

the **M**issionary **C**atechist



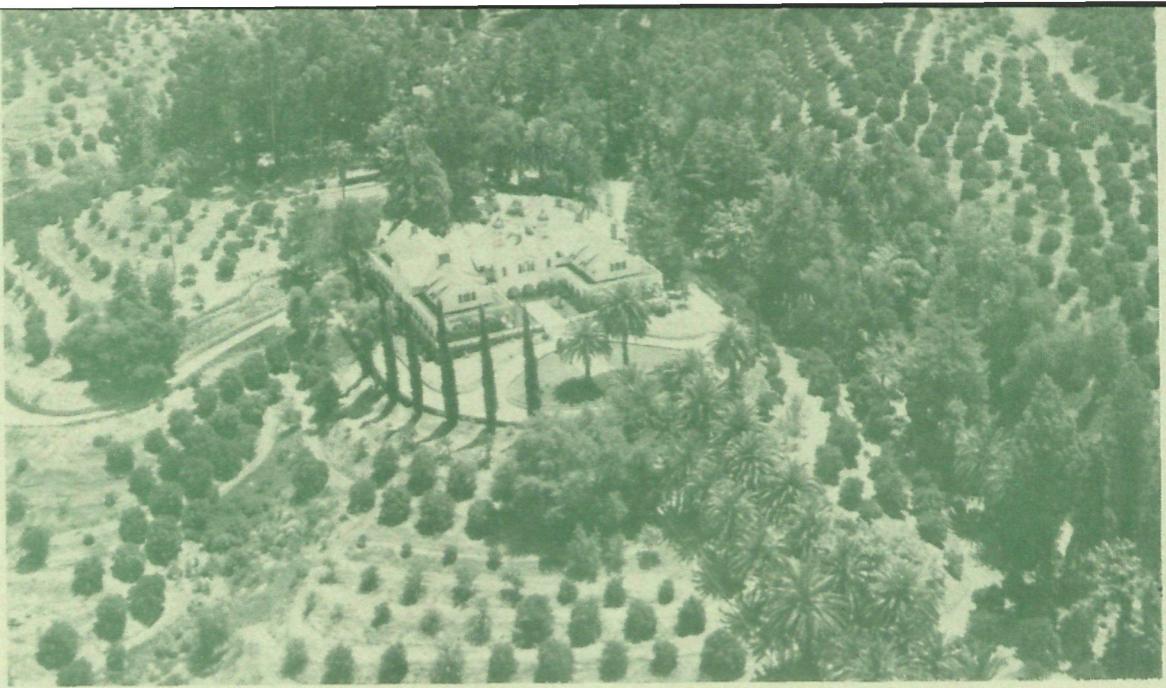
Photo by W. Wesley Kloefer, P.S.A.

Recreation serves to relax the mind, thus rendering it more fit for the service of Jesus and Mary. (Constitutions of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters)

July - August
1953



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS



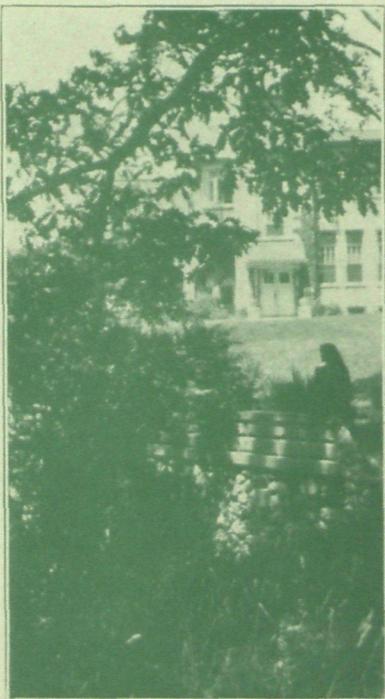
Queen of the Missions, Redlands, California, where the sisters working in Southern California make their annual retreat.



Novices in the garden at Victory Noll.



Evening hymn to Our Lady.



A Victory Noll retreatant finds a secluded spot.



Day of days for those who are to make their vows—August 5, Feast of Our Lady of the Snow.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume 29

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Number 8

MISSION GOALS

ON August 5 the young novices who have completed their three years of training will pronounce their holy vows for the first time. They will have reached the goal that was set before them when they came to Victory Noll. Three years then seemed a long time. Now it seems incredibly short.



Like commencement day, vow day is not the end but only the beginning. These young sisters will receive their mission assignments on the Feast of the Assumption. Some will go out to work among the poorest of the poor. Others will teach children who, though not so poor in this world's goods, would be deprived of their spiritual heritage if the sisters did not go to them.

No doubt from this class some sisters will be chosen for the new missions: West Harwich, Massachusetts; Eagle Pass, Texas, down on the Mexican border; or Cheyenne, Wyoming, "where the West begins." Wherever they go, these newly professed sisters, filled with zeal and enthusiasm, will labor for the salvation of souls. We beg you to follow them with your prayers.

MOVING?

IF you have moved or you are going to move, will you be sure to send us both your old address and your new one? Even if you live in a duplex and are merely changing apartments; or if your address has been marked "in the rear" and you're moving to the front; if you used to get your mail at home and now you have a post office box, or it's the other way around;



please, in all these cases, notify us. Otherwise, your copy is not delivered, but is returned to us, marked two cents due. We pay two cents for the notification and another two cents to send you another copy. (The returned one is so battered up by its trip around the country that it's almost unrecognizable.) That doesn't sound like much and we don't want to seem cheap, but put a lot of magazines together and it amounts up. Besides, what goes into postage means that much less for God's poor.

UNTIL SEPTEMBER



THE former editor, or whoever it was, who first got the idea of combining our July-August issues has my undying gratitude. In the first place, who wants to read when the thermometer is sizzling between ninety and a hundred? I'll have to take that back or I'm a hypocrite. I love to read, no matter what the temperature, especially out under our gorgeous maples during retreat or anytime. So let's say rather, who wants to run a press in the summer heat?

The truth of the matter is that we don't have time during August for much printing. Retreat begins July 27 and closes on August 5. Then we have some refresher courses that will make our mission work more effective. This year Father Ambrose, O.F.M. Cap., will come again for classes on the sacraments. We have several sessions a day, interrupted only on August 15, the Feast of the Assumption and "appointment day." Back to class we go on the sixteenth whether or not we have recovered from the excitement of the day before.

So don't look for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST next month. We'll see you in September.

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Intermountain

Edward J. Whelan, S.J.

THE work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters is not confined to a narrow field; it is quite universal in its search for souls. That was evident when in 1951 the sisters took over the training in Christian doctrine of the Navajo Indian children at the Intermountain Indian School at Brigham City, Utah.

