

The Missionary Catechist



Volume XXV

November, 1949

Number 11

A Displaced Person

by Sister Marie Helene

IT was in January that I was appointed to teach a group of children preparing for Confirmation. Classes were to be conducted each evening at our convent. These classes were for the benefit of the children who attended Walter Colton school, but who missed our Catechism classes after school because of the bus schedule.

THE majority of those who enrolled in these classes were unfamiliar to me, and I usually had roll call at the end of class. About the third night there were still two new faces. I noticed both owners seemed very interested in my instruction. Incidentally, the instruction was on "The Church," and I mentioned that if a Protestant had a doubt as to the true religion, he was bound to make inquiries until he had settled that doubt.

THE instruction finished, I motioned to one of the new boys and asked him the usual questions—name, address, age, school. His name proved to be Dick Preston, and as he returned to his seat I noticed his initials, D. P., in gold brads on the back of his blue jacket.

THEN I called the other boy, but he said he was only a non-Catholic visitor. I told him he was quite welcome to return—but that he would have to have his parents' permission.

THE next evening some of the first arrivals informed me they didn't think Dick had made his First Communion. When Dick arrived, I asked him whether he had, and he replied that he had not. So I told him he would have to make his First Communion before receiving Confirmation.

DICK was very attentive in class and asked many questions. It was not long until the fact that he was a Protestant slipped out. I asked him if his mother knew he was attending instructions. "Well, no, not exactly," was all he said. I told him he would have to have his mother's permission before returning.

"But, Sister," he said, "you said the first night that if we had a doubt, we had to find out the truth, so I have to come and find out."

And Dick continued to come.

THEN one morning I called his mother. At first she seemed very cold and indignant. Then suddenly she broke down. "Sister," she said, "Dick was baptized a Catholic, but I never wanted him to know it. This very morning, Dick

—we call him Skipper—asked me to send a note to school giving permission for him to attend Catholic Religious Instruction on release time and canceling the permission to attend the Protestant instructions. I had a long talk with him, and now he knows he is really a Catholic." Then the poor woman wept bitterly. Dick's mother was just another poorly instructed Catholic, who didn't treasure the "pearl of Great Price," because she didn't know its value.

WHEN I told the Sisters Dick's story, they remarked on the appropriateness of the initials on his jacket, and from that time on Dick was known among the Sisters only by the name of "Displaced Person."

DICK was very much in earnest. He wanted to make his First Communion. He became a familiar figure at Mass, and I felt Dick's desire was to be realized, until one Tuesday morning he was absent.

"Sister, Dick moved away," the children informed me.

"Where?" I asked.

"Someplace in Seaside."

"Good-by, Dick," was my only thought, for how would we find him in Seaside, and how would he get to Mass and instructions?

BUT Dick figured differently. Just a week later, Sister Barbara was beaming, as she said teasingly, "Sister, guess who came to class in Seaside?"

My heart skipped a beat. "Not Dick?" I asked, scarcely daring to hope for an affirmative answer.

"None other than your D.P.," she replied smilingly.

THOUGH he had farther to go now to attend Mass, Dick did not go less frequently. He went to St. Angela's until he found San Carlos church where he attended special First Communion classes. When he made his First Communion, his mother returned to the Sacraments, receiving Holy Communion for the first time in many years.

DICK is no longer a "Displaced Person," but one of our exemplary Catholic boys.

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Our Jubilarians



Left to right: Sister Blanche Richardson, Sister Caroline Meister, and Sister Madeleine Sophie Renier.

You have often met our Jubilarians before, through the pages of this magazine. Sister Blanche, formerly of Indianapolis, has been known to you during more than four years as *Sister Supervisor* of the Associate Catechists of Mary and *Sunshine Secretary* of Mary's Loyal Helpers.

Sister Caroline, who entered the community from St. Martin's parish, Chicago, has been in active mission work for more than twenty years. She is now Superior at Tulare, California. Sister Caroline and Sister Blanche made their profession at Gary, Indiana, on the feast of the Miraculous Medal, November 27, 1924.

Sister Madeleine Sophie entered the community from Queen of Angels Parish, Chicago. She made her profession at Ocate, New Mexico, on August 2, 1924. For the past several years, Sister has been stationed at Victory Noll.

We congratulate our Jubilarians and wish them many more fruitful years in the community.

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O. B. L. V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

YOU remember my two pals, Shorty and Ray, don't you? They wrote a few letters to me and also to my pal Gus since they went to Hemet to pick apricots. Mr. Callahan was kinda happy when he found out what Ray was doing. In his spare time my pal Ray is making some money as an actor. It seems that down in Hemet some show people are putting on an outdoor play by the name of *Ramona*.

ABOUT three months ago Jim Callahan takes Miss Carter and her mother all the way down there to see this play. I guess on account of Miss Carter is a teacher she likes to get Jim Callahan to see these, what she calls them, historical romances, the same as she is always trying to get us kids to read high-class books. He didn't come right out and say so, but I bet the only reason Mr. Callahan takes Miss Carter to this play is so he can get a chance to see Ray being an actor.

SHORTY tells me that Ray does not have too much acting to do. In fact, he doesn't have to say one word. All he has to do is stand up straight and tall from behind the bushes. He is painted up like an Indian and he has a feather in his hair. They picked him out to be an actor on account of he is very handsome, like George Raft in the movies, and also on account of his smooth muscles which he got from picking fruit and from learning how to box with me and the rest of the boys in our club house.

WHEN I wrote to Shorty, I asked him would it be all right for me to let you read one of his letters, which I still have, and he said, "Yes, only please tell them as soon as I help my sister Carmen get through high school (she has only one more year), I am going to night school and learn how to speak better English."

Here is Shorty's letter:

Joe, *querido Amigo*,

Que Dios le bendiga!

I go to tell you the sad news, very sad this time. The baby, Federico, of one year and seven months, dies. For us, this is the first one to die of all my brothers and sisters. For my mother, it is very hard.

"Do not cry, *mamacita*," I tell her. "Is not

the baby baptized? Is not Freddie now in heaven *con los angelitos*?"

"I know, my son, I know," she tells me, but she does not stop crying. The tears are falling fast, fast.

