

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



June 1954

OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

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

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NOW that the Marian Year is more than half over, it might be a good idea to check ourselves and see how well we are keeping it. Are we taking advantage of the precious indulgences we can gain this year? Remember, we can gain a plenary indulgence every Saturday as often as we visit a church or chapel dedicated to the Mother of God and pray for the intentions of our Holy Father. We can gain a plenary indulgence also under the usual conditions by reciting the Marian Year prayer on Saturday. At other times we gain an indulgence of five years.

Are we faithful to the rosary? Do we, perhaps, manage to get in an extra one these days? And what about our reading? Are we trying to come closer to Mary by reading books about her? There are many excellent ones.

The most important question we can ask ourselves is whether or not we are trying to conform our lives to the image of Our Blessed Mother. That is what our Holy Father asked for particularly when he proclaimed the Marian Year. "Just as all mothers," he wrote in his encyclical letter, "are deeply affected when they perceive that the countenance of their children reflects a peculiar likeness to their own, so also our Most Sweet Mother wishes for nothing more, never rejoices more than when she sees those whom, under the cross of her Son, she has adopted as children in His stead, portray the lineaments and ornaments of her own soul in thought, word, and deed."

PRAY THE MASS

A LITTLE girl in San Angelo, Texas, said to Sister, "Sister, I don't like to go to church anywhere but at San Jose."

Sister was prepared to deliver a little lecture on the value of Holy Mass wherever it is celebrated, etc., etc., until the child continued. "In the other churches," she said, "we don't say 'I will go unto the altar of God.' It's only at San Jose we say that."

All of which only proves that even children appreciate participation in the Holy Sacrifice.

A SEED IS SOWN

THE other day we received a letter that touched us very much. It was from the sister of one of our deceased sisters, Sister Rose Ann. She sent us fifteen new subscriptions to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in memory of her sister "with the prayer that this will help perhaps in some small way to lay the groundwork in one of these families for a new vocation to your order."

We feel sure it will, for it is just in this way that the seed is sown. We fervently hope that her generous prayer will be heard.

Edited and published by
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

ON THE COVER

It's time for summer school again. These boys and girls in Sister Frances' class in Santa Paula, Calif., made shrines in honor of Our Blessed Mother.

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Our Lady of the Lake

by Lawrence H. Trembly

Father Trembly is pastor of St. Teresa's Church, Union City, Pa., and takes care of Our Lady of Fatima Chapel.

CANADOHTA LAKE, about ten miles from Union City, Pennsylvania, has been, for many years now, the favorite vacation spot for people from Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Butler, and Cleveland. Until 1950 devout Catholics spending the weekend there, drove to Union City to assist at Mass on Sundays. Many, however, were missing Mass for lack of transportation.

Knowing this, Mrs. Henrietta Schmitzer, owner of Melody Lane, a teenage soda bar and recreation center, offered the use of her place for Mass. After the Saturday night dances, she and her family worked until early morning, cleaning, moving tables and, and preparing the center for the Holy Sacrifice. A bread rack covered with a wooden top, served as an altar.

It soon became evident that the ideal thing at the Lake would be to have a chapel where Mass could be offered under proper conditions and the people could be comfortable. The mere mention of the fact met with immediate response and enthusiasm. The people were generous with their contributions and many promised special gifts and offerings.

Land was donated, and in the fall of 1952, with the permission and approval of Bishop Gannon of Erie, construction of the new chapel was begun. An old cheese factory at Lincolnville was purchased and torn down for lumber. The Presbyterians donated an altar. Stained glass windows from another Protestant church were bought at an auction for fifty cents apiece. The communion rail and pews came from a Catholic church in Erie. Joe Miller, owner of a bar at the lake, kept his customers reminded of the big project. One man said to Joe, "This is the first saloon I've been in where a man can order either a short beer or a station of the cross."

Voluntary labor cut down expenses, and in a surprisingly short time Our Lady of Fatima Chapel was completed. During the vacation season it is filled to capacity. The chapel is left open, and though the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved, many vacationers drop in to light a vigil light or say the rosary or make the way of the cross.

Some of the permanent residents began to think of the chapel as an ideal place for the religious education of their children. Last September Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters from Union City began classes there, but it soon became evident that warmer accommodations would be necessary. The classes are now held in a private home in the little town of Lincolnville, about a mile from the lake.



The beautiful painting of Our Lady of Fatima is the work and gift of Mr. Frank Fazio of Pittsburgh.

Ranch Chapel

by Sister Mary Irmina

It was West Texas, yes, but it might have been 'way off in a foreign country, so remote did it seem from so-called civilization. Since it was not too far distant from our convent in Brady, it was possible for us to travel there every day for summer school and not have to remain over night.

The children and adults who attended were Mexicans who had worked on ranches in that district all their lives. Because of the distance they lived from the church and because of lack of transportation, most of the adults had not received their First Communion.

Every morning we drove to a ranch where three families lived. There we instructed both children and adults. Then we drove to the other ranch where the good people were waiting to serve us a hearty meal. The table was set under an old spreading oak tree. The table cloth had to have heavy weights to keep it from blowing away in the strong, hot, burning wind. With one hand we ate, and with the other we held fast to our plate to keep it from blowing away.

After our meal the working men, five or six of them, came in from the fields and washed.

Then while they partook of their meal, Sister Maria Rafaela instructed them in the essentials of our holy faith, while Sister Mary Eleanor busied herself with the children.

These good simple people were hungry for religion, and would not miss a class if they could help it. Their devotion to Our Lady had helped to keep their faith alive during all these thirty, fifty, and sixty years!

