

# *The Missionary Catechist*



July--August  
1951

Volume XXVII  
Number 8

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*



EVER WEAR THIS HABIT WITH TRUE MODESTY AND SIMPLICITY  
IN HONOR OF OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVII

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## Around Victory Noll

by Sister Jean Marie

If it weren't for the magnetic force of the law of gravity, we feel quite certain that the Postulants AROUND VICTORY NOLL would truly be "walking on air," as the month of June draws to a close. Their spirits have been gradually soaring aloft and their thoughts are entering an ethereal realm.

It just can't be that nine long months have slipped by since they made their debut in religious life. The fairies must have waved a magic wand to bring the gloriously picturesque summer months so quickly. The lilac bushes are garbed in their fragrant purple, lavender and white blossoms; the orchards in full bloom are a joy to behold; and loveliest of all is the pleasure of watching the large variety of flowers raise their fragile heads from out of the earth to manifest the works of their Creator. Nine months of prayer, work, study, and study and more study. The Postulants have triumphantly survived that formidable spectre: Final Examinations. Yes, classes are over and postulant days are winging to a speedy termination. July has arrived and soon they will join the Professed Sisters and Novices, heeding the invitation of our dear Lord to "Come apart and rest a while," to rest in His loving Heart for eight glorious days. And then . . . And then!

August 5. Investiture Day. With legs a bit trembly, with hands not quite steady, wearing their bridal veils and feeling that their cup of happiness is filled to the brim, they approach our Most Reverend Bishop to receive their blessed habit and veil. Conferring the habit, His Excellency says:

Ever wear this habit with true modesty and simplicity, in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, so that it may cover you, as would her own mantle,

guarding you from all evil and leading you to everlasting life.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

As they receive their veils:

In honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, receive this veil, ever wear it as an emblem of Her spotless purity, so that you may, by Her powerful protection, be preserved from all evil of soul and body.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

With tender reverence they then recite their Act of Consecration:

United with the angels and saints in Heaven, we kneel before thee, Most Blessed Mother, and in union with the Adorable Heart of Jesus, we humbly beg thee, to graciously accept our Consecration to thee, as thy children, thy servants, and thy devoted Missionary Sisters. We beg thee to accept this consecration which we make of ourselves, our souls, our bodies, our goods,—both interior and exterior, and even the value of all our good works, yes, even our lives and the end of our lives, entirely and forever to thee, in the quality of slaves of love, according to the practice of The True Devotion.

They then hear from the lips of His Excellency the name by which they will henceforth be known: Sister \_\_\_\_\_.

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Echoing from the depth of each new Novice's heart are the words: "This is the happiest day of my life!"

At the Communion of the Mass, the Second Year Novices kneel on a prie dieu at the foot of the altar steps, and with voices fraught with sublime emotions pronounce their holy Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience for a period of one year. Each one then receives the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of her Spouse and oh, so reverently, comes the thought: "*This is the happiest day of my life!*"

Professed Sisters renew their vows for a year; for three years, or for life. Reverberating in the heart of each Sister pronouncing her final vows is the thought: "How can one person contain such depth of sheer happiness and live? *Surely, this is the happiest day of my life!*"

Visitors are always welcomed AROUND VICTORY NOLL and each of us is as happy to see the parents, relatives and friends of another Sister as we are our own. And, why shouldn't we be? Aren't we sisters? So, if you come to visit your daughter, niece, cousin or friend, expect a cordial welcome from one hundred of us. The



heart of our Motherhouse, our chapel, is the first place to which we take our guests to greet the Head of our household. Our offices, classrooms, library and workrooms are stops of interest. But, the one which seems to rivet the attention of all is the Printing Office, where our very efficient and capable Sister Agnes Marie runs off *The Missionary Catechist* each month. Sister has become a past-master not only in the printing field, but also in the art of gracious patience! No matter how frequently we interrupt her, though she be in the midst of running off 5,000 magazines, 10,000 pamphlets or 15,000 letterheads, she will turn with a kind smile to greet





Sisters three

our intrusion. Her tremendous steady output is always stamped with calm, thorough competency. Throughout the year she is as busy as the proverbial bee.

Speaking of bees . . . For many, many years Sister Anna Marie has bestowed loving care upon Victory Noll's chickens and bees. She eagerly scans any literature pertaining to more excellent and up-to-date care of poultry and bees. When a question is put to her, there flows from her very alert mind and extraordinary retentive memory a most satisfactory and enlightening response.



Sister Barbara Ann entertains the junior members of her family during their visit to Victory Noll.

Who is on duty 24 hours a day? Yes, it is our Infirmarian, Sister Mary Elise. Whether it be a Sister with a slight cut or one recuperating from a serious operation, each is certain to be the recipient of kindly ministrations. It is amazing how Sister can cope with so many problems and give to each her undivided consideration. We know full well that her boundless energy and constant vigilance does not emanate from her own reserves, but rather from the deeply rooted spiritual power she has steadily acquired from close union with the Divine Physician. Though demands on her time are steady, she frequently slips into chapel just for a loving "Hello." While imparting aids to sustain the bodily strength AROUND VICTORY NOLL, she quietly radiates spiritual vigor to all.



\* \* \*

The newly Professed Sisters are now preparing to bid adieu to their Motherhouse where their hearts have taken deep root, and to all AROUND VICTORY NOLL. Surrounded by an aura of divine love and grace, enveloped by the protecting folds of Our Lady's Mantle, they are eager to go forth into the overwhelmingly abundant harvest. By prayerful word and example they will lead souls to the extended arms and yearning Heart of Christ. They will be frequently seen these days kneeling at the foot of the Tabernacle, pleading with their Eucharistic Spouse to clothe them with His gentle kindly thoughts, words and actions. As they prepare for this new milestone in their journey through life, their thoughts are reminiscent of early years. They whisper their thanks to God for having given them devoted parents, relatives and friends who helped them to ascend to the heights, to revel in the constantly recurring wonders of a life hidden with Christ in God.

# Mission Brevities

FROM—Infant of Prague Mission—  
Los Angeles, California

"Drop!" That's the word of the season here in the heart of Los Angeles. The children have been so steeped in the atomic danger that they really drop at the word. It's not too unusual to hear of bomb shelters already prepared in back yards. The Sisters visited with two women as they were digging their shelter at the side of their home. Down below about ten feet an elderly woman shoveled out the dirt and was too busy to reply to the census questions, but her daughter, a middle-aged woman, leaned on her wheelbarrow and talked with the Sisters. She had been away from the Sacraments for years but at the end of the visit she was quite determined to prepare a spiritual shelter for her soul. The mother, a fallen-away Catholic, stayed with her digging, murmuring complaints at her daughter's delay.

The effect of the atom-bomb practice is one of preoccupation in the minds of even the tiny tots. "Sister, when are we going to die?" This serious question came from one of the little ones in the prayer class.

