



*The Missionary Catechist*

January 1956



## Greetings

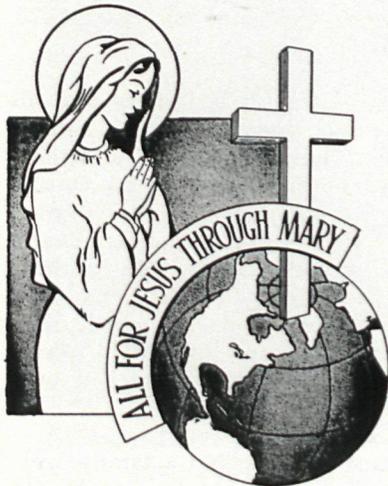


**S**ISTER Gertrude Marie and her smiling many-aged group send a cordial "Happy New Year" across the miles to you. They stand as representatives of all our sisters and their mission children. We at Victory Noll add our sincere greetings and pray that the year just beginning will bring you all good things in abundance; that you may see in the crosses, which must come, marks of God's special affection and bear them with patience and loving submission to His holy will; that your sacrifices and gifts for the missions will boomerang, returning to you, through the bounty of our heavenly Father, in such great blessings as health, peace of soul, happiness of heart, success in your undertakings, and above all, in greater love for God and devotion to the spread of His Kingdom upon earth.

**W**E wish you, then, a heartfelt happy new year, spent in union with Our Blessed Mother for the glory of the Most Holy Trinity and your greater sanctification.

# The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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**O**UR 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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**Our cover** Sister Mary Imelda prepares to shovel a walk at Victory Noll. That was last January. This year Sister is superior in our new mission in Delhi, Iowa. Her story appears on page 4.

## Credits

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# We Begin In Delhi

by Sister Mary Imelda

**D**ELHI is a friendly rural town — a small town, with a total population of about four hundred. It is the kind of town that takes you to its warm heart and at once makes you feel a member of

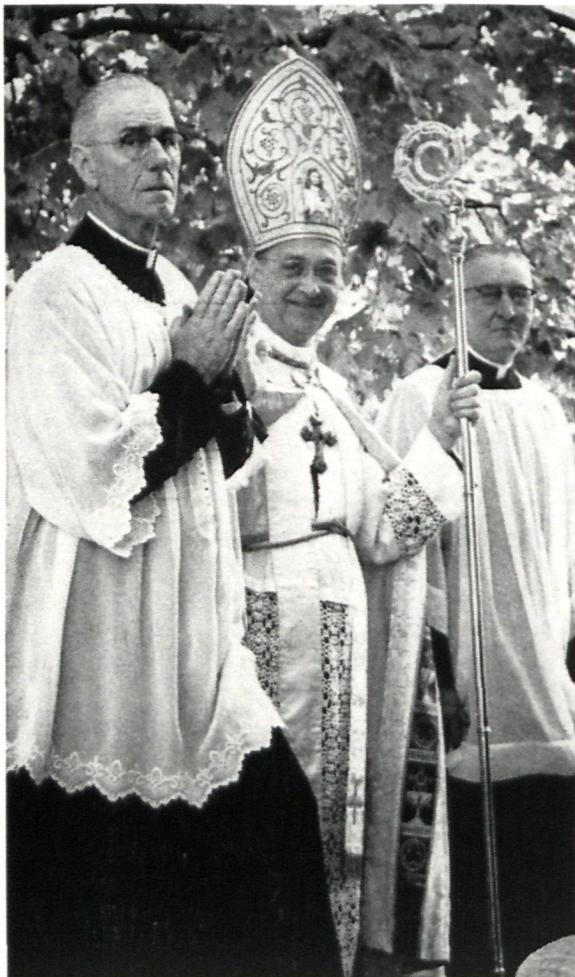
its family of citizens. To pleasant, homey Delhi, lying forty miles west of Dubuque, Iowa, four of us Missionary Sisters were welcomed on August 25, 1955.

The Rev. Loras J. Holmberg and his zealous parishioners sacrificed much and worked hard to have a comfortable new convent in readiness for us. On the day that we stepped across its shining threshold, we felt that our sisters would find a happy sanctuary within its walls from which they could carry the word of God to others, and to which they could return to renew their own physical strength and to replenish their own spiritual store.

In August we received a family welcome into a parish, and to a town. On October 1, we received an official welcome to an Archdiocese. That was our Big Day.

The Most Rev. Leo Binz, Archbishop of Dubuque, pontificated at the Mass in the morning which was followed by the blessing of our convent. The Most Rev. William P. O'Connor, Bishop of Madison, preached the sermon in which he stressed the necessity of a religious foundation for the formation of character. Everyone joined in asking God's blessing on our religious education program. What an encouraging send-off for us who were beginning in a field new to our community!

A banquet was served in the high school auditorium following the dedication ceremony. Present were the Archbishop, the Bishop, many priests, sisters from various communities, school superintendents, teachers, and people



Archbishop Binz; Father Edward J. Supple, Winthrop; and Father F. Leo O'Connell, Hopkinton, in procession on the day the sisters' convent was blessed.



The sisters who staff St. John's Convent, Delhi, Iowa, are, left to right: Sister Mary Imelda, superior, Sister Joan Louise, Sister Gabriel, and Sister Maria Goretti.

from the three parishes which we will serve.

We are the first Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters to do catechetical work in Iowa. (The sisters in Cedar Rapids do home visiting and take census only.—Ed.) Our program consists in teaching released-time religion classes to about four hundred public school children each week. Every boy and girl is permitted two hours a week during school time for religious instructions. This includes all grade school pupils and all high school students.

On Mondays and Thursdays, in Delhi, our enrollment is ninety children.

On Tuesdays and Wednesdays we teach in Hopkinton which is nine miles south of home. Like Delhi, it too is a

rural town, though a little larger. About a hundred children come to classes there.

Fridays and Saturdays we spend in Winthrop which is twenty-five miles west of Delhi. This is the largest of the three towns; about two hundred children are enrolled here. In all three parishes suitable classrooms have been provided for our instructions, and all four of us teach in each place. Altar boy classes are scheduled for each parish and a children's choir for Winthrop.

