By her overflowing charity she has made herself debtor to the wise and to the foolish. To all does she open the bosom of her mercy, that all may receive of her fulness—the captive redemption, the sick man health, the sinner pardon, the just grace, the angel joy, the whole Trinity glory, the Person of the Son the very substance of His human flesh—so there be none, not even God, to hide himself from the warmth of her love.

—St. Bernard

"SHOW THYSELF MY SON"

Many times a day we cry to Mary for her maternal guidance and aid. Often we implore her to "show herself our Mother." Let us then strive to become sons and daughters worthy of such a Mother by faithfully taking up our cross daily and following Jesus, her first born Son. Let us by fervent Christian lives merit, in some sense, the special protection and love of our heavenly Mother.

The True Devotion to Mary consists in giving oneself entirely and as a slave to Mary, and to Jesus through Mary; and after that to do all that we do, through Mary, with Mary, in Mary, and for Mary.

—Bl. de Montfort

A LEGEND OF THE MADONNA

Out of Holy Bethlehem
Into Egypt flying
Herod's hate pursuing them,
Dangers multiplying,
Hastened through the country
Joseph, Mary and the Child.
When some distance they had
passed,
Worn and weary growing
Came they to a field at last
Where a man was sowing
Seed of corn in fertile ground.
Mary's heart gave a sudden bound.
To the husbandman she said.
"If men bid you aid them,
Asking if this way we fled,
With your tongue persuade them,
Saying, 'Yes, they passed at morn
On the day I sowed this corn.'"
Then a miracle, behold!
While the man was sleeping,
All the field was turned to gold
Ready for the reaping.
Stalk and blade and ear were there
Gleaming in the sunlit air!
Came the men by Herod sent,
Spied the man, and roughly
Riding through the corn they went,
Calling to him gruffly:
"Has an old man passed this way

ACT OF OFFERING JESUS TO MARY

O most Blessed Virgin Mary, behold I most humbly and lovingly set before thee thy Son, whom thou didst conceive in thy spotless womb, didst bring forth, and nourish at thy breasts, and press to thy heart with most tender embraces; Him in whose countenance thou didst ever find joy and fresh delight, and Who has this day given Himself to me in the ineffable condescension of His divine love.

I offer Him to thee that thou mayest fold Him in thine arms and "kiss Him with the kisses of thy mouth," and love and worship Him for me and together with me, and offer Him in deepest adoration to the Most Holy Trinity for my sins and the sins of all the world; so that the prerogative of thy great dignity may obtain for me what I dare not presume to hope of myself.

—St. Gertrude

With a wife and Child? Come, say."
And the man, overwhelmed with awe,
Viewed his field and wondered!
"Yes," he said, "those three I saw."
"How long since?" they thundered.
"When I sowed this corn." And then,
Homeward rode King Herod's men.
—Selected.



CAUSE OF OUR JOY, PRAY FOR US

Spiritual joy should be an outstanding mark of fervent souls. Grace, which makes us the friends of God and His children, is the only good here below which is capable of rendering us ever cheerful. Its loss is the only evil deserving of regret. The assurance of Mary's protection and intercession is not the least of the many motives to keep alive in our hearts spiritual joy in serving God.

Insignificant Things

A very charitable individual would probably declare that Noreen and I really are the happy-go-lucky possessors of a modicum of spirituality—but, no more. Nevertheless, I staunchly believe that though there's a little bad in the best of them, there's a little good in the worst of us. At any rate Noreen and I edified each other immensely New Years Eve by our deriving something good from an unfortunate incident. This is the way it all came about.

Noreen and I are pretty far advanced (I mean as far as time is concerned) in our home economics classes. Mother and Dad were having a splendid party on New Years; so, we volunteered to provide pastry (like you never tasted before.) We decided on a six tier white cake coated with pink icing and covered with tiny silver bells with a large bell on top.

Noreen and I like to talk—but, what woman doesn't? We were discussing (and rejecting) New Years' Resolutions. Noreen brilliantly decided that it would be much better if we didn't make any resolutions because then we wouldn't offend Our Lord by breaking them. This bit of spirituality we were mixing along with the batters.

