



*The*  
Missionary  
Catechist



# We Give Thee Thanks, O God!

NEVER has our nation had such great cause for rendering thanks to Almighty God for His love and protection, as this year of 1945, during which we have seen the end of the most terrible war in the history of the world. If the little band of Pilgrims, in the year 1621, rendered thanks to God for the harvest which they knew came from His hands, how much more we, who have received from the Divine Mercy not only the cessation of the terrible conflict, but the victory over our enemies?

HOW ungrateful we would be, individually, and as a nation, if we did not make use of this day to render thanks to the God of all Goodness, for His mercy, His love, and His protection, on our country and our people. We are favored as no other nation in the world. We do not have to rebuild a war-torn homeland; we are the richest, the most powerful country in the world. But from where have these favors come? From the hand of a most generous God. And shall we refuse to offer Him the gratitude of humble and sincere hearts?

"AND where are the nine?" We have perhaps often wondered why only one leper returned to give thanks to Christ. What a wonderful thing it must have been to be cured so easily from such a dread disease! It hardly seems possible that a human heart would not have leaped with gratitude toward the One who had shown such great mercy. Yet only one returned to give thanks. Nothing is harder for the human heart to accept than ingratitude. Most of us have felt it at some time or other during our lifetime, and we know the sorrow and suffering it causes. Shall we be one of the nine?

NO, DEAR God, we shall not disappoint You. By our lives, we shall show forth the gratitude which burns in our hearts because of Your great mercy toward us. On Thanksgiving day we shall render to You our heartfelt gratitude for the cessation of this terrible war, and for Your Divine protection on our country. And not only on Thanksgiving day, but every day in the year, we shall unite with Christ in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in offering You the one, supreme act of Thanksgiving possible to us. Then throughout each day, in union with Christ, we shall offer You each thought, word, and action of our lives, in gratitude for Your favors and in petition for Your protection on ourselves, our loved ones, and our fellow countrymen.

"O GIVE thanks to the Lord, because He is good; because His mercy endureth for ever and ever." (*Daniel III, 89.*)



# *The Missionary Catechist*

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*Have pity on me,  
at least you my friends*

EVERYWHERE Americans are noted for their generosity. According to Father Mateo, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, it is one of the greatest virtues of the American people. And if it is a great virtue of the American people in general, it is particularly so of our Catholic fellow men.

DURING World War II, thousands of our American youth made the supreme sacrifice on the battlefields of the world that our American way of life might continue. As we enter the month of November, set aside by Holy Mother Church for devotion to the Poor Souls, can we prove our gratitude to our fighting men better than by generously remembering the souls of those who died that we might live, and who may still be paying the price of human frailty in purgatory's prison?

"HAVE pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." (*Job XIX, 21.*) Shall we let their cry go unheeded? Who are the friends upon whom these poor souls call, if not each and everyone of their countrymen for whom they laid down their lives? "Greater love than this no one has, that one lay down his life for his friends." (*John XV, 13.*)

LET US not be ungrateful. Let us prove our claim to that generosity for which we are noted. How? The best way is, of course, to have as many Masses as possible offered for the repose of the souls of those who have died in battle. Then, let us give them a remembrance in our daily Masses, in our work, our prayers and sacrifices, so that they may enter as soon as possible into the joys of eternal bliss. Thus shall we heed their cry, thus shall we prove our gratitude and our claim to the great American virtue—GENEROSITY.

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Air view of Monterey Sardine Fleet, looking toward breakwater—U.S. Navy photo from patrol blimp. Courtesy Monterey Herald.

## A Triptych

by Catechist M. Hazel Sullivan

MONTEREY is a city of history and romance.

It was on June 3, 1770, that the city was taken in the name of Spain, and her flag triumphantly raised. As a visitor wanders through the town, the conquests of Spain and Mexico, and the final triumph of Old Glory in this mythical City of Gold, are unveiled before his eyes, in the old adobe buildings left standing as a silent monument of those early days. As one looks upon these aged landmarks, it is not hard to visualize gay caballeros, dark-eyed señoritas, or even imagine that one catches the faint strum of an old guitar.

MONTEREY is still a city of interest, and its history making continues. But now it is not because of the conquests of different coun-

tries for this famed city of riches and splendor, but because of its fishing industry—one of the largest in the world. The fishing season opens about the fifteenth of August and continues until the fifteenth of February. During this time, I often find myself reliving scenes of the days "when Jesus walked the earth."

DURING the full moon, a common scene along Delmonte Boulevard, leaving Monterey and going north to Fort Ord, is that of fishermen mending their nets. Dark heads and wind-tanned faces are bent over nets, while nimble fingers repair the damage of the last catch. All are engrossed in their work when suddenly a ripple of laughter runs through the little group, and if you chance to be passing by, you might



catch the cause of the humor.

AS OFTEN as I witness this scene, the years seem to fade away and I find myself on a Galilean shore. A solitary Figure, full of majesty, overlooks a like scene, and softly says the words, "Come, follow Me," and Peter and Andrew follow Him. A bit farther on, He repeats the words to the two sons of Zebedee who are in the boat with their father mending their nets. The laughing blue eyes of John are instantly raised, and he is ready to accompany the Master. He is followed by tall, silent Andrew.

IF YOU were to walk down Alvarado Street—not the wooded sidewalk of Alvarado Street of Robert Louis Stevenson's day—but a street alive with the hustle and bustle of a typical city street, you would find a group of fishermen gathered around the A.F.O.L. building. The men most likely are discussing the number of tons of fish caught, the price per ton, or the latest Fishermen holiday. Meanwhile, their children are tumbling around in the parked automobiles, but when danger threatens, they are gathered in the loving arms of their fathers, who a moment before you would have thought too intensely interested in their conversation to be mindful of their offspring.