Father Edward J. Supple is pastor of St. Patrick's Parish, Winthrop, and Father Leo O'Connell is pastor of St. Luke's Parish, Hopkinton.

Here, as in all our missions, we will spend considerable time in home visit-



**Our sisters convent home and car in Delhi.**

ing. Soon after our arrival we began to take the census in all three parishes which comprise our territory. Most of our people are very fine Catholics. They are grateful to have sisters to teach their children.

Besides the Catholic families, we also visit the non-Catholic. People in the little old non-Catholic town of Quosqueton tell us that we are the first sisters ever to come there. They also tell this quaint story:

Many years ago a priest stopped overnight at an inn in Quosqueton. The residents didn't like that at all and they tried to let the priest know how unwelcome he was. That night they cut off the tails of his horses. The next morning, when the priest found his horses minus their tails, he surmised what had happened and he cursed the town. That, we were told, happened long years ago—but everyone in Quosqueton knows the story. We began to wonder how welcome we would be! So far, we can only say that the people in this strange

tiny town are always surprised, but also happy, to see us. Many non-Catholics tell us that we are the first sisters they have ever seen or talked to.

Most of our people live on farms and so our visiting takes us deep into the country. The scenery is breathtaking. There are many hills and from their summits we can see for miles around. As we look off into the distance, we think of the future, and we beg Our Blessed Mother to help us always in our humble efforts among the good people of this area who welcomed us into their midst with genuine gratitude to God.

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**Cholla Cactus—scourge of the desert**



# Desert Wonderland

by Sister Estelle

THE Colorado Desert is a wonderland. It weaves a bewitching spell over anyone who is exposed to its charm. The beauty of the vast desert and its fascination is difficult to express. One senses that the enchanter's magic lies in the ever-changing colors — the varied hues of brown blending into an infinity of shades.

In the distance the undulating peaks of the Santa Rosas and the Little San Bernardino Mountain Ranges hem in the section of the desert which is closest to the hearts of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Between the rambling ridges and crevices of these mountain foothills lie the Coachella and Imperial Valleys.

As one leaves the pass, between the towering peaks of San Gorgonio on the left and San Jacinto on the right, the upper portion of the Coachella Valley stretches before one's eyes. At first it seems but a drab gray-brown waste, simmering in the thermal heat. But as one journeys through the heart of the barren land, the intriguing shades of brown become noticeable.

The northwest end of the valley is much the same as it was when found by early explorers, and later prospectors



Harvesting the date crop.

Note paper skirts to protect the dates from sudden desert storms.

in search of pay dirt. As those intrepid souls trudged across the wind-swept scorching sands, seemingly moving at a

snail's pace, all that they passed in endless procession, were myriads of creosote, mesquite, and troublesome cholla cacti. Here and there among the rocks and sands, kangaroo rats, side winders, and pocket gophers scurried away from the invaders of their desert solitude. Today these same species of plants and animals are passed in endless procession by speeding wheels of modern vehicles.

One thing must have filled the weary hearts of explorers and prospectors with joy. It was the sight of dark patches against the distant, sun-bathed mountain sides. The dark patches were clusters of Washingtonian palms (*Washingtonia Filifera*). These are the only palms native to the Colorado Desert. The weary, thirst-driven men knew that wherever the Washingtonians lifted their fronds, there water would be found.

Today one can still find canyons where the Washingtonians hold their heads high beside a trickle of acrid

water. But the Washingtonian has come into its own and is found with shaven trunk and trimmed fronds beautifying the streets of many Southern California cities. In their native habitat these palms are arrayed in long skirts of dead fronds which hang down against the trunk.

Near Indio the desert has indeed blossomed. Everywhere gardens of stately palm trees, their feet in the water, their heads in the fires of heaven, wave a refreshing welcome. These are the date bearing palms. Since 1890 they have taken their place as an integral part of desert life in the Coachella Valley. The desert floor has become the home of many varieties of Arabian palms bearing the fruit which has long been a staple among the inhabitants of the Orient.

The principal date bearing palms in the Coachella Valley are the Deglet Noor and the Saily. Mother nature has not provided for the pollination of her step-children from Arabia so each tree

#### Washingtonia Palms





**After the harvest.  
Date garden near Indio, Calif.**

must be pollinated by hand. This is a tedious and time-consuming operation. Each tree must be scaled approximately one hundred times in a season. The costly culture of American dates is a handicap to the growers. Yet when the desert sweets are ready for the home consumer, the buyer can be assured of a fine grade of highly flavored dates. Dates, a natural source of sugar and hence high in calorie content, are a hunger-satisfying treat.

In the Valley, when most of the United States is trying to keep warm, the harvesting of dates is in full swing. The packing houses work long hours to fill the orders for Christmas-gift packages. Many of the mothers work in the packing houses and are away from home much of the time, from October to February.

Our sisters, as they go about on their missionary errands, are often reminded of the quotation from psalm 91, "The just man shall flourish like the palm tree." How apt is that comparison in Holy Scripture! The palm shoots straight upward toward the heavens. The just man is mindful ever of his supernatural end and tends always to-

ward God and the fulfillment of His holy will. The palm must have large quantities of water for growth. The just man needs abundant help of divine grace in order to flourish in the spiritual life. Some palms yield from two to three hundred pounds of luscious fruit each season. Our Lord spoke, in St. Matthew's thirteenth chapter, of the sower who went out to sow his seed which yielded, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

Constantly we are reminded that we are working with precious immortal souls whom we must train to become just men, flourishing like the scriptural palm tree. We must teach them to bring forth fruits worthy of their high destiny—eternal life with God. As the rancher labors assiduously to bring his fruit to maturity, so the sisters labor in the heat and dust of this desert portion of the Lord's vineyard to bring to souls the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart. As we go about our work, our prayers ascend continually to the heavenly throne of God for our children, that when they leave this life, they may receive from Jesus Christ, their King, the glorious palm of victory.

# New Catholics

by Sister Mary Immaculata



**Congratulations to Mrs. and Mr. Johnson, happy new Catholics!  
—Ely, Nevada**

**C**RUTCHES and the inability to go to church are no obstacles to becoming a Catholic, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson learned to their utter satisfaction.