When our work of art was ready for display,

Dad and Mother simply had to admit that it was beautifully picturesque to the eye and they felt sure it was also delicious to the taste—but, that's where the trouble comes in. Fortunately we had made cup cakes from the batter used for the cake and we sampled them and found—we had used salt instead of sugar. NEVER place your salt bin next to the sugar container, especially if you are slightly inclined to be loquacious.

Our pride was pathetic and all because tiny grains of salt are not distinguishable from grains of sugar. If we had only paid more attention to the little ingredients that would have composed an exquisite whole—but why lament now!

As in the material, so in the spiritual. If we gave due consideration to trivial (seemingly so) things—the kind word, welcome smile, repressed sarcasm, tiny act of courtesy, (all so many rose petals scattered lovingly on the pathway of life)—how pleasing we could make the W H O L E of us.

—Maureen Nelson



Equality

I'm only an everyday laborer
With a common everyday name;
But, glad am I that into this world
One bright sunny day I came.

There has to be men just chuck full of brains
Like judges and lawyers and such.
Without them this little old world of ours
Wouldn't be worth very much.

But: there's got to be some to till the ground
And work under God's blue sky.
If that's what God wants me to do every day
Now, why should I question "Why?"

There's got to be scholars
With all kinds of degrees
Who after their names
Have the whole A B C's.

But, God in His plan of creation
Saw that hard work must be done;
And so, He gave us a model
In the Person of His only Son.

Now, I've no cause for complaining
'Cause there's one thing we've got that's the same:
And that's a soul that we all can take
To eternity's lasting fame
—Mack

Associate Catechists of Mary

Happy New Year!

Plan Ahead

Early last year the writer received an unexpected request to "say a few words" to a large gathering of Associate Catechists of Mary. There may be good excuse for nervousness in meeting such a new experience but to my surprise, I felt no nervousness. Later I realized that this was because, on the part of all present, there was such an attitude of secure understanding, of cordial, deep interest in our work. The "few words" came without effort, as if they were quite the natural thing.

The New Year will bring to each and every one of us many such occasions when the unexpected will be demanded of us. You will face joys and sorrows during the coming year, and there will be times when on first thought you would prefer to sidestep duty rather than to meet it directly, because it promises to bring discomfort or pain.

During this year may you see in every such joy and sorrow and duty the gift of God. May you receive it as coming from Him, Who is all cordial interest and secure understanding of you and your concerns. Then you will receive it without fear, without nervousness, surprised at your ease and calm, and secure in your own reciprocal understanding of His Love, Who calls you to undergo it for His ever wise purposes. May each joy and sorrow bring you nearer to Our Father, Who is in Heaven. . . This is our Happy New Year wish for you.



From El Paso, Texas, the Catechists write: "We now have nine hundred children enrolled, and November and December are our heaviest months, so we are hoping there will be considerable more in the next two months."

And from Redlands, California: "Every Sunday we visit the following institutions: County Hospital, Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Old Ladies' Home, Old Men's Home, and Detention Home. There are between four hundred and five hundred inmates in these buildings. Non-Catholic workers are as regular as we are in visiting these folks and distributing their propaganda."



At the recent National Catechetical Congress, a well-known priest made this statement in a public address: "Converts yearly in the United States are only one-third of the number converted in India or Africa."

This is something to think about. You and I are not over in India or Africa, but we are a responsible part of Christ's Mystical Body here in the United States. . . Last year I could have tried to interest a well-disposed non-Catholic neighbor in the Faith. Did I? . . . I could have prayed and sacrificed more for the Church in the United States. Did I? . . . I could have supported a Missionary Catechist for one day each month. . . DID I?



From Pittsburgh Miss Catherine Lippert writes, "We, the members of the Little Flower Mission Circle, are thinking seriously of forming an auxiliary Band, that is, members who do not attend our Circle every week, but who shall contribute a small amount weekly."

This is a very commendable idea, and one which is already working out in certain Bands. It adds to the sphere of usefulness of your circle, and draws into home mission work those who otherwise would not have the opportunity of sharing this great privilege.

If you have not yet tried it out in your club, why not think it over as a project for this year? Write in for further information if you need it.



Empty Pleasures

or

Heavenly Treasures?