On the last day of class, a Saturday, Father offered Mass. We arrived at seven o'clock, a half hour ahead of time, and already a number of families were there. As the trucks came in filled with youngsters and with old men and women also, we were kept busy shaking hands and having the backs of our hands kissed very devoutly. Then we were ushered into the Juarez home where everything had been prepared for the greatest event that had ever happened in this little settlement.

The house consisted of just one long room, but that morning it managed to accommodate three beds (pushed to one side), a confessional, an altar, a few benches, and fifty-eight people.



Sister Mary Eleanor with some of the grown-ups and children who attended the vacation school.

The floor was of cement, not too smooth. The tin roof was low and there were several windows—the half-length kind that push open sideways.

We took a good look at the altar. The ceiling above it was papered as far as the altar extended. The wall paper was left rolled and fastened to the rafters. From the rafters hung all sorts of paper flowers and Christmas decorations, home made ones and the “store” kind. Every time that Father turned around he had to be extremely careful not to bump anything. Especially was he careful when he raised the Sacred Host so that he didn’t bump the ceiling or something dangling down.

The walls in the back of the altar and to one side of it were covered with every holy picture the people could find. Some were from books; some were pasted on the wall; others were in frames. No one worried about the arrangement. I counted eighteen different pictures of Our Blessed Mother, seven of which were of Our Lady of Guadalupe. There were eight pictures of the Sacred Heart, a few of the Infant Jesus, several of the angels, and a few of the saints.

Twelve made their First Communion that morning. In a few weeks, when all have their baptismal certificates, more adults will make their First Communion and have their marriages convalidated.



For many, it was their first Mass.



Close-up of altar.

Sister Maria Rafaela explained the Mass step by step as Father devoutly offered it. It was the first time some of these poor people had assisted at Mass in twenty-five years. For many, it was the first time in their lives. Father already has four places under his care, but he promised them that he would come out from time to time to offer Mass for them. We too hope to be able to go back to them. They are such a simple, God-fearing people that one cannot help but love them.

COME APART AND REST AWHILE

Angelina is very small, but she seldom misses Sunday Mass. I noticed how intently she watches the people who receive Holy Communion, so I asked her if she knew why the people went up to the railing. She said, “Yes, Sister, I do. They receive Jesus, and then go back to their place and rest awhile.”

“What do you mean, Angelina, ‘rest awhile’?”

She answered, “I see them closing their eyes.”

SISTER MARY NICHOLAS
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

Has the Sacred Heart been enthroned in your home? This month is the ideal time for it. Write for leaflets and information. Address:

Victory Noll Secretariate
Enthronement of the Sacred Heart
Huntington, Indiana

Golden Pennies Did It!

by Sister Margaret Ann

DURING the last two weeks of summer school on Catalina Island, a Spanish-speaking priest came to the Island. His purpose in making a short stay there was to do some writing. But God had plans the priest knew nothing of, as yet.

It was our fourth consecutive year of summer school in Catalina. We had become acquainted with most of the parishioners — “the Islanders,” as they who live there the year ‘round call themselves. One dear old Mexican woman had endeared herself to us by her smiling welcome, her generous gifts “for each of the sisters,” and her delicious tamales, etc., which she would send freshly-made and still warm, to our temporary convent. We made it a point to have at least one good visit with her each summer. She told us she would like to have her marriage validated but her husband would not hear of it. Each summer the story was the same — in spite of her repeated prayers and ours. Her husband was impervious to

all attempts to reunite him and his wife to God and their Church. But when we called to make our annual visit this summer, we noted that our dear old *senora* was looking very thin and weak. She had heart trouble. During the previous year she had needed surgery, but the doctor had not been able to operate because of the condition of her heart. We were worried. What if she should die without having received the sacraments she so much desired!

The children in summer school were offering Golden Pennies for attending weekday Mass, receiving Holy Communion, making sacrifices, or saying extra prayers. We asked them to increase their efforts and offer their Pennies to the Sacred Heart for a certain Catholic woman who would like to have her marriage validated but whose husband would not agree. We told them how ill she was and that she might have a sudden death because of a bad heart. We did not tell them her name, although they asked more than once. Her own nieces



The Golden Pennies the children are dropping in the box symbolize their extra prayers and sacrifices. They redoubled their efforts in petitioning the Sacred Heart for Sister's urgent intention.

were in the classes. Each day the children would ask about our friend, but we could only tell them to keep on praying.

We had given the case to the pastor and asked him to call. But he saw a better opportunity when he had as his guest a Spanish priest, a missionary, and Father requested him to make the call.

We heard nothing more and waited each day for news of the outcome. Our stay on the Island was coming to an end, and we still worried about leaving our friend in her dangerous state. The second-last day of summer school, we were visiting at the home of a married niece of our sick lady. As we stood up to leave, she mentioned that her mother had been to Holy Communion. Wondering why she should tell us so, we made a polite response. But when she saw we were not impressed she began to explain: "I mean my aunt, you know, I always call her my mother because I lived with her." Then we began to see — and our questions came tumbling out. "You mean Mrs. Lopez? Yes? When? How? Oh, tell us all about it." And we seated ourselves to hear all the details of what we had been hoping and praying so long to hear. This is what she told us. It may sound a bit fantastic, but we can vouch for the truth of every word.

