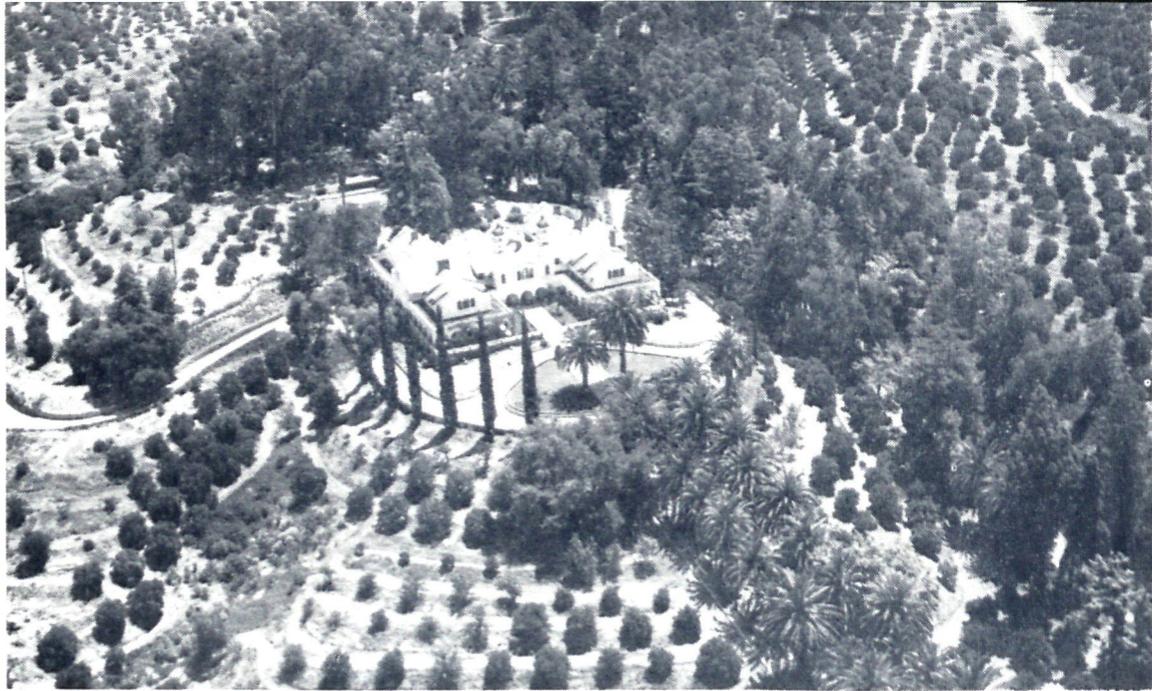


The Missionary CATECHIST



Jan 1955



Queen of the Missions Convent, Redlands, California, in its setting of orange trees and palms. In the background are the San Bernardino Mountains.

Winter Meditation

from our chapel window

*Snowcapped spires majestic pierce unpeopled spaces.
Virgin form unmarred, these massive rugged ranges
Hymn their silent song, perpetual adoration
To God, Time's Caretaker who never changes.*

*Verdant valley at their feet, prostrate, repentant
Of the world's misdeeds and man's mistakes, while yielding
Fruitful reparation, humbly to present Him
To withhold His hand in punishment from wielding.*

*Straying cloudlets blushing crimson in the sunrise,
Play hide and seek while skipping round the mountains.
Gladly give they thanks for recent rains and countless
Blessings from His infinitely flowing fountains.*

*Uniting with their prayerful fellow creatures,
Palm trees lift aloft their arms in mute petition.
And mortals teach immortal souls to render
Supplication, praise, thanksgiving, and contrition.*

SISTER MELITA
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Edited and published by
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll Huntington, Indiana
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OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are a home mission community. They have no institutions of any kind but are employed strictly in missionary work. The sisters teach religion to public school children and do parish census work. They instruct converts, organize sodalities, train altar boys and choirs, and engage in various kinds of youth work.

At Victory Noll, their Motherhouse, the sisters receive their spiritual and professional training for their work. Convents are located in every section of the United States. To answer the many requests for more sisters, vocations are needed.

This is a Marian Community. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters believe that if souls love and serve Mary, she will lead them safely to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Each sister consecrates herself to Our Blessed Mother as her slave of love forever, according to the practice of the True Devotion taught by St. Louis De Montfort.

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Cover

Victory Noll in winter is always lovely. This picture is of the chapel entrance and part of the patio.

Credits

Photographs Paul Hoon Studio, Huntington, cover, p. 4; Pacific Air Industries, p. 2; E. J. Kirk, Burlington, Vt., pp. 10, 11; O.L.V.M. Sisters: Azusa, Calif., p. 5; Middlesex, N. J. p. 6; El Paso, Texas, p. 9; Redlands, Calif., pp. 12, 13, 14; San Pedro, Calif., p. 17.

Father O'Brien's beautiful tribute to Archbishop Noll (p. 4) was originally written for his weekly column carried by many diocesan newspapers. He graciously gave us his permission to publish it. It is especially timely this month when Archbishop Noll celebrates his eightieth birthday. Appropriately, the date of his birth is January 25, when the Church celebrates the conversion of the great Apostle St. Paul. And it is not amiss to add here that Father O'Brien is himself a great convert maker. Few priests in America have helped to make the laity so convert conscious as has Father O'Brien of Notre Dame.

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Archbishop Noll's Greatest Work

by John A. O'Brien



The Archbishop at his desk at Victory Noll.

WHO is the greatest convert maker in North America? That covers a lot of territory, you remark. Yes, some 37 million spread over a vast continent. The man who deserves that title is Archbishop John Francis Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, the founder of *Our Sunday Visitor*, *The Family Digest*, and *The Priest*. I think you will agree with me that he has brought the teachings of the Catholic religion to more people than any other man, lay or cleric, in the United States or Canada.

The story of his tireless efforts to

refute falsehood, answer the calumnies against the Church, and to disseminate the truth about Catholics and their faith is one of the most inspiring epics in the annals of the Church in the New World. Here we can present but a tiny fragment of his many-faceted convert making apostolate.

Back in the early years of the century the country was being flooded by copies of *The Appeal to Reason*, promoting socialism and attacking the Church. Published at Gerard, Kansas, its weekly circulation passed the million mark.

It sponsored a new weekly, *The Menace*, which was devoted exclusively to attacking the Catholic Church, slandering her in the most vicious fashion. In a short time it mushroomed to more than a million circulation. Its sensational success spawned other hate sheets, such as *The Peril*, *Watson's Magazine*, and *The Yellow Jacket*.

Father Noll, then pastor of St. Mary's at Huntington, Indiana, had previously launched *The Catholic Monthly* and had written a widely circulated pamphlet, *Kind Words from Your Pastor*. He determined to meet this new and growing menace to the Church's very existence.

In 1911 he took over a printing plant in Huntington to start a national weekly that would defend the Church, expose the slanderers, and reestablish harmony between people of all faiths. Early in 1912 he had his printer reproduce two pages of *The Menace* and on their reverse sides a proposed Catholic answer.

He mailed copies of these to virtually every Catholic pastor in the United States, asking if the pastor would patronize a Catholic paper of this character to be sold to the clergy in bundle lots for distribution at the church door. This weekly would instruct his parishioners and supply a refutation of the

slandrous charges being circulated by professional anti-Catholics.

