



the **MI** *ssionary* **C** *atechist*

July-August 1954

PAINFUL as it is to make this report, we feel honor bound to do so. The doves did *not* make a nest this year on St. Patrick's window. No, they didn't choose St. Francis' nor anyone else's window, canonized or not. Only the trees.

Evidently they did not care for the publicity they got in the April issue of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*. We emphasized the fact that they had built their nest there every year as long as we can remember. And they had. But now, in the interest of truth, we have to make this admission.

We had fondly cherished the hope that they had established a tradition—something like San Juan Capistrano's famous swallows. The fickleness of this life—even among the birds!

IN UNION OF PRAYER

WE are always sincerely touched by your trust in our prayers and we are edified by the intentions you send us. By far the greatest number of intentions during the past months have been for our Holy Father and for world peace. Nearly always the personal intentions have been linked with those that concern the entire Church. For instance, someone asked for prayers to obtain the virtue of patience and also for the conversion of Russia.

Even high schoolers know that no request is too small to put before our Heavenly Father. One boy's intention was for "success in our sports program in high school." Then he added for our enlightenment: "I am the pitcher on our team." Hope you won, Donald!

There will be a novena at Victory Noll for the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in July and for the Assumption in August. We will consider it a privilege to include your intentions.

TOUCHY SUBJECT

PERHAPS it's rather risky to publish a back cover like the one we have this month. Some of our subscribers might think that the editor takes an extended vacation every summer. In fact, sad to relate, that impression was abroad last year. We expressed our admiration for the editor who had the foresight to combine the July-August issues. For a month or so afterward, manuscripts and pictures were accompanied by notes containing sly innuendoes about absence from the office or they had such phrases as "when you get back from your vacation."

We feel sure that most of our readers put a more charitable interpretation on facetious remarks. For you the back cover is a reminder that the next copy of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* that you receive will be the September issue.

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

JULY-AUGUST 1954

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ON THE COVER

Redlands, Calif., Sisters enjoy an outing at beautiful Lake Gregory in the San Bernardino Mountains.

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Sister Mary Irmina and Sister Jerome who are sisters chat with four Blessed Sacrament Sisters who are a family group—mother and three daughters!

so recreational "treats," too, were arranged—a supper, entertainment, a movie, and a home talent play by the boarders who remain at the Academy through the year. For more than three weeks, our community, within a community, leads a sheltered, ordered life which does much to build up reserve for the coming year's work.

Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word and Blessed Sacrament have a long history of service for Our Lord. An old order, founded about two hundred years ago, it originated in France as a cloistered community. When this community responded to an appeal about one hundred years ago for sisters to work in the Southwest of our nation, the need for changes in their rule became necessary. As one sister remarked, "Our sisters wore choir robes in chapel, and red shoes! But these were not practical in the Texas heat and dust. Nor could the sisters spend as much time in choir. So the changes of necessity came about."

The sisters retained their attractive white habit, red scapular and black veil but laid aside the red shoes and flowing choir robes.

Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word and Blessed Sacrament engage in teaching schools and conducting hospitals in southwest Texas and have become an integral part of Catholic life in the state. A great happiness for these sisters is to see many of their boys coming to St. John's Seminary to become the future "native clergy." Texas in the past depended very much upon religious orders to supply priests but it is now building up its own di-

cesan seminary, under the care of the Vincentian Fathers. Father John Tackaberry, C.M., the young Rector of St. John's Minor Seminary, conducted the classes on the Sacraments this past year for our sisters.

The Blessed Sacrament Sisters, as this order is usually called, have shown great interest in our missionary work. Sister Joseph, chosen superior at the end of the term of office of Sister Columba, says that their community has "adopted" ours. "Texas needs your community and the work you do," she observed. Stationed in one place with few changes, they marvel at the mobility of our Sisters who are ready to be sent to any of the twenty states where our sisters are missioned. Sister Agnes of the Blessed Sacrament Sisters summed it all up succinctly when one of our sisters expressed gratitude for the kindness shown to us, "It was a wonderful charity on your community's part to take us in."

"No charity at all," replied the Dublin-born sister who has been in the community for sixty-eight years. "It is good that we have a place you can use. What difference does it make the work we do? We all work for the same Jesus."

To see the two communities residing together, happily and peacefully, is to recall the words of the Psalmist: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. 132:1.



As Sister Joseph says, her community has "adopted" ours.

Compensations

by Sister Mary Karl

WHEN I was in high school I read Emerson's *Essay on Compensations*. It seemed to have the answers to many of my teenage wonderings, and I was rather impressed by it. I suppose if I should re-read it now, with an adult viewpoint, I might not so readily agree with some of its conclusions. Besides, the vivifying Compensations that we meet from time to time as we go about our daily work are so much grander, so much more heartfelt, than can be expressed within the covers of a book!