A few words of history might be in order. At the outbreak of World War II, it was foreseen, with our boys fighting in the Pacific area, that there would be casualties, and many of them, among our troops. To take care of this eventuality, several hospitals were built on or near the Pacific coast, among them the Bushnell Hospital at Brigham City. And it was a tremendous one.

Evidently it was thought that this hospital would be in use for many years, if not permanently, judging from the solid type of construction that was used. There are over fifty large two-story buildings, all joined together by covered ramps. It has been estimated that there are several miles of ramps joining the various buildings, for the hospital was intended mostly for amputees. Other buildings are shops, power house, gymnasium, a very large enclosed swimming pool, sewage-disposal unit, and a

Father Whelan, S.J., pastor of St. Henry's Church, Brigham City, Utah, gives all credit to the Victory Noll Sisters and makes no mention of his own untiring zeal and that of his assistant, Father Dunn, S.J., at the Intermountain Indian School. A former president of Loyola University, Los Angeles, Father Whelan came to Brigham City a year ago from Azusa, California, where he was superior of Manresa Retreat House.

fine chapel with a capacity of three hundred.

Not very long after the war the hospital was closed; its work was done, and it lay there for a year or two idle. Then upon the scene came the Bureau for Indian Affairs. That array of buildings was just what was wanted. For the Bureau had a problem, and a big one; and the old Bushnell Hospital might be in great part the answer to the problem.

The Navajo tribe of Indians, whose Reservation is in northern Arizona and in part of New Mexico, is easily the fastest growing Indian tribe. It numbers about 75,000 and is growing constantly. But the arid land of the Reservation, with much of the soil washed by erosion, with lack of water, is not capable of sustaining so many people. In fact, it is estimated that only about 25,000 can be supported even in a simple way on the Reservation. The result is lack of nourishment, illness, frustration, and oftentimes crime, to say nothing of illiteracy.



The author, Father Whelan, is at the extreme right. The others are, left to right: Father Dunn, assistant at St. Henry's, Brigham City, Utah; Bishop Federal, Auxiliary Bishop of Salt Lake City; Dr. George Boyce, superintendent of Intermountain Indian School; and Mrs. Boyce.

So the Bureau for Indian Affairs, anxious to relieve that situation, is establishing schools off the Reservation. And the site of the Bushnell Hospital with its substantial buildings in good condition seemed an ideal situation. The school was already built. Some remodeling, of course, had to be done in making over a hospital into a boarding school, but not so very much.

The result is that the Intermountain Indian School at Brigham City is the largest, the most modern, and the best equipped school for Indians in the country. It has the appearance of a great university campus. The school was opened in 1950 with about five hundred boys and girls, all Navajos; and of course, was only partially filled that first year. Now the accommodations are all taken, and there are twenty-three hundred Navajo boys and girls living on the campus. Added to that number are the executive staff, the teachers, interpreters, supervisors, dormitory attendants, cooks, and maintenance staff. These with their families live in apartments on the campus. In all, it is a veritable town.

Now the prime motive for the school is to train these boys and girls in the fundamentals of education, and in various trades so that they will be equipped to find employment away from the Reservation. The course is five years; in some cases six or seven years. Many of the children have had no previous education; some speak very little English. And in ages they are from nine to twenty-one. In the lower grades an interpreter is in the classroom all through the day with the regular teacher. There are fourteen full-time interpreters.

AND now let us bring the Missionary Sisters into the picture. One knows now the background in which they work at the Indian School. Unlike some of the Government Indian Schools where the teaching of religion is frowned upon, and only with difficulty are any concessions granted, the Intermountain School, thanks to the inspiring leadership of Dr. George Boyce, the Superintendent, encourages and insists upon religious instruction. When the children leave the Reservation, their parents inform the school authorities of the religious belief of their children, or their religious preference. This is noted on the card of each boy and girl in the registrar's office, as Protestant, Catholic, Mormon, or no preference. Then once a week on Thursday afternoons from four to five o'clock religious instruction is held. Attendance is enforced just as in the regular class work. Absence without permission is punished.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake City, applied for the Missionary Sisters to take charge of this



Navajo girls help Sister Marian Frances unload the car.

work at the Intermountain Indian School. The sisters already had two convents in the diocese; one in Salt Lake City, and the other in Ogden, where they are doing outstanding work. So a third house was established in Brigham City in 1951. Four sisters were assigned to the work: Sister Mary David as superior, Sister Marian Frances, Sister Mechtilde, and Sister Doris.

In the year 1952-53 there are 915 registered at the school as Catholics, or whose preference is the Catholic religion. To take care of these boys and girls in the weekly Thursday afternoon classes twenty-eight class rooms are set aside. The sisters organize the classes and enlist the services of the teachers necessary for this task. To grade the Indian children is no easy task. Many have had no previous religious instruction, and then there is the handicap of the language. To have on hand each week twenty-eight teachers is something of a monumental job for the sisters. But they somehow manage, even when at the last minute some teachers will phone in that they cannot be present that day.

Teaching Indian children is not like teaching other children. With discipline there is very little difficulty, if any; the children are well behaved, quiet, cooperative. But on the intellectual side one gets little active response. Should you, for instance, tell a story of Our Lord's life, and then ask them to repeat it, you will get very little in reply. The language difficulty is one obstacle, but they are not naturally a talkative people. If they can get by with a "Yes" or a "No" for answer, they will rest quite satisfied with that. They sit complacently while



Intermountain Indian School at Brigham City, Utah, where 23,000 Navajo boys and girls are being educated.

the teacher is talking, often their faces showing no emotion, and one wonders whether or not he is getting the matter across to them. But they have a good sense of humor; they catch a joke readily enough, and are greatly amused if you go through some antics or pantomime in explaining the lesson. By and large they absorb more than is at first realized. The Indian children are appreciative of anything that is done for them. Their love for the sisters is striking and evident; their faces light up as the sisters approach.

ON Sundays there are two Masses at the Indian School; one at seven o'clock in the chapel. To be present at this Mass the children get up on their own at least half an hour before the getting-up whistle blows; for they must be out of the chapel for the regular breakfast schedule. And yet the chapel is crowded at this Mass. The number of Communion increases constantly, almost a hundred each Sunday.

A second Mass is said in the large auditorium on Sundays at ten-fifteen, for the chapel will not accommodate the eight hundred odd who attend. This is a compulsory Sunday service; the Protestants have their service at nine o'clock. Those who go to the early Mass do not have to attend the later one, but the majority do come back. The children sing the ordinary hymns well, the girls in this being less bashful than the boys; and they say prayers for Mass in unison from large cards which are distributed to them. It is heavenly to hear those Indian boys and girls sing and pray together. Sister Doris has trained a group to sing the High Masses. They do it well, even the proper.

