

Nov. 1938

The Missionary Catechist



Victory-Noll—Toward the Close of a November Day.

November

1938

Camera Close-Ups



From eight to eighty! Neither age, nationality, nor creed is a barrier to the religious and social service activities of the Catechists.



Catechist Loretta Bergerie with some Portuguese children.



In the fall and spring many of the Victory-Noll Catechists have an opportunity to work in the garden.

The Leper Priest of Molokai

Kathleen Norris

THE Leper Priest of Molokai was baptized Joseph de Veuster but he is best known as Father Damien, the name he took when he joined the Order of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. A Belgian by birth, he attended the seminary at Louvain with his elder brother who planned to do missionary work in the South Sea Islands.

However, God willed otherwise, and when this elder brother became seriously ill, Joseph decided to take his place and become a foreign missionary.

Shortly after being ordained, he was sent to Hawaii in 1864 where he worked for nearly ten years before he volunteered to go to the leper colony at Molokai which at that time was in a most lamentable condition.

Sanitation was almost unknown and the lepers lived in filthy huts which did not even afford sufficient shelter against the driving winds that are so prevalent in the South Seas at certain times of the year.

Father Damien appealed to the civil authorities and the result was a fresh water supply piped directly to the leper colony. New cabins were built for the poor sufferers to live in, where they could at least live out their last miserable days in decent surroundings.

Until the arrival of this Catholic priest, virtually nothing was done to alleviate the shameful conditions and terrible sufferings of the lepers, and it was not to be wondered at, that the warm-hearted and affectionate Hawaiians often tried to conceal members of their family stricken with the dread disease, rather than send them to the colony to live and die in misery.

With the arrival of the young missionary, however, conditions slowly improved and before he died he had been mainly responsible for its change from a settlement of squalid huts to a thriving hamlet where the inhabitants dwelt peacefully and with some degree even of happiness in whitewashed cottages surrounded by

neat gardens in which, encouraged and assisted by Father Damien, they grew flowers. Near the sea stood the chapel which was built largely by donations sent by wealthy Europeans to aid in the work of bringing spiritual solace to the lepers.

Franciscan Sisters joined Father Damien to assist him in his work in the colony and so far, no case of any one of them contracting the disease has been reported. Chaulmoogra oil is now used to check the spread of the contagion.

Father Damien allowed no mirrors in the colony and no reference was ever made by him to any of the hideous physical distortions with which the inhabitants were afflicted. He organized a band to bring music to his flock although many of the players had some of their fingers eaten away by disease.

In 1884 Father Damien contracted leprosy but he continued his work with renewed zeal; henceforward he always began his sermons with the words, "We lepers. . ." He died in 1889 and the last gospel that he heard read (that of the second Sunday after Easter) contained the words, "I am the Good Shepherd. . . I lay down my life for my sheep."

On his deathbed he thanked God for the presence of the two priests who attended him and for the Sisters of Charity who were there to continue his good work. Before he fell into his last sleep he said, "If I have any credit with God, I will intercede for all in the Leproserie." After his death, all the hideous traces of leprosy left the body of Father Damien and he was buried, by his own request, under the tree where he had spent his first few nights at Molokai.

THE leper colony today occupies half of one of the Hawaiian Islands, and its inhabitants are separated from the farmers who live on the other side by tall cliffs. Hospitals, churches, and schools have been built and it is now the most famous leper colony in the world.

In 1936, Father Damien's body was removed with all honors to his native Belgium and the first steps toward the beatification of this holy soul are now being taken in Malines, near the Motherhouse of the religious order of which he was such a shining example.

Of Father Damien it may well be said, "Greater love hath no man than this. . . ."



Our Sunday Visitor Press

Father Damien just before he left for Molokai

The Missionary Catechist

VICTORY-NOLL, Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists.

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THE HOLY SOULS

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." It is our duty as members of the Church Militant to come to the aid of the souls in Purgatory. In Purgatory are they who have not yet done full penance for their mortal sins already forgiven, or who have died in a state of venial sin. Of themselves they have but one way to atone—the way of pain and suffering.

We who are still here upon earth can help them to shorten their stay in Purgatory by praying for them, by giving alms, by fasting, and by other good works. We can help them especially by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, receiving Holy Communion, and by having Masses offered for their deliverance.

The Church, ever solicitous for her suffering children, has set aside special Masses for special days. Besides the Mass on the day of burial, there is a Mass to be said on the third day after burial, another on the seventh day, another on the thirtieth day, and the anniversary Mass. These various Masses have been placed at the disposal of the faithful for the benefit of their departed relatives and friends, and yet how few there are who take advantage of them.

Knowing how forgetful and negligent we are, Holy Mother Church has designated the month of November as the month of the poor souls. We ought, then, never to grow weary of offering suffrages for them. And if we place into the hands of Our Blessed Mother the unlimited fruits of the Sacrifice of her Divine Son, and implore her to apply them for the relief of the suffering souls, our offering will be all the more efficacious. Mary reigns as Queen of Purgatory, and it is there she exercises her power and her mercy in a particular manner.

Remember that there are many souls in purgatory who have no one to pray for them; whose relatives and friends are not of the "household of the faith," or who have forgotten them.

Remember that we will be "poor souls" some day and will need the prayers and good works of those who are still upon earth. If we have not given, can we hope to receive?

OUR READERS SAY

Ladd, Illinois

Dear Catechists:

I just finished reading your last magazine. I love to read it and enjoy it so much, only it makes me feel bad because I cannot send you as much as I would like to. You are relieving so much suffering among the poor, both body and soul. May God increase your number and send you the means to carry on the good work. I hope this dollar will help a little.

Mrs. J. T.

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed is a check for two dollars and fifty cents to renew my subscription for three years to "The Missionary Catechist." The magazine is very interesting and the prayers for subscribers are greatly appreciated.

Sister M. L.

The Missionary Catechists are supported largely by voluntary donations from charitable persons. All contributors are benefactors of the Society and are privileged to share in the Masses, Holy Communion, prayers, and good works of the Catechists.

To all non-subscribers who contribute a dollar or more, we will send THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for one year. Please specify if you wish to receive the magazine.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed please find check for \$10, a thanksgiving offering to St. Joseph for favors received. I promised this to the poor if St. Joseph would help me and he certainly did—more than I should have had. Please return thanks to St. Joseph for me, too. I thank you for all past prayers and kindness.

N. C.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

Dear Catechists,

I am enclosing \$1.00 for your good work among God's poor. I am sorry I am unable to help further in this good cause. I am seventy-six years old and not able to work any more. I have been sick a good deal for the past few years and I am all alone. A relative sent me a little money last week and I will share some of it with God's poor, for He has been good to me.

Mrs. M. W.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

EACH OF THESE BURSSES WHEN COMPLETED WILL SUPPORT A CATECHIST IN PERPETUITY

Holy Rosary	\$5,508.14
Precious Blood No. 1	5,163.81
St. Francis of Assisi No. 1	5,000.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary No. 1	3,165.00
St. Margaret of Scotland	2,187.35
St. Anthony No. 2	2,051.55
St. Michael Archangel	1,730.80
Most Sacred Wounds	1,722.50
St. Mary Magdalene	1,669.18
The Holy Ghost No. 1	1,652.14
The Holy Face	1,555.64
Our Lady of Lourdes No. 2	1,175.35
Ecce Homo	1,099.50
Little Flower	1,081.35
Mary, Virgin Most Powerful	1,066.66
St. Benedict No. 2	1,010.61
St. Margaret Mary	1,010.24
Our Lady of Perpetual Help	
No. 2	990.00
Seven Dolours	941.85
Holy Family	932.87
Cor Jesu	737.80
Divine Indwelling	705.50
Blessed de Montfort	696.00
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Immaculate Heart of Mary No. 2	436.50
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St. Patrick No. 2	360.00
Eucharistic Heart of Jesus No. 1	325.75
Our Lady of LaSalette and of	
the Sacred Heart	323.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel No. 1	320.00
Our Lady of Mercy No. 1	260.40
Our Lady of the Holy Eucharist	252.86
St. Joseph No. 3	243.00
Immaculata	219.50
Our Blessed Lady of Victory	
No. 4	218.29
Sacred Hearts of Jesus and	
Mary	206.00
Seven Dolours of Our Blessed	
Mother	198.92
Blessed Sacrament No. 2	186.50
Mary, Seat of Wisdom	186.00
St. Benedict No. 1	180.00
Our Lady of Sorrows	160.17
Jesus, Mary, Joseph No. 2	154.49
Our Blessed Mother, Queen of	
All Saints	152.60
Holy Face, in honor of the Little	
Flower	150.37
Mother of Sorrows	140.50
Jesus Christ, King of Love	118.50
Infant of Prague	116.50

A Completed Burse Amounts to \$6,000

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Militant Catholic Action

David Goldstein

“WHAT has impressed you most about the Catholic Church since your conversion?” was the question asked during a Quiz Period that followed an outdoor address. My response was instantaneous. “The work of the Sisters”; for I assumed the inquiry to be about the human element in the Church.

