

M

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C

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9-1954

SEPTEMBER is, in a way, our "first of the year," as it is for all teachers and students. The week after the public schools open in the fall, we begin our religion classes. Home visiting begins as soon as we return to our missions the latter part of August.

At the time this is being written, the yearly assignments have not been announced. We will get them on the feast of Our Blessed Mother's Assumption, August 15. First of all, naturally, your own appointment is the most exciting thing to you; after that, perhaps the appointments for the new convents.

This year there will be six new missions, each in a different part of the country. They are: Burlington, Vermont; Kennett, Missouri; Durant, Oklahoma; Hawthorne, Nevada; Willows, California; and San Diego, also in California. This will be our second convent in San Diego. We have staffed a clinic there since 1948.

For those who are mindful of statistics, here are a few. These new missions bring our total number of convents to fifty-nine. We will then be located in twenty States, the new ones being Vermont and Oklahoma. Three of the 1954 convents are in new dioceses: Burlington, a see city, Durant in the Diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, and Willows in the Sacramento Diocese. How many more children we will have under instruction, we are unable to predict exactly now.

Burlington is our second convent in New England, West Harwich, Massachusetts having been opened last fall. For a number of years our Nevada Sisters have been teaching summer school in Hawthorne. Now we will be there the year round.

But even with so many added missions, there is still a waiting list of bishops and priests asking for sisters. We must have more vocations if we are to fill these requests.

GIFTS TO THE CHURCH

TWO years ago the mother of one of our sisters, here for her daughter's profession, met the retreat master, the Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D. It was not their first meeting. Father recalled that many years ago a young girl had been one of his retreatants at Techny. While there she consulted him about a possible religious vocation. His advice was, "Go home and get married." She did.

And today? She has a son a Precious Blood Father, another who will soon be ordained a Josephite, a daughter who is a Poor Handmaid of Jesus Christ, and another daughter in our community. And Father Bruno? Of course he claims some of the credit. Wouldn't you?

the *M*issionary *G*atechist

SEPTEMBER 1954

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ON THE COVER

Friendly doors open to the Missionary Sisters as they begin their rounds of home visits and census taking.

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Off to a New Start

Sister Mary Alice finds a holy picture in her bag for the little ones while Sister Charlene checks the census with Mother.

THE special work to which Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters dedicate themselves is that of giving religious instructions to Catholic children who attend public schools. They also do social service and parish census work. Through home visits they find children and adults too who are in need of instruction,

marriages that should be convalidated, babies and even older children whose baptism has been neglected. The sisters teach after school hours, at lunch time, and on Saturdays and Sundays. In places where released time is in effect they teach during school hours, but off the school premises.



Children can forget so many things over the summer months. Sister Marie reviews the act of contrition with these little ones.

Soldier Braves of Christ

by Sister Mary Gertrude



It was a decidedly different confirmation that we sisters attended in the Indian pueblos of Santo Domingo and San Felipe here in New Mexico. Including the babies, over five hundred Indians were confirmed at Santo Domingo and over two hundred at San Felipe. In the former pueblo the ceremonies lasted from nine till one, and in the latter from two to four-thirty!

For us confirmation day began early. We arrived at Santo Domingo about eight o'clock. Shortly afterwards we were greeted by the sacristan who holds his dignified office for life. The sacristan, followed by his cat, climbed the ladders leading to the roof. Here he complied with his duty of summoning the people to Mass by beating the bell with a rock.

In the distance a shepherd was bringing a large flock of sheep down the slope of a high hill. He would be present for the confirmation. Children appeared and quickly disappeared with one of the sisters to go over once again some of the important catechism answers. An Indian carried our portable organ into the church, for the people would sing hymns during Mass.

Now the women were assembling in front of the church, all eyes turned toward the road that would bring the Archbishop. Suddenly a little girl announced bluntly, "Archbishop coming!"

"How do you know?" we questioned, seeing nothing that indicated the arrival of Archbishop Byrne. She pointed to the crest of a high hill where the men on watch had just lighted the signal fire.

Instantly trucks, cars, horsemen dashed from all sections of the pueblo, raising a great cloud of dust as the Indians hastened to welcome their Archbishop.

We sisters entered the church and in about fifteen minutes tooting horns told us that His Excellency was being escorted to the pueblo. A trumpeter, accompanied by the beating of a

tom-tom energetically announced the arrival of the Archbishop at the entrance to the church yard. Down upon the ground went the brightly colored blankets worn by the men, while the braves formed a court of honor. The Archbishop walked over the blankets spread along the path to the church door. Here the shrill tones of the horn and the booming of the tom-tom again began the fan fare. Women removed their beautiful shawls and spread them carefully over the dirt floor of the church. A small space remained yet uncovered. A mother with her papoose on her back generously gave up her shawl and carried her baby in her arms.

Thus entered His Excellency, the Archbishop of Santa Fe, amidst the sound of babies' cries, the voices of officers giving directions, the high pitch of the horn and the even rhythm of the tom-tom. Rising above the tumult was the music of the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*. While Archbishop Byrne knelt in prayer on a prie-dieu covered with attractive Indian rugs, more than a thousand Indians crowded into the church for Mass.

After Mass the boys and their sponsors lined up in the center of the church. When they were confirmed they left the church to make room for the girls. Some of the babies, carried in the arms of their sponsors, put up a defensive by directing vigorous kicks at the august person of the Archbishop.