"Only God knows exactly *when* we shall die, *where* we shall die and *how* we shall die. If we are trying to be good every day, then we have nothing to fear."

"But, Sister," Lena pursued her line of thought, "Won't we die when the 'boom' comes?"

\* \* \*

Many of our Convents in the past year have had the privilege of a visit from the famous Pilgrim Virgin. Perhaps you will like to hear of our Sodalists' humble imitation. The girls of Our Lady of Victory Chapel have a sweet little statue of the Virgin which the girls take turns in receiving into their homes. The conditions for the Sodalist to take home the Pilgrim Virgin is that she prepare an honorable place for her, and say the Rosary with the family at least three times during the week. The response has been encouraging, and the girls say that frequently neighbors come to join in the Rosary. Since the group meets on Wednesdays after school the little Virgin goes to school, and one of the teachers had a Sodalist explain what they did with the statue. She had noticed that each week a different girl appeared with it. The girls told Sister that they had explained to the teacher and to the whole class that "we pray the rosary with our family

just like Our Lady of Fatima told us, and we'll stop the war and convert Russia!"

\* \* \*

The Junior Sodality at Monte Carmelo has the solemn recitation of the Little Crown as part of each Sodality meeting. The girls kneel around the candle-lit shrine of Our Blessed Mother in the church and fervently respond to the Aves and Versicles of the lovely prayer as their president leads them — St. Louis de Montfort style.

\* \* \*

If the value of a jewel is determined by its size, what do you think of one the size of a theater? The only draw-back in teaching the Release-time group at Stevenson Junior High School was a place in which to teach them. The Lourdes parish has a large school bus to pick up their group but we couldn't really walk ours down to Resurrection church about fifteen blocks away. We combed the neighborhood which is mostly business section and our one only hopeful place seemed the JEWEL THEATER run by Mr. Goldberg. In a short sentence, we are teaching our released time group there each Tuesday, and while our 125 regular attendants enjoy the comfortable seats and the either heated or air-conditioned atmosphere, we look around and say there's room to expand up to about 600—our dream and our prayer.

\* \* \*

Each year adds another new Catholic school to our neighborhood. Several weeks ago we attended the solemn blessing of the lovely two-story brick school in the Resurrection parish. The Franciscan Sisters of Mary Immaculate are in charge of the school and are teaching the first four grades. The little girls in their green and white uniforms make a picturesque contrast to the boys in their tans and browns. At present we use the second floor with its four classrooms for our catechism classes. This is quite a change from the garages used in former times.

\* \* \*

FROM—Holy Trinity Mission—  
Ida, Michigan

Several months ago, Our Blessed Mother called to herself one of our very best parishioners, Mr. Edward Billmaier. It was the day after a heavy snowfall, and Mr. Billmaier who was the school

bus driver had to shovel snow to get the bus through a certain road. He drove a short distance with children in the bus, and then suddenly pulled to the side of the road. He slumped over the wheel and died. This day was also a First Friday, and it must have been the goodness of the Sacred Heart that gave him the presence of mind to stop the bus before any harm came to the children.

\* \* \*

Our attendance has suffered from an epidemic of three-day measles. One little boy came to class to report that his little sister would be absent another week or two because she, too, had the measles. "But she'll get over them in three days," said Sister. "Oh, no, Sister, hers are the *long* measles."

\* \* \*

We were in a religious goods store in Toledo the other day. A priest walked in and seeing us, said, "Victory Noll Sisters!" We admitted we were. Then he introduced himself and told us, "I'm acquainted with your Sisters at Washington Courthouse." We asked him then to give our regards to Mother Catherine and the other Sisters there.

\* \* \*

Up until now we've met many people who have either met Mother Cecilia in Rome or else traveled with her in the same pilgrimage. Just yesterday a woman asked, "Did your Mother General go to Rome this past year?" We said she had. "Well, Mrs. Manning was on the same boat with her and she told your Mother General that she knows some of her Sisters who wear an identical habit." This bit of news is always part of Mrs. Manning's account of her Holy Year Pilgrimage.

\* \* \*

FROM—Good Shepherd Mission—  
Coachella, California

"Sister, when I grow up I'm going to be a priest," declared one small boy. Sister's heart swelled with pride when almost in the same breath she was soon deflated with the query—"Sister, do we have to go to Mass on Sunday when we go to Catholic school?"

\* \* \*

The children have been asking many questions about the new parochial school which will open in Indio next September. Such questions as "Sister, how much do we have to pay? Will we have recess? What are we going to learn? Are you going to teach us?" When they were told

that the Sisters of Notre Dame would teach, they asked a most timely question, "Are they going to teach us football?"

\* \* \*

The customary date for First Communion in Indio was pushed up to February 25th of this year. Among those who received their Eucharistic Lord for the first time were two little converts. One, a fair-haired girl of ten years, was received into the Church on Christmas Eve. The other, a little dark-eyed Negro boy, followed in his brother's footsteps of last year. Charles was baptized on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. As he received Our Lord for the first time, his brother, now an altar boy, held the paten. We pray that God will bless their parents also with the precious gift of faith, so it can be truly said, "and a little child shall lead them."

\* \* \*

"Sister, would you like to come to my birthday party?" asked Vince, a small second-grader. "When is your birthday, Vincent?" Sister inquired. "It comes in July," he replied. "I'm sorry, Vincent, I cannot come to your party because I will not be in Coachella in July."

Danny, his companion, who very seldom has a religious thought, quickly retorted, "I bet I know where you want to go in July. You want to go to Jesus and have a birthday party in Heaven."

\* \* \*

FROM—Refuge of Sinners Missions—  
Azusa, California

Double sessions in the public schools which often cause difficulties for the religion teacher, have proved a boon here in Azusa. Our classes for the lower grades, held at ten o'clock in the morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon are very well attended. The children are not tired from a full day at school, and to our surprise, they are nearly all on time! A system of awarding stars has made even the laggards prompt. We will probably regret the day the children return to a full-time schedule at school.

Last winter was just what California winters are supposed to be. Poinsettias and calla lilies have been blooming since Thanksgiving, after two years of scarcely a flower for Christmas or Easter. There wasn't even a speck of smudge to settle on walls or noses. It was seldom cold enough to use heaters in the classrooms where we have them. The weather would have permitted a picnic almost any time, if our schedule had.

\* \* \*

(Please turn to page 14)

# A Dream Come True --- in Tasmania!

by Sister Mary Louise

Two hundred miles south of Australia, and eleven thousand miles from here, lies the island of Tasmania. It was brought very close to us in February of this year when Father John C. Wallis visited Victory Noll and told us of his dream and how it came true.

