

October 1950

The
Missionary
Catechist
Magazine



City Missionaries

by Sister Francesca

"WHAT! You mean you do missionary work in the city?" was the question of a relative when I received my appointment to Los Angeles. "I always imagined a missionary's life was spent in some poor forsaken place, where all the inhabitants are neglected and forgotten by the world."

"YES, you are right; that is just why the Missionary Sisters have gone to Los Angeles," I replied.

"BUT I'm afraid I don't understand. Los Angeles is one of the leading cities of the world. It has Catholic churches, schools, colleges, and other institutions. How can you say you do missionary work in a city that offers every convenience of our modern world, a city where cars and speedways, radios and television sets, modern buildings and Hollywood are taken for granted?"

IT was easy to see that the word missionary needed a bit of clarifying, so I proceeded to explain that a missionary is one who brings the knowledge of Christ to those who know Him not and then endeavors to lay a foundation upon which souls can grow in love of God.

AND it is often precisely in large cities, amid the pleasures and cares of every day life, that too many souls never learn of Christ and His love for men, or having learned of it, cast it aside as unimportant in comparison with the struggle for material existence. Hence the need for missionaries even in our large progressive cities.

IT is true that the children of our religious instruction classes in Los Angeles, and other large cities, have the advantage of modern public schools with spacious gymnasium and playground. But no part of their school day is devoted to the all important subject of religion. God has no place in our public schools. And it is here that the Missionary Sister finds immense scope for her zeal. As she organizes the Catholic

children who attend the public schools into groups for religious instruction classes, she finds that hundreds of these children would never have had an opportunity to learn the truths of their religion nor to know of God's love for them except for the missionary work that she and others are doing in our large cities.

CENSUS taking, too, is an important part of the Missionary Sister's work. Each home visit brings her in contact with souls, many of whom are numbered among the stray sheep of the fold. The working of God's grace is often visible as on return visits the Sister notes that marriages have been validated, members of the family have returned to the Sacraments, and children are attending religious instruction.

VISITS to the hospital each week also afford many an opportunity to lead souls to Christ. One of the Catholic nurses told Sister that her visits were a great consolation to one of the patients whose sufferings were so great that he had almost given up in despair. Sister taught him the value and the purpose of pain and now he does not waste it, but accepting it with resignation and offering it for souls is winning from the Heart of Christ many precious graces for himself and for others.

CLUB work, such as Girl Scouts, sodalities, and choirs, is included in almost every Sister's curriculum. She uses these as further means of instilling Catholic principles and making them workable in the daily lives of her charges.

THESE and many other spiritual and corporal works of mercy make up the day of a missionary in the city, a day that is far too short and always leaves much work undone. Yet Sister retires with no feeling of anxiety, for she knows that in the work for souls she is but an instrument in God's Hands. The day has been spent for Him and undoubtedly all that He has willed for her has been accomplished.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVI

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Number 10

Mission Intention for October

by the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D.

CARE OF THE SICK IN THE MISSIONS

PIUS XI in his monumental Encyclical "Rerum Ecclesiae" concerning the development of the missions frequently reminds the Catholics of the world of the example of Christ in his care for the sick. Time and again he points out specific instances of Christ's general will to cure all about Him and at other times reminds us of His tender care for children.

OUR missionaries, aided by the unstinted generosity of Catholics at home, have never failed to fulfill to the measure of their abilities and resources this obligation to the sick and infirm. Many hospitals and dispensaries have been built. The latest figures available for the year 1948 report that there were 936 hospitals with 47,061 beds in the mission territories; 41,000,000 treatments were given in 2,952 dispensaries; 17,671 lepers were being cared for in 221 leprosarua.

AS a work of charity depending in no way upon the means of the population for which these institutions have been established, our medical mission effort has been worthy of the highest praise. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the non-Catholic mission societies are establishing larger hospitals in greater numbers than the resources of the Catholic world have heretofore been able to afford. The poor who are cared for in these hospitals understand this language of charity perhaps better than any other. Consequently, under the present circumstances it is all the more urgent that our medical missions have every possible support and encouragement.

THIS support will require much greater sacrifice than in the past. Technical advances of a most praiseworthy kind have at the same time greatly increased the cost of outfitting a standard hospital no matter how small it is. Moreover, there is a woeful lack of trained medical mission personnel. In countries that have colonies in the mission lands, medical associations of laymen for the aid of the missions have been established. This is particularly true of the French association called "Ad Lucem" and the Belgian Medical Foundation of the University of Louvain for the Congo.

ALTHOUGH these associations of lay people are highly beneficial and even necessary, nevertheless our missions look for the greater part of the solution of this medical problem from the religious congregations and societies which have dedicated themselves to mission work. New societies are being formed with a special emphasis upon medical care in the mission countries. Here in the United States the Congregation of the Medical Mission Sisters was founded in 1925 and was widely active in many mission areas. In 1937 the Medical Missionaries of Mary were established in Ireland.

MAY God grant that more men and women may be called to this work of charity and that they reply in a generous way to so noble a vocation by assisting the missions in caring for the sick.

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Around Victory Noll

by Sister Eunice



Reception day at Victory Noll. Postulants take their places in Chapel after having answered the Bishop's interrogations and made their Act of Consecration. A few minutes later they entered the sanctuary to receive their habit from the hands of the Bishop.

MUCH has happened AROUND VICTORY NOLL since last we brought you an account of Victory Noll news.

PERHAPS the most important event was the General Chapter held at Victory Noll on August 6. At this Chapter Mother Cecilia Schmitt was elected Superior General. Mother Cecilia, a native of St. Louis, entered the community in 1927, was professed in 1929, and then assigned to Grants, New Mexico, as her first mission. She spent the next twelve years in the missions of New Mexico, California, and Indiana. She was Mistress of Postulants from 1941 to 1947, and since 1947 was Vicar General and Superior of the Mother House.

