

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 35

NOVEMBER 1959

Number 10



Horizontal Thought for November

by SISTER MARIE

As every day
Comes to its close,
Before our eyes
Shut in repose,
We ought to think
That death might be
About to bring
Us liberty;
That when we lie
Down on the bed,
The sun next morn
May find us dead.
Such thoughts as these
Will make us smile
If time we spent
Has been worthwhile.
But those who waste
The gift of time,
Will think this is
A gloomy rhyme.
May such take heed
They're on the brink;
'Tis always later
Than they think!



But those who live
Each day in grace
The thought of death
Lights up the face.
'Twill mean at last
Eternal peace
When love and joy
Will never cease.
But those who spurn
God's holy grace
Will find prepared
In hell, their place.
So when each night
We seek repose
Remember death —
Who knows? Who knows?

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

November 1959

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COVER

Cover by Sister Evelyn Marie, Ogden, Utah; pp. 8 and 9, the Rev. Donnan Herbe, O.F.M., St. Michael's Mission, St. Michaels, Ariz.; p. 10, Rickert Studio, Huntington; p. 18, Jack Hughes, San Angelo, Texas.

CREDITS

The holy water font is quite a stretch for these two little tots as they attempt to moisten their finger tips for the Sign of the Cross. Gene Garcia and his equally tiny classmate, Laura Medina, are proud of their first accomplishment of the year—a perfect "Sign" and "with all the words, too!"

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Reclamation Service

by SISTER BARBARA

IN many parts of the United States, especially in California and other western states, one comes upon vast territories that are now cultivated and productive, furnishing food, power, and livelihood for millions, but which less than a century ago were desert wastelands. The act by which this modern miracle was accomplished is known as "reclamation." In 1902 the U. S. Department of the Interior created a bureau known as the Reclamation Service, to reclaim desert lands for cultivation or habitation, and to develop electric power. Since then millions of square miles have been reclaimed.

But do you know that the Church also has its Reclamation Service? Let us tell you how it works.

One day my sister companion and I, engaged in the periodic check-up of the parish census, raised dubious eyebrows as we glanced at the card of the next family to be visited. The one remote connection with Catholicity was the father who had been baptized in the Church. Previous efforts to interest him in the study of his religion had evidently been unavailing, for he was practically a total stranger to the parish and its present pastor.

The man's wife answered the door. Evidently she was slightly taken aback at seeing two snow-flecked sisters on her doorstep. When we explained the purpose of our call, she invited us in. We checked the information taken a few years before. Everything remained the same except that there were two more children to add, making six, and

the mother and oldest boy had been baptized — in the Baptist church! The other five had never been baptized.

Gently we reminded her of Our Lord's words about the necessity of baptism. With an air of frustration she told us the reason for the situation. She knew that her husband was baptized a Catholic and she had urged him to take the children to be baptized in his Church. She had even told him that she would join it if he would go with her.

Unfortunately he had never had any instructions. His parents had separated when he was very young. He had rarely gone to Mass as a boy and after a court marriage he had given up going altogether. Now he was hesitant about approaching the priest, knowing that there was much more to be taken care of than the baptism of his children. Despairing of her husband's doing anything about the children's religious education, the mother sent them to Protestant Sunday schools: first to one, then another. She herself tried an assortment of various sects, but quickly became dissatisfied with each succeeding one. She and her oldest boy had been baptized in the Baptist church but that, too, had been given up.

We suggested that since they had found nothing satisfactory so far, the children should try our instruction classes. They could come with a Catholic family that lived close by. After all, if their father was a Catholic, they had a right to know about his religion. She brightened at the prospect; her children went to school with the Cath-