Confessions are heard on Saturday afternoons from three to five. During that period the four sisters have catechism classes, which are entirely on a voluntary basis. As many as two hundred and fifty attend, coming in groups, each group staying about an hour. It is in these sessions that the sisters get in some of their best work.

During the year 1952-53 there were thirty-five baptisms, the ages of the children being about fifteen or sixteen. There have been three First Holy Communion classes, and Bishop Hunt administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of eighty in the spring.

Besides the work at the Indian School our Missionary Sisters take care of the spiritual instruction of the children in Brigham and in the towns around about. Some classes are held in the sisters' convent on certain days; others at the little church where is also the Fathers' rectory. For the church is the lower floor of an old residence, the two Jesuit Fathers living upstairs. Then there are the towns of Corinne, eight miles distant; Logan, twenty-seven miles away; Tremonton, twenty miles in another direction; and Garland. Each has its day of the week. Thus the children in these erstwhile neglected towns now receive splendid instruction in religion.

The work both at the Indian School and in the catechetical classes in the towns would be impossible without the Missionary Sisters. Whatever good has been accomplished is due to their devotedness, zeal, love of their work, and their own deep spiritual lives, which after all is the guiding spirit in the work of souls for Christ.

Not Too Late

Sister Jacinta

“SISTER, did you know that the little old Mexican couple near Nieves were baptized in a Protestant religion yesterday?”

This was the question asked us one Monday when we were making our regular round of visits in one of our out-missions. This old Mexican couple had worked for many years on a ranch. When they could no longer do all the work that was required of them, the rancher dismissed them penniless. There was no place for them to go, for they had no children or relatives. They could not obtain work, for the woman was crippled and unable to walk; the man was bent over with age and years of hard work. A kind Mexican woman called Nieves took them in and sheltered them in a one-room house on her property. For eight years she fed them and cared for them at her own expense. She also took care of their spiritual needs for she is a good Catholic.

Last summer Nieves and her family had to leave for another state to obtain work that would sustain them during the winter months. Since the old couple were not citizens of the United States, they could not get state aid. Nieves asked the local community organization for the poor, to which all the churches and businessmen contribute, to take care of the physical needs of this old couple while she was gone. They readily agreed.

Each church took turns and appointed someone to clean the house and cook for them. When it was one sect's turn to care for them, they did the job thoroughly. They kept their house clean and fed them well. They had some of their members visit them. The minister visited them frequently and was exceedingly kind to them. At the same time he was imparting to them his doctrine and urging them to be baptized in his religion. The little old man felt very much indebted to the minister for his attention and kindness, so after much persuasion he finally consented to be baptized.

On a sunny Sunday afternoon the minister took them to the river for the baptism. He submerged the man, but the woman refused. She said that she was a Catholic and she was going to stay a Catholic. She stubbornly resisted when they tried to take off the medal she was wearing.

The day after this event we were informed of it. Without delay we went to see the couple.

They greeted us happily as usual, and after a little while we asked them if what we heard was true. We were told that it was. The man explained the whole situation to us, telling us at the same time that it was too late for him now. He could never be a Catholic again. The minister had insisted on that. We talked for some time and told the man that he was baptized a Catholic and that he could not be baptized again. We also insisted that he could come back to God and be a Catholic as he always was. With tears rolling down his cheeks he protested that it was too late.

THE next week our first visit was to the old people. They seemed happy to see us. The man was less insistent that he could no longer be a Catholic. Each week, for a number of weeks, we continued our visits. In the meantime Nieves returned home and began taking care of the old folks again.

At Christmas we took a little box of things to them, each gift wrapped separately. The man had not been feeling too well so he was in bed. His wife, as always, was in her little bed just a short distance from his. We brought them a little crib and tried to set it up attractively in a place where they both could see it. They were delighted and kept their eyes fixed on the crib. We gave them their packages and our happiness was full measure as we heard their happy exclamations when they opened each gift. They were like little children and their eyes danced with joy. They could not keep back their tears of happiness and gratitude. Happily the man reached for one of his new handkerchiefs and blew his nose.

On the following visit we asked them if they did not wish to return to God. Both heartily agreed and asked us to have Father come to hear their confessions and bring them Holy Communion. We did so that very day and Father brought them Holy Communion the next morning, the feast of the Three Kings.

About a week after they received the sacraments, they both became ill with the flu. The woman recovered, but the man developed pneumonia. Father anointed him in the afternoon of February 10 and that evening at nine-fifteen, God claimed his soul. He was buried the next day, his ninety-third birthday, with a Catholic funeral.

The following Monday we visited the woman to try to comfort her in her sorrow. Now there was only one bed in the little room, the one she occupied. Our hearts were heavy when the woman said that her companion had left her and she was very lonesome. Although she cried, she said that she was thankful that God took her husband first and that He took him when he was prepared to go.



Sister Blanche Marie (left) and Sister Mary Isabel work among the migrants in the vicinity of Huntington. These Mexicans (most of them are from Texas) come up to Indiana to work in the tomato camps. They are here from May to October, about fifteen families remaining throughout the winter.

WHAT are they like? How do they differ from other children?

Children are pretty much the same the world over. They are ill at ease, at first, in the presence of grownups and strangers. They look at you with large, wondering eyes and solemn, unsmiling faces, until you have been examined, weighed, and accepted. Once you have gained their confidence and esteem, they react naturally. They smile, they giggle, they examine your medal and chain and otherwise indicate that you are welcome in their midst. This goes for the younger set—those five years old on down.

As for children of school age, even though they have never attended sisters' schools, an other-world wisdom seems to tell them what you stand for. They accept you on the spot and show in dozens of ways the esteem and reverence they have for you. You credit this to their Latin-American culture, with its basic Catholic background.

When you visit their camps, you are quickly relieved of everything you are carrying. Carlos triumphantly carries your brief case, Marta, your mantle, and even the smallest are disappointed if they cannot carry something. No distinguished citizen has a larger or more faithful bodyguard than you and your companion sister. They trail along from house to house when you are visiting, or run ahead to knock at the door for you if they know which house you are bound for. Once an over-eager

Children of Migrants

Sister Blanche Marie

little girl not only knocked at the door for us but peered through the large crack in the door as well, as if impatient for a quick welcome on the part of the dwellers. She was promptly and severely admonished by her older sister, a girl of ten. "You must not do that," she scolded. "You must not look into other peoples' houses through cracks, or key-holes or windows." Older sister may have been *taught* this, but we suspect it was a sort of hidden moral sense resulting from centuries of Catholic upbringing, among the people of her race.