The response to this courageous and dramatic appeal was overwhelming. The first issue of the weekly, called *Our Sunday Visitor*, on May 5, 1912, ran to 35,000. By the end of the first year it had climbed to 200,000 and in another year skyrocketed to the 400,000 mark. Since then it has climbed to its present circulation of 800,000.

Virtually every issue has featured articles of exposition of Catholic truth and of refutation of error from the founder's tireless pen. For more than forty years he has been not only the editor, but also the most prolific contributor to this great weekly.

Archbishop Noll has a faculty, similar to that of Cardinal Gibbons, of presenting Catholic doctrine in a simple popular style, which brings his thought easily within the ken of the masses. His *Father Smith Instructs Jackson* has gone through numerous editions and is doubtless the most widely used book for the instruction of converts.

His *Religion and Life* series of religion textbooks has carried his skillful exposition of the faith to thousands of high school students. His other books, pamphlets, and especially his thousands of *Our Sunday Visitor* articles have made his name a household word throughout our land.

Like the Apostle to the Gentiles, Archbishop Noll has been consumed with a burning zeal to bring Christ, His truth, His faith, and His love to the millions outside the fold. Undoubtedly many thousands have been led into the Church through his indefatigable pen. If any one deserves the title of the St. Paul of America, the greatest convert maker of the twentieth century, it is the humble, self-effacing, saintly priest and prelate—Archbishop John Francis Noll, the father of Catholic journalism in America.



On one of his visits to California, Archbishop Noll graciously posed for this picture with young sodalists at our convent in Azusa.



"It was our duty to keep the children in order and line them up when the bus was due."

THIS past summer six of us went to Pontiac, Michigan, to teach religious vacation school. A city bus was chartered to pick up the children who live a long distance from St. Frederick's School where we conducted classes for over two hundred and fifty children. The bus made two trips before and after class, stopping each trip at four or five previously designated spots.

We sisters were transported by car to some of these corners before the bus arrived. It was our duty to keep the children in order and line them up when the bus was due. Most of the youngsters were there a half hour early. Everything from prayer drills and catechism quizzes to wrestling matches and gun fights (water guns, of course) kept things lively until the bus came into sight.

Bus Drivers' Delight

by Sister Barbara

The first day of class a sister almost boarded the wrong bus with her charges. But one of the old timers, Johnnie, a veteran of about seven summer schools, prevented the error. "Not that one, Sister. Ours is a blue one."

Another sister, not so fortunate, did get her little group nicely ensconced in a bus whose driver seemed ready and willing to pick them up. They hadn't gone far, however, when she learned that it was headed for the *Protestant* summer school. She lost no time making a hasty exit with her Catholic children, and patiently waited for another bus whose destination was St. Frederick's.

But it is about the bus drivers we want to tell you. Probably because of the shifting schedule of chartered buses neither the same driver nor the same bus came more than two days in succession.

One morning after the bus had deposited the last of its singing, laughing cargo, the driver backed the cumbersome, slightly antiquated bus around a corner for the return trip. For a little while I would be the sole passenger.

I complimented him on the deft maneuver. "You must have had much experience to be able to handle a bus like that."

"This is only a part time job. I work in the automobile plant, too. You see," he added proudly, "we are expecting an addition to our family soon and so I am working double."

His soft southern drawl aroused my curiosity. "You are from the South?"

Sure enough, he hailed from southern Missouri, the "Bootheel."

"But," he continued, "my wife is from Pennsylvania." A few little worry wrinkles crawled across his youthful brow. "She wants to get married again."

I was thinking fast. He surely didn't mean to someone else. "Oh, is she a Catholic?"

"Yes, she and her whole family."

"And you?"

"Well, everyone in my family belongs to a different religion, but I don't belong to any."

"I suppose you were married by a justice of the peace."

"Yes, ma'am."

We had almost arrived at the school to pick up our last group, but I couldn't resist getting a head start on that "Bootheel Apostolate." [See TMC, *October 1954*. Besides, Sister Barbara is from Missouri—St. Louis. Ed.]

As quickly and as clearly as I could, I explained how simple it would be and how peaceful and happy it would make both his wife and him to have the marriage validated by the priest. Not knowing whether this driver would come the next day or not, I asked for his name and address so that I could

send him some literature to explain the matter more fully.

"Marion M——, 142 Water Street."

Marion! With a name like that surely Our Blessed Mother would see to the happy outcome of this case. And the next day he *was* on the job again.

He had talked the matter over with his wife. She was thrilled, and both of them agreed that the affair should be settled without further delay. She told him that it was the only thing she needed to make her happiness complete. Before we left Pontiac, we learned that they had already visited a priest and that the necessary preliminaries were under way.

Some of our bus drivers were a trifle "hard boiled," and we were glad they were. They insisted that the children obey our instructions to the letter, and allowed them to board and leave the bus only at the appointed places. Others were more inclined to be lenient and would magnanimously let them off at any spot along the route, even on their own doorsteps. All the drivers were unanimous on one point; they liked "charters" for the reason that they didn't have to collect fares and make change.

It was the parish that had to worry about paying the fares, and it was a high price to pay. So much so that in the middle of summer school we changed to a different bus company that charged only half as much. Now we encountered *women* drivers. One thing we noticed immediately about them was that they drove much faster. We always arrived fifteen minutes earlier when they were at the wheel.

The first driver was not a Catholic, but she must have found something intriguing about our children and the hymns and songs they sang so lustily all the way, because the next day she brought along her elderly aunt (a Sunday school teacher!) to enjoy the fun.

But the other woman driver, a kind faced lady of ample proportions and a heart to match, as we were soon to discover, was the one who was really most delighted with this aspect of her job. The very first day she came she was charmed with the children's good behavior and told us so. Of course we could see much room for improvement, but she was evidently more easily satisfied. When she took us back to school at noon after the last child had been deposited, she overheard us discussing a trip to the grocery store. To save us the walk, she pulled her huge vehicle over to the curb close to a super market and told us to go in and shop. She wasn't in a hurry and she would wait for us and our bags of groceries.

The following day she pulled up at her first corner ahead of schedule. It was a hot day so she stepped into a store for a bottle of soda. Emerging, she carried a bulging paper sack which she promptly turned over to us for distribution to all the good children who rode her bus. Tootsie rolls, enough for everyone. In between trips she confided that she had been trying to figure out a way to get all these "kids" out to her place on the lake for a picnic with boating and swimming and all the trimmings. Deciding finally that it was impossible, she had compromised on the Tootsie rolls. And she felt more than amply repaid when the bus began to ring with childish voices singing the popular song, "May the good Lord bless and keep you till we meet again."

When the last trip had been made, she expressed her regret that our summer school had ended. She remarked that she had never before enjoyed so much a charter trip. "If you come again next summer and would like to have me drive for you, just request Miss Roberts at the office, and I shall be delighted to do it again."

Around Victory Noll

SEAMUS McMANUS visited us recently. And what is more, he gave us his lecture on Irish folklore. Father Conroy, our chaplain, whose knowledge of Irish history and literature is matched by his appreciation of it, introduced Mr. McManus as an historian, authority on Irish folklore, and the only living member of the original six founders of the Sein Fein Society.

The enthusiasm and zest with which Mr. McManus told us two charming stories belied his eighty-five years. But most of all we liked to hear him tell of the long winter evenings before the blazing turf fire in his boyhood home in Donegal on Ireland's "wild west coast." There, when the evening rosary had been recited (with plenty of trimmings) he heard the stories that had been jealously guarded and handed on from father to son for generations. Just as they wove their spell over him, they continue to fascinate the audiences who are fortunate enough to listen to Seamus McManus of Donegal.