For instance, there was the sight of the little stand-up of Our Lady of Guadalupe over at Manuela's grandma's last fall. We had stopped to remind Grandma to send Manuela and Teresa to class again. The girls' mother worked, so it was Grandma with whom we conferred about classes, First Communion arrangements, etc. But now, Grandma told us sadly, parents and children had moved to California. We could see how she missed the little ones. Then from the table she picked up a little picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, set in a plaster base to make it stand up. She looked at it lovingly and told us Manuela had made it. There were tears in the little grandma's eyes as she replaced the *santito* and bade us goodbye.

Then again, only a month or two ago, we sat in Mrs. Gonzales' dark little front room, taking census for the parish. Mrs. Gonzales' home fronts on an alley, and there isn't any yard. In the three rooms they have, live the family of seven, a nephew who is staying with them temporarily, and her mother, bedridden since a recent severe heart attack. As I listed the necessary family information, my eyes strayed to the wall opposite. Over the bed hung a cheap, colorful print of the Consoling Christ, framed in pink tissue paper and hung by a yellow ribbon.

"Ah!" said I to the mother, "now I know why Amada's name sounded so familiar. She was in my class at summer school."

Mrs. Gonzales followed my gaze and smiled. "Yes," she said, "Amada liked to go to the summer school, and she was proud of the picture she made, so we hung it there."

Her eyes lingered on it for a moment, and in that moment I implored the blessing of Christ the Consoler on this good woman, work-

ing through many difficulties to care for her own family, her foster son, and her bedfast mother.

What has all this got to do with Compensations? Why, that little paper statuette, that pink-framed print, the tear in the little grandma's eye, the soft smile on that poor mother's face—these ARE my compensations! And for what? "Oh, memories that bless and burn!" For SUMMER SCHOOL! Do let me tell you about it as I told my companion about it after we left Mrs. Gonzales'. How riotously funny it all seems now!

We had summer school (more formally, "religious vacation school") during the four weeks of June. I was assigned the children of the first, second, and third grades who had made their First Communion. I knew I would enjoy this little group. In addition to coloring their usual religious book during the project period each day, I planned to have a "take-home" project every Friday—something Johnny could proudly display at home as "I made it in summer school!"

I planned everything very carefully for the first Friday. I had some holy cards of Our Lady of Guadalupe, so I clipped neatly around her aurora to give a pleasingly irregular effect. I left just enough cardboard at the base so that the little statuette would stand up nicely in a spoonful of plaster of paris. For this I had to sacrifice the little angel supporting her "train," but one can't have *everything*! Ordinarily I wouldn't think of plaster work with little ones, but this scheme really sounded good and I determined to try it. I even planned a simple shrine out of construction paper that the children could make for their statuettes.

Summer school began. (We were using the rooms in the parochial school for these summer classes for our public school pupils.) Fifty-three children enrolled in my class the first day. My room had forty-six desks. I borrowed a few more from the kindergarten. The next day sixty-six children came. I borrowed a few more desks. Wednesday there were *seventy-one* children! I let the overflow sit double. Thursday only sixty-nine reported. Friday—well, Friday is what I want to tell you about. The memory of it convulses me with laughter even now, and I think if I ever have a "blue"

day I'll just sit down quietly, live it all over, and in a very few minutes I'll find myself again facing life with a merry heart.

The weather was blazing hot that Friday. I left the house with a half-dozen cut-down milk cartons, each containing a cupful of plaster of paris; a small jar for water to use in making the liquid plaster; and, fortunately, an extra sack full of plaster of paris. Then I had my Madonna cutouts and paper for the niches. I looked forward with happy anticipation to the joy of the little ones making their statuettes.

And then—for the instruction period, I found myself facing *seventy-seven* children. I hope my instruction wasn't too distracted that morning. Naturally, by that time almost *everybody* was sitting double. When I showed a picture I had to back up against the blackboard so those in the front desks could see it. And as I explained the lesson, a few brain cells in the back of my head were racing forward to the project period after recess. I had cut *lots* of extra pictures, so I had eighty on hand. Plenty! But would I have enough plaster of paris for eighty spoonfuls? I'd have to cut more construction paper, more cardboard squares for bases for the plaster. I could do that during recess.

The period came to an end. We marched to church for our visit and rosary, and then I left the playground in charge of older girls and rushed to prepare more ammunition for our project period. The bell rang to end recess, and cheerfully I welcomed the children back into the room, wondering just **WHAT** was going to happen. Remember, it was still blazing hot.

Carefully I explained to the children what we were going to do and showed them the little sample statuette I had made. There were delighted ohs and ahs. Carefully I chose two of the older third grade girls to help me. They were very proud of their responsibility. First of all, they gave to each child a little two-inch square of cardboard and the cut-out picture. Then for a half-hour I think I turned into a split person. No, I didn't say split personality. I was never more an integrated unit! But one part of me became all hands and eyes that poured half-cupfuls of water into cupfuls of plaster, mixed it to the proper consistency, then dropped it by spoonfuls on the little cards, taking each row of desks in order. The other part of me was all eyes and ears that gathered impressions which later turned into the *burning* memories of those moments, tender or hilarious as the case might be.