THE four Councillors elected to assist Mother General in the administration of the community were: Sisters Mary Angela, Mary Louise, Elaine, and Cordelia Marie.

WE know that our readers will be happy to join us in extending to Mother General and her assistants our sincere congratulations and the promise of our prayers. To our retiring Superior General, Mother Catherine, who served the community so generously and self-sacrificingly during the past twelve years, we extend our heartfelt gratitude, while we pray that God may

abundantly bless her work in the mission field which she now resumes and which she has always loved so well.

THE most exciting event AROUND VICTORY NOLL was surely that which occurred on August 15. In our community, as in so many other religious communities, this date has become synonymous with "Appointment day." After the General Chapter there were rumors that the appointments would be delayed this year, but all the time we had a suspicion they would be out on time, so we were not too surprised when we went in to the Chapel after breakfast on the feast of Our Blessed Mother's Assumption and saw the usual little white envelopes at each one's place.

ON the beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5, eighteen of our postulants were received as Novices, fifteen Novices made first profession, and six Sisters made perpetual vows. Our Bishop, His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., officiated at the ceremonies.

THE eight day retreat, which preceded the feast, was preached by the Reverend Stanley Kusman, S.M., of St. Mary's University, San Antonio. At the close of the retreat we felt that

we could go out and conquer the world for Christ, but we are afraid the zeal of St. Francis Xavier and the holiness of St. John of the Cross—which we had all but captured during those eight days of prayer, silence, and solitude—are still not too firmly imbedded in our hearts. We pray that the seed planted there may be watered abundantly by God's grace and bring forth much fruit. One hundred and fifty Sisters made the retreat at Victory Noll. Retreats for the Sisters in the West and Southwest were held at the same time at Monterey and Redlands, California; Denver, Colorado; San Antonio, Texas; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Salt Lake City, Utah, and Ely, Nevada.

AMONG the more important happenings **A**ROUND VICTORY NOLL, we must include the celebration of our Bishop's Silver Episcopal Jubilee. On June 28 we had the privilege of having seven Bishops present at a luncheon in honor of Bishop Noll at Victory Noll. In addition, the Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis, and his Auxiliary, the Most Reverend Charles H.

Helmsing, came to Victory Noll later in the day, though they were not in time for the luncheon.

THE following day twelve of us were among the immense throng who assisted at Bishop Noll's pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving at Immaculate Conception Cathedral, Fort Wayne. Two of us were among those who had attended the Bishop's consecration in the same Cathedral twenty-five years before, and many were the memories that came flooding back to us that day as we thanked Almighty God for Bishop Noll and for all the Bishop has done for the Church in the United States, for the diocese, and especially for our community.

LATE the same afternoon, the Bishop arrived at Victory Noll, and the following morning he celebrated Mass in our chapel. At noon that day a luncheon was given at Victory Noll in honor of the Bishop, at which about eighty-five of his relatives were present. Among this group were the brothers and sisters of the Bishop, his nieces, nephews, grandnieces, and grandnephews.



Guests who attended luncheon in honor of Bishop Noll at Victory Noll. Left to right they are: The Most Reverend Francis R. Cotton, D.D., Bishop of Owensboro; Rev. Thomas E. Dillon, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington; His Excellency, Bishop Noll; the Most Reverend Mariano S. Garriga, D.D., Bishop of Corpus Christi; Most Reverend Paul D. Schulte, D.D., Archbishop of Indianapolis; Most Reverend Michael J. Ready, D.D., Bishop of Columbus; Most Reverend C. P. Greco, D.D., Bishop of Alexandria, and the Most Reverend Laurence J. FitzSimon, D.D., Bishop of Amarillo.

WE have enjoyed the summer AROUND VICTORY NOLL. The weather has been ideally cool, the grounds, watered by plentiful rain, have been gorgeously beautiful, the company of so many of our Sisters from the mission fields, a rare delight. But now the summer is over, the missions are beckoning, souls are waiting for us. It is time for missionaries to be about their Heavenly Father's business. The usual exodus from Victory Noll has begun.

And before closing, I'll tell you a little secret. The card in that small white envelope at my place in chapel on August 15 informed me that I would be among the active missionaries during the coming year. Before realizing all this

meant to me, it would be necessary to understand what it means to a missionary to be out of the mission field for twelve years; it would be necessary to realize that within the hearts of all missionaries there burns a desire to be on the firing line, even though we know well that souls are saved by those at home as well as those engaged in active work.

As I write this, I am thrilled with my new assignment; I am supremely happy at the thought of working directly for souls once more; my head is awl with class plans; I am eager to get started—yet I know that there will be times when I shall miss being AROUND VICTORY NOLL.

We Visited Panama

by Sister Helen

(Continued from last month)

ALTHOUGH the trip to the interior with the Archbishop had been considered too strenuous for us, we knew that a visit to Panama without going to the Interior would be sadly incomplete. This was especially true for us, since most of the work of the Sisters of the new Panamanian community will be in the towns, hamlets, and outlying districts of the Interior of Panama.

SO it was arranged that we leave early one morning and drive some seventy-five miles into the Interior, stopping along the way at some of the towns. We were delighted at the thought of the trip, and were all ready to start when Don Arsenio arrived at the convent with the Archbishop's car.

A FEW minutes drive and we were at the Canal, which we were to cross on a ferry—my first such experience. One ferry pulled out just as we drove up to the Canal, so we were the first car on the next ferry. This gave us an excellent view of the Canal as we crossed and the opportunity to see the ferry dock and unload.

WHEN we reached the other side of the Canal, Sister Monica said, "Now we are in the Interior." What a let down! Ten minutes drive and a short ride across the Canal and we were in the much talked of *Interior* (accent on the



Sister Monica and Sister Mary Bernarda visit one of the homes along the way on our trip into the Interior. This "ranchito" is typical of the homes in the Interior of Panama.

last syllable). "And not only that," Sister Mary Bernarda added, "but when anyone tells us

where he has been, he will say, "En el Interior," which may mean half an hour's distance or a couple of days' distance from Panama City."

