

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

1-1954

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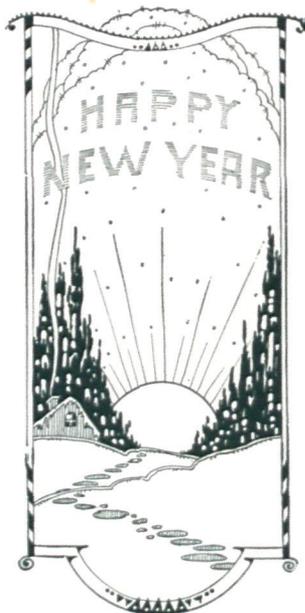
WHEN you plan your program for vocation month (March), do not forget *The Story of a Victory*, our illustrated vocation lecture which is available again this year. The demand for it has been so great that we have had to prepare a second set of slides. The entire run takes forty minutes, and the talk is available on tape or on records. The colored slides are the usual two-by-two size. To be sure of a booking, we would urge you to write to Victory Noll immediately. There is no charge.

The Story of a Victory has powerful vocation appeal—even for altar boys! Our sisters in Mathis, Texas, showed it to their sodalists one Sunday afternoon. Unknown to the sisters and the girls, little David, most faithful of all the altar boys in the parish, slipped into the back of the hall. When all the pictures had been shown, David declared his presence by announcing, "Sister, I want to be a monjita."

SAME NAME

WE were much amused to learn that Blanchard Camp is one of the teaching centers of our Santa Paula, California, Sisters. Couldn't possibly be any relation to our friend, Mr. Paul Blanchard, or the religion classes would not go so smoothly.

The camps around Santa Paula are occupied by Mexican workers and their families. Usually the whole family works—in the walnut groves and in other crops. Five of our sisters are busy from morning till night among these good people to help them preserve the faith which is their precious heritage.



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Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

ON THE COVER

Victory Noll's evergreens are heavy with snow during the month of January.

PHOTO CREDITS

p. 3, W. Wesley Kloepfer, P.S.A., Azusa, Calif.; O. L. V. Missionary Sisters: p. 3 (lower left), Azusa, Calif.; pp. 4 and 5, Infant of Prague Convent, Los Angeles; pp 6 and 7, Middlesex, N. J.; p. 14, Coachella, Calif.; p. 15, San Basilio Convent, Los Angeles.

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Mission Irwindale

by Sister Francesca

WE like to call this our "little rock church in the vale." Though small and simple it catches the eye of many a passer-by and often provokes a few questions from interested strangers.

Our mission chapel speaks for itself on Wednesday afternoons. The front doors are thrown open at one o'clock. Classrooms are assembled in the chapel and adjoining room. Two sisters can be seen making their way down the busy California highway to the country school to meet the children for released-time classes.



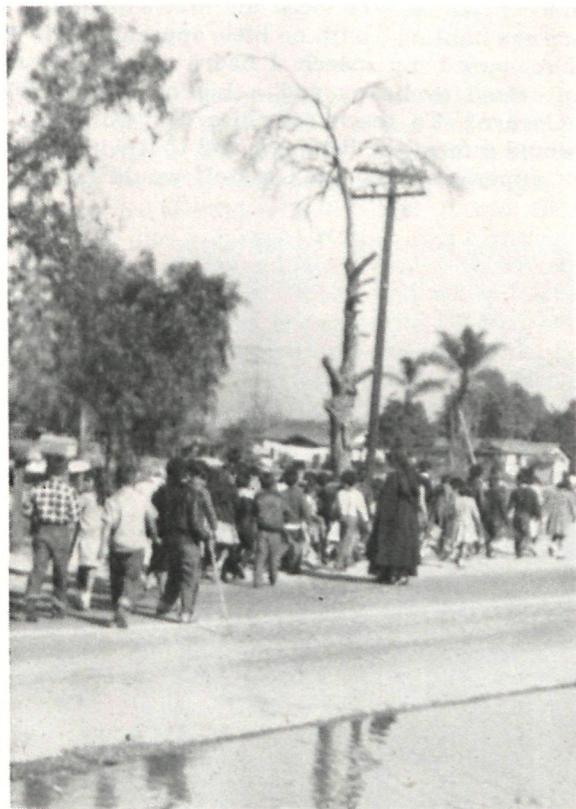
Sister Mary Joachim (left) and Sister Mary Nicholas take their groups into the church.

The return trip with forty or more energetic youngsters proves a bit more invigorating. (The distance from church to school is a satisfying hike for even a girl scout.) Sister's ingenuity is often taxed to the limit as she plans her strategy on ways and means to keep her flock in order, off the highway, out of the mud puddles, away from the fruit stand.

We have tried to make the most of the inevitable hike by saying the rosary, drilling prayers and commandments, or by singing hymns, but the competition from speeding cars and trucks makes it rather difficult.

Although the Blessed Sacrament is not present in the little chapel, the church-like atmosphere lends a needed calm to the class. Here before the altar and the much-loved image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, our children are taught the holy truths of our Faith.