Convent Addresses

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

ARIZONA

357 N. SECOND ST.
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

CALIFORNIA

506 SOLDANO AVENUE
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

1166 K STREET
BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA

545 ENCINAS AVENUE
CALEXICO, CALIFORNIA

45-358 DEGLET NOOR
INDIO, CALIFORNIA

161 SOUTH FETTERLY AVENUE
LOS ANGELES 22, CALIFORNIA

943 SOUTH SOTO STREET
LOS ANGELES 23, CALIFORNIA

1143 FIFTH STREET
LOS BANOS, CALIFORNIA

598 LAINE SREET
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

537 EAST G STREET
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

10264 RINCON STREET
PACOIMA, CALIFORNIA

1205 WEST CRESCENT AVENUE
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

1747 KEARNEY AVENUE
SAN DIEGO 2, CALIFORNIA

1669 COLUMBIA STREET
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA

563 WEST O'FARRELL STREET
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

222 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

OLD MISSION SANTA INES
BOX AA
SOLVANG, CALIFORNIA

120 SOUTH F STREET
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

1151 WEST WOOD ST.
WILLOWS, CALIFORNIA

COLORADO

178 SOUTH SIXTH AVENUE
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

14 WEST COSTILLA STREET
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

2161 TREMONT PLACE
DENVER 5, COLORADO

306 FOURTEENTH AVENUE
GREELEY, COLORADO

518 WEST SECOND STREET
LAJUNTA, COLORADO

529 SOUTH FIFTH STREET
MONTROSE, COLORADO

FLORIDA

505 CROSS STREET
PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

125 HICKORY STREET
SEBRING, FLORIDA

INDIANA

3868 BLOCK AVENUE
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

1103 SOUTH CALHOUN STREET
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

778 LINCOLN
GARY, INDIANA

1385 VAN BUREN STREET
GARY, INDIANA

427 SOUTH OAK STREET
KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

BOX 37
SAN PIERRE, INDIANA

1009 EAST DAYTON STREET
SOUTH BEND 14, INDIANA

IOWA

BOX 14
DELHI, IOWA

KENTUCKY

264 SUNSET AVENUE
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

olic neighbors and had heard much about their religion classes. She thought that they would like to go.

We called their Catholic neighbors and made arrangements for the pick-up and delivery service. All was well on that score. But Saturday came and with it disappointment. The good-hearted neighbor had called for the children but they were not ready to go. Neither were they there the following week.

There was nothing to do but to return to the house. "Well," the mother explained, "my husband thinks that he should not let them go until he gets himself straightened out." He had thought about going to see Father but had not been able to get in touch with him.

Providentially the husband was at home that morning, for he was working on night shift. We asked his wife if we might speak to him. It seemed like a long time before he came downstairs, looking not a little sheepish. We told him that Father was away for a few weeks. That explained why he had not been able to reach him; but if he and his wife would come to the convent one

night a week we would be happy to begin their instructions.

No, it could not be done. He was on night shift and that made it impossible.

"But," we countered, "suppose we come here to your home at this time of the morning to teach you and your wife?" Somewhat reluctantly and dubious about the whole business, he gave a half-hearted consent.

The next Wednesday we were there at the time agreed upon. What a class that first one was with three preschool children tugging first at Mother, then at Daddy, or yelling from the kitchen for a can opener, or screaming in blood-curdling fashion when they stubbed a toe or could not get a color book away from little brother; and Mother and Father on edge wondering what the darlings were up to.

I know that we did not make much progress that day. However, we had been able to talk about the love of our Heavenly Father for each of us. We paraphrased the Our Father and ex-



The family the day the mother and children were baptized.

tracted a promise that they would memorize it and say it every day.

Back in the convent with the sisters, I gave a vivid description of my class under duress. And God love them — they had a perfect solution! One of the sisters would leave me at the house and take the three little ones in the car to the church (the youngest was only two) and teach them and entertain them until time to return for me.

The first time we tried this plan the two-year-old objected strenuously to leaving her paternal home. We thought that Sister would be reported as a kidnapper if she carried a screaming child to the car and were ready to compromise. But no, Mother was convinced that she would make much more progress in peace and quiet, so she bundled up Barbara and took her still screaming out to the waiting car, remarking that she would probably keep still once they were started on their way. And so it was. I guess some eager guardian angels helped, and some lollipop pacifiers too.

Now grace really began to accomplish wonders. Four of the children were

enrolled in our classes. Mother and Father were coming to Mass Sunday equipped with missals and accompanied by the older children. One had joined the choir.

Then the big manufacturing plant where the father worked closed down because of a strike. He had to take day-time jobs wherever he could to take care of his family of eight. I taught his wife the next week by herself. But her husband was not going to be left out. Three trips he made to the convent that week, each time finding no one at home. His fourth try was met with success. We made arrangements to continue the instructions for him and his wife at the convent in the evenings. He had a baby-sitter to take care of the children.

And now, almost a year later, we can report a happy ending. The mother and six children were baptized. The parents had their marriage validated and made their First Communion. Not long afterward the three oldest children also received Our Lord.

Do you see what we mean by the Church's Reclamation Service?

From Our Kitchen Window

by SISTER PAULA

'TIS a rare house that does not have a window over the kitchen sink. I have seen a few in which this was not the arrangement, but I'll vote for the window every time.

The view might be nothing special

— no more than three feet between two wings of the convent and ten feet across the driveway and clothesline to the house next door — but while you scratch away at the pots and pans, you feel brighter just for that bit of natural light.

It's true it may take a little longer to get the dishes done when you look out the window, especially if there is a cowboy and Indian war taking place among the neighbor's children, but it is more interesting than live TV. There is the child calling to her dressed-up playmates, "Come see my house. Come see my new house." A glance through the window to see what kind of edifice has appeared on the vacant lot next door shows the new house to be an oleander bush whose branches the little girl is drawing down around her.

On this same lot is a square of cement that is an ideal stage for song and dance numbers put on by all from the two- to the ten-year-old.

In another convent the kitchen window may open on a street scene. Dishwashing usually takes place when the children leave for school. If the sister dishwasher is not looking, she will do so as soon as she hears, "Hi, Sister!" A smile and a wave from dripping hands and the satisfied youngsters go on their way to school.

