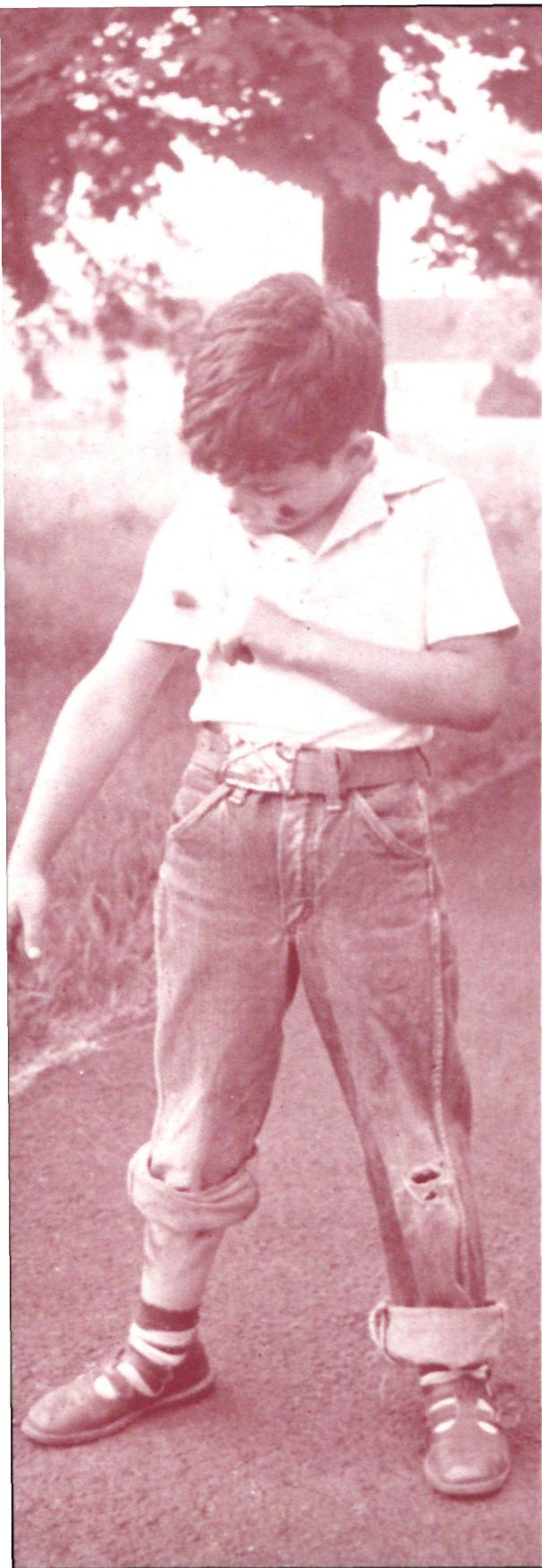




The Missionary
CATECHIST

Sept 1955



It Takes Two

by Sister Blanche Marie

○ *SISTER with the big blue eyes,
Don't look at me in such surprise!*

*It was that bad boy over there;
He stole my cap and mussed my hair*

*And ripped my pants and tore my shirt
And threw my primer in the dirt.*

*He broke my skates and grabbed my sling
And spilled my jacks 'n' everything.*

*He mused my arm and pinched my ear;
I did not shed a single tear.*

*The blood on sleeve? Oh, I suppose
I hurt a little his pug nose.*

*Sure, we were in a little tussle;
I had to let him feel my muscle.*

*The blue rag in the tree? Oh, that?
It's just the bad boy's Sunday hat.*

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are a Marian Community. They believe that if souls love and serve Mary, she will lead them safely to 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.

Mary, under her significant title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, is the patroness of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Their motto is "All for Jesus through Mary." Many times a day each sister repeats this simple prayer not only as an offering of her prayers, works and sufferings, to God through Mary, but also as a short renewal of the consecration she has made of herself to Mary.

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Credits

Photographs Herb Phillips Photo, San Pedro, Calif., p. 27.

Our Cover Nancy and Judy are granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Kessler, owners of the Middlesex Pastry Shop, who have kept our sisters supplied with bakery goods ever since our convent in Middlesex, N. J., was opened.

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You're Welcome

by Sister Mary Mark

stretch of open country road, and finally a turn on to a dirt road that appears to lead no where in particular. As we approach the gate house on the abbey property, all eyes search for a glimpse of the much-talked-about quonset monastery but nothing is visible except a vast expanse of undulating land. At last a rising curve in the rocky road brings the travelers in full view of the most peaceful scene imaginable. There it is—Our Lady of the Holy Trinity Abbey—with its farm buildings nearby and a herd of cattle grazing in the distance.

“WE are glad to have had you with us. Come again!”

This friendly farewell speaks from a sign board to travelers departing from the Union depot in Ogden, Utah. It was but a coincidence, of course, that this sign first appeared at the time when a group of our sisters stopped in Ogden, enroute to their new assignments.

Ogden is known as the transportation hub for the West. Our own Christ the King Convent, directly east of the depot on Twenty-fifth Street, affords a convenient stopover for sisters traveling across the country. A good night's rest makes the last half of the journey more enjoyable.

We sometimes wonder about the rest because every guest must be taken on an extensive sight-seeing tour. The rapidly growing city of Ogden, creeping closer and closer to the rugged mountains that surround it, is in itself a place of interest. But without a doubt, the most enjoyable trip is a quick run to the Abbey of Our Lady of the Holy Trinity about sixteen miles northeast of Ogden. The drive is through picturesque Ogden Canyon, then over a

At the abbey there are only two places open to women, the chapel for laity and the book shop. We usually manage to arrive in time for the community High Mass and one of the Canonical Hours chanted as only Trappist Monks can chant. We leave reluctantly after the huge choir books are carefully closed and the last monk silently departs from the Eucharistic Presence of Our Lord to continue his contemplation while he engages in some form of manual labor.

On leaving the chapel we pause at the book shop to greet the genial brother in charge. Spiritual books often remind us that we learn to speak best by keeping silence. Brother is a living example of this. A sense of humor reveals itself, too, when a sister, intent on finding a certain highly recommended book, asks seriously, “Brother, do you have *Difficulties In Mental Prayer?*” The twinkle in his eye assures us that he is acquainted with both the book and the problem.

A trip to the abbey is always a fresh spiritual treat even to those who have been there many times. Very often we

We Grow Three Notches

THE most welcomed news of the year to us is always the announcement of our new centers. This year there will be three. They are: Sebring, Florida; Smethport, Pennsylvania; and Delhi, Iowa. This brings the total of our mission convents to sixty-eight.