The scene is re-enacted several times during the afternoon until finally at five o'clock we close the door on another busy Wednesday at our Mission Irwindale.



For Sister, the hardest part of the march is now over. They have crossed the busy highway and have managed to avoid the mud puddle.

From the Desert to the City Streets

by Sister Rosario

A SHRILL whistle pierced the stillness of the desert. "All aboard!" echoed and re-echoed through the tiny, somewhat insignificant railroad town. Train whistles were the only intruders to the silence which enveloped the vast wilderness. They were part and parcel of the lives of the few inhabitants, and as is the way with anything that becomes familiar, were scarcely noticed by them.

Today, however, when the train whistle blew, cars slowed down, switchmen smiled and tipped their caps, and the ticket agent looked out and grinned. Six sisters boarding a train at the Caliente Station was quite a spectacle to these people. Before we were seated the train began to roll. We were leaving Nevada bound for California! Through my mind ran the old familiar refrain: "Home means Nevada, Home means the hills, Home means the sage . . ." I stopped abruptly. Home would not mean Nevada any longer. Home had changed to Los Angeles.

From Elko to Los Angeles—what a contrast that change meant! From a quiet little town of

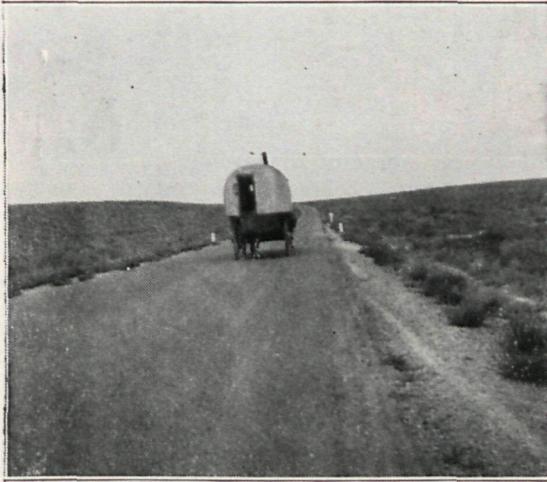
7,000 population to a city teeming with people. The city of screeching brakes and screaming sirens. From the wealthiest county in the United States to one of the poorest sections in the City of the Angels. From a climate that boasted eight months of winter to sunny California. Hitherto I had driven one hundred and twenty miles to instruct eight or ten children. Now there would be hundreds of children within the radius of a few blocks.

A contrast? Yes and no. In the quest for souls the fundamentals never change. The ground may be harder to till or perhaps a little more pliable in some spots, but the work is always the Master's in some section of His Vineyard.

Being one of those millions who do not find "firsts" easy, I faced my first assignment—garage hunting—with no little apprehension. As I rehearsed my speech, I had a mental picture of raised eyebrows and a big question mark. "Garage? To teach catechism?" "Oh, yes," I would inform the listeners, and that with an air of experience, though I myself would be won-



In the shadow of El Senor Presidente, Sister Rosario teaches her released time group in this fine classroom.



"Home means Nevada . . ."

dering about the same thing. Hunting garages proved to be a very pleasant task, compared to what I had anticipated. Catholics and non-Catholics were most kind and understanding, and before school started, my companion and I reached our quota—two garages and a promise of another.

When our teaching schedule was posted, I found to my surprise that I would not teach in a garage after all. Monday I would teach at Marietta Center. Originally this center was a store—called George's Food Shop. It was then converted into a garage. Now it is a classroom boasting of benches, a black board, a three-foot statue of Our Lady of Grace, and when I took over, a three months' accumulation of dust and cobwebs. Tuesday morning I would teach the Jackson School boys at the Y.M.C.A. building. To Jackson School come boys from every corner of the city. These are the delinquents of



Marietta Center used to be George's Food Shop.

Los Angeles. Tuesday afternoon I would teach a released time class in a classroom off the parish hall. Wednesday would again find me at the Y.M.C.A. with another released time group.

Everything went according to schedule until February. Then came the startling news. The management of the Y.M.C.A. was changing hands and we would have to find another teaching center. It was a serious problem. When I announced to the Jackson boys that we might have to resort to a garage, I chuckled as they indignantly informed me, "Sister, we're gentlemen."

Our prayers were answered beyond our expectations when the doors of *La Casa del Mexicano* were opened to us. "Sister," said the manager, "it's all yours." A large auditorium, beautiful dining room, kitchen, and a spacious classroom. We needed only the classroom, but it was fun to feel that the rest was ours too.



It was lucky for Sister Rosario that she found the Luck Bottling Company. It turned out to be a convenient teaching center.

That settled the problem for one of our released time classes, but *La Casa del Mexicano* was too far from the Jackson school to use for our boys so we continued praying and looking. We found the answer at the Luck Bottling Works! Nothing colossal about it, but it was a place in which to teach. It did boast of one luxury; it was air conditioned. There were no panes in the windows.