SOON we were riding along a well paved highway, through beautiful country. Somehow I had not expected the mountainous country with its gorgeous scenery, lakes, rivers, and occasional glimpses of the ocean. Much of the country was jungle land, but was beautiful in its wildness. Practically all the houses were *ranchitos*, little square one or two room huts made of palm, or more usually of banana leaves. It took quite a bit of convincing on the part of Sister Monica, Sister Mary Bernarda, and Don Arsenio to convince us that *ranchito* was the name of the home and not of the land. To us *ranchito* or *ranchito* meant a ranch, if we were thinking of the Southwestern part of the United States, or a farm in the Middle West. In Panama a parcel of land used for farming or fruit growing is known as a *finca*.

AT distances of from five to twenty miles along the way were settlements or towns. Usually these towns were just off the highway, and we stopped at one after another. As soon as the car would stop, children would begin to gather from all directions, and sometimes there were forty or fifty around the car in ten minutes. When we questioned the children, we found that in many places none had made First Communion, even though many of the children were eleven or twelve years old. What a field for the work of the Panamanian Sisters—and so close to home!

ACTUALLY, the Sisters did go to some of these little places to conduct religious vacation schools later on (during the vacation months of February, March, and April). In one such town, alone, they had ninety First Communicants at the close of the Vacation School.

WE visited a few of the homes along the way and found that the *ranchitos* were always immaculately clean and comparatively cool. The people were friendly and very happy to see Sisters. They were delighted at the thought that some day Sisters would come to teach their children.

IN one town a little boy came running up to us saying, "We have a monja (Sister) in our church, too." Mother Catherine was quite interested. She questioned the little boy about when the Sisters came, and whether they were from Panama City, and did he go to class every time the Sisters came, to all of which the youngster looked blank. Finally, he said, "Come and see



Sister Mary Bernarda bids farewell to couple who thought it providential when our tire blew out on the way to Colon, as the delay meant that Sisters visited them in their isolated *ranchito* for the first time.

our monja." He led the way to the church, and imagine our surprise when instead of the Sisters we had expected to meet, the child pointed to a picture of the Foundress of the Salesian Sisters, which hung just inside the church door. There was the monja of which he was so proud.

WE spent another day visiting in Colon, the second largest city in Panama. Located on the Atlantic Side of the Isthmus, Colon is some fifty miles from Panama City, and the two cities are connected by a railroad—the only railroad on the Isthmus. Colon can also be reached by boat through the Canal, and we had hoped to take this trip, but since it takes eight hours by boat, as compared with about an hour and a half by car, we chose the latter method.

We were not disappointed, as it is a very beautiful drive through country much like that through which we drove in the Interior.

ABOUT twenty miles from Colon we had a blowout. While the tire was being changed, Mother Catherine and Sister Mary Bernarda visited a near-by home. The people were so happy and so grateful for the visit. It was the first time Sisters had ever visited them, and they were sure that the tire trouble was providential, because it afforded the Sisters the opportunity of visiting them in their isolated ranchito. We don't know whether Don Arsenio, changing a tire under tropical sun, would entirely agree with these simple campesinos.

WE visited the beautiful Cathedral at Colon, built in 1934 and dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. We also had a delightful visit with His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joseph M. Preciado, C.M.F., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Darien, whom we knew from his work in the missions of our own Southwest before his elevation to the episcopacy.

ON our last Sunday in Panama, three of the Panamanian Sisters left for the Interior for their first mission assignment that took them away from home. As we watched them preparing enthusiastically, yet with a certain amount of timidity, for this mission assignment, we were carried back a quarter of a century to the days when we, too, were preparing for our first mission work as pioneer members of a new community doing pioneer work in the Church.

NONE of the Sisters was expert enough at handling the new station wagon to drive it to the Interior, so a chauffeur was hired for the occasion. He came on Panamanian time, when the Sisters had just about decided to join us on a picnic for the day.

ALTHOUGH we were happy to be present at this important point in the life of this new community, we were somewhat reluctant to see the Sisters leave. We knew it was the beginning of the good-bys which would soon have to be said.

AND sure enough, the end of our visit was at hand. The next two days flew by, and in no time at all we were having our farewell supper with our Sisters and those of the Panamanian community still at home. We made it a gay affair, but we knew the Sisters were dreading the coming separation as much as we. More so for our Sisters, for we would soon be home again, surrounded by a large community of

Sisters. They would be far away, the only two members of our congregation. But that is the life of a missionary and our Sisters are happy in the work they are doing for the good of souls in Panama. However, we assured them that our readers who know Sister Monica and Sister Mary Bernarda, as well as our own Sisters, would not leave them too isolated, but would meet them occasionally via the mails.

OUR plane left at 3:30 A. M. on the morning of February 1. Don Arsenio took us to the airport, and Sisters Monica, Mary Bernarda, and Carmen accompanied us. We felt very secure when the pilot who had flown our plane from Dallas to Panama walked into the station, ready to take us back to Dallas again.

WE boarded the plane on a beautiful tropical morning; we arrived in Chicago twenty hours later on a brisk winter night. We went through every kind of weather on the way; we saw a beautiful sunrise over the Caribbean Sea; we saw an even more beautiful sunset high above the clouds, shortly after leaving Dallas.

THE trip home was a pleasant one, except for Dallas. We landed there amid torrential rain. The water on the sidewalk was above our shoetops, and we had almost a block to walk to the station. There was heat on in the station, and we dried out a little, but by the time we had to board the plane for Chicago, it was raining just as hard again. A ten hour delay at Dallas going down; a deluge coming back. Next time we are going to avoid that city.

My sister met us at the airport in Chicago, and I am sure two more bedraggled Sisters never alighted at the Chicago airport. Our clothes were still damp from the rain at Dallas, and they were wrinkled beyond description. Next morning habits, veils, mantles, even the shoulderettes we wore under our light mantles, had to be pressed. Fortunately for us, my sister had a lovely new steam iron, which made quick work of the pressing, and we were soon presentable once more.