After a short lunch period His Excellency went to San Felipe, a few miles distant. Here the faithful were lined up on each side of the road. The Archbishop alighted at the entrance to the pueblo and walked to the church in company with the governor and other officials.

At the church the recently installed electric lights were blazing in welcome. The church bell rang jubilantly. Indian rugs were already placed in the path of the Archbishop. Mothers, sponsors, and confirmants were lined up along what would be an aisle in other churches. There are no pews or benches in Indian Churches. The people kneel on the floor.



Interior of 200-year-old San Felipe Church, San Felipe, New Mexico. A Franciscan Father is celebrating Mass. Sons of St. Francis converted the Pueblo Indians to Christianity and still care for their spiritual needs.

The mothers, as usual, carried their papooses on their backs. One heroic sponsor had one on her back and another in front wrapped securely in her shawl. To speed things up a bit, His Excellency asked Sister Mary Bernadette to hold the papooses. They didn't seem to mind in the least being transferred from their mother's backs to Sister's arms. Some slept peacefully on despite the healthy wails of their contemporaries.

After more than two hundred were confirmed at San Felipe our hearts repeated the *Deo gratias* voiced by the Archbishop as he returned to the altar. What a feat of endurance it had been for him—confirming eight hundred in the two pueblos! Now it was all over and His Excellency was leaving the Indian village. Along the way people came out of their homes to catch a last glimpse of their Archbishop. It was a tired but happy Shepherd who returned their farewell waves with a blessing.



Mrs. Gonzales, Angostura, N. Mex. has reared a large family and still helps with farm chores. Nevertheless, she never misses a CCD meeting. She teaches the First Communion class and a fine job she does. She has arranged to have the class on Saturday afternoon in order to give extra time afterward to those who need special help.

REAL Catholic Actionists are these Confraternity of Christian Doctrine workers. Were it not for them and other C.C.D. members, hundreds of Catholic children would receive no regular instruction in their religion. Sister Mary Frances of Holbrook, Arizona, sent us the New Mexico pictures. They were taken by the Rev. Chrysostom Partee, O.F.M., pastor of Santa Rosa Church, Blanco, New Mexico.

Two years ago Father Chrysostom asked our sisters to organize the Confraternity in his parish which, like so many parishes in New Mexico, consists of various sections, each a great distance from the other. To arrange religion classes for all the children would be impossible without the cooperation of the lay catechists. One of last year's teachers is now a novice at Victory Noll.

CCD Means Work



Mrs. Lucy Archuleta of Pump Canyon wastes no time getting started, but distributes the Junior Messengers as soon as the children arrive from school.



Mrs. Fidel Gomez of Angostura has a large family of her own to look after, but graciously volunteered to help and considers it a privilege to do so. In the town of Blanco two teachers take charge of the children who live near the church. Here is Miss Elisa Prado with the younger group. Mrs. Abeyta takes care of the older children on another day. These children form a small but interested class around the kitchen table in the home of their teacher, Mrs. Connie Vigil of Turley.



Sister Barbara Ann, herself adept in the art of visiting (and it IS an art) gives her Lawndale, California, Confraternity class some pointers on saying the right thing at the right time.

CARDINAL McINTYRE, Cardinal Archbishop of Los Angeles, has earned for himself the title "Cardinal of the Schools," so many Catholic schools has he erected since he came to California. Although parochial school enrollment in the Archdiocese in the past five years has increased seventy-three percent, there are still thousands and thousands of Catholic children in public schools.

To provide religious instruction for these children the Cardinal has appealed to the laity to help. It is the privilege of our sisters to instruct these zealous women, to teach them to impart religious knowledge to the children.



Two of Sister Barbara Ann's pupils put their knowledge to use as they start out to find children who should be coming to class.



Another member of the Blanco parish CCD is Miss Clara Munoz who teaches the children of the far end of Pump Canyon.

THE dioceses we have mentioned here—Gallup, New Mexico, and Los Angeles—are not the only ones that have a large number of Confraternity workers. In other parts of the United States our sisters, as well as sisters of other communities, conduct Confraternity classes. All are united with the national office in Washington, D. C.

Proof for Mary Jane

by Sister Evelyn Marie

“. . . and they don't even appreciate it!"

With that Mary Jane left the sacristy where she had been helping me put away the vestments after the nine-thirty Mass. I smiled to myself as I recalled the whole conversation. I had noticed the unusually serious expression on the face of my teen-age friend and helper when she joined me that morning.

"Something wrong, Mary Jane?"

"Yes, Sister," came the prompt reply. "Why wasn't I born a boy?"

"Goodness, Mary Jane! You aren't finding fault with God's choice, are you?"

"No, Sister. Not exactly, that is. But if I were a boy I could serve at the altar and later on I could be a priest."

"Well, since you are not eligible for these man-given privileges, why not settle with the happy thought that you are able to help around the altar and care for the sacred vestments as you do? Then too, there's always the religious life for any girl so inclined to serve God in a special way."

"Yes, I know, Sister, but have you ever noticed how altar boys just take for granted that they can serve? As if it is their own doing that they are boys!"

"Well now, Mary Jane, I can't say that I have," I replied, taking a quick mental inventory of my group of newly formed servers.



Secretary Benito Martinez reads the minutes of the last meeting. Santa Maria Unit of the Knights of the Altar, Ogden, Utah.



Some of the Knights willingly explain their chart containing the record of Masses served, to Sister Antonia and two of the sodalists.