From the open spaces of Nevada to the crowded streets of Los Angeles had been a change, yes, but I found that the quest for souls is ever the same, whether in the desert or in the tenements. Everywhere the harvest is great, but the laborers too, too few.

"I Wish I Were Ten!"

by Sister Ruth

SOMETIMES I wish I were ten! Ten years old?
No, ten of me.

That's what I wished when I had sixty-eight little ones for summer school. Before



I took them across the street.

class and during class I could handle the group without any difficulty, but it was during the fifteen minutes after they were dismissed that I wished I were ten.

Some children walked home, so I took them across the street; but the majority of the little ones had to wait for their parents. Then the fun began.

"Sister! Sister!" would cry a little boy, "he pushed me down," pointing to another boy just a little bigger than himself. My first aid course came in handy if the fall caused blood shed, but usually it was hurt feelings that I had to fix up.

Then again I would hear a frantic, "Sister! Sister!" This time the cry was, "The bean bag! It's caught in the tree." Equipped with the pole

used to open the church windows, I very easily got it down, and a smile replaced the worried, distressed look on the faces of the culprits.

I would feel a gentle tug on my arm and hear a soft whisper, "Sister, I've got a secret to tell you." The secrets varied from "I'm going to be a sister when I grow up," to "Guess what? We're going to the ocean tomorrow."

Not always was my presence asked for. For instance, when I saw a group of boys hanging on the sign post (forbidden territory), I had



"Sister, he pushed me down!"



We rescue the bean bag from the tree.

to give the stern order, "Get down from there right this minute!" Reluctantly but surely they got down. Then, too, there were always papers to be picked up. Then the cry was not, "Sister! Sister!" but rather, "Aw, gee, do we gotta do it, Sister?"



"Sister, I've got a secret to tell you!"

Children were not the only ones who demanded attention, but also the parents. "How was my boy in class, Sister?" "What can I do to help?" When a child's parent failed to arrive, then I had to search for another one to take the child home.



"Get down from there!"

Before I realized it, all were safely on their way home. Then I would breathe a sigh of thankfulness to God for the privilege of teaching His little ones. With my prayer went the hope that no little one had been slighted because my wish had not come true. For I remained only one of me.

The May issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST carried a story of *Mary Productions*, a non-profit organization sponsoring plays with a religious theme. The sole aim of *Mary Productions* is to make Our Blessed Mother better known and loved. Its latest play is *Maria Goretti, Twentieth Century Saint*. Copies of the play, with production rights, may be obtained for one dollar each. This small cost defrays mimeographing and mailing expenses. Write to *Mary Productions, 237 Walworth St., Brooklyn 5, N.Y.*

Two Little Sisters in the Big City

by Sister Mary Adele

illustrated by the author

ONE Thursday morning found us on a business trip to Chicago, only this time, instead of driving as we do on our occasional visits to the city, we had to travel by the ordinary man's every day way of train, bus, trolley, or what have you.

Promptly at eight forty-five we took our stand on the street corner to wait for the local bus. We were armed with two sandwiches, two books, and our old faithful umbrella—on a beautiful, sunny day. After we had waited for about ten minutes we rightly concluded that the bus had been early for a change and we had missed it. Now it meant a half-hour wait. Meanwhile, a store proprietor across the street,

seeing our predicament, offered us the use of his car; but we, knowing Chicago and its traffic, graciously declined his most generous offer. He insisted; we refused. He kept insisting; we kept refusing. Finally he pressed a green bill in my hand and asked us to pray for him anyway.

After he left us, we decided to pray to Our Blessed Mother for help. Otherwise we would miss our train connections. No sooner did we finish the *Memorare* than our own "family doctor" pulled over to the curb, said he was going into town, and invited us to ride with him. Without any hesitation we stepped into his car, telling him as we did so that he was a direct answer to our prayer. We thanked the kind



doctor for his goodness in taking us directly to the train station. This was just one more act of Providence, for as soon as we stepped foot on the last car of the train—without even taking time to purchase a ticket—we were off.

After transferring to another train and trolley, we finally reached our destination, only to look at each other, smile, and breathe a sigh of relief and thankfulness, knowing full well who was behind all these excellent connections.

When our business dealings were over, we decided to walk the seven city blocks to the park to eat our lunch. On our way we stopped in beautiful Corpus Christi church to say our midday prayers. All along the block school children greeted us with, "Good afternoon, Sisters." Some of the older girls even found courage to ask what kind of sisters we were.

After our little refectation we started off to find the boulevard, and our bus stop. To make sure we were headed in the right direction, we made inquiries at the corner service station. The owner informed us that his mechanic was right now on his way to deliver a package in the direction we wanted to go, and he would be glad to take us right to the station! Who said chivalry was dead? It certainly was very much alive today. Our chauffeur stopped directly in front of the ticket window so that we did not have to walk more than three feet at the most.