Did Our Lady of Guadalupe do it on purpose?

"*Ponga la Virgen!*" I can hear it yet, the excited whisper of my little helpers. I mixed a cupful of plaster at the head of each row, then the two girls and I moved quickly down the aisles stopping at each desk. Domitila held the carton of plaster for me, while Lupe helped the child to place his little cardboard square so that I could drop a spoonful of plaster on it.

"Now put in the little picture," I would tell them, and if the child hesitated, my little helpers, who quickly caught on to the fact that the children *had* to get in the picture before the plaster hardened, would whisper excitedly, "*Ponga la Virgen! Ponga la Virgen!*" (Put in the Virgin!)

I must say the obedience of the children was admirable. We told them to hold the picture in the plaster for a little while. Actually the plaster hardened almost at once, but I had planned it this way to keep little hands occupied and out of mischief. Of course, I hadn't counted on having so *many* pairs of little hands on hand!

Continued on p. 15

LITTLE DODGER

Seven-year-old Arlene had something important to tell us. "As soon as I come home from school I study my catechism. I love to study my catechism."

Sister thought that was a shining example for the rest of the class, but after all were duly impressed, Arlene's sister raised her hand.

"Sister," she reported, "whenever Mother asks Arlene to do anything she runs for her catechism and says she must study!"

SISTER JEAN MARIE
IDA, MICHIGAN

ASPIRATIONS

To help the children learn ejaculations, we give out the Queen's Work aspiration slips after each class. The indulgences are always carefully marked on the prayer. The first time we distributed them we heard a third grader remark to his friend, "You oughta be glad you didn't get this one. You'd have to say it for seven years."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

MIGHT AS WELL

Gordon: Sister, what grade are boys in when they begin studying to be priests?

Sister: Sometimes they can go to a preparatory seminary when they have passed to the ninth grade.

Leslie (five years old): I wouldn't study to be a priest. I'd rather study to be a pope.

SISTER ADRIANA
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS



Taking time to catch up on her sewing is Sister Anita, Coachella, California.



Patients at the county hospital in San Bernardino, California, look forward to the visits of the sisters, and to the good Catholic literature they bring them. Like so many others, this man's favorite is Our Sunday Visitor, brought to him by Sister Mary Magdalen and Sister Mary Kevin.

MISTAKEN BAG

Six-year-old Linda knocked at the door of the fourth grade classroom. Amid a torrent of tears, she asked to see her "big" brother. Putting an affectionate arm around her sob-shaken frame, Tommy accompanied her out of the room. Her audible wail, "I got eggs," was all of the conversation that we heard; but big brother very soon succeeded in pacifying her. He re-entered the room, picked up the paper bag on his bench, and handed it to Linda. Smiles lit up her tear-drenched face as she skipped away.

At the first opportunity I asked Tommy the reason for the storm. Embarrassed, he explained that Linda had mistakenly picked up a bag containing a dozen raw eggs instead of her lunch that morning. To calm her, he had un-

selfishly given her his whole lunch in exchange for the bag of eggs which by now were mostly broken. But Tommy did not have to go hungry, for we sisters shared our basket of lunch with the gallant boy.

SISTER MELITA
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

SOLUTION

At one of our missions the attendance at catechism was poor and there was a discipline problem with the junior high group. We knew that if the boys and girls had their own text books things would look brighter. To be able to give a catechism to each person in class was the next worry. The boys and girls were very poor and would not buy them, and the pastor lived on a very limited budget.

It was a raffle that came to our rescue. The prizes were donated by a sporting goods store—a basketball, football, and a baseball. The little folks were the best salesmen and the raffle was a success in every way. The enrollment increased and the discipline problem disappeared.

SISTER MARY DOLORES
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA



All eyes on the ball. Who will be the lucky one to draw the right number from Sister Mary Dolores' box?

LOST AND FOUND

All day, Mrs. Reyes told me, she had been broken hearted. When I asked if there were something we could do to help, she related this story.

"This morning," she said, "I sent my boy to the store. I put a ten dollar bill inside his pocket. Usually he *walks*, but today he *ran*. It was very windy, and somehow or other when Sonny was to pay for the groceries, he couldn't find the money. He had lost it. He didn't want to go home because he knew what he would get. Nevertheless he ventured to come and tell me. Soon everyone in the family searched for the money, but in vain. The bill was not to be found."

Mrs. Reyes felt bad. Ten dollars was a lot of money. But, she said, she had not lost her confidence in God. She just wouldn't give up.

Mrs. Reyes is a wonderful Catholic mother. She has a large family, and aside from all her house work, she does a great deal of work for the Church. She assists at Mass every day, and for any parish activity she is right there to help.