AGAIN the scene changes. The time is about the year thirty, the place—the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Fishermen are talking, but this time the conversation is a puzzled wonderment. Just who is this Nazarene, the Son of Joseph the Carpenter, that James and John have taken for their Master, leaving their father Zebedee in his old age? Even more mystifying is the action of Simon, called Peter now, leaving his nets and boats. Why, he had just bought those boats and seemed to be forging ahead. The

conversation changes as the bent figure of old Zebedee draws closer to the little group. He, too, is a puzzle to them, as he seems to have no regret over the loss of his two fine sons; rather a peacefulness and tranquility have come over him, that is beyond their understanding.

IT IS at sundown and during the dark of the moon, that the fishing fleets silently take off to the deep. As they fade away on the distant horizon, it seems that I see the Master accompanied by the twelve. The mob is dispersing; the twelve are weary, and He is tired. With His usual thoughtfulness of their welfare, He enters into Peter's moored boat, and says, "Come, let us cross over to the other side." The storm and tempest come, but they are safe, for Jesus is with them.

IN THE morning no solitary Figure stands on the shore, calling over the water. "My little children, did you catch anything?" for the canneries whistles tell the news. They pierce the silent air, calling the different workers, the cleaners, the cutters, the packers, to their various jobs. Everything is dropped at once, and the workers go running down the hill, buttoning their sweaters, tying their aprons, calling back last minute instructions to their children—for no time can be lost.

THIS time the years roll forward, not backward, to a time of which we know not. I picture the angels in all their beauty, the canneries whistles become the sound of their trumpets calling all to the Last Judgment. Everything is left behind as we obey the summons. Time is no more; eternity has begun—an eternity of joy or pain, of heaven or hell. A silent prayer to our Eucharistic King arises, "Please, God, on that final day, may we and Thy people stand on Thy right side."

Fishing boats in the harbor.





# Don Ramon

by Catechist Loretta Srill

THE first time I attended the 6:15 Mass I heard some shuffling down the aisle and some rather loud wheezing. Presently a man genuflected with great precision before the Blessed Sacrament, prayed a few minutes before a large crucifix on a side altar, then went wheezing and shuffling back to his seat.

FOR several Sundays I noticed the same procedure and I determined to make the acquaintance of this gentleman. I soon learned that he was Don Ramon, the newly appointed sexton. His chief duty was to ring the bell for services, and this he did with the same exactness and precision with which he made his visit. Up the steps to the belfry he would trudge, stopping at the top to get his breath; then open the brown paper bag he was carrying, and produce an old, battered alarm clock with exactly half the crystal missing. He would place the clock on a ledge, fold the paper bag neatly, place it in his hat, and sit down to wait for the big hand of the clock to rest exactly on the moment for the bell.

DON RAMON was eighty-four when he took up his duties as sexton, but he did not consider his advanced age an excuse for inactivity. He cleaned the patio of the church, burned all the debris that had been scattered around for months, piled all the extra wood in one place, and covered the outside gas stove and sink with orange crates to keep out all dust. Even the old hall came under his jurisdiction. This he swept regularly and kept all the crude benches in perfect order.

DON RAMON took his duties so seriously that everyone soon learned to respect him. Never in his presence did the boys decide to take the short cut over the fence. Often I would see the children grouped around him listening with awe to some piece of advice he was giving; but never did I see one laugh at anything Don Ramon did, though he had some rather eccentric ways. It might be that some of this respect accorded Don Ramon by the children was due to his faithful "Pinto," the huge dog who was always seen at his side except when he entered the church. And Don Ramon was firm in this, Pinto must never dare darken the door of the church. He even trained him to chase away every other dog who seemed inclined to trespass the sacred precinct.

NEVER did anyone hear a word of complaint from Don Ramon, no matter what happened.

He had been born and bred in poverty and looked for nothing else. His clothes were always patched though neat and clean. His lodgings were not the best but he was satisfied with them. Every afternoon he would retire to his quarters for a little rest. One day as he was lying down resting, the roof of his cottage suddenly burst into flames. A spark had blown from a neighbor's incinerator. He got out of the house as fast as he could and turned his little garden hose on the flames. A passerby sent in the fire alarm.

SOON the big truck arrived, and the flames were extinguished, leaving Don Ramon's house a sorry, wet mess. The dampness caused him a severe attack of asthma and rheumatism which laid him up for several weeks. He was never heard to complain of the misfortune. In recounting the incident later he always began by thanking God that he did not get even the slightest burn. Then he would stress how good the neighbors were in assisting him to get his water-soaked furnishings out in the sun and supplying him with dry bedding, and other necessities; and how quickly the County secured a carpenter to repair the roof and the Electric Company connected the wires so he could have lights.

FOR these favors and all other favors rendered him, Don Ramon never tired thanking his benefactors. Gratitude was an outstanding trait in his character. I can still see the gleam in his eyes and hear his happy chuckle the day we gave him a few dozen oranges left from the children's Christmas party.

THIS good man has been a source of inspiration to me many times and I have always been grateful for the privilege of becoming acquainted with him. Quietly, and for the most part unobserved, he goes through life fulfilling his duties exactly and efficiently, respected by all, never complaining, but grateful to God and man for the joys of this life and the hope of eternal bliss.





# A More Adequate Thanksgiving

by Catechist Catherine Larsen

"MANUEL . . . Manuel Sandoval." As I repeated the name, I threw a hurried glance over the class before me, and noticed that both Manuel and his brother, Pedro, were missing. I wondered what could have happened as they were two of my most faithful pupils.

AFTER instructions, the other Catechists told me that the four younger brothers of the Sandoval family were also missing. We decided the matter called for immediate investigation, and on our way back to the convent, drove a little out of our way in order to stop at Manuel's home.

"GEE, Catechist, I bet you wondered what was the matter," Manuel said, as he came running toward us. He looked tired and disheveled.

"YES, Manuel, when we found that all six of you were absent, we were afraid something serious had happened."