In 1933, as a newly ordained priest, Father was sent to the island. In many places there had been Mass only once every eighteen months. Many of the priests said three Masses every Sunday at great distances apart. After week day Mass, Father would go to a bush-school where the children ranged in age from six to sixteen years, thirteen or fourteen in all. Some had a little instruction from their parents and others were almost entirely ignorant of the most elementary truths of their Faith.

At one school Father invited the children to Mass, but their expressions told him they did not know what he was speaking about. He told them of the little red lamp and how it would be lighted the following morning. They all came to see the little red lamp and incidentally to begin their study of the simple truths of the catechism.

In the evenings he visited the scattered homes. The people, hard-working timbermen, roadmen and fisher folk were hospitable and grateful in their quiet way. One evening as he sat by a blazing hearth on the little isle of Bruny off the south coast of the mainland, the mother of the family said to him, "Father, isn't it a pity that we can't have Sisters?" Father told her that all the Sisters were already occupied with schools, hospitals and other works, and that, if any Sisters could be gotten to come, provision would have to be made for them, for Holy Mass, a convent home, etc. When he had finished she pressed her point, "But Father, don't we count at all? Have not our children souls? Are you not responsible to God for the people in places such as these, as well as for those in the towns and cities?" and then, she added sadly, "Out of sight, out of mind. We don't matter!"

As Father walked along the bush track that night, the woman's words kept ringing in his ears. He began to wonder if they could not do more for these folk than they were doing. After all, would it be impossible to have some system whereby Sisters might be enabled to visit remote rural districts such as this, and do for the people what was being done in the cities? And as he walked, the dream of Peregrinating Sisters for

Australia and the outback was born. The idea of an entirely new religious community with the outback people—young and old—as the special object of its zeal and activities began to take shape.

One cold night in 1939 Father stopped to warm himself at the hearth of the parish priest of Cygnet. In the course of the evening he mentioned his dream. His host exclaimed, "I know what you want," and he brought him an article entitled, "Where a Convent Runs on Wheels" by Father George Daley, CSSR., which told of the activities of the Sisters of Service from Toronto, Canada. It had been done in Canada. Why could it not be done in Australia?

Four years later, on September 7, 1943, Father was asked to give an address at a meeting of the Legion of Mary at Burnie. He had no intention of mentioning this dream so dear to his heart, but by way of concluding his talk that evening, he asked them to pray for a special intention, "that my dream will come true." In true womanly fashion came the response, "Tell us what it is and we will pray," and so, before he realized it he was telling them all about it. They plied him with questions and he answered them all. All but one—"What kind of habit would these new Sisters wear?"

(He had given no thought to such an important matter, but quickly assured them that their prayers would take care of that detail, too.) Yes, they would pray! And the results—they were beyond his expectations!

A week later, one of the group phoned. The matter had become personal to her. "I've been thinking it over and I would like to see the work started. I will give up my work to help make the dream come true." She is now Novice Mistress of the new community.

Some weeks later, four valiant women, all of them Legionaries of Mary, had made the big decision. On July 8, 1944 the first little band of pioneers settled at Rosary House, Launceston. They took the name of Home Missionary Sisters of Our Lady. In 1947 they received permission from the Holy See to set up a society of women living in common, but without public vows. They made simple vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

At an audience with His Holiness Pope Pius XII on November 7, 1950, His Excellency, the

Most Rev. E. V. Tweedy, Archbishop of Hobart, and Father Wallis received the approval of the Holy See and permission to erect the Community as a Religious Congregation. On August 15, 1951 the little band of fourteen will pronounce their first public vows.

They now have houses and a new novitiate at Hobart and Longford, Tasmania. Their homes are known as Rosary Houses and the Sisters spoken of as Rosary Sisters. The indoor habit of the Sisters is grey with a lighter grey veil. Outdoors the Sisters wear a grey cloak, hat and gloves.

The work of the Sisters is the catechetical instruction of children outside of the Catholic schools, and adults. Already they have a thousand children under instruction in the rural districts, known in Tasmania as the "outback" where Catholic churches and schools are few.

When the Sisters receive an "outback" assignment they take along whatever they may need, teaching aids, sleeping bags and their own cooking utensils. At night they may sleep in some sacristy, in an abandoned house, or even in an inn or a hotel if no other place is available. Their ideal is a "convent on wheels" or "trailer caravan" as it is called, which consists of a car and trailer, beside which they can erect a kind of lean-to tent in which they give instructions to the children or carry on other classes. They have just one "convent on wheels" but hope to have more soon.



A Confirmation group on Flinders Island

Most Rev. E. V. Tweedy, Archbishop of Hobart and Father John C. Wallis are pictured above with the confirmants and the Sisters who instructed them. Mass is offered about twice a year on this island.

Their missionary trek may last as long as five weeks with distances up to 100 miles covered. When they arrive in an isolated locality, they gather the children from the surrounding country for instruction. As the teachers are favorable and Australian laws provide two and one half hours each week for religious instruction, they usually have classes in the school.

While in an area, they visit all the homes, contact the parents and render material aid when-

