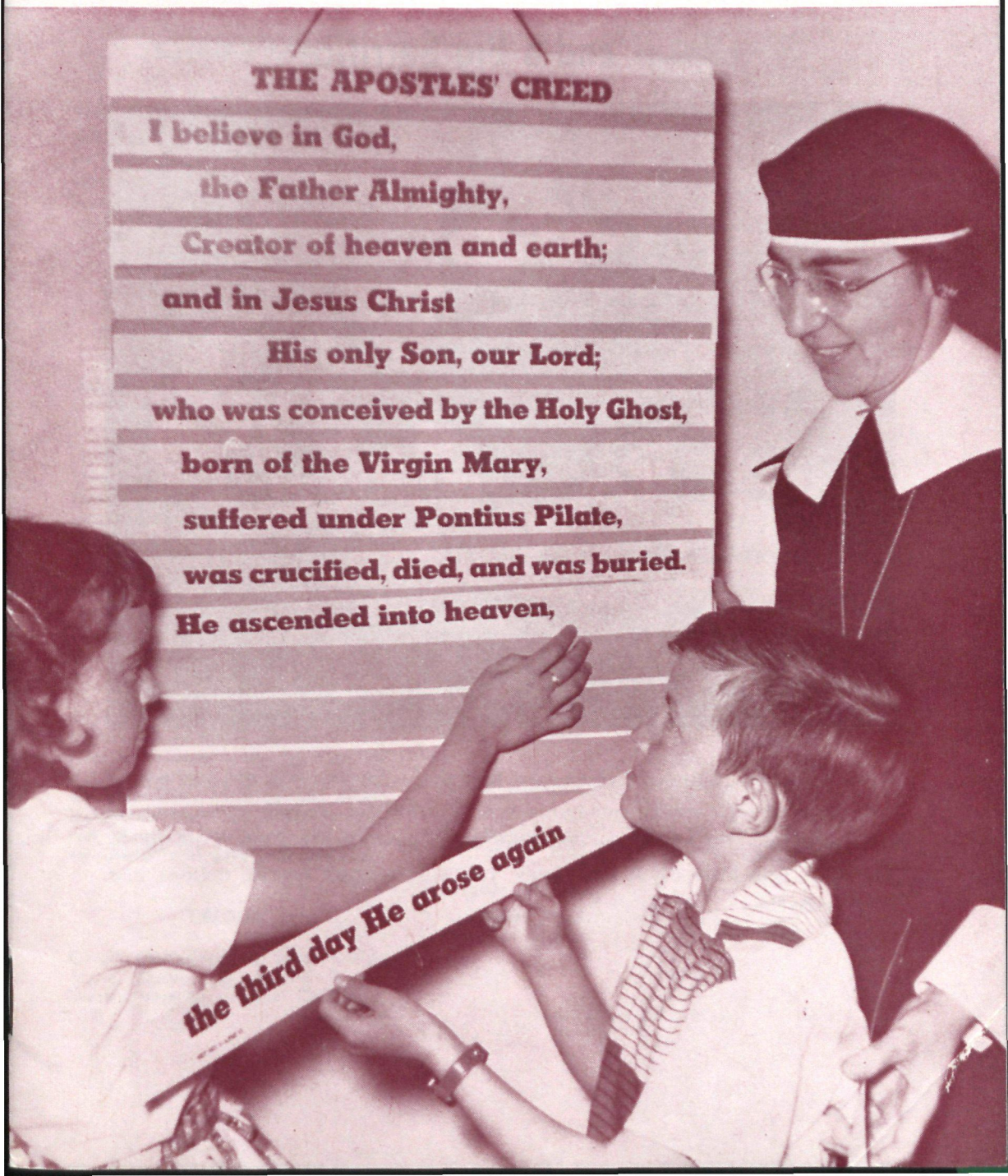


THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 33

SEPTEMBER 1958

Number 8



THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God,
the Father Almighty,
Creator of heaven and earth;
and in Jesus Christ
His only Son, our Lord;
who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.
He ascended into heaven,

the third day He arose again

Three Little Girls and a Big Sacrifice



When a disastrous fire in Hightstown, New Jersey, left twenty persons homeless, these little girls were among the first to call at our convent with money to aid the victims. Here they are emptying the contents of their banks for Sister Miriam to help them count the money. The children are Theresa, Colleen, and Patricia Byrne.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

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COVER

Jerry knows Diane didn't choose the correct line to put in the chart. He tries to be patient, but how can he put his line in if hers is wrong? All the while Sister Mary Barbara smiles indulgently while she holds the correct phrase in her hand and waits for Diane to discover her mistake.

Ogden.

CREDITS

Cover: Photograph by Sister Evelyn Marie, Ogden; pp. 8 and 9, W. Wesley Kloepfer, Azusa, California.

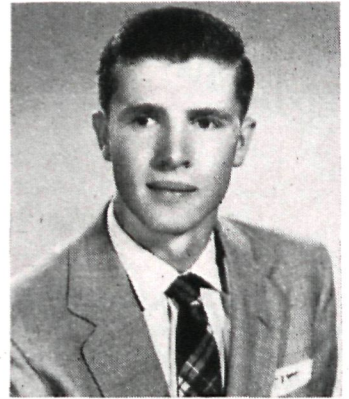
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Giselle

Interview With Giselle

by JOHN KEEFE



John

An article in Father Conroy's column in *Our Sunday Visitor* on the exchange student program prompted the following interview.

Santa Paula Union High School of Santa Paula, California, is fortunate in having three foreign exchange students. One is from Japan and two are from Germany. One of the German students is Giselle Deutschlandler, a young Catholic girl who is now a senior and a regular and faithful member of the Parish High School of Religion.