When we arrived at the end of our train ride, we found that we had missed our bus. After waiting almost a half-hour we boarded our bus and were transported back to our starting corner, safe and sound. As we began to walk the short distance to our convent, a car pulled along side of us and a man's voice asked us if he could take us where we were going. We politely thanked the gentleman for his offer and told him that we were going only to the end of the street. He begged us to get in, and so finally we obliged and went the short way. All he wanted to know was whether either of us could be the sister who had taught him religion when he was in high school. He had been away from town for a number of years and had just come back for his sister's graduation. He was very grateful, he said, that we had given him a chance to do something for us and he was glad to have an opportunity to speak to the sisters again.

Within a few minutes we were once again in our own convent, tired, but grateful to a Divine Providence that had watched over us and smoothed away our transportation problems throughout the whole day.

Around Victory Noll

DURING the fall and early winter the days are usually quiet AROUND VICTORY NOLL. The novices and postulants are busy with their classes and work, and the professed sisters with their regular duties.

This year we did not have nearly so much fruit as in other years, and so the canning season was a short one. There were not so many calls for apple pickers, either, for many of the trees did not bear.

When Father Conroy, our chaplain, returned from Europe where he led *Our Sunday Visitor* Pilgrimage, he gave us several inspiring talks on the famous shrines they visited. During Father's absence from Victory Noll, the Capuchin Fathers from St. Felix Friary, Huntington, took his place.

Among our winter visitors was the Rev. John W. Kerns of Durant, Oklahoma. Father Kerns hopes to have our sisters in his parish soon. He told us so many interesting things about his work there that everyone is anxious to volunteer for Oklahoma.

If there's snow enough—and there hasn't been at this writing—we'll be getting out the sleds and enjoying a coast down the hill. Not just postulants and novices revel in the sport, but also the professed sisters who are AROUND VICTORY NOLL.



If there's enough snow . . .

JOHNNY GOES TO WORK

I had been almost in despair trying to teach my public school boys and girls what seemed to be sadly lacking in their education—respect for their elders, and especially for priests and sisters. That is, I was in despair until Christmas came, and on opening a mysterious looking package, I found—of all things—a puppet. What should I do with it? Give it as a prize for best attendance? No, another idea struck me.

When we began our classes again after the holidays, little Johnny the puppet was carefully packed in the back seat of the car. He was to make his first appearance in the classroom in the famous city of Los Alamos. He made as big a hit as Charley McCarthy, I do think. All hands were anxious to make Johnny walk, talk, and dance. I soon put Johnny to work.



Johnny the Puppet shows the children the correct way to greet their pastor.

"The next time Father comes into the room, Johnny and I are going to watch very carefully to see how many boys and girls in the class greet Father as I have told you so often to do. Then after Father leaves, two of you will be chosen to demonstrate with Johnny how to greet and answer your pastor."

Of course it worked. All wanted to be chosen. During Father's next visit to the classroom I stood watching and listening. Each time Father addressed them I heard a chorus of "Yes, Father," or "No, Father." Then I could see seventy little faces turn expectantly in my direction to see whether Johnny or I were watching. Since then Johnny is an indispensable help in my classroom.

SISTER BERNADETTE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



CATHOLIC FAMILY?

While visiting in the farm area outside Montrose, we met one little family of six children and their parents. When we asked the usual question, "Is anyone in the home a Catholic?" the mother replied, "No, but everyone thinks we are Catholics because we have so many children." Then she added that she felt they should have as many children as God would send them. All the while her fingers were busy on the collar of a shirt she was making for one of the boys. "When one has a large family," she said, "one must constantly be sewing." We gave her the first piece of Catholic literature she had ever received and encouraged her to visit the Catholic church sometime.

SISTER JULIANA
MONTROSE, COLORADO

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Jerry, age seven, has his own ideas about putting first things first. Asked to pray for a neighbor lady who was very ill, Jerry was overheard voicing this petition. "Dear Lord, please make Mrs. Kelly better and fix our radio. God, I think You better fix the radio first." Jerry was responsible for the radio being broken.

SISTER GERMAINE
OGDEN, UTAH

SENSIBLE

Often we get amusing answers on the tests in the *Messengers*. Sometimes they are quite sensible, though not altogether correct—like this one. The question was: "Why was it lawful for Jesus to cure the man with the crippled hand on the day of rest?" One of my boys answered: "So he could go to work on Monday."

SISTER JACINTA
BIG SPRING, TEXAS

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES

We call them "special classes," but that is really a misnomer. "Special privileges" would be a much better title, for on Saturday morning we seem indeed to be following in the footsteps of our Divine Master in teaching the deaf, the blind, the just, and the sinner.

The first pupil is deaf, and all the instruction must be given in signs and pictures. With the arrival of the next pupil all pictures are quickly put away, for this young lady has such poor eyesight that she cannot distinguish clearly even the large figures on the "Jesus and I" chart. Now you must depend completely on the sense of hearing.

The morning ends with a group of teen-age boys for First Communion or Confirmation classes. "Dead End Kids" they are called, and they keep you busy trying to give them ideals to motivate them. It is hard to convince them that "ditching" school, smoking "reefers," drinking, etc. are not such manly acts as they think. When the bell rings for our particular examen, the loudest one silences the group with, "Quiet, you guys! That means Sister's gotta go and pray!"