THAT evening we took the Erie train for Huntington. It was the feast of the Purification. When we arrived at Victory Noll we went immediately to the Chapel to thank our Eucharistic King and His Holy Mother for a safe trip and a very pleasant vacation. But even as we knelt in Chapel, I knew that a portion of one heart, at least, had remained with our Sisters in the Republic of Panama.

(The end.)

The Broom Gang

by Sister Elizabeth Ann



A few of the members of the "Broom Gang." Some of the little girls from the presidio insisted on getting in the picture, too.

WE call them the "Broom Gang" because the first time we saw them they were galloping in and out of yards, up and down the street, following the leader, each riding a broom; that is, all but the last one. He had only a stick. Seventeen or eighteen little boys, the oldest barely five, belong to the gang.

One little girl, almost four years old, seems to be an accepted member. She is always with them. It is really too bad she wasn't a boy. She is a little roly-poly, always dressed in overalls. Her tiny feet are like leather. Just once we saw her wearing shoes. It was Christmas afternoon. Her pigtails were tied with bright blue ribbons but she had on overalls just the same.

We hear that there is a "middle size gang" and a still older gang, and woe betide you if you do anything to their little brothers.

All these children, and many more besides, live in one large presidio. El Paso has many such presidios. Many of them contain forty or more "apartments." An apartment consists of two rooms. You can imagine how crowded they are, for nearly every family includes several

adults and seven, eight, often more children. The presidio where the Broom Gang lives is typical of most of them. There are two floors built around a narrow courtyard where the women hang the wash.

When we visit in the presidio the gang follows us from door to door. Then when we leave we make a procession—Sisters, children, and dogs—half way down the block.

WHY IT WAS IMPORTANT

"And so you see how important it is to send her to class regularly," Sister said as she finished her long explanation to the mother of the twelve-year-old First Communicant. "Maria is so big now, you wouldn't want her to have to wait for another year."

"No," replied Maria's mother, "because the bigger she gets the more her dress will cost."

Sister Mary Blanche
Flagstaff, Arizona.

OF COURSE, GOD DOES NOT WANT
US TO FIGHT

MARSHA is not yet old enough to attend school (in fact, she is only four years old), but she does attend catechism classes with the first graders twice a week. One Tuesday afternoon she arrived early enough to walk down to the school with me to wait for the children.

As we walked along, Marsha told me all about the plans for her coming birthday. "And I'm going to get two swings," she said.

"But why two swings? Wouldn't one be enough for you?" I asked.

"But there is Leroy," she reminded me, referring to her year-old brother. "And if we have only one swing we might fight."

Making use of the opportunity, I told her that God does not like little boys and girls to fight. Hoping she was convinced by my admonition, I continued, "God does not want you to

In the Home Field

fight, does He?"

There was a long pause. I could tell that she was thinking the matter over carefully. I repeated the question. "Marsha, God does not want you to fight, does He?"

A bright smile crossed her face, as she replied, "No . . . that's why we are getting two swings."

Sister Doris
Brighton, Colorado.

A MATTER OF COURTESY

BONNIE was visiting non-Catholic relatives. Grace was said before the meal, but Bonnie

was not quite satisfied. "Why don't you make the sign of the Cross?" she asked, as the family ended the prayer in what she thought a rather abrupt manner.

The answer came quickly, "You see, dear, only Catholics cross themselves. We are not Catholics."

"But," objected Bonnie, "when you go to visit someone, you don't just walk in, you knock first. And when you leave, you don't just walk out, you say good-by. So when we pray, we ought to make the Sign of the Cross to let God know we want to speak to Him, and when we finish, we should make the Sign of the Cross to tell God good-by."

Sister Louise Marie
Coachella, California.

AMENS

We were visiting the Bonillo family. The mother had just finished making sandwiches for her three little youngsters, and giving one to

each child, she said, "Now sit on the steps and eat your sandwich."

"But, Mommy," quickly replied six-year-old Maria, "We haven't said our 'Amens' yet." And Mother, who is taking instructions but is not yet a Catholic, had to say Grace for them, so they could answer "Amen."

Sister Henrietta
Los Angeles, California

EXPLANATION LOST ON CARLOS

"Now, Carlos," said Sister at the close of what she thought was a very clear explanation of the respectful manner in which her small charges should greet a priest, "what will you do the next time you meet a priest on the street?"

Quick as a flash, Carlos replied, "Ask him for a medal."

Sister Mary Blanche
Flagstaff, Arizona

Sister: Which Person of the Blessed Trinity became Man?

Elmer: The Middle One.



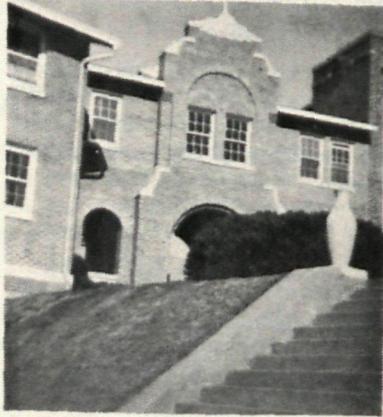
First Communicants, St. Joseph's Church, Bound Brook, N. J. Pictured with the children are Reverend E. W. Kreger, Pastor, and the Sisters who prepared the children for their First Communion—Sister Josepha, left, and Sister Mary Jeannette, right.



An ancient custom—the Offertory procession—was revived on First Holy Communion day by the boys and girls of St. Joseph's Parish, Bound Brook, New Jersey.

At the Offertory of the Mass, each child offered his personal gift of bread—an unconsecrated host—by placing it in the Ciborium. The gifts were symbolic of the givers, who wanted to offer themselves to God in union with His Divine Son.