Other welcome guests AROUND VICTORY NOLL were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schumacher and their son James of Germantown, Ohio. Besides being a weekly contributor to *Our Sunday Visitor*, Alberta Schumacher writes in *Immaculata*, *Queen of All Hearts*, *Annals of Ste. Anne de Beaupre*, and several other magazines. She has also published a book of poems. Everything she writes reflects her deep devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Because of her, countless persons are now practicing the True Devotion to Mary as taught by St. Louis De Montfort. It was an honor for us to have as our guest one who loves Our Blessed Mother so much and works untiringly to have others know and love her.

Maria

by Sister Carol

GAY tourists returning from Ciudad Juarez with their colorful serapes, handwoven baskets, and Oaxaca pottery gaze curiously at the tenements or presidios, as they are called, that honeycomb the American side of the Rio Grande. Perhaps, seeing two sisters going from door to door, they wonder, "What do the sisters find?"

The sisters find many things, but it is not often that we find someone like Maria Gurrola. We were visiting on Chihuahua Street when we met her. Outside her door a neighbor said, "You'll have to walk in, *Madre*. The woman who lives there is paralyzed and cannot get out of her bed."

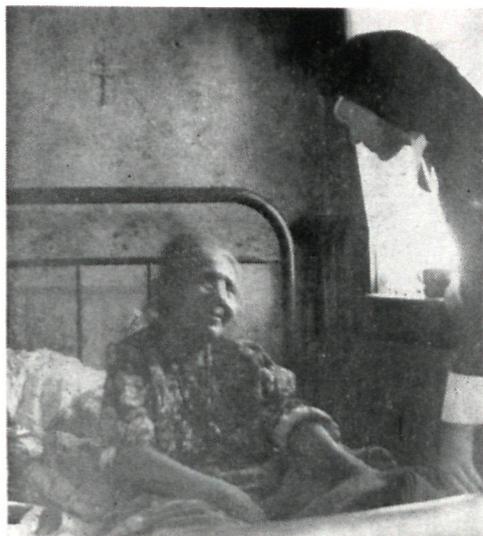
We knocked. A voice said, "*Pase*," and we entered. An old trunk with a box on top of it, an oil burner, a bed, and in the bed Maria Gurrola, forsaken and almost forgotten by her fellowmen.

"Excuse me for being so frightened. I did not expect to see *madres* enter."

There was a look of hopelessness on her face, the hopelessness that comes of abject poverty. She had no one to care for her, but the poor are always charitable, and so neighbors brought her a small alms or some food from time to time. When she was very hungry and no one came, she would shout to the other women in the presidio, "I am very hungry. *Por el amor de Dios*, bring me something to eat."

Mrs. Gomez, who lived next door, came in while we were there. "Tell her to go to the county hospital," she said. "She was there once. She should have stayed there."

Again the hopeless look on Maria's face. "I cannot leave. If I do, I will lose my room." Her room! Only a dark hole! She continued, "Anyway, the doc-



Maria has since left her poor little room for her true home in heaven.

tor told me when the paralysis hits my heart, I will die."

We asked her if she would like to have Father bring her Holy Communion. "*Si, Madre, si*," she answered with tears in her eyes.

When we left Maria we contacted the Catholic Welfare to see what could be done for her. The next time we saw her we were struck by the change of expression on her face. The look of hopelessness was gone. She seemed almost joyous. "*Madre, Madre, Vds. me han conseguido este gran beneficio*."

She told us about the wonderful things that had happened. One organization was paying her rent. The St. Vincent de Paul Society was delivering a basket of groceries to her each week. ("But, *Madre*, could you tell them to put in a little coffee?") The most wonderful thing of all was that the *Padrecito* came every Friday on his bicycle and brought her Holy Communion. She even had a used wheel chair now. They had put her in it and taken her for a ride to the corner. Everyone gathered round and they took up a collection. She was given \$3.35! We brought her a scapular. "You must put it on me, *Madre*, so that I can receive the blessing of the Mother of God."

Welcome to Vermont

by Sister Mary Patrick

ON the glorious and triumphant feast of Our Lady's Assumption, Burlington, Vermont, took on a new meaning and a deep interest for some of us. How vividly we recall slipping into chapel that morning and finding our appointment envelope at our place. When we read Burlington, we blinked a wee bit in surprise. Slowly we raised our eyes and found ourselves kneeling directly in front of the beautiful altar of Our Lady of Victory. Somehow, Our Lady seemed more tender and radiant on this special feast day. She seemed to say, "I will be there."

If we were to recount the numerous blessings we have received through Our Blessed Mother since our arrival, it would fill a book. We are firmly convinced that Burlington must be one of Our Lady's favorite dioceses. Perhaps that is why it is called the "Queen

City." On the dome of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception Our Lady looks down with queenly majesty and a mother's tenderness on her beloved children.

On August 30, as the city clock chimed the midnight hour, we stepped off the bus at Burlington. A young priest was there standing to the side with a group of women. He came forward and introduced himself as Father Fontaine and in a few words extended the sincerest and most Christlike welcome we have ever received. It was our first experience of Vermont hospitality. The lovely little group with Father seemed as thrilled about seeing us as we were thrilled about coming to Vermont. In the course of our chatter someone remarked, "You know that the Bishop is waiting at the convent." Could it be possible that His Excellency was waiting until the wee hours of the morning for us, his newest missionaries?

In a few minutes we reached our convent. There, graciously waiting to receive us, was His Excellency the Most Reverend Edward F. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Burlington. We knew we were privileged to work in the State of Vermont, but the realization of this privilege really dawned on us when we first met our beloved Bishop. Words seem very cold to describe this meeting. His fatherly care and deep solicitude were not only written on his face and in his soft blue eyes, but they were reflected in every nook and corner of our convent.

Our greatest surprise was seeing our beautiful chapel all in readiness for the Holy Sacrifice the next morning. Although we were very weary, from traveling, we had to investigate everything. We felt like four children at



His Excellency Bishop Ryan hands the keys of the convent to Sister Mary Patrick. Next to her is Sister Marion, then Sister Bernadette, and Sister Henrietta.

Christmas time discovering surprises everywhere. We knew that only the loving hands of sisters could have so exquisitely arranged our home with such convent-like simplicity.

At seven-thirty in the morning His Excellency offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for our community. Assisting him was the Very Reverend Barry E. Fontaine. It was then that we discovered that the unassuming young priest who had so graciously met us the night before was the chancellor of the diocese. Also present were our good friend, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles A. Towne, pastor of Christ the King Church, and the members of two devoted religious communities, the Sisters of St. Joan of Arc from the Bishop's residence and the Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph from the Bishop De Goesbriand Hospital next door to us. These sisters had devoted their time and energy to have everything in order for our arrival.

We are frequently reminded in ascetical books of the charity of the early Christians and their great love for one another. In the twentieth century this charity is perfectly exemplified by these two communities. Meeting for the first time at the *Mysterium Fidei* we could truly apply the words of St. Paul, "For we being many are one Bread, one Body, all that partake of one Bread."

Last year the diocese celebrated its centenary. The history, growth, and achievement of the past one hundred years is a glorious record of the flaming zeal and love of God which must have burned in the hearts of the first missionaries. France and Ireland sent their noble sons. It was with interest that we read that Vermont's first full time missionary was the Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan who came from a small village close to Macron, County Cork, Ireland. When Father O'Callaghan's missionary labors were ended, the saintly Bishop



Convent chapel.