Sebring, in Southcentral Florida, is eighty miles northeast of our mission in Punta Gorda. From their convent in Sebring the sisters will serve two rapidly growing parishes, and cover a wide area of scattered missions.

Smethport, in the Diocese of Erie, is ninety miles east of Union City where our sisters have been working since 1952. Here the sisters will teach a large number of children coming from many schools.

Delhi, about fifty miles west of Dubuque, is the only one of the new

leave with a material treat also, in the form of a perfectly shaped loaf of famous Trappist bread.

If time permits, our tour will include one or both of our neighboring convents, Brigham City, twenty miles to the north, and Salt Lake City, thirty-five miles southeast.

For the newly-professed sisters, returning from vacations at home, this stopover at Ogden may be their first opportunity to find out where classmates have been appointed. Judging from this picture taken in our convent library, Sister Margaret Therese has made some exciting discoveries. Her companion and classmate, Sister M. De Porres, shares the news while Sister Marjorie and Sister Damien, one or two years ahead in mission experience, help them to locate former classmates.



The sisters' consolation are pupils who begin in the prayer class and grow up following a graded course in religion.

centers which has released-time classes for both grade and high school. Though living in Delhi, the sisters will devote their time to three neighboring parishes.

In new fields as well as in long-established centers the Missionary Sisters will carry on their two-fold program of home visiting and religious instruction. At the beginning of each year, home visiting generally means taking a parish census where there is none, or checking an existing census. Through home visits the sisters 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 religion 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.

Statistics Live

by Sister Noreen

DeZavala, 104.

Ruiz, 88.

Herff, 92.

Brackenridge (grades 1, 2, 3,), 245.

Johnson, 72.

How neat these figures looked on paper. Sister mused as she jotted down daily attendance, her own and those of the other sisters, for the weekly report. How subdued and orderly! But the real figures these represented kept popping up in disorder in her mind.

DeZavala. Oh, for a place to teach those fifth and sixth graders! She had been "evicted" twice and was now threatened with a third from the best place of all. In fact, she was praying for this third eviction! The first one came when the man of the house went on a night job and had to sleep day-times. Sister nodded sadly. True, there's no sleep when George and Albert and Ernesto get together!

Moving that classroom was simply a matter of moving the benches two doors down. Sister discovered a real asset in the graveled driveway—but then, so did the boys. The *pedritas* (little stones) made excellent guided missiles. A love seat carved out of a huge tree trunk was an added distraction, and so too was the pecan tree. But the owners were so very nice, and delighted to have the class. Sister had difficulty understanding Grandma's rapid Spanish but not nearly as much as Grandma had in comprehending what Sister was trying to say. Sister laughed to remember the time she was looking for her blackboard and the only words she could think of were *palo negro* (black stick). No wonder Grandma looked worried.



Mary Imelda Lopez prepares the "classroom" for "doctrina."

Then the house was put up for rent and Sister was on the move again. The best place of all was found, a graveled backyard, and a double garage with a cement floor which would be ideal for the bad days. The mother of the family was happy to have the children come and often talked with Sister after class. It was in one of these talks that the mother confided that she was in need of a great spiritual favor. With prayer and God's grace, this favor was granted. Now, Sister and the class are praying that this family will find a home within its budget to buy, one near a Catholic school and church. With utmost confidence in the children's prayers, Sister is planning her next move.

Herff, 92. The Leonhardts have been hosts to the classes here since their inception in 1949. Mr. Leonhardt, a convert, was interested enough to sit in on Sister's class and said he learned more about his new-found religion that way. Humorously he teased Sister this year,

"Say, haven't I seen that same boy sitting in that same place on that same bench for the past three years? There's no future in this for him!"

As one class expanded this year, Sister was looking around for a lay teacher. Timidly Mrs. Leonhardt asked,

"Do you think that I could teach?"

Sister was delighted and gave her the course prepared by our Sisters at Santa Fe. A happy smile crossed Sister's face as she thought of the success of this little class which Mrs. Leonhardt was now teaching, due, no doubt, to her love for the children and, in turn, their affection for their teacher.

Ruiz, 88. This brought to mind two



Pat, the dog, seems to know it is Monday, the day for Mrs. Leonhardt's catechism class. Connie is anxious to get the pet out of harm's way.

model families, the Guadianos who have generously and uncomplainingly given yard room for several years, and the Lopez family. Ah! the Lopez family of seven children, five of whom are in Catholic school at a real sacrifice and the others, not of school age, at home. There's is such a tiny place but full of life and happiness. Mr. Lopez hopes to be able to build a larger house but he could hardly have a happier home. Once when Sister mentioned her gratitude for their permission to use their yard, he answered,

"I feel that I am blest in having these classes here. If they help only one child, they are worth all the trouble."

Brackenridge, 245. Two hundred and forty-five children of the first, second, and third grades from J. T. Brackenridge School. Majority of these come from "the courts," a Federal housing project, and know the pinch of poverty, and the difficulties of maintaining one's rights in crowded living conditions. *Rights* and *lefts* swing rapidly sometimes in defense of individual liberty. With the help of seventh and eighth grade girls from Guadalupe's



Kenny Leonhardt looks pleased. All is in readiness for his mother's catechism class. Benches are out, and Pat, his dog, is chained.

parochial school, Sister Ellen manages to keep these little ones in line, and to prepare them for their big day of First Communion. Oh, there's another helper, a silent one, St. Jude, because sometimes these little ones can be *impossible*.

Johnson, 72. Simplicity that must be pleasing to Our Lord is found in these poor children. They come from the back streets and alleys; from Laredo Street with its many bars and poolrooms. Yet these little ones crowd the benches to learn about Jesus Who went about doing good, and Who loves them.



Gil Rodriguez, leader of Lanier Color Guard, proves to be a leader in Catholic action.

Released-time classes at Lanier. Sister still glowed to think of Gil Rodriguez' bit of Catholic Action. Learning that the dean of women, a non-Catholic, had gone to various rooms to announce the Protestant Bible classes, a privilege not given to the Catholic teachers, Sister Loretta Marie called on her class to do something about enlisting others to come to the Catholic instructions. Lanier is about ninety-eight per cent Catholic. Gil asked per-

mission at school to speak in the study hall. He told of our classes and of the matter taught in them, and offered to help students fill out their registration cards. The next session of released-time class brought the sisters sixteen new students ready to be enrolled.