"IT IS serious, Catechist," he replied. "We've lost our horse! My father paid all our money for that horse so he could use it for work in the field. Now, my father is awful worried 'cuz he might lose his job. We've been out three days looking for our horse. That's why we didn't go to class today."

"DID you remember to ask God to find the horse for you, Manuel?" I asked.

"SAY, Catechist," replied Manuel, his eyes alight with hope, "I bet that's why we didn't find him. We've been so busy lookin', we forgot the praying. Wait till I tell the others!"

"AND you might promise God something in thanksgiving, Manuel," I continued.

"THAT'S right, Catechist. I'm going to tell my dad right now. Say, we'll find that horse in a hurry!"

THE next Wednesday, Manuel, Pedro, and the four younger Sandovals, came early for class. All were breathless from running. Each was trying to be first with the good news.

"WE found the horse!" Manuel called, as soon as he came within hearing distance.



"CATECHIST, we want you to put one of those little red lights on the altar to thank God for our horse," said Pedro, as he fished in the pockets of his shabby jeans. Out came a dime. "Our father is very glad, 'cuz now he can work again," he continued.

SO that afternoon a vigil light added its flickering light to the sunbeams which played around the altar throne. But the incident had not ended. The following Wednesday, the mother of the boys came to our car.

"MADRECITA," she said, "I theenk about what you tell my boy, to give God thanks for our horse. And, Madrecita, one leetle light is not much for one beeg horse. Here, I think five lights are better." She handed me fifty cents in pennies and nickels.

LATER one of the Catechists asked, "Where did the five lights come from?"

"THOSE five lights," I answered, "are a thank you gift for one 'beeg' horse that was lost but is now safe at home."

## BOOKS

Seven Words of Jesus and Mary, by Rt. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, 12 Barclay Street, New York, N. Y., price 1.25.

Five Miles Closer to Heaven, booklet by Chaplain Harry F. Wade, C.S.S.R. Order from Li-guorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, price 25c.





Yucca plant in bloom at White Sands. Courtesy National Park Service.

## Turkey in the Sands

by Catechist M. Alice James

"... After you've purchased the turkey and all the trimmings, please use the balance of my check for a little pleasure trip for the Catechists," Catechist read aloud, as she came to the end of a letter from one of the special friends of our mission.

"MRS. BURNS sends a monthly check for our poor," Catechist explained, folding the letter and slipping it back into its envelope. "But at Thanksgiving she always sends a special check for ourselves. And now I'm at a loss. This seems the ideal opportunity for the trip to White Sands. We could make it the day after Thanksgiving, but I promised Father we'd take

care of special visits to parents of the First Communicants."

WE had anticipated a trip to White Sands since our arrival in the mission, and we wondered what decision Catechist would make. Her next words were rather hesitant.

"CATECHISTS, do you think we might kill two birds with one stone and take our Thanksgiving dinner to the Sands?" she asked.

BEING all-American in character and traditions, we gasped. A vision of turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie, packed in a picnic hamper, didn't quite register.

CATECHIST laughed outright at our various expressions. "Of course," she said, "the turkey will have to be cold, and we'll substitute pickles and potato chips for the cranberries and mashed potatoes, but I think the Sands are worth it."

"SURE, why not?" came one enthusiastic voice, whose owner remembered the sodality slogan of other days.

"THAT'S right, Catechist. Let's have the courage to be different," laughed another, quoting the advice of our retreat master of the summer before.

BY THAT time everyone was in the spirit of the plan, and the decision was made amid much laughter and with many bantering prophecies of the success of the novel Thanksgiving dinner.

\* \* \*

"THIS is an honor," the friendly grey eyes of the ranger smiled a sincere welcome. When he finished registering our cars, he gave us a brief description of what was in store for us.

"YOU have a unique experience awaiting you, Sisters. This White Sands National Monument is made up of 224 square miles of huge snowdrift-like dunes, some of them more than 50 feet high. \* Stretching north and south between two mountain ranges, the Tularosa Basin slopes gently from all directions, forming a great natural basin with Lake Lucero, at the southwestern extremity of the White Sands, constituting its focal point.

"GEOLOGISTS say that, perhaps millions of years ago, this basin was formed by the settling of a huge block of a high plateau. This



condition is indicated by the occurrence of thick beds of gypsum beneath the floor of the basin. Remnants of the same beds are found high above the valley floor, in the parts of the plateau that did not settle and which are now the mountain ranges flanking the valley. Gypsum is the mineral from which plaster-of-Paris is made. Its massive translucent form is called alabaster. Percolating waters from rains and melting snows carry tons of gypsum in solution from the mountains into Lake Lucero each winter, while underground waters dissolve gypsum from the beds beneath the valley floor. For months each year, cloudless skies and warm winds evaporate the water

"LAKE LUCERO shrinks to a crystal-encrusted marsh, and the gypsum-impregnated underground waters are drawn to the surface where they deposit their burden, forming extensive alkali flats. The ever active southwest wind picks up the particles of gypsum left by the evaporating water and whirls them away to join the accumulations of centuries, the dunes of snow-white sand. Thus the dunes are ever growing, ever moving, ever changing."\*

\* Description between asterisks is taken from White Sands National Monument leaflet. Courtesy National Park Service, Alamogordo, N. Mex.

THE ranger broke off his formal description. "When you reach the part of the flats where there is no longer any sign of vegetation, just sky and sands, you will find a solitude that will amaze and delight you."

AS HE lifted his hat in farewell a merry twinkle appeared in his eyes. "You might also be interested in knowing that white pocket mice make their homes among the dunes."

WE WERE interested, but not very enthusiastic. We joined in the laugh at our expense.

AS WE drove along the winding road leading to the dunes we were struck by the phenomena they present. The far-lying stretches of sand suggested the snows of arctic wastes such as one sees in pictures of Alaska. The illusion grew as the sun sent myriad flashes from the sparkling sands into our eyes.