*(Please turn to page 18)*

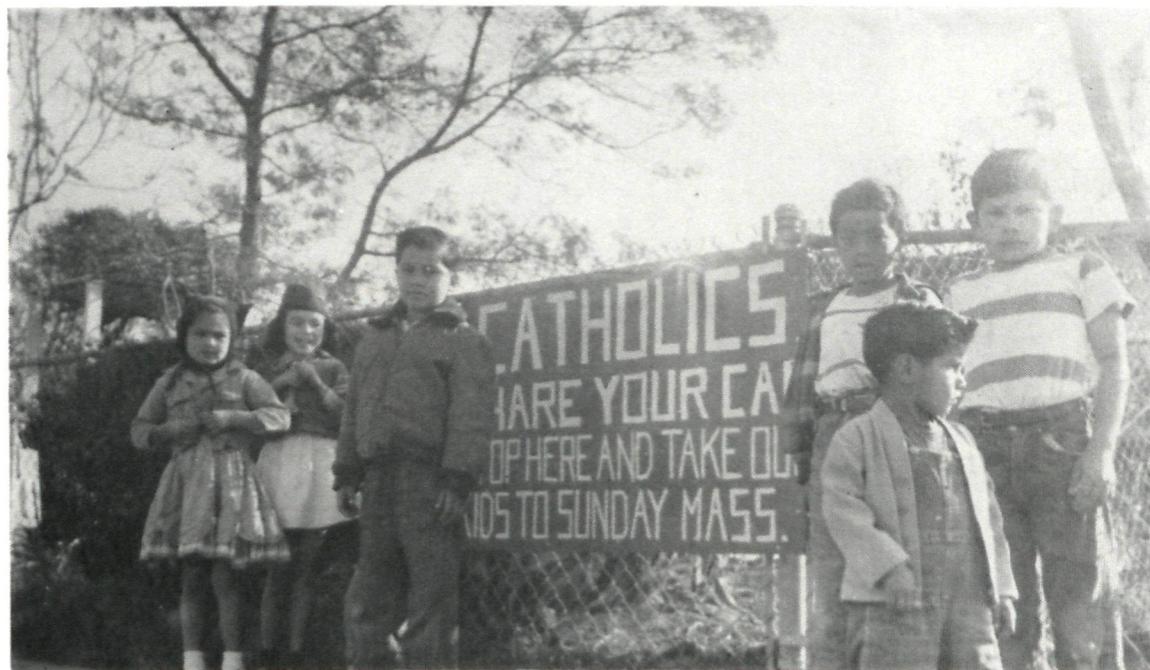


Down Bluejay Lane the children hurry as Sister rings the old-fashioned school bell calling them to catechism classes each Saturday morning. The newest name on the weekly schedule is Flood Ranch; the ranch proper is small, but flooded with children. A very generous Catholic woman from the Ranch has turned over to us a three-room, white cottage to be used as a Catechetical center. With the zeal and zest of a new convert, Mrs. Morris organized a system of Block Mothers to round up the children and escort them to the classes. It is inspiring to see twenty or twenty-five children following the "Mother" to catechism. This group of "Mothers" make small sales of Spanish food to raise funds for new benches, blackboards and catechetical material.

A confessional was installed in one of the class rooms and Father comes every other week for confessions. On the front fence the ladies hung a huge sign — "CATHOLICS, SHARE YOUR CAR: STOP HERE AND TAKE OUR KIDS TO MASS." Since hundreds of families are moving into the new subdivisions close by, cars on the way to Mass in Los Nietos pass the sign, put on the brakes and take in the children who are standing and waiting by the sign.

"Ask for anything you need, Sisters," these good ladies tell us, "We are grateful if only you will teach our children."

Sister Dolores  
Los Angeles, California



The Missionary Catechist

# In the Home Field

## THE OTHER SHEEP

"Other sheep I have that are not of this fold. Them also, must I bring."—John X: 11-16.

Several months ago a leaking pipe in the convent kitchen necessitated the service of a plumber. It so happened that the man who called to do the work was not entirely unknown to us, for when taking the census at the beginning of the year we were informed that he had been baptized privately when gravely ill, by an aunt who was a devout Catholic.

Here was an opportunity. Yet, I pondered how to approach the subject of religion.

"Did you find the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, everything is all fixed up," he replied.

I noticed that he was putting his tools in the kit preparing to leave. (*All fixed up?—Well, "nothing ventured, nothing gained."*) I began once more:

"We visited your home some time ago and your wife told us that you had been baptized privately by a Catholic . . ."

"That's right, Sister," he responded.

"Wouldn't you like to know something about the Church?" I continued.

"We talk about it but have never gotten around to it. My sister-in-law is interested, too."

"I'll be happy to help you both any time," I assured him.

He left with the promise to call.

In due course of time a convenient hour was arranged for the class. Imagine my surprise to find three instead of two for instruction. Our plumber proved himself an able apostle, for each week brought an increase, not only in prospective converts, but in enthusiasm as well.

We answered the doorbell one day and there stood a Catechumen on his way to work.

"Sister," he said, "I've had to work every evening so far and have not had time to study. Shall I stay home tonight and study or shall I come to class?"

Another, a young mother with two small chil-

dren, asked, "Sister, do you care if I study several extra lessons? I have memorized the Acts of Faith, Hope and Love, besides the prayers you assigned."

It was plain to see that graces were being bestowed very copiously. Our Lord would not be outdone in generosity.

Easter was drawing nigh and my hopes were running high. Nor was I to be disappointed. I had placed this class under the patronage of the Little Flower of Jesus and she had not failed.

The dawning of Holy Saturday with its colorful Liturgy, found eleven (!) converts and their sponsors gathered around the newly blessed font, eagerly waiting to renounce the devil and his pomps.

The joy of the Resurrection was reflected in the faces of those who received Our Lord for the first time on Easter Sunday morning. He had met them in the sweet embrace of His Love and had bestowed on each His Kiss of Peace.

Thus concludes the story of the leaking pipe, the humble means God chose to use that souls might hear His Voice and hearing it, might recognize and follow their Shepherd.

Sister M. Frances Therese  
Winnemucca, Nevada.

## Bob Berkley's Conversion

by Sister Maureen

A youthful face presented itself in the doorway of my classroom one very rainy afternoon.

"Is my sister here?" asked the lad of about ten years.

His sister proved to be in eighth grade and hence was having her session of catechism in another part of the building.

"What is *your* name?" I asked the stranger.

"Bob Berkley, Sister."

"And what grade are you in?"

"Fifth," came the reply.

"Then why," I asked, a bit more than surprised, "are you not in this class right now? This is January, you know."

"Yes, Sister, I know," he answered, his eyes twinkling, "but I'm not a Catholic." The statement had the effect he seemed to expect.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, a bit taken back, "but you're still welcome to come if your mother will let you."

Later my Sister companion explained that both Bob and Betty Berkley, although not Catholic, had attended a parochial school for several years. About two years ago Betty, Bob's sister, asked to be received into the Church. She was baptized and has been a faithful Catholic since then. Was Bob going to follow in her footsteps?

The next class found Bob among its members. It was then that my troubles started. Bob's genuine sense of humor was like an ever bubbling fountain. At the oddest times he would send the class into peals of laughter. Many a time his nonsense was too much even for the gravity of the teacher. I would have appreciated a good laugh for the class and myself if it had not distracted from the subject matter, but Bob made no distinctions. Bob and I would have to come to terms soon.

After several sessions of merriment I invited

(Please turn to page 18)



*Dear Associates of Mary:*

**H**APPY vacation days!

Here's hoping, though, there'll be a few summer benefit parties—a lawn party, an ice cream social, a party in an air-conditioned tea-room, where the management caters to card party groups, or what have you! Our Mission needs never let down. Summer always brings the big problem, too, of providing our departing Missionaries with railroad tickets to distant points, where they'll staff the old mission centers or new ones during the coming year.

You've always been generous, and I know you'll continue to be so. *God love you!*

*In Mary's Immaculate Heart,*

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

GODD SHEPHERD MISSION CLUB  
(Chicago, Ill.)

**T**HE President of this Club, *Mrs. H. F. Staley*, hardly needs an introduction. She is well known to our Chicago Associates, while our Associates elsewhere who read the Band Contributions (and who doesn't?) know that the members are *go-getters* when it comes to staging benefit parties for our Sisters. In May we received checks totaling \$70.00 from *Mrs. Staley*.

At least three big parties are held each year in some large hall procured for the purpose. We are glad to learn that *Mrs. Mueller* has offered to make a beautiful wool afghan for the club to raffle. Other helpers who give generously of their time, efforts and money are *Mrs. Burke*, *Mrs. Ryan*, *Mrs. Quill*, *Mrs. Rupp* and *Mrs. Belmonte*.