Nothing delights me more, when speaking from the papal-colored broadcasting car of the Catholic Campaigners for Christ, than to tell the story of the wonderful work of our Catholic lillies of virtue. It is this love of the work done by Sisters that has caused me to read every issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST since Number I of Volume I was printed. Therein, month after month, I have read the simple, lovely story of the self-sacrificing work of the Missionary Catechists. They go forth, sometimes out in the open, with the teachings of Christ in their minds, and the love of Christ in their hearts, to bring back to Christ their fellow-humans who know not Christ, or have strayed away from Him. I call them campaigners for Christ, a designation given the work of carrying the message of Christ and His Church to the uninformed assembled in the open spaces of our country.

Why should I not love Sisters? They played a great part in bringing to me the gift of faith, a treasure beside which every other thing in the world is of little value. Some years ago I met a cultivated, educated, eloquent American woman named Mrs. Martha Moore Avery. Together we battled for three years within the ranks of the Reds, trying to get them to repudiate the irreligious, immoral and enslaving principles of Karl Marx, such as are seen applied today in the land of Communism under the dictatorship of the Socialist Nero Stalin. It was the lovely spirit of Catholics that caused Mrs. Avery, a Socialist, to send her daughter, Katherine, to be educated by Sisters. Among them she found peace of soul; through them she found the Mystical Body of Christ; by their guidance she became Sister St. Mary Martha C. N. D. It was the prayers, life, and

work of this Sister that brought her mother, Mrs. Avery, to the Church; and it was their prayers and example that brought the grace from God that led me to the baptismal font of the One True Church where real happiness ever abides.

It was the convert, Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, who inspired the work of lay speakers carrying the Catholic message to the man in the street. She and I inaugurated it on historic Boston Common on Independence Day twenty-one years ago. Since her death, in 1929, I and my assistant have been demonstrating the timeliness and practicability of meeting the American populace out in the open spaces of our country with the story of Christ, His Church, and the sacramental means of successfully bearing our crosses through life's journey to the eternal home that awaits every one who knows, loves and serves the Lord-God.

Thanks to Cardinal O'Connell, Bishop Noll, and sixty-three other bishops, the Catholic Campaigners for Christ have been privileged to speak from their lecture car to outdoor audiences in thirty-one states thus far. People of all shades and grades of opinion, representatives of all classes and conditions in our kaleidoscopic life, have been gathered in the streets, squares and parks where they have, save on three occasions, listened courteously to what was said in behalf of the doctrines, history, culture, and practices of the Catholic Church. Besides, the work has been the forerunner of similar campaigns by priests as well as laymen in fifteen parts of our land.

Of course, there has been some opposition, though it manifests itself in questions rather than in violence, as every address is followed by a free-for-all question and answer period. “Is not one church as good as another?” is often asked. No, a man-made church can never be so good as a Christ-made Church. Then comes at times the offensive man: “Why do priests always travel around in Cadillacs and Packards?” The laugh can be turned on him by saying, “If you will keep a correct record of priests out riding, I am confident you will find more in Fords and Chevrolets than in expensive cars. Do you imagine that they

must ride on asses because Christ drove into Jerusalem on one? Priests have enough of a task taking care of the asses they meet without riding on one. They often use their cars to get some of those asses to stop, look and listen before their soul's assassination brings them eternal suffering.”

Then comes the man on many occasions who says, “The Bible says call no man father; then why do you call priests father?” He is politely, positively and good-naturedly shown to be a poor victim of the false principle of private interpretation of Scripture. Our Lord was speaking of the vain Pharisees who, filled with pride and conceit, went about to be called ‘master,’ ‘rabbi,’ ‘father,’ while they laid heavy burdens upon the people. ‘If no one is to be called father, then, pray, tell us what are you going to call your male parent? Pop? Dad? Boss? Old Man? Do you mean to say that when we Catholics call Washington the father of our country; Copernicus, the father of astronomy; Pasteur, the father of bacteriology; we are violating the command of Christ? That, you see, is simply absurd. Do you mean to say that Christ forbade in St. Matthew XXIII what He commanded in St. Matthew XV when He said three times honor your father and mother.’ We Catholics lovingly call our priests father and shall so continue. Priests devote their lives to us, their spiritual children. Through priests we are reborn into supernatural life; priests reconcile us with God when we fall into sin; priests feed us on the Bread of Angels without which Christ said we would not have spiritual life in us; priests anoint us with oil, as St. James commanded, when we are sick or dying; and ‘from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof,’ in the Sacrifice of the Mass, priests offer up to God for our salvation the ‘clean oblation’ we read about in the Bible.”

THIS work has overcome misunderstanding, created good will brought fallen-aways back to God. It has encouraged Atheists, Jews, Protestants and, in three instances, ministers, to enter the Church. It is the kind of work we can all take part in in some way. We cannot all be Missionary Catechists, nor can all of us be outdoor speakers; but we can become better Catholics by improving our knowledge of the Church and carrying that knowledge every day to our non-Catholic acquaintances. Therefore let us all do a Catholic-deed-a-day for the love of God and our fellowman.



"... terraced mud dwellings built fort-like around a central plaza."

TINY bonfires gleamed in the pueblo plaza, flickered and danced in the dusky light of evening. The snow tops of the Sangre de Cristo mountains loomed whitely against the grey sky of coming night. Little squares of windows glowed golden in the mud-brown walls of the adobe houses, reflecting fire-light and lamp-light in the white-walled rooms within. The great doors of the church were opened and the altar candles lighted up the painted faces of the wooden saints. Softly the church bell began to ring, softly at first, then louder, louder, clear and sweet it cut the stillness that wrapped the plaza, making a trail of sound through the thick hush of twilight.

The blue doors in the mud-brown houses were thrown open and women in bright shawls and white deerskin boots and men in bright blankets and brown deerskin moccasins walked quickly across the bare, clean swept plaza and into the church. Sounds of prayer trickled out into the night shadowed plaza, sounds of chanting and song. It was vesper hour at Tesuque. The eve of its saint's day was upon the pueblo. Tomorrow would be the twelfth of November, the feast of San Diego, and the Indians would celebrate the day of their patron saint.

Four hundred years ago the courageous conquistadores of Royal Spain marched into the wilderness of the American Southwest. Among their followers were those who paved the way for the light of Christianity to shed its rays on the red-skinned people who dwelt there in this wilderness.

The Tewa nation lay along the banks of the Rio Grande and consisted of about six settlements of communal, terraced mud dwellings, built fort-like around a central plaza. The people were a gentle folk living by the chase, by garnering wild plants, by growing corn. Nearest the Royal City of Santa Fe was the pueblo known as Tesuque, "Place-at-the-

cottonwood-trees." Father Cristoval de Salazar was the first priest there and he labored diligently at converting the Indians, supervising the women in their building of the thick-walled adobe church, and instructing the men in the way of their new-found faith.

On the day that the church was finished and Holy Mass was said in the shelter of its freshly white-washed walls Father Cristoval de Salazar gave his little congregation into the everlasting protection of San Diego, or Saint Didacus, as he is known among English-speaking people, whose feast day it was.