Louis De Goesbriand became the first Ordinary. In the face of untold hardship this man of God took courage and assurance from his motto *Deus Providebit*. From the fruits of his labors we know how well God did provide.

Today, with enthusiasm and admiration, we observe Catholicism taking even deeper and stronger roots under the leadership of His Excellency Bishop Ryan. It is amazing what has been accomplished during his episcopacy. No fewer than twenty-seven churches have been established in rural areas, and several missions have been raised to the status of a parish. One of the outstanding and striking features of Bishop Ryan's work is the number of religious communities he has brought into the diocese. Nine communities of religious men and women have been established within the past ten years. In order that the work of the apostolate may be fruitful and have God's continuous benediction, both the Carthusians and the Carmelites have recently come into the diocese.

We pray that the four of us who have come to join these great missionaries may be humble instruments filled with apostolic zeal. Like Our Lady at the Visitation we must carry Christ to others and bring others to Christ in this beautiful State of Vermont.

Paradise Found

by Sister Melita

ON visiting a convent for the first time, little Frankie's eyes grew wider and wider. When he found words to express his breath-taking admiration he exclaimed, "I think paradise must be like this." Now that Frankie is en-

joying eternal happiness, he knows that nothing on earth could ever begin to compare with heaven. Nevertheless, some spots must certainly be faint reflections of God's beauty and glory. One of these is Queen of the Missions Convent at Redlands, California.

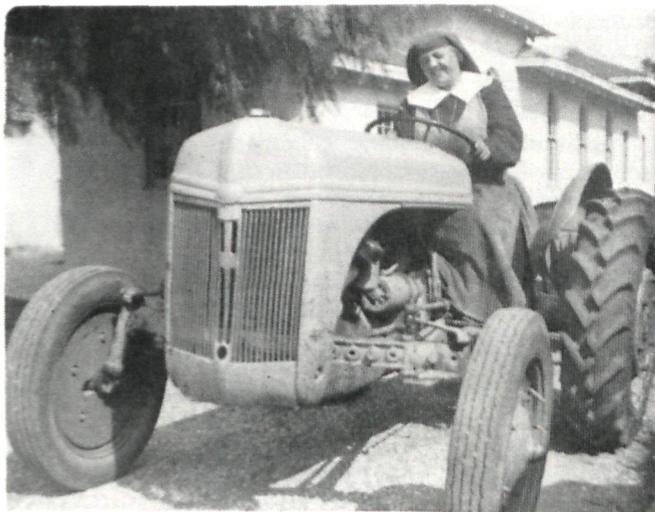


Sister Benigna (left) and Sister Mary Edna admire the exquisite Japanese magnolias.

Two of the sisters, Sister Elizabeth and Sister Olivia, are responsible for keeping the landscape lovely. Theirs is a full time job because much work is entailed in keeping the many acres orderly and productive. Everything needs constant care and attention. By their skillful touch the sisters transform jungle-like areas into artistically arranged vistas.

Not all the buds remain outside to grace the beauty of the mother-plant. A privileged few are chosen to enjoy a closer, more intimate role in the service of their Creator. Like reverent sentinels they stand in vases and bow their heads to Our Lord in the taber-

Sister Olivia spends much of her time on the tractor—not for pleasure, but to keep in check the weeds, insects, etc.



nacle. Others serve in Mary's guard of honor, where they are faithful until death.

Daily we leave our convent home to direct little ones on the path to God. Usually we depart early and return late. Still, it is never too early or too late to be aware of our magnificent surroundings. It is refreshing to return in the evening to such a peaceful atmosphere. The restful green of the new-mown lawn, the fragrant aroma of orange blossoms, the colorful array of



Favorite spot is the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

flowers against a background of snow-capped mountains, all combine to stimulate one's trust in an omnipotent Father's love.

We feel we can never adequately render thanks to God for making Redlands home throughout the year for approximately twenty missionaries, and a haven for all who come during the summer for our annual retreat. It is then that we enjoy solitary walks through arbored lanes. Or we may choose to sit in quiet meditation near one of the less-frequented side paths, keenly aware of the hundredfold promised those who follow Our Lord.



Sister Elizabeth wields a hoe, as well as any other implement, with expert dexterity.

The beauty of our surroundings makes us ever more conscious of God's power and presence. Thus, sublimating our appreciation, it will help us merit the second part of Christ's promise—possession of life eternal.



Sister Benigna (left), Sister Melita, and Sister M. Socorro discuss the varieties of climbing roses.

PRICELESS GIFT

Meet the Mercado trio, Jesse, Benjamin, and Henry. A week after their little brother's First Communion, Jesse



Sister Mary Jane with the Mercado Trio.

and Benjamin informed Sister Mary Jane that Father had given Henry Holy Communion free.

That was a new one. Sister was perplexed as to what they meant. Upon inquiry, she learned that Henry planned to go to confession before Mass. He arrived just as Father was going to vest for Mass. Then, in the boys' own words:

"So Father asked him something about mortal sin. When Henry said he didn't have none, Father said he could go to Communion without going to confession first. So you see, Henry received Holy Communion free."

SISTER MELITA
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

In the Home Field

QUIZ FOR SISTER

"But, Sister," asked Richard, "will we see God in heaven?"

"Certainly you will see God in heaven."

"Will we see Mary, the Mother of God?"

"Surely."

"And the angels?"

"Of course."

"And if our mother dies and goes to heaven will she still be our mother?"

"Yes, she will still be our mother."

His quiz ended, Richard hurried across the room where Edmundo was sitting. Edmundo's mother had died two years ago. "Edmundo," he said, "you still have a mommy. You have a mommy, Edmundo and she's in heaven. She's waiting for you!"

SISTER SUSANNA
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



Sister Marian Frances (left) and Sister M. Damien of Brigham City, Utah, had the fire blazing when the first parishioners arrived for Mass in one of their missions. The community hall serves for a church.

"TO SHOW HIS LOVE"

One of my third grade boys is a polio victim. Someone carries him in and out for each class. He has such a sweet, innocent expression in his eyes. One arm and hand are lifeless, and his skeleton legs both have braces. He will probably be a cripple all his life.

This is the first year that Sammy has been able to come to catechism class, and he pays rapt attention. He is thrilled at the prospect of being able to learn his lessons now for First Communion.

One of the first questions in the catechism is: "Why did God make you?" For some reason Sammy always gives his own answer for that one. Instead of the book answer: "God made me to show His goodness and to make me happy with Him in heaven," this little boy answers, "To show His love."

Some might think it to be a contradiction, that God should make this crippled child to show His love, but Sammy's answer is really 100% correct. If it were not for God's sufferers, many sinners would never come to know God's love for them. Nor would there be many of us who would really learn to know God's love or realize its extent, unless we also shared His sufferings.

SISTER ANDREA
KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

TWO LETTERS OFF

Sister: What is matrimony?

Jimmy, a Navajo student: Matrimony is a sacrament that makes people worried.

SISTER DOLORES ANN
BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH

PETE HELPS THE SISTERS

Several months ago the people of the parish of San Salvador in Colton, California, witnessed the confirmation of many young boys and girls by our Most Reverend Bishop Buddy of San Diego. The ceremony was simple and beautiful, and yet behind the beauty and simplicity there were days, weeks, and months of hard work.

An excellent job was done by the Missionary Sisters from Redlands who teach religion in Colton. It was my privilege to hear the boys' lessons. I did this after school three days a week. Then I reported frequently to Sister and she in turn recorded stars on huge charts posted in the back of the church.

