

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Victory Noll, as seen from the lake on a stormy, wintry day. Only part of the lake, covered with ice and snow, can be seen in the foreground.

It is at Victory Noll, on U. S. 24, just outside Huntington, Indiana, that Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters receive their spiritual and professional training. Their studies, which equip them for their catechetical apostolate, include: courses in religion, liturgy, catechetics, sociology, psychology, principles of teaching, English, Spanish, music and nursing education.

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

January 1958

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### COVER

Sister Ann Therese (left) and Sister Marie put the finishing touches to the snow man at Victory Noll.

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Sister Melita and CCD officers check the tape recording of catechetical songs learned in teacher training classes. From left: Mrs. Carmanati, secretary; Mrs. Famariss; Sister Melita; Mr. Famariss, president of CCD and author of article; Mrs. Prudot, vice-president.

## *The Answer: CCD*

by Walter Famariss Jr.

*Mr. Famariss is a Knight of St. Gregory and a member of the national board of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.*

\* \* \*

It was cold in our southeastern New Mexico city in February of 1956. Not only was the air cold and bitter, but there was a chilliness in our hearts as we met with our pastor, Father Fabian Keenan, in our ill-heated school auditorium. Our spirits were dejected, for we all knew what Father was going to tell us. Our Catholic school would close the coming May.

Although we had almost 350 children of school age in the parish, only a small number were attending St. Helena's school. The others were enrolled in the public schools. With only one priest in the parish, the task of instructing all these children was a big one. Now Father was telling us that he must have the cooperation of us, the laity. In his soft-spoken, kindly way, he charged us with our responsibility and raised our spirits. In spite of the chill of the night, we left the hall with warmth in our souls and

Father's words still in our ears: "Our children MUST be Catholic-educated. I look to you, the laity."

Our group was certainly not one which would have been chosen for a teaching staff. Many were converts, among them my own good wife. To add to our dilemma, I was chosen as their chairman; I who never saw the inside of a Catholic school and whose formal religious education consisted of a few Sunday afternoons of instruction prior to First Communion and confirmation.

Father announced from the altar the next Sunday that catechism classes would begin on the following Saturday. The week that followed was one of almost nightly meetings. Each of



Sister Mary Lucille explains the value of rich sense appeal.

us searched our homes, the school library, and the rectory for anything that would help us. The conglomeration of books, pamphlets, and the like which were gathered together looked more like a collection from a second hand New York book store than anything else.

We expected very few children to report for Saturday classes. Imagine our surprise when 130 children arrived. Every grade from first year through high school was represented. Our probable candidates for First Communion ranged from seven years to fourteen. Obviously our second-hand-book-store materials would not suffice. We set out to obtain more knowledge.

One mother had a sister in the convent. She promptly wrote her a letter asking for help. Another woman spent a day with the sisters at a parochial school some seventy miles distant. Another wrote her father in a city more than 300 miles away. At his own expense he sent a supply of catechisms and work books—enough for every child.

Somehow we struggled through the spring. The reward came late in May when thirty children received First Communion. One man who had worked closely with the teachers was observed with tears in his eyes during Mass.

So ended our first phase of teaching. By now we had learned of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Much correspondence was exchanged with the national office. We found out that the answer to our problems lay at our back door and within our own diocese.

The Victory Noll Sisters could help us. They were especially devoted to catechetical teaching and they had a convent in El Paso. Our letter to them was promptly answered by Sister Theresa, the superior. She would send two sisters to Hobbs to give an in-



**Not a hold-up. Sister Melita is teaching the class an action song.**

tensive course of instructions to our lay teachers.

Sister Mary Lucille and Sister Melita arrived the latter part of August. For two hours every morning, afternoon, and evening they taught. Thirty prospective teachers attended the classes. A baby sitting service was set up so that both parents could attend.

Our catechetical school opened in the fall with the same unbelievable number of children enrolling. The devotion of the teachers was inspiring. Never was a class without a teacher nor a teacher without a prepared lesson.



**Mrs. Carnes gives a demonstration class.**

The sisters returned the following summer to teach the new in our ranks and to instruct further their former pupils. Our CCD work is moving forward. Besides the catechetical activities, we now have an active Parent-Educator committee and an expansion of our discussion clubs.

Though numbers alone do not tell the whole story we can point with pride to the fact we are now reaching more than two-thirds of the Catholic children in Hobbs.

# *Our Friends— The Pueblo Indians*

by Sister Mary Edna

INDIANS in Westerns and on TV are commonplace, but did you ever meet a REAL Indian?

I had seen Indians selling jewelry and pottery on railroad station platforms and half wondered whether they were wearing "costumes" for effect and whether they didn't really understand more English than the few words they appeared to know.

A retreat assignment to our convent in Santa Fe gave me my first glimpse of Indians at home. We visiting sisters were invited to accompany the other sisters to Sunday Mass at the Pueblos of Santo Domingo and San Felipe.

My first impression of the Santo Domingo Church is still vivid — a large adobe structure with no seats or benches. A long ledge on each side served for seating. One big window high in the thick wall and a clerestory window furnished the only illumination.

The church officials let us in through the low sacristy door where a Franciscan, Father Lambert, was preparing for Mass. Soon the Indians began to file into the church. Colorful blankets and bright beads were much in evidence. All the older men wore their hair long, tied in a sort of switch in the back, with a bright band around the forehead. A few of the younger men and the children had modern haircuts. Many of the men and women were wearing Indian moccasins. The blankets were not merely decorative, for the adobe building was chilly even in July. Once Mass started, the blankets served as mats on which to sit or kneel.