For more than fifty years these Indians gave almost daily devotion to their little saint. But finally the reins of Spanish government became too galling to the spirit of the free-blooded red men. They struck, and in their savage hatred they struck at the heart's blood of the Spaniard—his God. At Tesuque, under the little saint's sorrowing eyes, the first Spanish martyr, Father Pio, shed his blood to cleanse the sins of Spanish tyranny.

But that was long ago. More than two centuries have gone by since the Pueblo rebellion—more than two centuries of almost daily devotion of the Tesuque Indians to their little patron, San Diego.

Every year in early November the wooden image of the saint is taken from its niche above the altar, washed tenderly and dressed in new, bright petticoats underneath the frayed, old, brown Franciscan gown. A new bouquet of tiny paper flowers is put in his little wooden hands. New deerskin moccasins are made to fit his little wooden feet. And all the small ones in Tesuque are told the story of the patron saint of the pueblo under-the-cottonwood-trees.

Fully six weeks before November twelfth, each year, the Tesuques begin preparation for their feast day. Wheat is threshed by the running horses in the threshing ring, washed and winnowed

and ground into flour. Corn is husked and parched or ground on the stone metates into different colored corn meals. Beef is killed, butchered, and dried into strings of jerky. Chili is strung into scarlet festoons and hung on the vigas of the houses. Sour red plums and fat yellow apricots are dried in great piles of purple and gold. Beans are beaten out of their green blanket pods. Squashes and melons are brought in by the blanket loads on the backs of the old men from the fields and gardens. Onions and herbs are tied into branches and hung on the walls of the store rooms.

Then the houses are plastered by the hands of the women, earth brown on the outside, snow white on the inside, new layers of mud floors are smoothed and dried and polished with river stones. Fires are made in the out of door ovens and the plaza is filled with the clean, sweet smells of baking bread, dried apricot pies and fat, crumbly Indian cookies.

Blankets and shawls, buckskin and feather headdresses are hung in the sunshine of the plaza to air.

AT last all is ready. The bonfires in the plaza are lighted and the church bell rings. The people hurry from their houses and the wooden image of the little saint is carried in the procession around the pueblo. Guns are fired; the people sing. It is the eve of the Fiesta de San Diego.

All night visitors come into the pueblo. Mexicans in wagons, visiting Indians on horseback, white men in cars.

The old medicine woman from the Mexican town of Rio Tesuque brings her little Santo Nino to visit Diego at his party. All day the wooden Santo Nino stands on the gayly decorated table with the wooden San Diego before the open church door to share in the honors of the feast day. These images are not idols, but they are deeply loved because of their tradition, their great age and of the holy ones whom they represent.

Before dawn on the morning of the twelfth of November the feast day is in full swing. Visitors feed their horses at the pueblo corrals and go from house to house drinking cups of scalding coffee and eating with enjoyment bowls of chili stew and bread. Everyone must be welcomed and fed. Neither friend, stranger, nor enemy is allowed to go away from Tesuque on Feast Day hungry or empty handed.

The Padre comes out from Santa Fe to say Mass in the old adobe church. After

Continued on page 7

For Your Bookshelf

BISHOP CHALLONER by Michael Trappes-Lomax; Longmans, Green and Co., New York; \$3

Bishop Challoner was born in 1691 and died in 1781. He is the greatest figure in that period of English Catholicism between the last martyrdom and the restoration of the hierarchy. Mr. Trappes-Lomax has written a biography, based on Dr. Edwin Burton's "Life," that is as scholarly as it is interesting. Its careful index makes it valuable to the student.

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND by David Mathew; Longmans, Green and Co., New York; \$2.50

Here is another outstanding book published by Longmans. Intended for the general reader and therefore written in a vivid style, the book covers the history of English Catholicism from 1535 to 1935. What Shane Leslie says of it is worth repeating here, for it sums up its merits admirably: "It is obvious that Dr. Mathew has written the most quotable book of recent Catholic Literature."

THE RIGHT REVEREND DOM M. EDMOND OBRECHT, O. C. S. O., by a Trappist Monk; Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, Kentucky; \$1.70

This is the life story of the fourth Abbot of Our Lady of Gethsemani, the Trappist Abbey in Kentucky. Dom Edmond's was a long and useful career. His superiors, recognizing his administrative ability, sent him on difficult missions to various parts of the world. His travels took him to strange lands and were a means of his making a host of friends. The book contains twelve illustrations of the late Abbot and his Monastery.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN FRANCE by Henri Bremond, Vol. III *The Triumph of Mysticism*; The Macmillan Company, New York; \$5.75

This volume covers that period of religious history beginning with Cardinal Berulle and extending throughout the seventeenth century. It was Berulle whose doctrine of spirituality definitely influenced the entire period. Among his most celebrated followers—some of them contemporaries—were St. Vincent de Paul, St. John Eudes, Charles de Condren, and M. Olier.

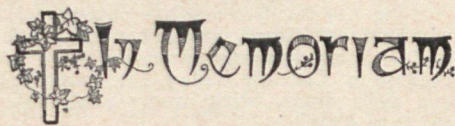
Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee. 300 days Indulgence.



THANKSGIVING DAY is the day set apart to give thanks to Almighty God for His favors. Every day should be a day of thanksgiving for us, for we can never begin to be grateful enough for all the benefits we have received. And the more we realize our dependence upon God, the more humble and the more thankful we shall be.

We Missionary Catechists have reason indeed to thank God and our dear Blessed Lady of Victory for the blessings that have never been denied us. During the past year new subscribers have been added to the list of those who receive *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*. Old subscribers have faithfully renewed their subscription. New Bands of the Associate Catechists of Mary have been formed, and the old Bands have continued their zealous work for the support of our Catechists. All these have contributed to comfort us in our labors.

Blessed are the hands that share their portion with the needy. Mercy they have shown and mercy they will receive. God will not forget them, nor will they be forgotten by us and by our poor who are the recipients of their bounty.



Helen Rauschenbach, La Porte, Indiana, sister
of Catechist Agnes Rauschenbach
Rev. George DeVloo, Sapella, New Mexico
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Mrs. Anna V. Austin, Brattleboro, Vt.
Cora M. Ernst, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Gottsacker, Sheboygan, Wis.
Mrs. Cora C. Moran, Detroit
Celestine Schaller, A. C. M., Hastings, Minn.
Mrs. F. Staak, Carroll, Iowa
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Frank Dunning, Chicago
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Mary R. O'Laughlin, Pittsfield, Mass.
Mr. Rogan, Chicago.
Edward Rutterer
Jennie Schadell, Cincinnati

Grant the faithful light and rest.
Lord of mercy, Jesus blest.
—Dies Irae.

INTRODUCING TO YOU

EVERYONE has heard of David Goldstein, convert from Judaism and Socialism, and Director of "Catholic Campaigners for Christ," those zealous lay apostles who are instrumental in dispelling prejudice and leading many sincere non-Catholics into the fold of the one, true Church. Mr. Goldstein has long been a friend of our Society, and although his time is occupied with a multitude of tasks, he was kind enough to favor us with a very interesting account of some of his experiences.

Anna Nolan Clark, author of the colorful and descriptive article of an Indian Fiesta appearing in this issue of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*, is a writer of distinction. Her stories and articles appear regularly in "New Mexico" and other popular publications.

The interesting sketch of Father Damien marks the debut of one of our well-known writers, Kathleen B. Norris, to the pages of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*.

That trait of the old time cowboy not often considered—his inherent sentimentality—is graphically portrayed in "The American Minstrel," by Clyde Kluckhohn. This was originally written to form part of his book "Beyond the Rainbow," but lack of space precluded its publication. Mr. Kluckhohn is at present a member of the faculty at Harvard University.

More than ninety colored women attend Catechist Kowalewski's sewing classes at Gary. The majority of them are non-Catholics or recent converts. Attendance at sewing class is in many cases their first step toward conversion, although they do not realize it. They come to sew, meet the Catechists, make inquiries about our holy religion, and then ask to be instructed. Catechist gives us an insight into the character of some of her "pupils" in her article, "Pounders Make Good Neighbors."