We found these good people on one of our rounds of home visiting. Their eagerness to know more about God led us to arrange weekly instructions for them. In a few months they were ready for baptism. Then we learned that their secret worry was, how would they be able to climb the steps leading to the Catholic church? Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are able to move about only with the aid of crutches — and their movements are very slow and painful.

Father assured the anxious pair that he would be more than happy to come

to their home and perform the ceremony of baptism. You can imagine the gratitude and happiness of our catechumens! Father also gave them their First Holy Communion in their humble little cottage.

In spite of his dependence upon crutches, Mr. Johnson cultivates a small garden. He draws his irrigation water from a well with rope and bucket. The vegetables, which he is most eager to share with us, we accept with reverence for they are the fruits of physical pain as well as labor.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have found in the true faith great happiness and a beautiful answer to life with its labors and sufferings.



Mrs. and Mr. Johnson on the day of their baptism, with their sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. Oldfield, and Father W. Costigan, S.A.C. Mr. Oldfield is himself a zealous convert. When Father Costigan was asked why he closed his eyes while being photographed, he remarked modestly, "I was saying my prayers."

\* \* \*

In Nevada our sisters travel long distances for small numbers. This is necessary to preserve the faith in Catholics who live on ranches, or in isolated places, far from their parish or mission church. Here is Sister Celestine, with a class of four alert youngsters who reward her efforts to reach them with eagerness to learn their religion.



THE ice cracked under our feet as we walked from the car to the church for holy hour on a cold Thursday night in early January. Two days before we had had the first heavy snowfall of that winter. Till then we had been able to drive to our mountain mission every week end even though the week ends were often cold and rainy. This week, however, it looked as though the ice and snow would prevent our going. Hope still lingered in our hearts that the sun would come out the next day and melt the ice. After devotions all hope disappeared; our pastor emphatically told us that we were not to attempt the trip.

Friday was another cold day, but toward late afternoon it warmed up considerably. On Saturday and Sunday the weather was beautiful and we knew that our children in the mountains were

chapel where we live during our weekly mountain excursions. Just as we arrived at the chapel it began to snow and we decided not to attempt the farther mission because, as everyone knows, it is not easy to drive on curved mountain roads when they are slippery. The decision was a fortunate one; in a very short time the snow was piled high and the roads were sheets of ice. It snowed all that night and most of the next day. Yes, the weatherman was right for once.

The families who lived near the chapel were delighted because they thought that we would have to spend the following week with them — which to us also would have been delightful. Fearing that we did not have sufficient food for an extended visit, these good souls assured us that they would pro-

## The Weatherman

by Sister Doris

## Can Be Right

wondering why we did not come for class. The following week proved the same — a cold Thursday and Friday and a warm Saturday and Sunday. The weatherman, of course, had predicted snow for each week end.

When the third week arrived and the weatherman was on hand with the same threatening prediction we decided to ignore him and make the trip. He had been wrong for two weeks in a row; he would probably be wrong again. We started out on Friday morning, happy to be leaving once more to spend three busy days with our mountain people. We had not been long on our way, however, when the sky became overcast; we tried to pay no attention to it.

That afternoon we were scheduled to teach in a mission seven miles past the

vide for our needs. True, there were a few chores which two city-bred sisters were not accustomed to; such as, bringing in sufficient coal to keep us warm in below zero weather, and walking down the hill to the next home to draw water from a well. The water in the cistern on the chapel grounds was frozen. But those small inconveniences were no obstacle to our happy anticipation of being snowbound with our good people in the mountains of Kentucky.

Despite the heavy snow, our pastor arrived for Mass that Sunday morning and insisted that we return to Richmond with him and leave our car in the mountains. Realizing that our sisters at the convent would feel relieved to have us at home with them instead of forty miles up in the mountains during such

# Bright Spots

by Sister Lorraine

HERE are little things, not headline events at all, but in a missionary's life they provide bright spots.

\* \* \*

I WAS leading a group of second graders to religion class when a little voice behind me caught my attention.

"Say, Joe, how many mothers do you have?" Oh, I thought, I wonder if Joe is one of those unfortunate children who claim two sets of mothers and fathers because their parents have remarried after a divorce.

"Two," proudly replied Joe . . . and I started to say a little prayer . . . "My mother and the Blessed Virgin Mary" . . . of thanksgiving!

\* \* \*

WE had just arrived in time for our released time classes, it seemed, for out of the school rushed a sixth grade boy.

"Sister, Sister," he shouted as he ran to meet us.

"Put on your brakes and calm down, Louie," I said; "what are you so excited about?"

"Sister," said Louie between puffs, "did you bring our prayer chart?" That I had, for I found that it came in handy for checking up on prayers and lessons while waiting for the stragglers.

---

stormy weather, we accepted the offer and packed our bags.

Often since, we have laughed at ourselves for remaining at our center on two pleasant week ends in order to escape bad weather in the mountains and then the very next week being caught in one of the heaviest snowfalls of the season. But then, as always, God took care of us — and we learned that the weatherman can be right.

"Well, then please, Sister, see if I can say my Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary," pleaded Louie. They tumbled out of his mouth in perfect order. When Louie saw me place a check in the proper square—to be filled in later with a colored star—he clapped his hands and a very expressive "oh boy" came forth from his lips. Then quick as a flash he started back for school.

A bit startled I called, "Louie, where are you going?"

"Oh, Sister," the reply floated back, "we haven't been released for catechism in our room yet!"

\* \* \*

"ROSITA, why don't you go to Mass on Sunday?" I inquired.

"Because, Sister, I don't have a scarf for my head."

Perhaps my look was a bit skeptical for Rosita pleaded, "Please, Sister, couldn't you find a head scarf for me?"

"I will look," I said. Then I tried, mentally, to rummage through the old clothes box in our shed for something that could be used as a head covering. No luck either then or later. Rosita's renewed pleas at the next class, however, spurred me on to further search. At last a new box came containing several matronly styled hats. Desperately I grabbed a brown one with something attached to it that reminded me of a cocks comb, and as an after thought I included a slightly used blue straw with little white flowers.

After class I waited until the rest of the children had gone home. After all I didn't want to embarrass the child. Picking out hats was never a talent of mine in bygone days! When the last child had disappeared I offered Rosita my two "finds." She graciously accepted them and went her way.