The day after this incident occurred, as one of the sisters was crossing the road to go to Mass, she saw a green paper on the ground. She picked it up and sure enough, it was a ten dollar bill. She knew it must belong to Mrs. Reyes. The good woman was so surprised and happy when Sister gave it to her that the tears came to her eyes.

"*Alabado y bendito sea Dios* (God be praised and blessed)," she said. "I knew He wouldn't let me down. He didn't. Thank you, God."

SISTER INEZ
BIG SPRING, TEXAS



MOTHER CABRINI BAND
(Wauconda, Ill.)

**Happy
vacation
days
to all!**

WE quote from letters written by Mrs. Rose Hennessey, Secretary of the Band. "Our Band is meeting tonight at my home. We intend to start on Easter things to send to Sister Mary Genrose . . . One of our members, Miss Rose Schoeffler, was chairman of the Hobby Show put on by the Catholic Womens' Club of St. Benedict's. She displayed some of the work our Associates have been doing for the missions. We placed your literature alongside of our exhibit which proved to be a grand success. Miss Schoeffler deserved and received a great deal of praise from all the members."

The exhibits covered a wide range of hobbies. These included a Madonna collection, plate collection, playing card collection, hat collection, bride doll with complete trousseau, hand-made quilts, ceramics, growing plants and hand crocheted doilies among others.

PROMOTER'S DAUGHTER ENJOYS BRIEF VACATION

Fisherman's Wharf, Plymouth, Mass.

In the accompanying photo is Sister James, daughter of Mrs. James O'Brien, Promoter of St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass. Sister pronounced her perpetual vows last summer which was followed by the customary ten day vacation at home. Here Sister is seen accepting the present of a pail of fresh mackerel from a Portuguese fish packer. Sister does not seem to know what to do with her gift, and her uncle looks on amusedly.



our **A** *ssociates*

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND
(Detroit)

A SPECIALTY with this Detroit group, presided over by Miss Lillian T. Dunn, has been the selling of greeting cards, and they have always done well with the project in spite of tremendous competition. Last December they netted around \$200 from sales. The ladies sponsor Sister Mary Mark, who has a married sister in the Band.

SEVEN DOLORS BAND (Bellwood, Ill.)

FOLLOWING is an excerpt taken from a letter written by the Promoter, Mrs. John J. Murphy, dated April 16. "Enclosed is a money order resulting from my party. The seventeenth of March was a beautiful day so all could come and we had a lovely time. We played cards and bunco, and I served a hot lunch at 12:30 p.m. The prizes for each table were pretty aprons. The door prizes were won by Mrs. Bee Clarey (an angel food cake) and Mrs. Wilma Knapp (an apron). The aprons were made by one of our members, Mrs. Anna Thomas, who has a sick husband and so cannot entertain. She was kind enough to make the aprons instead. Wasn't that nice of her?"

G *ub* M *ention*

ST. HELEN BAND (Dayton, O.)

BESIDES sending their usual generous contributions to Victory Noll, this group under the leadership of Miss Helen Melke has also undertaken to assist Sister Eleanor, whom the Band promotes, and her companions at West Harwich, Massachusetts in their local needs, especially in outfitting their convent chapel. During the past year they have sent a Benediction cope and veil, a censer, incense boat and candelabras, besides money to be used for special class needs. May God abundantly bless these wonderful mission friends!

ST. JUSTIN MARTYR BAND (Chicago)

OUR Promoters know how to cope successfully with the problem of having benefit parties, even during Lent. Mrs. Fred Kiefer, Promoter of St. Justin's, wrote that instead of having their pinocle game at night, when refreshments would have had to be foregone because of the Lenten fast, they had their meeting at lunch time instead. The ladies turned out well for the event and \$10.25 was realized.

ST. ANTHONY CLUB (Chicago)

THE Promoter of this Band, Mrs. Agnes Beck, because of persistent ill health has had to forego her mission activities. However, so great has been her achievements in behalf of our sisters in the past, that she may well "rest on her laurels." Mrs. Beck gave many benefit parties for us in conjunction with Mrs. Catherine Service, deceased, once head of St. Joseph's Band I, as also Chief Promoter of all Chicago Bands. She worked, too, with Mrs. Helen Garrity, former head of the Little Flower Band, in sponsoring mission parties. She has given many parties in her home and elsewhere as Promoter of St. Anthony Club. Mrs. Beck estimates she has poured into our needy mission treasury close to \$6,600 during the past two decades of years. What a record, and with what confidence she can look forward to our Blessed Lord's promise to reward as done to Himself all aid given to His poor and unfortunate brethren!

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 15, 1954 to May 19, 1954

Charitina Club I, Chicago,	
Helen Ford	\$ 6.75
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill.,	
Mary Gibbons	21.00

Plan
NOW
for Fall
parties.