The missionary priest had phoned Mrs. Lopez to ask when both she and her husband would be home. He cautioned her not to let her husband know that he was coming. That very evening Father called on them, and, among other things, told Mr. Lopez that his time was very valuable, and he couldn't afford to waste it, waiting for them. He ended by telling them to be at the church by two-thirty the next afternoon — Saturday — prepared for confession. By two o'clock Saturday Mr. Lopez was all dressed and ready to go, impatiently urging his wife to hurry. He finally started down the road by himself, leaving her to follow. Father found them both in church at two-thirty and was able to give them both the sacraments of penance and matrimony. The next day, at the early Mass, both received Holy Communion.

Of course we were overjoyed. To think we had almost left the Island without hearing the good news! We were grateful for one more day of summer school. We could tell the children and pay a visit to Mrs. Lopez. The children's eyes shone with happiness when they heard how the Sacred Heart had answered



Sister Margaret Ann and her little friend. Back in God's grace now after forty years!

their prayers. Two of the older group accompanied me as I stole a few minutes to visit our reclaimed Catholic. She was very happy, and in spite of her infirmities, agreed to pose for a picture. Here she is, back in God's grace, after almost 40 years!

SAME STYLE

The first grade boys eyed me curiously when they raced from school to get in line for catechism. Eventually a brave lad asked the questions they all had in mind.

"Are you going to teach us today? Where is our sister? Is she sick? Can we pray for her?"

A simple "Yes," sufficed for the answer. However, our little friend had one final observation to make.

"But you got her clothes on, haven't you?"

SISTER MELITA
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Jose

by Sister Rose Anthony

"POOR Jose," I thought as I packed my brief case to get ready to leave the mission that Friday afternoon. Of all the children in the class he had certainly tried the hardest to study for confirmation. We had visited his home several times. It was only one room with a dirt floor, and I wondered how the boy could ever learn anything under those conditions. He had been excited today because he was not sure if his *padrino* could come to Brawley to practice for the confirmation the following Sunday. I left him with, "Do your best, Jose. God will take care of everything."

Sunday came, and no sign of Jose at the practice. Confirmation was going to be the next morning. Jose did not get confirmed. I would not see him until the following Friday, but I could imagine his disappointment, for he had talked of nothing else for months.

Early Wednesday morning I was called to the reception room and who should be there but Jose.

"Sister," he said, "I am sorry I couldn't come last Monday, but my *padrino* had to work. I hear there is going to be confirmation in Cal-exico tomorrow. Can I go there and be confirmed?"

I told him that the bishop was going to confirm in El Centro tomorrow also. It would be a little easier for him to go there. I promised to arrange it with the pastors, but told him he would have to be over there by seven-thirty in the morning. "Do you think you can get there that early?"

"Don't worry about me, Sister. I'll be there."

The next morning we were lining up the children, but again no Jose. I prayed hard for him because it was almost time to go into church. As the children were marching in, Jose came running. After Mass I asked him how he had gotten there.

"Sister, I got up early this morning. It was still dark when I started to walk down the highway to Brawley. I didn't have to walk very far though, because a policeman drove up and told me to get in the car. He thought I was trying to run away from home, but I told him I had to go to be confirmed in El Centro and it would take me a long time to get there. He offered to take me as far as Brawley. When I got to Brawley, I went to the Father there and

told him I wanted to go to El Centro to be confirmed. He said he was just getting ready to go there himself—so that's how I got here. If I wait for him he will take me back home."

I knew that it would be noon before he would get home. "Are you hungry, Jose?"

"Yes, Sister, but I'll wait until I get home."

I went back to the kitchen where the women were preparing breakfast for the bishop, and asked if they could spare a little for Jose. They were more than happy to do so, and they invited him in for a delicious breakfast.

Excitedly, he said to me, "Thank you, Sister. God did take care of me like you said!"

Peaches

by Sister Mary Lucille

IT was the first day of our religious vacation school. We were riding a bus chartered by the parish to transport our children from their various centers to the school building. It was our second stop and we, the sisters as well as the children, were casting anxious glances in the direction of the home of one of our most faithful pupils, nine-year-old Emily, a Negro convert, affectionately called by the children "Peaches." There was no sign of our little charge so we finally signalled the driver to start.



Breakfast was served to all the children after Mass on the last day of vacation school. Emily, at the farther table, is turned toward the camera.

We had travelled only a few rods when in one chorus the children shouted "PEACHES!" The bus stopped and we sent a scout to get Peaches, for she had turned to go home when she saw the bus moving. After a few moments both Peaches and the scout arrived.

"Emily, what happened?" I asked as soon as she boarded the bus.

"I had to decide whether I would take tap dancing or go to summer school," sobbed Emily. Her disappointment at the thought of missing the bus was still evident.

"But, Emily, can't you take tap dancing after summer school?"

"No, Sister, this was my only chance, but I told Daddy I wanted to learn more about Jesus."

To give her a chance to regain her usual composure I suggested she ride the bus for the second pick-up. All the way, she was, unknown to herself, preaching a little sermon by her remarks. "God is so good to us." . . . "I always try to thank God for everything He has given me." . . . "I pray for the Sisters every night too."

If you could see the children in their association with Emily, you would agree that everybody loves Peaches, and to hear her and see her practicing her religion, you would also agree that Peaches loves God.

Another Joe

by Sister Irene

MRS. GONZALES left the parish rectory somewhat relieved. She had gone to inquire what she could do about First Communion instructions for her twelve-year-old son Joe, who had never walked. Father told her that the sisters would soon come for a month of summer school and that they would help her with her problem.