# News Items About

SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY  
(Newark, N.Y.)

**I**T is always a pleasure to hear from the secretary, *Mrs. Theresa Pitrella*. She increased that pleasure recently (as she always does) by enclosing a check this time for \$50.00 from the members of the Society.

Although the group has encountered many difficulties of late, like some of the best members moving away and others undergoing a siege of sickness, they never lose hope or an opportunity of doing things for the Missions under our care.

The use of the parish hall for First Communion Class instructions during May barred any plans for a big scale party of any kind that month. They hope, however, they may be able to stage something in it during June.

*Mrs. Sue Albanese* has been *Promoter* for two years, and should have had her name listed with Band Contributions. Our apologies to her.

LA PORTE (IND.) SORORITY GROUP LOSE MEMBER

**W**ORD was received in May of the sudden death of *Miss Minnie Metherd*, who once headed the Mission Band known as *Upsilon Chapter* of the *Pi Epsilon Kappa*. *Miss Metherd* was only thirty-eight years old at the time of her death. May her soul rest in peace.

The Chapter sponsors our *Sister Mary Agnes* (formerly of La Porte) who holds the *Guardian Angel Burse*.

A NEW BAND IN MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**L**AST month we announced a new Mission Band had been started in the State of Minnesota. This month, we are happy to announce that a new mission group, known as *St. Anne's Band*, has begun to function in *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*. The Band is headed by *Mrs. Robert Schrimpf*, sister of our *Sister Anne Therese*, whom the group will sponsor. Meetings began in March.

The group is composed of young mothers who meet every month to make things for the Missions. Dues are collected at each meeting and forwarded to *Victory Noll* shortly afterwards. Congratulations and success to our new Associates!

# Our Associates

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

THE Secretary, *Mrs. Casper Hill*, wrote us an interesting account of how the twenty-fifth anniversary of their Mission Club was observed last Fall. Their pet charity (as one would naturally expect it to be) is to help the mountain people in the missions of Kentucky. Our Sisters located at our Mission Center in Richmond, Kentucky, and who teach the children of mountaineers, have received mission aid from the Carrollton group.

*Mrs. Helen Mylor* was President and *Mrs. Margaret Eckstein* was Treasurer, when we last heard from the Band.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 19, 1950 to May 15, 1951

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan .....	7.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	50.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....	15.25
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley .....	70.50
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary E. Nye .....	125.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch .....	55.00
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	6.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	10.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N.Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese .....	50.00
St. Anne Mission Band, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Robt. Schrimpf .....	6.00
St. Anne Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deininger .....	4.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy .....	20.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke .....	8.60
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....	7.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold .....	75.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. Homer Reeves .....	32.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	20.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	50.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. E. H. Potter .....	62.95
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Fred Shields .....	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Miss Lucille Murphy .....	125.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Augusta Hake .....	175.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts, Ill., Mrs. Jno. McCann .....	5.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	9.00



## ST. CATHERINE BAND (Los Angeles, Calif.)

THE Promoter of St. Catherine's Band, *Mrs. Margaret McMannamy*, had the pleasure of several visits with her sister, Sister Madeleine Sophie of Victory Noll, when the latter accompanied Mother General Cecilia on her visit to the Southwestern Missions.

One of the members of this Band, *Mrs. Leone Redford*, passed away about six months ago. *Mrs. Redford* was an ardent convert to the Faith. R.I.P.

FROM—Divine Saviour Mission—  
Richmond, Kentucky

Our bare little mountain chapel, which has been in the making for three years has grown into a fitting place of worship. Walls, ceiling and floor have been nicely painted, and on Easter Sunday the altar appeared in a setting of velvet drapery. There was a High Mass, preceded by the *Vidi Aquam* and followed by Benediction. It was the first Benediction service most of the children had witnessed. Three adult converts were baptized and received First Holy Communion that day. One of these converts, a teen-age girl, became interested in Catholicism by bringing two small children to Catechism on Saturdays. The three of them walk seven miles one way to get to class. During some of the severe winter weather, when icy roads made it impossible for us to get to class, Mabel made her way to the church. "How in the world did you manage to cross the big hill," we asked her, "when everything was covered with ice?"

"Oh!" she answered, "Going up, I hung on to the bushes, and going down, I just sat down and slid."

Now she talks of wanting to become a Sister. We marvel at her simple faith and her perseverance.

\* \* \*

In March we took a group of our teen-agers to Lexington where Bishop Mulloy sang a Pontifical High Mass and gave a sermon on vocations. The feeling of oneness with the hundreds of Catholic students gathered for this event is a wonderful experience for our public school children who are an isolated minority here.

We are expecting an influx of new children for our mountain vacation school. Our assistant pastor has been conducting Sunday discussions in the general store at Yellow Rock. He has had as many as eighty mountaineers in his audience. They sit on barrels, benches and counters, spit emphatically on the pot-bellied stove and ask questions freely. The sessions last two hours. One day a hill-billy put his lined and weather-beaten face close to Father's and asked, "What think ye of the forgiveness of sins?" After Father's explanation of the Church's teaching on this point the man nodded his approval and said, "Sounds right tol'able, right tol'able." Father thinks there are several whole families ripe for conversion. Pray for them.

\* \* \*

FROM—Ave Maria Mission—Ely, Nevada.

During Father Avella's short time in Ely, he

had many unusual experiences. On one of his trips to Pioche, he prepared a sick man for death. A week later he was asked to come to Pioche to conduct the funeral services. He was unable to celebrate Mass as there is no church in this town; when Father celebrates Mass on Sundays, twice a month, it is held in the Government building.

Not having a car, and unable to contact anyone who might be going in that direction, Father resorted to a taxi. Pioche is 108 miles from Ely. Imagine his astonishment, when, upon his arrival, he was told the dead body was in the Mormon church.

"Well," Father thought, "after all, we have his soul." So he went to the cemetery, blessed the corpse, and returned to Ely via taxi.

One day coming home from Austin, a 147-mile trip, Father Avella remarked, "I would go 500 miles to do what I was able to do through confession today."

\* \* \*

Thanks to the exceptionally mild winter we have enjoyed this year, we were able to go to our out-missions every two weeks, according to schedule. Pioche, a real mining town, and Caliente, a railroad town, are a biweekly test of our missionary zeal. The attendance at class is never the same, some children are there only once, and then move away. Others are just plain indifferent, but there are a number of them that are faithful and grateful, and are a real joy and consolation.

For example, one little girl, eight, and her little brother, six, were ready to walk ten miles to Mass one Sunday. It happened thus: At breakfast table Mother informed the children they would be unable to go to Mass because their older sister had been sick all night. Nothing more was said, but a little later Mother found these two putting on their best clothes. "Where are you two going?" she asked. The little girl answered, "To Mass, Mother, today's Sunday." This was too much for Mother. She hurried, and they all arrived in time for Mass, all except the sick girl, who was left at home in the care of her non-Catholic father.