When Mass was over at Santo Domingo we drove back to the big divided Albuquerque highway where we traveled another ten miles and then on a bumpy dirt road which led into the Pueblo of San Felipe. No ledges in this church! I was just beginning to wonder about borrowing a blanket when two church officials brought some folding chairs for the sisters.

On that day I little thought I would see more of the Pueblo Indians, but August 15 brought an assignment to Santa Fe; and now every week I instruct Indian children.

Santo Domingo, one of the largest of the New Mexico Pueblos, was once the



*Sister Mary Edna with her friends at Santo Domingo Pueblo.*



*First Communion day at San Felipe.*

headquarters of the Franciscan missionaries. Catholicism was introduced by the Spanish Padres more than 300 years ago, but the Pueblo has had a turbulent history and has been under interdict as recently as ten years ago.

The New Mexico Pueblo Indians get their name from the Spanish word for town because the Spanish explorers found the natives living in villages much the same as they do today. The physical appearance of the Pueblos has not changed a great deal in all these years. There are the narrow streets of closely built adobe houses, a central plaza, and a prominent kiva or council room into which no outsider is ever admitted.

Santo Domingo has been very reluctant in accepting some of the advantages of modern civilization. Only recently has electricity become available in the school, church, and some of the homes. With it washing machines, radios, refrigerators, and TV have come to the Pueblo. Pickup trucks are slowly displacing horse and wagon, though horses are still very much in evidence.

You may have used the expression "wild Indians" in describing a rowdy

group of children, but our little Pueblo children are definitely "tame" and quiet. They are very, very shy until they know you well.

When we first began our classes, many of the children would not answer at all, or they would say, "I don't know." After a while we discovered that this response often merely covered shyness or indicated uncertainty. They are still very diffident about attempting an answer if they fear it might not be correct, but a little persuasion will often bring a near-perfect recitation from a timid youngster. On



*Church officials carry the portable organ from the sisters' car into the church.*

the whole the children have exceptionally good memories. Once a prayer or lesson has been mastered, they can repeat it perfectly weeks or months later.

Although their own Indian tongue is still used almost exclusively in the home, more and more Indians are finding employment outside the Pueblos and consequently are using English

during their working hours. The children from Cochiti speak and read English fluently even on second grade level. Many of the San Felipe Indians are employed in Albuquerque and English is common among the younger people. While Santo Domingo adults still spend most of their time on their own land or at home making pottery and jewelry, their children's school attendance record is excellent. They are beginning to realize that education is useful for them.

The Indians bring the infants for baptism within a week of birth but they do not have such a great appreciation for the other sacraments. One obstacle we still encounter is a Jansenistic notion that one must be perfect in order to receive Holy Communion.

A child may have studied hard and have an earnest desire to receive Our Lord, but when we send a note home advising the parents that we consider him well prepared, we run into difficulties.

"No, Joe Francis tells lies."

"Reyecita is disobedient."

"Remijio is lazy at home. He is not good enough to make his First Communion."

We are trying to make the parents realize that the sacraments are a means of grace for all and not a reward for the perfect.

Streamlined Santa Fe trains pass within a few feet of the Pueblos; high-powered cars speed along modern highways not many miles away; jet planes soar overhead; but within the Pueblos centuries-old customs still prevail. Dances are not an attraction put on for the benefit of tourists. They are part of their way of life. Shoes and beads and pottery are made by hand. Bread is baked in outdoor ovens.

We sisters still see the Indians sitting in the plaza at the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe or at roadside stands along the highways outside the Pueblos, but now we have begun to penetrate just a little past the difference in language and culture. We see them not only as REAL Indians, but as a friendly people.



*Sister Anna gets a lesson in bread baking at San Felipe Pueblo.*

# Mom Does Something About It

## with a prod from teacher

by Lavada Ward Strona

*No form of Catholic Action is so rewarding as Confraternity of Christian Doctrine work. Mrs. Strona of Pomona, California, relates one of her experiences in the CCD*

\* \* \*

DENISE and Frank came to the fourth grade release time class. They were a year apart in age, but in the same grade. They managed to keep up with the rest of the class in the Baltimore Catechism No. 1, and I gave them extra help from *Jesus and I* on the side.

Of all the children in the class they were the only ones who had had no previous religious instruction of any kind. Yet they considered themselves Catholics. Their cards said so. When I questioned them Frank said he didn't know nuthin' about baptism for himself or his sister. Mom just said to tell me they were Catholics.

The next day, having conned my husband into letting me have the car for the day, I went to visit Mom. I had been teaching Confraternity classes for some time, but had not yet done much visiting on my own. So far the sisters had called the tune.

Mrs. W. is a beautiful woman, thirty-seven years old. Her eyes could be used for a cosmetic advertisement, except that hers are God's gift; nothing there, courtesy of Max Factor.

She was glad to see me. The kids had talked so much about me. Three

pre-schoolers clustered around us while we talked. I took out a census card and asked her if I might take the information on the family.

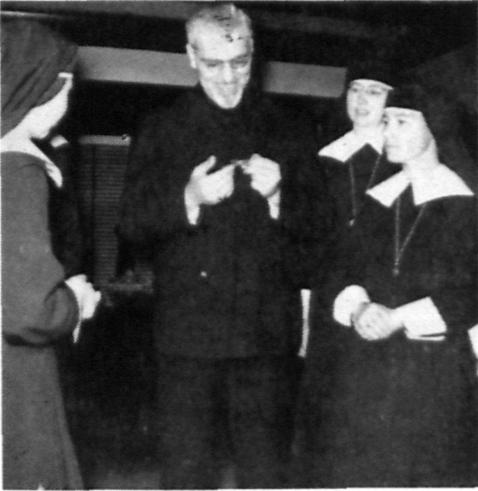
There were eight children, it turned out. Junior, eighteen, was in the Navy. The baby was a year old. None of them were baptized. The marriage was a civil one. Mrs. W. had been reared in the Church but . . . No, neither of them had ever been married before.