When the stretch of cement in front of our convent was the only one in the block, it was the natural rallying point for bicycles, roller skates, and anything else on wheels. The scene from our kitchen window might be a race, or a train consisting of bicycle, tricycle, and stroller.

A four-year-old used to push her little brother's stroller at break-neck speed from one end of the cement to the other. Always she would stop just in time before she reached the sharp drop of about four inches at the end of the walk. All of this was much to the consternation of the dishwashing sister watching from the kitchen window. "Sometimes," she would say to herself, "she isn't going to stop in time."

Prophetic words. Sure enough, one day the little girl tripped and the stroller went flying off the end of the walk, tipping Baby into the dust and changing his cries of glee into howls.

Sister ran to the rescue, but no need. Baby was quite unhurt. Big Sister very matter-of-factly dusted off his nose, plunked him back in the stroller, and started off at the same rapid pace for the other end of the sidewalk, accompanied by Baby's shrieks of delight.

Then there are the little preschoolers on their way to the store or on another errand for Mother. One of our favorites is a little boy whose head reaches not much higher than the head of the mongrel that accompanies him. The boy clutches his empty pop bottle a little tighter and calls commandingly to someone behind him. Trotting very obediently up to the little tyke is a police dog of equal size with the mongrel. The boy continues complacently on his way to the store between his canine friends.

Yesterday a mother sent her two little girls, aged two and four, to the neighbor's for some commodity which they carried in a pan between them. What this was remained a mystery from our vantage point at the window. Both toddled along paying little attention to where they were going and less to what they were carrying. Aged Two was so much shorter than her sister that the pan slanted precariously toward the ground on her side while the contents threatened to come over the edge any minute. Aged Four looked, stopped a second, and told Aged Two to hold her side up higher, which she did. But as they went along, it dropped again to its former level. I wonder if Mother got what she needed.

And so it goes from our kitchen window.



The little procession leaves St. Mary's to go around to the back of the church for the blessing of the convent.

Tohatchi

by SISTER MAUREEN

TOHACHI! The very name is fascinating, but the place is even more so, for it is in New Mexico on the Navajo Indian Reservation. It is the kind of place every Victory Noll Sister must dream of being missioned to, and now that privilege is Sister Adelle's and mine.

Six of us sisters are assigned to Holbrook, Arizona, which we might call our central house in the Gallup Diocese.

Two live at the convent there through the year, instructing and visiting in that area. Two others spend periods of from four to six weeks at distant missions, while Sister Adelle and I are established at Tohatchi. All of us are reunited for two days every month in Holbrook. One of those days we spend as a day of recollection.

Although Tohatchi is only twenty-five miles from Gallup, it might be a



Sister Adelle (left) and Sister Maureen with an Indian family, the Dennisons.



Just before entering the convent for the blessing.

thousand, so quiet and small it is. It is peopled by a few Indian families; the families of those employed at the Indian Boarding and Day School; our pastor, Father Clementin Wottle, O.F.M.; the pastor of the Dutch Reform Church and his family; and those who operate the trading post.

The Navajos live miles apart. To reach our mission at Shiprock we must go seventy miles one way. Our other out-missions include Naschitti, twenty miles; Coyote Canyon, the same distance in another direction; and Twin Lakes, eleven miles away.

Our reception in Tohatchi was a cordial one, more exciting than we expected. The Very Rev. Mark Sandford, O.F.M., Superior of all the Navajo Missions, came to Holbrook for us. In Gallup we stopped at the cathedral where the Very Rev. Vincent Kroger, O.F.M., Minister Provincial of the Franciscan Fathers of St. John Baptist Province, joined us. Our next stop was Tohatchi where Father Clementin greeted us warmly.

Father Clementin is a tireless missionary with thirty-five years of experience on the Indian Missions. He

speaks Navajo fluently. Father showed us our little apartment in the rear of the church. It was spotless, newly painted and furnished, and the refrigerator and pantry were stocked with all the food we would need for a week or more.

From our dining room we went right into the sacristy and the church. It too was newly painted and spotless. We then went out to meet the parishioners who awaited us. All gave us a warm welcome and were delighted to see how pleased we were with our new home.

Father Provincial announced that he would bless the convent. After prayers in church we walked in procession to the back and entered the convent where Father Vincent and his two friars asked God's blessing on our home and its occupants. The ceremony over, we returned to the church for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Now our work in Tohatchi and its missions has begun. Our biggest task is to instruct Navajo lay catechists. Their instruction must be intense and thorough, for they do not have a background of generations of Catholicism. We must do all we can to deepen their faith.

Around Victory Noll

ENTRANCE day is always an exciting day Around Victory Noll. The new postulants arrive at all hours — by plane, by train, and by car. The novices wear extra big smiles and perhaps we imagine it, but they always look just a little smug. They are none the less sympathetic toward their new little sisters, however, and we can forgive them if they have that “We’ve-been-through-this-before” look.