I have been attending Valley College the past two years, and this September plan to begin my studies for the priesthood. I thoroughly enjoyed hearing the catechism lessons and it gave me an invaluable experience in working with boys. I felt proud of our boys when I heard them answer the Bishop.

PETE LUQUE
COLTON, CALIFORNIA



Sister Mary Catherine, who sent us this picture, writes that Pete was an invaluable helper in preparing the boys for confirmation. In an accompanying article Pete gives his own account of his experiences.

It Ended Happily

by Sister Margaret Ann

TWO of our sisters from our convent in San Pedro, California, were making their usual round of visiting one morning when they stopped at the home of a Filipino family who had been in this country only three years. Mrs. Sanchez greeted them courteously and promised to see that her two little children would be attending religion class regularly.

"But, Sister," she said as they were leaving, "I have a boy of eighteen who has not yet received his First Communion!"

The sisters told her that we would teach him also if he would come with the high school boys. Mrs. Sanchez asked the sisters to wait while she went outside to bring in the unwilling and embarrassed young man from the yard where he was working. He did not wish to attend the regular classes. He said he would feel out of place since he would be older than most of the boys and not know so much as they. The sisters promised to find out when we could have a special class for him and told him they would let him know the time.

Back at the convent the sisters who had met Juan discussed the situation with the other sisters who knew the family. One boy in the ninth grade had been attending classes the whole year previous. His class had been preparing for confirmation, but he had not been confirmed because he could never be prevailed upon to attend any special classes to be instructed for his First Communion. We decided that we would ask both of the boys to come to our convent for a special class which would include just the two of them. We made the arrangements with them and the older boy agreed to bring his brother.

They came twice a week although the convent is quite a distance from their home. One day they were later than usual. The older boy excused their tardiness, saying, "We couldn't find money for the bus fare." Juan, soon to be nineteen, was anxious to know whether he could receive his First Communion before he would be drafted into the service. He proved to be a very much interested and apt pupil, with the background of an excellent education received in the Philippines.

One day I asked him, "How is it that you did not go to instructions in the Philippines? Don't they have anyone to teach religion to the pupils in the public schools?"

Haltingly, the confession came out, "Yes, they did have instructions in religion, but we didn't attend them!"

Juan had been confirmed as an infant, but his brother had not. Their father had been in the Navy and made friends with a Protestant chaplain. Although he had been brought up in the Catholic religion, he joined the church of his friend. He is still Protestant at heart, although he does not attend church now. I told Juan one day that he would have become a Protestant like his father if he had not decided to take instructions. He answered, "No, Sister, I would have stayed as I was but I would never have become a Protestant."

When I asked why he did not attend Mass, he said, "I don't know what to do when I go." So we went on a tour of the church. Everything was included — baptistry, sacristies, confessional. Then I told him, "Now I hope you will feel at home in your Father's house."

After that Juan attended Mass regularly. Sometimes he was the only one in the family who went. His younger brother was not always so conscientious.

I had class for them whenever extra time could be found—during Thanksgiving and Christmas vacation, etc.—for this intelligent young man deserved a thorough knowledge of his faith. He would be graduating in February and subject to the draft. Just before Christmas he thought of getting some work to do during the holidays. Finding that he had not gotten a job, I asked him whether he would like one without pay, to help us put up the two cribs—one in the church and one outside in our front yard, next to the church. He agreed to help, and a better worker would be hard to find.

We were happy to see him have this opportunity of being around the church. I tried to use every incident that occurred to explain to him customs and practices that were unfamiliar to him. One day he asked, "How is it, Sister, that people here do not take the bodies of the dead to the church for a funeral as they do in the Philippines?" I assured him that people did, but that he had not been to Mass on a weekday so he would not have been around to see the funeral at church. Providence so arranged it that one morning during the week before Christmas we had a funeral and a High Mass. Juan came to work and had to wait until Mass was over. I was glad he had attended his first Catholic funeral in the U.S.A.

At last we set the day for the First Communion of Juan and his brother. All the family, except his father, were at Mass, and all received Holy Communion with the boys. Two of us sisters attended the Mass also. It would be hard to say who was the happiest of the little group.



Sister Margaret Ann and the Sanchez family on the boys' First Communion day. Juan is in the center next to his mother.

Soon afterward Juan enlisted in the Air Force. Some time later I received a letter from him. It was a surprise, because he usually spoke very little and it was hard to guess what he was thinking. His letter ended like this:

I assure you, Sister, I'll remember you as long as I live. Each time I enter a church I'll remember you. Because if you didn't teach me what I should know, maybe I won't know what the inside of a church looks like. When I go home on Christmas I'll be going to the Holy Trinity. And when I see the lights of the Christmas trees, the star at the top of the highest tree, and the manger, I'll remember you. Before I close, Sister, thank you very, very much for what you did to me and for your effort to convert my father. He said he appreciated your going to the house. I believe he is firmly welded to the Protestant faith. Maybe someday he will yield. We hope.

Juan



our **A**ssociates'

Rock Crystal Rosaries

These and other rosaries made to order by our sisters at very reasonable prices. Write us for details.

**A Holy, Happy New Year
to All our Associates!**

Tell-O-Grams

Are you in need of

Special prizes?

Write us for a beautiful, colorful woolen afghan, or a sixteen cup coffee carafe and stand, donated for these purposes.

Table prizes?

Write Clarco, Box 149, Brooklyn 17, N.Y. for four plastic aprons in three colors (two full size with bib and two tea aprons) at 25 cents each.

Samples of cloth animal toys?

We have a half dozen made by Promoter Irene Potthoff of Fort Wayne, to lend out. Please include postage with request. Shipping weight, two pounds.

GREEN SCAPULAR CHAMPIONS

Mrs. Helen Donohue, Regent of Blessed Sacrament Circle No. 649, Daughters of Isabella, Chicago, wrote us that her Circle turned out more than 26,000



Green Scapulars for distribution during the Marian Year just ended.

Mrs. R. Gaskill of Hartford City, Indiana, aided by her mother and some friends, turned out 47,000 Green Scapulars within a year's time!

Both Mrs. Donohue and Mrs. Gaskill sent a portion of their output to Victory Noll for our sisters to distribute.

MEMBERS OF SAINT KATHERINE BAND, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



The accompanying picture was taken in the backyard of Promoter Mrs. Katherine Hammer in late October. The Band has met twice a week for the past fourteen years, sending dues and donations to Victory Noll.

Club Mention



PARIS, ILL. ASSOCIATES



The "baseball season" lasts twelve months with *Charitina II* club members at Paris, Illinois, under the leadership of Miss Mary C. Gibbons. Our Promoter

has a glass baseball bank and when the members are not dropping silver coins (even paper dollars) in it they are giving benefit parties for our sisters. The raffle by the Club of a doll dressed as a sister brought \$36.00.

ELKHART (IND.) ASSOCIATES

The *Ave Maria Band* of Elkhart, Indiana, at present headed by Miss Rose Battista, had its origin in a mission committee of the Young Ladies Sodality. They have always sponsored our Sister Noreen, located in San Antonio, Texas, and send a generous annual donation to Victory Noll.

FT. WAYNE, IND. ASSOCIATES

No one is more regular in sending us a monthly check than Mrs. George Deining-er, Promoter of *St. Anne's Band*, Fort Wayne, which accounts for a sizeable year-end figure by this small social club. The members take their turn in entertaining the rest, and have a pleasant evening at conversation and cards.



The Band has held regular monthly meetings since 1938. Congratulations to them for their fine record in mission giving!