St. Michael's, Crockett, Margill, Fort Sam, all were enumerated. Private instructions? There were several, like those given to Tony who at seventeen was making the First Communion he should have received nine years before. These were simple compared to the instructions required by the woman who reminded Sister of the Samaritan woman Our Lord met at the well. Now this woman is an active member in one of the parish confraternities.

Then came the statistics of visiting. Resolutely Sister shut out memories of the calls to the homes—broken homes, happy homes, sad homes, poor homes, religious homes, indifferent homes—for these would fill a volume and the report would never be finished.



Girls of Guadalupe parochial school relax after strenuous days of helping Sister Ellen with her hundreds at J. T. Brackenridge School.



Janice ~ Joyce



Martha ~ Arthur



James ~ Carolyn

Dennis ~ Kevin

Jule ~ Jean



Sister Clarice and—?

Twins

by Sister Clarice

“ARE you twins?” is a question often asked by little children encountered in visiting. One sister may be tall and the other short; one stout and the other thin; but no matter, to the child’s eyes the similarity of the habits, and perhaps the fact that both are wearing glasses, immediately suggests twins.

Everyone is intrigued by twins; sisters are no exception. Thus it was that in the beginning of a new term, a friendly rivalry developed between Sister Anthony and me when we discovered we had a monopoly on the number of twins enrolled for religious instructions in our mission.

“How many do you have now, Sister?” I asked eagerly one evening.

“Three sets,” she replied; “so now I am almost up to you.”

“Oh, no,” I responded triumphantly, “Jean Ann and Jule Ann register-

ed for Prayer Class today, so now I have five sets!”

Through the year I held on to my lead even though it was reduced by one when Joan and Jean, third graders, withdrew from Confraternity classes to enroll in the parochial school.

Identification was sometimes a problem. Dennis and Kevin in Basking Ridge could have fooled me had they changed their places in class. As it was I assigned them places on opposite ends of the pew. During the first few classes I would look straight ahead while calling on Kevin or Dennis and then wait for the right one to stand up!

In Bound Brook I marvelled at the protective and kindly attitude of James toward his sister Carolyn. Again in Basking Ridge I often intercepted the looks and smiles exchanged between Arthur and Martha when one or the other was called upon to recite.

In Middlesex I watched the gradual

(continued on p. 12)

Adventures in Gregorian Chant

by Sister Bernardine

and Other Things

NEW mission—new adventures! Little did Sister know!

The parish organist had moved away during the summer, and after the loss of this leadership, the official parish choir had drifted apart.

In three weeks' time the annual *Fatima Fiesta*, with Solemn High Mass and candlelight rosary procession would take place—or was supposed to. With no time to waste, Sister tacked an inviting poster to the church bulletin board. On it, the next day, she counted delightedly the names of twenty-one high school, college, and business girls. Contact, and a meeting!

For three weeks the girls sang the unfamiliar Latin words of the Mass, and prayed that the lovely hymns for the procession would sound well enough to honor fittingly Our Lady of the Rosary.

Saturday evening came. A gaily decorated float, carrying a tiny organ, a broadcasting unit, and quaking choir members, slowly followed the street-wide rows of marchers, the floats, and the cars. When they arrived at the hall where the procession disbanded, the choir thanked God that they had done so well in spite of their fears.

Sunday's Solemn High Mass provided a real test of what the girls could do. All the music was new to them. They sang well. The date? October 4, just three weeks from the day the choir was organized. With that success as a spur, they went on to more ambitious things.

An annual parish treat for the surrounding areas was a broadcast of the Christmas Midnight Mass. Nineteen faithful young women successfully sang a figured Mass based on Christmas hymns, gratifying the pastor and pleasing Sister and themselves.

Then Gregorian chant grew to become the girls' great interest. They really took it seriously after Christmas. The choir had placed itself under the patronage of St. Pius X, and busied themselves in following his directions for choosing and singing the best in Church music. It was hard at first. Figured music was more appealing. Leaving the familiar melodies, harmonies, and rhythms for those of Gregorian music often was matter for sacrifice. Under it Sister saw a beautiful spirit of obedience developing among the girls. Their appreciation of chant and their ability to evaluate Church music grew. From the attitude of "This music is good and we should know how to sing it. All right, we WILL sing it!" they gradually progressed to that of "Sister, you should have heard the way such-and-such a choir sang that Mass. Why, they didn't even carry the melody over to the end of the phrase!" All this was aided by persevering instruction, plenty of practice, and the use of Gregorian chant recordings by the Pius X Choir from the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart.

By Easter they were well prepared to sing their first public Gregorian Mass for the Easter Vigil Service, adding also all the invocations and responses to the Litany of the Saints with alternate choirs!

The pastor of a neighboring parish became interested in their progress. He planned to instruct his entire congregation, week by week, to sing a Gregorian chant Mass. An invitation to the choir to sing a Sunday High Mass was to be the introduction. So great was his pleasure at their singing that he invited them all to lunch and spoke to them for half an hour on good

Church music and their contribution to the liturgy through adherence to the principles of St. Pius X. Two days later the choir received a check for ten dollars made payable to the "Pio Decimo Choir." The choir was named!

In the breathing spell that followed, the girls adopted two more important projects, the acquisition of some new music, and a *new look* for the choir loft. Funds came from a successful bake sale. The girls proved to be good bakers and even better salesgirls. Addi-

tional *Kyriales* and new *Pius X Hymnals* were ordered and paid for. Volunteers catalogued and inventoried all the music, old and new, and neatly stamped and covered it. In the process we came across several books of figured propers.

"What are these?" asked Alice.

"Melodies for propers of the day and Sundays," answered Sister.

"Doesn't everyone sing the propers to psalm tones? Aren't we supposed to?"

Sister Alma Marie and her Pio Decimo Choir, Tulare, Calif.

Left to right

Front row

Margaret Cate,
president
Gloria Airoza
Inez Silva
Sister Alma Marie
Lucy Vasquez
Carmen Coehlo

Second row

Beatrice Machado
Olga Frutuosa
Margaret Sa
Mary Tristao

Third row

Alice Fagundes
Leona Coehlo,
secretary
Barbara Soares
Dianne Costa

Fourth row

Mable Tristao,
treasurer
Mary Capsin
Hazel Duncan

Fifth row

Rose Mendonca
Susanne Radmacher
Beatrice Jewitt



Twins

(continued from p. 9)

"These books are all right too. Someone else may want to use them some day, so let's catalogue and cover them also."