As usual, the postulants are from all over the United States, but this time the Midwest leads. Seven are from our neighboring state of Michigan. Dorothy Pojeta is from Cassopolis; Ruth Ann Feldpausch, Fowler; Dianne Copeland, Scotts; Linda Reimer, Muskegon; Rosemary Karwoski, Grand Haven; Carol Fagan, Manistique; and Mary Wallsteadt, Sault Ste. Marie.

Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, each gave us two postulants. They are: Sue Walker, Rochester, Ind.; Venita Banet, Floyd Knobs, Ind.; Mary Norton, Toledo, Ohio; Lynne Boylan, Washington C. H., Ohio; Marlene Michalski and Mary Margaret Fuchs, Marshfield, Wis.; Sharon Eshelman, Piper City, Ill.; Renata Welling, Spring Valley, Ill.; Virginia Peitzmeier and Jeanne Cosgrove, Keokuk, Iowa.

From Colorado come Elaine Lung, and Josephine Gallegos, Denver; and Orcilia Maestas, Pueblo; two of the postulants are from Santa Fe, New Mexico: Helen Montano and Prisciliana Trujillo; and two are from Texas: Mendorra Lara, San Angelo; and Guadalupe Ortega, El Paso.

The other postulants are: Elsie Musante, Warren, Pa.; Mary Petrich, Pitts-

burgh; Marjorie Ehlers, Olean, N. Y.; Mary Louise Habib, San Diego, Calif.; and Phyllis Doboszynski, Seattle, Wash.

Who Come to Victory Noll?

What kind of girl comes to Victory Noll? Well, she is very much like your own sister, like the girl next door, the girl across the street. She is full of pep and laughs a lot, but she can be serious, too. She is serious about being a Victory Noll Sister and makes up her mind to be a good one. Above all, she is generous. It is not easy for her to leave her parents and brothers and sisters, home and everything, but she does it so that she can give herself entirely to Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother and prepare herself to work for souls.

In our class of postulants this year there are three who have cousins in our community. Josephine Gallegos is Sister Rose Anita's cousin; Elsie Musante is Sister Rita Louise's; and Prisciliana Trujillo is Sister Maria Clarita's.

Nearly all the postulants are just out of high school. All began their college classes immediately. Even postulants who already have their degrees or who have had some college work attend most of the classes at Victory Noll, for they need very special training in religion and catechetics for their future apostolate.

New Faculty Members

New members of the faculty are Father Aloysius, O.F.M.Cap., Father Lester, O.F.M.Cap., and Father Kurt,

O.F.M.Cap., of St. Felix Friary. Father Aloysius, O.F.M.Cap., also gives the weekly spiritual conference to the community. Among our own sisters, Sister Mary Gemma and Sister Bernardine are new this year. Sister Mary Gemma teaches health education, and Sister Bernardine Spanish, English, and music.

Confraternity of Christian Doctrine adult education classes have been resumed in Fort Wayne where Sister Michael and Sister Mary Lucille are again conducting workshops and giving instructions in methods of teaching. They are spurred on by the example of their CCD graduates of last year. All are doing fine work in their various parishes. Many have undertaken the most difficult teaching of all—the in-

struction of the handicapped at the State School in Fort Wayne.

We have missions around Victory Noll too. Every weekend some of the sisters teach religion to the children of nearby parishes where there are no Catholic schools. Sister Mary and Sister Mary Agnes go to Nix Settlement; Sister Dorothy Marie and Sister Mary Marguerite to North Manchester; and Sister Agnes Marie and Sister Mary Lucille to Roanoke.

New Building News

Forms on our new chapel are coming down now, revealing the unusual and exciting design of the walls. The men are working hard to get the chapel under roof before the cold weather sets in.



First row, left to right: Helen Montano, Mary Norton, Linda Reimer, Sue Walker, Phyllis Doboszynski, Rosemary Karwoski, Elaine Lung, Marlene Michalski, and Virginia Peitzmeier; in between, left, Carol Fagan, Dianne Copeland, right; second row: Renata Welling, Mary Margaret Fuchs, Ruth Ann Feldpausch, Lynne Boylan, Orcilia Maestas, Guadalupe Ortega, Josephine Gallegos, Prisciliana Trujillo, and Sharon Eshelman; third row: Mary Louise Habib, Venita Banet, Dorothy Pojeta, Elsie Musante, Mary Wallsteadt, Marjorie Ehlers, Jeanne Cosgrove, and Mandora Lara. Mary Petrich was not present when the picture was taken.

We decided to have the children sell Christmas cards so we could buy new charts for our school of religion with the profits. I carefully instructed the second and third graders on how to transact business, and strictly enjoined them to return the box of cards or bring the money the following week.

When they came to class the next week several children handed me the boxes I had given them.

"Oh," I remarked, somewhat disappointed, "you couldn't sell the cards."

"Yes, we did, Sister," they retorted. "The dollar is inside the box just like you said."

They thought I meant return the dollar *and* the box. If Sister said to do that, it was enough for them. That's what they did. Their customers must have been startled to learn they had to surrender the box of cards along with the payment.

SISTER CHARLENE

It was twenty years ago that Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters first came to Nevada. They opened a convent in Winnemucca and found much to do not only here, but throughout the outlying districts of the parish.