From the oldest to the youngest it is like this with my mother. For her it is not to have the silk dresses; it is to have the mother's heart for the children, for the ones even who are already big and married.

You know, when my brother Refugio was in Okinawa, she makes the promise to the Virgin for my brother to come back safe from the war and she will go on her knees to the church.

Then the war is over and after a while my brother Refugio comes home safe, but this he does not like—that he has not one little scar to show for all his fighting.

My father is happy to have him home again, his son a Sergeant in the U.S. Army, with the smooth talk like the other G.I.'s *americanos*, *que suave!* My mother, too, is very happy, and now it is time for her to pay the promise to the Virgin. But it hurts my brother Refugio very much to hear this, for now we are living five miles from the church. When my mother makes the promise we are working in the beets in Colorado and we are living only three doors from the church.

So Refugio tells my mother he will take her himself to the church in the truck. This is the same church in Texas where my brother Refugio was baptized many, many years ago, twenty-six, I think. There he will ask the Padre to have the *Misa Cantada* of thanksgiving to God and in honor of Our Lady of Refuge. But to my mother this is not enough. She will go on her knees in the back of the truck to church.

I do not look at my brother Refugio when he is driving the truck to church, because there are tears in his eyes. But he does not let my mother see the tears. It is when my brother Refugio is helping my mother down from the truck that I look at his face and I see that the eyes of my brother are soft, soft

with the love looking out of them at my mother.

So you see how it is with my married brother Refugio. When he gets the letter that the baby dies and my mother is sick at heart in the fruits at Hemet, he leaves the insurance job in Sacramento. He drives all night and all day and all night again, with no sleep and no shaves. He comes looking like a pachuco. He comes in the morning—the morning after the funeral.

All the family are at work in the fruits, but not my mother. My brother Refugio sees the paper note pinned on the outside of the door by my little sister Concha, "Please be as quiet as possible." Inside, he sees my mother in bed, she is so weak, so sick of the heart.

"Where does the sickness hurt you, Mama?" he asks her in Spanish.

"It is like a knife in the heart, my son," she cries to him.

When she says this my brother Refugio is very sad and he goes to town to buy my mother a present. For my mother, a present, I think, is better than to give her medicine. For ten dollars Refugio buys for her the statue of Mary with a sword in the heart. This present he takes first to the Padre for a blessing, then he gives it to my mother. When she sees it, she cries again, because she knows the sorrow of the Virgin is great, too, even greater than hers.

To see my brother Refugio so tired, so sleepy, my mother has worry for him and makes him sleep on the cot. She tries hard to get up, and then she lights the fire. She will cook the frijoles a long time for his supper.

When my father comes home from the fruits he is happy to see my mother with flour on her hands again, making tortillas. He is happy also to see my brother Refugio with the clean shave and smooth talk. Always, no matter in English or in Spanish, he has the smooth talk for my father.

After supper my mother gives Refugio a blessing and the clean shirt of my brother Rafael. Then Refugio goes to drive back to Sacramento. But first he must borrow in secret ten dollars for gas from my sister Carmen. For three weeks she is saving these ten dollars to buy my mother a new

dress. But Carmen has no worry. Before the time of the *jamaica*, she will have her ten dollars back again and also a new dress for herself from Refugio. Always he is like that.

Outside in the dark, my mother stands watching and listening until she can no longer hear the sound of Refugio's car. Then she looks up at the stars and says a prayer like this, only in Spanish: "Blessed be God! May all my sons be like my son Refugio."

Joe, you are my friend. Do you think I am like Refugio?

Tell the Sisters I still keep the record for not missing Mass. Ray, too. He is now godfather for Baptism.

Adios for now.

Your friend,

Shorty

WHEN I read Shorty's letter to my father, he promised me that some day he is going to tell me a few things about my mother. Sometimes I take the key and open my father's trunk where he has a picture of my mother. But she does not look like anybody's mother to me. She just looks like a beautiful young girl.

I AM sitting here at the table writing, when all of a sudden my father comes in and says to me, "Joe, didn't you finish your history lesson yet? I thought you told me you were gonna finish that last night, before you went off to the club with Tino."

"That history lesson is finished and handed in already, Pop," I tell him.

THEN he looks over my shoulder and sees that I am telling you about my pals Shorty and Ray. "By the way," he says to me, "did you ever finish telling them about that bus trip to Carmel Mission?"

"Come to think of it," I tell him, "I don't believe I ever did."

YOU know, since my pal Gus and I are working in Mr. Martini's store on Saturdays, I got so many things to think about that sometimes I forget what I am supposed to remember.

FOR instance, the guy who delivers our bread at the store comes in the other day and starts talking about Russia. He says the only way to get rid of Communism is to take a couple

atom bombs over there and blow the Russians off the map. Now, I do not agree with him. I am telling him that if everybody over here would pray and do penance for Russia, it would be no time at all until Russia is a good country on God's side.

NEXT thing I know he is looking at me kinda like I am a little bit off. So I start explaining to him a few things which I have been learning in catechism class. He seems to be greatly interested, especially when I tell him right the bat a few things that the Sisters have been teaching us. In fact, he even wants to come over to my house some night and read what the Catholic papers have to say about Communism.

BUT what I started out to tell you was this. Because I am talking about Russia to this bread man, I forget to tell the milk man to give us half a dozen quarts less. It's a good thing I forgot, though, as Grandma Gomez gets some company that same afternoon. When she comes in the store to buy a treat for her grandchildren, about a dozen of them, I tell her there is nothing better for growing kids than milkshakes.

BUT I promise you I won't forget to tell you about Carmel Mission, and also San Juan

Bautista, on account of it is there that I meet my friend Nicky.

RIGHT now my father is lighting a candle to put in front of our statue of Mary, which I won in catechism class. I remember very well the day that Father gave it to me. "What did I do to earn this, Father?" I ask him, as I am greatly taken by surprise, and the rest of the kids are clapping their hands.

"THIS is not for something you already did, Joe," he tells me. "This is for something that you are going to do. You are going to get your father to kneel down with you every night and pray the Rosary for the conversion of Russia."