SISTER MARY JOHN
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

From a test paper, West Harwich, Mass.

Tell in what way the world was prepared for the coming of Christ.
It wasn't.



These young women seem to be enjoying their instruction as much as their teacher, Sister Mary Germaine. — Immaculate Conception Parish, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ORDERED

I was speaking to a little girl who attends a Catholic school now staffed by lay teachers. I asked her if she was praying for the sisters to come. "Oh, yes," she said, "you know they are ordered, but they haven't come yet." Sounds as if we come by mail order nowadays.

SISTER HELEN MARIE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

IT SWIMS

Last week I was teaching the primary group the words of the "Paradise" song in *The Story of the Redemption for Children*, published by the Gregorian Institute of America. We had gone over the words several times. Now I wanted to know how much they remembered. The first verse went very well. Then we came to the second:

*This Paradise was filled with trees,
Banana, peach, and what you please;
And ev'ry flower you could wish;
Four rivers, too, all full of—*

Here I paused, waiting for them to fill in the line. To my amazement, they shouted "Water!" Surprising, indeed, that they knew the rivers should be full of water, for right now here in California all we see are dry river beds.

SISTER ADELLE
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

One of our little boys reported to his mother, after observing the sisters on the opening day of school: "They must have an awfully big family. Everybody is sister."

Sister: How did God make a bird?
Four-year-old Billy: He used feathers.



Dear Associates:

This *new year* should have special significance for you. First, our Holy Father has proclaimed it a *Marian Year*, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the bull of the dogma of the Immaculation Conception. Secondly, our national shrine to our Lady, under this glorious title, is to rise from its present lowly crypt status to a lofty temple with its bell steeple piercing the blue of the heavens. Thirdly, you are our Associate Catechists of *Mary*—therefore dedicated to our Blessed Mother in a special manner. Courage, then, in your efforts to promote the reign of Jesus through Mary, by helping our Missionary Sisters!

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

A SISTER SUGGESTS HOW YOU
MAY HELP

Dear Sister Supervisor:

We welcome the help of your new Club. I hope you won't mind a few practical suggestions of how the ladies may be of assistance to us.

1. In visiting the homes, we would like to take along neatly crocheted Sacred Heart Badges (like the sisters at Victory Noll make). If they are mounted on white or colored tag board, on completion, so much the better.

2. Green Scapulars with the leaflet explaining its use would be welcome. We are finding many fallen-away Catholics and interested non-Catholics. (We had fifteen to twenty children of this type enrolled after two weeks. When I checked on one such absentee, the grandmother informed me she stopped him from coming because he was not baptized. He

our **A**ssociates

had been crying his eyes out ever since. She was glad to know he should be present at class, so yesterday he was back.)

3. Some beautiful holy pictures, size 8 x 10. They cost approximately 10 cents each at a church goods store. If the ladies would like to cover them with film or clear plastic such as is sold in the hardware or dime stores, this would be fine. Holes punched in the edges of the film and picture and then crocheted together make a nice frame. (Gummed passe partout picture binding can also be had at Dennison's.) A two foot piece of ribbon matching the crochet would make a suitable hanger. I suggest that the ribbon be left untied as it would wrinkle and need ironing out. These pictures would be needed about the end of May as a reward to students who have held a place on the Honor Roll for at least three quarters. That means straight "A's" on the Catechism report card.

Sister Mary Regina, Superior
Holy Trinity Convent

REUNION AT JUBILEE



Above left to right are: Mrs. Ann Igel, Father Benedict, O.F.M. and Sister Mary Clare. Mrs. Igel, a member of St. Clare Mission Band, Omaha Nebraska and Father Benedict are sister and brother, respectively, of Sister Mary Clare, one of our Silver Jubilarians in 1953.

Club **M**ention

MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS BAND (Lombard, Ill.)

FREQUENT visitors at Victory Noll are the Misses Wilma and Wallie Wengritzky, sisters of Sister Mary Elizabeth, and founders of Mary, Queen of our Hearts Mission Band. They do not come empty-handed. Sometimes they bring rose bushes to be added to our growing collection (yes, we have gone in for rose culture), and at other times a donation toward the growing Burse they sponsor, but always it is something, God bless them!



LES PETITES FLEURS (Chicago, Ill.)

THIS Band consists of both charter members and those who joined several years later. Recent letters from Miss Elsie Jachmann, one of the co-founders, informed us the group had completed one hundred Sacred Heart Badges for one of our missions. She also told us of a shopping tour by members to provide a Christmas present for Sisters whose names they drew at a pre-Christmas meeting.

A letter from Mrs. Carolyn Koschnitzke, one of the officers, enclosed dues from members and rap-in-wax coupons—both very much appreciated. She also mentioned candy being purchased to be included in mission boxes for poor children in the Southwest.

God bless and reward these generous mission helpers.