\* \* \*

One day after class, while packing things back into the car, a young boy, about fourteen, came up to me, and asked if I were a Mormon!!

I asked him if he knew anything about God. "Yes," he said, "He is our Heavenly Father."

After a pause, he asked, "Are you His sister?"

\* \* \*

FROM — Ave Maria Mission — Ely, Nevada

Kathleen, who attends a parochial school, has a little friend, Joann, who is not a Catholic. One day Joann asked her mother if she might go to school with Kathleen as there were no classes in the public school that day. Her mother told her the Sisters would not want to bother with her.

"Kathleen asked the Sisters already and they said it would be all right," Joann answered.

Her mother finally consented to let her go in the afternoon. Joann, however, was not satisfied, "But, Mother, I want to go in the morning, too, because that is when they have the best classes—they learn about God!"

When she returned that evening she told her mother how they had prayed, learned about God, and had Bible stories.

"What did you do while they prayed?" her mother asked. "You don't know any prayers."

"Kathleen told me to say the pledge to the flag while they said the prayers," Joann answered, "so that's what I did!"

\* \* \*

In Ely this year we hired a bus to bring the children who live quite far to our religion classes. This helps a great deal towards regular attendance and we try to get each family to pay a certain amount for bus fare. Some do very well but others forget this obligation, so we must look for other means to pay the bill. Principally because of the bus we are getting many children who came very seldom, or not at all, before. Among these are at least a dozen who have not yet received their First Holy Communion; several of them are not even baptized, although they are from nine to fourteen years of age.

\* \* \*

We have, in addition, several new families on the ranches or small settlements, who are among the eighty-three children receiving their lessons by mail. One family at Cherry Creek has five children, from nine to seventeen years old, and none of them have made their First Holy Communion. In Duckwater we send lessons to two Indian children, who are doing well, and who hope to be baptized as soon as possible. A man from Spring Valley brings his two little boys fifty miles to class every Saturday.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Smith, an elderly lady, who is a Mormon, is very much interested in becoming a Catholic. Her daughter and children are likewise attending

classes regularly. One day a young Mormon missionary came to visit Mrs. Smith. He noticed her catechism lying on the table. "Why, Mrs. Smith!" he exclaimed, "Surely you are not thinking of becoming a Catholic, are you?"

He examined the book carefully, began to read and, for three hours without any interruption, was completely engrossed while Mrs. Smith calmly went about her duties. He then asked if he might take the book home to finish it, promising to take good care of it and to return it before the next class.

As yet he has not made his appearance in Father's class, but we are confident he will be there in the near future if he continues to visit Mrs. Smith.

\* \* \*

FROM — Mary, Queen of Peace Mission — Salt Lake City, Utah

Did you know that there are 548 Catholic Indian children in a government school about twenty miles from Ogden? In addition to the children of Utah, many others will come here from Wyoming, New Mexico, and Arizona; one thousand are expected for the fall term. At present four Holy Cross Sisters teach after their own school hours, but this program is felt to be very inconvenient for the growing needs of the school and the outlying missions of Brigham City.

\* \* \*

FROM—St. John Bosco Mission—Detroit, Michigan

Maybe you will chuckle over this amusing incident that happened to us in our visiting. One day while census-taking we became aware that we were not alone in our door-to-door knocking. It seemed as if a man was either following us or we were following him. Finally it became embarrassing so with a tip of his cap the man asked: "Are you ladies going from door to door? If you are, would you be so kind as to tell the people the city will turn off the water for an hour? It's a little confusing for us both to reach the same door at the same time." Of course we performed the act of charity and no doubt left many a smile on the lips of our people.

\* \* \*

Have you heard this excuse for irregular class attendance? One mother tells us she encourages her children by sending them to one class and as a reward, allows them to miss the next!



## Mary's Loyal

At the left you see a novice admiring the tall oaks which flank the sides of the hill-top on which we live.

Dear Boys and Girls:

IS there any of you who read these pages, month after month, who has not yet joined MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS? Perhaps you do not know who may join, or how to go about it.

*Who may join.* Any boy or girl who loves Mary, our Mother, and wants to do something for the Missions—the people who live in them and our Sisters who labor for the salvation of souls. Your age does not matter. You may be in the elementary grades (even a pre-schooler), or in a junior or senior high school. It costs nothing to join.

*How to go about it.* Address a penny card to "Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana" telling her you want to be *Mary's Loyal Helper*. She will send you a membership card by return mail.

Members are asked to keep two easy rules.

1. Say one Hail Mary each day that God may bless the work of our Sisters with Catholic children who, for some reason or another, must get their education in public schools, where they hear nothing about the good God Who made them.

2. Save Sunshine pennies (which means sacrifice money) from time to time and place them in your Sunshine Bag, which we furnish. When the bag is full, i.e. when you have saved one dollar, send it to us to aid our mission work.

All Loyal Helpers share in a special way in the prayers of our Missionary Sisters. Every Saturday they participate in a Mass offered at Victory Noll for our benefactors.

Let's hear from you!

*Mary-ly yours,*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

### CHICAGO HELPER AIDS A POOR CHILD

WE are very happy to introduce *Otilie Sana* of Chicago, Illinois who is pictured below. Last Spring she sent us a little dress which she made, mostly by hand, for a poor, motherless Mexican child, enrolled in one of our classes in Christian Doctrine. We quote from Otilie's letter.



Otilie Sana, Chicago, Ill.

"I feel this little girl is a friend of mine, for I must confess that that simple outfit took quite some time and struggle. I'm not a very good seamstress. It was good experience and also gives me the feeling I am helping someone. I do not know very much about your Order, as I've been with the BVM's all my life. I did enjoy that trip to your Motherhouse. It was so wonderful and quiet there. I can say I love high school and all its activities at the conclusion of my Freshman year."

*Otilie Sana, Chicago, Ill.*

*The Missionary Catechist*

# Helpers Page

## ANOTHER CHICAGO HELPER

In the accompanying picture, Celeste Renier of Chicago, Illinois stands beside a little Marian



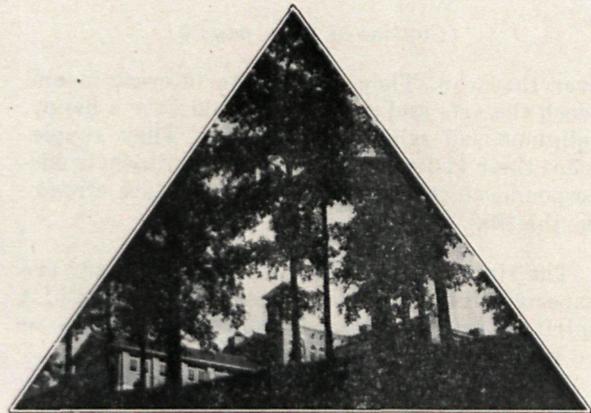
Celeste Renier, Chicago, Ill.

shrine, partly made of abalone pearl, which once belonged to her grandmother. Celeste belongs to a mission-minded family. One of her aunts, Sister Madeleine Sophie, is the oldest in vocation in our community. Other aunts belong to our "Associate Catechists of Mary." Celeste, herself, became a Loyal Helper at the age of five.