Florentine Band, St. Louis,	
Clare Luechtefeld	29.50
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,	
Mrs. J. McGovern	40.00
Little Flower M. Circle, Chicago,	
Veronica Foertsch	40.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati,	
Janette Brown	1.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind.,	
Mrs. Dan Herzog	13.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne,	
Mrs. Geo. Deininger	10.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. Clara Band of St. Mary's, Fort Wayne,	
Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O.,	
Helen Melke	8.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago,	
May Walsh	3.50
St. Joseph Band II, Chicago,	
Mrs. A. Naumes	57.85
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y.,	
Margaret Bocchino	43.20
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne,	
Mrs. Fred Potthoff	26.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Fred Kiefer	16.25
St. Katherine Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. K. Hammer	10.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Edw. Potter	29.50
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha,	
Mrs. Fred Shields	105.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Fort Wayne,	
Mrs. A. Hake	200.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. L. Lopez	16.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago,	
Mary Schaefer	34.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. K. Quinlan	10.00
St. Stephen Band, Detroit,	
Mrs. Jos. Koroly	5.25
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. J. Burch	85.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill.,	
Mrs. John Murphy	18.50
Srillians Band, Cincinnati,	
Eleanor Hanekamp	100.00



ACTUALLY we weren't looking for them at all. It was a lady living somewhere in the same direction that we were really after. It was a long way out in the country so we stopped to inquire of a man who was working near an unfinished house. After asking whether he knew where the lady lived, we also asked whether he knew of any other Catholics living in the vicinity. He answered, "Nobody but us."

At first we weren't quite sure we had heard right so we asked again. The same answer came back with expansion: "The people across the road aren't. Neither are those over there. So we're the only ones."

We asked him a few questions for our census records, but he decided that he wasn't qualified to answer. Nothing would do but we must come in the house. In the meantime he would go upstairs and get Tillie.

He was rather short and very bald; he bounced briskly over the piles of dirt and lumber that surrounded the house and finally disappeared around the back. We followed more gingerly, testing each step.

If the house had had a wall and moat around it, it wouldn't have seemed more inaccessible than it did. As yet the steps had not been built up to the front porch. We were just managing the climb via a stone and a turned up sewer pipe when Mr. Lingoni appeared at the door.

"There's a little ladder over on this side," he explained. "You can use that when you go back down. Come in, come in. Tillie will be down in just a minute."

Come in we did, to the empty rooms of a half-built house. Mr. Lingoni explained that they had finished the upstairs first and lived up there while he worked on the downstairs.

"Sit down, sit down," he said as he went out the back door. Whether he was going to hurry up Tillie or get us a chair, we couldn't decide. The only thing resembling something to sit on didn't appear too substantial.

We hardly had time to look around when the door opened again. It was Tillie, followed by her husband. She was a tall, raw-boned woman. Her hair was cut short. It had been black at one time; since it had turned gray, she had evidently decided she would look nicer with it red now.

This time Mister left the door wide open. Within a minute a huge, lop-eared hound made his ungainly way up the back steps. There was

Buster

by Sister Paula

immediate action on the part of Missus while the dog took a quick sniff at Sister and me.

"Get him! Here, Buster! What did you leave that door open for?"

Tillie started around one side of the room while Mr. Lingoni went around the other to head off Buster. But obviously Buster was used to this game. He ran straight across the room and out the front door.

With that Mrs. Lingoni informed us that Buster always does that if they leave the door open. Her remarks were punctuated by calls of "Here, Buster!" and to her husband, "Go and catch him."

Mister didn't even pretend to hear her. He was busy explaining how they had built the fence around the back yard because Buster was always running away.

Finally Tillie gave up trying to make him hear and went out herself. Since Mr. Lingoni seemed inclined to talk on and on we decided it was a good time to take their census, Buster or no Buster, whether he thought he could answer or not. From time to time we glanced out the window to see Tillie following Buster hither and yon over the fields.

Our questions answered, we stood up to leave just as Tillie re-entered the room.

"Did you catch Buster?" we asked brightly, although it was evident she hadn't since she was alone.

"No," she replied, and asked her husband to come out and help. This time he heard her and started placidly out after her, falling farther behind all the time.

We felt like *Alice in Wonderland* as we literally tripped down the little ladder. As we drove off, the last we saw of this oddly matched couple they were both shouting "Here, Buster!" at an ignoring dog. They were creeping stealthily around trees and bushes trying to trap him between themselves. But Buster was still running back and forth, always out of reach.

We felt like *Alice in Wonderland* as we literally tripped down the little ladder. As we drove off, the last we saw of this oddly matched couple they were both shouting "Here, Buster!" at an ignoring dog. They were creeping stealthily around trees and bushes trying to trap him between themselves. But Buster was still running back and forth, always out of reach.



COMPENSATIONS

Continued from p. 9

Now and then, in this strange world of coordinated effort, I found my eyes deceiving me. Two squares of cardboard on a desk with one child? I would look up. "Alicia, put that cardboard back on your *own* desk!" I would say sternly, and Alicia, looking very shy, would withdraw the cardboard she had shoved up to her neighbor's desk, just to be sure I wouldn't overlook her.