"There they are every day at Mass so close to the altar and the priest and God and . . ."

Then had come her parting thrust that kept me musing for a time. "I wonder if Mary Jane could be right? Are these boys really unmindful of the honor and dignity that are theirs?"

A little plan formed in my mind.

At the next meeting of the altar boys small pink slips of paper were passed to each one.

"Please, boys," I announced, answering the questioning looks from seven pairs of eyes, "write on this little paper your own reason for wanting to be an altar boy."

"Aw, Sister!" rang the chorus.

"Come now, you must have a reason. Don't be bashful. Just be honest and get busy and write!"

After a few looks ceiling-ward (for inspiration, I suppose) pencils went to work and soon seven slips of pink paper were returned to me. Curbing my curiosity, I pocketed the all-revealing papers and we proceeded with the business meeting. Later, when I returned to the convent I was happy to read what the boys had written—proofs for Mary Jane that altar boys do appreciate the privilege that is theirs. Here they are:

1. Because I like to be close to Jesus Christ.

2. Because I want to learn to serve and to help the priest.
3. Because I want to be a priest when I get old enough and I want to learn the Latin while I am young.
4. I want to serve the God in Heaven.
5. So I can help the church and myself.
6. I think it is a privilege to be on the altar with the priest so near to God.
7. I want to be an altar boy because I want to be near to God and praise Him.



Joseph Arney, the unit's president, is happy to be able to dress the chalice and lay out vestments.

Tom's Request

by Sister Justine

"SISTER, could you please get me a Baltimore Catechism to send to a friend of mine?" was Bill's plea the very first day I began what would be his weekly instruction.

I assured him I would be happy to get one for him, but I couldn't figure out how Billy even knew about the existence of such a book as a Baltimore Catechism when he had had little or no instruction so far in the Catholic faith. Billy is a crippled lad, confined to his home and unable to attend regular religious instructions with the other children.

His request and a few questions on my part led to the story of his friend Tom. It was in the hospital that Tom, a young Czech orphan had struck up a special friendship with Billy. Each week, as Billy's family would come and shower him with attention and gifts, Tom's aloneness struck them more and more forcibly.

Soon they began to include Tom in their news and fun. After the boys parted, Bill being now well enough to return home, cards and letters kept up the memory of time shared in suffering. And now Tom had learned that Bill was going to take instructions in preparation for his First Holy Communion.

"Oh, Bill," Tom wrote, "you know that I am a Catholic. How I would like to be as lucky as you and study for my First Communion. Do you think that your teacher would send me a Baltimore Catechism so that I can learn my prayers and lessons? I still have my little crucifix over my bed."

How wise Our Lord is in giving us suffering when even the young are drawn closer to Him by it. We are sending a catechism and a box of religious articles to Tom. We are sorry he is not closer to us, but perhaps we can help him to reach that coveted goal.

Books

(See also p. 18)

A PERFECT GIFT FOR GOD by Father Francis, 1501 S. Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. 20 cents. Special rates for quantities.

Any book designed to help children appreciate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a welcome edition to the catechetical library. This is an especially good explanation of Holy Mass.

MARY, FULL OF GRACE by Father Francis. Single copy, 25 cents. Quantity prices for all the Father Francis color books: 2 to 10 books, 20 cents; 11 to 24, 18 cents; 25 to 99, 15 cents; 100 or more, 14 cents. Assortment of titles is allowed.

Like all the Father Francis books, this one is excellent. Designed especially for the Marian Year, it follows the life of Our Blessed Mother from "Mary in the Mind of God" through "Mary's Triumph." The text is on the intermediate and upper grade level, but even small children will be happy to color the beautiful illustrations. *Mary, Full of Grace*, like all the Father Francis color books, contains thirty-two pages, size eight and a half by eleven.

For a complete list of catechetical books and their description, write to *Father Francis* at the Milwaukee address. You will find something appropriate for every religion class on the elementary school level.

THE FORMATION OF A LAY APOSTLE by Francis N. Wendell, O.P. The Third Order of St. Dominic, 141 E. 65th St., New York, 21, N. Y. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

This is the second edition of a book published ten years ago. It has been thoroughly revised to bring it up to date. It is very timely right now when there is such a vital need of an intelligent lay apostolate in the Church. A lay apostle must be a spiritual man. To lay this spiritual foundation is the purpose of this book. Every chapter is eminently practical. There is an excellent bibliography.

IRISH ANN

Last year one of our good Catholic families adopted two little Irish orphans, a boy and a girl. Now some of you might remember the story in the April issue of the *Catholic Digest* of the little Irish girl who reached out her arms to the first sister she saw when she landed in New York. When we read that story we asked ourselves, "Could this be Ann?" Her parents assured us it was. Despite the love given her by her new father and mother, Ann still loves sisters and wants to be picked up by us each time she sees us. When her mother makes cookies, Ann goes to the sand pile and "makes cookies for the *sissors*."

SISTER CLAUDIA
MATHIS, TEXAS

MYSTERY OF THE MICROSCOPE

I was sitting at the microscope doing a blood count when three-year-old Melvin wandered in and watched me curiously. "Sistah," he said finally, "you-all got youah eyes closed."

"No, Melvin, I'm looking at something through these holes." I continued my work and Melvin continued to watch. Then he made one more observation.

"What you-all see, Sistah? A boogey man?"

SISTER MARY CHRISTINE
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

WE EARN OUR LIVING

A few weeks ago Father had a Day of Recollection for the women of the parish. We had our first experience in baby sitting. The babies led us a merry chase all day. That night we felt we had earned our daily bread.