A dull climax? Not for me because every Sunday since, from the corner of my eye, I can see a perky little blue straw with white flowers, in the girls' section at the ten o'clock Mass.

## NO TACT

Dotty was a first grader in the public school. Part of the time she was taught by a practice teacher, a Baptist, of whom she was very fond. One Friday Dotty managed to sit beside her practice teacher in the cafeteria and it took only seconds for her to notice something amiss.

"Miss P you must have made a mistake," she said, "You've got meat and today is Friday."

— Miss P explained that since she didn't go to Dotty's church she could eat meat on Friday. At this Dotty grew thoughtful:

"Daddy doesn't eat meat on Friday; Mommy doesn't eat meat on Friday; Mary Jo and Bobby don't eat meat on

**Sister Helen Therese (below) Middlesex, N. J., meets two small friends one wintry morning.**

**Sister: What are you doing?  
Johnny: Oh, nothing, Sister,  
just having fun.**

**Jean: But Johnny's making snow balls  
—big ones too!**

# In the Home Field

Friday." Then she brightened as a new thought struck her. "But my doggy does; he doesn't go to our church either!"

Miss P, though somewhat startled at that time, hurriedly sought a Catholic teacher to tell her all about it.

SISTER MARY EVELYN

## HOW COME?

One morning, while three of us sang a high Mass from the choir loft, the fourth sister remained downstairs to supervise the children. Her hardest problem was to keep four-year-old Buddy quiet. He could not understand why he had to be silent in church although the choir could sing aloud. At the Post Communion, when the choir began to sing, Buddy turned toward Sister and in a disgusted tone of voice, loud enough for all to hear, exclaimed, "There they go again, Sister."

SISTER ANGELA

**Jean: I made a few. Want one Sister?  
Johnny: You can have mine too!**

## JESUS' FLOWERS

Our convent and grounds are — as far as the little folks are concerned — the most intriguing places in the neighborhood. Our porches have the most steps to play on; our trees are the best ever to climb. Frankly, we do not appreciate all this admiration.

After considerable difficulty in growing flowers, we secured hardy little plants that promised to thrive if not disturbed by bicycle wheels or tiny fingers. While carefully transplanting them I noticed two of our small friends watching and slowly approaching. How will I make them understand that they must leave these alone? I asked myself. Soon questions had to be answered as the five and the six-year-old offered their assistance.

"These are going to be Jesus' flowers and we have to take good care of them," I explained. We did want them for our altar.

Rickey and Karen were duly impressed. Rickey, attired in cowboy outfit, holster and gun, volunteered to guard so that no one would bother Jesus' flowers. After that we often saw him patrolling our sidewalks or carefully inspecting the new growth. The flowers flourished and did adorn our altar until late fall.

Rickey and Karen are not Catholic but they know that Jesus lives in our big house in a special way. At Christmas time they made several visits to our chapel Crib. The flowers are all gone now and we are still friends.

SISTER MARY MARK



**We are still friends!**

## UNCLE PAUL SPEAKING

Baby brothers and sisters are always a favorite topic of conversation in our catechism class for the tiny tots. As the youngest of a large family Paul used to feel left out when that particular subject was introduced. Recently he was blessed with several nephews and nieces. One class day he interrupted the new-baby discussion to state breathlessly:

"You know sumptin? All those babies we got are my mother's grandchildren. If she had to take care of all those babies she'd be a — she'd be — an orphanage!"

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

## HELL! WHERE?

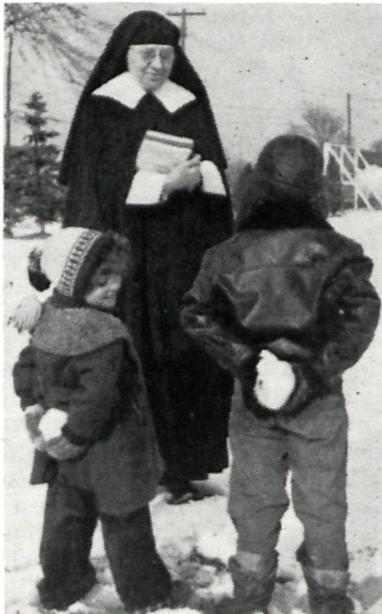
The parishioners of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish, Detroit, find us knocking at their doors this year for a parish census. Most of the people are charmed for it is the first time a sister has visited their homes.

In one home, Susan, a lovely child of three, exclaimed at sight of us, "Sister, do you know that we have hell in the house!"

"No! Where?" I asked frantically.

Susan skipped off to another room and returned with a magazine displaying a picture of St. Michael pushing Lucifer into the fires of hell.

SISTER VALERIA



## Flemington, New Jersey

HERE we stopped twice, before and after our week-end at our other convent in New Jersey. My impressions of Flemington were characterized by sharp contrasts. Poverty and plenty; innocent pleasure and penalties for wrongdoing were registered in my mind's eye. I will explain.

I accompanied one of our sisters to the home of one of their poor families with whom they shared the gifts of food which came from parishioners to their own table, and then we drove out into the country to visit and to accept some more foodstuffs from an elderly couple who had a summer home and private swimming pool on a beautiful hill site which gave a panoramic view of miles around.

big city and its vicinity in November, 1948. A magazine article which appeared in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in October, 1949, one year after they began work, indicates the conditions they found on arrival.

"The majority of our people have lovely homes and adequate incomes, so we see very little material poverty. Much more evident is the spiritual poverty, for many have long neglected God and their duties to Him. Of course a great deal of this present apathy toward religious duties has resulted from a lack of sufficient religious instruction for many years past. It is hard to believe that in one of the oldest sections of our country, where Catholic churches can be seen so close together on every side, that there could possibly

# I Accompany Mother

by Sister Blanche Marie

Innocent pleasure? At home one of our sisters played on the back porch with a couple of stray kittens, Mutt and Jeff, who were left off at the convent and, of course, claimed and well cared for by a member of the community who likes cats. Lucky animals!

Penalty for wrongdoing? We saw in Flemington the courthouse where the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby were found guilty and sentenced.

Chicken farms abound in this part of the state. New Jersey is said to supply New York with eggs. It is quite common for a poultryman to number his laying hens by the thousands. The sisters said they knew one man who had a flock of 17,000.