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS October 20, to November 24, 1954

Ave Maria, Elkhart, R. Battista	\$25.00
Bl. Martin, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. I. Lehmann	30.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, H. Ford	8.00
Florentine, St. Louis, Mrs. Lammert	30.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Joseph Walz ..	24.00
Holy Trinity (St. Jude), Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Duesler	2.55
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. J. V. McGovern	30.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago Betty Accomando	25.00
"Martinettes," Cheviot, O., Janette Brown	2.00
Mother Cabrini, Wauconda, Ill. Mrs. Swiatly	100.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. Lammert	90.00
Our Lady of Sorrows, Chicago, Florence Kuenster	50.00
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. B. Miller	5.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Albanese	800.00
St. Ann, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Deininger ...	4.35
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. O'Brien	15.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner ...	10.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	8.75
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	8.50
St. Joseph II, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes ..	30.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. Lydia Fiala ...	7.25
St. Justin Martyr, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	405.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer ..	13.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Norean Lopez	13.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz ...	145.00
St. Mary Goretti, Chicago, Mrs. Picchiatti	6.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, Mary Schaefer ..	19.00
St. Raymond, Chicago, Mrs. K. Quinlan ..	14.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. Huebl	50.00
St. Stephen, Detroit, Mrs. Jos. Koroly ..	5.25
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Ill. Mrs. J. Murphy	12.25
Tip Top Twelve, Cincinnati, Catherine Dumont	5.00



Mary's Loyal

BEAVER DAM (WIS.) HELPERS

Dear Loyal Helpers:

The Feast of the Three Kings (January 6) should be of special interest to you. The light of the star which guided the Magi to the Holy Child signifies the light of Faith. Thank God every day for the gift of Faith, and pray for Missionaries who are striving either to bring the light of Faith to poor pagans in foreign lands (to modern pagans in our own country also) or to *preserve* the Faith in the hearts of those where it was implanted by God's missionaries in the past but who are now in danger of losing this pearl of great price. It is chiefly to the task of preserving the Faith that we *Missionary Sisters* of Our Lady of Victory are dedicated. Future foreign missionaries must come largely from our growing boys and girls in America,—but if they lose the Faith how can this be done?

Pray and work for the missions and Our Lady's Missionaries, and may this be a happy and spiritually prosperous New Year for you.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH



Therese Lehner who sent this picture writes as follows: "Those on the picture, reading from left to right, are Joyce Hampton, Margaret Jemp, Judy Schmidt, I, Therese, Mary Kay Sustman, Marilyn Dummer, Mary Ann Wimmer. Mary Kumba is not in it. She forgot to come for the picture."

"We had nice, big, beautiful pears on our tree until Hurricane Hazel came along and knocked them off. We picked what was good from the ground and Mother and I canned sixteen quarts.

"I helped Sister Anthony teach Catechism at Mount Bethel. It was a large Confirmation Class. They were confirmed in November."

Marie Sikora, Middlesex, New Jersey

JACKSON (MICH.) HELPERS

We are glad to introduce with their pictures, *Allan Adamick* (left) age 12, grade 6, and *Francis*, his brother, (right) who signs himself "Mike," age 10, grade 3 of St. John's School. Allan writes that he has started a stamp collection and belongs to the Boy Scouts and Junior Humane Society. When *two* fill a Sunshine Bag, it gets filled quickly!

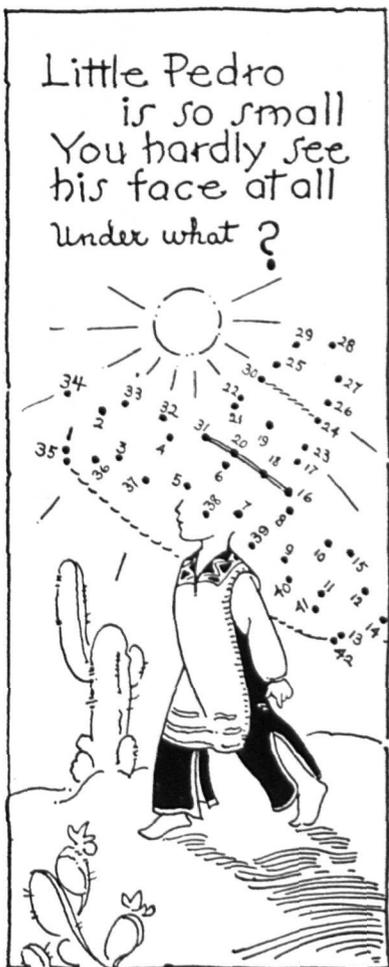


Helpers' pages



January Puzzle

Little Pedro
is so small
You hardly see
his face at all
Under what ?



Work the quizzie dot puzzle above and send the answer to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana, for a holy card.



We hear from Helpers

"I am sorry I haven't written you but I was busy Christmas shopping, saying my prayers and practising my accordion. I have not forgotten about my dime card. I just have to finish filling it with two dimes, and I'd like one of those MLH pins.

Maybelle DeFino, Bound Brook, N.J.

"I have worked this month's puzzle. Here are about one hundred and eighty-four stamps for you. I am saving my money for your Missions and may God bless you and help you in your work.

Bonnie McHugh, St. Clair Shores, Mich.

C	R	A	M	F	E	A	T
H	O	M	E	A	L	S	O
I	C	E		S	K	I	S
C	H	R	I	S	T	A	S
				N	E	E	
R	I	M	A	N	G	E	R
O	N	T	O		O	W	E
O	R	E	S	A	L	E	S
M	I	N	T	C	D	S	T

Answers to December Crossword Puzzle.



WEAR AN MLH PIN! You will like them. They are blue and white enamel in the shape of a shield. Send *seventy-five cents* to SUNSHINE SECRETARY, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for one.

True Devotion to Mary

IN the year 1925 the whole Catholic world rejoiced when His Holiness Pope Pius XI issued an encyclical establishing the feast of Christ the King. Now, twenty-nine years later, his successor, Pope Pius XII has given us the beautiful feast of Mary as Queen, to be celebrated each year on May 31.

Like all of our Holy Father's encyclical letters, *Ad Caeli Reginam*, setting forth his reasons for establishing the feast, is truly a masterpiece. It bears reading and re-reading. Pope Pius is careful to point out that this is certainly not a new truth that he proposes. Mary's Queenship has long been recognized by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church and has always had a place in the books of the sacred liturgy.

"Jesus Christ," our Holy Father says, "alone God and Man, is King in the full, proper, and absolute sense of the term. Yet Mary also, although in a restricted way and only by analogy, shares in the royal dignity as the Mother of Christ who is God, as His associate in the labors of the divine Redemption, and in His struggle against His enemies and in the victory He won over them all. From this association with Christ the King, she obtains a splendor and eminence surpassing the excellence of all created things. From this association with Christ comes the royal function by which she can dispense the treasures of the divine Redeemer's kingdom. Finally, from this association with Christ comes the unailing efficacy of her maternal intercession with the Son and with the Father."

Pope Pius XII is truly the "Pope of Mary." It was he who gave us the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, celebrated on August 22. In 1942 he consecrated the whole world to Mary's Immaculate Heart; and later, he conse-



Pope of Mary

crated in a special way, the country of Russia. It was Pope Pius XII who defined the dogma of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother. To commemorate fittingly the centenary of the definition of the Immaculate Conception, our Holy Father instituted the Marian Year. As he himself writes in his encyclical *Ad Caeli Reginam*: "Everyone knows that as often as the opportunity presents itself, that is, when we are speaking to our children in Christ who are gathered in our presence, or when, by radio, we speak to people afar off, we exhort all to love our most kind and powerful Mother as children should, with a strong and tender love."