Several weeks later four of us arrived, and in God's good Providence, it so happened that our living quarters were in the duplex apartment joining the Gonzales home. It was my privilege to instruct Joe between our regular classes and home visiting. Joe and his six younger brothers and sisters were always happy to see us drive up in the car, because they knew it wouldn't be long before Sister would come to tell them of God and His love for them.

It was during our stay that the Public Health Nurse made the final arrangements for a wheelchair for Joe. Joe was indeed very thankful. No longer did he have to push his



Sister Irene who instructed Joe is standing behind his wheelchair. Sister Celestine, right, had Joe's sister and brothers in her class with the other First Communicants.

way around from room to room on his stomach, or have someone carry him from one room or chair to another.

One afternoon shortly after the arrival of the wheelchair, when I came for class Joe excitedly greeted me, "Sister, I was bad today. I ran away from my mother."

"How did you run away from your mother?" I asked, puzzled.

"Well, Sister, Jimmy came and pushed me out into the desert; and we didn't tell my mother. But I won't run away again."

Joe's longing to receive Jesus increased daily. His face was always peaceful and happy. One day he said, "Sister, I would like to walk and run like the other boys, but I'm not sad because I can't; for this is the way God wants me to be happy."

The first Sunday in July was truly a great day for the entire family, because Joe's brother Robert and his sister Gloria were also in the First Communion class. Joe had a special place in the sanctuary and was very happy to receive Holy Communion from the Bishop of Reno who had come to confer the sacrament of confirmation in the parish.

It was with a bit of sadness that the entire Gonzales family said goodbye to us. Joe promised to pray for us and our work, and especially that we would have a safe trip across the three hundred miles of Nevada desert to our home.

TOUGH ASSIGNMENT

Homework slips requiring parents' signature have brought gratifying results and a few good laughs. Saturday morning eighty-some little ones filed into the classroom, dropped tattered and torn homework slips on the desk and gleefully announced that they knew their lesson and prayer. Then a bigger-than-first-grader shadow caused me to look up. There was a stern father standing behind a crest-fallen little girl.

"Sister," he said impatiently, "no matter how much we made her study, this kid just couldn't learn what was on pages thirty and thirty-one. Besides, we couldn't find that prayer on page three of the book you gave her last week."

Bewildered, I began to examine my conscience. Was I expecting too much of the children? The little girl appeared normal. The other children apparently had no difficulty. Then light dawned. This little girl had registered only the week before, but did not buy a book. During the past week we had gathered all the used Catholic magazines in our convent and distributed them to the children to take home. Poor Betty! We wonder just what was printed on pages thirty and thirty-one of her magazine.

SISTER MARY GERALDINE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



One of Sister Benigna's first graders happily receives a prize for being the first to learn his lesson. Onlookers promise Sister (and themselves) that they will be the winners next time.

IN THE HOME FIELD



Monsignor Poole, pastor of St. Mark's, Richmond, Ky., presents diplomas to these high school seniors who completed their course in religious instruction.

INFALLIBLE SIGN

To the children of St. Irene's parish in Dundee our station wagon in the church parking lot was always an infallible sign that it was catechism day. Unbeknown to them the station wagon was sold and we arrived one day in a new black Ford.

As we were unlocking the church door, several little boys rushed up. One said, "Aren't we having catechism today, Sister?"

"Of course we're having catechism today," said we.

"But your station wagon isn't here!" he protested.

"But we're here!" we explained.

"Oh, yeah!"

SISTER MARY GABRIELLE
IDA, MICHIGAN

CANINE CONTACTS

We keep track of our visits, the census, and our Protestant contacts, but we should have a column entitled **Canine Contacts**. Dogs! They seem to play or plague a part in the life of a census taker. One day, after making a visit, we descended the porch steps only to



Sister Josephine is proud of these junior and senior high school girls. Each bought her own bible history and studied it every day during the two months of class Sister had for them in Tome, New Mexico.

meet at the bottom a ferocious looking dog. Loudly and violently he protested against our presence. On hearing all the commotion the good lady of the house opened the door and called out: "He won't bite. He always barks that way when he sees something odd."

SISTER JOHN
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NOT CATHOLIC?

Kathy (age five): Mother, these people who sing on the radio aren't Catholic.

Mother: They aren't? What makes you think so, dear?

Kathy: Because they sing a song that says, "I'll have my heaven on earth." And anybody knows you have to die and go to purgatory before you can go to heaven.

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY
UNION CITY, PA.

TAKEN AT HER WORD

The statue of the Pilgrim Virgin was here in El Paso and then was taken across the border to Juarez, Mexico, for a few days. While some of the women and girls were busy getting the church ready for the arrival of the statue, one of the girls remarked: "Well, I for one am not coming to see the Virgin. If she wants to see me she will have to come to my house."

As the Pilgrim Virgin was being taken in procession to the church, it began to rain, and they hurried into the nearest house with the statue. It happened to be the house in which this girl lived!

SISTER ANNA
EL PASO, TEXAS



our **A**ssociates

VIA MATRIS BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

IT is several months since we heard from the members of this Band, but we are quite willing to wait awhile when a check for \$75.00 tumbles out of the envelope as it did last time. Each year the new Promoter (*Mrs. Regina Belz* is the present incumbent) must start the year with nothing left in the treasury. She has to prove her money getting ability to the rest! All members serve as Promoters, alphabetically. Small meetings are held each month at members' homes, with a big annual party at some hall agreed upon.

Dear Associates:

BENEFIT parties are in full swing again, and the number and size of checks received at Victory Noll are increasing, now that the season of penance is over. Late spring and early fall are the best times of the year to put on big parties, with paying guests, for you can nearly always count on good weather and consequent good attendance.