SISTER MARY GENROSE
GROVE HILL, ALABAMA



Early evening was the best time for this little family to take instructions from Sister Mary Patrick. Baby seems to like the arrangement.



FIVE DOLLAR BABIES

Our small children are enthusiastic about ransoming pagan babies. They have Holy Childhood certificates for Mary and Joseph and are working for another little boy. The older children in the group and the little ones who are "old-timers" at catechism class understand that they do not get to see the babies, but that their five dollar contribution is used to care for an abandoned child in a Catholic orphanage.

Carol, who was just five, was late in enrolling for religious instruction. When first she heard about the pagan baby, she was too excited to listen to explanations. After class she met her mother with the news that she was going to get a baby for five dollars. Her mother wasn't sure what it was all about, but she was sure that one couldn't buy any baby, not even a pagan one, for five dollars. She tried to tell Carol that she wouldn't be able to bring the baby home. "But maybe they'll let me have it for just a few days," Carol insisted.

At home, Carol busied herself preparing a bed and collecting her toys for the baby. In vain did her mother try to shake her childlike confidence. Finally for lack of further arguments, she said, "You'll have to pray hard if you want a baby." Carol was off to her room in a flash. She began to pray at the top of her voice. Her mother ran up to see what was wrong. "You said I have to pray hard for the baby and this is the hardest I can pray," was Carol's matter-of-fact explanation.

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

NEW DEFINITIONS

Sister: What do you mean by Holy Orders?

Dennis (nine years old): Orders which Christ gives us to be good and keep the Ten Commandments.

SISTER MARGARET MARY

Matrimony is the sacrament that unites a man and woman in awful marriage for life.

SISTER ROBERTA
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Evening recreation, Abilene, Texas. Around the table, beginning on the left: Sister Lucia, Sister Mary Irmina, Sister Rose Mary, and Sister Joan.

LITTLE BOY VS. BIG WORDS

It was examination time. Johnny broke the painful silence with: "Sister, can't we abbreviate some of the big words?"

I told him I would prefer that he spelled them out.

Then he said, "Gee, I don't know how to spell *exmacutecated*."

"*Exmacutecated!*" I gasped. "Are you sure you have the correct word?"

"Sure, Sister, it means to be flipped from the Church."

SISTER MARY MARTHA
MIDDLESEX, NEW JERSEY

WE HOPE SHE WILL!

Cecilia, a fourth grader, said to me one day, "Sister, pray that I'll be a sister when I get big."

Since then she often asks, "Did you remember to pray, Sister?"

The members of her family laugh when she tells them she wants to be a sister, but Cecilia only says, "I don't care. I'm going to keep on saying it because the more I say it, the more God will know I want to be one."

SISTER BENEDICTA
SAN FERNANDO, CALIFORNIA

THE MISSING DAVID

His registration slip read:

Name: David Montes
Father: Cristobal Montes
Mother: Ramona Montes
Address: 4431 Manzana Street
Grade: High 2
Age: 8
Class: Post Communion

So little David registered in the Post Communion class, but the following Thursday when I called the roll, he was not present. After class Ernesto said to me: "Don't call for David any more, Sister. He moved on the other side of the water."

"You mean across the canal, Ernesto?"

"No, it has more water than the canal."

"Do you know the name of the street, Ernesto?"

"No, Sister, it's bigger than the street."

So we left it at that.

Two days later a news item was called to my attention. It read:

Mrs. Ramona Montes of 4431 Manzana St. and her four children left Wednesday for Germany to join Sgt. Cristobal Montes who is stationed there with the U. S. Armed Forces.

Ernesto was right. The Atlantic has more water than the canal, and Germany is bigger than the street.

SISTER CELINE
EL PASO, TEXAS

UNITED NATIONS

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and as census takers, we might add, it takes all kinds of languages. At present we find ourselves in a predominantly Polish parish, although there are some DP's among them who speak several languages, English being the least of them. Though not linguists, we approach each home hopefully, armed with a few important Polish, Italian, Croatian, and German words jotted down in our census books.

In one home the mother told her little three-year-old to stay in his corner and play while she talked to the sisters. She excused herself and left for a few minutes to take care of something in the next room. As soon as she had gone, the little one came over to us and whispered, "If you hurry, you can play with my engine until Mama comes back."

SISTER MARY GERALDINE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Dear Associates:

AFTER suggesting in May the making of Green Scapulars as a Marian Year project, I learned at least three groups undertook the making of one thousand scapulars each.

One of the ladies, *Miss Katherena Wilcox*, of *Oak Park, Illinois*, gave an amusing account of "Operation 1000 Green Scapulars" as she called it. To quote her letter in part, "We interested three of our friends because two have fine pinkish shears and the third a 72-inch ruler. I got a yard of green felt, good quality I guess for it cost \$7.00 a yard. They all hooted when I told them what it cost—they said it served me right for shopping at Marshall Field's.