While we tarried at the door of Mrs. Jimenez, with our faces and persons partially turned away from our ever-present attendants, a little girl of eight clung to my hand and



Puppies like this one are perhaps the most popular pets with the little children.

showered it with kisses. No heretical strain here, thought I. She reverences the sisters without being able to explain why.

When Mr. and Mrs. Garcia kissed our hands, the smaller fry did likewise, even four-year-old Juanito. Only Tom, age fourteen, grade six, flashed a smile and shook our hand American style. He was less a part of Mexico now and more a part of the United States.

SOMETIMES you might wonder what kind of games our Mexican migrant children play, or what kinds of pets they have. In this they are quite like other children. The little girls like to play with dolls and the boys with balls, marbles, and other toys. It is true their migratory existence keeps them from accumulating many playthings. Sometimes they must improvise. Their imagination helps here. A clothespin wrapped around with a face cloth becomes a doll; a cardboard box drawn on the end of a string becomes a wagon, and so on.

As for pets, we have seen the usual run of them—dogs, cats, puppies, and kittens. At one camp we found the children with a pet rabbit, and in another a little girl held a pet hen in her arms. Perhaps her parents were of a practical bent—when unemployment struck they could put the hen in a pot to provide the family with a good meal or two.

These children are better off in countless ways, even in their great poverty, than many of our American boys and girls. We see deep and genuine affection of parents for children and of children for parents. Their happiness does not depend upon many and great possessions, on TV sets or costly amusements. You are nearly sure to find at least one guitar in camp with a fellow who can strum chords on it, and everyone, from children to grownups, likes to sing. In all the cabins you see a miniature altar erected to the



A pet that might provide the family with a meal—just in case.

Virgin of Guadalupe or Our Lady of San Juan de los Lagos. A vigil light flickering here and there before some of these pictures bears silent testimony of the one faith which is the common bond among the members of a family, and among the several families in the camp.

Blood Donor

Not just a pint—
He gives It all
For ev'ry man
Since Adam's fall.

On Calv'ry's height
In crimson streams
Each sinful soul
He now redeems.

For man restored
From endless death
God then is his
Life-giving breath.

Sister Blanche Marie

U. S. N.

The U. S. Navy has become one of our chief interests this year. Up in the San Pedro hills are temporary homes where the families wait for their fathers to come home. Each Thursday we teach catechism to the little sailors and sailorettes. For some of them their knowledge of God is very small. But just ask them anything about guns or boats and they roll out words we never heard of before. Up there we have the cooperation of everyone. The manager of the homes is a zealous young Catholic and he notifies all the Catholic families of our classes. Both Catholics and non-Catholics appreciate our work among them very much.

**Sister Margaret Ann
San Pedro, California**

HIS TREASURE

A little non-Catholic colored boy who comes to class treasures highly the *Jesus and I* book he bought. A few weeks ago he came to me after class and said he would not be able to come for awhile for he had to go to the hospital to have an operation. I told him how sorry I was to hear he must go to the hospital. Then I asked him to take his *Jesus and I* along so he could read from it when he got better. He answered, "I sure will, Sister. I don't go no place without it." And he proudly pulled it from his pocket to show me he had taken it along to school with him that day. With the help of God's grace he will make a fine little Catholic someday.

**Sister Maria Immaculata
Colorado Springs, Colo.**



Sister Mary Lawrence with her summer school group at Hawthorne, Nevada.

In the Home Field

FREE TICKETS

Recently one of the churches sponsored an indoor circus to raise funds, and we were donated a few free tickets to give to some of the poorer children. In one center ten fourth and fifth-grade boys were sifted out and given the tickets with an explanation of what they were for. Of course all were delighted and grateful, that is, all but one. David seemed very sad and dejected.

"What's the matter, David," I asked, "aren't you glad to get a ticket to the circus?"

But David just looked mournful and held his little brother's hand tightly. Little brother George, only three years old, had accompanied him to class that day.

"Please, Sister," David said finally, "give me a ticket for my little brother."

I told him that George was too young. David pleaded that his little brother was very smart for his age. I smiled into the angelic face of little George who was eagerly waiting to see if I were going to weaken. Then David tried once more.

"Sister," he said, "the reason I want a ticket for him is that it would be a big help for him. He wants to be a clown when he grows up."

**Sister Mary Joseph
El Paso, Texas**

COMPETITION

A few Sundays ago Father had some competition at High Mass. He was singing the Preface when we heard someone praying aloud. It turned out to be a little boy praying the rosary. When questioned, the little fellow said, "Well, gee, Father was praying so loud I couldn't hear myself think so I had to pray out loud too."

**Sister Viola
Kendallville, Indiana**



Sister Mary Patrick dips cold lemonade from a milk can as an afternoon treat during vacation school at a mountain mission in Kentucky. Sister Mary Geraldine writes a child's name on her cup. Cold drinks are a rarity in this area of no refrigeration.

CALL FOR DUNCAN HINES

I had been telling my prayer class about God and how He is the only One who can make something from nothing. "How many like chocolate cake?" Everybody did. "Now when your mother makes a chocolate cake, she needs many things—eggs, milk, flour, etc." And I went on from there to tell them how God made all the things their mother needed for her cake. When I was all finished, little Sandra raised her hand and said, "Sister, when my mother makes a cake, she needs a box of cake mix."

**Sister Irene
Ely, Nevada**

COMMENT FROM ANDY

When he had heard the story of Adam and Eve for the first time, Andy, who seldom makes a comment, said, "They must have been awful hungry."

**Sister Mercedes
Flagstaff, Arizona**

RETREAT AT INTERMOUNTAIN

"Oh, for the gift of tongues," exclaimed one of the sisters after sitting through the fifth conference of a Navajo retreat. The sisters did not learn much from the retreat but they received a great deal of satisfaction in seeing how well the boys and girls responded to the exercises.

The three-day retreat was conducted by Father Burkhart, O.F.M., of Houck, Arizona for the Navajo boys and girls attending Intermountain Indian School in Brigham City, Utah. Our accommodations were small and therefore only 385 of the 915 Catholic boys and girls were able to attend.

Father gave two conferences on Thursday and Friday and three on Saturday. At each conference the chapel was filled. As soon as our car drove up, the boys and girls began filing in, even though we arrived quite early to get things ready. After each conference a group of boys or girls would gather around Father to ask him of news from the Reservation. They felt that he belonged to them because he was from the Reservation and could speak Navajo. As soon as he was finished with one group, another was waiting to speak to him. Some wrote letters and asked him to take them to their parents.