A worthwhile suggestion. We know that the dairy, bakery, gas and electric companies are ideal places for holding parties of this kind because there is a minimum amount of expense and work in connection with them. However, we also know that there is a long waiting list at such places so that if you are able to hold one party a year you consider yourselves fortunate. Have you ever reflected that besides being a local mission band or club, your group is part of a national organization, known as the Associate Catechists of Mary? Therefore, in our opinion, it would be perfectly legitimate to book one party under the name of your local group, for instance, "St. Mary's Band," and later on another under the title of "Associate Catechists of Mary," your national organization which is a federation of the smaller groups.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

ST. LUKE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

A LETTER written to us in February by the Promoter, *Mrs. Lillian Potter*, gave us the following news: "We had our last party at Villa Sweden. *Mrs. J. J. O'Brien* was the hostess. All had a wonderful time. *Mrs. O'Connor* entertains for her mother, *Mrs. E. Niesen*, on March 17th. If any of your sisters are in Chicago on the third Wednesday of the month we would be glad if they would join us. Enclosed is a check for \$38.00."

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART BAND
(Appleton, Wis.)

WE quote from our last letter from *Miss Helen Arens*, Promoter. "We lost one of our members in the Band. *Miss Marie Gengler*, a charter member, entered a convent in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We certainly hated to lose her as she was a wonderful person you couldn't help but love."

The Band sponsors *Sister Marion Frances*, personally known to many if not all the members. Sister's father lives in Appleton.

CLUB AND SISTER THEY SPONSOR



Above are pictured some members of Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, with *Miss Veronica Foertsch*, Promoter and *Sister Mary Gertrude* whom the group has "adopted." The picture was taken when Sister was on vacation last summer.

Club **M**ention

CHARITINA CLUB NO. 1 (Chicago, Ill.)



Last Fall the members of Charitina Club No. 1, with Miss Helen Ford, the present Promoter, had the pleasure of seeing Sister Bernarda whom the Band sponsors, in Chicago, for a couple of hours. Sister is currently superior

at our Los Banos, California convent.

Due to illness among the members it has been difficult of late to hold meetings. In March the group decided simply to pay dues and hold over their meeting until April.

MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND (Evanston, Ill.)

WE quote from a letter received from Miss Celia Henrich, Promoter, in February. "On January 16, my Mother passed away. She was 88 years old but very alert and active to the last. We will try to get another to take her place in the Band and keep our membership at twelve. Please pray for Mother. Enclosed is a check for \$42.00."

The message was short but it said so much. It revealed a great personal sorrow, but also the determination to keep working for Mary's missionaries.

ST. PHILOMENA BAND (Chicago, Ill.)



The Promoter of this Band, Miss Mary Schaefer, took a well-earned rest in the spring, sojourning for a time in Florida. Last fall, the members decided to increase their monthly dues from 50 cents to one dollar. This

means we are now receiving \$14.00 a month from the fourteen members instead of one half that amount in former times. God bless and reward their generosity.

RAP-IN-WAX COUPONS

PLEASE continue to save these coupons, clipped from your rolls of waxed paper manufactured by the Rap-In-Wax Company of Minneapolis, Minnesota. For the period of one year ending March 1, 1954 we received the nice sum of \$15.09 in cash redemption for the coupons you supplied us with.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

March 18, 1954 to April 14, 1954

Adrian Club, Chicago, Florence Dietz	\$75.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Helen Ford	5.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	75.00
Dolores Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Klingel	68.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	20.00
Little Flower Miss. Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	30.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, Janet Brown	1.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	12.00
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. Beck	2.00
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. Julia O'Brien	10.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Mary Preiner	110.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Helen Melke	37.00
St. Joseph Band 2, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	45.50
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	41.75
St. Jude Miss. Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. F. Potthoff	2.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	10.25
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	30.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mary Magdalen Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	5.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Mrs. R. Belz	20.00
"Srrillians," Cincinnati, Eleanor Hanekamp	3.00

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR COUPONS

RECENTLY General Mills, Inc., also of Minneapolis, Minnesota, manufacturers of Gold Medal Flour, have adopted a similar plan for helping church organizations. Each sack of Gold Medal Flour carries a cash value coupon. Values increase with the size of the sack. There are four values. A 5-lb. bag carries a 2½c coupon; a 10-lb. bag, a 5c coupon and so on.

Kindly save these coupons for us, too.

Ghost Town School

by Sister Andrea

IT was a beautiful bright Sunday morning in May when we started out for a lonely little mining town in the mountains to begin a religious vacation school. We were riding with the pastor, who was driving the seventy-eight miles to celebrate the weekly Mass there.

My companion and I were excited over the prospect of the busy two weeks just beginning. We had been traveling to this mission for week-end classes twice a month during the school year whenever the mountain roads were passable. Our living quarters had been in the cold, wind-blown rectory attached to the old stone church. The rectory was abandoned now, for this once bustling mining camp had become almost a ghost town; the few faithful Catholics who remained could no longer support a resident priest. Class for the dozen little ones had been held in the front room with the older children crowding together in the small kitchen. Frequently we had a discouraging realization of how little we had been able to accomplish with the children during the past winter on our irregular week-end trips. The heavy snows had caused us to miss about two months of classes. Even the pastor had been unable to traverse the icy mountain summits in his efforts to keep his Sunday Mass schedule. A saving thought was the weekly religious correspondence course we had been able to send to the children.