In order to help the sisters in their wide field of endeavor, Our Lady of Victory Club was first organized in 1942. It was made up of mothers of the children of the parish.

At the beginning of the school year the members consult with the sisters to decide on projects that will contribute to the children's religious education. Thus it came about that a parish library was begun. Last year a film library was started. Each year the club sponsors the Communion breakfast and annual picnic for all the children of the parish. Members take turns accompanying the sisters on their weekly

In the Home Field

CHARACTER TRAINING

Not only high school pupils, but those in the grades, too, have to decide these days between attending religion class and playing on the basketball or football team.

One afternoon an eighth grade boy greeted me with, "Gee, Sister, you ought to be proud of us. Don and I play on the front line team and our school is playing another school this afternoon. We gave it up to come to religion class."

As another boy entered the room, someone asked him, "Hey, Bob, what do you play?"

Bob rapped on the top of the desk before he sat down. "Today," he said, "I p'ay bench!"

SISTER ALMA MARIE

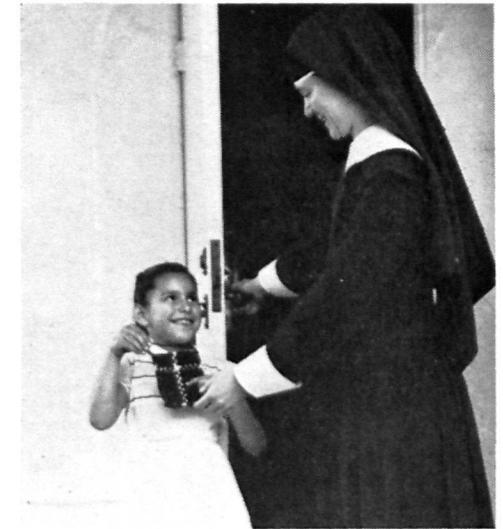
PATRIOTIC

The junior high school religion class was in progress in the parish hall. For one hour the students had left behind them their studies, band practice, and R.O.T.C. drills. Soon the usual tranquility of the class was disturbed by a student who arose from his chair and remained standing with an air of uncertainty. I ignored him at first and went on with the lesson, but finally I asked, "Porfirio, will you please sit down."

"I'm sorry, Sister," replied the rookie R.O.T.C. cadet, "but I can't sit down. It's against regulations. I hear the *Star Spangled Banner*."

SISTER ALODIA

FOR SISTER



"Look, Sister," said Geraldine as she presented me with a brand new hot pad, "I made it for you! It has Jesus' cross on it!" And she pointed to the yellow threads running through the black in the form of a cross.

SISTER DE PORRES

OUR LADY OF VICTORY CLUB, WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA

by MRS. CECILE BOSCH and MRS. ROBERT JEANNEY



The Missionary Catechist

November 1959

visits to the hospital and help distribute reading material to the patients.

At appropriate times throughout the year treats are provided for the children in the parish school of religion. Club members donate gifts and help with the Christmas program and party.

All activities are sustained by a membership of about twenty mothers through their monthly dues of one dollar. Fund raising projects are prohibited by the by-laws of the club. The club is affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Women. An appointed chairman works with the local deanery and also with the state N.C.C.W.

Throughout the years the club has had many members come and go, but the original idea of helping the sisters in their work remains and is carried out faithfully by each member of the group.



It is commonplace now to see a sister behind the wheel of a car, but it was not always so. When the Victory Noll Sisters, only a few years after they were founded, began to drive cars, many an eyebrow was raised. Here is the story of

Progress in Transportation



Early trouble.



Model T replaces the horse.



Modern trouble.



The sisters did use a jeep to climb the steep hills on Catalina Island, but we know they were clowning when they posed in the hotrod.



Nostalgia for the old days?



our **A**ssociates'

at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass each month.

Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

TO ANSWER YOUR INQUIRIES

A number of subscribers have written, inquiring about the enrollment of their *deceased* relatives and friends in the *Associate Catechists of Mary*. They inquired what the usual offering is for both annual and perpetual enrollments.

The usual offering for the annual enrollment of an individual, whether living or deceased is one dollar; for a perpetual enrollment, ten dollars. Should one desire to enroll an entire family of both living and deceased members, the usual offering is \$25. This family enrollment covers the parents and children of a family. It does not include grandparents, grandchildren, or in-laws.

Dear Associates:

DURING the month of November, which is dedicated to the Holy Souls, it is but natural to call to mind the familiar forms and faces of those whom God has called home. In this connection, we want to remind you that all of our Associates, living and *deceased*, are remembered in a monthly Mass offered at Victory Noll. How consoling for you to recall, from time to time, that we sisters remember you



To the left is pictured God's Acre at Victory Noll. Here are buried Archbishop Noll and eight departed sisters. The marble altar and credence table were erected by the diocese shortly after the death of Archbishop Noll. Here a Requiem Mass is offered each year on the anniversary of his death.