He continues: "And now, so that we may, as it were, bring to a climax the series of many manifestations of our filial reverence toward the great Moth-

er of God, manifestations which the Christian people have followed so carefully, and likewise so that we may happily and usefully conclude the Marian Year which is now drawing to a close, and so that we may freely grant the urgent petitions on this matter which have come to us from all over the world, we have decided to institute a liturgical feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary as Queen."

It was our present Holy Father who canonized the great servant of God and of Mary, St. Louis de Montfort. St. Louis loved to use the titles Queen and Mistress when he wrote or spoke of Our Blessed Mother. In his *Treatise on the True Devotion* we read: "Mary is the Queen of heaven and earth by grace, as Jesus is the King of them by nature and by conquest." And again: "Mary commands in the heavens the angels and the blessed. As a recompense for her profound humility, God has given her the power and permission to fill with saints the empty thrones from which the apostate angels fell by pride. Such has been the will of the Most High who exalts the humble, that heaven, earth, and hell bend with good will or bad will to the commandments of the humble Mary, whom He has made sovereign of heaven and earth, general of His armies, treasurer of His treasures, dispenser of His graces, worker of His greatest marvels, restorer of the human race, mediatrix of men, the exterminator of the enemies of God, and the faithful companion of His grandeurs and His triumphs."

Our Blessed Mother is a Queen who is most merciful and full of compassion for us, her subjects and children. Those who have consecrated themselves to her as her slaves of love know well her motherly goodness. They have learned the shortest, the surest, and the easiest way to sanctity.

This True Devotion taught by St. Louis de Montfort and practiced by thousands and thousands of Mary's

children throughout the world, consists in giving oneself completely to Our Lady without reserve. It requires the formal consecration of oneself and all one's goods, spiritual and temporal, present and future. According to St. Louis' own words, the essence of the Devotion "consists in giving ourselves up entirely to the Most Holy Virgin in the quality of slaves in order to belong wholly to Jesus Christ; and in the next place to do all our actions with Mary, in Mary, by Mary, for Mary, in order to do them more perfectly with Jesus, in Jesus, and for Jesus, our last end."

Dependence on Mary in all things and at all times is the central idea of the True Devotion.

The True Devotion has not only been praised but practiced by Pope Pius XII now gloriously reigning, and by his illustrious predecessors. Pope Pius XI declared: "I have known and practiced this Devotion from my childhood." Benedict XV called the *Treatise on the True Devotion* "small in size, but of what great authority and what great sweetness! May it be spread ever more and still more, and rekindle the Christian spirit in souls in ever growing number!" St. Pius X gave his apostolic benediction to anyone who would even read the *Treatise*. And in 1848 Pope Pius IX claimed that this was the best and the most acceptable form of devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

This wonderful Devotion is too precious to remain the secret that it has been for so long. We wish that all our readers would not only know it, but practice it. To help you to know Our Blessed Mother better and to practice the Devotion that will mean so much in your spiritual life, we invite you to write to Victory Noll where a sister devotes all her time to this work. Address

Sister Secretary
Confraternity of Mary
Queen of Hearts
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Books



The Sacraments in the Christian Life by M. M. Philipon, O.P., M.S.T., translated by Rev. John Otto, Ph.D. Newman Press. \$4.25

All holiness consists in our conformity to Christ. And the great means by which we receive this life in Christ are the seven sacraments. Not only as individuals do we receive the Christ-life, but as members of the mystical body. In the sacramental economy every action reflects an indissoluble solidarity among all the members of Christ's mystical body. So it is that Father Philipon presents for our consideration the social aspect of the sacraments, as well as their individual nature.

No one can read this excellent book and not be profoundly moved at the great dignity that is his as a member of the Church. As Father Philipon writes: "The perfect Christian is another Christ, living on earth in the simple yet divine manner of the Word Incarnate, under the personal and constant working of the Spirit of God."

A deep appreciation of the sacraments is bound to result from a thoughtful reading of this volume. It would be difficult to single out any one chapter for excellence; the entire book is of such high caliber. The Eucharist and Holy Orders deservedly are given more than one chapter. We found particularly gratifying the chapter on Confirmation. Too often this sacrament is dismissed in a few pages, but the author gives it the full treatment it deserves. His explanation of the gifts is unusually clear. So it seems at least to this reviewer, for we have looked in vain in many spiritual books for their adequate treatment.

Father Philipon draws copiously on St. Paul. He is a Trinitarian soul. On page after page he reminds us that the grace of the sacraments will give us admittance to the inmost blessed happiness of the Trinity. No wonder he is such a great admirer of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity whose spir-

itual doctrine he expounded some years ago. One of the outstanding chapters in that book, we remember, was his tracing of the effects of the gifts in the soul of Elizabeth. He seems to have a special faculty for explaining their noble functions in the spiritual life.

The translator compares Father Philipon to Abbot Marmion. There is a similarity, but Father Philipon's writings are much more literary in style. That is no doubt explained by the fact that Marmion's best known trilogy were originally conferences given to his monks. Like the works of Marmion, Lallemand, Saudreau, and others, Philipon's will live on and be appreciated more and more with the passing of time.

Lights Along the Shore by Fulton Oursler. Hanover House, New York. \$2.95

The late Fulton Oursler was a prolific writer. A constant note-taker, his stories grew out of his copious notes. Members of his family selected forty-one of his stories and articles and presented them here in book form. They have added notes to some of the stories explaining the circumstances under which they were written, or that add an interesting sequel to the original article.

It is true of this as it is true of all collections. Every story won't please every reader. Among those we liked are his essay on Our Blessed Mother: "The Greatest Mother of All"; the humorous stories ("Speaker of the Evening"); and the stories that show human nature at its best: "You Find Understanding at the Top" in which he relates his experiences as a young reporter interviewing Cardinal Gibbons, President Taft, and others; and "There Is Magic in a Word of Praise."

Cardinal Gibbons once helped Mr. Oursler get a raise in salary. As a young reporter working on the *Baltimore American* he used this sentence as a lead:

"'Nuns are fools,' said the Cardinal this morning."

The city editor was horrified and sent the story to the Cardinal for verification. Oursler was warned that if he had been mistaken, he would be fired immediately. Back came the Cardinal's message: "I note that your young reporter added 'fools for Christ' in the body of the story. He knows his St. Paul. He has done an excellent account." That week Mr. Oursler's pay envelope contained ten dollars instead of eight.

Holyday-Holiday Date Book. Drawings by Sister Rosalie, O.P. McGough & Son Co., 40 Division Ave. S., Grand Rapids, Mich. 50 cents.

The *Holyday-Holiday Date Book* consists of a set of sixteen pictures illustrating feasts and holidays throughout the year. The drawings are especially good, and adapt themselves well to coloring. They can be used in the religion class, for posters for the bulletin board, or for a child's own room. Each sheet carries the *imprimatur* of Bishop Babcock of Grand Rapids. The days illustrated are: Circumcision, Epiphany, St. Valentine's, Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's, St. Joseph's, Easter, Ascension Thursday, Pentecost, Memorial Day, Assumption, Columbus Day, All Saints', Thanksgiving, Immaculate Conception and Christmas.

Sunday Manners and The Smallest Altar Boy are recent pamphlets published by the Catechetical Guild. 10 cents each.