The children were very happy when Father taught them to say the Our Father and Hail Mary and other prayers in their Navajo language. Although all the children present were listed as Catholic, many of them have had little or no contact with a priest who could speak their own language.

The retreat began with the apprehension that all might not go well, but we found that all our fears were groundless. Now that the children have heard some of our Catholic faith explained to them in their own language, we pray that the Holy Ghost will enlighten them as we attempt to continue the instruction in the English language which is still a struggle for them.

**Sister Doris
Brigham City, Utah**

"TO WATER THE THIRSTY"

After one class on the works of mercy, I tested the memories of my fourth graders the following week. They came through brilliantly with: "To water the thirsty; to counsel the dumbful." Well, anyway, if the exact wording didn't stay with them, the explanations did!

**Sister Jean Marie
Ida, Michigan**



**Do not let
down,
On vaca-
tions.
Sisters need
your
Kind dona-
tions.**

OUR ST. LOUIS (MO.) BANDS

Child Jesus Band. The members of this Band consist of the relatives and friends of Sister Mary Edna. Her Mother, *Mrs. James Butler*, is the Promoter. Besides donations sent toward Sister's Burse at regular intervals throughout the year, Mrs. Butler has put herself out in many ways in behalf of our sisters who have stopped off in St. Louis on business or mission journeys. In this way she has become acquainted with quite a few of us, God bless her!

Florentine and Mother of Perpetual Help Bands. These Bands have the same Promoter, *Mrs. Regina Lammert*, and practically the same membership. One group meets in the afternoon and the other in the evening. Both sponsor Sister Florence, superior at our Azusa, California convent. Both Sister's mother and sisters belong to one of the Bands.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE BAND (Madison, Minn.)

THIS Band consists of six sodalists employed during the day who meet evenings agreed upon to turn out mounted medals and religious pictures for the three mission centers which they sponsor. These Associates, headed by *Miss Regina Emmerich*, buy rosaries and send a five dollar donation to each of two centers at the holidays, and personal gifts to the sisters at the third mission center.

The following excerpt was taken from Regina's last letter to Victory Noll. "We have quite a few things ready for our three mission boxes. We have one hundred pictures of the Sacred Heart with the promises on the reverse side mounted with film over the front. We used attractive red, green and gold art corners. These will be sent for Easter. Then we'll work on vacation school awards."

News Items About

HOLY FAMILY BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

FOR years this Band, whose membership consists of the mother, sisters and close relatives of our deceased Sister Rose Anne, sponsored Sister and her mission work. When God called her home, these generous friends did not quit helping, but adopted another of our missionaries instead.

One of the Band members, *Mr. Joseph Walz*, modestly refuses the title of Promoter but performs all the chores which go with the office, namely collecting dues and writing the letters to Victory Noll which accompany the dues money. Checks have ranged from \$18 to \$25. This indicates very good attendance at their meetings.

HOLY GHOST BAND MEMBERS VISIT VICTORY NOLL



Reading from left to right: Miss Mary Nye, Promoter, Mrs. D. A. Peterson, Sister Marie Vianney, Mrs. Ruth Donahue and Miss Florence Schneck. The visitors came from Elkhart, Indiana, the former "home town" of Sister. Mrs. Peterson is the mother of Sister Mary Christine of our Order.

ST. MEL BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

OUR Richmond, Kentucky Mission Center has been figuring in the mission news of this little monthly quite a bit lately. Of course that pleases *Mrs. Norean Lopez*, Promoter of St. Mel's Band and its members, because these good ladies sponsor Sister Mary Eva who is the superior there.

Our Associates

ST. BRIDGET BAND (Covington, Ky.)

THE membership of St.

Bridget's Band is composed of ten young women, five of whom are married and five are single. Meetings are lively affairs for there are at least eight babies less than two years old who attend the get-togethers with their mothers. It is remarkable, too, that there are two sets of twins among the children belonging to members. Mrs. John Grimme's consist of a boy, Gregory, and a girl, Jo Ann. (She has an older daughter, Mary Louise.) Mrs. Gus Sheehan's are two girls, Janet Marie and Joyce Ann.



Formerly the Band members used to make braided stars and scrapbooks for their mission which is Brawley, California but the Promoter, Mrs. John Busse, wrote: "The girls are getting a little tired making these things so next year we are going to start off playing cards and using the proceeds for the missions. We think we would rather do this and we'll be able to raise more money too."

BL. MARTIN BAND (Lewiston, Minn.)



THESE Associates, headed by Mrs. Irene B. Lehmann, send the fruit of their handiwork to your Supervisor, and it gives me great pleasure to distribute the contents of their mission boxes to our Mexican migrants in Northern Indiana. It

is hard to tell which we like best to get—the lovely layettes for babies which we distribute to poor mothers in the camps, or the film covered cards, with medals and a small crucifix mounted beneath the film on one side and the message, "In case of accident, call a priest" on the reverse side. These latter we distribute among the Mexican men and how eager they are to get them!

Single dollars,
Or in pairs,
We will match
them
With our
prayers.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 17, 1953 to May 20, 1953

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 12.50
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	50.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deininger	5.25
St. Bridget Band, Covington, Mrs. Jno. Busse	12.00
St. Clara Band of St. Mary's Church, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan	15.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	60.25
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Fiala	40.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	10.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	165.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	14.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Marie Egermier	10.00
St. Mary Mission Group, Oak Park, Ill., Mrs. Forest Lehman	21.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Augusta Hake	181.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Frances Schuette	100.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	13.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	6.00
St. Stephan Band, Detroit, Mrs. Joseph Koroly	6.50
St. Therese (Junior) Mission Circle, Joliet, Ill., Jeanne Siegel	25.40
Seven Dolours Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	10.50

MRS. M. B. MACDONALD DIES

We are sorry to report that in early May we received notice of the death of Mrs. Marie Brogi MacDonald, who was Promoter of St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago, for *seventeen years!* Please remember her in your prayers for the faithful departed. She was a shining example of Christian charity.

Operation Summer School

Sister Bernardine

SUMMER school! For three of us it meant new adventures. We were to go to a camp too distant for the children to attend our regular classes during the year. For almost three years they had had no instruction. There would be some to prepare for First Holy Communion. It was not a large camp, so we did not expect crowds of children. We did expect that not many of them would know English, especially the younger children who had not yet started to school.

Evening recreation found us pouring over ideas for project work, reviewing our Spanish, questioning the more experienced sisters, planning games for recess periods, looking up simple Spanish and English songs. The night before our three-week venture began, we went to bed happy in the thought, "Tomorrow, dear Lord, we start."