"Last Sunday afternoon we got started. We found one of our chairs was just 32 inches around so we used the chair to wrap the green cord around it and Ann and I cut about 60 cords at one time, while our lay-out and cutting department, Agnes, meticulously measured the felt, first cutting it into long strips and then measuring, marking and cutting again into the small pieces as none of us felt sufficiently smart enough to be able to keep both sides in alignment to make the scapulars in strips like you showed us. After Agnes had cut out the felt pieces our first inspection and assembly department, Jule, took over, criticized the cutting, placed the scapular prints on about a dozen felt pieces, and passed them on to the next assembly department, Ann, who laid them out on the ironing board where the pressing department, Grace, did the pressing. Then Ann took them right hot off the iron and turned them over and placed the second scapular print on the felt and laid out a green cord by each piece so the pressing department could finish the job. It was now

our **A**ssociates

time for the packaging and shipment department (Yours Truly) to take over—so I bundled them in packs of ten each. We are sending you our first shipment. Perhaps we can make some more if you still want them, as we really had lots of fun making these."

Has any other Band undertaken to make Green Scapulars? We'd be glad to know.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

PROMOTER KATHRYN QUINLAN'S CHILDREN



Above are pictured children belonging to Mrs. Quinlan, Promoter of St. Raymond's Band, Chicago. After this picture was taken, little Marian Therese was born on December 8, 1953. Anyone who knows Mrs. Quinlan will agree that her oldest child—Kathryn "Jr."—is the image of her mother.

ST. JOSEPH MISSION CLUB

(Baldwinsville, N.Y.)

WE were pleased to learn that this Mission Club, which had temporarily to discontinue their aid to our sisters during a parish building program, has resumed its support of our mission work. The first quarterly check amounting to \$43.20 was received in the middle of May. *Miss Margaret Bocchino* is treasurer.

Club M^{ission}ention

FORT WAYNE MISSION FRIENDS

ALWAYS early in collecting annual dues from members, Mrs. Fred Potthoff, president of St. Jude Mission Society, with the aid of her capable treasurer, Mrs. Adolph Venderley, sent us several checks in March, April and May which totaled \$209. In addition, the Promoter sponsors an annual collection of toys and gifts for the poor children who receive weekly instructions at St. Joseph's Center in her city.

The last of May we received from Mrs. Augusta Hake, president of St. Mary's Mission Society, a bank money order for \$200 representing dues from members. Two new members had been added which increased the dues money. Each year death takes its toll, especially among charter members who have belonged for twenty-five years or more. For this reason, Mrs. Hake endeavors to fill up the ranks with new members.

DOLORES MISSION GUILD (Chicago)

THESE ladies named their mission club in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows because Chicago has long been a center of devotion to Our Lady under this title. They meet monthly but wait until their dues have collected in the treasury before sending them in. They also have Rap-in-wax and Gold Medal coupons for us. The members sponsor Sister Mary John, and among other things they mount medals and make religious scrap books for Sister's mission.

ST. JUDE MISSION CLUB (Chicago)

FOR a "committee of one" we think Mrs. Lydia Fiala, Promoter, has done a fine piece of work for us this year. In early spring she sent us a check for \$41.75, proceeds from a raffle. Our good Promoter continues to collect clothing (the last carton weighed 70 pounds) for our Sisters in Grove Hill, Alabama, and Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Many of Mrs. Fiala's original Band members have gone to their eternal reward. Those left in it find it impossible to attend regular meetings but help out with occasional donations toward our work.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

May 20, 1954 to July 3, 1954

Charitina Club 1, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 12.75
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary Nye	100.00
Holy Souls Band, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	30.00
Holy Trinity Band (St. Jude Miss. Soc.), Fort Wayne, Mrs. A. Duesler	3.00
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago, Miss Tasch ..	75.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Betty Accomando ..	20.79
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, Janette Brown	2.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	5.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Deininger	5.50
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. James O'Brien	10.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	17.50
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner	20.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Helen Melke	13.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	13.50
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Bechtold	35.00
St. Joseph Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Aloysia Naumes	55.25
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	5.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Fred Potthoff	21.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	34.50
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	40.25
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Shields	160.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Mrs. Frances Schuette	100.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Orlando, Fla., Mrs. F. Lehman	5.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez	10.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	14.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. J. J. Murphy	13.50

Mass in Reipetown

by Robert C. Anderson



Sister gets a close-up look at a chuck wagon.

The story of the first Mass in Reipetown, Nevada, was printed in The Frontier Shepherd, a small publication issued several times a year by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Robert J. Dwyer, D.D., Bishop of Reno. The editor has very kindly given us permission to re-print the Reipetown account in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

TV viewers have probably seen their fill of the Wild West. You've seen Hop-a-long and so many other characters that the *Old West* seems to be very much a part of Americana today. And in a way it probably seems very remote from your front room. Would it surprise you very much to hear that it's not nearly so remote as you might think?

In the Diocese of Reno there is a small town in the extreme eastern portion of the State known as Reipetown (pronounced "reaptown") and it is a strange potpourri of old mining days and TV Wild West!

Briefly, here are its assets: eighteen bars, three restaurants, one general store, and about eighty-three shacks used as homes. There are no sidewalks, no police force (the county sheriff patrols the town occasionally, *very occasional-*

ly, primarily because recently when a deputy arrived to serve a warrant of arrest, the subject to whom the warrant was addressed *shot it out of his hand* and narrowly missed killing the deputy.) But to continue: *no schools, NO CHURCH* of any denomination, *no local welfare services*. There are welfare services provided by the State, but only from an office some forty miles away.

One thing the town has is the service of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. They go to Reipetown twice a week and have succeeded in changing things considerably. Since they began their work, we are able to have Mass twice a month . . . and that's a story in itself. The first Mass there was said by one of our diocesan priests, Father Anderson. Let him tell the story himself.