Now she thought she ought to "do something" about the children at least. I had to ask her why. After nineteen years of marriage, why did she at last feel she had to do something?

"It was Frank and Denise," she said. "They kept bringing home things you told them; and asking questions I couldn't answer. I have to do something about all of them."

The Holy Spirit who is alerted at each Confraternity meeting to enlighten our hearts, gave me a good nudge. Write Junior in the Navy to look up his chaplain and begin instructions. We could have the little ones baptized right away. The four in public schools—one younger than the two I had and one in junior high—could be entered in special classes. And as a clincher, if Mom was having trouble answering fourth grade catechism questions, let's enroll her in a convert information class.

We did it. Now all is going well in the home of Frank and Denise.



Archbishop Pollio shows the sisters his precious pectoral cross.

# Confessor for the Faith

by Sister Valeria

It is always a privilege for us to have a member of the hierarchy visit us and offer holy Mass in our convent chapel, but when the bishop is one who has suffered for the Faith, it is an added reason for rejoicing.

We sisters in Detroit had the happiness of assisting at the Mass of His Excellency Archbishop Gaetano Pollio. The Archbishop, a native of Sorrento, Italy, was ordinary of Kaifeng in northern China until he was arrested by the Reds and expelled from the country.

Before his exile, on trumped up charges of spying for the United States, Archbishop Pollio was under constant surveillance for two years. The last six months of his stay in China were spent in rodent-infested and stench-filled prisons. He was ridiculed, starved, and brainwashed by the Communists.

To keep the Faith alive, related the Archbishop, the faithful have been instructed to stay in their own villages where they can gather with trusted companions to pray and occasionally to hear Mass. Chinese priests travel about the land in disguise administering the sacraments whenever possible.

Revolt is out of the question because the Reds control the people so tightly. Sometimes they cannot trust even the members of their own families.

Everyone lives in suspicion of his neighbor. Parents live in fear of their children; children spy on their parents. The Archbishop told us how an eleven-year-old boy was proclaimed a hero because he had betrayed 216 people for "crimes against the state." Among the number were his own father, brother, and several other relatives.

Archbishop Pollio was imprisoned by the Communists in November 1948 and charged with seventy-two counts against the Chinese People's Republic. Chief among these was his refusal to join or accept the schismatic national church set up by the Reds. He was also accused of receiving money from the United States to support spies from Formosa, for killing children, and for calling upon Japanese war planes during World War II to bomb refugee camps.

During his persecution the Archbishop was brought to trial thirty-two times in four different courts. From time to time he was paraded through

hostile, jeering mobs along with other prisoners to be scorned and abused.

Throughout his internment, the Archbishop was occasionally able to offer Mass using bread and wine that were smuggled into his cell by daring Catholics.

Brother Pius, a native of Reise, Italy, the birthplace of St. Pius X, accompanied Archbishop Pollio to our convent and served his Mass. At this point in the Archbishop's story Brother exclaimed excitedly, "Tell the sisters about your pectoral cross!"

"Ah, yes, my pectoral cross," sighed the Archbishop, kissing it with love and reverence.

"This pectoral cross belonged to my predecessor. One day he and two of his priests went to a little village to administer the sacrament of confirmation. While the bishop was confirming, a group of Communist soldiers moved in to the village demolishing everything within sight.

"They attacked the bishop, took from him his pectoral cross and hurled it to the ground. Revolvers cracked through the air. The bishop and his priests fell to the ground, martyrs for Christ. As the soldiers moved on doing their diabolical work, a Chinese Catholic picked up the cross and buried it under a tree."

A year and a half later when Archbishop Pollio was appointed to the see of Kaifeng, this same man dug up the cross where he had so carefully buried it and walked 150 miles to present it to the new bishop.

When Archbishop Pollio was imprisoned, everything — including his pectoral cross — was taken from him.

After his various trials he was told that his crimes deserved the death sentence, but the government in its "indulgence," decreed that after six months of prison he should be expelled from China forever.

Nine days before his sentence was

completed, he was taken to his cathedral where he was forced to hand over to a Chinese priest his rights and duties as archbishop. Then he was brought to a dirty room in a hotel to wait for a train. He was now ready to leave China, a condemned man deprived of all his belongings.

One thing only the Archbishop wanted. He was determined to recover his pectoral cross, the relic of a martyr. When a man is condemned he has a right to make one request. Archbishop Pollio told his guards, "I would like to have my mother's cross." His mother was Holy Mother Church.

The police colonel did not answer immediately, but the next day he appeared with the cross in his hand.

"Take it and die with it, along with all your followers!" The colonel cursed, threw the cross to the floor, and stamped on it. That is why some of the filigree work is broken.



After Mass the sisters receive the Archbishop's blessing.

The Archbishop smiled now, remembering the dream that had strengthened him during his captivity. The dream was still his: to return to a China free from Communism.

"I must go back to China to help my people."

*Finding someone to sing High Masses, especially in the summer months, is a difficulty in many churches. This is the story of a young seventh grade girl who solved the problem for her parish.*

\* \* \*

“SOMETHING ought to be done, Elizabeth. It’s just a shame that we can’t find even one person whom we can depend on to sing High Masses during the summer when we sisters are gone.”

“Who in the world do you think would have the nerve?” asked Elizabeth.

She had given me the opening. I answered simply, “You.”

## Elizabeth Was the One

by Sister M. Stephen

She might have been just a seventh grader, but she was intelligent, could carry a tune easily, and was one of the most dependable girls we had in this small town.