## Seven Full Years

The above sub-title summarizes, I think, the accomplishments of our sisters in Middlesex, New Jersey, since they began their mission work in this

be so many souls in danger of being lost to the Faith. The churches have been there, it is true, but not sufficient priests and sisters to preserve the knowledge and love of God. For example, in one of our parishes the church is over ninety years old but the people have never had a resident pastor until a year ago. The neighboring parish, with a church almost as old, still remains a mission."

The sisters perceived that chief among their efforts would be that of fostering in the people an awareness of God and their absolute need of Him. With this humble admission of their powerlessness to accomplish anything unless God moved hearts with His grace, our sisters began their work in the Garden State. On their first Sunday in Middlesex, they noted that the dimensions of the parish church of Our Lady of Mount Virgin were more than adequate to seat the congregation.

Our sisters made home visits, and with the aid of lay catechists, began to conduct released-time classes in religion for the children, a thing that was then new in those parts. Little by little, through the years, they saw the leaven of God's grace at work in souls. They witnessed a growth in population, but more important, the spiritual growth of the parishioners as well.

On the second Sunday of May, 1955, when Mother Cecilia and I were there, two Masses—one for the children in the upper structure and another for adults in the lower — were going on simultaneously in the Church of Our Lady of Mount Virgin. Moreover, the children's Mass was so crowded that many of the youngsters did not have seats and were standing in the side aisles more than half way up the church.

If further proof were necessary of an expanding program in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the parish, this can be found in the ten-room parochial school building which now stands on the parish premises. In September, 1955, our sisters turned the keys of their convent over to a group of teaching sisters who staff the new school. With "mission accomplished" our sisters moved to a new field of labor to work with Catholic children where there are no parish schools, or where their total number is not represented in the enrollment figures, but where they are still getting their education in public schools.

### **Onward Into New York and New England**

The sun was "burning in the mid-day sky" (Hymn at the Hour of Sext) when we left New Jersey and joined the surging mass of cars, trucks, and vehicles of divers kinds on the highways which converged into never ending traffic streams over bridges that spanned, or tunnels that burrowed beneath, the Hudson River leading into Manhattan or the Bronx. For awhile



**Our Divine Savior as the Infant of Prague is honored in all our convents. Little girls are His greatest admirers.**

our route lay along Fifth Avenue where we saw immense throngs of shoppers and other pedestrians, but we pushed on rapidly until we were riding along a parkway with the beautiful Hudson River—sometimes called the Rhine of America—on our left. We took another super highway which carried us across Westchester County into Connecticut. Here we saw many apple orchards in full bloom; the MacIntosh being the favorite eating apple, according to signs. We were able to reach Eastern Connecticut before dusk. Here we stopped for the night at a motel. It was the second and last time we were not able to reach one of our convents to spend the night, in spite of great distances covered by day.

We noticed decidedly cooler weather by this time. After a refreshing night's sleep for our tired bodies, we were up at five-thirty in the morning so as to reach the Cathedral at Providence, Rhode Island, to refresh our souls with the Body and Blood of our Lord at the seven o'clock Mass.

(continued on p. 23)



# our **A**ssociates'

## Hard Working Office People Play Cards

Dear Associates:

SEVERAL old-time weather prophets (who they say are usually eighty percent correct) have assured us we will have a mild winter. It ought then be a good season for mission benefit parties. In this connection, I've pulled out of storage our old theme song, hoping it may inspire some of you who have long been members of a mission club or band to start a brand new one of your own!

*You have the HEARTS—  
More CLUBS we plead:  
It's SPADE work  
But a DIAMOND deed!*

The growth of new mission clubs has not been commensurate with the growth of new mission centers. Won't you do something about it?

May God and His Wonderful Mother bless each one of you this NEW YEAR and always!

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

We are very proud of *St. Irene Band*, headed by *Miss May Walsh*, for it has seen many happy returns of its first birthday of existence. Miss Walsh and some of



her Band members witnessed the first clothing of some of our sisters at Longwood more than thirty years ago.

This North Side Band in Chicago consists of members who usually play cards at meetings. However, our Promoter has recently joined the new Blessed Sacrament Band in Oak Park where the members also make simple things for the missions.

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### Kentucky Friends

When these young ladies in *St. Bridget's Band, Covington, Kentucky*, started out under the able leadership of Miss Grace Kern who later changed her name to that of Mrs. John Busse, they were nearly all office workers, many of them working across the Ohio River in the large city of Cincinnati. Time brought many changes. One or two of the members entered the convent, while the greater majority married and are rearing families. It has been a test to their enduring love for the missions to try to make meetings with small children to care for, and we admire them for it.

The present head of the Band is *Miss Mary Louise Schmeing*.



# Club Mention



## These Take the Cake!

We have been reading with much interest the letters which *Miss Marian Turek*, a long time benefactor of our community but the *new Promoter* of a



*new Mission Band* in *Oak Park, Illinois*, has been writing to us. We were delighted with the selection of the name which is *Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament Band*.

Besides *Marian*, her sister *Dorothy* belongs to the Band. We understand the membership includes some twelve or fourteen ladies. The meetings for the present will all be held at the *Turek* sisters' home, but the members will each take turns in bringing a cake to the meetings, — hence the title of this Band item. Various activities will be (1) card playing for those who wish to relax from their arduous daily duties, and (2) the making of layettes and stuffed animal toys for poor babies, as well as catechism prizes and awards for the children whom our sisters instruct in the missions.

## Saint Mel Band in Chicago

This Band, whose present Promoter is *Miss Margaret L. Murphy*, also rates as one of our Bands which has long been in existence. The Band has lost some of its members in death so that there are, at present, only ten in the group. However "guests" are invited to the meetings and it is hoped that from some of these new members may be recruited.



## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS October 13 to November 21, 1955

Adrian, Chicago, Florence Dietz .....	\$ 25.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch .....	25.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern .....	25.00
Holy Trinity, St. Jude's, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Harold Duesler .....	5.00
Iota Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, Ham- mond, Ind., Mrs. Farkos .....	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. Peggy Kusmerz .....	25.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Lammert .....	100.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	15.00
Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek .....	20.00
Queen of Virgins Sodality, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich .....	8.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese .....	200.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. James A. O'Brien .....	5.00
St. Clara, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Ryan .....	18.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner .....	20.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke .....	20.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh .....	8.50
St. Joseph II, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes .....	66.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	10.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. H. Kiefer .....	50.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer .....	39.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. E. Potter .....	39.50
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Marie Egermier .....	55.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz .....	115.00
St. Mary Sod., Detroit, Ann Huhn .....	40.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt .....	20.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer .....	16.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl .....	60.00
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy .....	6.00

## Money Raising Ideas

Do you read the small item, "How Your Church Can Raise Money" which appears each month in *The Catholic Digest*? Not all of these money raising projects will be suitable for your group but some might — with variations.



# Mary's Loyal

## MICHIGAN HELPER



In the picture to the left is *Dorothy LaVoy* of *Erie, Michigan*. *Dorothy* was thirteen years old and in grade eight when this picture was taken nearly a year ago. Doubtless

she has added a year to her age and is in the first year of high school by now. Our Helper is a good penny saver. After sending one dollar she wrote us, "I have already begun to save another dollar and have seventy pennies saved so far. I say the Hail Mary every day and will keep on."

## ILLINOIS HELPER

We are happy to introduce through these pages our little friend, *Margaret Meithke*, who is eleven years old. *Margaret* lives in *Harvard, Illinois* and plans to be a Sister when she grows up. In a letter written to us a few months ago she wrote in part, "Thank you for your invitation to visit your convent, but I have no way of getting there. My father and mother do not have a car. I said the prayer to Our Lady to become a Sister and pray for you and your convent."



Dear Loyal Helpers:

THE entire month of January is dedicated in a special way to the Child Jesus. The venerable Pope Leo XIII, of pious memory, once said that the children of families have in Jesus "Who was subject to them" (Mary and Joseph) a divine example of *obedience*, which ought to be admired, cultivated and imitated.

Here is a second thought for the month. On the Feast of the Holy Family (second Sunday in January) you might respectfully suggest to your parents that all the members of your family who can receive Holy Communion together at the altar rail that day. There is a "Family Communion Crusade" in our country, with headquarters in Brooklyn, New York, which urges this family group Communion, and whose slogan is "Family Union through Family Communion."

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

## TEXAS HELPER

In the accompanying picture is *Irene Petermann* of *Eagle Pass, Texas*. *Irene* joined our MLH's just a few months ago. In an interesting letter she said, "I am happy to be Mary's Loyal Helper and hope to be one for long."



# Helpers' pages



## ANOTHER MICHIGAN HELPER

Our faithful Helper, *Bonnie Mc Hugh* of *St. Clair Shores, Michigan* has been introduced in these pages before. She is an enthusiastic reader of our little magazine, and helps us with pennies and prayers. When Bonnie goes on a vacation with her parents — whether it be to the pine country of northern Michigan in the summer or to the sandy beaches of Florida in the winter, she never forgets us but sends pictures of shrines she has visited and assures us of her prayers.



Dear Sister:

I have not lived all my life in Georgia, but for eight years I lived in Pittsfield, Massachusetts and for two years here in Rome, Georgia. There is only one Catholic Church—and one priest—in Rome. Sister, Carolyn, Jeanmarie and Mary and I pray the "Hail Mary" for you and the Missionaries every day. I am teaching the three girls to know God better and to be sisters when they grow up.

*Patricia Beebe, Rome Georgia*

## ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE

1. Inn. 2. Babe. 3. Stable. 4. Sheep.
5. Kings. 6. Carols. 7. Camel. 8. Manger.

## JANUARY REBUS PUZZLE OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Many school children, besides spending time each evening on home work, also practice an hour on a musical instrument. If your parents provide you with this opportunity, make the most of it!

Each square in this puzzle contains a musical instrument. List them on a sheet of paper and send them to **SUNSHINE SECRETARY** for a holy card.



PATRICIA and Jeanne were silent for the first five minutes as they hurried home from Mass. Then Patricia spoke emphatically:

"This is one New Year's resolution I intend to keep — go to Mass and Communion every day."

"Ditto," Jeanne seconded, "only I was so distracted this morning! I hardly realized that I was receiving Our Lord. With the boss sick and all that extra work at the office, I could think of nothing else!"

"Distractions used to annoy me too until I learned a precious secret."

"A secret?"

"Yes, the secret of inviting Mary to play hostess to Jesus when He comes to me in Holy Communion. Now I

were, to live in a way which expresses this relationship. Then the devotion becomes a way of life for us; and it is wonderful! So consoling and simple."

"My dear! No deep theology before breakfast, please, Patricia! Some other time, maybe; but do tell me about Mary playing hostess at Communion. That arouses my curiosity."

"It is one of the beautiful practices recommended by St. Louis de Montfort to those who aspire to true devotion to Mary."

"But how do you go about it?"

"We are almost at your house, Jeanne, so I haven't time to go into detail, but, briefly, this is what I do:

"When I start my preparation for Holy Communion I remind Our Blessed

## Jeanne's Adventures

by Phyllis Guidt

## In Mary Land

know she will take care of everything regardless of my distractions, or any other spiritual state. She is a perfect heavenly Emily Post."

"I don't understand."

"Jeanne, don't tell me you never heard of The True Devotion—"

"Another devotion! No doubt I've heard of it, but I'm not interested. You know Father Bernard is forever telling us not to get ourselves tangled up in too many devotions."

"This isn't just another devotion, Jeanne. It is—well, you might call it, an attitude—the correct attitude that all Catholics should have toward Mary. Once we realize what our relation to Mary really is, we are forced, as it

Mother that I belong entirely to her. I tell her that I wish to receive Jesus in the best possible way, but since He is the great God and I am weak and lacking in virtue, I beg her to come to my assistance. I ask her to please come to my heart and to receive Jesus for me; to praise, adore, and love Him in me and for me, because she can do it more perfectly than I, or any other creature.

"At Communion, I ask Jesus to come to Mary's heart in me, and from that sanctuary so pleasing to Him, to work His wonders in my soul—to make me a saint.