The children then waited eagerly until Father Kreger pronounced the words of Consecration which changed their gifts into Jesus Himself and made Him present on the altar. In a little while each child received a Gift in return, his own original gift, but now transformed into one of infinite value.



Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:

WE know you'll pardon our making this month's issue something of an "Omaha Special." After reading these columns, you'll agree our Associates in that city rate special mention.

FOR years, Omaha had only one Band, known as St. Margaret Mary Band. About a year ago the Band experienced "growing pains." It had become so large that it was found advisable to break it up into three smaller Bands. One of these Bands retained the name of *St. Margaret Mary Band*, and elected *Mrs. Kate Shields* sister-in-law of our Sister Mary Marguerite Shielas, as President. The second group selected the name of *St. Clare Band*, and elected *Mrs. Anna Igel* to the office of President. *Mrs. Mary Ann* and *Mrs. Clare Leutenegger*, sisters-in-law of Sister Mary Clare Leutenegger, whom the Band sponsors, laughingly remarked that it is too bad Sister didn't have more brothers so that their wives, too, could have joined the Band! The third Band sponsors our Sister Mary Martin, also a native of that city. This group selected the name of *St. Martin of Tours Band*, and have as president, *Miss Lucille Murphy*.

DURING the years that we had only one Band in Omaha, we averaged \$100.00 a year from them. On July 1st of the present year our books showed we had already received \$291.00 from the three Bands. They will more than treble their former donations by the end of the year.

WE quote letters written during the current year by an officer of each Band.

MADE EIGHTY DOLLARS IN FOUR HOURS

Dear Sister:

Through the efforts of one of our members we were able to conduct a bake sale at the Court

House . . . Each member contributed something in the line of home baked goods and also helped to conduct the bake sale. *Mrs. Egermier* brought lovely homemade strudel. *Mrs. Miriovsky* filled a large coat box with pinwheel cookies she had made. *Marie* came with several pies and a large bowl of potato salad contributed by friends. We also sold homemade baked beans and beefburger sandwiches.

This being our first experience we didn't realize we would do so well. We had only five pounds of meat for the sandwiches, and could have sold many times that amount. The potato salad and baked beans were very much in demand. We had lovely cakes which sold for \$1.25 and some for \$1.50 each. Certain pies sold for as high as \$1.00 each and others for seventy-five and eighty cents each. Some of the girls made and donated a bit of handwork on that occasion to be sold in connection with the baked goods. A baby set, donated by *Emma Miriovsky*, sold for \$4.00.

We were really amazed at the quick turnover of the items. We were only in the Court House about four good hours and we made \$80.00. We had no idea that we could dispose of our things so fast. We were terribly sorry that we didn't have a lot more as we would have been able to pass the \$100.00 mark.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. Kate Shields, President
of *St. Margaret Mary Band*.



Above are pictured members of *St. Margaret Mary Band* of Omaha, Nebraska. *Mrs. Fred Shields* is President of the group, *Miss Marie Egermier*, Secretary, and *Mrs. Fred Remington*, Treasurer.

of Mary

RUMMAGE SALE BY ST. CLARE BAND BRINGS GOOD RETURNS

Dear Sister:

Last month we wrote Sister Mary Clare asking whether they could use a box of clothing. She replied they could always use clothes, but right now they needed some household things, catechetical charts, and class materials. We immediately gathered a lot of clothing and held a two-day rummage sale. It proved a big success, as we realized \$50.00 from it. In addition, we sent 145 lbs. of good clothing to her. This box contained a few baby gowns which our members had made. Don't you think this is quite a bit of activity for a mission band of eight ladies organized less than three months ago?

We have another "operation" coming up soon which should result in a few extra dollars.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Clare Leutenegger, Secretary.



MEMBER OF ST. MARTIN OF TOURS BAND GIVES BENEFIT SPAGHETTI DINNER

Dear Sister:

Enclosed is a check for \$51.00. Five dollars represent our usual dues and the other \$46.00 was made by one of our members, Mrs. Gus Tehiro, who held a spaghetti dinner in her home for a group of working girls. None of these are club members. A dollar a plate was charged for the dinner and after dinner some of the guests stayed to play cards. The expense of the party was borne by the hostess.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Murphy, Secretary

October, 1950



A C M BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

July 6, 1950, to August 16, 1950

Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	70.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunn	20.25
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago, Adeline Becker	55.00
Mothers & Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. Earl Keegan	5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	15.00
Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	10.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. M. Fischette	100.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deininger	3.50
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	17.50
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Helen Melke	44.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	2.50
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Margaret King	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Homer Reeves	36.25
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Fred Potthoff	108.00
St. Mary Magdalene Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	5.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Beach	15.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. M. Jankun	20.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer ..	7.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	11.25
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	50.00

ST. JOHN MISSION GUILD (Chicago, Ill.)

Illness overtook several members of this Band, as well as the members of their households, during the past several months. In spite of these setbacks, the Associates have made a very fine showing for the current year. They had nearly doubled their 1949 year end total by June 30, 1950. Three cheers for their fine work!

The Promoter is Mrs. Anna Bechtold.

Adventures for God

by Sister Mary Paul

"WHAT were those early years like, Sister?" a young religious asked me recently. "They must have been terribly hard, weren't they?"

"ON the contrary," I hastened to inform her. "Every day was like a grand and glorious adventure! To be sure, life did not always flow smoothly for us, but we got a lot of fun out of our little hardships."

REMEMBER my first year in the missions. Three of us were teaching in the little town of Carmen, New Mexico. To me, born and bred in the city of Chicago, it was a novelty to be snowed-in up there in the heart of the mountains. In order to keep warm at night, we heated bricks and placed them in our beds. It was the cause of much laughter that I couldn't get used to them. I was either burning my toes on them or letting them fall out of bed with a big thud in the middle of the night.

WE lived seven miles from the postoffice, which was located in Mora. Fortunately for us, the schoolteacher at Carmen lived near the postoffice, and he very obligingly brought our mail to us, even our packages. This meant that he often had his car loaded with mission boxes sent us by kind benefactors.