Make your recreations something that will bring joy to others as well as to yourselves. **Adopt a Catechist. Support her Burse;** no offering is too small. Give a party for the benefit of her Burse. **Interest yourself in her mission;** a nice box of articles for her work will bring her delight and encouragement. **Write her that you and your club are praying for her success** in the difficult work of saving souls. You won't be there to see it, but the smile on her face will reflect the happiness you have brought to her heart.

Send a postcard to Catechist Supervisor today with the good news that you want to adopt a Catechist as your spiritual sister.

To our great delight, and somewhat to our embarrassment that this heavenly Patron has been so long overlooked, we have recently enrolled "The Holy Ghost Band" of Elkhart, Indiana, Miss Mary Nye, Promoter.

The Holy Ghost Band is composed of a group of business women who plan to contribute regularly during the year according to their means, and to send in a donation regularly at Christmas, Easter and Pentecost.

We know the sacrifices that are being made to carry out these plans. May the blessing of the Holy Spirit sanctify both gifts and givers, and bring to fruitful completion in the missions the offerings given in His Name.

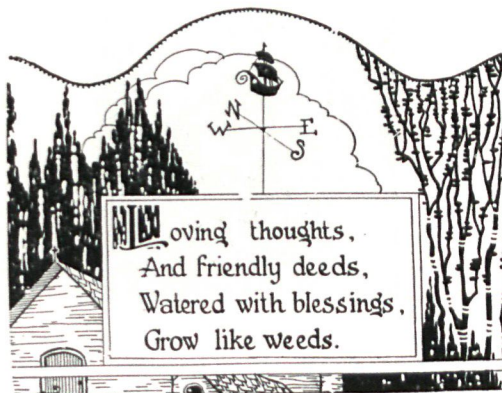
A NEW PLAN

A sprightly letter from Miss Ann Kasallis, Secretary of Les Petites Fleures Club, Chicago, plus a generous check, told us of the success of their latest financial project for the missions:

"Perhaps you may wonder how we 'got into the money'. Well, you are always seeking new ideas for club work, and here is the story of what we did. You know this year it was decided to abandon the idea of our Annual Card Party, with the thought that possibly each girl could arrange to have some small affair at her home. Two of our members, the Accomando sisters, conceived the idea of having a Spaghetti Dinner, inasmuch as they are quite famous for their Italian spaghetti. After some discussion it was decided to have it on a larger scale, with all the girls giving assistance. It was then decided to have a dinner and a dance combined. Mrs. Johnson arranged for a hall, well suited for such an occasion. Tickets were sold at 50c each, entitling each guest to a plate of spaghetti. The music was provided by an expert accordion player. We had a raffle, and all in all it was quite successful. Everyone had the best time, and loads of people asked when we were going to have another party. You see, we held the crowd to about a hundred as the idea was new and we wanted to be able to serve our guests without too much confusion. It really did work out beautifully, and turned out to be a lot more fun than a card party."

BEGIN WELL

We heard about one "good beginning" from Miss Reda Gannon of Pittsburgh: "The Bernadette Club have started their fall meetings. Full of good ideas, we are going to work harder this year. Our first party to raise funds will be held October 16, so wish us luck!" Their "luck" held, for this letter was soon followed by a nice check realized at their party. Now we are looking forward to hearing how others of those "good ideas" work out!



Mary's Loyal Helpers

Happy New Year



A year begins with hope and cheer,
A year all bright and shining new;
Oh, may it be a glad New Year
For every single one of you!

And Loyal readers, as you bring
Your hearts to Christ on New Year's Day
Say, "Happy New Year, little King!
For Thee, all year, we'll work and pray."

Your star of faith shines far and near,
So many precious souls you'll win
By prayer and sacrifice this year,
If, full of joy, you just begin.



We don't have to wonder if Dorothy and Ruth Feik are proud of their sister, Catechist Mary Agnes Feik. Their smiling faces tell us they are!

GUESS WHAT I AM

I'm only about four inches tall, not so very wide, and usually very thin. My disposition depends upon my weight. To be happy I must be fed regularly. Who Am I?

I'm only a little mite box
Alookin' for a home;
I've had so many hard knocks
I'm tired of bein' alone.

Catechist,

Please send me My Mite Box at once. I will be good to him and try to make him happy.