Now we faced the bright prospect of having these neglected children attend our religious instruction classes daily after school. We had purposely planned to hold this summer school during the last two weeks of May. We knew that if we waited until the end of the school term, most of our children would be hurrying away to their ranches for the summer and we would be unable to reach them for class.

If anyone had been watching us unload at our destination, the sight of the numerous boxes and cases might have made them wonder if the two sisters were planning to stay all summer. Besides our few personal needs, there were briefcases containing catechisms, project books, and materials, boxes of First Communion prayer-books, rosaries, and veils, cases of canned goods and other groceries, and several bundles of literature to be distributed in our home visiting.

An order of the day was posted as soon as we unpacked. In the long schedule of activities, there was a noticeable omission . . . no daily Mass. It was a sacrifice that we had known

would be necessary. At least we had the consolation of having the Blessed Sacrament in the church during our stay.

Each day began with morning prayers and meditation before the Blessed Sacrament. We made a fervent spiritual communion with Our Divine Lord before leaving His sacramental presence to begin our work. Then came breakfast, a brief tidying up, and a short study period to line up our class material for the day. Sister Celestine began class at nine for the pre-school tots while I gave private instructions to a would-be Catholic. Following class we set out with our census cards and visiting cases full of literature to track down some erring sheep of the Fold. Perhaps this day there was a case of finding out why some particular child was not attending our classes, or maybe a family that needed encouragement to attend Mass again, or often the case was that of someone who needed counsel and help. Poor families who needed material help and invalids who needed company and cheer were not neglected in our rounds of visiting.

We returned from our morning visiting tired and dusty. There were no pavements to make our climbs easier up and around the steep hills. One thoughtful parishioner offered us the use of his car during our home visiting, which we gratefully accepted for our trips to the more distant homes on the outskirts of the town.

We had a hasty dinner at noon from our supply of canned goods. There was little time to spend on cooking meals with Sister's First Communion children coming for extra classes on their noon hour. Their First Communion day was scheduled for the closing day of our summer school, so every available opportunity for instructing them had to be utilized. Often when we returned from our visiting, we would find them already sitting on the church steps eating their lunches and eagerly waiting for class to begin. Often too, the other children would come rushing in on their lunch hour. I would be interrupted at my task of clearing away the dinner dishes by some earnest youngster who wished to recite the prayers he had studied, to see if he could earn another star on the achievement chart. Two girls who were strongly competing for the most stars rivaled in surprising us even at our breakfast time. They would stop on their way to school to have us check their prayers.



This little boy made good use of those precious minutes before class begins.

Sister's First Communion group would be the first to arrive from school in the afternoon. We noted with satisfaction that our attendance was nearly perfect every day. Occasionally someone would be tardy because he had to stay in after school. There was some resistance by one of the school teachers when the youngsters carried their catechisms with them to school, but after we visited her, and assured her that the children had promised not to study their religion during school time, the teacher permitted the catechisms. We found the attitude of the school faculty a little shocking on the day we celebrated the feast of Our Lord's Ascension. Father was coming for nine o'clock Mass that day. We had reminded all the children about their obligation to attend. They told their teachers about it, and the teachers demanded that the children first report to school at nine o'clock to be excused that morning before coming to Mass.

The intermediate children and older children arrived from school in the afternoon after the small children were dismissed from catechism. My class of older children were making a study of the Mass and we were using projects correlated with this subject. We improvised a narrow work-table for the project period by laying a plank across saw horses.

After class and a hasty supper, we often felt disposed to sit and relax, but there was not time, even in the evenings, for that. Promptly every evening at seven, we rang the church bell for rosary devotions. It was Mary's month and we were determined to foster devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary as much as possible while we had the chance. We had decorated a small May shrine in both church and rectory, and encouraged the children to bring bouquets of flowers for Our Blessed Mother. They did so generously. Since there was no priest to lead our rosary service, the boys led the prayers while the rest of the congregation answered. We concluded with a hymn.

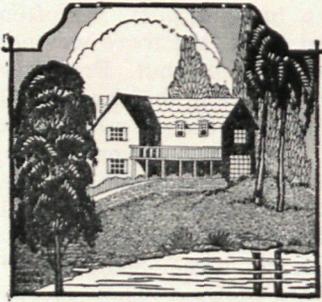
The children stayed afterward for an evening session. The high school boys and girls had class and projects with Sister while I alternated each evening with altar boy classes and project work in the kitchen with the rest of the youngsters. The older elementary children proved very apt at making rosaries.

On Ascension Thursday, Father stayed until the evening so that we could have May crowning ceremonies. We had practiced with the children during class time that day. One of the high school girls was chosen to crown the small statue of Our Blessed Mother. We were touched to see the unusual number of people present to show honor to Our Heavenly Queen. Father preached a very inspiring tribute to Mary encouraging the people to persevere in the devotion to her that they displayed on this occasion. A public act of consecration was made by everyone and the ceremonies closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Saturday was our clean-up day. The untidy signs remaining in the house as results of using it as a classroom and project room were only too apparent. We did our laundry that day also, heating water on the stove, and rubbing the clothes out in the kitchen sink. We wondered if the pioneer women in the wagon train days enjoyed this method of washing as much as we. With us, it was a novelty.

On the last Saturday the women of the parish arranged for a picnic for the children. It was a happy ending for the summer school. The children ran races and played games until they were worn out. Then came the refreshments to end the good times.

That evening first confessions were heard. Most of the other children lined up to receive the sacrament also. We expected unusually large numbers at the communion rail the next morning, and we were right. We were rewarded for our efforts during the two weeks by the joy of seeing the innocent young faces of the First Communicants aglow with happiness. We realized too the happiness we had brought to the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord by making it possible for Him to come into these young hearts.