WE had to rely on the kindness and generosity of different families from Mora to come and get us for Sunday Mass and bring us home again, as no one in Carmen had a car. About once a month, on a week-day, Father offered Mass in our little chapel. He always came riding on horseback, and in zero weather, his face, except for his eyes, would be completely covered with a knitted hood.

OUR chapel could scarcely accommodate four people, but on the days that Father came, our little convent would be crowded with people from miles around, sometimes as many as forty persons.

FATHER would immediately set up his confessional, which consisted of a chair by the door and a cushion on the floor. In one building we had two rooms, the chapel and a combination living and bedroom. Our kitchen was situated in a small one-room house about fifty yards to the rear of the convent. It boasted of a wood stove

and a stack of kindling wood which was replenished from time to time with mountain trees chopped down by the men of the town and cut into kindling wood by the school boys.

WHAT a thrill it was for us on a wintry day to bundle ourselves into heavy coats and galoshes and go from house to house visiting the people. On some days we were not able to teach catechism at all, as the schools would be closed on account of the heavy snow. All our traveling at that time was on foot, except when someone came for us in a wagon or buggy to go a long distance.

I SHALL never forget a trip we took one beautiful spring day. A man who lived about ten miles farther up in the mountains was at the point of death. He had already received the Last Sacraments, but he sent word with the people that he wanted the Sisters to come and see him. As it was plowing time, it was hard for us to secure a horse and wagon. After a whole morning spent tramping from house to house, a non-Catholic man said, "You may use my horses if you can get a buggy." And in the very next house, another man, also a non-Catholic, said, "You are welcome to the use of my buggy, Sisters, if you can get some horses." So, with horses and buggy promised, we returned home to prepare for our errand of mercy.

SISTER JULIA, our Superior, prepared the first aid kit we always carried with us on our trips. To call a doctor was an unheard-of thing in that community, for the nearest doctor lived about forty miles away. Because of the expense and the time spent for these long trips, the doctor charged a dollar a mile for a visit, and forty dollars was a great deal more money than anyone in that locality could afford at that time.

WHILE Sister Esperanza hitched up the horses and buggy, I, being slightly wary of horses (this is an understatement), was assigned the prosaic task of making a big sandwich for each of us to take along. Sister Julia then gave us a last admonition about being careful with the horses, and off we started, Sister Esperanza holding the reins, and I holding an umbrella over us as a light rain was falling.

RIDING along and admiring the gorgeous scenery, we suddenly found ourselves on a

narrow mountain trail. According to the directions given us, this was to have been a short cut. When it became necessary to go down a steep hill, we wanted to abandon the idea of taking the short cut, but once on the hill it was impossible to turn around.

TO make matters worse, when we were about halfway down we saw a wagon coming up the hill! A woman and her son were the occupants of the wagon. They stopped at the widest part of the trail and waited for us to pass them, but even the widest part was not wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other, so our wheels locked! In a flash, Sister Esperanza handed me the reins and jumped out to unhitch the horses. Then she led them part way down the hill and gave me the reins to hold again, while she went back to get the buggy loose.

IN my fright at being that close to horses and to a precipice, I held the reins so tightly that the poor horses began to rear and one almost lost his footing. After a few panicky moments, Sister came running back, calmed the horses, and then said, "Here, Sister. Hold the reins this way. Don't pull on them." After what seemed to be an eternity, Sister, the young man, and his mother managed to get the wheels apart and our buggy past the dangerous place. When the horses were safely hitched and the reins once again in my companion's capable hands, our friends in the wagon went on up the hill while we went down.

THE young man and his mother told us the short cut we were taking was an abandoned trail, so we decided to go back and take the regular route. Much as we dreaded it, there was nothing to do but turn around and go back up that steep hill. Halfway up, we noticed a fork in the road. Both trails seemed very narrow, one was hugging the mountainside, the other followed the ravine. We didn't know which one to take, but decided on the former as it seemed safer. We found out how wrong we were when the path became so narrow that the wheels on the outer side were slipping over the edge.

"QUICK! Sit on my lap!" Sister shouted to me. Then we both leaned over as far as we could to put all our weight on the opposite wheels.

AFTER many prayers of petition, we found ourselves on the longer but safer road to the home of the sick man. All along the way people came running out of their homes and called to us. They had never seen Sisters before, but they had heard about us. (The news of our

arrival in Carmen had spread like wildfire.) Many persons begged us to stop and visit with them, but we told them we would try to do so on our way back.

WHEN we got to the dying man's home we found that he was suffering a great deal. We did all we could to make him more comfortable, and he seemed especially grateful when we knelt to pray with him.

AS we began our return trip, other people kept coming to us, begging us to give them medicines for this or that ailment. We gave out the first aid remedies we had in the kit and promised to return when we could.

IT was dark when we finally started on our homeward trek. Sister decided to slacken the reins and let the horses pick their way through the dark, as she felt their animal instinct would keep us from falling into the arroyos.

THEN suddenly we saw a light in the distance. It turned out to be a boy on horseback. The people of the town were worried about us and had sent this boy with a lantern to meet us. We were greatly relieved to see him, and to follow him. He went on ahead of us, holding up the light so that we could see the road all the way home.

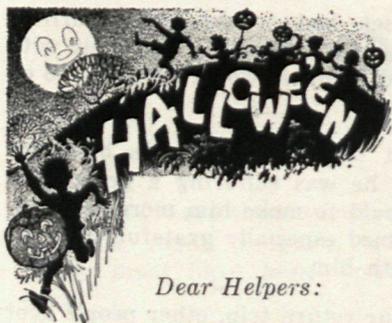
TWO hours later we were welcomed by our worried Superior. She herself had been kept very busy that day dispensing medicine to various families who had come to the convent for aid, so she was able to understand why we were late. But the geographical details of the trip we did not tell her until many months after, when we ourselves were able to laugh about it.