"Someone else use them?" queried Alice. Then determinedly, "Oh, no, they won't, Sister. We won't let them!"

Sister laughed but felt that Gregorian chant had scored a victory.

On to the second big task. The choir loft needed attention.

One Saturday morning the bucket brigade appeared on the scene armed with mops, brushes, dustcloths and pails. Simultaneously a sewing committee came to establish itself in the front room of the convent there to pleat green taffeta draperies for the loft railing and a backdrop for the organ grille.

An interested man from the parish built risers in the choir loft.

Kneelers, now covered with plastic, protected fine nylons from expensive damage. By Saturday evening the choir loft shone with an inviting splendor.

One of the members asked her father to make a bulletin board for the exclusive use of the choir. He produced a beautiful one which was hung at the head of the stairs at the entrance to the choir loft. On it are kept posted information on chant taken from the *Motu Proprio*, etc., stories from the life of St. Pius X, correct Latin pronunciations, and the like, as well as important announcements regarding practices, singing schedules, picnics, weddings, and anything else of special interest.

After a year of hard work and wonderful cooperation the choir deserved an outing. They took it at Millerton Lake near Friant Dam. The girls swam, played, toured the dam, and of course, ate and ate! They played and enjoyed themselves with the same fervor and joy that they had shown through all their practices and activities. The same enthusiasm should carry them successfully through a new year's strenuous program.

overcoming of shyness on the part of five-year-old Jean Ann as she began to "speak up" for herself and Jule Ann in the important matter of getting stars in their catechism, or in deciding whose turn it was to carry home the monthly *Mine Magazine*.

My contact with twins was not confined to those in my classes. Each week I enjoyed the company of Joyce and Janice—with about sixty other children—as we rode the school bus to our teaching center. Joyce and Janice are exceptionally devoted to each other. In the beginning of the year I made the mistake of not checking on the attendance of both in the bus. Consequently, I discovered one twin in tears because her sister was left behind. Although they are in different rooms in school they usually come out of the building together. However, one time Janice came hurrying out alone, and as she stepped into the bus, she said in all seriousness,

"Sister, if you see another girl coming out of school who looks like me, that's my sister. Tell her I am on the bus."

As the memory of twins taught in the past merges with those of the present, my mind invariably turns to the thought of Karl and Kenneth, seven-year-old twins who were in my First Communion class last year. Karl and Kenneth are now in heaven. A tragic accident took both their lives by drowning on a Saturday afternoon in January. They had attended First Communion class that very morning. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the prayers of Karl and Kenneth will obtain for some of the twins we now are instructing the grace to heed the Call so that where now we sisters are laboring singly, there may be double the number laboring in the Master's vineyard in the near future.

Good, Better, Best

by Sister Grace Marie

A BLACKBOARD is a vital piece of teaching equipment for most sisters, including myself. Every Monday afternoon a rolled up portable blackboard finds its place near my brief case. It is on Monday that I teach in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Wisnieski.

From the first time I used the portable blackboard Mrs. Wisnieski eyed it curiously.

"Can you find a place to hang it, Sister?" she asked before class.

"Yes, thank you. I'll put it on the hook of the gate between the kitchen and the play room."

After class she offered, "Would you like a damp cloth to clean it with, Sister?"

It was after several weeks of teaching in the home that I walked in one day to find a large piece of slate leaning against the wall. Mrs. Wisnieski greeted me with, "I thought you might like to use that for class."

"It is perfect," I exclaimed in genuine delight. The class gave their approval of the new blackboard too, be-

fore we began the lesson.

For the next three weeks the clean slate was always in position with chalk and an eraser handy. But I was mistaken when I had remarked previously, "It is perfect." I was in for a bigger surprise. The carpenter of the house had his own idea of the *perfect* blackboard. Soon another blackboard made its debut. This one had the professional touch! Mr. Wisnieski put, not one, but two slates in a wooden frame. One slate is black and the other green. The frame is on wheels. We can move it to any place in the room. Teaching charts can be tacked along the top or the sides of the frame. A beautiful grooved ledge holds the chalk and eraser. What more could a Missionary Sister—or anyone else, for that matter—ask for in the line of blackboards, or in thoughtfulness and generosity on the part of our dear Catholic people!

Evidently the two little movers, Linda and Tommy Wisnieski, go with the deluxe blackboard. They move it, clean it, erase it, and draw pictures and write numbers on it for Sister to see.



Tommy and Linda go with the blackboard.



Sister Jeannette and Sally

THE CHILDREN'S GIFT

Clutching two nickels in her chubby hand, Sally ran across the field after Mass toward the back door of the sisters' convent. Knocking at the door, and hardly waiting for a sister to appear, the eager child called out,

"Sister, do you have a grab bag?"

"No, Sally, no grab bag this morning."

With disappointment on her face, Sally looked down at the two coins in her hand. Then she looked up hopefully to ask, "Tomorrow, Sister, will there be a grab bag?"

"Perhaps we may find something for it."

"Save me two, Sister; two grab bags tomorrow."

Little did we realize when we gathered all our odds and ends, games, puzzles, toys, books, beads—white ele-

In the Home Field

phants—how much the children would enjoy the grab bag; how all too soon our supply would be sold out, and the children clamoring for more!

The purpose of the grab bag, together with the sale of candy, ice cream, and pop, was to raise funds for an offering from the children toward the new parochial school. Our "store" (except the grab bag) lasted two weeks, during the religious vacation school period. Two of the older boys took care of the refreshments while the older girls handled the grab bag. At lunch time there was a scramble to see who would be the first in line to buy his choice of soda pop, popsicles, candy bars, gum, or ice cream bars. The grab bag proved a "best seller." The only sad part was that we were sold out in less than a week, disappointing some youngsters who wanted more chances at it.

At the end of the vacation school the profit from the store was a tidy sum. Combining this with an amount realized from another project started toward the end of the school year, we were happy to have eighty dollars to offer the pastor as the children's contribution toward the new school.

SISTER JEANNETTE
MIDDLESEX, N.J.

WRONG YET SO RIGHT

Sister: How would you explain to a non-believer that God exists, Steven?

Steven: (eighth grader): By the Bible, the Word of God.

Sister: But suppose, Steven, that he doesn't believe in the word of God.

Steven: Then it's too bad for him, Sister!

SISTER CARMELA

PAGING WEBSTER

Sister: Say the Hail Mary, Bobby.

Bobby: Hail Mary . . . Pray for us—

Prompter: (age five) Scissors, scissors. Like you cut with. (Two little hands go through the motion of cutting, in the frantic hope of helping Bobby out).