FIESTA AT TESUQUE

Continued from page 4

Mass there is given some ancient Indian dance ceremonial before the open church door where the little Diego may see it and be pleased.

The chanting of the chorus of singers, the beat of the drum, rattle of gourd and the rhythmic pounding of feet somehow seem to tie the earth and earthy things, the spirit and spiritual things with a bond of brotherhood divine in its unity. Indians have such a sincere way of recognizing all God's handiwork as the handiwork of God.

And so the day goes on with feasting behind the blue doors of the houses, with pagan drama before the door of the church, and all to honor the little saint given to them by their Christian conquerors—the little San Diego, Patron of the Tesuques.



They still use the covered wagon out West. Read Catechist Haggerty's article

THE COVERED WAGON

One rainy morning I happened to glance out the chapel window, and was somewhat surprised to see a large covered wagon, drawn by horses, slowly come to a stop in front of our little chapel. As there was no other way to get to Mass in the rain, these good people used this rather novel means of transportation to attend Mass for their dear departed.

They all went to confession and when the mother's turn came, she laid her baby at the foot of Our Blessed Mother's altar. The little one remained there contentedly kicking its tiny legs until the father came out.

We have been encouraging the people here to enthrone the Sacred Heart in their homes. Their response has been very edifying, and Father has officiated at quite a number of enthronements.

Catechist Gertrude Haggerty
Anton Chico, New Mexico

A LESSON WELL LEARNED

In one of our classes for large Mexican boys, the question was asked: "Why did Jesus Christ come and live on this earth?" The answer came from the smallest boy, eleven years old. "To teach us how to suffer." The words were so unexpected that I could not help but wonder what this boy's story was.

He wore no shoes and his feet were caked with mud. It was cold too, for I had on my sweater and cape and still felt chilly. His clothing consisted of a thin shirt and an old ragged pair of overalls.

After class we visited his home and found that they had scarcely anything to eat, hardly any wood, and no blankets to sleep under at night. Seeing conditions, we did not wonder that the boy answered as he did, and we thought too, that he had surely learned his lesson well.

Catechist Effie McConnell

AT THE "ELEVENTH HOUR"!

We visit and instruct many of the patients at the T. B. Hospital in San Bernardino every Sunday afternoon. One of the patients became very much interested in our holy religion, and I instructed him for baptism. One Sunday the nurse told me he could not live much longer, so Father baptized him the next morning.

Those in the hospital could not understand how baptism could give such consolation, peace and happiness. The man was over fifty years of age, had never been baptized, and had had a great fear of death. After baptism he peacefully awaited death, saying that he was going to Heaven, to meet a good God, a merciful Judge, and His Blessed Mother. His dying wish was that we would pray for him and mark his grave with a wooden cross to show that he was a Catholic. In return he promised to pray for the Catechists and their work.

After his baptism another patient asked for instructions, and since his death still another has expressed the wish to become a Catholic. May his beautiful and holy death bring many souls into the true Fold!

Catechist Catherine Larsen
Redlands, California



Catechist Quinn and Catechist Wade look out over the field in California.

LIVING IN A DUG-OUT

One day we Missionary Catechists received a message that a woman was very sick in one of the poorest sections of the city, and had requested our services. Having secured the name, and location, we set out to see her. It was with some difficulty that we found the lady,—and small wonder for who would expect a family to be living in a dug-out? We stepped down about a foot, on entering the low door-way, and found the floor to consist of nothing other than the bare earth. In the dimly lighted room (there was only one) we could see the mother wrapped in dirty comforters and lying on an old iron bed, from which the enamel had been almost entirely peeled off. Beside her was a four-months-old baby, and at the foot of the bed was another small child about two years old. We understood there was a third child of five years, but it evidently was at the home of a neighbor. The husband, who had been out of work for a month, stood by helplessly, occasionally poking at the fire in the wee, one-lid monkey stove. A small pile of fuel was nearby. Sometimes, on very cold days, they told us, there was no pile at all, and the family suffered extremely. In the center of the room was a prop, to keep the roof from coming down upon them, for it was in bad repair. A small table, a trunk, and a plough in the corner of the room, completed the furnishings. One of the Catechists of our band made the mother an egg-nog. She asked for a glass, but the family didn't own one. A tin-cup was utilized instead. Catechist Sullivan drew out an egg, some milk and sugar from her small kit, and started to beat the egg, separating the yolk and white of egg, first. The two-year-old girl who had watched the proceedings, soon forgot her fears, and with large, wondering eyes, watched the egg develop into a white

Our Catechists at Work

foamy mass. When the egg-nog had been completed, and given to the mother, Catechist found that a portion of the beaten white remained, and she fed it to the little girl with a spoon. She opened her mouth wide, like a little bird, evidently relishing to the full, this food which was such a treat for her.

Shortly afterward God was pleased to release the mother from such miserable and abject surroundings, through death. It remained for us to find a home for the three little waifs, who were now motherless.

Catechist Blanche Richardson
Las Vegas, New Mexico

WHO WANTS TO TAKE PART IN OUR BAZAAR?

When we returned to our mission at Santa Paula this year, we found our people preparing to leave for the various nut groves to pick English walnuts. The children, too, do this work and so our class enrollment will not be so large until the walnut season is over. We would like to take advantage of the comparative "lull" and use the time to work up a church bazaar to be held at the close of the season.

We could accomplish a great deal of good, for it would be a means of bringing our young girls together to sew and prepare articles for the bazaar, and thus it would teach them to do their share in helping their church. We hope that the results of the bazaar will enable our pastor to meet some of the expenses connected with his work among our poor people in the fruit camps. To make this affair a success we should like to have sewing materials of all kinds, novelties, used toys, religious articles, clothing, etc. Will you help us?

Catechist Madelon LoRang
Santa Paula, California



Fiesta Day at San Pablo, New Mexico. Until a few years ago the people at San Pablo and other small villages had Mass but twice a year—during Lent and on the patronal feast day. Now most of them have it once a month, on a week day.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The Little Flower of Jesus was so humble and truthful that she was not moved by the opinion of men. She was neither elated by praise nor disheartened by humiliation and contempt. But, we believe that she was at least much amused by being mistaken for a Missionary Catechist.

It was the week before First Communion, and Father Regis was giving a short instruction after Mass every morning. One morning he called the attention of the little ones to a statue of Our Blessed Mother, and spoke earnestly of the love and devotion we should all have for her.

Then pointing to a statue of the Little Flower which stood on the opposite side of the church, he said: "Who can tell me what saint this is?"

"Catechist, Catechist," a dozen voices chorused without a moment's hesitation.

With a twinkle in his eye and a humorous smile Father explained. "I don't mean to say the Catechists aren't saints, but they aren't in Heaven yet so we can't call them saints."

Then with a mischievous grin he added, "but we have four Catechists here. Which one of the four can this be?"

My name being short and easy to remember, it was the first to come to their minds. Father had the "laugh" on me.

Poor Saint Therese! But she is so humble that she did not take offense. When I looked at her, she smiled back an indulgent smile for we are great friends and my burse is named in her honor.

Catechist Cordelia Bahl
Cerrillos, New Mexico

Spanish is, after English, the language of the Western Hemisphere. The peoples of eighteen of the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere speak Spanish. In New Mexico at least fifty percent of our fellow-American citizens speak Spanish as their native tongue.



Among our poor people at El Paso even water is a luxury. There are only three places in the entire settlement where they get their water. Sometimes the children are obliged to carry pails of water for a distance of a mile and a half. The little brick house in the background in this picture is our home at Cristo Rey Mission.

FOR JESUS AND MARY

One afternoon we visited one of our Italian families. During the course of the conversation we explained to the father the necessity of instilling a great love for God into the hearts of children, as they can learn evil things early in life.

The father smilingly assured us that we had instilled the love of God into his children's hearts, and then went on to tell us the following little incident that had taken place the day before.

Leonette, his little six-year-old daughter, without being told, got a pail of water and began to scrub the baseboards in the kitchen, singing all the while the little hymns we had taught her in catechism class. Her big brother Dominic, age seven and a half, was filled with the same spirit. The two of them worked industriously, the music of the simple hymns filling the room.