JUST around a curve a huge snow plow was busily clearing the road of the shifting sand

(Continued on page 18)



Sand dunes of pure gypsum encroaching upon flats. White Sands National Monument, Alamogordo, New Mexico. Courtesy National Park Service.



## MARY LOU—APOSTOLIC MITE

Often we find ourselves wishing that adults could have a little of the apostolic zeal which so often characterizes their children. Mary Lou comes from a family in which there is little religious background. Her concern for the spiritual well-being of her family is truly inspiring.

A lesson on the importance of the sacrament of Baptism sent Mary Lou flying home on wings of zealous love. Johnny, her two-year-old brother is not yet baptized. At the next class she reported the outcome of her mission.

"Catechist," she said, "last Saturday I wanted to bring my little brother to church and have Father baptize him. My mother would not let me. She said it was too cold. So I have to wait until it gets warmer."

Mary Lou was silent for a little while.

"Catechist," she finally observed, "my daddy has never been baptized. I wonder why Grandma did not have Daddy baptized."

Before I could offer any suggestion, she shrugged her shoulders and with all the wisdom of her eight years answered her own question. "Oh, I suppose she never thought of it."

Mary Lou is trying by prayers and little sacrifices to help her daddy to think of it.

Our hearts go out to these little ones missing the love and happiness that comes from a truly Catholic family life. We like to think of them as little apostles of Jesus, bringing the love of the Savior to their families.

Catechist Marie Wilbers,  
Ely, Nevada



## In The Home Field

### IN THE ARMS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

"Catechist, if somethin' ain't done with Dolores, she's gonna be in a peck of trouble one of these days."

I had to agree with Mrs. White, while my brain worked overtime to find a solution for this problem child.

Dolores had arrived on the scene in early spring. She and her mother had hitchhiked from Florida to California. The mother had obtained work in a near by factory and was spending a good part of her earnings entertaining friends with drinking parties. Thus during the day and a good part of the night, Dolores was thrown on her own.

Outspoken and rough in her ways, this ten-year-old, with a wealth of affection in her small starved heart, needed every bit of love and help we could give.

"I hate some people in this town," she once informed us, "but I love the Catechists."

We tried to help Dolores, but our concern for her had deepened as the days went by. Several times we had noticed her around a group of men at the freight depot. Good Mrs. White was right in predicting trouble for the neglected child unless something was done for her.

One morning we visited the mother, a slovenly, careless, individual. Our supposition was correct. She would be happy to have Dolores taken off her hands for several years. We hurried home to complete the arrangements to send Dolores to the Good Shepherd Sisters.

Everyone was anxious to help. A wardrobe such as the child had never imagined was soon assembled. It was hard to recognize ragged, unkempt Dolores in the dainty little miss dressed in blue and white pinafore. The old rubber doll, a gift received at our Christmas party, was dressed in a costume to match.

Before she started on her journey, we made a visit to the Church, and I placed Dolores under the care and guidance of our Blessed Mother. As the train moved slowly away, I thanked that Mother because another stray lambkin had gone to seek refuge in the arms of the Good Shepherd.

Catechist M. Matilda Spetter  
Tulare, California.

### TAKING NO CHANCES — IN WAR TIME

The children who had attended Vacation School at St. Patrick's, were enjoying an all-day picnic at the amusement park. Each child brought his or her lunch in a brown paper bag. Some began nibbling long before ten, and others were giving their bags such rough treatment that we feared there would be disappointment at noon when the bags were opened. So we had the children write their names on the bags and put them all together on one of the park tables. An hour or so later I saw Tommy still burdened with his lunch bag.

"Why don't you put your lunch with the others?" I asked.

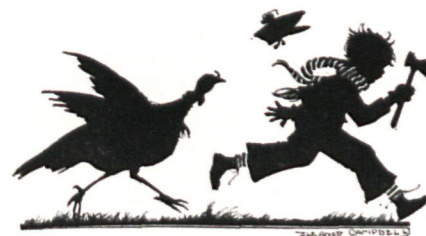
"Not me," Tommy answered, "mine has sugar in it."

"But surely not more than a pound," I said.

"Besides," he added, caressing the bag lovingly, "my sandwiches have butter on."

With that he turned and walked away, still carrying his lunch.

Catechist M. Kathrine Ley  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



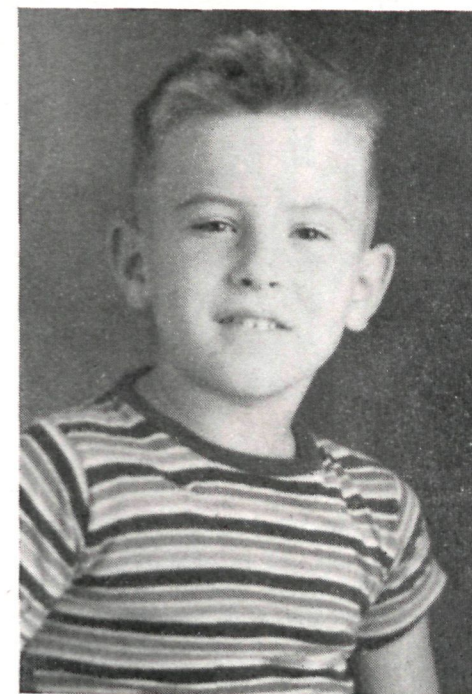
### MUMPS IN A NEW DRESS

From the sound of the ack-ack-ack of imaginary machine guns to the siren of an imaginary ambulance coming to the rescue, I knew the small boys were playing their usual war games.

I am accustomed to their games and the facility of their war terminology. On several occasions it just fitted naturally into a religion class discussion. But I wasn't quite prepared for Tommy Lee's version of his siege of mumps.

"Gosh, Catechist, those old mumps were like barrage balloons on each side of my face!"