Or, "Marta! You know very well you were not in this row! Go back to where you were sitting!"

Actually, I didn't know exactly where Marta *had* been sitting, but she was not in the row when I had looked at it to gauge how much plaster to mix for them; so I knew that she, like Alicia and a few others I could name, was taking no chances on being overlooked and had decided to move over on the chance of getting attention a little earlier. How many such private plans I frustrated in the interest of the public good!

Cardboard, spoon of plaster, *la Virgen*; cardboard, spoon of plaster, *la Virgen*. Little anxious eyes watching my every move, little hands moving carefully to fix *la Virgen* in her snowy mounting, little heads, bright or dark as the case might be, bending down over the precious work of art until the plaster should be safely dry. What an intensity of life there was in those quickly passing minutes! (And somewhere along the line was Manuela, making what would be her grandma's cherished keepsake.)

Unfortunately, by the time I had reached perhaps the fortieth child, the first ten boys were aware that their plaster was hard and their hands free. Likewise, the temporary awe inspired by their share in a Great Undertaking had also worn off, and grieved as I am to say it, there began to arise the buzz of cheerful conversation and the occasional squeal that indicates pulled hair, an embedded pin, or whatever. By this time I had perhaps fifty down with thirty to go, so from my world of cardboard and plaster I could only look up now and then, fix the evil-doers with a mean stare and a curt order to be quiet (which they obeyed cheerfully until I had passed perhaps two more desks) and then continue my work. Time was passing, and after all I had only an hour to complete the project!

At last the final spoonful of the seventy-seven was dropped. (May I mention that it was

still blazing hot?) Everybody was in a happy mood. I should have stopped there and called it a day, but no, I gave them the construction paper and we started to construct niches for the statuettes. It was a trifly maddening when now and then, as I held up the sample and showed them WHICH way to fold the paper, the usual ten percent would insist on folding it the other way. However, it too was finally accomplished, and by means of gummed paper distributed by my helpers, the niches were "nailed" to form a little overhead canopy for the statuette. The bell rang for the end of the period and I cautioned the children to carry their little prize home carefully, not to drop it, and to allow it to stand quietly all day to be sure the plaster would harden completely. They filed out proudly, and I wondered how many of those labored-over statuettes would reach home safely. (Manuela's did.)

I packed my things and got into the car. It was still blazing hot, but at least NOW I had time to laugh!

That was the highest attendance I had during the summer school. It is my private opinion that Our Lady of Guadalupe saw to it that as large a number as possible of her little devotees received her *retrato*. And next week, incidentally, I acquired two lay helpers and separated the class into two rooms, instructing both groups myself and allowing our helpers to superintend the project period.

Now do you see what I mean about Compensations? I had forgotten those hot mornings in June when I came to Grandma's little home in September, when I visited Amada's home in January. But—I feel in a high school mood today—as I began with Emerson, let me close with Virgil: "In days to come it will be pleasant to remember these things."

So it has happened. As I look forward to another summer school, wondering what further excitement those days will bring, one thing I am sure of: It is sweet to work hard for Our Lord. It is sweet to give one's self to His little ones for His dear sake. And it is very sweet when now and then He in turn gives us His Compensations.



We would like very much to have a copy of *Sponsa Regis*, March 1953, for our library at Victory Noll. If any of our readers can send it to us, we will be most grateful.



Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

BY the time you receive this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST year-end examinations will be a memory and you will be enjoying the carefree days of summer vacation. Even the more ambitious, among our older Helpers, who have sought and found jobs to help pay next year's school expenses will at least have found a welcome and needful change from sitting at school desks for long hours.

There are just a few admonitions which we wish to give you at this season. Be sure to assist at Sunday Mass wherever you are, receive Holy Communion *at least* once a week, say your morning and night prayers faithfully, keep good company, view only Class "A" pictures at your neighborhood movie and approved TV programs, be respectful and obedient to parents and gentle and kind toward companions.

May God and Mary bless you always!

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

SHELBY, OHIO HELPER

In the accompanying picture is *Mary Jo Drilling*, age 10, of *Shelby, Ohio*. She attends Most Pure Heart of Mary School taught by the brown Franciscans of Joliet. She will be confirmed in the Fall. Mary Jo was an active Brownie until May 21, when she became, with a group of girls, an Intermediate Scout. On that day they had a combined Mother's Day and "fly up" celebration, which ended with a silver tea.



Mary Jo's aunt is Sister Mary Louise at Victory Noll.

Dear Sister:

Enclosed is one dollar to renew my subscription to your magazine which will expire next month. I hate to miss even one issue. I enjoy it very much and bring it to school when I finish reading it. I give it to my teacher, Mother Loretta, and she in turn gives it to the other sisters and so it gets read thoroughly. I hope that my dollar will help you in your work. I pray for you and the other missionaries always. I must end now and do my homework.