Early in the morning, fortified with meditation, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Holy Communion, and a hearty breakfast, we stacked our neat piles of boxes in the trunk of the Plymouth, and added a baseball, a hammer, and a few brief cases bulging with pictures, catechisms, and religious articles. During the twenty-mile drive the time was well spent in a prayer to the Holy Ghost, a final glance at that Spanish catechism, a little work on prizes for the last day of the summer school, and conversation well-dotted with, "How do you say _____ in Spanish?"

At last we turned off the highway onto the usual bumpy lane that introduces you into almost every camp where many of our Mexican children live. We reached the rows of homes. All was quiet. Not a child, not a dog anywhere. We blew our horn and drove slowly between two rows of houses. Soon children, mamas, big sisters, big brothers, and dogs spilled out of each small home. Some of the older boys and girls were frankly hesitant. It took most of the first hour encouraging them and rounding up a class of respectable proportions.

We were a little disappointed at the small attendance the first day, but delighted and inspired by the innocence and the rapt attention of those who did come. At times they had as



Even the little children helped with the benches.

much difficulty with our Spanish as we did. But they kept trying and wonderfully helped the mutual understanding by enthusiastic use of eyes, eyebrows, hands, feet, fingers, shoulders, everything they could think of to convey their meaning. Here we began to realize anew the value of dramatization, the power of a picture, the force of a few well-chosen words in teaching the knowledge, love, and service of God.

The second day's attendance encouraged us. This day also provided what we thought might well be the explanation for the previous day's hesitancy and small attendance. We learned that a Protestant group sends two workers to the camp every summer. They misrepresent the sisters' work and teaching. Now we knew that we had to prove by kindness and by sincere and practical means that we wanted only their spiritual and temporal good.

ON Thursday, the Feast of Corpus Christi, we were lamenting the fact that there was to be no procession. "A big feast like this," we said, "should have a procession."

"Well," said one inspired sister, "let's have a procession. We can have it at the camp!"

"Yes," agreed another, "we can. Even though we can't have the Blessed Sacrament, we can have a procession. They'll love it. Let's make a banner and something for each child to carry while we march."

"Maybe the children could make their own things to carry, during project time. Maybe some streamers, white and gold, on a stick. There are some sticks in the garage that we could cover with crepe paper . . ."

And the hands and minds and hearts were busy.

The following morning, after prayer and doctrine periods, project time found sisters and children literally wrapped up in streamers. At 11:15 a.m. the procession got under way. Two older boys carried the improvised banner, a large Last Supper chart decorated with streamers. Every child happily paraded behind them, two by two, waving their streamers and singing lustily, "O Maria, Madre mia," the only hymn we had officially learned during our first few days of summer school.

That procession cemented our friendship. The children came promptly and eagerly to each class, carrying their *cajones* on their heads, or dragging heavy benches, one small boy on each end. Even the little girls did their share of providing seats in our simple classrooms.

The daily sound of our horn brought such a scramble of forms to life along the rows of houses that we had a hard time avoiding children's toes and hands, dogs' feet and tails, besides the usual quota of tin cans and broken bottles. Now the boxes of pictures to be colored, the crayolas, paper patterns, stars, paste jars, crepe paper, film, and all the treasures of summer school project time were emptied into willing arms, each pair accompanied by a pair of shining eyes.

After the morning's session was over, we

had to write carefully each child's name on the page of his own picture book and place it tenderly in our film picture cases. We had to encourage the not too artistic boys and admire the results of each one's work. So the three weeks of mornings went busily and happily. Until the final day!

The First Communicants, young and old, were well prepared for their reception of the sacraments; the smaller children had learned some of their prayers and the first lessons of the catechism. It was certainly time for a party. A raffle of religious articles had provided the funds. And so, on the last day of summer school we had games, the picking of the lucky winners of the raffle prizes, and refreshments. Sixty-seven boys and girls did justice to the punch, doughnuts, cookies, and candy. Tiny brothers and sisters appeared to help share the bountiful supply of good things to eat. The older girls showed their helpfulness by graciously passing the goodies and by attending to the needs of the very small children. The old building used for the occasion resounded to prayers and hymns. The party was over!

On Sunday nine boys and five girls received Our Lord for the first time in Holy Communion. We were very happy because all the First Communicants and their parents thanked us sincerely for helping them to prepare. God has placed the beautiful virtue of gratitude within the souls of the Mexicans.

ARE YOU READY?
(for a good retreat)

Apart into a desert place
My God, Thou leadest me;
And here I ask one only grace:
O Lord, that I may see.
Nature and earth soft vapors raise
That dim my inward sight,
Oh, scatter that deceitful haze,
And let me see aright.

It may be pain, it may be shame,
Deep anguish it may be;
Yet, shall my prayers be still the same,
O Lord, that I may see.
Show me Thy law, those precepts wise
My every step should guide;
Then let me view with clearest eyes
My practice side by side.

Show me my duties, one by one,
Unshrinking let me see
What was omitted, and what done
For other ends than Thee.
Show me myself without disguise,
As clearly, I entreat,
As when death's hand shall ope my eyes
Before Thy judgment seat.

But, dearest Lord, my weakness pleads,
Let not Thy light stop there,
The vision of my own misdeeds
Were else too hard to bear,
Show me Thyself, Thy tender heart
In all its love display,
One ray of heavenly light impart,
To chase earth's glare away.

The truths of faith, the joys of love,
And virtue's solid bliss,
The glories of the world above,
The hollowness of this.
The sweetness of Thy service, Lord,
The honor and the joy,
Oh, how could anything be hard
In such a proud employ.

All this, and many a lesson more,
Make clear and plain to me;
Oh, I entreat Thee o'er and o'er
My God, that I may see.

JUST FOR A MINUTE

I remember when I was only four,
Mother would bring me 'round to the store,
And just outside of the church she'd stand,
And "Come in," she'd say, reaching down
for my hand,
"Just for a minute."

And when I started going to school,
She'd bring me down every day as a rule,
But first the steps to the church we'd climb,
And she'd say, "We'll go in—you've always
got time,
Just for a minute."

Then I got real big, I mean seven years old,
And I went by myself, but was always told,
"When you're passing the church, don't forget
to call,
And tell Our Lord about lessons and all,
Just for a minute."

Sometimes I run most of the way,
Or meet some guys and we stop to play,
But I manage to squeeze out time enough
To make the church where I pant and puff
Just for a minute.

And now it's sort of a habit I've got,
In the evening coming from Casey's lot,
Though it takes me out of my way a bit,
To slip into church with my bat and mitt,
Just for a minute.