"SO you see, Sister," I concluded, "our pioneering days were not terribly hard, even when they did not always flow smoothly, because, to us, each day that we lived for God was a grand glorious adventure!"

NO OTHER PLACE TO GO

"You know, Sister, there is a girl at school who says she doesn't believe in God, or in heaven, or in hell," said ten-year-old Manuel the other day. Then, with black eyes shining, he continued, "She kept arguing with me, so I told her, 'All right, then, at the end of the world when our bodies come alive again, and go to heaven or hell, you can just stay in your grave!'"

Sister Jude Marie
San Pedro, California



Dear Helpers:

It is good to be with you again after a lapse of two months. Although there were no *Mary's Loyal Helpers* pages in the September issue, we hope you read the articles in it. It is our *vocational number* and describes the life of our postulants, novices, and Sisters at Victory Noll.

Perhaps some of you may be blessed with a religious vocation. If so, it is the greatest favor God can bestow on you.

I think it will be interesting to you to know what has happened to some of the Loyal Helpers whose pictures appeared on these pages some time during the last five years.

Most of these Helpers are still in school. Some are now in high school and a few are in college. One of them, Edna Ratterman, of Fort Loramie, Ohio, God called to Himself at a tender age. She died in February, 1948.

Among those who became Sisters, we are happy to name the following. Monica Manternach of Cascade, Iowa, now Sister Jerome, and Ruth Banet of Fort Wayne, Indiana, now Sister Ruth, entered our Mother House at Victory Noll. Mary Frances Callan, of Philadelphia, joined the Sisters of Mercy; Betty Raible of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, joined the Sisters of Divine Providence, and Margie Uhlenhake of St. Henry, Ohio, joined a community of Franciscan Sisters, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

At least two Helpers entered the married state a year or two after finishing high school. These were Virginia Schortgen of Antwerp, Ohio, and Norma Muhlenkamp of Bryant, Indiana.

Dorothy Ann Schoell of Monroe, Michigan, has been attending Marygrove College in Detroit; Antonetta Romano of Amherst, Massachusetts, is pursuing further studies abroad at the Sorbonne in France, and Joan Alter of Marion, Indiana, holds a responsible position in an office. She is the support of her aged mother, who is a widow.

As for the boys of former days who were Loyal Helpers and have since grown into young manhood, I know almost nothing. Eddie Corcoran of Chicago is a seminarian. But the others—I am inclined to think they have forgotten all about

SUNSHINE SECRETARY,
MLH.

HOUSTON (TEXAS) HELPER



This is Kathleen Pluecker of Houston, Texas. She joined us a long time ago when she was still in the elementary school. She is now about to graduate from high school.

Mary's Loyal

A NEW KIND OF HALLOWEEN PARTY

LITTLE Beatrice Haines, a Helper who lives in Goshen, Indiana, writes telling us how they celebrated All Hallows' Eve at the parish school she attends.



Beatrice Haines, Goshen, Indiana, "dressed up" for the Halloween party.

The children were asked to bring costumes to their party, but instead of dressing up like ghosts, goblins, witches, and clowns, they put on the dress of their patron or favorite saint. Here you see Beatrice dressed (she writes us) like Saint Margaret Mary. This picture was snapped on the back porch of her home.

How we should have liked to have attended that party! I suppose we would have seen Saint Patrick walking about with a green cape and mitre; Saint Anthony in a brown habit, Saint Rose dressed as a Dominican tertiary, the Little Flower in the brown robe and white cape

Helpers Page

of a Carmelite, carrying a crucifix and roses, and many other saints.

This seemed to me to be a fine way to celebrate Halloween which is really first Vespers of the Feast of All Saints. It was a means of raising the children's thoughts to Heaven, the home of all the saints, and of moving their hearts to imitate these heroes of God.



PICTURE, PICTURE, WHO'S GOT A PICTURE?

Have you sent us a picture of yourself for these pages? If not, send us one and we'll be glad to print it so that other Helpers may meet you through these pages. Did you send us a picture a long time ago? Send us another. You must have changed a lot and our Loyal Helpers would like to see what you look like *now!*

LIVES IN THE SUNFLOWER STATE

We are happy to make you acquainted with *Carolyn Jean Desch*, of Topeka, Kansas. She is nine years old and in the fourth grade. She has two sisters and three brothers. Her aunt, Sister Mary Barbara, is one of our Missionary Sisters in the Southwest.



Carolyn Jean Desch

Carolyn says she likes to read our magazine very much.

REAL SUNSHINE MONEY!

(News o' the Month)

Errol O' Brien, age 10 years, who lives in Chicago, sends us *real* Sunshine money! He receives money from his parents to pay his street car fare to school, but when the sun shines he walks to school and puts the money in his Sunshine Bag. He keeps this bag close at hand on a doorknob, as a reminder.

Our Helper has been able to send several dollars to us in this way. We know that God will bless and reward him abundantly for all the sacrifices he makes to help the poor children in our missions.

Errol is a nephew of our Sister Mary Elaine, a novice at Victory Noll.



OCTOBER PUZZLE

Here is a puzzle to work on Halloween. In each of the following sentences you will find one of these words hidden somewhere: cats, witch, goblin, bats, pumpkin and ghosts.

1. The grocer, Mr. Withersby, had catsup in tall bottles.
2. "Greg, hosts of good angels fought beside St. Michael and overcame the bad angels.
3. Babson, the detective, turned on the switch and the room was flooded with light.
4. "You have to pump kind of hard to get water," complained Peter.
5. "There you go blinking again!" exclaimed George's mother. "You must need glasses."
6. Bobbie always liked to watch the acrobats perform at the circus.

Underscore the words you find with a pencil. Have a good time and send the worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

ANSWERS TO JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE

Kick the Can, Horse Shoe, Puss Wants a Corner, Drop the Handkerchief, Cake Walk, Ring Around the Rosies, Button, Button, Leap Frog, Tag, Hop Scotch, Post Office, Musical Chair, Farmer in the Dell, Pin the Tail on the Donkey.