*Jo Anne Emanuele,
Miami, Florida*

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA HELPERS



In the above picture are Billy and Patrick Canepa, of Hampton, Virginia. They attend St. Rose of Lima School in their city. This picture was taken when they were on a trip to see their aunt, Sister M. William Ann, at Victory Noll.



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Helpers pages



Thank you for sending me the magazine with my picture. My mother is going to send you a box of cancelled stamps and some Sunshine Bags which she made and which we strung. I am in the sixth grade now and we gave vocation talks. I gave one about *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters* and I dressed up like one, too. My mother made the dress.

Joanne Karnitz,
Milwaukee, Wis.

My name is Mary Louise Ann Klinkhardt. I go to a Catholic school. I am 10 years old and have a brother Philip, 5 years old. Love,

Mary L. Klinkhardt,
Hayti, Missouri

Note: Mary likes to work our puzzles.

One day this month a priest came to our school to talk on vocations. When he finished, Father passed out slips of paper. If we thought we had a vocation we were to write it on the paper. I wrote that I thought I would like to become a Missionary Sister in the United States and the order I had in mind was the Missionary Catechists.

Mary Jane Vogt,
Monongahela, Pa.

"SEVEN LITTLE FELLERS"

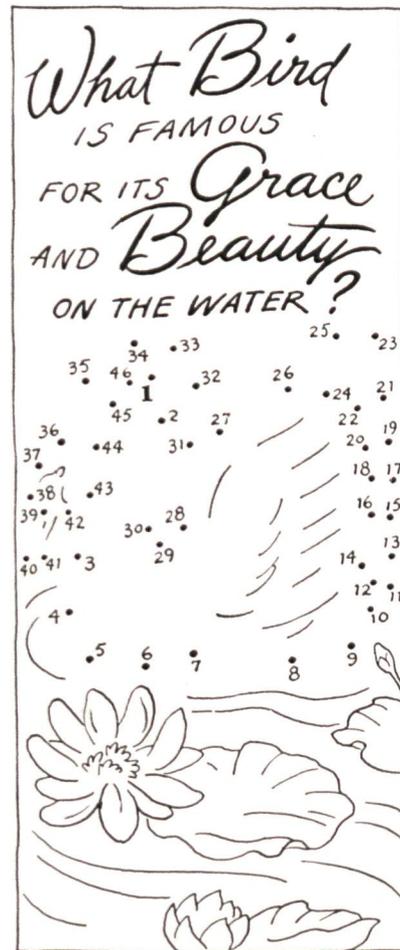


Reading from left to right are Paul, Karen, John, Danny, Linda, Dicky and Marilyn Feller, of Dubuque, Iowa, with their great aunt, Sister Julia Marie. Danny and Dicky are twins. They are all enthusiastic Loyal Helpers of Mary.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLE

1. Herring, 2. bass, 3. pike, 4. pickerel, 5. cod,
6. sturgeon, 7. trout, 8. perch, 9. tuna, 10. salmon.

JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE



Draw a line from dot to dot and send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary, MLH, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.

Books



LA CONQUISTADORA. The Autobiography of an Ancient Statue by Fray Angelico Chavez. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. \$2.

A more charming way of telling the story of *La Conquistadora* could hardly be devised than the one chosen by Fray Angelico. He lets the little statue tell her own story, and well indeed does she do it.

La Conquistadora is the affectionate name of an ancient statue of Our Blessed Mother enshrined in the historic Cathedral of St. Francis in Santa Fe. How old it is, no one knows. Carved in wood, it represented originally the Assumption of Our Lady, but in the course of time the statue has been altered until now it is known as Our Lady of the Rosary.

It was brought from Spain to Mexico in the sixteenth century. In 1625 it was taken to the new Kingdom of New Mexico. When the Spanish people fled south after the Indian uprising in 1680, they carried their treasured statue with them. The image returned with them after the reconquest. Fray Angelico quashes the legend that DeVargas carried it with him when he entered New Mexico. He explains correctly too, the origin of the Rosario Chapel where *La Conquistadora* is carried every year in processions.

No one is so well qualified to tell this delightful story as Fray Angelico. A son of St. Francis and a son of the people, his own direct ancestors, to whom he dedicates his work, were among those who cared so lovingly for *La Conquistadora*.

Anyone who has seen the statue and the country that figures in its story will, on reading this book, feel a certain nostalgia for those places and will long to visit again the little image enshrined in her chapel in the cathedral. During the summer months of this Marian Year *La Conquistadora* is going to travel once again through her ancient kingdom. It is planned to have the statue visit every parish in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. Fray Angelico has made her so "alive" that we find ourselves wondering whimsically what her feelings will be when she visits once again the places that figured so prominently in her long history.

GOD'S ENGINEER by Daniel Sargent. Scepter Press, 5544 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. \$2.

This is the biography of Isidoro Zorzano, a young Spanish engineer who was one of the first members of the Secular Institute *Opus Dei*. It is

not a definitive biography because many of those who were associated with Isidoro are still living.