### Answers to June Puzzle

1. Topaz. 2. Sapphire. 3. Diamond. 4. Ruby. 5. Amethyst. 6. Garnet. 7. Opal.

July-August, 1951



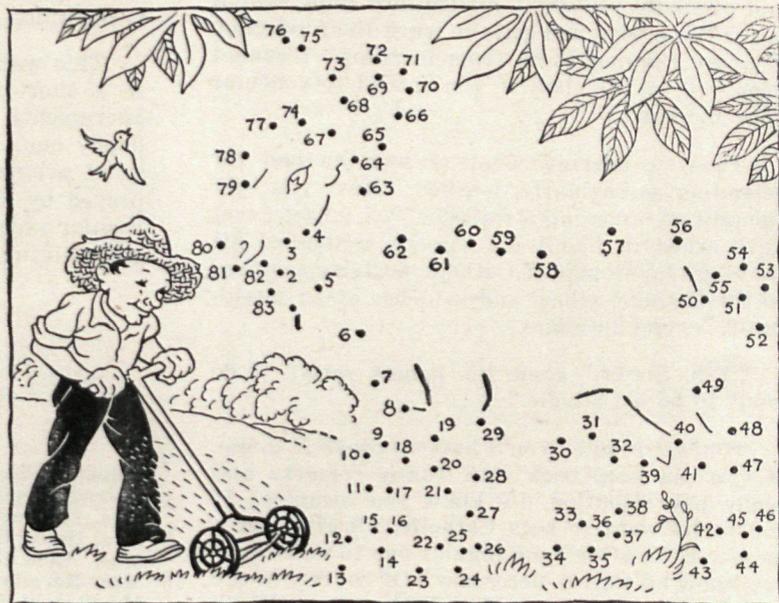
## STRANGE CONTEST AMONG GARDEN CITY, N.Y. PUPILS

(News o' the Month.)

Sometime ago, one of our dime cards strayed into the seventh graders' room at St. Joseph's School, Garden City, Long Island, New York.

Each pupil wanted to put a dime in the card, but it held only ten. Finally, their teacher, Sister Mary Fidelis, solved the dilemma. She conducted a "raffle," and let the children draw for the privilege of aiding us. Those who drew lucky numbers could contribute a dime.

There is no shortage of dime cards at Victory Noll. Do you want to fill one? Just drop us a penny postcard at Victory Noll, and we'll gladly send it to you.



**JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE.** "Don't think you can run over me!" said this surprise visitor who appeared on Farmer Bill's front lawn. Work this Dot Puzzle and then send it to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

(Continued from page 9)

ever they can. They also create interest in and teach the arts and crafts that makes for a happy, religious self-reliant rural home. They supplement their visits in the "outback" with their correspondence course. Ninety children are already on this list.

The Home Missionary Sisters of Our Lady are expected to live and work in a spirit of faith, a spirit of prayer, and a spirit of sacrifice — to be in the world, but not of the world.

And so — — Father Wallis' dream has come true! Sisters are beginning the work of building up the Faith in the rural areas of Tasmania. The people of the little settlements tucked away in remote valleys or nestling high up on the mountain ranges, or dotted over the plains, or possibly scattered on the sea-bound islands off the coast-line may look forward hopefully to the coming of the Missionary Sisters. We are confident that God's blessing and Our Lady's loving care for her neglected children, will make it possible for them to multiply, to spread, and to bring forth much fruit.

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(Continued from page 11)

my young comedian to a private conference.

"Bob," I explained, "you're not a Catholic, and probably you don't realize how important it is for these boys and girls to learn their religion. You are keeping them from learning. I cannot keep you in the class if you intend to continue your nonsense."

Then, wondering what reasons he had for attending so regularly, I asked, "Have you ever thought of becoming a Catholic?" I might never have asked it, had I not already witnessed his thorough knowledge of Catholic doctrine acquired in the Catholic school and evidence of an intelligence beyond his years.

"Yes, Sister," came his honest reply, "I do want to be a Catholic."

"Then," I said, "you'll have to prove it to me. If you can keep back your funny remarks and really pay attention, I'll know you mean it. If you really want to be a Catholic, I'll give you a private class after your regular one to make sure you know all that is necessary. Of course, in the end, it will depend on what Father says. You'll have to ask him."

Bob's sincerity was soon evident. The class resumed its old peacefulness and Bob stayed without any reminder every Wednesday after-

noon. I made no mention of Baptism, not wishing to encourage him unduly lest Father feel otherwise about the matter. On one of Father's visits to the class the topic turned to altar boy practice. Bob's hand went up. "Father, if I get baptized, can I be an altar boy?"

"What advice would you give him, Mike?" asked Father of an unsuccessful aspirant.

"He'd better learn his Latin, Father!"

"But Father," continued Bob, "I'm not even baptized yet."

"Oh," said Father, who had made Bob's acquaintance some time before, "That's a slight matter. We can take care of that quite easily."

Bob seemed satisfied and sat down. After class was dismissed, he had no sooner settled himself for his private class when he announced, "Father said I could be baptized, Sister."

"When?" I queried.

"A little while ago. You heard him, Sister."

I couldn't help laughing. The young neophyte had asked his question quite indirectly but got the answer he wanted.

"Well, you'd better go to Father's house and find out when he wants to baptize you then," I directed.

No sooner said than done. Bob returned, his eyes twinkling brighter than ever. "Father said I can go to confession and make my first Holy Communion, too."

This was more than I had bargained for but in a short while Bob was ready for all three Sacraments. His First Communion day was a happy one. He seemed to deeply appreciate his great privilege. His appreciation has since been proved by his faithfulness to Sunday Mass and regular reception of the Sacraments. He is still entertaining his Sister, but now it's after class!

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## In Memoriam

Julius Weber, Chicago, Illinois  
Patrick Erskine, Duluth, Minnesota  
Mrs. Catherine McQuisten, Rolling Prairie, Ind.  
Mrs. Helen Baker, Quincy, Ohio  
Miss Anna Geenen, Appleton, Wisconsin  
Miss Hermine Metherd, Kouts, Indiana  
Mr. Robert Barr, Chalmers, Indiana  
Mr. William Ferrick, St. Louis, Mo.  
Mr. James McGuire, Davenport, Iowa  
Mrs. Philomena Belmonte, Chicago, Ill.  
Mr. Charles Anderson, (ACM) Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Alice Petermann, (ACM) Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Anna Butler, Chicago, Illinois



Eight children baptized recently at Immaculate Conception Church, Desloge, Missouri, and their sponsors, pictured with their Pastor, the Reverend Edmund J. Clohessy. Those baptized are (first row, left to right) Harry Compton, age 4; Thomas Compton, age 7; William Compton, age 8; Jerry Bob House, age 16; Barbara Compton (in the arms of her godmother), age three weeks; Cheryl Elena House, age 3; Linda House, age 11; Billie Jean House, age 20.