The former is another baby picture book; the latter, by Russell Collinge, is a clever explanation, in drawings and text, of the duties of an altar boy.

POPULAR EDITIONS

Doubleday continues to publish *Image Books*, thereby making accessible many excellent titles. Several of these have already been listed in *THE MISSIONARY Catechist*. We would now call your attention to the following.

The Church Speaks to the Modern World. Social Teachings of Leo XIII. Edited, with an Introduction by Etienne Gilson, 95 cents.

A Popular History of the Catholic Church by Philip Hughes. 85 cents.

Peace of Soul by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, D. D. 75 cents.

The Diary of a Country Priest by Georges Bernanos, 65 cents.

Mr. Blue by Myles Connolly. 50 cents.

Dell Publishing Company has printed a half million copies of Bishop Sheen's *Three to Get Married*. The new edition sells for 35 cents.

I'll Cry Tomorrow by Lillian Roth. With Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank. Frederick Fell, New York. \$3.95

It took courage to write this book. For sixteen years Lillian Roth was an alcoholic. Why did she write of her tragic past? She tells us herself in the foreword: "That *one can come back*, that there is a way out from shame and despair and utter hopelessness — this is the sum and substance of my book. And this, I believe, justifies opening the doors to a past that sometimes — when I look back at it — seems utterly incredible and unbelievable to me who lived it."

Lillian's parents, thought not actors themselves, were stagestruck. They literally thrust her on the stage when she was scarcely four years old. In her teens she was starred by Earl Carroll in his *Vanities* and then played in Ziegfeld's *Follies*. The next step was Hollywood where Paramount starred her. On the death of her fiance she turned to drink. After sixteen years of it she found her way back through Alcoholics Anonymous. She married a lapsed Catholic, ex-alcoholic also, then took instructions and came into the Church herself and brought her husband back. Today she is once again a headliner in the entertainment world.

It is not a pleasant story, you may be sure, but it is a deeply moving one. It will do much to put hope into others who have fallen into the awful gulf of alcoholism and near insanity.

There are a few typographical errors. Also, more careful editing might have ferreted out some other mistakes. For instance Cardinal Gibbons, not Cardinal Newman, wrote the *Faith of Our Fathers*. And only the children at Fatima saw Our Blessed Mother, not "those who were religious" (p. 310). We can be quite sure that Father did *not* say, "When you become a Catholic, we shall present your case to Rome for a ruling as to whether you can marry in the Church." (p. 325). Non-Catholics will wonder how the marriage was "fixed up." It might have been well to give an explanation.

This should be required reading for those who aspire to a theatrical career. Hollywood and Broadway are hard taskmasters.

The last word

by the editor

There's nothing new under the sun That we know. And yet we cherished the illusion that there might be something original about the title of this column. Alas for our illusions. Before the ink had dried on our December issue we picked up a copy of a monthly publication from our magazine rack in the library and there on the last page was the editor's last word. We hope he forgives us for continuing to use the title. Certainly no plagiarism is intended . . . If you want to have "The Story of a Victory" for a school assembly or club meeting, send your request to Victory Noll right away. "The Story of a Victory" is an illustrated vocation story and lasts forty minutes. The talk, on tape recorder or record, whichever you prefer, accompanies the colored two-by-two slides. Although we now have two sets of slides we can hardly keep up with the demand. That is why, if you want it before the school year is ended, you should get your request to Victory Noll as soon as possible . . .

We hope to have another story with slides illustrating mission work exclusively. We have collected a number of fine slides for this purpose. It's a matter now of finding the time to put them together . . . Although our circulation is not so large as we wish it were, we are proud of the fact that most of our subscribers renew their subscriptions. Some of you have been with us from the very beginning — over thirty years now. We do not have the accompanying large turn-over of the magazines who use the pulpit appeal and employ agents. Consequently we feel very close to you. We know, from your letters, that this is true of you also . . .

Gratitude strikes a responsive chord in all of us. But some people know how

to say "thank you" just a little better. A woman in the east, for instance, sent us a number of gift subscriptions with a note of appreciation for what our sisters in Denver were able to do for her very sick nephew when he was in the hospital there. We do not know the details of the case, but we do know that Sister Dolores and the other sisters there were happy to do all they could for him and for others like him . . .

Then there is the pastor of St. Catherine Laboure Church, Torrance, California, Father Tepe, who took time from his busy schedule to tell us that he and his confraternity teachers appreciated the "big spread" we gave them in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST last November . . . Little things, perhaps, but they give one a lift along life's way.

In Memoriam

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to reward with eternal life all those who do us good.

August Salitrik, Uniontown, Pa., father of Sister Leo, O.L.V.M.
Gertrude Byrne, St. Louis, sister of Sister Mary Gerard, O.L.V.M.
Sister Clare Marie, S.P., St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.
Mother M. Clare, O.S.U., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Michael Koroly, McKeesport, Pa.
Mrs. Adelaide Neveling, ACM, Chicago
Alice Remy, ACM, Fort Wayne
Jennie Sebraska, ACM, Chicago
John McCarthy, Bronx, N. Y.
Alice Neylon, Warrenville, Ill.
Sarah Cassidy, Cleveland, N. Mex.
Walter Walsh, Chicago
W. E. Johnson, San Francisco
Earl Lilhem Henson, Ferguson, Mo.
Wilhelmina Hundman, Bloomington, Ill.
Marie Moore, Mishawaka, Ind.
Mrs. M. McNamara, Niles, Ill.
Herdon H. Leathers, Chicago
John Shields, Chicago
John Maginn, Chicago
Loretta S. Wagner, Chicago
Marcella G. Moran, Chicago

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Do you belong to a small Card Club?

Then put money **IN THE KITTY**
for our Missionaries!



Help the sisters who give aid to the poor!

In return you share in the prayers and good works of each member of our large missionary community, besides Masses for living and deceased Associates.

(Tear off coupon below and mail it **TODAY!**)

Sister Supervisor, Mission Clubs
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

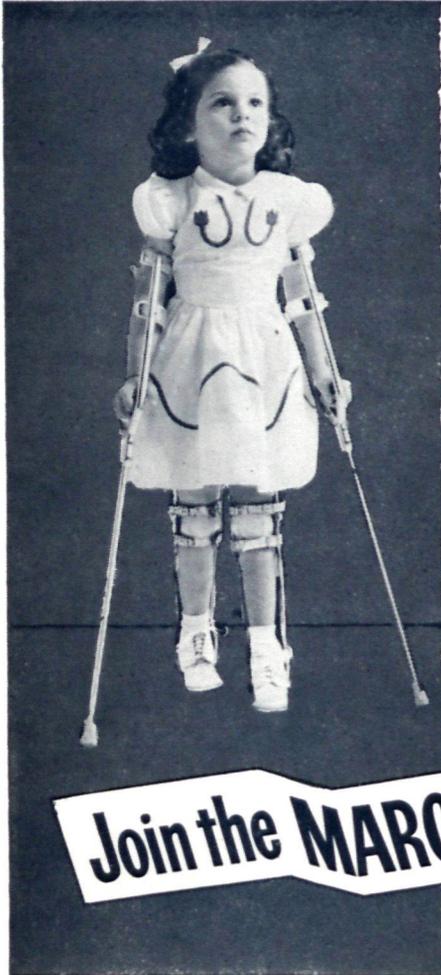
Dear Sister:

Please send me the pamphlet, "Let's Play Cards and Win Lasting Prizes" as well as any other information you have about organizing a mission band or club.

Name

Street

CityZoneState



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JANUARY 3-31