NOT YET

IN Naz'reth's village workshop small
St. Joseph toiled one day,
And near him 'mid the tools and wood
Dear Jesus was at play.

When suddenly St. Joseph asked,
"What are you making, Son?"
"A little stool for Mother dear,
To rest her feet upon."

And then a soft, low cry was heard,
"Look out, Son, did you get
That rough nail in Your little Hand?"
"No, father dear,—not yet."

The sound of hammer upon wood
Now sounded in his ear.
"I fear, Son, you may wound Your Feet,
For nails are lying here."

The little stool is finished now
From pieces, and 'tis noon.
"No, father, nails can't hurt me yet
For it is still too soon."

But Jesus stumbled on the wood,
For tears were in His Eyes;
And gentle Joseph bent o'er Him
To hush His little cries.

"Come, sit upon my knee, dear Son,
You've hurt your little Side."
Through tears the answer came, "Not yet,
God's time I must abide."

He felt secure in Joseph's arms,
For Joseph would not let
The spear, nor rough nails hurt Him now,
He murmured, "*No, not yet.*"

Dear Readers:

With this issue of our magazine my work as editor comes to an end. During six happy years, I have enjoyed the task of bringing you a month by month account of our work in the mission field. I now place the work in the capable hands of Sister Eugenia.

Sister Eugenia is already known to you through her many splendid contributions to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, and especially through her series of articles on "Joe of L. A."

May God bless you all!

Sister Helen



PHOTOGRAPH OF POPE PIUS XII

The September issue of MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY carried a striking photograph of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in color on the cover. Copies of this issue of MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY may be obtained from their Circulation Office, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for 35c.

OUR COVER: Felipe Ornelis, of Pacoima, California. Felipe enjoys playing cowboy, like any other six-year-old, but he also likes to go to catechism class. One day when his older sister came to meet him after class, he was nowhere to be found. Then suddenly he came running around the church corner. "I went to visit Jesus," he explained to the worried searchers, "to ask Him to make all bad people good."

Memoriam

Bernard Gerhart, St. Louis, Mo., father of Sister Eleanor Marie, O.L.V.M., and Sister Mary Bernard, O.L.V.M.

Mrs. James McCord, mother of Sister Barbara, O.L.V.M.

George Helmsing, Shrewsbury, Mo., father of the Most Reverend Charles H. Helmsing, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis.

Mrs. Catherine B. Foertsch, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mary H. McHenry, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Adolphina Busche, Cheviot, Ohio.

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



Books and Pamphlets

THE DESTINY OF MODERN WOMAN in the Light of Papal Teaching, by William B. Faherty, S.J., PH.D., Newman Press, 1950.

Frequently in the past Catholic women have complained of the lack of guidance on what their social role should be. Is the home woman's exclusive sphere, or does she have wider duties? Has she a place in the factory or the professions? What type of education should she receive? What should be her position before the law? Should she vote or run for office? Is she the equal of man, and if so, in what does this equality consist?

These and other questions of the Catholic woman went unanswered for a long time. Now, however, the answer is authoritative and available. In his very readable and interesting book, Father William B. Faherty, S.J., of Regis College, a contributor to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, as well as many other Catholic and secular magazines, gives a systematic explanation of the papal teaching on woman's role in society.

This study is both historical and sociological. It includes all teachings of the popes for the past seventy-five years, from the accession of Leo XIII to the present day. Since these papal teachings never became a part of the everyday attitude of Catholic women, Father Faherty's book fills a need of Catholic women everywhere and should be of interest not only to them but also to all students of modern social conditions.

"How Women Got that Way" might be a fitting title for the first chapter in which the author explains the effect of the Industrial Revolution on the lives of women. He traces their struggle for the vote, for better educational opportunities, for a better status before the law. Almost from the start of this so-called Feminist Movement, the Holy Fathers encouraged Catholic women in a wide field of social reform work.

Pope Leo XIII was chiefly concerned with clarifying the position of woman in the family in the face of communistic theories that would destroy family unity. Pius X listed the various aspects of the social apostolate to which Catholic women could give attention. Benedict XV, whose pontificate included the first four years of the war, encouraged women to work for peace. Pius XI condemned the modern attitude that would allow a married woman to "lead a life of her own" without regard for her husband or children.

The teachings of Pius XII, which make up about half the book, cover almost every phase of the question. Pius XII gave a great challenge to his daughters of all nations—the restoration of Christian family life. First they are to look to their own spiritual development, then to their relationship with their husband and children. Having put their own home life in order, they can stretch forth to the field of activity beyond the home, especially to influence for good those social spheres that directly touch home life. Pius XII stated that the entire "woman question" resolves itself into preserving and augmenting the dignity woman has from God.

As the work of each pope is taken up, Father Faherty gives a short personality sketch of the pontiff. Here is a fine book for Holy Year reading.

Eileen (Mrs. John) Downs

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR PAMPHLETS

PIERCE THE CONFUSION AND SEE THE CHILD, a discussion of Federal Aid for Education, by F. A. Fink. Price 20c.

HOW TO COUNTERACT ANTI-CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA. Editor of O.S.V. proposes Department of Information to answer false accusations against the Church. Price 20c.

*" If you wish PEACE to reign in your homes,
recite the FAMILY ROSARY."
(Pope Pius X.)*



Reciting the Block Rosary at Paulding, Ohio. In addition to the Sisters, six Catholic families from the block meet once a week to recite the rosary together. When it is the Sisters' turn, the rosary is recited in their chapel.

The custom of saying the Block Rosary was inaugurated in the Paulding parish, both town and rural districts, last fall, and has been productive of many spiritual and temporal blessings. If there are not enough Catholics in one block, the group includes those from two blocks. In the rural districts the group is made up of Catholic families who do not live too far from one another. Families are encouraged to say the rosary in their own homes on the other days of the week.