ST. AUGUSTINE BAND (Norwood, Mass.)

ONE of our newest Bands, St. Augustine's has already seen its first birthday anniversary. It is headed by Mrs. James O'Brien, the mother of our Sister James, who is located in El Paso, Texas. Last year Mrs. O'Brien took another plane trip to visit her daughter in Texas, but this time at a different location. Sister James loves El Paso, a Border city, with its teeming Spanish-speaking population and its great need for Missionary Sisters like ours.

DEATH COMES TO PIONEER ASSOCIATES

ON October 5, Miss Anna Knusman, an original member of St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, passed to her eternal reward after a life spent in active charity. Many Mass stipends from her devoted friends were forwarded to Victory Noll for distribution among priests in needy mission places.

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

October 16, 1953 to November 15, 1953

Charitina Club, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 5.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Jas. Butler	20.00
Christ the King Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. J. Owens	100.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	24.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	26.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunn	15.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. C. Koschnitzke	23.00
Mary, Queen of our Hearts, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky	45.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. A. J. Lammert	95.25
Mother Cabrini Band, Wauconda, Ill., Mrs. C. Swiatly	100.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deininger	10.25
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. Julia O'Brien	10.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Mary Preiner	185.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	3.50
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	37.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Kiefer	7.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	18.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter	37.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Mrs. Frances Schuette	50.00
St. Mary's Mission Soc., Fort Wayne, Mrs. A. Hake	1.00
St. Mary Sod. Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn	20.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez	10.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	16.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	11.00
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati, Eleanor Hanekamp	3.00

In Fort Wayne, Margaret Disser, Mayme Tholen and Julia Alter, charter members of St. Mary's Mission Society, also passed to a better life, full of merits.

Meet the People

by Sister Charlene

IN the dim, distant past there was a time when I could admire the style and beauty of the various houses we passed while driving down the highway. Now as we go by I find myself thinking something like this: "Pretty far off the road . . . Don't see any number on that one . . . They probably have a couple of large dogs behind those high hedges." Yes, five weeks of census work can do much to change your point of view.

When I learned, at the end of the school year, that we were going to another city to take the religious census, it did not sound very exciting. It might even be monotonous to go from door to door a hundred times a day repeating, "We are taking a Catholic census. Are there any Catholics in this house?" But where human beings are involved, there is never boredom or sameness.

It was a bright June morning when we began. Our arms were filled with convincing literature. Wedged in between were the census cards and several sharpened pencils. After the first knock and question, time flew and we finished each day with our heads full of varied stories of happiness and unhappiness. Our hearts were filled with the kindnesses of people; yet we were sad at their endless entanglements.

"Sister, may I have some of your literature?" asked an interested Protestant lady. I generously supplied her with one of everything. She particularly liked the Sacred Heart picture. "Could I have another one of these?" she inquired timidly. "My daughter will like this one, too."

"Naw, I didn't make my Easter duty," replied one scar-faced young man. "I was in jail." We left his front porch rather hurriedly, not realizing till later that we had neglected to ask his occupation.

"Have you seen a baby?" asked an anxious baby-sitter in answer to our knock.

"He's in the yard across the fence," we replied. She hastened after her charge just as the absent parents drove up. Better not mention the fact that the child was devouring dog food when we saw him.

"Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!" we heard as we descended the steps of an apartment

house. Could the occupant be so glad to get rid of us, we wondered?

"Oh, that's my parrot," explained the embarrassed owner.

"Thank God, no," was the emphatic reply to Sister Teresita's question, "Are there any Catholics in this house?" A few minutes of friendly conversation, however, helped to break down some of the prejudice in this case.

"I guess I am a Catholic at heart," one woman admitted. We encouraged her to attend instructions.

"Why don't you begin tonight?" I suggested. "Father has instructions on Tuesday."

"I'm too tired after washing today, but I'll go next Tuesday," she promised after some thought. "I guess you're just the little push I needed to get started."

"Can I be a Catholic, Mother? Can I?" one four-year-old begged after we asked our question.

"We'll see, dear," was the reply to such short-lived zeal.

Yes, so many outside. "I was a Catholic, but . . ." So often this is what we heard,



Sister Charlene stops in her census taking for a little chat.



Working on census cards — Sister Thomas (left) and Sister Denise.

Jimmy Says "Thank You"

THE following letter of appreciation was written by Jimmy C. Shorty, one of the Navaho Indian boys attending Intermountain Indian School in Brigham City, Utah. During the past year Jimmy was baptized, made his First Holy Communion, and was confirmed. We publish his letter with his permission.

Reverend Edward Whelan, S.J.
Reverend Francis Dunn, S.J.

Dear Fathers,

I want to express my appreciation for the nice helps you and the sisters have given me during the school year. I wish I could give all the sisters our appreciation for us.

The sisters have helped us by teaching us the truths about our religion. If it wasn't for them I wouldn't have been a real Catholic now. I am very thankful for your generosity.