Catechist Catherine Durkin  
San Pedro, California.



Billy—master strategist

### STRATEGY

Billy, whose mother is not a Catholic, has difficulties. This is his story, as he told it to me.

"You know, Catechist, you always tell us to try to get our dads to come to church on Sunday. Well, I kept after my dad, but he would not come. Finally, I thought up a plan. I always wanted to be an altar boy, but never got a chance. Then one day Father told the boys in our class we should start studying the Mass prayers if we would like to be altar boys.

"I went home and told Dad I would study the prayers and learn how to be an altar boy, if he would come to watch me every time I served; otherwise I wouldn't try to learn to serve. He didn't like the idea very much, but finally agreed. When I started serving, my dad kept his promise and came to Mass every time I served.

"I did not get to serve very often at first, but now Father is in on the secret, and he lets me serve almost every Sunday. I always find out on Saturday if I am to serve, so I can tell my dad. And you know, Catechist, my dad hasn't broken his promise yet and I don't think he will."

Catechist Dorothy Leahy  
Los Banos, California.





# Associate Catechists

We know you will be generous in your prayers for one who has given a great part of her life's energies to aiding the work of our Missionary Catechists.

## PERPETUAL HELP BAND (St. Louis, Missouri)

WE SHOULD explain that Perpetual Help Band works in close conjunction with the Florentine Mission Society of the same city, and that *Mrs. Katherine Krueger* is Promoter of both. A number of ladies hold membership in the two Bands. Both groups work for the support of our Catechist Leuchtefeld, who is Superior of one of our California mission centers. The members of Perpetual Help Band meet one afternoon each month and sew for our poor.

The Florentine Mission Society has the unique custom of having a birthday party each year commemorating the founding of their society. The last time we heard from these Associates there were five candles on their birthday cake!

## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND (Chicago)

LIKE a diamond, this Band is small (in numbers) but precious. Headed by *Miss Mary A. Perkins*, who is also President of the Central Committee, these devoted Associates have given us regular financial assistance for many, many years. Not even the deluge of extra work, which was everyone's portion during the war, could dampen their spirits or lessen their faithful help.

## TIP TOP TWELVE CLUB (Cincinnati, Ohio)

THIS Cincinnati Band represents one of our newest Bands organized for the support of our Catechists. As the name implies, the charter members number twelve. *Miss Irene Stanley* is Promoter. During the past year the members found it impossible to meet and sew for the Missions, as originally planned, but made frequent money offerings instead. We hope they may now find it practical to realize their former intention of making articles for the Missions, in addition to their financial help which is much appreciated.

Dear Associates:

THIS ought to be a banner year in our efforts for the Missions. The strain of war and war effort in the past greatly increased the tempo of our lives—too much so for our comfort and well-being. Now we may again relax into normal living. Gasoline rationing has been discontinued. This ought to make it easier for many to meet regularly again.

ALLOW me to put forth a supernatural motive for your missionary efforts this year. Saintly persons have always counselled us to unite all our actions with the GREAT ACTION of the Mass, so that they may be especially pleasing to and acceptable by God. We might make our monthly meetings, which always entail a certain amount of personal sacrifice, a *eucharistic* (thanksgiving) sacrifice for the blessings of liberty, preservation from tyranny, etc., which victory has brought us. We might offer up our meetings, too, as a sacrifice of *petition* in behalf of those members of our family and near relatives who have been killed or wounded that God may extend to them His mercy and aid, spiritual and temporal. Similar reasoning will induce us to keep on faithfully with our meetings, in spite of difficulties which present themselves, in a spirit of *reparation* for mistakes we have made, and always with the intention of promoting God's greater honor and glory in our own lives and in the lives of others. (What is that but humble *adoration* of God's majesty?) In this way, our lives are lived—and the good we undertake is carried on—in the spirit of the Mass.

## PRAYERS, PLEASE

WE RECEIVED word that on September 2nd, *Mrs. Catherine Service*, whom most Associates know was Chief Promoter for many years of our Chicago Bands, suffered a broken leg.



# of Mary

## GOOD WILL MISSION CIRCLE (Carrollton, Ky.)

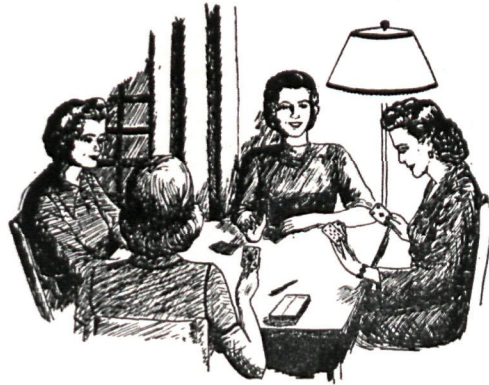
THE members of this Band have bravely carried on in the face of many difficulties and trials. Mrs. Casper A. Hill, Promoter, lost her son, Captain Alvin Hill, who was killed in action in France, leaving a young wife and twin baby girls. Other members of the Mission Circle have been visited with sickness. In spite of these trying events, they managed to hold together and promise monthly contributions in the future.

## OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND (Evanston, Ill.)

WE GIVE a special salute of honor to this group, of which Miss Celia Henrich is Promoter. It began operations about the time our Society was founded, and at present consists of twelve members. The long, unbroken record of yearly contributions speaks for itself. May God richly reward them, as we know He will, for their faithful help in our soul-saving works.

## CHILD JESUS BAND (St. Louis, Missouri)

HERE we make mention of one of our more recent Bands. It came into being at the time our Catechist Butler, who is now laboring in one of our Mission Centers, entered our Society. Her good mother, Mrs. Bertha Butler, organized it and has been its leading spirit ever since, even though Promotership has passed on to Miss Adelaide Fitzpatrick. Mrs. Butler found it necessary to be relieved of the office because of pressing family cares. She has a son in the South Pacific, and is the proud grandmother of two fine babies.