Club Mention

TELL-O-GRAMS

TWO WISCONSIN BANDS. We are sure the members of **St. Rose Band, Marshfield**, will follow with great interest in the work of Sister Adelle and companion, in their work among the Navajos at our new center in Tohachi, Arizona. The Band sponsors Sister Adelle. The Sisters visit the Navajo Indians in their scattered homes, far from populated areas. Let us pray that the seeds of religious truths which they will sow in the hearts of these people may take deep root. See "Tohachi" article, page 8.

The members of **St. Raphael Band, Milwaukee**, will have their eyes centered on Sister Marie Celine, who is from their city and whom they decided to help a few years ago. Sister is the new superior at St. Peter's convent, San Pedro, California.

* * *

ADRIAN CLUB, CHICAGO. It was good to see **Miss Florence Dietz**, Promoter and founder of this Band, at the Chicago luncheon last summer. The members meet regularly and their donations to our community are generous.

* * *

INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND, Chicago. This summer your Supervisor had a short but pleasant visit with one of the members, **Miss Mary Gildea**, when she came to Victory Noll to see her sister, Sister Noreen. The membership of this Band is small but performance in behalf of Sister Genrose is very generous. Their annual mission donation, too, represents a good sum.

* * *

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND, CHICAGO. **Miss Mary Perkins**, Promoter, holds a semi-annual round-up of members to secure donations for our community. We appreciate her persistence and the generosity of her group.

* * *

ST. GERARD BAND CHICAGO. The members of this Band, headed by **Mrs. Frank Perkins, Jr.**, have an average of six children each, who are of elementary or preschool age. Although the mothers are very busy with household duties, they make room in their busy days for meetings. Mrs. Perkins' last letter stated they had started a layette for a poor baby and wanted us to tell her where they should send it. They also make religious articles at meetings.



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS-DONATIONS

August 28 to September 26, 1959

Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind.	
Mary E. Nye	\$100.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary Group, Oak Park, Ill., Grace Lewis	7.50
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Hunt- ington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog ..	10.00
St. Augustine Band, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. O'Brien	5.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	10.00
St. Clara of St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. William Ryan	20.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Mrs. Aloysia Naumes	53.25
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* * *

MISSION GIVING

It isn't what I would do
If a million should fall to my lot,
But what am I doing today
With the dollar and a quarter I've got?
Selected.

* * *

ST. CLARA BAND OF ST. MARY'S, FT. WAYNE. Recently, we received a short note from **Mrs. William Ryan**, Promoter, with a twenty dollar check attached. Mrs. Ryan stated the check represented coffee cake and rolls which she made and sold to members. Congratulations on her culinary achievements on our behalf.

Little Red Boar in Missouri

by SISTER M. PIUS

MISSOURI mules I had heard about, but Missouri pigs — that was something else. Razor-backs, they call them. Razor-teeth might be more appropriate.

It was early fall that we made the acquaintance of these animals. It began when I heard an excited voice call, "Hi, Sister, I brought a new boy to class with me!"

I greeted the new boy and asked, "What is your name and where do you live?"

Before he could answer for himself, his eager sponsor explained, "Sister, he isn't even Catholic. He lives in the hills by us."

"By us" hardly gave me a clue as to the whereabouts of the new pupil's home. "In the hills by" may be one to five miles away. We would have to see the child's parents to know whether they wanted him to attend our school of religion.

One way to solve the problem of finding the house would be to drive the boy home after class and follow his this-a-way and that-a-way directions. The next class day found us doing that very thing — rounding blind curves, splashing through creeks, and grinding up narrow hills, headed for the home of our little friend.

After ten miles of this, a voice from the back seat stopped us with, "Whoa! We live up there."

"Up where? There's no house."

All we could see inside the gate were a wide creek and pigs.

"Our house is over the hill. We have to walk the rest of the way."

Handing us each a stick he cautioned, "You'd better carry a stick. The little red boar is kinda mean."

Stick in hand and an eye open for any pig that had even a smattering of red on his hide, we hopped the rocks of the creek and began the upward climb. A building came into view as we neared the hilltop and we asked, "Is that your house?"

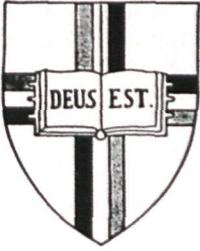
"Naw. That's our haunted house. The man who lived there died. He's buried under that tree by the door. We hide there and scare each other."

Sister and I looked at each other as we paused to catch our breath. The same thought passed through our minds — a perfect setting for a ghost scene at this hour of dusk in early autumn.

Over another hill we climbed and then we were in sight of the family home. Little children appeared in the open doorway. Some started down the lane to meet us; the others waved their hands in welcome.

Our short visit ended with the mother's assurance that four of her eight children would be in our classes at their next session. Confident that at some future time members of this family would be Catholic, we started happily on our return trek.

It was almost dark now. Walking at a swift gait, we passed the haunted house, seeing neither goblin nor ghost. Even without sticks we braved the little red razor-back boar and reached the car.