MY father is greatly taken up with this little statue of Our Lady of Fatima, so it is no trouble at all for me to remind him about praying the Rosary. In fact, it is usually the other way around, as he is telling me right now it is getting late and time to say our prayers.

SO I will sign off for this time, and next time for sure you will hear about Nicky and the bears and also about Father Serra and Carmel Mission.

Waiting at Watchung

by Sister Mary Patrick

THE day was dark and dreary. So were my thoughts as I gazed on the list of names which lay before me. These were the names of the Watchung students who should be attending Religious Instructions. There were fifty names, to be exact, and another thirty or forty names could be added to the list.

AS I quickly glanced over the list and made an effort to give correct pronunciation to each one, I decided if ever all these students would appear in class, the League of Nations would be well represented.

WATCHUNG school is the Elementary School for the sixth, seventh, and eighth grade students of the Middlesex Borough. It is located at the foot of the beautiful Watchung Mountains, a short distance from our convent. We had prayed fervently that the School Board would grant us released time, and our joy was

great when the news came to us that we were to be allowed one hour each week for released time religious instruction.

UPON investigation, however, we discovered that the hour granted us was a Recreational period from 12:30 to 1:30 each Friday afternoon. This was the only full hour Recreational period give to the student body each week. There was no doubt in our minds that we were on battleground. Battle lines were forming, especially among the seventh and eighth grade students. Released time was something entirely new to them; besides many of them had received the sacrament of Confirmation, and, therefore, classified themselves among the finished products of religion classes.

OUR first class told the tale. There was a nice group of sixth grade boys and girls, which made Sister Mary Jeanette happy. But when I

inquired for the seventh and eighth graders, I was told they were at the dance and had sent word that they were not interested.

THOSE of us who work with seventh and eighth grade and High School groups, realize the headaches and heartaches these groups can give. Sometimes it seems impossible to convince them that they need religious instruction, and it is often even more impossible to convince the parents that their teen-age sons and daughters should attend religion classes. Though we found many parents who were happy to give their children permission to attend our classes, we also found those who said their children needed that recreational period. The words of our Blessed Saviour, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God . . .," were meaningless to them.

EACH Friday brought the same result—no seventh or eighth grade students. But when my first two pupils appeared, I could see a wee ray of hope. During the winter months, Sister and I waited inside the school doors for the students to be dismissed. This is when we really feel, as St. Paul puts it, "Fools for Christ's sake." As we stand there, we try, as it were, to sell our religion. We smile with our faces, with our eyes, and even with our hearts (though they are often heavy), as we try to captivate these young souls for Christ.

AS I watched the boys and girls go downstairs to the dance, and listened to the music playing "Over the Waves" and other romantic pieces, I wished there were some kind of spiritual injection to act on the soul as quickly as penicillin does on the body. Then we recalled how the Battle of the Israelites was won while Moses' arms were uplifted in prayer, and so especially on Friday mornings we kept our hearts and hands uplifted in prayer, begging God to give these boys and girls the grace and courage necessary to attend religion classes at the sacrifice of their recreation period.

AFTER a few months of prayers and repeated home visiting, my attendance increased to seven. This small group were given doses of personal love of God and the spirit of sacrifice. Each class was presented in a different way. Grace began to triumph in these young hearts, and gradually, very gradually, our attendance rose to twenty.

OFFERED a prize for a short composition on "Why I Should Attend Religion Class." It was gratifying to find among the ones handed in, the following:

WHY I SHOULD ATTEND RELIGIOUS

November, 1949

INSTRUCTION CLASSES

Well, here it is 12:15 on Friday afternoon and I am sitting at the table eating and wondering, as is everyone else here, why I am going to Religious Instruction class when I know my friends are going to the dance or basketball game.

Then, all of a sudden, it comes to me! Because I want to! I'm not going to dance my way into Heaven, according to Sister Mary Patrick, and I believe her one hundred percent.

I am attending instructions to learn more about my wonderful Religion. It teaches me right from wrong, which will help me through life to be a good citizen. I learn many things which happened long before I was born, when the Bible was written. I hear of the wonderful and inspiring things Jesus Christ taught the people and His disciples. I know that no one will ever be able to perform the glorious miracles which He did among them, such as, when He changed the water into wine at the wedding at Cana and when He multiplied the loaves and the fishes to feed the people. Studying about the saints and their lives is very interesting, and it often makes me wish that I could be like them.

I have learned to have greater faith in God, and I wish that other boys and girls could share these blessings. I will try to get others to attend instructions and to receive Jesus Christ in Holy Communion more often. I certainly believe in and love my wonderful and beautiful Religion.

Well, here it is twelve-thirty, and I'm off to Religious Instructions!

Marie Sounek

Before the close of the school year, our enrollment climbed to thirty members. We humbly admit that it was a battle—and it still is! However, through God's grace, the spiritual victories have outnumbered the many defeats we have met along the way.

OUR COVER: Marty and Mary Lindenberger, St. Louis, Missouri. Mary, with big-sisterly solicitude was trying to get Marty to pose for his picture, when the photographer snapped them both. Marty and Mary are nephew and niece of our Sister Cecilia, Superior at Victory Noll, and Sister Juliana, now stationed at Gary, Indiana.

Around Victory-Noll

by Sister Eunice

THERE were one hundred and forty-two Sisters **AROUND VICTORY NOLL** during the past summer. We Victory Nollers were happy to welcome our Missionaries home for a few weeks' vacation.

WE are glad someone has defined vacation as a change of occupation, else we could not use the word, for the Sisters' days at Victory Noll were busy ones—to put it mildly. Prayer, study, and work, especially the latter (this was a busy summer at Victory Noll), claimed a great portion of the Sisters' time. A bountiful harvest of fruits and vegetables called them frequently to the canning kitchen. In between times they managed a little resting and playing, so as to be able to return to their missions, refreshed in body and spirit.

A PLEASANT part of the summer schedule was a short lecture course by Father John Ryan, Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Detroit. Father Ryan gave a summary of methods to be used in Home Visiting and Religion Classes for Public School Children. Because of Father's wide experience in the practical work of these programs, the Sisters were greatly benefited by the course and are most grateful to Father Ryan for the time he gave them.