My name is

My address is

City State

Clip and mail in an envelope to

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

PINE TREASURE

Little Esteban sat hidden from view among some boulders under a pine. With his patched knees raised to his chubby chin, he peered through the only opening in the rocks to the valley below, to a little adobe house half-shaded by a thick cottonwood. Something shone from under the tree, like a mirror in the sun.

That was his uncle's car, and a trickle of sunbeams had caught one of the lights. At the sight, Esteban sighed. "It's no use," he muttered, and sighed again. "Juan has his pail half-full of pinons by now. I haven't a chance."

Esteban and his big brother Juan had come up to the mountain to gather pinons, the small nuts from a certain species of Southwest pine. Just before their departure, their uncle Antonio had arrived for a visit and, in his usual grandiose manner, had pulled out a silver dollar, promising it to the one who brought home the most pinons. It was not often that their well-to-do uncle came, but Esteban and Juan knew what a visit meant to both.

Although Esteban knew that he would get at least a quarter whether he won or not, he still wanted to possess a silver dollar. He never had owned one before, and here was his first opportunity. But Juan, with his long legs, had beaten his younger brother up the mountain to a spot where, as he had told him, the nuts covered the ground like hailstones.

"But even if he had waited for me," Esteban complained to himself, "he would fill his pail quicker. His big fingers don't get tired so quick and they

work fast. I bet he has his pail almost full. And I—oh, my pinons don't even cover the bottom!"

Esteban winked his eyes, and the tears flowed down his cheeks. What could he do? Pretty soon Juan would be whistling for him to return home—and with an empty pail.

After wiping his eyes, Esteban happened to rest his gaze on another adobe house beyond his own. That was the home of the Missionary Catechists. An idea, brighter than the flash in the valley, struck him. His face lit up. Would it work? Slowly, a shadow of doubt came over his features as he began to ponder. The idea that had produced a momentary ray of hope was something which one of the Catechists had told him. She had said:

"Esteban, when you want something which isn't bad, pray to Our Blessed Lady, the Madre de Dios! For example, if your mother is sick, or your brother Juan, pray for them to get well. That's something good."

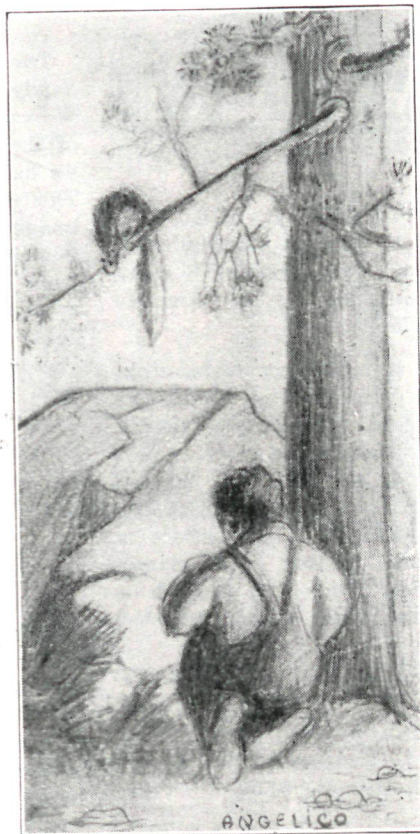
Was a silver dollar something good to pray for? Esteban thought so after a while,—especially when he thought of giving part of it, at least a nickel, to the Padre next Sunday.

Rising from his stone stool, Esteban knelt upon it, close to the big pine and folded his hands. "O Maria, Mother of the Santo Nino, Mother of my mother, of the Catechists, of the Padre, of me also, get me that silver dollar! Please. How? I don't know how, Senora. You know how; that's why I'm praying to you. And if you don't know how, ask your Little Jesus!"

So still did Esteban kneel for several minutes, that he did not hear Juan's whistling. Meanwhile, a squirrel, which had been spying Esteban from the pine-branches above, got bold enough to steal in front of the kneeling form and disappeared into a crevice. Esteban's eyes opened just in time to see the bushy tail whisk out of sight.