WHEN Sister first asked about Mass in Reipetown, I nearly laughed out loud.

"Sister," I said, "where in heaven's name could we have Mass up there?"

"Oh, Father," she replied, "there is a large room behind Old John's Saloon, and if you could get permission from the bishop I'm sure it would at least give us a start. Those poor

children there will never get a chance to receive the sacraments and go to Mass otherwise."

"Well," I answered, "the best thing is for me to go up and have a look at the room first. I'm sure the bishop will want to be assured that it is a fitting place for the Holy Sacrifice."

So that afternoon I went up to see Old John's Saloon—and what a place! I might say it defies description, but that would never give you a real picture. The building was the largest in town and divided so that the saloon was on one side and the general store was on the other. There were articles of every description strewn all about the place. As we walked through the store, I realized that I had to be very careful not to bump against anything lest perhaps I start a reaction that would make the opening of "Magee's Closet" sound like a pin dropping.

The back room was reached by going through either the saloon side or the store side, except that you still had to go through the back of the saloon to reach the room, no matter where you started out. The room itself was about forty feet long and about twenty wide. It was adorned with pictures which I do not care to describe, but might I add that we are allowed to cover them with wrapping paper whenever we use the room for Holy Mass.



A few Reipetown children in front of the general store. Those are old, old plants in the windows. Notice the broken pane on the right.

There were stuffed deer heads and a great deal of other nondescript adornments — none of which you would want in your front room, I'm sure.

At any rate, with a bit of adjustment and a realization that we had to do something for these people as Sister had said, I crossed my fingers and said that I'd ask the bishop's permission to allow Mass. Old John was delighted and assured me that this was a great privilege for his place of business. In fact, he promised me that there would be nothing he wouldn't do to see that everything was convenient. And convenient it was. The following Sunday I arrived for Mass—the first time in the twenty-five-year history of the town that a religious service of *any kind* had been held. The room was packed with adults and children and there in the front of the room stood my altar. It was a thing to behold, made (as I found out later) of a small table with two orange crates on it, covered by a large sheet and decorated with two geraniums which had seen better days. Two *red candles* majestically on each side of the altar were firmly held in place by their stands labeled *Schlitz Beer!* I managed to conceal my feelings as John pointed with pride to his masterpiece. I told him it was truly a work of art, but I thought that perhaps the candle-holders would be much more fitting if they were either covered with some cloth or changed in favor of the Coca Cola Company.

And so that was the first Mass in Reipetown, not fifteen or twenty years ago, but recently. We still do not have a church or chapel for Holy Mass. We are using the same little back room, but somehow Our Blessed Lord must feel at home, for I'm sure that His first home in this world was even more humble.

OF COURSE SHE KNEW!

Sister had been trying to register the First Communion class. She had tried in every conceivable way to get each child's date of birth.

"Do you know when your birthday is?"

"Do you remember when you had a birthday party? Was it May, or June, or September?"

They just did not know, so she finally tried this one: "Do you know when you were born?"

One little bright-eyed girl said, "Oh, yes, Sister!"

At last! Eagerly, "And when were you born?"

"When I was a very little baby."

SISTER CAROL
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA



Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

Like the last sands of an hourglass which is ready to be turned upside down, the last days of your summer vacation are running out. Soon you'll be donning new school uniforms or new school clothes (especially if you've outgrown those of last spring), ready for the walk or the bus ride to school.

A few of our older Helpers graduated from high school in June. Either these will be taking up higher specialized studies, or else have already found jobs. We'd like to see them form junior mission clubs or bands. Write us about these if you belong to this group.

Others will have gone from grade school to high school, and still others — our youngest Helpers—who were pre-schoolers will be going to kindergarten or enrolled in their first year at school. Mary's army of Loyal Helpers admits of all ages and grades. No one is too young or too old to show devotion to Mary or work for the missions under her banner, for she is Queen of the Missions.

Here's another thought about September. Perhaps no other month in the year has so many feast days of Our Blessed Mother. The first falls on September 3. It is one of the minor or lesser feasts, and bears the name of Our Lady, Mother of the Good Shepherd. Five days later we celebrate the Birthday of Our Lady (September 8). Then we have her Namesday on September 12. Scarcely three days elapse until we meet with another of her feasts—that of Our Lady of Sorrows, on September 15. This feast is followed a week or so later by that of Our Lady of Mercy. In the Roman Missal are two minor feasts kept on the same day—the Saturday after August 28, which this year falls on September 4. These are (1) the Feast of Our Lady of Consolation and (2) the Feast of Our Lady, Comfortress of the Afflicted. Thus we have no fewer than seven feasts of Our Lady this month!

Keep up your daily Hail Mary for the Missions!

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

YORK (PA.) HELPER

In the accompanying picture is *Margaret Tassia*, age twelve, grade seven. Margaret is a niece of Sisters Catherine Marie and Agnes Marie of our community. Margaret has always liked to work our monthly puzzles and says she prizes the holy cards sent to her by the *Sunshine Secretary*.



Our Helper has an older sister, Marie Christine, who also belongs to our mission club.

MIAMI (FLA.) HELPER



Pictured above is Jo Anne Emanuele of Miami, Florida standing before the newly erected grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes at her parish school.