A NOTHER help for the coming year's work, for our Sisters in the Diocese of Fort Wayne, was a day spent at the Confraternity Seminar held at the new seminary at Lake Wawasee on August 30. Two Victory Noll Sisters were among the speakers—Sister Margaret, who discussed "School Year Religious Instruction for Public School Children," and Sister Blanche, who spoke on "Religious Instruction among Mexican Migrant Workers." General Chairman for the Seminar was Reverend James Conroy, Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in the Diocese of Fort Wayne. Father Conroy is also Editor of the YOUTH section of OUR SUNDAY VISITOR and Chaplain at Victory Noll.

ONE hundred and thirty-two Sisters made the eight-day retreat, which ended on August 5. The retreat was preached by Reverend Patrick Foley, S.J., of Boston.



Sister Mary Ellen and Sister Mary Kevin ready to leave Victory Noll for California assignments.

HIS Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, presided at the ceremonies of Reception and Profession on the feast of Our Lady of the Snows. Twenty postulants received the habit of the community and entered the novitiate; seven Sisters made first profession, and four Sisters pronounced perpetual vows. On the same day, in our various mission houses, eight other Sisters made perpetual profession. Also at Victory Noll, on the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, Sister Madeleine Sophie, Sister Blanche, and Sister Caroline celebrated their Silver Jubilee. (You will find their picture elsewhere in the magazine.)

ON the fifteenth of August, every Sister in the community received a little white envelope

containing a card with her appointment for the coming year. We have just concluded our eleventh consecutive season of bidding good-by to our Missionaries, as they leave Victory Noll for missions far or near. The exodus usually begins about August 22, and continues until the middle of September, when the Sisters assigned to a new mission whose convent is not quite ready, or perhaps those going away for further study, leave for their various destinations.

THIS year, because of the shortage of personnel, no new missions were scheduled. However, with the unexpected opening of a parochial school at Goshen, Indiana, the four Sisters stationed there became available. These Sisters were transferred to Kendallville, and somehow or other Mother General found two additional Sisters to make possible the opening of a second convent at Elkhart. With the establishment of these convents at Kendallville and Elkhart, both of which had been taken care of from Goshen, all the places formerly reached from our Goshen convent, together with a few additional centers, are now under the care of our Sisters.

IT has been a long time since we reported on the progress of our new building. You will recall that at that time we had only a foundation with four cement walls—the contractor's idea of a basement, not ours—erected upon it. Well, on September 9, 1949, we moved into that basement, only now it is known as the *first floor* of Sacred Heart Building, and contains a well-equipped kitchen, all done in white and grey, and a beautiful dining room, in green and ivory.

BUT things looked rather dark those fall days in 1948. The barracks had been delivered in great sections the previous June, and had been lying around in what was formerly our sunken garden, in rain and shine, all those months. At the rate progress on the building was going forth, it seemed they might well be there in snow and ice.

BUT at last came the day in early December when the giant caterpillar with a huge crane attached, began lifting the sections of the building and putting them in place. We held our breath as the first one started up, swayed back and forth, in and out, up and down, until it was right over the desired spot, and then slipped into place.

MEANWHILE we prayed day after day for fair weather until the building would be under roof. But for a few minutes, on the evening of December 14, it looked as if that time



Sister Effie with load of apples in Victory Noll orchard.

might never arrive. Just as the community was at supper, the doorbell rang, and a young man informed the portress that the new building was on fire. He had been driving by on the highway and had seen the fire from the road.

When Sister Superior was informed of the fire, she and several Sisters near her quietly left the dining room. Once outside the room, they took the nearest fire extinguishers and hurried to the scene of the fire. By the time the Fire Department arrived, the fire was under control, little damage having been done. It was only when the Sisters gathered for recreation that evening that they learned of the excitement they had missed while calmly listening to table reading during the evening meal.

FINALLY, on December 17, the roof was on the building, and we thought we could relax on our prayers for fair weather and let winter take its course. But no, there was no heat in the building and there would be none for some months, yet the interior work had to go on, if the building were to be ready for use by summer. So if you noticed last winter was a mild one, it was probably because you were not too far from Victory Noll.

ONCE the building was erected, the partitions in, and the flooring laid, Sister Effie took charge of the interior work in the building. Besides supervising the work, she personally laid asphalt tile on all floors—twelve thousand square feet—throughout the building; she laid wall tile some five feet high in dining room, kitchen, and washrooms. Sister Cecilia, Superior at Victory Noll, painted the walls and ceilings in the entire building. Other Sisters helped with varnishing of doors, window frames, cupboards, and various other jobs.

(Continued on Page 18)

BUSY MOTHERS ATTEND
RELIGION CLASSES



Pictured above are some of the busy mothers at Gehring Camp near Medaryville, Indiana, who gathered together each afternoon during Religious Vacation School, to recite the Rosary and listen to a short religious instruction. Some of the women are holding small shrines which they made for their homes during the Vacation School.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

YES, in keeping with the spirit of her vocation, a Missionary Sister tries to be all things to all men, but sometimes she is almost forced to draw the line.

On our way to visit the Santa Fe Hospital, Sister and I were stopped by three strapping Mexican men, who were very eager to relate the happenings of their busy day. They had worked since early morning at Mother Cabrini's Convent and had not asked one cent for their labor. Instead, they had each received a much treasured relic of the great Saint.

Having caught sight of us they thought of one more thing that would make their day complete. "Sisters," they began, "may we have your blessing?"

Sister looked at me with a "what-do-we-do-now" expression, and I am sure I returned the same. After all, we couldn't disappoint these men, so earnest and sincere in their request. Together we said a simple, "God bless you." The men thanked us profusely, in their charming Mexican manner, and went merrily on their way.

Sister Francesca
Los Angeles, California

In the Home Field

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"Sister, the Pope was here yesterday. The Pope was here!" chorused the children at our Colored center in Fort Wayne one Monday recently.

"The Pope?" inquired Sister.

"Uh-huh! And two others with him. He wore a large cape. (Our informant made an arc in the air with his arm to describe the garment.) The other two had something white around their waists with a lot of knots in it. And . . . one had a long beard."

Each added bit of information increased Sister's curiosity as to whom the visitors might have been. But when Ruth, our lay helper arrived, our wonderment as to cape, knots, and beard ended.