A bit startled, she looked at me to see if I really meant what I said. Then she merely said, “OK, when do we start? The sooner the better, Sister, because I ain’t no Dinah Shore!”

Lent was already here. We would have to work fast. We began that week; and every week thereafter we had a two-hour session. Elizabeth was patient. Finally her Rock ‘n’ Roll rendition of the Requiem Mass began to resemble the smooth flow of Gregorian chant.

It was May. The Requiem was mastered, so it seemed. Now it was time to test our protegee. The day arrived for Elizabeth to sing her first Mass a capella, alone and unaided. She looked pale, but was outwardly composed.

Promptly at seven-thirty Father entered the sanctuary for Mass. Without a second’s hesitation, a soft but clear voice intoned Requiem and continued with all the courage her twelve years could muster until the final Amen.

Elizabeth had come through beautifully, but we couldn’t rest on our laurels yet. A Mass for feasts had to be learned. We chose the simple, but beautiful Mass X and began plodding away once again.

School was over, so our classes were doubled to four hours a week. Results were the same. By July the Mass was well-polished, complete with Credo, and her debut was another victory.

Elizabeth was slowing gaining confidence. She confided, “I’m almost not scared anymore.”

My compacency was jolted, however. I had overlooked an obstacle. The first week after school closed Elizabeth did not come to Mass several mornings. Suddenly I realized why. During the school year her father had dropped her off at church on his way to work. After Mass she would walk to school. Now it was different. There was no way for her to get home unless she walked all the way. It was far. Could I ask her to do that?

On Friday afternoon Elizabeth called at the convent for our usual practice. She had not come alone. On the sidewalk outside the house was a brand new bicycle.

“Whose bike did you borrow?”

“I didn’t borrow it, Sister. My sister bought it for us kids at home.”



*Into the Church went Elizabeth.*

Our problem was solved. The next morning and every morning following, even before we arrived at church for Mass, a blue bicycle was parked outside the door, a plastic statue of the Sacred Heart perched on the headlight. Elizabeth was already on the job.

Several weeks later the same blue bicycle could still be seen in front of St. Teresa's Church each morning. A young teenager alighted. Into the church and to the choir loft she went. After taking out the Kyriale, she prayed her rosary until Mass began.

Judging from outward appearances, everything was the same as it had been for the past month; but there was a difference. This time there were no sisters in the choir loft. There were no strains of the organ. There was only Elizabeth, the one out of the whole parish who would do it!

---

A Mrs. Smith phoned and asked for the First Communion Sister. I answered and she wanted to know what her son Jimmy would wear for First Communion. The name didn't ring a bell. I checked my book and asked the other sisters if they had a Jimmy Smith. No clue.

I was positive I knew all the children, but I had no Jimmy Smith. The mother insisted that he came with his sister every week. One of the other sisters had his sister, but no one had Jimmy. I asked Mrs. Smith to bring him next Tuesday.

All week I tried to picture Jimmy Smith and was puzzled about the whole affair. Tuesday came and with it Jimmy (whom I had never seen before), his sister, and a note from their mother.

I asked the child what room he had been going to. He pointed down the hall where we do not teach. I asked him whether he saw me before. No, he hadn't. Then came his explanation, "I waited, but no one ever came. But I went every week."

It sounds incredible, but poor Jimmy had been sitting in an empty classroom for two months! I thought he couldn't be very intelligent, but to my surprise he knows his prayers and is now learning his catechism very well.

*Sister Mary Celine*

# In the Home Field



Miss O'Leary entertains her entertainers.

## CENTENNIAL

When Miss O'Leary, a former school teacher, celebrated her one hundredth birthday in a rest home at Pacific Grove, California, Sister Agnes and I brought the children's choir of St. Angela's Church to visit her. The birthday cake we gave her had on it one candle representing the first hundred years of her life.

The boys and girls sang songs and hymns for Miss O'Leary. Then she entertained and delighted us by singing an Irish lullaby and telling us stories!

SISTER MARY CHARLES

## PROMOTION

The people here have a loyal affection for the sisters who were once stationed in Big Spring. Druggists, doctors, and gasoline station attendants often inquire about them. Just recently the owner of a gas station reminisced, "Yes, we've taken care of a lot of sisters, but they got promoted right along up the line."

SISTER ELLEN

This is how sisters in the Ozarks are sometimes given directions:

Go down to ditch No. 3 and go to first ditch; then pass second ditch and it's only a spittin' distance.

## HIGH JUMPER

We would like to know, and will do our best to discover, the ways and means a dear little old man of ninety uses to keep spry. He always sits in the far end of the last pew in church, for it is then easier for him to get out in the event that others share the pew. At Communion time he simply swings himself over the back of the bench and then marches down the center aisle with the spring of a teenager. He returns to his seat in the same novel manner, the other occupants not having recovered from the shock of the first jump. We sisters have often witnessed the athlete's feat from the choir loft.

SISTER MARY MARTHA

## NOT TOO LATE

After explaining the lesson on the Last Supper and telling the children how the priest today changes the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus, I asked the First Communion class to watch for this special moment the following Sunday.

The next Sunday Albert came puffing into Mass late. He leaned over and asked breathlessly, "Did Father show the Body of Jesus yet?"

When I said "No," he sighed with relief and exclaimed joyously, "Oh boy!"

SISTER MARY DOLORES

## ALL FOR YOU

After drilling the Child's Morning Offering that begins "My God, I offer You today," I called on one of my first graders to say it. She had the right idea, if not the correct words when she said, "My God, I'm all for You today."

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE

## WHERE ARE MY CURTAINS?

When even one other class is going on in the same hall in which you are teaching, some kind of partition—no matter how makeshift—is a necessity.