Isidoro was born in the Argentine in 1902. When he was three years old, his family returned to Spain, his parents being natives of that country. He received his engineering degree in 1927 and worked for the Andalusian Railroad in Malaga and later in Madrid for the National Railroad Network. In 1930 Isidoro became a member of *Opus Dei*. His heroic efforts were largely instrumental in keeping the Institute alive during the civil war. He was an excellent engineer and sought perfection in his profession. After an extremely painful illness he died on July 15, 1943. Only five years later the process of his beatification was begun. Numerous favors have been attributed to his intercession.

This is a beautiful life, told with simplicity and feeling. Mr. Sargent understands well the work of Secular Institutes, a work so vitally needed in the turbulent world of today. In a foreword to the book Bishop O'Connor of Madison explains the role of *Opus Dei* and other Secular Institutes and stresses the importance of the influence of men like Isidoro.

Prayer at the Scapular Enrollment

Let us pray. O Lord Jesus Christ, Savior of all men, bless with Thy right hand this habit, which, for love of Thee and Thy holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel, this servant shall wear with devotion; that through her intercession he may be guarded against the wicked one and remain in Thy grace until the moment of death. Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.



In your charity pray for our departed:

Isidore Daskoski, Winona, Minn., father of Sister Adriana, O.L.V.M.

Julia Bien, Detroit, mother of Sister Mary Regis, O.L.V.M.

George Dorrman, Cincinnati, brother of Sister Bertha, O.L.V.M.

Rev. Lawrence H. Trembly, Union City, Pa.

Sister Mary Clotilda Sullivan, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.

Sophia Sanchez, Dilia, N. Mex.

Edward Willard, Michigan City, Indiana

Christina Homerding, ACM, Wauconda, Ill.

George J. Loerzel, Chicago

Rose Frank, Columbus, Ohio

Stella Lewandowski, Detroit

Joseph Malecki, Detroit

Easy Assignment

by Sister Charlene

SUMMERTIME means Queen of the Missions in Redlands for Southern California Sisters. We look forward to our month there beginning with our annual retreat. When we gather together from all the various missions, it does become a rather overflowing convent. The large rooms seem to expand to accommodate us, but no one minds crowded quarters.

When there are seventy sisters in one house it takes cooperation to run things smoothly. On arrival at Redlands one of the first things you do is to consult the bulletin board to find your weekly assignment. It is always interesting and sometimes surprising.

Thus it was one summer afternoon upon arrival at Redlands I read under my name: *Sweep front steps, lower half*. Now I should have been suspicious, for the front steps at Redlands are notorious. But I had never had occasion to venture down them and so I was ignorant as to their expanse and condition.

Let's see, there are one hundred steps; half is fifty. Lower half meant descending fifty to arrive at where I would begin. Well, they couldn't be very dirty being swept nearly every day. I should be able to finish in half an hour.

The following morning I began my descent, armed with one slightly over-used broom. "Perhaps I'll be able to help out in the laundry when my work is finished," I said to myself magnanimously on the way down.

Hmm—eight steps and then a large landing. This will take a little longer than I expected. Oh well, they are pretty clean up here. But as I went farther, the landings got longer and the steps more covered with wild dates . . . Maybe an hour, I reckoned.

Then I arrived at the beginning of my half. The steps were covered with small sticky pieces of dates. How did this happen? The answer was soon apparent. A rustle in the date tree made me jump; I turned around to see a small squirrel running to safer quarters.



"You certainly make a mess. I wish you'd eat the peelings," was my complaint to him as I took up the broom and began to sweep.



Do you get an idea now of the size of these steps?

Just then an indignant bird perched on a nearby limb made it known in no uncertain manner that he resented my intrusion regardless of motive. He and the squirrel probably shared their meals of wild dates and felt they had a priority on this section.

"It's my assignment," I explained, but it made no impression. However, the bird soon yielded to the inevitable and took flight, still protesting.

As I swept away, the progress began to be noticeable. A look back showed seemingly vast expanses of well-swept concrete with neat piles of bits of uncultivated dates waiting to be picked up. I began to feel very far away from civilization—a pleasant sort of solitude. In the distance I could see Sister Mary Monica sweeping the upper half.

An hour or more later my task was finished. Now, just pick up the little stacks and all would be completed. Pick them up? But how? With what? No dustpan, shovel or any other useable instrument was available and I was a hundred steps, several landings and a long walk around the house from the needed tool. I could not sweep the piles off the side. Wall-like concrete sides prevented that. Nothing to do but go up. Warily I began the long climb. Half way up I sighted Sister Mary Monica. What did she have in her hand? A dustpan! I soon reached her, borrowed the dustpan, and overwhelmed her with my gratitude. It gave me new vigor to descend, clean up what was left, and begin the climb again. I reached the top puffing, just in time to hear the bell for noon prayers.

Plop, plop came a sound behind me. There was no need to turn around to guess that the gentle breeze was depositing more dates on my cleanly swept steps.