The Pope—a Precious Blood Father wearing his habit. The other two—Capuchin Fathers. The three had attended a meeting of the Third Order members, which had been held the previous day in the Holy Family Colored Center.

Sister Rose
Fort Wayne, Indiana

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

"Good afternoon. No, There are no Catholics here, but . . . I should like to be one," and with that introduction the sweet, elderly woman told us a story.

As a little girl, she had been in a convent Boarding School. When her mother, a Protestant, called to see her during the month of May, the little girl had pleaded with her for permission to be baptized and receive her First Holy Communion with the other children. Not only was permission not granted, but the mother thought it best to remove her little daughter from the school at the end of the year.

Now, more than fifty years later, that daughter was pouring out her story to us. We told her of the adult inquiry classes conducted twice a week at the parish church, and urged her to attend them. Within a week, both she and her husband were enrolled in the classes, and in less than six months Holy Mother Church had two very happy converts.

The Missionary Catechist

POOR JESUS!

After attending religion class a few times, five-year-old Jeanne came to class one day, all excited. "Oh, Sister," she exclaimed, "did you hear what they did to Jesus?"

Sister Mary Matilda
Ely, Nevada

THAT'S WHAT SISTER THOUGHT

Vacation was almost over when Sister met Jimmy, whom she had not seen all summer. "Have you been away on vacation, Jimmy?" Sister asked.

Puzzled, Jimmy replied, "No, Sister."

"Well, I haven't seen you all summer. Have you joined the Mormon church?"

Still more puzzled, Jimmy answered, "No, Sister, I haven't even been going to the Catholic church."

Sister Mary Matilda
Ely, Nevada

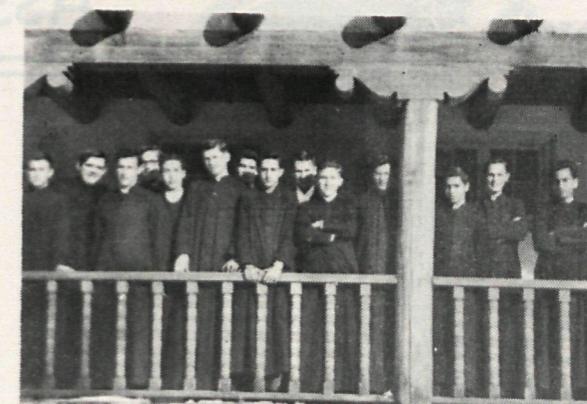
Sister: Johnnie, why did the bad angels lose their place in heaven?

Johnnie: Well, Sister, they just got too smart.

Sister Josephine with group of youngsters at Gary - Alerding Settlement House, Gary, Indiana.



CONFRATERNITY TEACHERS



Among the lay teachers of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in New Mexico are the junior seminarians pictured above. These young men, students at Immaculate Heart of Mary Seminary, Santa Fe, give weekly instruction in religion to some three hundred children in Cristo Rey parish.

NO ARGUING

THE children were attentively inspecting a colorful poster, which pictured a Guardian Angel whispering into the ear of a tiny girl.

"What do you think the angel is saying?" I asked Jimmy, a five-year-old preschool youngster.

"Don't argument with your mother," was the quick reply.

Evidently Jimmy had learned at a very tender age that there are times when it is better to silent.

Sister Rita Marie
Coachella, California

Associate Catechists



Through Thy sweet Mother, in union with her Immaculate Heart, we thank Thee, beloved Savior, for the signal benefits Thou dost accord.

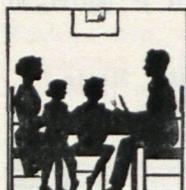
Father Mateo, SS. CC.

ST SABINA BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)

THE record of aid given us by *Marie Dwyer's Band* extends back some twenty years. Her greatest achievements, however, consist in that she is a persistent pluggger for us at national conventions of the Daughters of Isabella, so that substantial donations have reached us through this medium. We think this is an appropriate month in which to say: *Thanks to Jesus and Mary for our faithful friend and supporter. May God reward Miss Dwyer abundantly now and forever!*

ST KATHERINE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)



THE ladies of St. Katherine's Band, presided over by *Mrs. Katherine Hammer*, are most conscientious in taking their turns as hostess to the group each month. If it is impossible for a member

to entertain in her own home, a Bowman Dairy party is planned, or a cash donation given to cover the amount which would have been realized had a party been given. This means something like a \$20.00 offering in lieu of a party.

THE members who entertain serve tempting lunches, the *piece de resistance* being something calculated to bring the ladies out in all sorts of weather. At *Mrs. Christ's*, it is home-made bread; at *Mrs. Anovscin's*, it is a chicken dinner, and so on.

Words often deceive, but deeds show the reality of love.—St. Catherine of Siena.

ST. MARY'S MISSION CLUB (Oak Park, Ill.)



THIS group headed by *Mrs Forest Lehman*, consists of seven persons, who give three dollars apiece each year by way of dues. Twenty-one dollars are thus received from them during the course of a twelve-month period. In addition to dues, *Mrs. Lehman* and her sister usually sponsor a Fall card party for us.

Mrs. Lehman's deceased mother belonged to *St. Joseph's Band* for many years.

CHARITINA CLUB (Paris, Ill.)

SPURRED on by their Promoter, *Miss Mary C. Gibbons*, this enterprising group undertook to make money selling greeting cards, which, together with cash donations, amounted to \$40.00. The club was organized in 1938. Prior to that time, *Miss Gibbons* aided us with donations in a private capacity.

ST. MICHAEL'S GUILD (Palos Park, Ill.)



THE ladies of this Mission Guild are mostly young mothers. The parishioners in Palos Park were also confronted with the financial burden of building a Catholic school for their youngsters. In

spite of these obstacles, the members have continued to send regular donations to our Sisters. They were encouraged to do so by their revered pastor, *Father Michael Kilbride*, in whose honor they named their Guild.

AFTER the love we owe to Jesus Christ, we must give the chief place in our heart to the love of His Mother Mary.

St. Alphonsus Liguori

The Missionary Catechist

of Mary

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)



THE extent of *Mary Perkins'* giving will never be known. Besides being a Promoter of the Immaculate Conception Band, she assists at many parties given by other Chicago Bands, or else writes a sizeable check and sends it to those sponsoring the parties.