SISTER CLARICE

BELLS RING SMILES

DOORBELLS and children make fascinating combinations. Take, for example, the doorbell that I answered the other day. Little Pete stood dwarfed under his heavy burden—a large shopping bag full of grapefruit-sized oranges.

"For you, Sister," he said simply.

"Oh," I cried in obvious delight, "Where did you get such big oranges?"

"Easy, Sister. I just picked them out from among the little ones!"

Then there was the doorbell that little Alice rang to inquire if Sister were ready to leave for class. While Sister was collecting her books, Alice kept up a flow of talk. What brought the biggest hidden smile was the statement that she intended to be a cowgirl when she grew up although her cousin, Annette, was going to be a witch!

Sometimes adults unwittingly cause a smile too. Not long ago a lady rang the bell. She was taking the census of the children in that area who were of school age. Sister innocently remarked:

"We have twenty-six hundred children of school age."

The lady made a hasty exit, excusing herself with the remark that it would take quite a while to write down all their names!

SISTER MARIE
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA



This little family of children is one of our Saturday classes. We teach in their home. During our first year in Montrose, Colorado, five of these youngsters received their First Holy Communion. Last June four of them were Confirmed. This year the oldest girl is making an effort to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion on First Fridays.

SISTER JULIANA

LOOKING AHEAD

Kathy was worried. She confided to her mother that she had not told all her sins in confession.

"But why didn't you, Dear?" asked the mother.

"I'm going to confession again in two weeks," said Kathy, "and maybe I won't have any sins then, so I saved some for next time."

SISTER CECILIA MARIE

Come and See

by Sister M. Frances Therese

ALTHOUGH Hawthorne, Nevada, is located in the heart of the desert, one of the main attractions each year is a fishing derby. An award of five hundred dollars for the largest fish caught has been an enticing medium for out-of-state anglers as well as for local fisherman.

When we first came to Hawthorne we were amused at the fishing signs posted along the highway. One sign read, "Year 'Round Fishing." After driving more than one hundred miles through desert, it seemed most unlikely, if not impossible, to find anything that resembled a fishing spot. We were therefore not prepared for the big surprise which shortly awaited us.

Each place, no matter how isolated, possesses its own particular type of scenic beauty; Hawthorne is no exception. As we approached the cliffs at the foot of Mount Grant, our amusement was suddenly converted into amazement. An eye-arresting span of azure blue water, dotted with small fishing craft, met our gaze. Twenty-seven miles of it! Simultaneously we

exclaimed, "Those were really honest-to-goodness fishing signs we have been reading along the way." And come to think of it, the reason for our coming to Hawthorne was to do a little fishing ourselves.

However, it was not *trout* we had in mind. It took only a few days of visiting to disclose the fact that we were in the midst of, what a missionary calls, a fisherman's paradise.

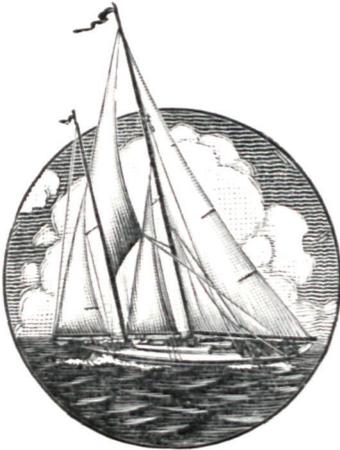
Since all-out fishing was under way, we decided to organize our own little derby. And the reward? We-e-e-ll; it is *really* "out of this world."

So while the anglers were trolling Walker Lake we began trolling the highways and byways, covering the territory of the three parishes in this vast desert area.

Our fishing craft is our blue Chevrolet; and—here we let you in on a little secret—we do not need a hook or a sinker, but we do use a *line*. We borrow our line from that great Fisherman of Galilee and the results have been gratifying. So much so that we have started our third convert class since September 1954.

God's grace has been irrigating the hearts and minds of many interested in the faith. The seed is sprouting, giving promise of another harvest in the not-too-distant future.

Regretfully we saw the past year draw to a close. We should like to retrace our steps and add a postscript to those fishing signs we read along the highway on the first day we came. There is good fishing in Hawthorne all year round; and, so far, none of the big ones have gotten away! COME AND SEE!



Tuning in on TYE

by Sister Claudia

WE'LL always be happy that we "tuned in" on TYE, Texas. No, that is not a TV station. It is a small, scattered settlement through which we pass on our weekly catechetical trips to Merkel, ten miles farther.

After much speculating as to who would live in such a bleak place as Tye, we decided to stop to visit one day before going to teach at Merkel. Here, as everywhere, we found needy souls who were also eager for an opportunity to learn more about their God and His Church. But when could we teach them? All we could suggest was a class at five o'clock, after our regular instruction at Merkel. This was not a convenient time for the families, but they gratefully agreed to cooperate.

Now we are having weekly classes in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Romulo Vega. After our first session we spoke to the mothers and asked if any of them could help the children with their prayers during the week. Mrs. Vega proudly said,

"Sister, I will. I know my prayers in English. The Missionary Sisters in Gary, Indiana, taught me my catechism when I was about eleven years old. That was in 1930 during the depression. The sisters did so much for



Mrs. and Mr. Vega and their family, all very much interested in their catechisms. The aluminum tank in the background holds their water supply for a month. This water must be bought and hauled from Abilene.

us! They taught me how to cook and to sew and many other things. We came to Texas in 1939 but I will always remember the happy days I spent with the sisters there in Gary."

What an unexpected bit of encouragement for us! The seed planted by our sisters in the heart of Mrs. Vega almost a generation ago has grown and will undoubtedly bear abundant fruit in lonely Tye.



Sister Claudia isn't alone in lonely Tye. Her companion took the picture.



our **A**ssociates'

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD!

Recently we received a check for \$25.00 from *Miss Veronica Foertsch*, Promoter of *Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago*. We think the money gift was very appropriate because this group is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of their mission circle this year. Tentative plans have been made for the members to come down to Huntington, Indiana in two cars for a week-end visit at *Victory Noll*. It would be hard to say who are the most eager about this proposed visit—the club ladies or ourselves. We hope nothing occurs to interrupt these plans.

Dear Associates:

OCCASIONALLY we get letters telling us that new members have joined your mission bands. The best thing that can happen, in our opinion, is for a mission band to grow so large that the ladies can no longer fit into the same house on meeting days! The next step is to form two bands out of the first one. Of course there could be annual get-togethers when the charter members of the original band and their newer Associates could meet at a designated place, holding a reunion and bigger party than usual. The receipts obtained could be divided between the two participating bands.