## A. C. M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

August 30 to September 25

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	\$17.30
Charitina Band, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	12.00
Hely Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	21.00
Mary, Queen of Hearts, Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Wilma Wengri'zky	10.00
Mother & Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus	30.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	7.50
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Miss Ann Brink	5.75
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	4.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	18.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	11.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Bucei	5.00
Srillians Band, Cincinnati, O., Miss Marion Mueller	2.00
Dolores Band 1, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel	5.00
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	10.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	20.00
Courtesy of Father Peyton, C.S.C., Director the Family Rosary	
Mother & Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luethenhus	30.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	10.00

## ST. ROSE BAND (Marshfield, Wis.)

ONE of five Bands in the State of Wisconsin. St. Rose Band began functioning in 1939. With capable and zealous Mrs. J. J. Huebl in charge, there are indications this is going to be a very good year for our Missions. The members are planning a display and sale of animal toys, designed and made by themselves. They beg prayers for a successful sale, the net results of which will be sent to us toward the support of Catechist Ardella Heintz, whom the Band is sponsoring.

## OUR MODEST ASSOCIATES

One of the most difficult undertakings of your Supervisor is to get snapshots of our Promoters and their Bands. Everyone is willing to give freely of her time, and money, but a picture? Goodness, no! Yet, we think it is mutually stimulating for our Associates to see in the magazine groups of other women, in the same or a different city or state, who are smilingly "pulling" for the Missions. It seems to me it has a similar effect to a college song or cheer when a football player is down at a game. We all get down (in spirit) once in a while. Which group will be the first to oblige???



# At the Eleventh Hour

by Catechist M. Gabrielle Skupien

"GOOD afternoon, and how are you today?"

"OH, GOOD afternoon. I'm a bit better, thank you. Won't you sit down?"

THUS opens almost every one of our visits to the hospital patients, yet every visit is different. Sometimes we accept the invitation to sit down, though I usually stand in order to see the patient . . . the beds are rather high.

AMONG the patients we find Catholics, Protestants of various sects, believers and non-believers. We visit them all. Some are easy to approach, others are a bit more difficult, but with a few inquiries like, "Have you been here a long time?" or, especially in the men's ward, "Are you a real Westerner?" and "What was it like forty or fifty years ago?"—we find ourselves in the midst of a tale equal to that of the Old Ranger of Death Valley days.

I SHALL never forget Mr. Belchar, whom we visited every week until his death. At each visit he would recount some episode of his earlier days. He was sixty-eight years old, not a "churchman," as he himself described it, had never been baptized, but had great regard for the Catholic Church because he had known some Catholics and "they always lived up to the laws of their Church." (The power of good example.) He had been a lawyer until ten years ago when he had been shot during a quarrel, and paralysis had followed, making him a complete invalid. He had no relatives, but had many friends. However,

with the years, the visitors became fewer.

DURING our visits to Mr. Belchar, we would ask a few questions, then listen as we were taken back eighty years to the time when Mr. Belchar's father crossed the plains in the early 60's, amid terrific dangers, and grim struggles against hunger, thirst, and hostile Indians. During one Indian raid, he was shot with an arrow which pierced both cheeks, and for three days he endured an agony of pain without being able to extract the arrow. Although he recovered, he remained badly scarred for the rest of his life.

AT EACH visit, Mr. Belchar would tell us story after story,—his collection seemed inexhaustible,—but somehow we always ended the visit with some mention of a religious subject, which very often was Baptism.

THEN one day he became quite ill. We called on him, and reminded him of the necessity of Baptism.

"CATECHIST," he said, "please baptize me now, right away. You know I believe, and I want to be a Catholic before I die."

SINCE there was no immediate danger of death, we told him we would call Father. Half an hour later, Father, finding the sick man possessed of a surprisingly clear knowledge of the truths and practices of our holy faith, and sincerely desirous of embracing that faith, poured over his head the saving waters of Baptism. Mr. Belchar



Travel in the early days was a bit slower than that of the present day.



loved the Sacred Heart badge we gave him, and each time he looked at it, he whispered, "My Jesus, mercy." He lived two months longer, during which time he had the opportunity of receiving the sacraments frequently. He died on Monday in Holy Week, fortified by the last rites of Holy Mother Church.

WE MISSED his "Good-bye and God bless you," on our subsequent visits to the hospital. But we continue to listen as other patients tell and retell stories of the gold rush days in Nevada, of mining camps, of ghost towns, of the stage-coach and of the pony express. And before our visits terminate, we try to make with the patients an act of love to the God who made them, but of whom they know so little because they never had the opportunity of learning about Him. We pray that God in His mercy may grant to these other patients, as He did to Mr. Belchar, the great gift of Faith, even though it be at the eleventh hour.

#### IN MEMORIAM

Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan, Catholic University of America  
 Mrs. Ellen Gilmartin, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mrs. Frances N. Dressel, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mrs. Marie Laughlin, Omaha, Nebr.  
 Theckla Lenk, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 Joseph Gunsch, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 William J. Atwood, Chicago, Ill.

## Mission Intention for October

by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell

#### MISSIONARY WORKS AMONG EDUCATED MOHAMMEDANS

MANY writers have stated that Mohammedanism is a religion of stagnation—that progressiveness in art, culture, literature, and the like was frustrated, if not completely stopped, by the advance of Moslemism. Definitely there are substantial facts to prove such statements, particularly when one views the poverty and squalor of the migratory followers of the prophet who settled in the vast wastes of the Sahara. On the other hand there have been well-trained

artisans, who, borrowing from ancient cultures, have developed beautiful architecture, weaving, and hand-wrought perfection.