PICTURED above with their sponsors are eight children, ranging in age from three weeks to twenty years, who were baptized recently at Immaculate Conception Church, Desloge, Missouri.

The children are the three daughters and only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ene'l House of Frankelay, Missouri, and the three sons and infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Compton of Leadwood, Missouri.

Before administering the sacrament of Baptism, the Reverend Edmund J. Clohessy, Pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Desloge, gave a brief explanation of each of the ceremonies. Father stressed the fact that through this sacrament those baptized would be made children of God, members of the Catholic Church, with the right to receive the other sacraments, and—if they remained faithful to their Church and its teaching—the right, also, to one day enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

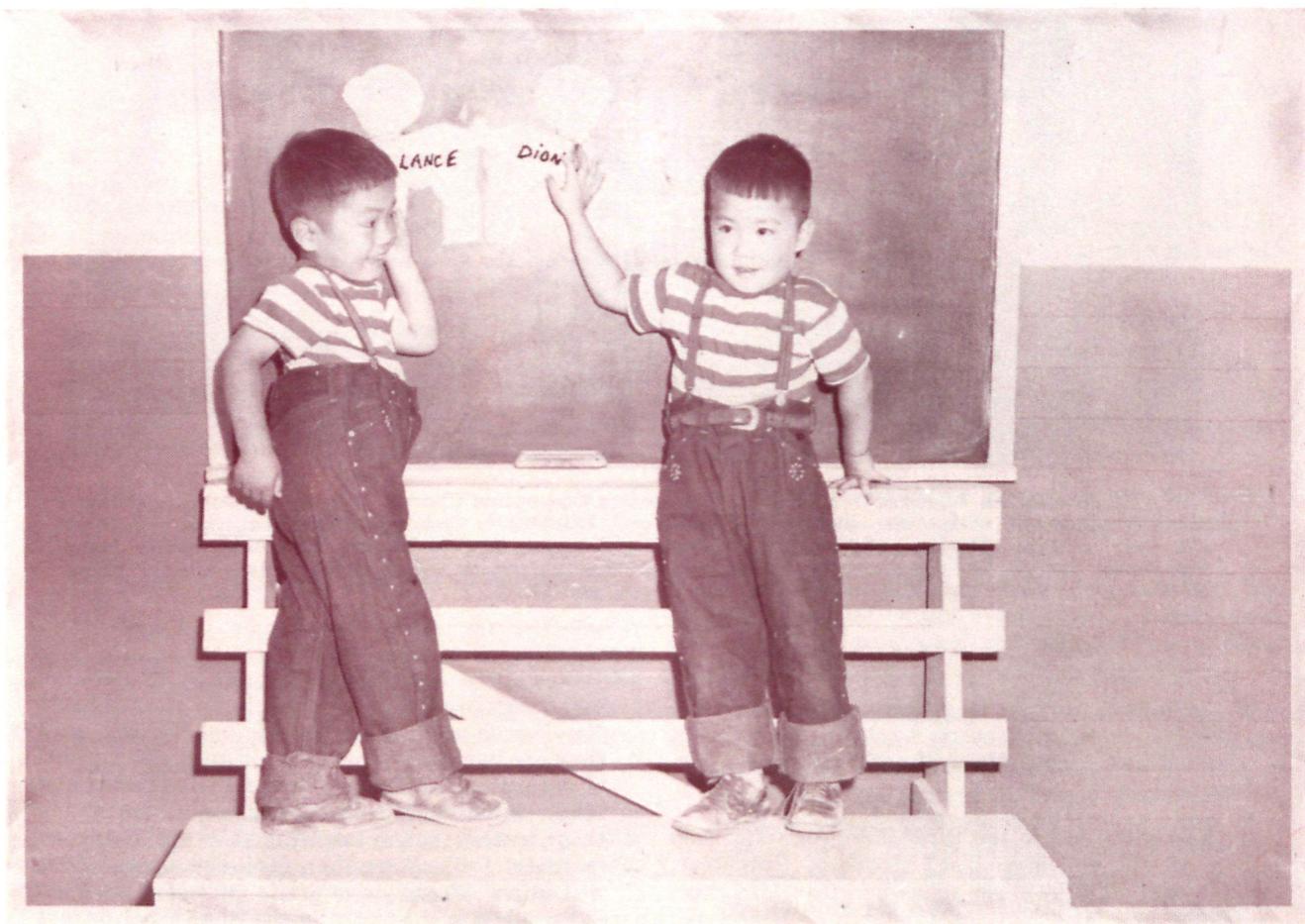
These baptisms came as a result of our house-to-house visiting in the first district assigned to us for home visiting upon our arrival in our new mission center at Flat River, Missouri, last fall.

Now both Mr. House and Mr. Compton are under instruction and expect to be received into the Church soon. But they are not waiting until they are baptized to begin their apostolic mission of spreading the Faith. Two of their friends and fellow-workers from Frankelay are accompanying them to the rectory at Desloge every Saturday morning for instruction. Not one of the four will miss. If one or other is called to work on Saturday morning (ordinarily the mines do not work on Saturday), he calls the pastor and arranges another time for all four.

Each Saturday morning finds us teaching in the living rooms of two Catholic families in Frankelay. Mrs. William Horton and Mrs. Lovell Gillam generously loan us their homes each week for our classes, and never seem to mind the delay this causes to their Saturday cleaning or the fact that they must clean up after muddy little feet. But God is never outdone in generosity. It is Mr. Horton and Mr. Gillam who accompany Mr. House and Mr. Compton for instructions.

Sister Helen  
Flat River, Missouri

*(Editor's note: Since the above article was written the four men mentioned in it have been received into the Church.)*



Lance and D'on come to kindergarten class every Tuesday. Their mother and father were instructed by Maryknoll Sisters whom they met after coming back to California from a concentration camp; they feel that their days of internment in the camp brought at least the one blessing of opening the way for their entrance into the true fold. Dion and Lance are proudly showing the little lambs they made during vacation school.—San Basilio Mission, Los Angeles.

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OUR FRONT COVER: Sister Alice Marie explains the Sacrament of Penance. The main element for a worthy confession is Contrition (sorrow for sin and a firm purpose of amendment). The parable of the Prodigal Son is told to illustrate the forgiveness and mercy of God.