Helpers pages

CHICAGO (ILL.) HELPER



Letter O' the Month

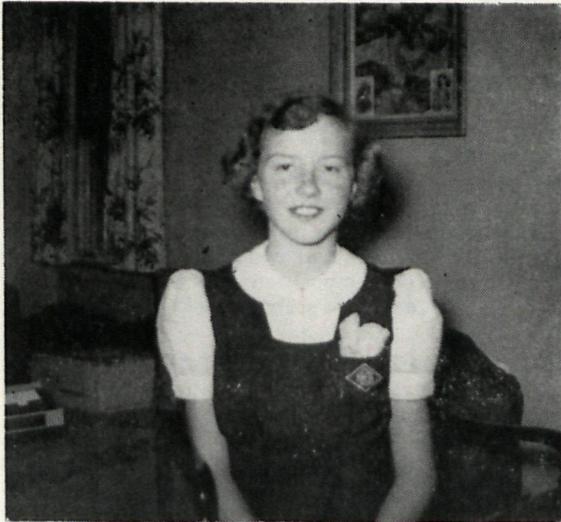
Dear Sister :

When we get our Sunshine Bag full of pennies we will send it. You wanted to know how we earned our Sunshine money. We each get fifty cents a week for sweeping the schoolhouse. We go to Cook Creek School. There are ten students. It is not a Catholic School but everyone who attends is Catholic. We have instructions on Saturday mornings in St. Mary's Church. I will be in the eighth grade in September.

We have a very good chance to make the Nine First Fridays because we are having church every First Friday at eight o'clock in the evening.

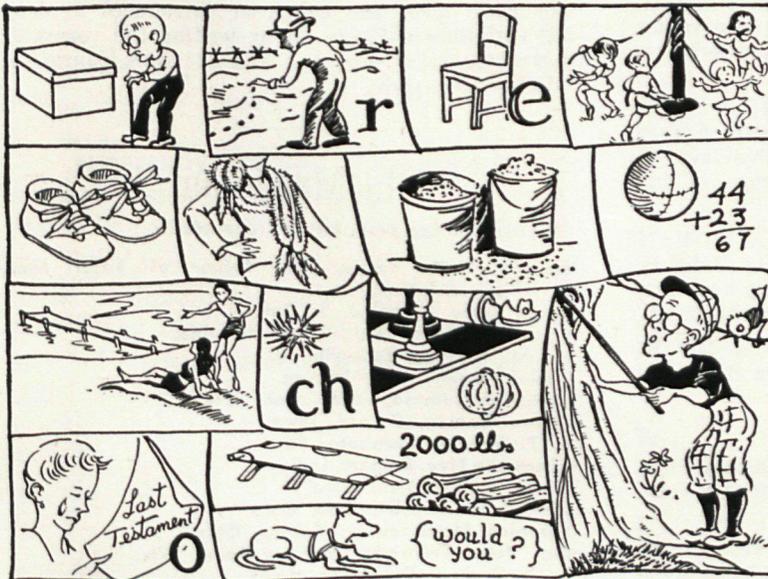
Jeanice Schmitz, Norwalk, Wis.

Jeanice is a niece of our Sister Gertrude Marie.



Above is pictured Joan Mader, of Evergreen Park (a suburb of Chicago) Illinois. Joan formed a little mission club in 1952 to help our sisters. She writes that she says the Hail Mary for the missions every day after receiving Holy Communion.

September Rebus Puzzle



MY DAILY HAIL MARY FOR THE HOME MISSIONS

A Hail Mary each day
 For the sisters I'll pray—
 Those who labor all year
 At the missions *right here*
 In our country so dear.
 Many public school youths
 May hear God's holy truths
 From these sisters at hand,
 Since religion is banned
 From these schools in our land.

TREES. Professor Kno Tree is taking his Botany Class to Timberland to identify the various kinds of trees. What trees did they learn about? Send your worked puzzle to **SUNSHINE SECRETARY** for a holy card.

Books



The following Image Books are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA by William Thomas Walsh. 35 cents.

DAMIEN THE LEPER by John Farrow. 35 cents.

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM by Karl Adam. 50 cents.

These are the first three paper-bound, pocket-sized books in the Catholic field. Other titles will follow. Doubleday is to be commended for making such excellent books available at low cost.

The following are pamphlets published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana. 10 cents each.

A TRUE PICTURE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH by Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D. As Father Ginder remarks in his biography of Archbishop Noll, you do not need a dictionary at your elbow when you read him. This pamphlet is no exception. It is an easy-to-read explanation of the Church, ideal for giving to your non-Catholic friends.

SAINT DISMAS, THE GOOD THIEF by Henry Huntington, O.F.M. This is a brief history of devotion to St. Dismas together with some prayers in his honor.

MARRIAGE AND THE MASS by Luke Missett, C.P. The author compares marriage with the Mass. Both imply offering, sacrifice, and communion.

THE ROSARY AND MY VOCATION by Rev. Nicholas E. Walsh. This is a series of short meditations on the rosary written especially to help young people find an answer to some of the questions regarding the religious vocation.

LOVE'S GREATEST ACT: WINNING A SOUL FOR CHRIST by John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Father O'Brien is at his best when writing on his favorite subject—convert making. Here are more of his true-to-life conversion stories.

MATERNITY BLESSING. WHEN A WOMAN IS CHURCHED. These two pamphlets by John R. McCarthy contain prayers for the blessings a woman can and should receive before and after childbirth.

WHAT METHODISTS CLAIM TO STAND FOR by Lon Francis. This is a commentary on the Methodists' own Manifesto.