Your CCD Question

This is especially effective in a small parish. Shut-ins will be thrilled to become associate members and offer their prayers and sufferings for the success of the CCD.

Very little has been done in our parish so far about associate members. Have you any suggestions for recruiting them?

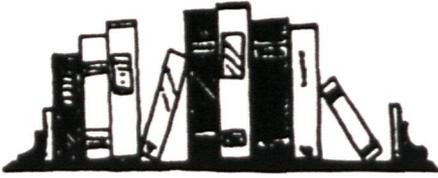
Announcements from the pulpit and in the parish bulletin will help. A better method is by personal invitation.

A Franciscan Brother wrote us that since he is an associate member of the Confraternity, he feels he is contributing to the CCD as a whole when he makes known the work of our community. Of course that is something that appeals to us! You can take it from here.



CCD teachers and helpers of St. Mary's parish, San Angelo, Texas, make attendance charts under the direction of Sister Mary Irmina. Mendora Lara (third from left) is now a postulant at Victory Noll. The CCD is a cradle for vocations!

BOOKS



California, "State of Grace" by Most Rev. Merlin J. Guilfoyle, D.D., J.C.D. Academy Library Guild, Fresno, Calif. \$3.75

This book by the Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco, a native of that city, treats of the wonders of California. There are twenty-seven short chapters covering such varied subjects as the Missions, the National Forests, the Pony Express, poppies and other flowers, oranges, gold, trout, seals, bears, quail, etc.

Others have covered much of this same material. What makes the Bishop's book different then? He ingeniously ties in the natural with the supernatural. Effortlessly and sometimes leaving the reader to wonder just how he did it, Bishop Guilfoyle ends each chapter with a thought of God, Our Blessed Mother, our goal in life — some aspect of the supernatural.

Californians — native and otherwise — will love the book. The rest of us will find it interesting for bits of information we could get only by paging through countless books on biology, botany, ornithology, history — to mention but a few.

The book abounds in poetry by Father Tabb, Louise Guiney, Sidney Lanier, Longfellow, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Henry Van Dyke, and others.

* * *

The Church in the Theology of St. Paul by Lucien Cerfaux, translated by

Geoffrey Webb and Adrian Walker. Herder and Herder, Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$6.50.

The firm of Herder and Herder has done a wonderful service in providing translations of Father Cerfaux's works. This one, together with *Christ in the Theology of St. Paul* which we reviewed last month, is a classic in the field.

Father Cervaux uses the same method in this as in the companion volume, studying first the terminology and literary patterns. He begins with the Jewish idea of "God's people," which is basic to St. Paul's theology of the Church. He continues to study the Apostle's thought in its chronological setting, showing how his concepts developed over the years in which he wrote his epistles.

Helps to the scholar are supplied by the general synopsis at the end of the book, the bibliography, biblical references, and complete index. This is not intended as a book for the average reader, but is invaluable for the theologian and the Scripture scholar.

* * *

The Magic of Art by Ambrosius Czako, Ph.D. Pageant Press, Inc., 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y. \$2.75

If you have wondered why some works of art move you considerably, while others leave you cold or indifferent, you will find the answer in *The Magic of Art*, a study of art and artists.

Whether conceivable reality in art becomes true reality depends on how the artist handles it. It is then we get the "magic" strength of the creative work. Father Czako, the author of this book, tells us that we call it magic be-

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Our Lady of Victory Press
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

cause the effect is there but we cannot explain it. The artist acts on us like a magician.

There must be no contradiction in the artist's life. If there is, there will be contradiction in his paintings. The author illustrates this truth by contrasting Fra Angelico and Filippo Lippi and their works. Fra Angelico was deeply spiritual and this spirituality defined all his work. Lippi exchanged his monastic condition for that of a worldling. As a result, says Father Czako, his Madonna is not the Blessed Virgin, and even though her surroundings try to impress upon us the Madonna-character we simply cannot accept it.

This book will be fascinating not only for art students, but for those who want to know more about art so that they can have a greater appreciation of it.

The author, a political refugee from Hungary, is professor of the history and philosophy of art at St. Mary's University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

* * *

"My Father's Business" A Priest in France by Abbe Michonneau. Herder and Herder, Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$2.75

Although this is an explanation of the life of a parish priest in France, it differs very little from that of a priest in the United States.

After answering the question, *What Is a Parish Priest?* in Chapter I, the Abbe turns over the historical development of the priest's tasks, to a specialist, Father Henry, O.P., who contributes the second chapter of the book, *The Priestly Ministry from Its Beginnings to the Present Day*. The author then continues with a discussion of the

priest today and his privileges and obligations.

What kinds of men become priests? Most of them come from the middle class but they do not all make the same kinds of priests. The Abbe briefly and somewhat slyly describes the mystic, the liturgist, the builder, the organizer, the great preacher, and other types. The priesthood, he says, might be compared to an enormous keyboard instrument, on which every priest plays according to the particular talent he possesses.