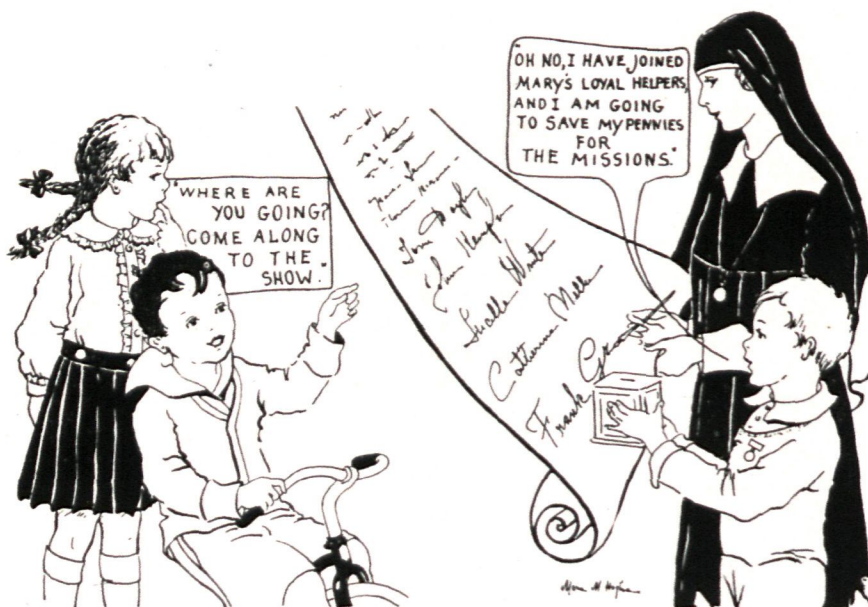
HOWEVER, things have changed greatly in the Moslem world during the last quarter of a century. The sleeping giant of Islam has been aroused from his lethargy of centuries. The spirit of self-determination, and particularly self-expression, has come to the fore. Contact with western civilization, as a result of World War I, has been increased one hundred percent since that time. No longer is the Moslem father satisfied that his son be taught the truths of the Koran by the simple teachers in the mosques. Higher education, particularly since Turkey's emancipation, beckons as the beacon to light the way to the achievement of a desired place in world affairs.

IT IS because the Holy See is so greatly cognizant of this trend of events, that she has recommended to the prayers of the faithful during the month of November the missionary works of the Church among educated Mohammedans. She realizes that the continuation and expansion of such works will need the prayerful support of our Catholic people, as well as their material aid.

IT MUST be remembered that Russia is viewing with renewed interest the reawakening of Moslem interest in world affairs. This will mean that Communistic tendencies will undoubtedly find a way into all educational programs in which there is a linking of interest between Russia and Islam. British interests are also concerned with the future of the followers of the Prophet. She has wide interests in the Near East, in northern Africa and, while the Catholic elements in England are among the most loyal in the world, the recent elections have proved that there is a definite trend to the left in addition to the strong Protestant missionary activity from that country.

WHEN one considers these facts, it is not surprising that the fostering of missionary works among the educated Mohammedans is of vital importance in the mission program of the Church. We must be prepared to offer the type of educational program which will complete the rounding out of the character of the Islamic peoples—develop charity and clear thinking in world affairs rather than introduce perverted ideas. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, therefore, recommends this intention particularly to the Catholics of the United States, at the same time assuring them that such prayerful intervention will undoubtedly prove of world-wide interest.





# Mary's

Dear Loyal Helpers:

THIS is November. Of course that means (oh boy!) *four whole days* in Thanksgiving Week of freedom from teachers, books, and classes. And when we have feasted, after the manner of Americans (thank God), are we going to think of the poor and needy, after the manner of Catholics? Remember *Advent* starts just one week after Thanksgiving. It is a season when we prepare for the worthy celebration of Christmas, by little sacrifices, extra prayers, almsgiving. By the way, it's a long time since I've heard from some of you, or received even a half-filled Sunshine Bag. When did you last look at yours or drop a penny in it? I have on hand some very pretty red Christmas stockings which hold ten dimes. I will be glad to send a stocking to any LOYAL HELPER who asks for one. Don't you think you could fill one, if you tried, with sacrifice money by Christmas? I am sure, if you stayed away from a moving picture show a few times on Saturday afternoons and did without a candy bar or two, you could. You would make Jesus very happy, and He would fill your own heart with love and joy, when He is born anew in your heart on Christmas day at the altar rails. Remember your sacrifice money will help the poor boys and girls of our country, in their spiritual and temporal wants.

## MEMBERSHIP PINS

WOULD you like to wear a beautiful blue and white enamel pin, showing that you belong to Mary's Loyal Helpers? We are happy to supply them at twenty-five cents each.



This picture shows us two generations of Loyal Helpers. Long ago, we received mite-boxes from little Mary Scanlon, of Upper Darby, Pa. She has since grown up and married, and now her two older boys, Jimmie and Paul, help with their offerings.



# Loyal Helpers



To each boy or girl who completes the Quizzie Dot puzzle and mails it to us we shall send a Christmas holy card.



What could the pigeon be discussing? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will find that he is talking to quite a personage in the bird family.

## WE ARE HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE

**T**WO new Junior Helpers. They are Margaret Boberg, age 17, Fort Jennings, Ohio, and Georgia Mae Bricker, age 16½, Norwalk, Ohio. Both are juniors in high school.



Here we have little Barbara Ann Southard, of Chicago, Illinois, in her First Communion clothes. She was 8 years old on September 20. When asked what she wanted for a birthday present, she answered, "Mother, I'd like to take the Catechists' magazine."

Barbara keeps a Sunshine Bag handy and drops shining pennies into it. We can count on receiving a filled bag from her at Christmas.