At the beginning of September it is wise for the promoters of bands and presidents of mission clubs to lay their plans for the coming fall, winter and spring months when social parties will be in order. Now is the time to make those contacts with the dairy, gas, electric (etc.) companies and arrange for the larger parties at which paying guests will join your regular members to swell the numbers at the benefit parties you plan to give.

We conclude these remarks with an urgent invitation to the mothers and relatives of our sisters to form mission clubs in your own communities. Write us for suggestions in this connection.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

HAS YOUR CLUB HAD A BIRTHDAY?



Many of our Associates have adopted the practice of celebrating each year the date their mission band or club was organized. A "birthday" cake graces the table and other suitable festivities take place. Write us about your club celebrations so that we may include them in these pages.

Lord, give me to realize that sharing with others is the secret of true happiness.

Club Mention



ST. JUSTIN MARTYR BAND, *Chicago.*

The past year proved to be the most successful that this Band, headed by Mrs. Fred Kiefer, ever had. You will agree when we tell you that the ladies made



\$460.00 in a single night at a benefit party held in their parish hall. Proceeds were applied to Sister Justine's Burse. Sister is the daughter of Mrs. Kiefer and had been superior at our East Gary (Indiana) convent these past six years.

Among the attractions at this party were dolls, wearing crocheted dresses of silk or wool. Some had muffs, others little bags with flowers in them. A large hand crocheted tablecloth made by one of our sisters netted a neat sum.

ST. LUKE BAND, *Chicago*

A recent letter from the Promoter, Mrs. Lillian Potter, said in part: "I entertained our St. Luke's Band today at Verdandi Club on Clark Street . . . Enclosed is a check for \$33.50."



As a special project, the members of this group make layettes for poor babies, and the large carton in which they place them is designated "The Babe of Bethlehem Box."

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

May 19 to July 1, 1955

Ave Maria, Elkhart, Patra Lese	\$25.00
Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 10.50
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye	125.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	25.00
Immaculate Conception, Detroit	
Lillian Dunn	23.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	50.00
Martinettes, Cincinnati, M. Gerhard	1.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind.,	
Mrs. Dan Herzog	10.00
Queen of Virgins Sod., Madison,	
Minn., Regina Emmerich	10.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass.,	
Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	1.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner	90.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	22.25
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	14.00
St. Joseph II, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	73.70
St. Joseph's, Baldwinsville, N.Y.	
Mrs. Mabel Doran	49.20
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. Lidia Fiala	6.00
St. Jude, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Potthoff	2.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	6.25
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Mammer	35.50
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	51.10
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha,	
Marie Egermier	55.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	175.00
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Hake	7.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy	20.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	18.50
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	52.00
St. Theresa, Los Angeles, Mrs. Burch	15.00
Seven Dolours, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	12.00
Strillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg	100.00



Mary's Loyal

QUAKER STATE HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

You will find below a poem which Helper Eddie Renier of Chicago, Illinois wrote and sent in toward the close of school last year. Eddie is in the sixth grade and eleven years old. We think you'll agree that he did very well with his first poem and we hope it will encourage others to write poetry, too.

OUR GOOD SHEPHERD

Jesus Christ, our Heavenly Host,
With Father and the Holy Ghost,
Oh fill us with Thy Divine Grace,
Converting men of ev'ry race;
Teach us to find the only Way
So that from sin we'll break away.
Our Lord died on the cross for sure
To make all men holy and pure;
Christ is true God and true Man, too,
(Open your hearts, let Him enter you!)
He is the Way leading to glory,
For this is told in Christ's great story.

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

We are pleased to introduce Lorraine Goetz of Vandergrift, Penna. She became a Helper six months ago. Now an eighth grader at St. Gertrude's School, she keeps busy filling dime cards and saving cancelled postage stamps for us.



I am sending the answers to the Flower Hunt puzzle. I use the holy cards you send me for rewards in a Catechism class I teach. They are surely helpful. My Sunshine Bag is almost full.

Cathy Cummings, Paradise, Calif.

EAST OR WEST

It makes no difference where they live in our expansive United States, our Loyal Helpers are generous with their Sunshine offerings and prayers in behalf of our sisters.

To the left is pictured Helper Mary Ann Walczyk, of Elba, Colorado, a high school sophomore. She is an ardent member of our mission club and small wonder for she has a sister in our sisterhood! To the right is pictured Helper Carol Cuilik of Amsterdam, New York, a high school senior who joined our MLH five years ago and, with her sister Patricia, has sent us thousands of Sunshine pennies.



Helpers' pages

THE KELTGENS

SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

(Hidden Words)

AT some time or another



every grade school boy or girl pursues the following subjects: *Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, spelling and history.* In each of the sentences below is hidden one of these words. Underscore the words when you find them and send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana* for a holy card.

1. Will you please tell us the Delhi story again?
2. Mr. Jarith meticulously arranged the figurines in the showcase.
3. A gram, Mary, is the unit of weight in the metric system.
4. "They are having a dry spell in Green Acres, it would seem," remarked the tourist.
5. Please rewind the thread in good order on the spools.
6. The term "Holy Writ" in general refers to the Sacred Scriptures.

ANOTHER QUAKER STATE HELPER

(See picture above.) There are ten of them in all, but only four are shown here. We hope to show the rest later. Right to left: Katie (10), Mike (11), Dotty (7) and Barb (3½). They live in Olivia, Minnesota. The whole family, including mother and father, join in working the puzzles and saving Sunshine pennies.



This is Kathleen Helfrich of Lancaster, Pa. Our Sisters Catherine Marie and Agnes Marie are her aunts.

WEAR MLH PINS

They are shield shaped in blue and white enamel, and priced at seventy-five cents each.

JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE ANSWERS

1. Refrain, 2. grosgrain, 3. train, 4. sprain, 5. terrain, 6. drain.

True Devotion to Mary

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

“YOU know, Sister,” said the recent convert, “you hardly realize the special vocabulary Catholics have because you’ve always been a Catholic. I don’t mean just the words in religion books, the names of the sacraments, purgatory, merit, things like that. I mean expressions. For instance: Offer it up.”

I smiled, just imagining how unintelligible those words could be to the uninitiated. She went on:

“Before I was married I used to visit often in the good Catholic home of my husband’s family. This was before I took instructions in the faith. Someone would smash a finger. Someone else would say, ‘Offer it up.’ Offer what up and where? It meant nothing to me. I didn’t know what they were talking about.”