I put up the curtains in self-defence—to keep distractions out. Yet, almost everyone who passes by is tempted to peek in. At first it was a real novelty. The children who were not in my class just had to know what was going on behind those curtains.

Outside of class time our gay-colored curtains are often put to very practical uses. Once we found them serving as a backing for a shrine at a party. Again, they were used to cover the windows to darken the hall for a movie. They were even pressed into use to plug a broken window during the rain.

SISTER TERESITA

## THE BABY CRIED

Twelve years old and already an expert in the care of infants! Twelve years old and only now preparing for First Communion! This is Socorro, a timid little girl who is coming to Sister Margaret Ann for religious instructions.

Most of Socorro's young life has been spent helping to take care of her many little brothers and sisters. Younger members of the family have been permitted to come to religion classes, but Socorro was always needed at home. Now that she is in the sixth grade, her mother feels that she should prepare to receive the sacraments.

As yet Socorro's knowledge of religion is not so thorough as her knowledge of babies. When Sister asked her, "How did the shepherds know that Jesus was born?" she replied, "They heard the Baby cry."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY



Here it is Sister Mary Dolores teaching behind the curtains.

# Back in Circulation:

by Sister Mary John



*Jannie and Louis Desquin gaze in amazement at the piano that plays by itself.*

THE old player piano is coming back into its own. Newsweek recently carried an item on these one-time museum pieces and the big demand for them now. One customer, it is said, asked to have his slightly out of tune to remind him nostalgically of the old players in the "honky tonkies."

Ours, in our Punta Gorda (Florida) convent, is forty years old, but it still plays and is quite a sensation. A woman of the parish offered it to us when she heard that we no longer had our little reed organ. The organ repair man, whom we called in when our organ seemed to be breathing its last, told us that it was beyond help, that its place was now in a museum for antiques.



*Everybody has a favorite roll*

# The Player Piano

No wonder, then, that we gladly accepted the player piano in its place. Many rolls came with it. All are in good condition and are now being enjoyed by our young parishioners.



*Teenagers love to pick out a new piece.*



*Everyone wants to pump—the girls*



*... and especially the boys*



# our **A**ssociates'

by Miss Karas. These ladies sponsor Sister Eleanor, formerly of Dayton.

## HAPPY New Year!

Dear Associates:



In October, St. Helen Band of Dayton, Ohio, held a party marking the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Band.

All fifteen members attended. Miss Margaret Karas, pictured at left, (above) founded the Band with Miss Viola Hammer.



On the right is Miss Josephine Desaro who left too early to get in the group picture (below) taken

## Progressive Bridge

Here is a variant on the progressive card game technique. It is a project with a two-fold objective: (1) to make known the work of our sisters and thus secure new friends for us; and (2) to raise extra money to increase your Band's year-end total or complete the Burse you've been working on for years.



The scheme calls for a special card party of three tables at the home of each member of your Band. These are not to be the regular members, mind

(Continued on next page)

In the accompanying picture are members of St. Helen's Band of Dayton, Ohio. Back row (reading from left to right): Margaret Cogan, Loretta Bucher, Viola Hammer, Helen Melke, President, Annette Desaro, Katherine Kelly and Bertha Berger. Front row: Kathleen Rochford, Mary Conrard, Mary Cogan, Florence Bucher, Secretary, Beatrice Conrard and Irene Bucher.



# Club Mention



you, but *other friends*. They may be six couples if you like.

At this special party, the hostess should explain the work of our community and pass out informative literature (we'll supply it from Victory Noll). Each guest pays one dollar at this meeting. Each of these twelve guests in turn agrees to have a benefit card party at her home for *eight* guests. Each of these will give one dollar toward our work. The parties progress to the third level with guests of the second level each entertaining a group of *eight* in their homes and each guest likewise paying one dollar to benefit our sisters.

Figure it out for yourself. The total adds up to something interesting both socially and financially.

## ST. JUDE'S, Chicago

The Promoter of St. Jude's, *Mrs. Lydia Fiala*, continues to send us donations under that title although they are mostly personal. Her band ceased to hold meetings a few years ago. Many mission boxes with Mrs. Fiala's label on them find their way to our convents in the Southwest.

## CHARITINA, Chicago

Most of the ladies who comprised this Band have gone home to God. It was begun in 1923. The Promoter, *Miss Helen Ford*, keeps bravely at the task of contributing to the Burse under that name. She is assisted in this connection by the Misses Margaret Long, Ella Hanlon, and Anastasia Prindiville.

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

October 31 to November 20, 1957

Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford .....	\$ 5.00
Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons ..	25.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	41.00
Dolores Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Klingel	92.50
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	22.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	90.00
Mother Cabrini, Wauconda, Ill., Clara Swiatly .....	100.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. Lammert .....	182.50
Queen of Virgins Sodality, Madison, Minn., Stella Mannens .....	1.00
St. Ann Band, Ft. Wayne, C. Ankenbruck .....	1.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	3.00
St. Clara's of St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan .....	28.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Miss Melke ....	11.75
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh .....	15.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes ....	34.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer	400.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	23.00
St. Martin, Omaha, F. Shanahan ....	100.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	17.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Johann .....	13.50
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl	60.00
Strillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg	6.00





# Mary's Loyal

MISSISSIPPI HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

WHETHER you live in the sunny south, the golden west or the frozen north (at least it is pretty much like that in the winter months) of our country, you can still be closely united in your common efforts to help our Missionaries through your prayers and sacrifices.

May God bless each one of you at the beginning of this New Year and always.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

## CALIFORNIA HELPER



At the left is Pamela Bonura of Gardena, California. Pamela attends St. Anthony's School and is in the eighth grade this year. Pamela belongs to a mission group of ten or twelve girls. Last year they gave a dime each week toward our work for a whole school term.