Our Chicago Associates know her as the President of the Central Committee of the Associate Catechists of Mary, Chicago Area, and the prime mover behind the annual Spring party which brings such gratifying returns.

OUR "PURGATORIAL SOCIETY"

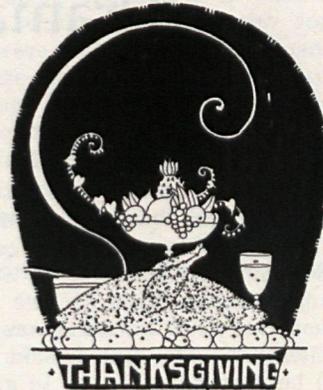


SOME of our friends have referred to the enrollment of deceased persons in the "Associate Catechists of Mary" as a Purgatorial Society sponsored by our community. It may aptly be considered so. We would appreciate it, if Associates and readers of our magazine would inform their friends that a perpetual remembrance of their dear departed ones, in

the prayers, Masses, and good works of our Sisters, is assured through perpetual enrollment in this association. The usual offering for each enrollment is \$10.00, and may be sent in small installments.

Besides *individual* enrollments, *family* perpetual enrollments may be made. The usual offering for the latter is \$25.00, which likewise may be sent in small installments.

The offerings, which accompany applications for membership, are applied to the support of our Sisters, who devote their lives to the salvation of the souls of the poor.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

August 26, 1949 to September 21, 1949

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	\$12.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary E. Nye	70.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	8.50
Mother Cabrini Band, Wauconda, Ill., Mrs. Clara Swiatly	100.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	2.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	12.50
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Ann Brink	4.50
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace Kern	10.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere	10.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	20.00
St. Mary's Mission Club, Oak Park, Ill. Mrs. Forest Lehman	7.00
St. Mary Magdalen Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	5.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	50.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, O., Marie Gouy	2.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Hattie Genge	10.00

OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND

(San Antonio, Tex.)

THE Promoter of our "Lone Star State" Band, *Mrs. E. G. Walsh*, is a woman with a lot of pluck. In spite of ill health and a series of discouraging situations, she persists in stating that Our Lady of Fatima Band is still in existence, and the generous check which accompanies the statement proves it.

Drama for Mary Ellen

by Sister Mary Imelda

IT didn't take me long to open Mary Ellen's letter. How hopeful I was. Had she finally decided? Quickly I read the fine handwriting.

"OH, Sister," Mary Ellen had written, "I need your prayers so much. I love the stage, and yet I feel that God is calling me to follow Him in the Religious life. Can I make the sacrifice? It will be very hard for me to give up my music and drama."

I COULDN'T help smiling as I finished the letter. "Mary Ellen," I said to myself, "if you only knew how well you could exercise your wonderful talents in Christ's vineyard."

THEN I decided I would write Mary Ellen and tell her about a few incidents in my missionary life, incidents that might let her see how every day can well fill her desire for "drama." Only, this kind will find her an instrument in the hands of God, bringing souls closer to His Sacred Heart.

IN this letter I will mention how one day an extra prayer went heavenward as I stepped into the classroom. Strange how one senses trouble. We were having religious vacation school in one of the extra lively towns in sunny California. The bell rang for class, and a slow shuffle of feet brought a group of boys from the playground. While waiting for the last ones to come in, I had a few minutes to look over the class. There were several new faces today. How grateful I was. This was one town that needed religious instruction. It was hard to be good in a place where one was considered brave if he could break laws and destroy property.

"DEAR Lord," I whispered, "I have collected all the blackboard erasers, the waste baskets, a few stray books, and have locked them all in the closet. You know why, dear Lord. Remember how they used those things to have a good battle the first day? Please give us a peaceful morning today."

ANOTHER bell. It was time for our prayer before class. And I would tell Mary Ellen what a picture it was to see these big boys trying to find room for their long legs. Some gave up and put them out in the aisle. What a fine morning it was, and everyone was so interested.

NEVER for a moment did my eyes leave the class, but it came to a point where I had to

use the blackboard. I wrote quickly, talking at the same time. My Guardian Angel told me to go back and cross a "t" that I had missed. Just as I moved I heard a crash, oh! so close to me. Slowly I looked down at my feet and there—just where I had stood a moment before—I saw a blue puddle mixed with pieces of glass. Someone had tried to play "bull's eye" with a bottle of ink.

THEN just as slowly I turned and looked at the class of boys. What a beautiful "hush." No one moved. Several hung their heads. Everyone felt uneasy. I took one guess. Was it Tony? It is strange how many thoughts can run through one's mind in the space of a minute. At sixteen, Tony left school. Tony also left the Mass and the Sacraments—several years ago. Now with nothing he could call home and without friends, Tony wanted to be a "hero" in the eyes of the boys. Poor Tony!

OPENING my desk drawer, I pulled out an old turkish towel and walked all the way to the last desk where Tony was sitting. (It was Tony. His was the only desk without an ink bottle.) I asked Tony if he would mind going out to the water faucet and soaking the towel in water for me. While Tony was gone, we finished the class, and I rang the bell for recess.

IT took Tony a long time, but he finally came in. Most of the boys were out on the playground now. I could tell Mary Ellen how I asked Tony to help me clean up before the ink would do too much damage to the cement floor. There was only a slight stain after a good scrubbing by a very humble Tony.

WHEN we were all finished I couldn't help smiling as I asked Tony if he threw that bottle of ink. The expression on his face gave me the answer. "Don't worry, Tony," I said. "It really was my fault. I forgot to collect those ink bottles." When the boys came in after recess they found an empty hole in their desks where their ink bottles should have been. Tony and I had collected them all and put them in the closet.

THE remaining days of summer school passed peacefully. Tony didn't realize that his humble reparation influenced the whole class. How happy I was when on the last day Tony asked me to teach him the Act of Contrition. He went away then to work in another town. Two years later I met him again. Tony could hold

up his head now and smile. Wasn't it because he went back to the Sacraments and to Mass? It was, because he told me so.