When I go home to the reservation I will always try to help the Catholics who are helpless and sick and I will always attend Mass every Sunday. I'll always receive Our Lord as often as I can.

I want to say once again thank you very much for all the nice helps you have given us, also the sisters. I'll pray for you and the sisters each day. I hope you pray for me too.

Jimmy C. Shorty.

followed by a story of misplaced blame and then the final admission that somewhere, somehow there was neglect of the sacraments or a marriage outside the Church. For these we prayed much, but we prayed still more for those who calmly, coldly replied, "Yes, at one time I was a Catholic, but at marriage I agreed to give up my religion. I feel no qualms of conscience so I think things are best as they are. Maybe some day . . ." they shrug.

Will that some day ever come? It makes you feel a little chilly even on a warm day.

Taking census *does* affect your point of view. You pray more fervently and thank God more sincerely for His blessings.

SALVADOR

Salvador, our crippled boy, was carried into church by his god-father three years ago for his First Communion. Recently the state furnished means for braces for the little boy and we hoped that he would soon be able to walk with them; but the flu epidemic carried him off after only one day's illness.

We had been teaching catechism in Salvador's home so that he could attend the classes. Just before Christmas we had the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the poor little home. Salvador and his three brothers and sister saved their Christmas money for the Sacred Heart picture. Now we feel sure that in Salvador we have a powerful intercessor in heaven.

SISTER MARY ROSELLA
BIG SPRING, TEXAS

NO MORE DOUBTS

Sister was debating whether or not to let Gene make his First Communion this year. He was the youngest in the class and she was a bit doubtful about him. One day we met Nancy, his sister, walking home alone from catechism class. When we asked her where her little brother was, she said, "Oh, he turned back to church to talk to Jesus." Sister had no more doubts.

SISTER ROBERTA
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

We wish each one of you a most happy and blessed New Year, a truly *Marian Year* as proclaimed by our Holy Father.

This is the season for making resolutions. Let each Helper resolve to be an earnest missionary this year. You are not old enough yet to go to foreign lands—or even to the mission fields of our country—to win souls for Christ. But you can be “home missionaries,” helping the missions through your prayers and sacrifices.

Renew your resolution to keep the two simple rules of our *Mary's Loyal Helpers Mission Club*:

1. Say a daily Hail Mary for OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS that God may bless us in our labors for souls.
2. Save out a small part of your weekly allowance, or better still *earn* Sunshine pennies, converting them into dimes for your dime card.

With regard to the last rule, try to hold yourself to a certain amount for the missions each month, even if it is no more than ten

cents. Do this to show your gratitude to God for your Christian parents and religious training at home and at school.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

NEW MLH SUPPLIES FOR NEW YEAR

We are happy to announce that we are prepared to send to all Helpers who desire them:

1. Beautiful new “MLH” pins, shield design, priced at seventy-five cents each. (A few of the old design are left which we will sell at twenty-five cents each.)
2. New Sunshine Bags in gay-colored prints.
3. New dime cards, pale blue in color.

Your Sunshine Secretary hopes she will do a rushing business, and that each Helper will order one or more of the above articles. The Sunshine Bags and dime cards, of course, cost nothing, and each Loyal Helper will find either or both handy in saving money for the missions. Address your orders to *Sunshine Secretary, MLH, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.*

A MICHIGAN HELPER



To the left is pictured Carolyn Bien, a niece of Sister Mary Regis. Carolyn is seven years old and in the second grade. She is very mission minded.

To the right is pictured Bonnie McHugh of St. Clair Shores, Michigan. Bonnie is a newcomer among our Helpers, having joined recently. She is eleven and in grade five at St. Joan of Arc School. When our Helper sent us her first dollar she said she is glad to be in our club and to help our poor missions in the Southwest.

ANOTHER MICHIGAN HELPER



Helpers pages

Bashful Kings but Bounteous Givers



Dear Sisters:

For a week before St. Nicholas' day our eighth grade was divided into six teams. Each team was represented by a "money bag" made of paper. The amount of each day's offering was written on the money bag. By the end of the week the class was ready to present St. Nick with a check for his many charities. We have always chosen to give this particular party for Sister Alice Marie in her work among the poor of our own country. It is a thrill to play St. Nick to the poor.

The enclosed is a picture of our Christmas play. Unfortunately, the Kings were in a bashful mood. There are twenty-five girls and thirty-four boys in our class. We are sorry we could not get them all in the picture. Our prayer goes with this letter that God may bless all the Missionaries of Our Lady of Victory.

Your friends of Grade Eight,
St. Robert Bellarmine School, Chicago.

Another School Group Helps

We were happy to learn that Virginia Moorhead, sister of Sister Ann Patricia, a second-year novice at Victory Noll, organized a mission club among her classmates known as *The Sixth Grade Group of St. Gregory's School, Cleveland, Ohio*. They save money for our missionary work, and in October we received a check for \$12 from them. The names of the girls in the club are: Joan Bessick, Kay Daily, Ellen French, Karen Trusdale, Joanne Ullis, Lynn Wintrich, Carol Zandarsic, Pat Hegler, and Virginia Moorhead.



ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE. 1. stable, 2. kings, 3. star. 4. dromedary, 5. gold, 6. flocks, 7. frankincense, 8. angels, and 9. myrrh.

JANUARY PUZZLE

Fill in the lines between dots and send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.

A cake of ice
is cold
But he is warm
and bold
Who is it
?



Books



BASIC SOCIOLOGY by Eva J. Ross, Ph.D.
Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$4.00

This book replaces the author's *Fundamental Sociology*, published in 1939. Designed as a textbook on pure sociology, the present volume eliminates the section on social problems which was included in the previous work. In the Introduction, Miss Ross promises a separate text on social problems to be published later.

Dividing the book into two sections, the author examines "The Foundations of Sociology" in the first part, and "Fundamental Institutions" in the second. The first section analyzes the topics necessary to give students the equipment to understand the dynamic character of the science. Chapter IV, "Human Inheritance and Personality" is particularly well written, giving a brief yet thorough discussion of the subject.

In the second part of the book, the author introduces the students to the major social institutions. In this section she considers seven topics: Marriage and the Family; Political Organization; Religion; Education; Property Ownership; Organization of Work; and International Organization.

The book is eminently readable and answers a need for a text that is authoritative, yet simple enough for the beginner. Supplementary material in the appendices includes a summary of the development of social thought and explanations of Christian social philosophy and the workings of heredity.

Appendix IV, containing questions and report topics, and Appendix V, listing bibliographies for each chapter, will be a guide for both students and teachers in rounding out the information given in the text.

Basic Sociology will give the instructor a concise summary of the material included in the introductory course. Flexible enough to be used in a one-semester or a two-semester course, it should find wide acceptance by those who look for a text permeated with Catholic philosophy.

The following music is published by J. Fischer & Bro., 119 W. 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

MASS IN C MAJOR by Everett Titcomb.
S.A.T.B. No. 8758. Score 80 cents.

MISSA "JESU SALVATOR MUNDI" by Vito Carnevali. S.A.T.B. No. 8759. Score \$1.

Both of these are beautiful Masses, tuneful and melodious. The C Major Mass does not include a Credo. The use of a Gregorian Credo is recommended.

True Devotion to Mary

ARE we living in the "Age of Mary"?

Holy men and women throughout the ages have predicted that there would be a time when devotion to Our Blessed Mother would be widespread throughout the world, that saints would be raised up who would be "saints of Mary."

Father Faber, author of many devotional works, and Mother Mary Potter, the saintly foundress of the Little Company of Mary, reasoned thus: Our Blessed Mother remained hidden during most of the life of her Divine Son. The evangelists do not mention her on the occasion of His miracles, His triumphs. She appeared openly before the world, however, during the passion and death of Jesus. Her Son gave her to us then to be our Mother, the Mother of the Church. During the sad time of persecution of the Church, Our Blessed Mother will again appear openly before the world, just as she did at the crucifixion of her Son. Mother Mary, writing fifty years ago (she died in 1913) saw the beginning of these sad days and predicted that the "Age of Mary" would soon begin.

Surely it is that the Church is in the throes of an intense persecution; and even more surely it is that devotion to Mary is increasing everywhere. May it hasten the day when she and her Divine Son will triumph over the forces of evil and there will follow a glorious period in the Church's history.

True Devotion to Mary consists in total consecration to her. It is giving ourselves completely to Jesus through her; a ratification of the vows we made at our baptism.

A card or letter to Victory Noll will bring you information about True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother. The practice of it cannot help but deepen your spiritual life.



Anna Przepiora, Detroit
Ceal Weiler, Michigan City, Ind.
Mrs. A. M. Lorentz, Weston, W. Va.
Catherine Dalton, Topeka, Kansas
Mrs. Philip Wagaman, Pennsylvania
Mrs. Frank Miller, Pennsylvania

LENTEN MITE BOXES

Order them now!



You will welcome these new attractive two-color coin banks as reminders to make Lenten sacrifices which will help the missions.

Place one of them in a prominent place in your home where Mom, Dad, Son, and Daughter can see it and help fill it.

When filled, take it to your local Propagation of the Faith Office with the request that a check for the full amount be made out in favor of

OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

(Both mission clubs and individuals will find these Mite Boxes convenient to use.)

Sister Supervisor, ACM
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Please send me Lenten Mite Boxes as soon as possible.

Name

Street

City Zone..... State

Everyone is looking for security.

You can achieve this security, this freedom, when you take out an annuity with Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

SECURITY



Your money will be safely invested, and interest checks will be mailed to you semi-annually. Moreover, you will have the certainty and satisfaction of knowing that after death your money will be used according to your wishes, to further the cause of the Church in America—to win converts and to reclaim those who have fallen away from their Catholic faith.

You will share in the prayers and work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters during your life and after your death.

It is an investment for time and eternity.

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sisters

Please send me details about your Annuity Plan. I am interested in it.

Name

Street

City **Zone** **State**