## SEND US PICTURES

Has your picture appeared in these pages yet? If not send us one, preferably a school picture, and we will be glad to use it. Even if your picture did appear a long time ago, you might send us a new one so that our Helpers may see how you look now.



In the picture to the left is Charlotte Bodenlos of Jacksonville, Mississippi, who joined our Loyal Helpers a year ago. Charlotte is a sophomore in high school. Although her chief interest lies in music, we believe she would also succeed as a writer, a teacher, or at almost anything else she might undertake.

We reproduce, in part, a recent letter from her.

The school year is really a busy one. It seems that when you are a sophomore you have everything to do. I belong to the school newspaper staff and the F.T.A. (Future Teachers of America). This latter is very interesting. We learn by film and lecture how children react to different teaching methods and see the great need of teachers and instructors of children outside of school . . .

I am taking music lessons. I am studying Villa-Lobos ( a very modern composer), Bach, and Mozart. I like the Villa Lobos pieces but they drive Mom and Dad crazy.

I wish to thank you for writing to my brother Stevie. I have never seen a happier boy.

Charlotte Bodenlos, Jacksonville, Miss.

## SACRIFICE AND EARNINGS FOR THE MISSIONS

We especially like to hear how our Loyal Helpers have made sacrifices to help the missions. We also like to learn how you earned money to aid our work.

# Helpers' pages

## INDIANA HELPER



Pictured at the left is Bette Roussey, age fifteen, of Ossian, Indiana. Bette joined our Loyal Helpers when she was an eighth grader. She is now a sophomore in high school. Like many others, she is a basketball enthusiast. Bette hopes to join us when she is old enough.



## JANUARY PUZZLE

(A nutty tale. Pick out the nuts.)

Hazel Nutson, with almond eyes, teased her brother sprawled on the floor. "I'll tickle your toes," she threatened. "You butter nut!" retorted Brazil Nutson. Then she threw a feather duster at his chest nut at his toes.

"P-i-s-t! Acchio is at the door again!"

"He's a hick or ye could almost guess him to be one," said Farmer Nutson, and added, "Wal,nuts to you!" as he slowly moved forward to let him in.

"Would you like a beech, Nutson?" asked the peddler, showing him some fruit in a basket near a sack of onions.

"Oh, do puy some fruit," pleaded Mama Nutson in broken English. "I pecan to feel hungry before ten o'clock."

This is truly a nutty tale, don't you think so?

I am sorry I can't send any money right now. I worked one of your puzzles. I like them. I am sick now. At school, history is my favorite subject. Spelling is next, then geography, arithmetic, English, and civics. I like religion, too.

Jane Baier, age ten, Campbellsville, Ky.

## ILLINOIS HELPER



Kathleen Samp, of Chicago, pictured at left, is twelve years old and in the seventh grade. She attends a parochial school in her city. Kathleen likes to work our puzzles.

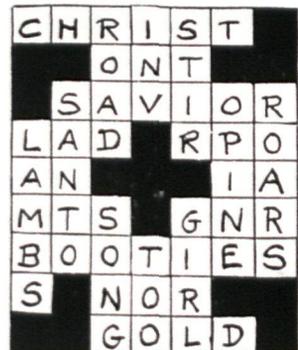
(Send worked puzzles to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.)

DECEMBER

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

ANSWERS



# True Devotion

## *It Can Be Done*

Sister Clare Marie shows us how easy it is to teach True Devotion to children. Her article is not just theoretical. It is practical.

by Sister Clare Marie



Sister Clare Marie and the children in one of her classes are here making their meditation. Each child has a copy of Father Heeg's "Little Meditations for Children."

THE practice of True Devotion to Mary is a natural for children when it is explained to them properly.

During the past school year I had the happiness of having 185 children make the Act of Consecration

to Our Blessed Mother according to the teaching of St. Louis de Montfort. These were the children I taught in our school of religion.

I began by giving a short instruction (about ten minutes) each class day. Gradually I unfolded to the chil-

dren the beauties and advantages of True Devotion to Mary. Their enthusiasm was truly wonderful. Devotion to the Mother of God is easy for children to grasp.

The immediate preparation for making the Act of Consecration covered eight weeks. Each week I gave the children a definite practice, first, of course, preparing them for it by explaining it simply. All were most conscientious about performing these practices.

There happen to be eight steps at the entrance to our classroom. Each week we posted the current practice above one of the steps. This intrigued the children. Eagerly they awaited the new practice that would be explained to them.

We watched the weeks and steps go by until the time came for them to make their Act of Consecration. This was as close as possible to the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The program on the great day consisted of a hymn to Our Lady of Victory, the recitation of the Act of Consecration, and the singing of the Magnificat in English.

Enthusiasm has not waned. Even the small children are most careful about saying little ejaculations each day. We take five minutes of class time each week for mental prayer. We use "Little Meditations for Children" by Father Heeg, S.J.

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#### *Why Four?*

Our weekly trip to Bloomington, California, is made in a blue Chevrolet. On First Communion morning, however, Sister Peter and I drove up to the church in a green Chevrolet. Young Patrick's discerning eye immediately noticed the difference.

"Do you have two cars?" he asked in an awed voice.

Thinking rather of the many last minute details which we had to attend to than of the effect of her answer on Patrick, Sister Peter answered briefly, "We have four cars."

Sister did not stop to explain that these four cars are used by the nineteen sisters who work in our Redlands missions. Eighteen parishes are serviced, and some of them have several catechetical centers.

To Patrick, however, two sisters meant Bloomington; and four cars could mean nothing except "Two apiece?"

When he came out with his surprised query we decided that, time or no time permitting, it would be worth our while to give this little man a detailed explanation.