With a stifled cry of glee, Esteban arose and began to remove the stones where the squirrel had vanished. Beneath them he discovered a pile of dead branches and thorns. His suspicions were about to be confirmed. His heart still thumping, he carefully removed the briars, and there—there, before him, lay disclosed a miniature granary, a squirrel's nest full of clean and large pinons, enough to fill his pail, and more!

"Thank you, thank you, Maria!" the boy kept on repeating, as he leveled off the rim of his pail with the delicious nuts. Next he filled his big straw hat to the brim, and, had he known the trick of Brother Giles, that holy companion of St. Francis, he would have pulled off his shirt, knotted the sleeves and neck, and filled it with nuts, too. For



there were enough pinons left for that.

But the furry owner of the little granary began to complain with tiny whimpers from the pine-needles above where he had escaped. Having replaced the sticks and stones over the nest, Esteban looked up at the waving tail and said: "I didn't take them all, you round-eyed, brush-tailed tree mouse! No, Senor; don't scold me so. My Blessed Mother Mary showed your nest to me and said I could have just enough to win a silver dollar, see? You've got plenty; so be satisfied. I hear Juan whistling for me! Adios, Senor Ardila—Mr. Squirrel!"

—Fray Angelico Chavez



POEM TO THE CATECHISTS

All over the world
Little Children play,
Jesus is ever near to them
To guide their little way.

Jesus treat the Catechists
As little children now.
Help them in the mission field,
In their hearts no sorrow allow.

—Ruth Shea
Gladwin, Michigan



LET US PRAY FOR OUR DEAD. An English Translation of the Office of the Dead by Bernard A. Hausmann, S. J. America Press. 75c

There is no liturgy so beautiful and full of meaning as the liturgy of the dead. The prayers of the Requiem Masses are more or less familiar to all Catholics, but not so the Office of the Dead. America Press has done a real service in presenting Father Hausmann's translation. Only the English is given; the Latin is not included.

THE PSALMS AND CANTICLES OF THE BREVIARY. Translated by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Henry J. Kaufmann, St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit. \$1.50

Monsignor Kaufmann has made this translation after much study and research. Its most commendable features are: the close adherence to the Latin text; the loose-leaf form; the titles, and when necessary, the subtitles of the Psalms; and the use of only the most necessary notes and their position right in the text. The work is published in the interest of the Deaf-Mutes Foundation.

BLOCKADE RUNNER, by H. J. Heagney. Longmans. \$1.50

This is the life, in story form, of John Bannister Tabb, the poet-priest. It is concerned chiefly with Father Tabb's adventures as a young boy aboard the blockade runner, the *Robert E. Lee*. The tale is interestingly told by Father Heagney, of the Diocese of Little Rock. *Blockade Runner* would make an excellent gift for a young boy.

Our Lady, Queen of Angels, pray for us.

MAKING THEIR OWN

The older boys and girls at Sandy Korner made cribs this year. We wanted to put straw on the top of the stable and inside, but since we had no straw, we used alfalfa. This served the purpose very well. Imagine the big boys wearing thimbles and sewing alfalfa on the roofs of their stables! We put in windows of red cellophane so the light, shining in, throws a soft glow upon the Infant Jesus in the Crib. I wanted to take a picture while all were at work but I left the camera in our car and our car had gone to another mission.

Catechist Juliana Schmitt

The needs of the Missionary Catechists afford opportunities for Catholics of exercising their zeal and of fulfilling their solemn obligation to help spread the kingdom of God on earth. Without your generous financial help, the Catechists could not carry on their work for the salvation of the poor.



Enthusiastic readers, we depend almost entirely upon you for new subscribers to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Enlist a new subscriber, arouse his interest so that he becomes a READER, and you have given us an inestimable treasure—another genuine friend. Try this form of missionary work. Subscription rates are \$1 a year or \$25 for life.

You are hoping and praying that 1940 will be a happy and prosperous year for you and your loved ones. Draw down God's special blessings by your acts of charity. Send an offering to the Missionary Catechists now, at the very beginning of the new year. Charity to the Catechists who devote their lives to the poor, must be most pleasing to Our Dear Lord Who is so often called by the tender name of "Father of the Poor."