MAYBE I could tell Mary Ellen about the wonderful time we had in another town. This time it was painting the scenery for our Christmas play. The mountains were up, the stars and sky were all finished. One thing was missing. Snow! Several boys volunteered to help, so Sister and I went out to buy some white paint. The boys eagerly awaited our return. It took no time to mix the paint and hand out the brushes.

WE watched the performance from a distance. Then when we saw how well they were doing, we decided to help elsewhere and the boys were left to themselves for just a few minutes, but long enough to get into mischief. What a sight met our eyes when we came back! Boys no longer with black hair and dark faces. Such a waste of good paint! Someone got the idea to dab just a little paint on someone's nose. It didn't take long before it became a game that included heads and faces. It was a funny sight. Of course, as soon as they saw Sister and me come in, they were very busy again. At last, one of the boys was brave enough to call out, "Sister, we need more paint."

I WOULD mention to Mary Ellen what a success the play was, even though some interesting things happened in between. Then I would tell her that we always bought washable paint for the stage scenery in order to take care of "emergencies." It is always best, and it saves on turpentine, too. Maybe I would ask Mary Ellen to pay us a visit. How much we could go over together. And she could give me new ideas.

THEN there was the class in California that must have received many a smile from our Blessed Mother. They loved to sing hymns in her honor. But things weren't running as smoothly as they had been. The class seemed to have divided itself into two groups, and they were beginning to develop the "gang" spirit.

ON this particular day I noticed that everyone came in with bulges in his pockets. And to me that meant trouble. Somehow I found out that, at a given signal, there was going to be a war, and oranges were to be used instead of bullets. The gangs were going to fight each other.

I LOOKED up at the eight windows that lined our classroom. "Oh, Blessed Mother," I said, "we're going to have to work fast." I told the boys we would start class just a little earlier, because I had something to tell them. I was still

thinking about the bulges in their pockets and the eight windows, and I knew some of those oranges were soft, too. Then I remembered the extra large bag I had stored away with some other things behind the piano. It didn't take me long to get it out and open it up.

WITH the opened bag, I went quietly to each of the thirty boys and in a whisper said, "Just drop your oranges in this sack." I noticed that a few of the last boys dropped in only the peelings. Before they realized what had happened, I was thanking them for the nice oranges they had brought me. The war had been averted.

IF Mary Ellen will ask me what happened after that, I will tell her that nobody ever said a word about an orange fight, and neither did I. I still think the boys felt very good about not having to have that war. They just didn't want to say, "Let's just not have it." Before the class was over, I felt a better spirit taking possession of the class.

THEN there are the days that bring joy to every missionary heart. The days when you see your classes of little ones coming down the aisle with Christ in their hearts for the first time. You can guess, Mary Ellen . . . their First Communion day. And there will be Confirmation classes, too. And you will recall the time when a little tot looked up at you and asked, "Did you live when Jesus lived?" "Why?" you asked. Then the answer came back, "I know you lived when Jesus lived, because you know so much about Him."

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. (II Machab. XII, 46.)

Memorial

Joseph Drexler, New Haven, Conn., father of Sister Marion.

James Robinson, Chicago, Ill.

John F. Flynn, Chicago, Ill.

Leo Fiebig, El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. Elizabeth Radenmacher, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Catherine Kittrell, Chicago, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Mary's Loyal



Dear Helpers:

THIS is the month of the *Holy Souls*. *Armistice Day* also occurs in November. Somehow, I think it is Providential that the holiday comes in November. We can tie up with it thoughts of the war dead. We enjoy the blessings of liberty because thousands of men paid the price of same on foreign battlefields in World Wars I and II. Let's remember the souls of the faithful departed in our prayers, especially those who died in battle and perhaps have none to pray for them.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY.



A NEW ENGLAND HELPER



WE are happy to introduce *Betty Kearns*, of *Wallingford, Connecticut*. Betty is a faithful Helper and an interesting correspondent. In her last letter, written in September, she gives us the following news:

"During my summer vacation I spent one week in Vermont and three weeks at camp. I could not

finish my fourth week at camp because we (our family) went to the shore . . . School started this morning. We didn't do anything except cover our books. It sounds as though our work is going to be harder this year—but naturally. I am in the seventh grade. My sister would like to join Mary's Loyal Helpers soon. She is saving up a dollar."

A NEW MEXICO HELPER



FAR out in the Southwest, we have another Helper who prays for our Missionary Sisters and saves pennies for us, too. She is *Mary Lou Tapia*, of *Pastura, New Mexico*. New Mexico is missionary territory. Many of our Sisters live there. They teach religion to Catholic children who are far from a Catholic school. They also train school teachers and others to teach religion in regions where our Sisters cannot go very often.



A MINNESOTA MISS



In the above picture you see *Kathleen Hammers* of *Chaska, Minnesota*. She is seven years old and entered the second grade at *Guardian Angel School* this year. She is the niece of our Sister *Mary Gemma*, who is missioned at *Salt Lake City, Utah*.

Helpers Pages

LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister Blanche:

I am selling dolls at ten, fifteen, twenty-five and fifty cents apiece. The dolls have yellow and brown braids, and the dresses are pink and blue. They have pink, red, and blue hats. I am sending you \$1.25 that I earned. I hope it will help you.

With Love in Jesus,

Louise Plum, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sunshine Secretary's note. Louise is eight years old and the little sister of our Sister Ann Therese, at Santa Paula, Calif.

AN INDIANA HELPER



Pictured above is Beatrice Haines of Goshen, Indiana. She is eight years old, and the little sister of Sister Mary Monica, one of our first year Novices at Victory Noll.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

Indiana, Washington, Kansas, Virginia, Iowa, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Wyoming, Georgia, Colorado, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Montana, North Carolina and Missouri.

November, 1949



WHAT NOW?