*Sister Ruth Anthony*

#### *Good Reason*

At one of our missions we have to have class on Sunday in the pastor's combination office and living room. It is rather crowded, but we find it a very nice classroom.

Unfortunately, the arrangement is rather inconvenient for Father. Very often he has to interrupt class to get something he needs from his desk.

I decided to use these interruptions to an advantage. I insisted that the children stand each time Father came in. A few had to do this anyhow, for they were in Father's way.

One day the children forgot to stand. When Father left, I gave them what I thought was a good talk on the dignity of the priesthood. The following week many of them again forgot.

When Father had left I asked, "Now why do we stand up when Father comes in?"

"Well," volunteered Pat, "if we don't, he'll step on our toes."

*Sister Charlene*

## Books



*Maryknoll Missal.* P. J. Kennedy and sons, New York.

This Daily Missal of the Mystical Body is edited by a group of Maryknoll Fathers with the collaboration of the Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P.

It is a most attractive, readable missal. For us its outstanding feature is the exquisite full page Beuron Abbey illustrations—twenty-five of them. There are also many good black and white line drawings. The ordinary is in large, clear type. Although the proper parts are printed in smaller type, the lines are well leaded, making the pages very easy to read.

The brief, but to-the-point explanations before the Sunday Masses are centered around the doctrine of the Mystical Body. The translations of the ordinary are new and refreshing. The "you-form" instead of "thou" is used throughout.

There is an added section entitled *The Life of the Soul*. This part gives the rites of the sacraments. Practical points are emphasized: the commandments of God and of the Church, the requirements for fast and abstinence, the latest rules on the Eucharistic fast, and the preparations that should be made for the administration of the sacraments in the home.

The edition we examined is of genuine leather, gold edges, \$14.50. There is also an edition with fibrated leather cover, gold edges, \$11.50. The imitation leather with red edges is priced at \$8.00

*From An Altar Screen* by Fray Angelico Chavez. Illustrated by Peter Hurd. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$3.75.

In New Mexico a *santo* is not just a statue of a saint. He is part of the people, a member of the family, as it were. He is loved and venerated and appealed to in every difficulty. His cult is a part of the charm that is New Mexico.

Fray Angelico, being himself a son of New Mexico, knows so well how to capture this charm and re-create it for us. This he does in these *Tales from New Mexico*. Fray Angelico is not merely a gifted writer. He is a poet and artist as well. The poet and the artist are discernible in these delightful stories.

Six of them have their setting in a New Mexico of long ago. In the seventh, a war story. Padre Chavez draws on his experience as army chaplain in the Philippines, but the locale is modern New Mexico.

When Fray Angelico was a student in the Franciscan seminary, he was a frequent contributor to *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*. His stories, skillfully illustrated by himself, were folk tales of his home state. Since then we have followed his writing career with interest. He has reached new heights in *From An Altar Screen*.

\* \* \*

*Mother Seton and the Sisters of Charity* by Alma Power-Waters. Illustrated by John Lawn. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$1.95.

This well-told story of Mother Seton and the biography of St. Thomas More, reviewed also this month, are *Vision Books*, written for young readers.

We have read nearly all the biographies of Mother Seton. Few of them bring out so forcefully as this

one the sufferings she endured as a result of her conversion. Although she was practically driven out of New York, she accepted everything with patience and conformity to the will of God. It was in Baltimore, where she went with her fatherless little ones, that she became the foundress of the American Sisters of Charity.

The recent news that Mother Seton's Cause is progressing satisfactorily and that she may be beatified in 1959 makes this book very timely.

In end papers the artist has ingeniously portrayed the many Sisters of Charity who, although their habit might differ, are truly Mother Seton's daughters.

\* \* \*

*St. Thomas More of London* by Elizabeth Ince. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$1.95.

Boys and girls in their early teens will find this story of St. Thomas More fascinating and will undoubtedly wish to imitate his virtues. St. Thomas, perhaps more than most saints, made virtue extremely attractive.

The author, who makes St. Thomas so lovable and so alive, is a descendant on her mother's side of Margaret Roper, the saint's dear daughter Meg. She lives now in Chelsea, not far from the Mores' old home.

Young readers will not only be edified and entertained by this story, but will learn much history from it.

\* \* \*

*The Hermit of Cat Island, the Life of Fra Jerome Hawes*, by Peter F. Anson. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$4.75.

Some of the accounts of the life of Fra Jerome might give one the impression that he was a kind of play-

boy, a sportsman-monsignor turned hermit. Nothing could be farther from the truth although he was, as described by his former bishop "a most colorful character. He was an architect, painter, sculptor, stone-mason, decorator, poet, horseman, and horse breeder."

John Cyril Hawes was born near London in 1876. After receiving an excellent education as an architect he became an Anglican minister and missionary in the Bahamas. He was received into the Catholic Church at Graymoor in 1911. After working for a time in the Canadian Rockies, he studied at the Beda in Rome and was ordained a priest in 1915.

The next twenty-two years of Father Hawes' life were spent as a zealous missionary and architect in Western Australia. Although always austere with himself, he became almost obsessed with the idea that he was not generous enough with God. With his bishop's reluctant permission he went to the Bahamas and lived the life of a hermit, known as Fra Jerome, a Franciscan tertiary. He imposed on himself a rule more severe than that of any religious community. Fra Jerome died in 1956 and was buried in his beloved hermitage on Cat Island.

The author of this fascinating biography was himself a member of the Caldey Benedictine community that made its submission to Rome in 1913.

\* \* \*

On several occasions we have appealed to our readers for out-of-print books or for certain periodicals to complete a volume for our library. So far we have been successful in obtaining what we asked.