Finally Leonette put down her scrub brush, and went into the next room where her father was sitting. She looked at him and asked, "Daddy, do you know who we are doing our work for?" The father answered quite proudly, "Why, yes Leonette, for Daddy." Leonette shook her head and said, "No, Daddy, we are doing it for Jesus and Mary."

Catechist Mary Mascari
Monterey, California

"I'll Bet You a Hat....."

Elizabeth Longman

"TOMMY, come back and kiss me goodbye," called Ellen Linton to her ten-year-old son. "And are you sure you have your homework with you?" she asked as she stooped to receive a hasty brush on the cheek from the eager lips of a lively school boy.

"Oh sure, Mom, and I've got my handkerchief, too, right here in my back pocket. So long!" and a door banged noisily on his retreating figure.

Ellen Linton now felt ready to begin her day's work. Mary Jane had left early, with her father, now that she was a freshman in high school. With Tommy off, the house was quiet, expectant of the efficient strokes and attentions of an orderly housewife.

For Mrs. Linton took pride in the smoothness with which she ran her household. She did all her own work, planned her meals with a sense of economy as well as nutrition, and still had enough time to play with her family and to act as Secretary to the St. Stephen's PTA council. To be sure, she was always very tired after washing and ironing days and, although some of her friends hired part of their work done, Ellen felt that the extra effort on her part would enable her to give her children more advantages as they grew older.

Today she expected to finish her fall housecleaning. She opened the door to the large closet in the dining room and began to sort out boxes and straighten shelves, singing rather loudly and a bit off key.

"I KNOW you're home because I hear you," broke in the cheerful voice of Mrs. Allard as she entered the house. Mrs. Allard, mother of six, the youngest nearly out of high school, had a rugged, zealous personality that made her a tireless church worker and a friendly, generous, open-hearted neighbor. Her quick eye noticed the box of baby clothes Ellen had just opened.

"Oh Ellen, those were Tommy's, I presume. They're just the things I need for my mission box. And so many of them—!"

Ellen drew back instinctively. "But I couldn't. Not Tommy's baby things. I've kept them all these years. I love them. I couldn't bear to part with them."

Mrs. Allard looked at her levelly. "Could you bear to know that some poor mother's heart is breaking because she has no decent clothing for her baby, while these things of Tommy's are lying



here in lavender, doing no good but feeding your foolish sentiment?"

Ellen was somewhat shocked. "Where would you send them?" she asked, falteringly.

"To the Missionary Catechists in New Mexico," and Mrs. Allard was in her element, describing the work of the Catechists and explaining the ways her club rendered help to them. Every month they made up a check of \$10 for the support of their Catechist. "It's the most important," Mrs. Allard explained, "because unless we help to take care of Catechist in the first place she wouldn't be in the mission to do the work there." Every spring they had a raffle, and every fall a special party for her benefit. "It varies the work, and it's easier on our friends." Then there was the sewing, the gathering of clothing and religious articles, the making up of mission boxes. It sounded interesting, Ellen had to admit. "But what do you get out of it?" she was half-annoyed at her rising feeling of interest. "You give everything, and get nothing."

Mrs. Allard looked at her keenly. "It's many a blessing has come in to our home through the prayers of the Catechists," she said slowly. "We give, yes—and I don't mind telling you, Ellen, that sometimes I give till it hurts. I'm fairly worn out after a rush to get our box out on time for Christmas, or a summer school, or this and that. But if these Catechists are willing, for the sake of Christ, to leave their comfortable homes, their friends and relatives, and work among people from whom they can expect no earthly return, can't we be willing to help make their task just a little easier by giving them the necessary things with which to work? To see that they have bread and butter while they are teaching and helping the poor? If your girl were a Catechist, wouldn't it be

consoling to know that persons besides yourself were giving her kindly assistance in her work? Suppose it were Tommy so undernourished and ragged and cold. . . and you needed help for him? You'd be surprised at all that we get out of it, Ellen. . . the joy, the happiness, and best of all, the prayers of our Catechists."

AFTER Mrs. Allard had left, Ellen sat thinking, still feeling a little shocked at the selfish fiber in her character which Mrs. Allard had exposed so clearly. She thought also of Mrs. Allard, with her large family, not all of them home now of course, but still one would think she would be content to enjoy some leisure, to play more bridge, to go about more socially. Instead she worked constantly for the missions and missionaries, helped those who were ill, and was a friend to all. And to think that Ellen had said she was too busy when Mrs. Allard had asked her to join one of her mission bands!

Her thoughts returned to herself and her friends. What were they doing for anyone? She thought of the hours she had spent playing bridge. "Well, am I not entitled to some recreation?" she asked herself. "And by the time I do that I don't have much time left. Still, I wonder—" Suddenly an idea struck her and she started visibly from the blow. "Why couldn't we combine the two? Each of us in the club could contribute something at each meeting, we could gather up a few things among our friends to send to the missions!"

Doubt of her own ability to put the idea across to her friends now assailed her. How would they react to it? They knew nothing of the Catechists. Nevertheless, she determined to try.

The next day during a temporary lull between hands, Ellen swallowed thickly, drew a deep breath, and proposed her plan to the other women. Margaret Adams approved heartily at once. Several women seemed a little reluctant. But then others warmed to the proposal and in a way beyond her greatest hopes the bridge club had changed its status to a mission band.

ELLEN found herself the guiding spirit of the work, and loving it.

Help came to her from unexpected sources. On the other hand, some of those from whom she had expected the most, had failed her completely.

One morning she turned away from the phone rather sick at heart because

Continued on page 11

Mary's Loyal Helpers

Dear Catechist Supervisor,



TO OUR LOYAL HELPERS

Johnny's wishing, Susie's wishing, and we are wishing too—

A jolly, glad Thanksgiving Day to every one of you!
The Catechists

Over the Top!

I am saving my pennies to help the more unfortunate than I because some day in the near future I hope to become a real Catechist. Till then I want to do all I can by prayer and sacrifice. My mite box is filling up gradually. I will be so happy to send the contents as soon as it will be filled to the top.

Rita Bonaventura
Central Fall, Rhode Island

Their Birthday Gift

This being the birthday of Our Blessed Mother, we thought it would be appropriate to send in our enrollment to Mary's Loyal Helpers. The four of us, Anna, Theresa, Monica and Francis would again like to be enrolled. Thanks for putting our names in "The Mary Light." We all enjoy it very much as it seems to be just for us.

The Manternach Children
Cascade, Iowa

Last spring Catechist Madelon LoRang was at the Rey Mission, El Paso, and she sent us this picture for you, Helpers. Catechist told us:

"A common sight after school is the man with the candy wagon, and the children surrounding the wagon eager to see what they can buy with the penny given them on pay-day."

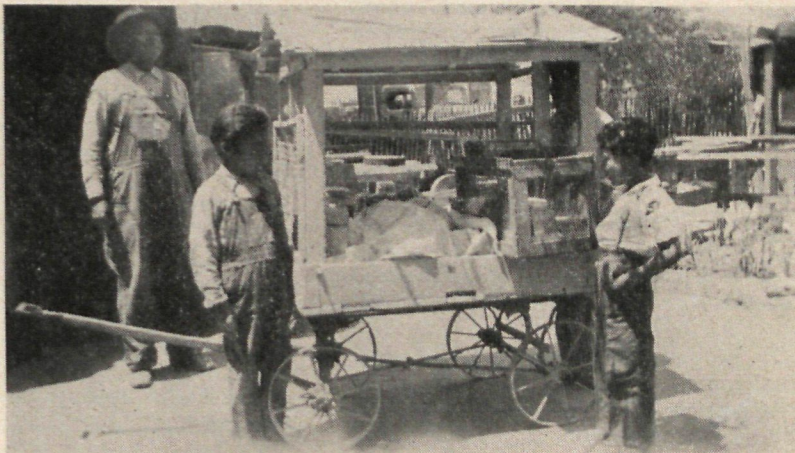
Does YOUR candy store look like this?