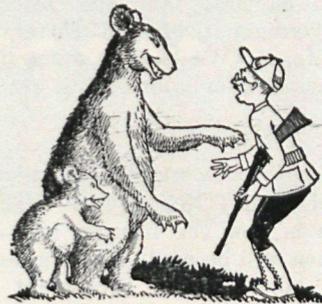
Sister Mary Geraldine reports that, driving through a town in California, she saw above the door of a church, in big letters, the words:

FIRST CHURCH OF GOD

and under it a sign reading:

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

A "HUNT THE BEAR" PUZZLE



At this season many men go deer hunting. A few go bear hunting. In each of the following sentences, the word BEAR is hidden. Can you discover the hidden bear? To help you out, Sunshine Secretary points out that the "bear" in the first sentence is to be found in the last two letters of the word TUBE and the first two letters of the word ARE. Now go ahead. Underscore the letters b, e, a, r, which follow each other consecutively. Send the worked puzzle to our Sisters for a holy card.

1. Wilbur placed his mouth to the speaking tube. "Are you there?" he bellowed.
2. Bob earnestly begged him to begin again.
3. Bea really can play the trombone beautifully.
4. "You be archer this time," said Bennie, handing him the bow and arrow.
5. "Beautiful Dreamer" and "The Blue Danube" are waltz airs.
6. "Abe, Arbor Day is tree planting day," explained Bernard.

AROUND VICTORY NOLL

(Continued from Page 9)

THE second and third floors (the barracks proper) are now the postulancy and novitiate. The novices moved into their new quarters the latter part of June, thus giving us additional sleeping space for the Sisters who came in for the summer.

WE have been so crowded the past few years, that two retreats were scheduled, and the Sisters came in only for one or other of the retreats, then returned to their mission convents for the summer. This year the erection of our new building made it possible for all the Sisters east of the Mississippi to make the one retreat and to remain at Victory Noll for a few weeks after the retreat.

AS the new dining room and kitchen were not quite ready for use during the summer, meals were served in two shifts. The chapel, too, was crowded, so during retreat we had two Masses each morning, and the postulants, novices, and younger professed Sisters attended the second Mass. (We haven't quite figured out how the younger ones managed to get the sleep-over.)

THERE have been a number of improvements AROUND VICTORY NOLL. The former dining room is now the library, and eventually the old kitchen will be made into a guests' dining room. New labor saving equipment has been installed in the laundry. The bedrooms in the main building have been painted and the floors varnished. The doors, window frames, porches, and wood trim on outside of all buildings have been painted. The cloister-way (more commonly called the connecting link), which joins the new building with the main building, and which is

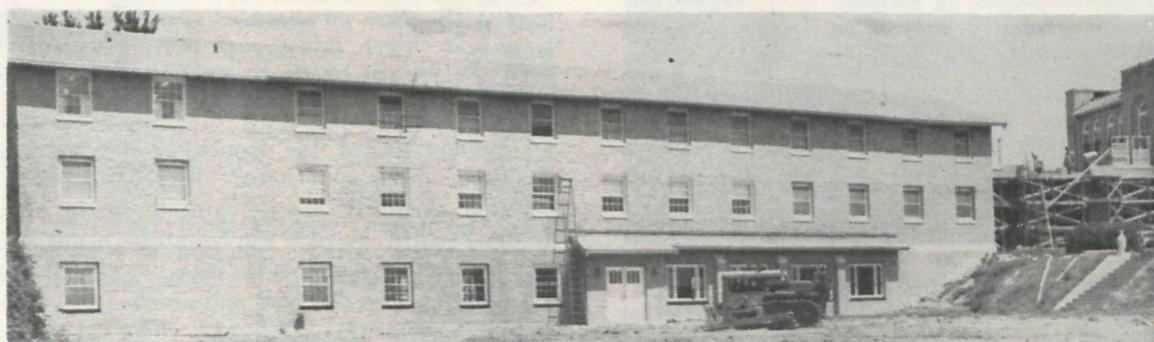


The "barracks" when it was finally erected.

shown under construction in the picture below, is now almost completed. A cold storage room in back of new kitchen will be ready for the bumper crop of Victory Noll apples.

WE had just been lamenting the fact that our summer was incomplete because we had not received our annual visit from the Most Reverend Charles H. Helmsing, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis. Ever since we returned to Victory Noll in 1938, and for some years prior to that, Father Helmsing, later Monsignor, and as of last March, Bishop Helmsing, has visited Victory Noll at some time during the summer. And he did not forget us this summer, though his visit was the shortest yet—one hour on Sunday, September 19. It happened we were out of town and missed his visit, but the other Sisters were delighted to see him.

BISHOP HELMSING came to Victory Noll, at the request of Archbishop Ritter, seeking Sisters for a mining town in Missouri. How we hope our superiors may be able to fill his request next fall, but we know the calls are many; the vocations too few. Won't you pray the Lord of the harvest that He send more laborers into His vineyard?



The "new building" complete, except for cloister-way, under construction at right, which connects new building with main building.

Bishop Noll and Our Novices



No postulants last year? But, of course. We didn't show them to you? Well, there was only one reason for that—we never succeeded in getting anyone to give us even a passable picture of them. And they were such a lovely group, we really wanted the best!

So at long last we had a photographer take a picture of them, only by that time they were First Year Novices. They are pictured above, twenty of them, all mixed up with fifteen Second Year Novices.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, is pictured with the Novices. The picture was taken in our new dining room.

From left to right, the Novices are: (1st Row), Sisters Marie, Alma Marie, Martin, Carol, Mary George; His Excellency, Bishop Noll; Sisters Jacinta, Mary James, Mary Edward, Joan, and Ramona. (2nd row): Sisters Dennis, Jerome, Inez, Anita, Lydia, Anna Margaret, Ann Clare, Paula, Georgiana, Marie Therese, Mary Brigid, and Andrea. (3rd row): Sisters Mary Monica, Carmela, Stephanie, Grace, Marie Celine, Charlene, Alice, Bernardine, Aquina, Dolores Ann, Marilyn, Mary Christine, and Priscilla.

Mrs. Smith says:

The members of her small social club
all agree

IT'S LOTS MORE FUN

to play cards with a purpose!



THEIR purpose is to aid a Missionary Sister who is spending her life in serving God's poor.

Each month they listen to a letter from the Sister whom they sponsor, brimful of missionary experiences.

Why not make your SOCIAL club a MISSION club?

Sister Supervisor, ACM,
Victory Noll,
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister Supervisor:

We would like to sponsor one of your Missionary Sisters. Please tell us how to go about it.

Name

Street

City Zone State