This time we hope someone will be able to send us the *Sacramentary* of the late Cardinal Schuster, O.S.B. Any volume would be a most welcome addition to the Victory Noll library. It was published by Benziger in 1924, but it is now out of print.

## Editor's By-Line

There was a time when I did not believe people who insisted they couldn't sing, but now I know better.

We had been asked to sing a high Mass for a Sunday wedding in a little mission where our sisters taught during the week. On Sunday mornings we tried to be present at the children's Mass in as many churches as possible, so only two of us could be spared for this assignment.

We arrived with our portable organ about a half hour before Mass time. Father came in soon afterward looking rather serious. He greeted us (the Blessed Sacrament was not reserved there) and then said, "Sister, put your organ as close as you can to that wall and stay there. There might be trouble this morning."

We looked properly concerned as he continued, "Seems the bride's former boy friend returned from the army yesterday and has threatened to shoot his rival who won the girl while he was away. Father R. took the two early Masses in town and came with me. He is going to stay outside and watch for any suspicious characters . . . Like a movie in technicolor, isn't it?"

Without waiting for us to agree, he went up to vest for Mass.

The church filled quickly and the wedding party arrived. Nothing unusual happened. I played a wedding march and the bride and her attendants walked down the aisle. The brief ceremony was soon over and it was time for Mass.

The sister with me had protested that she simply couldn't sing. I had said, "Oh, that's all right. Just sing a little bit and give me moral support—so I don't have to do it alone. You

know Mass No. 9. You've heard it enough."

The introit caused little trouble. It was more or less a solo; but when we started the familiar Kyrie I could hardly believe my ears. Sister was doing her best to help me, but it was wild or maybe weird. The intervals might have been those of a five-tone Chinese scale.

We went right into the Gloria with the same bizarre effect. When the sermon started, I slipped out of church and found Father R. sitting in the car saying his breviary. I told him our trouble and he readily offered to come in and help us out.

Evidently the jilted suitor had come to his senses in the cold light of morning; or perhaps his friends had kept him away from church. Anyway, Father felt free to abandon his watch. He sang lustily for the rest of Mass and Sister gratefully buried her nose in her missal.

As the procession left the church I tried my best to get a look at the bride who had created such a furor. Much to my disappointment, she was unusually plain and ordinary looking.

Everybody left quickly. The priests drove away and we waited to be picked up by the other sisters. Sister's only comment was, "See, I told you I couldn't sing. Now maybe you'll believe it!" SEA

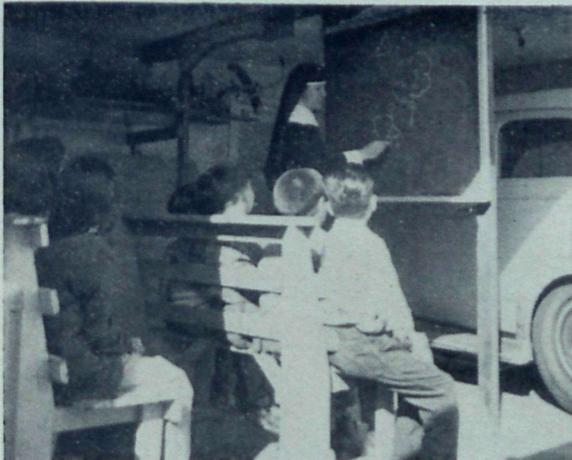
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## In Memoriam

Most Rev. John G. Bennett, D.D., Bishop of Lafayette.

Rev. Edward J. Draus  
Sr. M. Francis, O.P.  
Ruth Helmkamp  
George Kirchner  
Joseph Meles  
Mrs. M. Youchison  
Celia Oleska  
Mary Lechner  
Mary Monnier  
Florence Harrington

Dr. Walter Holleran  
Marie Squires, ACM  
Mrs. Geo. Epperson  
Cornelius Brown  
John Stauble  
Leonard Harrison  
Esther Heyza  
Mary Halicki  
Susie Connors  
Marguerite Gosiere

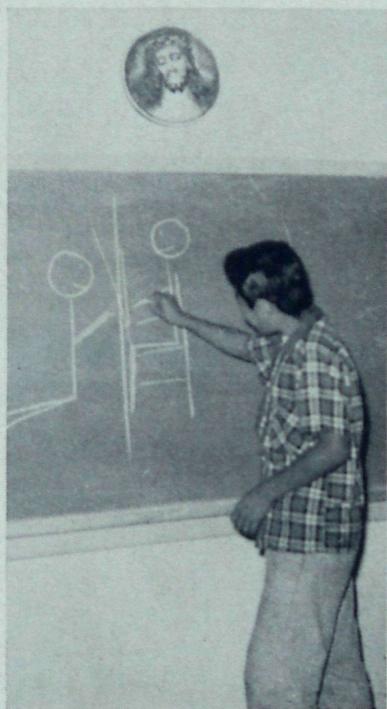


## SHIFTING SCENES

by Sister Teresita

Item in home-maker's magazine: Moving furniture sign of youth. We Missionary Sisters should stay youthful. Some of us change classrooms almost daily.

**MONDAY:** Plenty of fresh air, but we have a roof over our heads.



**WEDNESDAY:** Another break — A modern classroom in our catechetical center.

See Home Field page to find out the reason for the curtains.



**TUESDAY:** We teach in style.



**THURSDAY:** We're behind the curtains!

*Have you put*

**Christ in your will?**

**By including Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in your will you have the assurance that after your death your money will be used to further the Cause of Christ in America — to win converts to the Church and reclaim those who have fallen away from their Catholic Faith.**

**As a benefactor of the Congregation you will always be remembered in the prayers of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.**

**OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS  
VICTORY NOLL  
HUNTINGTON, INDIANA**