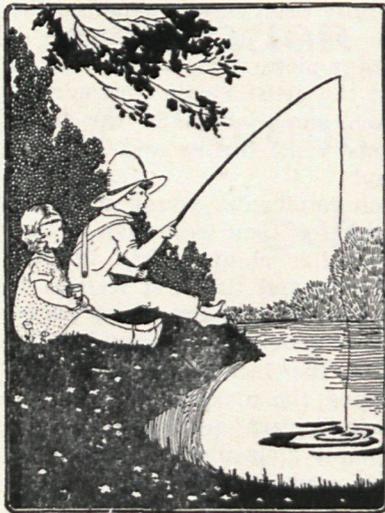
But sometimes I see the other fellows
Standing around and I just go yellow.
I pass by the door, but a Voice from within
Seems to say, real sad, "So you wouldn't
come in
Just for a minute."

There are things inside me, bad and good,
That nobody knows and nobody could,
Excepting Our Lord, and I like Him to know,
And He helps, when in for a visit I go,
Just for a minute.

He finds it lonesome when nobody comes
(There are hours upon hours when nobody
comes)
And He's pleased when anybody passing by
Stops in (though it's only a little guy)
Just for a minute.

I know what happens when people die,
But I won't be scared, and I'll tell you why:
When Our Lord is judging my soul, I feel
He'll remember the times I went to kneel
Just for a minute before His Throne.

Readers who would like copies of the two poems, "Are You Ready?" and "Just for a Minute" may obtain them by writing to the Catholic Women's Union, 815 McClure Street, Munhall, Pa. They are \$1 per 100.



Gentle breezes,
 Silver streams,
 Murmur as they
 Pass us by,
 Bid us mind the
 Truth we
 learned:
 Ev'rywhere the
 Lord is nigh.

Dear Loyal Helpers:

Happy vacation days! There is just one little counsel which I would like to give you at this time. *Remember there is no vacation from the practices of our Holy Religion!* Don't grieve our Blessed Lord by skipping Sunday Mass even once. Don't disappoint Him through failure to approach the Holy Table often during the summer. If you plan to go to summer camps try to go with groups of your own Faith. I especially recommend C.Y.O. and *Catholic Boy Scouts* and *Catholic Girl Scouts* outings. If you must join other groups make sure before leaving for camp that you will be provided with the opportunity of attending Mass on Sundays.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

HELPER BARRY HURLBURT,
 CINCINNATI, O.



Mary's Loyal

DETROIT TIGERS



Above are pictures of Jimmy Gasior and Gregory Bien, of Detroit, Michigan, cousins to each other and nephews of Sister Mary Regis. They are Loyal Helpers and faithful contributors to our mission work.

In the lower left hand corner of this page is the picture of Barry Hurlburt, age 6, grade 1, of Cincinnati, Ohio. He is too little as yet to play baseball with the Cincinnati Reds, but he is right there when it comes to batting for the Missions. He joined our mission club in March and has already sent \$5.25 to aid our work.

Dear Sisters:

My brother and I are sending you a dollar each for the Missions. I am sorry I haven't written sooner but I have been very busy.

We go to Mass and Holy Communion every day. During Lent we gave up candy and offered prayers for the Sisters.

Last winter our St. Patrick's School had a little radio program about St. Agnes. My brother was the announcer and I was in the group that sang. I will be graduating in May as I am now in the eighth grade. I want to go to Incarnate Word High School in the Fall.

We are still saying a Hail Mary for you every day.

Joan and James Butts,
 San Antonio, Texas.

Helpers Page

HELPER ROSEMARY VLACK, CHICAGO.



In the picture to the left of this column is Rosemary Vlack of Chicago. Rosemary was eleven years old and in the sixth grade when this picture was taken a year ago. That should now make her twelve years old and ready for the seventh grade. Rosemary has been a Helper for nearly one and one half years. She likes to work our puzzles.



Enclosed is money to renew my subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and for a Mary's Loyal Helper pin.

I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. I belong to the mission club in our school and we have adopted about twenty pagan babies in this school year.

May God bless your work and may God bless you. Please pray for me.

*Edith Wanket,
Encinitas, California.*

I am sending my first dollar to help your mission. Every night when I say my prayers I offer up a Hail Mary for you. I am 11 years old, and enjoy helping God's nuns who are doing a fine job in their mission work. I have a little brother, Steven, who puts some pennies in my Sunshine Bag, too. He is five years old.

*Paula Scher,
Huntington, Indiana*

We spent Easter on our grandparents' farm. We had eggs and candy and pop. I wish you could come here and see Sharon and me. That would be fun. Do you teach school or do you teach Catechism? We had to write the life, sufferings and death of Christ.

I have to go now. Good-by. Write back.

*Donna Erickson, age 8, grade 3,
Hampton, Minn.*

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLE

1. Robert, 2. John, 3. Aloysius, 4. Paul, 5. Anthony, 6. Peter, 7. William, 8. Norbert.

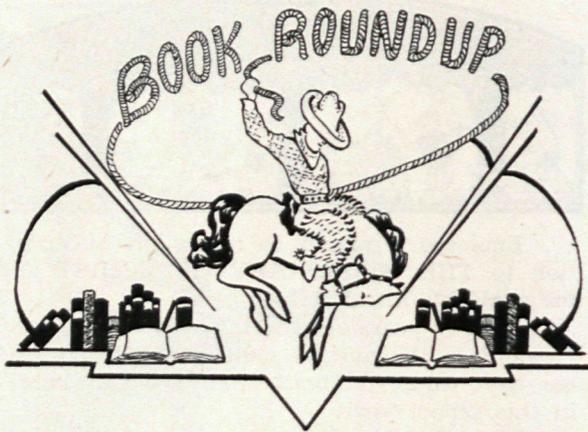


JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE

On the left-hand side of this column is a Quizzie Dot Puzzle. We think Farmer Brown will have to make a detour with his lawn mower or else he will run smack into a large animal which has strayed into the yard. Draw a line from dot to dot, according to the numbers, to learn what kind of animal it is. Send the worked puzzle to

*Sunshine Secretary, MLH
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana*

for a holy card.



SAINTS WESTWARD by Donald Attwater. Drawings by Sister Mary of the Compassion, O.P. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.50

It is always refreshing to hear the reader in the refectory on December 22 end her short summary of St. Frances Cabrini's life with "She died in Chicago in 1917." Chicago, not Dijon, or Milan, or Granada, as is read nearly every other morning of the church year.

We are so used to saints in the European tradition that we forget sometimes those of the Western Hemisphere. Donald Attwater here recalls them for us in an unusually interesting collection of biographies. His selections include the canonized saints of South America, the North American martyrs, the beati of Canada and the United States, and also many who are not yet canonized but whose causes are progressing—for example, Father Junipero Serra, Mother Seton, Kateri Tekakwitha.