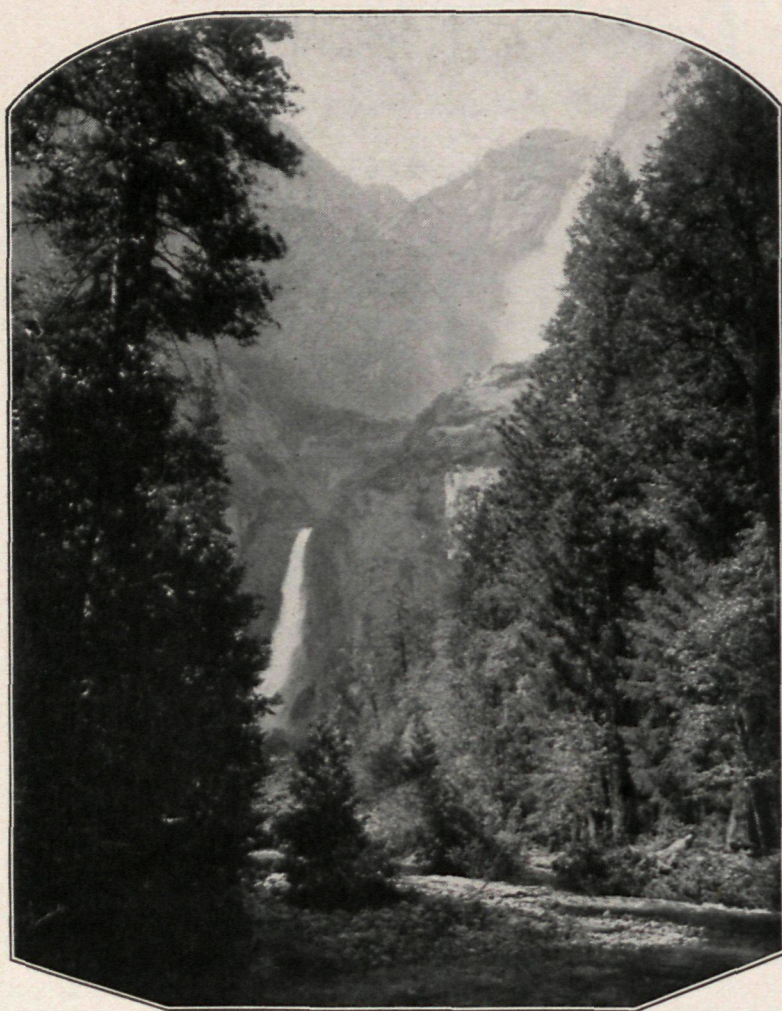
Here is a little news which we know you will be glad to hear. We do wish you could see the fine toys which some of our boys have made to go to the missions in November. They came out and stayed all day, and what a work-shop we fixed up on the front veranda. They brought some tacks, nice strips of wood, two hammers and a saw. Then we brought out pliers, five more saws, a vice and rule. So we sawed and tacked and measured, and when evening came there was a nice amount of toys. Seventeen finished sets. Later a boy who is a chum of the others made three airplanes. Our boys made three wheel barrows, four chairs, a bed and chair, some boats and tug-boats, an automobile, and other things. They are all painted now and most of them are the equal of any bought in stores.

Before the boys came we had a mission party or pot luck dinner at the hall. We gave out about forty-five invitations. We all had a fine time. We will have a party among the children this fall. Our Blessed Mother will not desert us in a cause like this and we know she will keep on helping us.

Myrtle and Emily Brady
DeLand, Florida

And sometimes they say boys don't like to be Loyal Helpers! Doesn't this *show* you how splendid it is to have them help! Good for you, boys of DeLand. We've always been proud of our DeLand Band, and now we are prouder still. Keep up your good work, boys and girls.





Beautiful Yosemite Falls, Yosemite National Park, California

TO JESUS THROUGH MARY

THERE are two axioms in the kingdom of God that do not fail: No penitent soul can perish, and no soul that loves God can be lost.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all things shall be added unto you."

"This is the will of God, thy sanctification."

Be convinced that your perseverance in the work of your sanctification is kept by your devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, the all-powerful and ever-compassionate Mother of Jesus Christ, and, thank God, our Mother as well.

To acquire and develop true devotion to Mary must therefore be your important work.

Renew your consecration to Mary daily and hourly.

As a means to true devotion, practice devotion to Mary's Chaste Spouse, the great St. Joseph.

Do not hurry in performing your spiritual exercises.

If possible have a fixed time for reciting your prayers; and if possible, recite at least some in the presence of the

Blessed Sacrament. If this is not possible, choose a secluded spot, as your room.

Prepare well for Holy Communion. Make a thanksgiving. These minutes are important if they are well used.

Consecrate yourself after Communion to Jesus Christ thirsting for love. Bring to Him your temptations, your predominant faults, and the virtues you wish to acquire.

Make an offering of yourself as often during the day as possible. Make this practice as well as your combat with your predominant fault the subject of your examination of conscience.

Make holy your ordinary actions.

Use spare time, that is, time left after the performance of prescribed work in (a) prayer, (b) spiritual reading, (c) study.

Be conscientious about newspapers, magazines, movies, novels, etc.

A little mortification at each meal, at least at times.

Do not get discouraged. Never quit. Distrust self. Trust in Jesus. Remember His thirst.

To Jesus Through Mary.

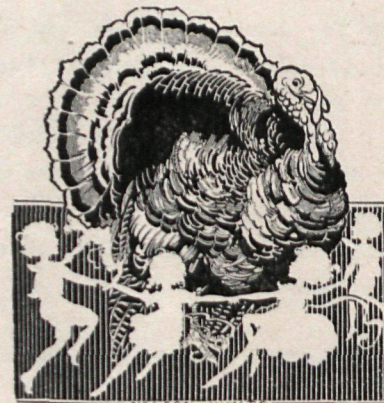
—Selected.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

The Addresses of Our Missions Are:

- 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California
- Box 1356, Brawley, California
- Box 336, Coachella, California
- Box 325, Los Banos, California
- 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California
- Box 46, Redlands, California
- 563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California
- 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California
- 120 South F Street, Tulare, California
- 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana
- 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana (This is our Indiana Harbor mission. The postoffice is in East Chicago.)
- 2324 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana
- Winnemucca, Nevada
- Anton Chico, New Mexico
- Box 223, Cerrillos, New Mexico
- Cleveland, New Mexico (This is our Holman mission. Mail is sent to Cleveland.)
- Grants, New Mexico
- 506 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico
- Lay Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Box 1546, West Las Vegas, New Mexico
- Box 154, El Paso, Texas (Cristo Rey Mission)
- 3816 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas (St. Francis Xavier Mission.)
- Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas
- 27 West Avenue N, San Angelo, Texas

The story is told of a Pittsburgh woman and her children who visited in New Mexico and enjoyed mountain-climbing in the sure-footed little burros. One day they had an opportunity to buy one of these "mountain canaries" for thirty-five cents and so they decided to ship it back home. The bill for sending it to Pennsylvania was \$168.



Associate Catechists of Mary

You are cordially invited!

Les Petites Fleures Band
(Lambda Pi Phi)

Annual Card and Bunco Party
A Benefit for The Missionary Catechists
at

The Parkway Hotel
2100 Lincoln Park W.

Friday Evening November 18, 1938

8 P. M.

Door Prizes Universal Table Prizes

Tickets 50c

WE intended to publicize in this column some of the good deeds of St. Sabina's Band, Chicago, and The Dolores Band, River Forest, but with apologies to them we are substituting an appeal received at the last minute and marked "An early publication of this appeal will be greatly appreciated." We know our good Bands won't mind, and we promise you a very interesting item about each one next month. . . .

SEWING, SEWING, SEWING

"Catechist, when are we going to sew again?" This is the question we hear most frequently after our sewing classes begin. Last year the Mexican women who attended class each made a "colcha," or as we would say, a quilt. Their work was beautiful.

The Girl Scouts had a very nice display at the close of the year; the older Scouts worked on the dressmaker's badge, while the younger scouts worked on the needlewoman's badge. Thus you see the great interest taken both by the older women and the girls in sewing.

Our sewing materials and supplies are about depleted and we can promise you that any materials new or old will be greatly appreciated.