The expression “offer it up” means much to most Catholics. The seven-year-old who bares his arm for his shots, if he has had any religious training at all, sets his teeth and offers it up. Don’t you remember how you used to offer it up when you had to take nasty medicine? Nowadays there is no such opportunity for children. Nasty medicine went out with high shoes. According to the ads all medicine is deliciously palatable and the children love it.

St. Paul puts it this way, “Whether you eat or drink, or do anything else, do all for the glory of God.” (1 Cor. 10, 31.)

Why should we do things for God? Why should we make an offering to Him not only of the sacrifices, the hard things we are called on to do but everything — joys, sorrows, prayers, works, sufferings? Simply because we belong to Him and everything about us is His. “What have you,” says the Apostle, “that you have not received?” (1 Cor., 4:7)

It is as simple as that. If I am indebted to Someone—as I can be, only to God—for everything: body, soul, and their accompanying gifts, does it not follow quite logically that I belong completely to Him? I am His. I cannot possibly belong to another.

It is indeed amazingly clear. If followed to its natural conclusion, if we truly believed we belong wholly to God, if we gave Him the first place in our lives, if we sought only to please Him, we would soon become saints.

We belong to God. Why is it then that we who practice True Devotion—Perfect Consecration to Mary—bring Our Blessed Mother into the picture? Why Mary who is only a creature? How can we possibly say, “I am all thine, dear Mother, and all I have is Thine”? We are *God’s*. Why should we give to Mary our body and soul, our goods both interior and exterior, even the value of all our good works? Because God wills it that way. Because Mary is necessary to us.

Mary having co-operated in our redemption with so much glory to God and so much love for us, our Lord ordained that no one shall procure salvation except through her intercession.

—St. Alphonsus

True Devotion to Mary is not a matter of sentiment. Far from it. It rests on solid dogma. With inexorable logic St. Louis De Montfort in his Treatise takes us step by step through the motives of Total Consecration beginning on the solid foundation of Mary's Maternity from which all her privileges and prerogatives follow.

Telling us first that Mary is necessary for us, St. Louis carefully explains that Our Lady is only a creature and as such is infinitely below Almighty God, her Creator. He actually had no need of her, for to Him, to will alone is sufficient. Nevertheless He willed to make her necessary in His plans for the redemption of the human race. Since God willed to begin and complete His greatest works in Mary, reasons St. Louis, He continues to carry out His works through her, for God is immutable. He never changes. (T.D. 14, 15)

The Incarnation was accomplished through Mary. Our Blessed Mother gave birth to Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. She also gave birth to all the members of the Mystical Body of which Christ is the Head. A mother does not give birth to the head without the members. Neither, as the Fathers of the Church point out, did Mary bring forth Christ the Head without us, the members. It was not, as some authors would have us believe, at the foot of the cross that we became Mary's children. Rather, she became our Mother at the moment of the Incarnation.

If she is truly our Mother, then, all we have is rightly hers. We belong to her. It is as simple as that. Our devotion to her must be solid. It must be a devotion worthy of God's Mother. It must not stop short of giving Mary everything. In giving ourselves wholly to Mary, we give ourselves to Jesus, and through Him to the Father. Mary is the perfect way, the way chosen by Christ Himself.



The whole reason for consecrating ourselves totally to Our Blessed Mother lies in the fact that God has willed to make use of Mary for the sanctification of souls, having already made use of her to bring about the Incarnation. We live in habitual dependence on her in order to obtain a more intimate union with Our Lord and through Him with the Blessed Trinity dwelling in our souls.

It is a privilege to point out to others this way of practicing True Devotion to Mary. If you have not yet made this Perfect Consecration of yourself to her write to Victory Noll for information.

Address:

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

Books



The Scholar and the Cross, the Life and Work of Edith Stein, by Hilda C. Graef. The Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland. \$3.50.

Those of us who read Edith Stein's Life written by her prioress, Mother Teresa Renata, have looked forward to a more comprehensive biography of this noble woman. Surely the most discriminating reader will be delighted with Miss Graef's story.

Edith Stein was born of a wealthy Jewish family in Breslau (Silesia) in 1891. Her father died when she, the youngest of the family, was but a baby. Frau Stein, who might be likened to the valiant woman in Holy Scripture, took over the management of her husband's lumberyard and guided her family as well. Strictly Orthodox herself, it was a disappointment to her when Edith grew up and abandoned the faith of her fathers. However, the brilliant youngest daughter continued to be her mother's favorite and she watched with pride as she became first the pupil and then the associate of Edmund Husserl, the phenomenologist and father of that school of philosophy.

Edith's conversion to the Catholic faith at the age of thirty was a bitter blow to her mother, and her subsequent entrance into the Carmel at Cologne was almost more than she could bear. As the Nazi persecution of the Jews made it more and more dangerous for Edith (now Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross) to remain in Germany, her superiors had her transferred to a Carmel in Echt in Holland. But there, too, after the German occupation, the Nazis sought her out. She was deported with her own sister and other members of her race, and died in the gas chambers at Auschwitz.

It would be hard to imagine any other author writing more effectively of this noble woman. With deep spiritual insight and penetrating analysis Miss Graef writes not only the life but of the works of Edith Stein. Surely everyone who read Mother Renata's Life hoped to know more about her writings which, except for an article that appeared in *The Thomist*, have not been translated. Miss Graef's excerpts from Sister Teresa Benedicta's works and her comments on them are rewarding. Despite her great admiration for her subject, the author is not afraid to criticize her and to point out certain defects in her writings. **The Scholar and the Cross** is without doubt a superior biography.

Hear Our Grace. Selected and Illustrated by Sharon Banigan. Garden City Books, Garden City, N.Y. \$1.

This attractive book contains a collection of verses and prayers of thanksgiving for children. The format and the illustrations are lovely. Many of the simple verses this book contains are by the late Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The issue we examined is marked "Catholic Edition." Too bad it has no imprimatur.

GIANT COMIC BOOKS

These four so-called giant comic books are published by the Catechetical Guild Educational Society, St. Paul 2, Minnesota. 25 cents each.

The Life of Christ by the Rev. Robert E. Southard, S.J. Art by Addison Burbank.

The Life of the Blessed Virgin by the Rev. Demetrius Manousos, O.F.M., Cap. Art by Addison Burbank.

The Commandments of God by Bill Hackney. Art by Bill Lackey and Robert Frankenberg (cover).