Mr. Attwater needs no introduction as a writer. Although he offers a word of apology that he, an Englishman, should venture to give the American public a book about some of its own people, he deserves our sincerest gratitude for doing so. *Saints Westward* was the May selection of the Spiritual Book Associates. SEA

THE SCOPE AND METHOD OF SOCIOLOGY by Paul Furfey. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$5.

In *The Scope and Method of Sociology*, Father Furfey fulfills a long-felt need for an objective analysis of sociology by a qualified person. Anything that comes from the mind of Father Furfey bears the stamp of logical thinking, and this work is no exception.

Using the inductive approach in the first part of the book, the author explores the nature of sociology. In doing this he coins a new word, "metasociology," which he defines as "an auxiliary science whose function is to determine for sociology criteria of scientific quality and criteria of relevance together with their practical application." Using this new science, the author delves beneath the surface, analyzing what makes sociology sociology. One

of the things we were happy to see was the evaluation of the contribution of Auguste Comte to this field.

In the second part of this book, the author explains and evaluates the advantages and disadvantages of various methods of studying society and its segments; for example, case studies, observation, interviewing. The exposition of the strengths and weaknesses of the various research techniques should prove valuable to students of sociology.

Throughout the book the author clarifies difficult points of reasoning by means of diagrams. The comprehensive footnotes also facilitate additional study of any subject treated.

Although this book is primarily of interest to advanced students of sociology, a person looking for a clear exposition of the content of sociology will be rewarded by studying it. SM

THE RISEN SOLDIER by Francis Cardinal Spellman; **YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD** by Father James Keller, M.M. Paper cover editions of both books. Catechetical Guild, St. Paul 1, Minn. 15c each.

THE PRAYERS OF THE MASS; THE WEDDING SERVICE IN ENGLISH; THE REQUIEM MASS IN ENGLISH; THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN ENGLISH. Vest pocket size pamphlets compiled by Rev. Richard Ginder. Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind. 10c each.

God's Rose

God planted a rose in the midst of our hearts,
 God planted it there to grow
 Not like the flowers that bloom on the earth,
 That die e'er the sun sinks low;
 God planted this rose to live till we die,
 For He deigned that its beauty should be
 A linking wreath from each heart to Him,
 For this rose is charity.

Sister Miriam Therese, S.P



In your charity pray for our departed:

Very Rev. Joseph A. Janeczek, Detroit
 Elizabeth Schillinger, LaPorte, Ind.
 Joseph Ganse, Lancaster, Pa.
 Emil Urhausen, Lincolnwood, Ill.
 Marie Brogi McDonald, ACM, Chicago
 Mrs. M. Ryan, ACM, Chicago
 Frances Bazner, Detroit
 Stanley Beres, Detroit

The Missionary Catechist

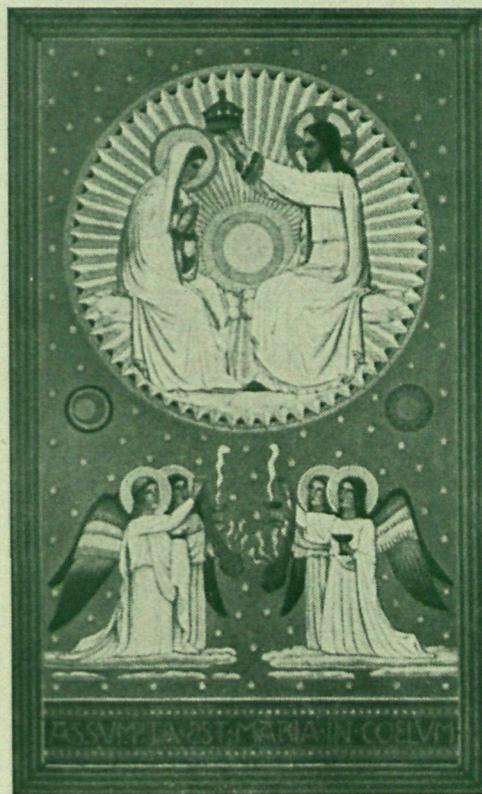
Our Mother's Hour

Sister Lucia

"FOR fifteen years, ever since I came here, I have prayed that God would send us a priest. On Sundays while others were having their services, many times I would go to the fields and cry. How I wished to receive the sacraments. Now at last we have Mass and you sisters have come to help us. God heard my prayer double!"

The poor woman whose prayers "God heard double" is one of the many patients at a State Hospital. Because of his heavy schedule, Father is able to offer Holy Mass at the institution only once a month. Two of us sisters are privileged to be with these patients every Tuesday morning for one hour. We conduct two classes, one in English and one in Spanish. Both are held in the chapel hall as it is called, a room where services are held but which is also used for dances and entertainments. It is really almost an hour of prayer to Our Blessed Mother and means everything to these patients. They call it *La Hora de Nuestra Madre*. Our Mother's Hour. Men and women attend bringing their rosaries with them, all eager to pray and to hear the Sunday gospel read.

Just as in our classes with the children some prominent characters stay in the teacher's mind, so it is here. One man speaks several languages—Chinese, Greek, Spanish, and English.



Blessed be her glorious Assumption.
(The Divine Praises)

The other patients speak of him as the one gifted with many tongues. Another we remember is Daniel, the type of boy who is always happy and agreeable. At Christmas time he came with his pockets bulging with pecans that he had picked by the river for the sisters. Now he has a part-time job in town washing cars. Occasionally we meet him on the street and he greets us almost a block away.

Then there is Marina who always reminds me to play the piano so that they can all sing *Bendito sea Dios*. Sometimes she will remind me three or four times. If time runs away, all of them will be sure to remind me the following week.

After class almost everyone wishes to speak privately to the sisters. They want to confide their joys and sorrows, past and present. Or it is a picture they want to share. "Sister," a woman will say, "this is my baby's latest picture."

Their weekly hour of prayer gives them the courage they need so much, and they offer their sickness resignedly for our Holy Mother the Church.

Now if you were little girls . . .

we wouldn't give you a ticket. Little girls might grow up to be Missionary Sisters, so when they visit Victory Noll we treat them very, very nice. For you see, we need many, many more Missionary Sisters. We cannot get nearly enough to teach catechism to all the boys and girls who have to go to the public school. You boys will be going to a Catholic school when you're big enough, and you're lucky because there you will learn about God. But the boys and girls the Victory Noll Sisters teach are the public schoolers and they don't hear a thing about God in THEIR schools . . . What's that? The parking ticket? We were only teasing. But when you're big enough to read . . . By that time we hope there will be many, many more Victory Noll Sisters. We can use all that God sends us.