Mary's Loyal

NEW HELPER IN NEW MEXICO

Dear Loyal Helpers:

If you have not already made the nine First Fridays, resolve during this month dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that you will do so. In this way you will make up to Him for the hatred of hardened sinners, and the coldness and indifference on the part of those who follow the vanities and pleasures of the world in utter forgetfulness of the Divine Lover of their souls. Encourage others to perform this special devotion, too. Remember that our Blessed Lord has promised to those who go to Holy Communion on nine successive First Fridays, He will be with them at the hour of death and they will not die without receiving the Sacraments.

SOME, in carrying out this resolution, will have to make greater sacrifices than others, depending upon the distance they live from church and the severity of the weather at certain seasons. These can console themselves with the thought that the greater the sacrifice made the greater will be the measure of graces received, for our dear Lord is never outdone in generosity.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

Dear Sister:

Six of us seniors are going to Albany, New York, daily, to the IBM school for two weeks. The three highest in the commercial department and the three highest in the academic section were selected. Although we do not attend school here during this time, we are not counted absent. We travel about sixty miles a day, altogether, by bus. After finishing there we will be in school here about two weeks before Easter vacation. On April 10, our class leaves for Washington, D.C., returning the night of April 14.

Right now I'm not able to give anything to the missions but when I get back from Washington, I'll try to send my money as soon as possible.

Patricia Ciulik, Amsterdam, N.Y.



In the accompanying picture is Viola Nelson, of Santa Rosa, New Mexico, a niece of Sister Margarita. Viola joined *Mary's Loyal Helpers* shortly after the first of the year. In a letter written to us during Lent, Viola says: "You will soon get my bag of Sunshine pennies because

I am completely off of sweets during Lent. At first I thought I would die, but now it is O.K."

Dear Sister: :

We have been having cheerleading tryouts. The cheerleader said I have a good chance of making it. I practice at home quite a bit and now my little brother Tommy goes about the house yelling, too. I pray for the mission children.

Marie Balderacchi, Wallingford, Conn.

DETROIT HELPER AND COUSINS



Beneath the sheltering arms of the Sacred Heart image are Helper Regina Klonek (on the right) and her cousins. The picture was taken on the grounds of St. Bonaventure Monastery in Detroit.

Helpers pages

A Mother Writes

Dear Sister:

My four little ones, Susan, Joan, Patricia and Stephen want to become *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. Their aunt, Sister Joan, is a member of your missionary order and at her suggestion the children have begun to save pennies.

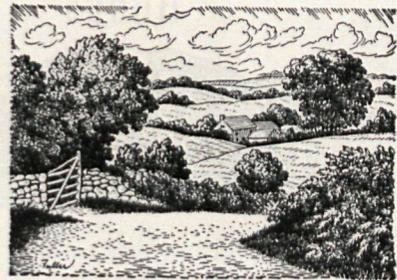
We never forget Aunt Joan and the other missionary sisters in our daily Hail Marys.

Mrs. Donald Brown, Baltimore, Maryland.

PALOS HEIGHTS (ILL.) HELPERS



In the picture above are Sharon, Ronald and Roger Daluga, of Palos Heights, Illinois. Their ages are 8, 5½ and 3 years, respectively. Sharon, the oldest, is in the second grade at St. Michael School in Orland Park.



Dear Sister:

Thank you for the Mite Box you sent me. I asked the rest of the family to put money in it, too. I hope this year's mite-boxes bring in lots of money.

Peggy O'Neil, Lorain, Ohio

LET'S GO FISHING!

(June Puzzle)

Hidden in the waters of lakes, rivers, mountain streams and oceans are countless fish both large and small. Hidden in the following sentences are the names of the following fish: bass, cod, herring, perch, pickerel, pike, salmon, sturgeon, trout and tuna.



When you have "fished" long enough to find them either underscore the hidden words or number each sentence with the fish you brought up in it, and send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.

1. Mary cried when her ring fell into the hole.
2. Joe plays the clarinet and Jack the bass drum in the school orchestra.
3. One of the finest highways in the East is the Pennsylvania Turnpike.
4. He watched the berry picker elevate the crate to his shoulder and walk away with it.
5. "Don't coddle him every time he cries!" advised her friend.
6. You must urge on your pal when he grows faint-hearted.
7. Don't route the traffic through the main streets of this town!
8. The sparrow hopped from limb to limb and finally perched on the topmost branch.
9. Even a saw is tunable is you draw a violin bow across its teeth.
10. We will read the words of the psalm on page 22 in our missals.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLE

Carrots, pumpkins, cauliflower, beets, tomatoes, potatoes, radishes, egg plant, beans, cabbages.

Books



WAY TO HAPPINESS by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D. Garden City Books, New York. \$2.

In this new book Bishop Sheen reiterates in his own forceful and convincing way, the secret of happiness — union of our wills with God's will. There is no other way. Social betterment can come about only through individual betterment. Each must start with himself. It is through love — love of God and love of our neighbor — that peace and contentment can be found.

We are searching for life, truth, and love. "We must," says Bishop Sheen, "seek for Pure Life, Pure Truth, and Pure Love — and that is the definition of God. His Life is personal enough to be a Father; His Truth is personal and comprehensible enough to be a Son; His Love is so deep and spiritual that it is a Spirit."

More beautiful words than those would be hard to find. These and other exquisite passages await the reader of *Way to Happiness*.