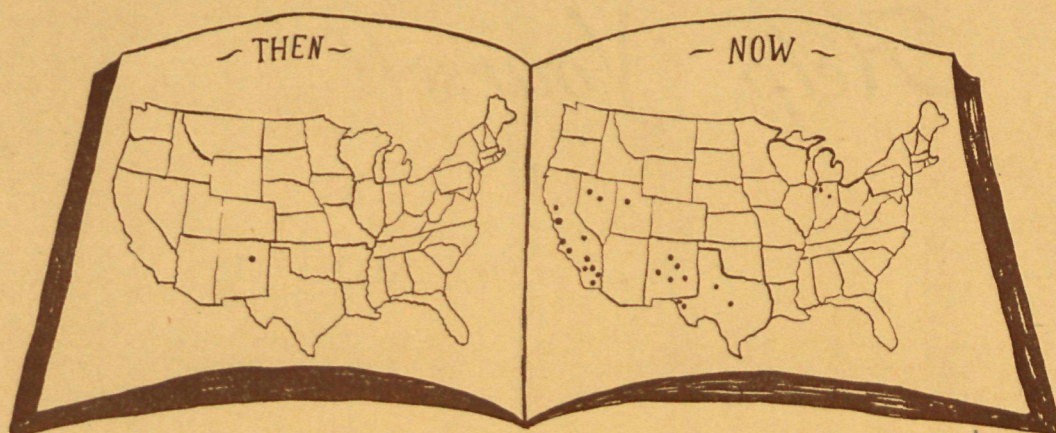
THE addresses of our mission-centers are:

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.
Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.
Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.
Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.
Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.
Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.
Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.
St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.
Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.
St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F. Street, Tulare, California.
Mount Carmel Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
Sacred Heart Mission, 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Mission, 2324 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 720 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.
Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 172, Winnemucca, Nevada.
Nazareth Mission, Anton Chico, New Mexico.
Souls in Purgatory Mission, Box 223, Cerrillos, New Mexico.
Our Lady Help of Christians Mission, Cleveland, New Mexico.
St. Colcetta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico.
Blessed de Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
Cristo Rey Mission, Box 154, El Paso, Texas.
St. Francis Xavier Mission, 3816 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.
Holy Family Mission, Box 1317 Lubbock, Texas.
Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, San Angelo, Texas.
Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 524 West Fourth South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Gertrude U. Gallegos, Delia, New Mexico, sister of Catechist Monica Uli-barri.
Mrs. Winifred Kewin, Durand, Wisconsin; sister of Catechist Blanche Lawler.
Rev. Dennis Halpin, Dayton, Ohio.
James Fitzgerald, Pittsburgh, Penn.
Miss Bernadine Hartman, Fort Wayne, Ind.
James O'Halloran, Pittsburgh, Penn.
A. J. Scherer, Decatur, Ill.

May they rest in peace. Amen.



S EVENTEEN years ago two Missionary Catechists, valiantly confident in the Providence of God, opened the *first* Mission Convent of the Society of Missionary Catechists.

Today there are 148 Catechists actively engaged in missionary work.

Seventeen years ago the Society included in its ranks 3 members.

Today there are 182 professed members.

Seventeen years ago there was but *one* Mission Convent.

Today there are 25.

During the past seventeen years the Motherhouse and Novitiate has been established and the active missionary labors of the Society extended from New Mexico into Indiana, California, Texas, Nevada and Utah.

Seventeen years ago 100 children were enrolled in religion classes.

Today approximately 23,000 children are instructed.

Though these first seventeen years have been beset by difficulties at times so great as to seem insurmountable, they have been blessed with blessings no mind could have foreseen. And as we quietly reflect upon the beneficent Providence of an All-Wise God, we pause and think of YOU, YOU who have sacrificed your little pleasures, who have gladly spent your time and talents to help maintain our work. Without you what could we say of the past?

And without YOU what can we hope for in the future?

MAY THE INFANT JESUS BLESS YOU, EVERY ONE!

Help Yourself

and us

You are a good manager.

The new year finds you with cash on hand.

Make that cash work for you now and in eternity.

INVEST IN ONE OF OUR ANNUITIES

You will receive interest regularly during your life.

Your money will go on working for God after your death.

Now is the time for action!

Merit for eternity must be gained during life.

Write for free booklet explaining our ANNUITY PLAN. Address:

Superior General
Victory-Noll
Huntington
Indiana