"After Communion, I ask Mary to thank Jesus in me and for me, and I unite my thanks with hers. Sometimes, when Jesus brings with Him a flood of



sensible consolations, Mary seems to slip out of the picture, leaving Him and me alone—two lovers together. At other times, when I am very much distracted, and can hardly keep my mind on Holy Communion for as long as a moment, I just say some little prayer like, 'Dear Mother, you take over.' I know she understands, and that Jesus will be received, entertained, and thanked properly by Mary, despite my own wretched state."

"But, Patricia, Mary isn't really present in your soul in the same way that Jesus is at Holy Communion!"

"No, of course not. However, she is present by the power God has given her over all hearts—a very real and great dominion."

"Patricia, that is wonderful! But I am not like you; I could never produce such holy thoughts."

"These thoughts aren't original, Jeanne; I learned to think along these lines from a little book called *The Reign of Jesus through Mary* which I bought from Victory Noll. Once I caught the spirit of *The True Devotion*, it was easy to make De Montfort's sentiments my own and to develop them according to my need. Now I ask Mary to be with me and to help me in

everything I do, especially when I hear Mass and receive Holy Communion, for these are the most important acts of the day.

"Oh, here we are at your house. Hurry with breakfast, Jeanne, or you'll be late to work."

Jeanne glanced at her watch. "It is late! But I want to hear more about *The True Devotion to Mary!*"

"Well, let's continue this evening. Remember you promised to bring your new blouse pattern over."

"Good, Patricia; I'll be over early. Now I must run. 'By!'"

"Goodby, Jeanne. See you tonight."

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For free information about *The True Devotion to Mary* write to

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

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## I Accompany Mother

(continued from p. 17)

All through New York State we had seen large patches of dogwood trees in full bloom with pink and white blossoms. It was a lovely sight.

In New England the spring season seemed retarded from three to four weeks as compared to Indiana. We were to find this especially true in Northern Vermont.

## Entering the Bay State

We ate a belated breakfast at a roadside table after we had entered the State of Massachusetts. Not long after we were at Buzzard's Bay where we were just in time to see a large ship moving up the canal which has been cut through the "arm" of Cape Cod to save ships at sea hours of time on their way to Boston and other cities along the upper coast.

(Continued next month)

# Books



**Relax and See** by Clara A. Hackett with Lawrence Galton. Harper and Brothers, New York, N. Y. \$4

Some persons are apt to be skeptical about a book that claims to improve one's vision if its techniques are carried out. But when that book carries a foreward by a leading New York physician, when it is printed by a prominent publishing house, when attention is called to it in Newsweek's medicine section, then we believe it deserves at least a second look. And no reader will want to stop there but will want to put into practice the principles it inculcates. The results, judging from the case histories recorded, will be happy ones.

God gave nearly all of us good eyes. If we had used them correctly we would not have to put on glasses in our teens or twenties or later in life. Miss Hackett teaches us once again to regain our good eye habits. There are no tedious exercises, just a few common sense easy and interesting drills. Once we have re-established good habits, the drills may be discontinued.

Persons who are familiar with other books based on the Bates' method (as this one is) will find this book much simpler, easier to understand, and eminently more practical. The author outlines a twelve weeks' schedule for the nearsighted, farsighted, bi-focal wearer, those who have cataracts, whose eyes are crossed, etc. This feature of the book makes it easy for the reader to carry out the same techniques that Miss Hackett employs in her eye re-training institutes.

This is indeed as it is sub-titled "A Daily Guide to Better Vision."

**A Popular Explanation of the Four Gospels**, Vols. 1 and 2, by Bruce Vawter, C.M. Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Indiana. Single copy of either volume \$2.25; single copy of both volumes \$4

This is a commentary on the New Testament written in dialog form and a part of the "Smith Instructs Jackson" series. It should be valuable in schools and discussion clubs and should prove a ready reference for the Catholic when his non-Catholic neighbor asks him how his Church explains this or that passage. Every convert should study it.

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## More Doubleday Image Books:

*The Imitation of Christ* by Thomas A. Kempis, a modern version of the immortal spiritual classic. 65c

*Grammar of Assent* by John Henry Cardinal Newman. 95c

*The Everlasting Man*, by G. K. Chesterton. 75c

*On the Truth of the Catholic Faith, Summa Contra Gentiles, Book One: God*, by St. Thomas Aquinas. 85c

*Father Malachy's Miracle* by Bruce Marshall. 65c

*The Autobiography of a Hunted Priest* by John Gerard. 65c

*Stories of Our Century by Catholic Authors*, twenty-five of the best short stories of our times, edited by John Gilland Brunini and Francis X. Connolly with the assistance of Mary K. Connolly. 85c

*St. Francis of Assisi* by Johannes Jorgensen. 95c

*Brother Petroc's Return*, a novel by S.M.C. 50c

*A Watch In the Night*, a novel by Helen C. White. 95c

If your local bookseller is unable to supply these books, write to: Doubleday IMAGE BOOKS, Department MIB, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

# The Show Must Go On

by Sister Melita

THE day before our scheduled Christmas program we received a telephone call. Information? All the hall furnishings, including stage curtains and props, had been removed. They were public school property and were transferred to new quarters.

What were we to do? We had practiced with all the equipment, for we had used it many years. Even the curtain-pullers had conscientiously learned their cues and practiced for the occasion. Now we were faced with a bare hall — and the presentation less than twenty-four hours away. Yet, the show must go on.

Ideas began to form quickly. Bed-screens would serve as curtains. A box from the rummage provided a few items. In it we found partial draperies to replace the Venetian blinds and cover the stripped windows. An old piece of blue material became the background of sky. Fortunately, the little gifts we had made for the children were holy pictures mounted on gold metallic stars. These we hung, picture facing down on the blue, to give a starry effect. We colored large pieces of wrapping paper for mountains which concealed many undesirable features.

Considering the short notice, we were amazed and pleased with the results. In fact, the bareness of the room accented the spirit of detachment surrounding Advent and Christmas and gave a perfect atmosphere to our play. We felt a greater closeness, too, to the first enactment of the Christmas Drama — the original in Bethlehem's stable. Our audience commented on the appropriate setting.