SHORT STORIES FOR THE FAMILY. Selected from *The Family Digest*. Edited by John F. Fink. Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind. \$1—paper.

Here are forty-two short stories, all of them entertaining. As the editor says in his Foreword, the best antidote for indecent literature — of which there is too much today — is decent literature. Catholic fiction does not simply mean stories that teach a lesson, stories in which the good always overcomes the bad. It is any story that does not endanger the faith or morals of the readers. The stories reprinted here should appeal to every member of the family.

FIRE OF HEAVEN. The Story of Lourdes by James T. Feely. Geo. A. Pflaum, Publisher, Inc., 38 W. Fifth St., Dayton 2, Ohio. 15 cents.

This is the story of the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother at Lourdes — beautifully written. It is appropriate that the story should be retold in this Marian Year, with the centenary of Lourdes only four years away. The publication date corresponded to the seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of St. Bernadette.

After relating the account of the apparitions, the author devotes two pages to the history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. This is followed by a special section illustrated with photographs of Lourdes today.

The following *Fides Albums* are published by Fides Publishers Association, 21 W. Superior, Chicago 10, Ill. 25 cents each. Discounts on orders of 50 or more.

THE MASS, like all the other albums, is beautifully illustrated. Nearly every question about the Holy Sacrifice that might come into the minds of the faithful is answered here.

MARRIAGE covers the sacrament of matrimony from courtship "unto the third and fourth generation." Pre-Cana Conference, the Christian Family Movement — all are included here.

MARY GOD'S MASTERPIECE. Perpetual Help Press, 389 East 150th St., New York 55, N.Y. \$2.

This is the Redemptorist Fathers' tribute of love and devotion to Our Blessed Mother during the Marian Year. The book, beautifully bound in Mary's blue, contains sixty-two full color reproductions of the Mother of God. All are works of the great masters.

The first eighteen pictures are full page reproductions portraying the life of Our Blessed Mother from her espousals to her coronation. On the page facing the picture are several well-chosen texts from Sacred Scripture and from the liturgy. The rest are famous Madonnas or pictures of Mary without the Infant.

Under each painting are its name, the name of the artist with the dates of his birth and death, and the gallery where the original is now treasured. There is also an index of artists, giving the school to which each belonged.

This is a beautiful book, one that would be treasured in every library.

CORRECTION: *The Wife Desired* by Father Kinsella, reviewed in the March issue of **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**, is now being published and distributed by Divine Word Missionary Publications, Techny, Ill.



Karl Benes, Chicago, father of the late Sister Marie Benes, O.L.V.M.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. John M. Hegarty, Ontario, California
Sister Mary Jane, O.P., Tacoma, Washington
Sister Eveline, S.C., Mount St. Joseph, Ohio
Anna Tesar, Chicago
R. E. O'Connor, Marion, Ohio
Clara Hagenbach, Philadelphia
W. O. Haines, Pomona, California
Nicholas Schmit, Chicago
John Schneck, Elkhart, Indiana
Mrs. A. M. Quinan, San Francisco, Calif.

Around Victory Noll

BIG event AROUND VICTORY NOLL this month is the Corpus Christi procession sponsored by the two parishes in Huntington and held on the grounds of St. Felix Friary on the Sunday within the octave of the feast. Taking part in this beautiful demonstration of love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament are clergy and parishioners not only from Huntington, but from Fort Wayne and surrounding towns as well.

It is our privilege to erect and decorate one of the altars from which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given. Since Indiana weather is almost as unpredictable as Texas weather, very little can be done until nearly the last minute. Then Sister Mary Louise, Sister Michael, and a few others who are old hands at it, put up an altar that is very beautiful indeed. Dark green evergreens form a fitting background for the yellow and white silk drapes.

For novices and postulants the big event in June is their exodus to the lake for a vacation. School's over, books are put away, and the young sisters and postulants are off to enjoy



Sister Michael, our sacristan, puts the finishing touches to the Victory Noll altar.



The fraters design a host and ciborium from rose petals.

themselves at the Archbishop's Cottage on the waters of Sylvan Lake in the Limberlost.

For some of the novices this is their last summer at Victory Noll, for they will make their vows on August 5, the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow. Next summer they will be busy teaching until just before retreat, and then they will go—where? That's the big question. But it won't be long now until they know that all-important first assignment.

We professed sisters look forward to "meeting" our newly professed sisters in August. Canon law, you know, directs that the sisters, during the time of their novitiate, be separated from the professed members of the community. The novices have contact with them only in regard to classes, work, etc.

Now we who are AROUND VICTORY NOLL live under the same roof with these little sisters of ours from the time they enter. We share with them the chapel and dining room. We watch them "grow in grace" from day to day. Small wonder then that we look forward to their profession day. And we have to pack a lot of visiting into a very short time, for on that same day, or the next, the newly professed sisters leave for a visit at home before going to the mission field. Unless they are assigned to a convent in the Midwest and return to Victory Noll for the summer retreat, it might be years before we meet again. But no matter how far they go or how long it is until we see them again AROUND VICTORY NOLL, we have for them that feeling of kinship for "brethren who dwell together in unity." SEA

YOU
CAN
HELP
HER



to carry on her Christlike work in the Home Missions by membership in our 2500 CLUB. This Club is an association of persons who contribute a dollar a month for one year.

You are free to discontinue your offering at any time.

JOIN TODAY and receive daily, weekly, monthly remembrances in the Masses and prayers of our Missionary Sisters.

Membership Application

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB. I will send a dollar a month for one year toward the support of the sisters and their work.

Name

Street

City Zone State