Our new Community Hall has been built, and now it is our desire to help the members of our dear mission parish raise the funds necessary to defray expenses. It has been decided to have "jamaicas," that is, bazaars, to raise the money. Any articles that you may have and wish to send will be most welcome and we can assure you of the great happiness you will bring to our beloved poor.

Catechist Helen Beall
Box 1317
Lubbock, Texas

Thanksgiving

Thanks be to God for His own great goodness;

Thanks be to God that what is, is so;
Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty;

Thanks be to God when the barn is low;
Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty;

Thanks be to God when again they o'erflow.

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness;

Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow;

Thanks be to God for the shower and the sunshine;

Thanks be to God for all things that grow;

Thanks be to God for the lightning and tempest;

Thanks be to God for weal and for woe.
From an old Irish hymn.

IN MEMORIAM

Just a few days before the Feast of Our Blessed Mother's Assumption last August, we received news of the death of Miss Nora Hennigan of Chicago. For years Miss Hennigan had cooperated with her sister, Miss Katherine Hennigan, in promoting one of our most faithful groups in Chicago, The Charitina Club. She was filled with the spirit of true Christian charity, and we feel certain that her many good deeds preceded her to the Throne of God, to win for her a favorable judgment and a blessed reward. We tender our sincerest sympathy to her relatives and the members of her Band.

BAND CONTRIBUTIONS September

St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. J. McNamara	\$25.00
The Poor Souls' Band, Berwyn Illinois	15.00
St. Joseph Band, Elkhart, Indiana, Dorothy Stocker	12.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Chillicothe, Ohio, Mrs. N. M. Clifford	10.35
St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago, Mrs. Doyle	6.41
Little Flower Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Thos. Garrity	6.00
St. Valentine Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Raewolf	6.00
St. Patrick's Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Catherine Hahn	6.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Margaret Karas	5.75
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebraska, Mrs. K. Shields	5.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. Sauthier	4.00
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton Ky., Mrs. J. Kuhlman	3.00
Our Lady Queen of the Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	3.00
St. Conrad Mission Band, Cincinnati, Amy Ticman	2.00
St. Anne's Band, St. Joseph, Mich., Mrs. M. M. Wright	1.20
Y. L. S. of St. Boniface, Milwaukee, Eleonora Fischer	1.00

WE are very grateful to the Daughters of Isabella throughout the United States for a generous check toward the maintenance of our mission at Monterey, California. It was presented by Mrs. Minerva Boyd, National Regent, on the occasion of a recent visit to Victory-Noll, in the presence of a number of national, state, and local officers, and members from Indiana and Illinois.

Not only are we grateful for the generosity of our friends of the Daughters of Isabella, but it is a heartfelt encouragement to know that this organization of fine Catholic women is distinctly interested in our labors among God's neediest ones.

Though we go to press too early to have heard details of the Morrison Hotel party in Chicago, we have heard that it was again a success. We are happy over this and promise you details in our next issue.

"TLL BET YOU A HAT. . . ."

Continued from page 10

one of the members hadn't been very gracious about the proposed benefit party. She opened a letter that had just arrived from the mission where they had sent their first box. Her eyes alighted on the words: "We received your wonderful box of clothing. It came in time to give out for Christmas. One girl had been to the house twice a week to see if we could give her a pair of shoes. The black pair you sent just fit her. You should have seen her smile! . . . A dear mother in bed for over a year. How happy her children were to take her the nightgown and pink set. How pleased she was to see her children with new clothing! . . ." Ellen's heart lightened. It was worthwhile!

To their great amazement the work grew. By February so many women had asked to join that they decided to divide the old group into two.

"I'll bet you a hat that St. Margaret's Club will be ahead on the Burse fund by Easter!" Margaret Adams challenged Ellen, mischievously.

"I'll take that bet!" accepted Ellen with spirit. "John won't know what to make of it when he gets no Easter bill this year!"

As Ellen slid the muffin tins into the oven that evening her heart was warm within her. She had been going over in her mind what St. Joseph's Band had already accomplished. . . money to keep a Catechist in the field, two mission boxes full of clothing, religious articles, and medical supplies. And this was only the beginning, she knew. It was then that the thought came to her, "Suppose I had smothered that first generous impulse I felt after Mrs. Allard's little lecture. Suppose I were still selfishly cherishing Tommy's unused things. What would God have said to me when I must render an account of my life. I'm so thankful I listened!"

The American Minstrel

Clyde Kluckhohn

WHEN we were warm and dry, after a long ride through the rain-soaked forests of the Zuni Mountains of New Mexico, we three college boys and the cowboys who were our hosts, turned to music and song for entertainment. Grant took a guitar. The pitch snapping in the pine log flames and the rain joined in the accompaniment, as he gave us "The Brooklyn Theatre is Burning" and "When a Star Loved a Flower," songs which his grandparents had sung by a hundred campfires when they crossed the plains from the East. Then he and the other punchers began "Utah Carroll." The singing was in much the same manner as Grant's had been: a manner old-fashioned, earnest, at once simple and theatrical. But we felt ourselves in a different world. And as they went on into other songs, the whole world of the cowboy came close to us. We heard the sharp jerk of the trot and the cadence of the gallop; we felt the freshness of cold mornings, and the loneliness and suppressed excitement of night herding. Sometimes those hours were realistically described in the trot rhythm, sometimes in the romantic swing of the gallop. Though it never approached in forcefulness that sense of "man's mystical union with Nature" which one gets in the poetry of the Indians, there was much gentle sentimentality. The stars in particular have impressed themselves upon the cowboy's imagination. How could Western stars fail to?

"At night in the bright stars up yonder
Do the cowboys lie down to their rest
Do they gaze at this old world and wonder
If rough riders dash over its breast?
Do they list to the wolves in the canyons?
Do they watch the night owl in its flight?
With their horse their only companion
While guarding the herd through the night?"

And in the first verse of the well-loved
"Cowboy's Dream":

"Last night as I lay on the prairie
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet by and by."

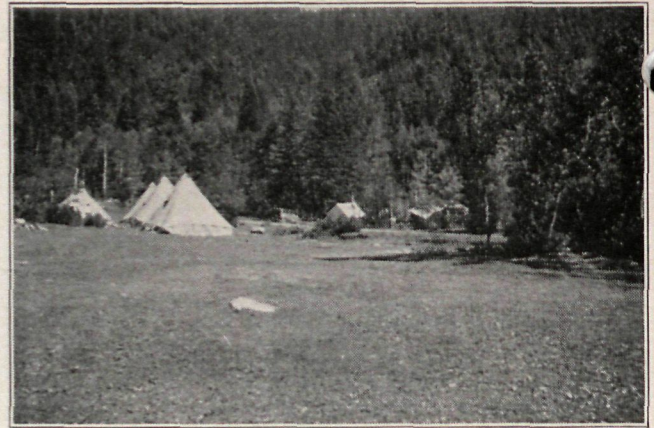


"... the whole world of the cowboy came close to us. We heard the sharp jerk of the trot and the cadence of the gallop."

The "Cowboy's Dream" is theoretically sung to the tune of "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean," but the music is transformed, given its own unmistakable cast by the tremolo, the falsetto, the swing of cowboy rendition. Indeed it might stand as the type of all cowboy melodies whatsoever, for the crudeness and roughness of cowboy existence, the burning glare and bitter cold of the days, the peace of the sunsets and the stillness of the nights have all entered into it. All cowboy songs, at least those that have a lilt to them, have this same unforgettable quality. It is said of them, as of Indian songs, "They all sound alike." And it is perfectly true—they sound alike, for they arose out of a life which has unity, and they reproduce its whole rhythm. The songs are all rich in metaphors drawn from daily life, and all the seasonal events are described: the long drive from the Texas breeding ground to Montana pastures, the drive to market followed by a few riotous days of freedom. But these ballads are almost the only means of emotional expression for the otherwise restrained and taciturn cowboy, and an amazing proportion of those sung most often and with most gusto are sadly sentimental.