But the end was not yet. Another obstacle remained to be encountered. After we had packed our car for the return trip, we discovered — no, not



Feast of the Epiphany of Our Lord  
January 6

The Word Epiphany means manifestation. On this day God reveals His Son, our Savior, to the Gentiles. St. Leo says, "In the adoring Magi let us acknowledge the first fruits of our own calling and faith; and let us commemorate with hearts full of joy the foundations of our blessed hope. For from this moment we have begun to enter our heavenly patrimony." (Ant. for second vespers.)

"Him Whom the Magi adored as the Babe in the manger," he exhorts, "let us worship as the Almighty One in Heaven. As from their treasures Kings made mystic offerings to the Lord, so, in the same way, let us search in our hearts for the gifts worthy to be offered to God." (2nd Noct.)

a flat tire; two flat tires. Thanks to a kind gentleman, this situation was quickly remedied.

We arrived home, weary, and much later than we had planned, but the show went on, and we shall never forget it.

## What a Mistake

THE Christmas Crib on the front porch of our convent won for us the first prize of forty dollars awarded by the Chamber of Commerce last year. We were wondering why, long after the announcement had been made, the check was not forthcoming. Then we discovered that a well-meaning friend had told the judges that, while we certainly deserved first prize, "the sisters never accept money!" Later, another friend, better informed, hastened to assure them that the sisters not only would accept the money but would put it to good use.

SISTER MARY IMMACULATA



Sister Irene proffers a handful of winter's fairy fluff.  
—Winnemucca, Nevada

## The last word

by the Editor

Would you expect to find a lesson in any virtue tacked to the wall in an obscure, small-town office of a motor transit company? Yet, that is exactly where we found this homely bit of wisdom which we pass on to you. It will provoke a smile; it may also give you food for fruitful meditation on a virtue, which though fundamental, is never fashionable, and which we are told, is rarer now than ever—humility. Here is the lesson:

Sometime when you're feeling important;  
Sometime when you take it for granted  
You're the best informed in the room;  
Sometime when you feel that your going  
Would leave an unfillable hole;  
Just follow this simple instruction  
And see how it humbles your soul.  
Take a bucket and fill it with water.  
Put your hand in it, up to the wrist.  
Pull it out; and the hole that's remaining  
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.  
You may splash all you please when you enter;  
You can stir up the water galore.  
But stop, and you'll find in a minute,

That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral of this quaint example,  
Is, do just the best that you can,  
Be proud of yourself but remember  
There's no indispensable man.

Anonymous

May God bless you with a happy new year!

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## In Memoriam

- Margaret Leahy, Mother of our Sister Dorothy, Davenport, Iowa  
William Dietz, Shawneetown, Ill., brother of our Sister Emma Elizabeth  
James V. Wade, Odon, Indiana, brother of our Sister Mary Bernadette  
Martin Durkin, Chicago, Ill., Brother of our Sister Bernarda  
Oscar Spetter, Dallas, Texas, brother of our Sisters Gertrude and Mary Mathilda  
Sister Marie Celeste, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Benjamin Ganse, Harrisburg, Penn.  
Margaret Niesen, Chicago, Ill. ACM  
Victoria Merten, Omaha, Nebraska, ACM  
Mrs. Anna Campbell, Dodge City, Kansas  
Mrs. Florence A. Van Pelt, Manhasset, L. I.  
Loretta Bashe, Green Bay, Wisc.  
Valentine Wicher, Jasper, Indiana  
A. W. Cole, Berlin, N. H.  
Mary C. Pfefferle, San Diego, Calif.  
John E. Maloney, Chicago, Ill.  
William Scheid, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. John E. Brennan, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Robert Williamson, Memphis, Tenn.  
Catherine Paterson, Chicago, Ill.  
John F. Fischer, St. Louis, Mo.  
Clarita Cantu, San Angelo, Texas  
Petrita Flores, San Angelo, Texas

# Glad To Be Here

by Sister Mary Eileen

JOHN is a ninth grader in our religion classes. He is a new American who, at one time, had been a prisoner with his family in Germany. I'll let him tell his own story:

My name is John. I was born in Naliboki, Poland, on March 26, 1941. In 1943 my family, and most of the town where I lived, were taken prisoners by the German army. The prison camp was called Nahrod. Here my parents had to work in a factory manufacturing metal for airplanes. My only brother, then twelve, was put to work fixing electrical machines.

I had to stay in the barracks while my parents worked. They left before I got up, and came back late at night. The daily fare was about four ounces of black bread and beet or potato peelings. Whatever was left from lunch we were given for supper. We stayed in Nahrod about two years. In 1945 American Army Aircraft started firing. The shells hit about fifty feet from the barracks. We were moved to big ditches covered by tin and sand. The German guns fired back at the Americans who were about fourteen miles away.

After two weeks of fighting the Germans surrendered. We were sent to a German town occupied by Polish people. We lived here about three years.

Then we were moved to another town where we lived two years. In 1947 one of the Monsignors sent a letter to Bishop Metzger, Bishop of El Paso, Texas, asking him to find a job for my Father who had been a tailor before we were taken prisoners. After Bishop Metzger replied, it took about two weeks to get our examinations and our papers filled out for passage to the United States. We spent nineteen days at sea before arriving in New Orleans. From there we came to El Paso by train.

I am very happy to be in America where I can practice my religion, go to school, and be free to do many things.

.....

John learned to speak English fluently in a year. He is a member of the orchestra and several other youth organizations at school, and shows special interest in athletics.

His church also finds in him an active member. Religion classes are taught every Sunday morning an hour and a half before the Mass which is offered at eleven o'clock. John lives two miles from the church but he often walks to catechism class rather than miss. He receives Holy Communion every two weeks or oftener. The boys and girls in his grade consider him an authority on movies. He seems to have all the latest information on the rating of current pictures. Frequently, after or before religion class, he is asked if it is all right to see certain movies being shown in the vicinity.



# Write NOW for a Lenten Mite Box!



Lent starts early this year. You will want to keep one of these attractive two-color mite-boxes in a handy place where you and the members of your family can drop in self-denial offerings for the Missions.

In Easter week the contents may be taken to your local Propagation of the Faith Office with the request that a check for the full amount be made out in favor of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

(Clubs, as well as individuals, will find these Mite-Boxes useful.)

.....  
Sister Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary,  
Victory Noll,  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister Supervisor:

Please send me ..... Lenten Mite-Boxes as soon as possible.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....