Know Your Mass by the Rev. Demetrius Manousos, O.F.M., Cap. Art by Addison Burbank and Hans H. Helweg (cover). Excellent. Includes text of the Mass, doctrine and rubrics.

Come to the Mission

by Sister Alodia

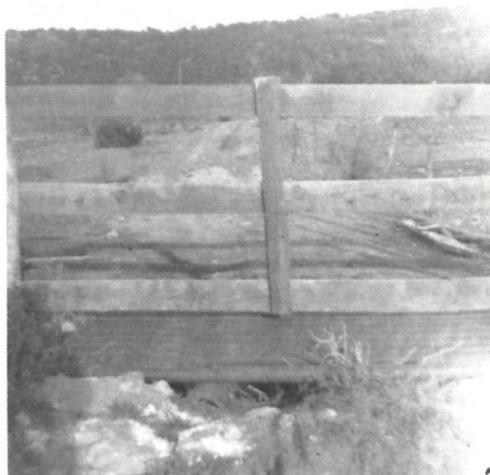
THE Lord of a household once bade his servants go out in the highways and hedges to summon guests to his feast. We were forcibly reminded of this parable not long ago when it became our duty and privilege to travel the byways and urge the faithful to come to a mission.

The mission, an unprecedented event in the locale, was to take place in the church of St. Thomas at Stamford, Texas. The Spanish-speaking town and country folk of northern Jones County were to be extended a personal invitation and urged to come—by us.

Since there are only four of us at the convent and our time is very limited, each sister sought lay helpers. Sister Claudia and a lay teacher prepared to conduct all our religion classes that day. Sister Rose Mary and her companion planned to visit the northern section of our designated area; Sister Lucia and a companion drove east; while I, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Alvarez, turned west over red dirt country roads, leaving the often traveled U.S. Highway 277 behind. Mr. Alvarez drove his car.

As we rode along, ever close to hand was the county map. Clearly charted highways and roads blocked it neatly. Pinpoint dots represented the residences we were seeking. The day's work was cut out for us and put down in black on white. My zealous companions were as determined as I that each family should be sought out and urged to come to the mission.

After counting unmarked roads to the left and unmarked roads to the right, we would detect a home, just as it was depicted on the map. Greeted more often first by dogs, then by peo-



Over a cattle guard, through a board gate, down a lonely road lived another family to invite.

ple, we made our business known. "Come to the mission!" we repeated over and over, with elaborations of course. On our way again, we located our position on the map and calculated our next stop.

It became increasingly evident as the day progressed that these souls were indeed in need of a mission. Referring again to the parable, they too, like the guests of old must have answered: "I pray thee hold me excused" to previous calls of grace. Faces that smiled in greeting continued to smile as they informed us, "No, we don't go to Mass on Sunday." "No, the children don't go to *doctrina*." "First Communion? No, no one here has received it." But then followed a turn for the better. "Oh, a mission! Perhaps we can come. Yes, we will try."

Come to the mission. The word had been well spread and not in vain. Many came to the mission and profited by it. Mass was well attended; many received the Sacraments. At home in Abilene we rejoiced that we had been able to assist in making the mission a success and that many souls had responded and had enriched themselves at the feast.

The last word

by the Editor

HERE we are, back in the old editor's chair. The press is singing its song a few doors away and music never sounded sweeter. Like us it must have resolved to make *The Missionary Catechist*—and through it, the new mission year—the best ever. We hope that you have fully recuperated from your vacation frolics and will join us in making and keeping this resolution. We can't let our missionaries down!

Many of our veterans came home to Victory Noll for the retreat. It was good to have them and to be inspired by the accounts of their varied experiences. They have borne the "burden of the day and the heat" and have kept a smile on their lips and the fire of zeal in their eyes. The Good Master must indeed be pleased with them for they are burning out their lives in strenuous efforts for His glory and the salvation of souls. Now they are back in the front lines again, beginning a new year's round of activities.

We at Victory Noll, and you in your homes wherever they are, truly share in the fruits of our sisters' active apostolate. They look to you to keep their words loaded with grace won by your prayers, sufferings, and sacrifices. They trust you to keep their hands filled with the tools needed for their work by your financial help. We will do our part by keeping the contact between you and them easy through the pages of *The Missionary Catechist*. With the help of Jesus and Mary, and for Them, all of us together will do great things in the coming months.

Are you with us? Thank you, and may God bless you always!



Sister Catherine Ann, a veteran of many years of successful missionary labor, and now in charge of our sewing department at Victory Noll, admires the African violets which she raises as a hobby.

The voice of God calls many, but not all listen to Him. Often we sorrow at seeing a great harvest lost for want of workers.—Mother Cabrini.

St. Michael is specially appointed by our Lord to assist us at the hour of death. He procures a happy death for his pious servants.

—St. Alphonsus

Let the servants of Mary perform every day, and especially on Saturday, some work of charity for her sake.

—St. Alphonsus

In Memoriam

John B. Wellnitz, Long Beach, Calif.
John D. Finnegan, Kingsville, Tex.
Mary Reed, Chicago, Ill., ACM
Marie Weiss, Chicago, Ill.
Lilly Prigge, Lockland, O.
Col. Wayne G. Springer, Hettinger, N. Dak.,
died in Japan.
Helen Tholen, Fort Wayne, Ind., ACM

Dana Junior High



Here are some of our four hundred boys and girls returning to Dana Junior High School, San Pedro, California, after released-time religion classes. They are taught by eight Missionary Sisters and two priests, each Tuesday morning at eight-twenty—the first period of the day.

It is a beautiful sight to see the classes coming from different directions with their teachers—priest or sister—after having been taught in the Boy's Club or in a garage for fifty minutes.

It is indeed a privilege to have this large group of young people for religious instruction so early in the morning, before they are worn out with other classes and problems of the day.

by Sister Louise

Back to School



One of the nice things about going to school is coming home again.

This month thousands of Catholic children will be obliged to enroll in public schools. Here they will not be taught religious doctrine. Religious instruction must be provided for them by the Church, generally outside of regular school hours.

The Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory were founded to bring Christ and His Church to such as these. The Sisters need your prayers and financial help for the expansion of their religious program. At the beginning of this school year, renew your resolutions to pray and sacrifice for the spread of God's Kingdom upon earth. Send an offering to the Missionary Sisters for their work.

Dear Sister:

Here is my offering of \$..... I will pray that your new school year will be blessed by God in every way.

Name

Address

City Zone State