Many cowboy songs are only doggerel, and many aren't even good doggerel. But when the direct virtues of the frontier—courage, sincerity, loyalty—are praised in a real story, simply told, then these songs have a fine vividness and a splendid robustness; they are real poetry. Crude, yes, but there is the vigor and almost the narrative skill, the sentiment, and occasionally fine imagery of the English and Scotch ballad. That is not indeed altogether surprising, for as Theodore Roosevelt points out: "There is something very curious in the reproduction here on this new continent of essentially the conditions of ballad-growth which obtained in medieval England; including, by the way, sympathy for the outlaw—Jesse James taking the place of Robin Hood."

Surely none of our literature is more genuinely American than our cowboy ballads. The cowboy minstrel with his guitar by the chuck-wagon campfire is our only troubadour, or minnesinger. And if the Garden of the Gods and Yosemite Valley and the Grand Canyon are



A welcome haven after a long ride through the rain-soaked forests of New Mexico!

our inspiring cathedrals; the westward pioneers, our crusaders; Fray Marcos de Niza, Father Escalante, and all the other militant Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits, our St. Augustines and St. Bernards; so surely the cowboy is our knight-at-arms. The American boy's Richard Coeur de Lion is the plainsman or the cowboy!

THE cynic will say that today the cowboy is more a Don Quixote. It is true that the zenith of the cowboy was the three decades after the Civil War and that already in 1910 it was said: "Gone is the buffalo, the Indian war-whoop, the free grass of the open plain . . . Save in some of the secluded valleys of New Mexico, the old-time round-up is no more." It is true that in 1938 there are more "drug-store cowboys," "irrigation cowboys," and that many of the "pure-D cowboys" who are left have been forced by economic pressure into the "dude game." Every year more homesteaders settle in, more fences are built, great ranges are broken up. Cowboys drive Fords and wear their boots only while irrigating their alfalfa. But the same tendency which once made us unduly romanticize the cowboy now makes us exaggerate his passing. The days of the Chisholm trail will never come again, but the open range is not quite gone.

There are still cowboys; but each year there are fewer. At best it is their Hellenistic Age. There are still a few of the Pericleans left, but they are mild old men now, and they seem not very happy in this new world. Each year their ranks are thinning; soon they will become as rare as Civil War veterans.

A colorful figure the cowboy has been, and much of the best color in American life goes with him. But he has left and will leave his stamp upon American character, especially Western character—a freshness, a generosity, a resiliency of mind, a certain lovely casualness.

"Pounders" Make Good Neighbors!

Catechist Mary Frances Kowalewski

UNTIL a few days ago I had never heard of the name "Pounders." There was a family of ten children who had just moved into Gary several months ago. The father, Mr. Clay, was unemployed, as are so many of our people. Since they have not resided in the city long enough to receive county aid, it was to their Heavenly Father that they whispered, "Give us this day our daily bread." Poor children!



They looked so starved, and all they could do was to look at you with their big brown eyes. Fortunately they had very charitable neighbors. To feed a family of ten growing bodies was a big thing. So the good neighbors organized a club, and the duty of each member was to buy a pound of some food. By this means they were able to support the family until county relief was obtained. How happy Mrs. Clay was when she opened the door and found a lovely box marked "from the Pounders Club." She knew that her Heavenly Father answered her prayers.

It happened that a little later we went to visit Mrs. Johnson—one of the members of this club. The door was not locked, so after knocking and receiving no response, we walked in. It was very cold in the house, and the only cheerful thing was the Christmas wreath hanging from the ceiling. We found Mrs. Johnson in bed which was unusual for her. "O Catechist," she said, "I'se so glad you-all came." I asked, "Are you sick?" "No, Catechist, I'se just been down to the relief office since five o'clock dis mawning and I'se so tired I just put me down a bit. You see our coal pile, just two pieces left. And I went down to see if we could get some mo', and then food too. I sends my little boy over to Grandma's for dinnah and to Auntie's for suppah; than I just eats what I can find."

Poor Mrs. Johnson—she was fasting even though she didn't know it. I realized after looking

on her bed, why she was so anxious to finish the quilt she was making in our sewing class. It was the only cover she had. I am sure very few people realize what we do with the little pieces they send us. It made me think of all the unfinished woolen quilts waiting for more pieces. After a friendly visit we left assuring her that we would do all we can to help her. After leaving I wrote down a few things that she could make in class—things that would make her poor home a little more cheerful.

Farther down the street lived Mrs. Brown. I remember the time she lingered after class and looked as if she had something on her mind. "Catechist," she began, "do you all have som'pen. You see our house burned down. I guess it was the ol' chimney; it jus' fell ovah. Everythin' jus' burned to the ground, and we don't have a stitch of anythin' left. I jus' wondah maybe you-all have som'pen. Jus' anythin' to start again. 'Cause I live with my neighba an' as soon as I fin' a house I'll move in with my chiluns." I happened to think of the things that came in a box yesterday so I told her to sit down and wait awhile. I came back with a few clothes, a mirror, some cooking utensils, and best of all material to make little things for the children. "Lawse me, that sho am wondaful!" she said, as she left with blinking eyes and a lump in her throat. After I closed the door behind her, a prayer went up to

Heaven for the people who sent us those things that she took home with her.

Next time she came to class she said, "Catechist, could you-all tell me mo' about your religion. I feel that you-all are right, and I want to be doin' right, and I want my chiluns to be walkin' right." More souls to give to Our Dear Lord.

In the next block we came to Mrs. Martin who had been ill for some time. After knocking we heard a welcome "Come in." "O Catechist, I jis was a-wishin' you-all would come. I knows you-all don't forget me." "What have you been doing all this time?" I asked. "Oh, you see, I'se been sewing. But you-all got mo' thread, I hain't been able to get some and I need some mo'. So I'se been lookin' and thinkin' while I'se been lying here. But befo' I'se jis' been embroidring to keep my mind busy." I thought of the few pieces of thread left in the box but promised that I would try to get some for her. Looking around the poor, dark room, one thing impressed me. Even though she was not a Catholic she had a crucifix in the place of honor on the wall. It had to be on the wall because there was just about enough room to stand in her little room. Before we left she said, "Sho' nuf I'se aimin' to be Catlic soon."

We came home from our visits and told Our Dear Lord all about their needs. We said the same prayer Mrs. Clay said. Our Father—give us this day—to give them.



"bye, Catechist! Come back agin'!"

*Prayer For "Our Own"
In Purgatory*

My dearest Jesus, Whose loving Heart was ever touched by the sorrows of others, look with compassion on the souls of our dear ones in Purgatory.



O Lord, Who "loved Your own," hear our cry for mercy, and grant that those whom You have called from our homes and hearths may soon enjoy everlasting rest in the Home of Your Love in Heaven. Amen.

How consoling it is when our dear ones leave us, to know that we are still united in love and prayer! We hope that Heaven is already theirs, but we pray fervently that if they have any little atonement to make in Purgatory, God's Mercy will accept our prayers and sacrifices on their behalf. It is a consolation to our aching hearts to pour forth our pleas to the loving, understanding Heart of Our Lord.

Still more consoling is the thought that many are joining us in our prayers for our dear ones. Still more consoling is the thought of Holy Masses offered for them, of Holy Communions in which they are tenderly remembered. And still more consoling is the thought that their memory is perpetuated in deeds of kindness and love.

These are the special consolations of membership in the Associate Catechists of Mary. During this month of the Holy Souls, enroll one dear to you, or even an unnamed Holy Soul, as a deceased member of our Associate Catechists of Mary. The alms given is small, yet it enables us to support a Catechist in her Christ-like work of teaching and caring for the poor. In turn, you have the consolation of knowing that your dear one has been adopted in a spiritual way, and will be perpetually remembered in the prayers, Holy Masses, and sacrifices of your Catechist, as well as in our community prayers and Masses.

Society of Missionary Catechists
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechists:

I am enclosing ten dollars to cover Perpetual Membership in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY, or \$.....
as first installment toward Perpetual Membership, for

I am enclosing twenty-five dollars to cover Family Perpetual Membership in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY, or \$.....
as first installment.

Name

Address

(Living as well as deceased members may be enrolled. In the case of Family Perpetual Membership, which includes the parents and children of any one family, the list of names must be sent with application.)