## A BIG SURPRISE

**W**HEN your Sunshine Secretary was preparing these pages, she heard a mysterious noise outside her door. She cautiously opened it and peered outside. What do you suppose she found? A big, big bag, about four times the size of the usual Sunshine Bag, and in it 482 pennies. She nearly fell over with surprise. Then she found out who filled it. Little Leon Schmitz of Seneca, Kansas, has a sister, Catechist Schmitz, who is a novice at Victory Noll. He sent her the contents of his Sunshine Bag for us. Leon is only six years old. He is a little fellow with a *big* heart, don't you think so?

## WHERE ARE THEY HIDING?

**N**EARLY all the news this month is about our *Little Helpers*. Where are our *Junior Helpers*? Let them given an account of themselves. We hope to hear from many of them next month.





# *A Child of God --- at Last*

IN addition to our regular confirmation classes for the children, we were conducting special classes for adults and high school students who had not as yet been confirmed. One day a group of older boys informed me that a friend of theirs, a fifteen-year-old boy, had never been baptized. I told them to invite him to class.

THE following day I was surprised to see Baltazar in class. I was astonished to learn that this lad, a familiar figure about the church and grounds, was the unbaptized boy of whom his companions had spoken. I knew we had prepared his younger brothers and sisters for First Communion. Moreover, I remembered the smaller children telling us that Baltazar heard their catechism lessons at home. I simply couldn't and wouldn't believe that he had never been baptized.

ASKED Baltazar to remain a moment after the others were gone, and as I gathered up my books and charts, I remarked, "Baltazar, someone told me that you have not been baptized. I can't believe that."

"BUT it is true, Catechist," he answered. "Please write my mother a note and ask her to have me baptized."

"HOW would it be if we went to see your mother, Baltazar?" I asked.

"FINE, Catechist. I'm sure she won't refuse you," he replied.

NEXT day, we arranged a visit to Baltazar's home. His mother told us that all the children had been baptized except Baltazar. His sponsors had gone to Mexico about the time of his birth and had not yet returned. We urged her to get other sponsors and not delay his baptism any longer. She promised to have the other sponsors within a few days.

TWO days later, Baltazar, accompanied by his dad and the newly selected sponsors, arrived at the church. Father had found him so well instructed that there was no need to delay his baptism. The life giving waters of baptism were poured over his head, and Baltazar became a child of God. He was radiantly happy. A few days later he received his First Holy Communion. He is now making the nine First Fridays, and will be confirmed with the regular confirmation class.

Catechist M. Masterson  
Redlands, California.

## TURKEY IN THE SANDS

(Continued from page 9)

and banking it on the sides. Soiled by the many car wheels passing over it, the sand appeared as slush when it is scraped from our highways in winter. Although the sun was hot there was a cool breeze constantly playing over the dunes. Soon we were exclaiming over the beauty of limitless expanses of sky and sands.

AS WE carried our hampers to a nearby dune everyone was certain of a joyful day ahead.

NOONTIME was upon us almost before we realized it. We began our particular examen in the midst of a deep silence, such as one finds in the cool shaded recesses of old cathedrals. As Catechist said the opening words of the Angelus, I looked around. Deep blue sky and crystal white sands everywhere! What a glorious setting for this loved prayer to Heaven's Lovely Lady.

THE morning's exploration of the dunes, combined with the fresh breezes, had whetted our appetites. When the contents of the picnic baskets appeared, everyone exclaimed enthusiastically, and the traditional Thanksgiving dinner was forgotten, as we enjoyed our picnic fare.

THE afternoon was a continuation of the morning's exploration of the sand dunes. We hiked for hours in the warm snow-white sand, until the slanting rays of the sun, sending long shadows across the sands, warned us it was time for our return trip.

AS WE traveled along the highway, we heard from the radio of a passing car, the strains of "A Perfect Day." We took up the song, and sang it to the end, meaning every word of it. Then Catechist suggested a rosary in thanksgiving for all of God's goodness to us, and in petition for His blessings on the kind friend whose thoughtfulness made our day possible. We knew that after the joy and relaxation of our trip to the Sands, we would return to our work refreshed and invigorated.

WE HAD finished our rosary and were approaching the outskirts of town. I think we saw the sign at about the same time. It was sagging and rather faded looking, a leftover from the heyday of tourist travel. It advertised the merits of a local restaurant whose specialty was described as "Chicken in the Basket."

OUR laughter was spontaneous; our vote unanimous; "You can have chicken in the basket, we'll take turkey in the Sands."



# Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the Catechists in the mission centers. Address THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

St. Coletta's Mission, Box 679, Flagstaff, Arizona.

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.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles, 23, 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.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, 13958 Fox St., San Fernando, California.

St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell St., San Pedro, California.

Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth St., Santa Paula, California.

St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 S. 6th Ave., Brighton, Colorado.

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306-14th Ave., Greeley, Colorado.

Mount Carmel Mission, Box 77, East Gary, Indiana.

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, 2, Indiana.

Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third St., Goshen, Indiana.

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 E. Dayton Street, South Bend, 14, Indiana.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit, 2, Michigan.

Blessed de Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry St., Big Springs, Texas.

Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity St., San Antonio 7, Texas.

Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1321 El Paso St., San Antonio, Texas.

Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, 4, Utah.

Do not address mail or package to Albuquerque, New Mexico, Santa Fe, New Mexico, or East Chicago, Indiana. All our New Mexico work has been consolidated and is taken care of from 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico. Both houses at East Chicago, Indiana, have been closed (see notice in October issue).





**"Let us not think that to the dead for whom we have a care,  
anything reaches save what by**

### **SACRIFICES**

**either of the altar  
or of alms  
or of prayers**

**we solemnly supplicate . . . "**

**(St. Augustine, Lesson vi, II Nocturn, All Souls Day)**

**A threefold way of benefitting the soul of a dear, departed  
one would be to enroll him (or her) annually or perpetually  
in the**

### **ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY**

**This implies, at once, almsgiving, and a remembrance in the  
prayers, Masses and good works of the Missionary Catechists.**

**Write for information concerning the *Souls in Purgatory Burse*.**