BEPI. The Life of Pius X, the Children's Pope by William D. Ryan. Divine Word Missionary Publications, Techny, Ill. 25 cents.

This is a well written, 52-paged booklet on the life of St. Pius X. It is illustrated with photographs from the motion picture, "The Secret Conclave."

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

ECCE SACERDOS by Camil Van Hulse. S.A. T.B. No. 8825. 25 cents. Dedicated to His Excellency, the Most Rev. Francis J. Green, D.D., this *Ecce Sacerdos*, if we remember correctly, was composed especially for the Bishop's consecration last year as Auxiliary of Tucson. On such an occasion it might be justified, but for the ordinary choir to sing on the bishop's visit to the parish for confirmation, it would be asking a lot. It is very elaborate.

STABAT MATER by Josef Rheinberger, translated and edited by F. Campbell-Watson, Latin and English text. S.A.A. No. 8790 \$1.25. All twenty verses of the Stabat Mater are here divided into four parts: four verses in each of the first two, six in the last two. The entire performance time is sixteen or eighteen minutes, but each quarter is complete in itself and could be thus used. It is a very beautiful composition and not too difficult for a college or high school glee club.

MISSA MATER DIVINAE PROVIDENTIAE by Sister M. Elaine, S.S.A. and Populo. No. 8798 \$1.

This Mass is based on the Easter Sequence, *Victimae Paschali Laudes*. The composer directs that the entire Mass is to be sung in Gregorian rhythm as far as possible. The music, however, is written in measured form "for the convenience of the singers." This seems to lead to awkwardness and involves measures of seven-four and five-four time followed by three-four.

MISSA BREVIS IN HONOR OF ST. GERARD MAJELLA by Leopold Syre. S.A.T.B. No. 8801 80 cents.

This is a tuneful, reverent Mass, yet simple enough for an ordinary choir. It could be sung in two parts also. The composer introduces a pleasing variation in Credo III by writing the verses *Et incarnatus est*, *Crucifixus*, and *Et vitam venturi* in falsobordone style.

In Memoriam

In your charity pray for our departed:

Gustave Karl, Peoria, Ill., father of Sister Mary Karl, O.L.V.M.

Marie Terry, Estelline, S. Dak.

Edward Lindenschmidt, Evansville, Ind.

Ivo M. Fournie, Belleville, Ill.

Daniel Danesh, Fort Wayne

Nellie McNamara, ACM, Oak Park, Ill.

Jennie Harney, Oxford, Iowa

B. T. Shields, Burnham, Pa.

Genevieve Nye, Elkhart, Indiana

Minnie Nelson, Vanceboro, N. C.

Edward Sanker, Glendale, Ohio

Veronica Matuszewski, Toledo, Ohio

Mrs. Peter Treiweiler, Stevens Point, Wis.

A. P. Brugge, Davenport, Iowa

Robert McCafferty, Fayetteville, Ohio

Michael

by Sister Mary Colette

EARLY Saturday morning the doorbell rang.

I was waiting and hoping for this ring. Upon opening the door I found a scrubbed clean, timid ten-year-old boy.

"Good morning, Sister," came out very weakly, and even fainter was, "Did a lady tell you about me? I came to learn about God."

"Yes, Michael, do come in."

A few moments' conversation served to relax the tense child and then I took him to chapel. I noticed that all was most unfamiliar to Michael. He did not know how to genuflect or make the sign of the cross. When we returned to the reception room, I asked him what prayers he usually said.

"I don't know any prayers, Sister."

"Well, Michael, today we shall begin to learn how to talk to God."

When we began the Our Father Michael's eyes lit up and he said, "Sister, I heard that one before. It was on television and they were telling a story about God."

Apparently the only knowledge of God he had came through television. Why his mother never told him about God in the past ten years is a mystery to us, for she claims to be a Catholic though she rarely attends Mass. The family lives on the outskirts of a large city some distance from ours and have many opportunities to assist at Mass if only

they would make the effort. It was Michael's god-mother who remembered her obligation and invited the lad to spend the summer with her so that he might be instructed by us in the truths of his religion.

As the lessons progressed, Michael drank in each word and it could be seen that he was determined to love God with his whole heart, with his whole soul, and with all his strength. He began to come to Mass in the morning and to rosary devotions in the evenings.

I had finished telling the story of the temptation of Jesus when Michael spoke up, "Sister, last Friday when we had dinner the family had a delicious roast. Boy, it looked good and smelled good, and my mouth was just watering for some, but I remembered what you told me about not eating meat on Friday. I fought the devil and I won."

I said a fervent *Deo gratias* and remembered that another Michael had fought the devil and won.

A few weeks later Michael received his First Holy Communion. Each morning of the week following he was present for Mass and received Holy Communion. When he left for home, he was determined to attend Mass every Sunday and holy day.

"I know some people in our block who go to Mass every Sunday and I'm sure that they will take me with them if I ask them," he told us as he left.



Everywhere in the U.S. now

we find Spanish-speaking people. They might be Mexican migrants or they are Puerto Ricans. An ideal book to use for their religious instruction is Bible Stories in the Language of Youth by Sister Evelyn Benton, O.L.V.M.



There are four volumes of this Spanish-English textbook by Sister Evelyn. Book 1, *Creation*; Book 2, *Annunciation to Public Life*; Book 3, *Confession and Communion*;

Book 4, *The Passion*. The print is large and easy to read, Spanish on one page, the English opposite it. The price of each book is 25 cents.

Have you seen a copy yet?

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