Parishioners who believe that Father has nothing to do but offer Mass and say his breviary will be enlightened by the chapter describing a pastor's day. The priest, busy from early morning till late at night. "is not agitating for an eight-hour day. An eight-hour night would be more to his advantage!"

Not only priests, but religious superiors will find this book valuable. Many of the things that are said concerning the apostolate are applicable to superiors.

* * *

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Will you please notify us when you are going to change your address? It will save much time and trouble and expense for you and for us.

This is what happens when we are not notified. The postal authorities tear off your former address, paste it on a form giving the reason — if known — why the magazine cannot be delivered, and send it to us with a charge of five cents. When many of these notices are received in a month, the amount of money due is considerable. Meanwhile, your magazine has been mutilated and destroyed.

Do you wonder then why we are anxious to know of your change of address before you actually move?

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

Now that you can buy everything from tamales to waffles canned or frozen, and get all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables at any time of year, the canning season in a home is practically a thing of the past. At Victory Noll, however, it is still part of the fall schedule. Beans, tomatoes, plums, grapes, and peaches are canned or frozen.

The readers of this column should know that I can hardly qualify as chief canner or even first assistant although I can claim *some* canning all on my own from start to finish. Nothing common like beans or tomatoes either. It was something much more exciting. It was pineapple. I regret that I cannot report how it turned out. I was transferred to another convent a month later. No, there was no connection between the transfer and the canning episode.

There is always plenty of peeling at canning time. I can think of nothing more peaceful than sitting in a corner of the canning kitchen and peeling peaches or pulling grapes off their stems. It is very peaceful, that is, if you forget about deadlines and such things.

Now wouldn't you think it would be a golden opportunity to plan promotion material or future issues of TMC, or try to think of something to write for this column? But no, all I can manage during the peeling operation are aspirations and the prayer of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity: "O my God, Trinity Whom I adore. . . ."

In fact, I have decided that the canning kitchen is sometimes more conducive to contemplation than the chapel at meditation time.

The reason I cannot plan articles in the canning kitchen is not that I am given to levitations. It is simply that I

am one of those persons who can write only if she has a typewriter before her. I don't know what would have happened if I had not learned to type; and I almost didn't.

When I was a senior in high school I decided to take typing. I attended class about three times, but it was the only class I had on Friday afternoon. If a holy day or a holiday came on Monday it was certainly to my advantage to go home over the long weekend. If I had no class on Friday afternoon I could get an early train. Otherwise I would have to wait till evening and get home much later. I dropped the typing class.

A couple of years after I was in the community I was given some business letters to answer. I said to my superior, "I can't type." I thought that was the end of it, but I had much yet to learn about convent life. Sister simply said, "You can learn."

I learned on those letters and on many more that followed them. I knew enough from the few lessons I had had to use the right fingering—even though for a long time I had to "look."

That's the way it is with many things in community life. You are told you can learn. I am still learning . . . I hope. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

- Mrs. Mary Crist, Chambersburg, Pa., mother of Sister Mary Geraldine
Maurice Chartrand, Ontario, Canada, father of Sister Agatha Marie
Most Rev. Matthew F. Brady, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, Episcopal Chairman, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Harry S. Connelly, Columbus, Ohio
Rev. John Jobst, Covington, Ky.
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Sister Alice, O P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
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Margaret Janisch, ACM, Chicago
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Mrs. Charles Yeager, Cincinnati
Matthew Toensmeyer, Alexandria, Ky.
Robert Siemer, Cold Springs, Ky.

Teaching the Mass

by SISTER MARY KARL

RELIGIOUS vacation school often gives opportunities for class activity that a teacher does not have time for during the usual weekly instruction. This is especially true when you have the luxury of Catholic school classrooms in which to teach, with lots of blackboard and bulletin board space. This was the case in LaCoste, Texas, and so we took advantage of it and went through the action of the Mass.

Three girls gave a perfect classroom demonstration of how to dress a chalice, but they blossomed out into embarrassed smiles when I told them I would take a picture. And you can't pause to do any professional posing of subjects while the class waits!

Then the boys took over and demonstrated the three principal parts of the Mass. I know no better way to make the children familiar with the action of the Holy Sacrifice.



The girls were serious when they gave the demonstration, but they think that picture-taking time is the time for smiles.



Though the chalice shines so brightly it is only of gold paper. A circle of white paper represents the host.

The pupils' imaginations supplied for vestments but otherwise our equipment was complete: chalice of gold paper, tissue paper purificator, paten cut from the gold on a Christmas card, a round of white paper for altar bread, and a pall made of cardboard and some muslin cloth. The chalice veil happened to be rather nice—white rayon with a decoration in gold cloth, but something simpler would do just as well.

The three altar cloths were of tissue paper. A good-sized rock took the place of a missal stand on which I placed my own missal. Altar cards were drawn on the blackboard against which the "altar" was placed. A crucifix was hung over it.

In Texas you also have to add four non-rubrical rocks, one at each corner of the tissue-paper altar cloth to be sure the summer winds do not carry everything away in one playful blast!

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