A fellow student, John Keefe, wrote the interview in which Giselle gives her impression of Americana. We are sorry that we cannot reproduce Giselle's precise English and charming accent.

Sister Alice Marie

Q Giselle, may we have a little of your family background to open our interview?

A Surely, John. My home is on the outskirts of Freiburg, a beautiful city in the southern part of Germany, which is noted for its great Gothic Cathedral and its university which is five hundred years old.

There are five in our family. My father is a meteorologist; my mo-

ther, a housewife. In 1946 we fled from the Communists in the eastern part of Germany. We had to leave everything behind us, but we were grateful to escape alive.

Q Where did you attend school in your country, Giselle?

A I attended St. Ursula's High School in Freiburg. Your school is affiliated with St. Ursula's on the student exchange program. Last year we were happy to have one of the girls from Santa Paula Union High in our school. This year I was selected to represent my school and my country here in America.

Q How does our school in America compare with your school in Freiburg?

A Your schools here in the states are very different from ours in Germany, John. In my country a person goes four years to elementary schools, and then if he plans to go on to college, nine years to high school. At the end of this time an examination is taken to decide whether or not the person is eligible for college. Our school day begins at eight

o'clock in the morning and goes on until one in the afternoon. The rest of the day is spent on studies. We go to school six days a week, and there is no choice as to what subjects a person takes. Our curriculum is based on the arts and sciences. Here I find great pleasure in your large library, John. And I like it that the school is so spread out and not just one big building.

Q Is religion taught in your schools, Giselle?

A Yes, John, all German schools, private and public, teach religion twice a week. Since you do not have religion in your public schools, I am surprised that more of the high school students do not take advantage of the Parish High School of Religion. We of Germany, since the war and the coming of the Communists, realize more than ever the importance of our religion.

Q How would you rate *Hi-Time*, Giselle?

A I think it is an excellent publication, not only in religious matters, but in secular ones as well. My favorite sections are "The Life of Christ" and the news section. I have sent several copies of *Hi-Time* to my family and friends back home in Germany.

Q Giselle, I know that in giving talks before various religious and civic groups in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles you have answered many questions on teenagers. May we have some comments on our favorite group?

A American teenagers are different in many ways from those in Germany, John. They are more mature in their ways and have

more independence from their parents. Perhaps this accounts for your many early marriages among the young people. I was surprised to find girls and boys marrying while still seniors in high school, and planning marriage as soon as they graduate from high school. In our country a person is usually twenty-one and has acquired an education before marrying. We do not have early dating and going steady, as you call it, in Germany. But we do have much in common, John, which I think is true of young people from every country. American and European teeners are friendly and helpful. It is this aspect that I find so attractive and so general.

Q Now, Giselle, we have the sixty-four dollar question. What do you think of California?

A And so you wish the sixty-four dollar answer. I like California. I enjoy your winter weather in particular. In Freiburg it is snowing at this season and the favorite sport is skiing. Here you have the sunshine and the flowers as in summer. And you can swim in the ocean, while we enjoy swimming only in the warm weather.

Q And American food, Giselle?

A In that regard I have been surprised, John. Contrary to popular belief I find that American food is in many ways richer than Germany's. But it is easy for me to tell you my favorite food. It is the delicious Spanish dishes.

Q And the Model Ts, chariots, and hot rods you see parked on Union

Continued on Page 15)

Jerry's Ambition

by SISTER DOLORES

JERRY looked like an average American boy. He was even unusually nice looking. His eyes were large, only the sparkle today was not joy but a tear as he looked at me pleadingly and asked, "Please, Ma'am, could you teach me to be a server boy?"

I had never seen this child before until we met now at the Juvenile Court. Thinking he came from an outlying parish, I said, "You have made your First Communion, haven't you?"

"No, Ma'am," he answered.

"Well, then, we will have to take care of that first. Do you know where you were baptized?" I asked.

"I never was baptized," was the reply.



It was Jerry. He hadn't forgotten.

Now I began to wonder what kind of little pagan I had on my hands with such a passion for serving Holy Mass.

Jerry understood my questioning look and volunteered, "You see, I guess my folks didn't want me so I was taken by a colored man and his wife. I know they did a lot for me and I do like them, but they fight all the time and they drink too. So I just ran away. That's all. I got picked up and that's how come I'm here."

Poor lad, my heart ached for him. In fact, every visit to Juvenile Court had its heartache, but today's visit was different. Jerry was lonely, afraid like a kitten in the storm—and all because selfish folks did not want him.

I told the boy that we would be happy to help him all we could, and he promised to come to the convent as soon as he was released. Carefully he noted down our address and I, his, in case his fervor lagged; for Jerry was of Spanish decent and the faith was his rightful heritage.

Wanting to serve Mass was no passing dream with this boy. A few days later, on answering the doorbell I stood face to face with a smiling Jerry. I had already visited his foster parents and they were willing to permit Jerry to become a Catholic.

Our first lesson began, and as the love and goodness of God were unfolded before the boy's mind he became all interest, asking questions,



Carefully Jerry lit the candles.

wanting further explanation of details, and following through with fine logic for one so young. When we finished I assigned his lesson for the following week and we arranged a convenient hour for class.

Jerry, however, was not ready to leave. He had a question. "What about the serving lesson?"

I explained that maybe it would be too difficult for him with so many things to study at one time. He assured me that he would give all his play time to study and he won out. I got a copy of Father O'Brien's "How to Serve Mass" and gave it to Jerry. A hundred dollar bill would not have been accepted more joyfully. We went over the first two prayers and settled on them as his altar boy assignment.

The weeks passed and each appointed hour found Jerry eagerly waiting to recite his lesson and anxious to hear more of the wonders of God. It seemed to be a case of catechism versus Latin responses, but I was satisfied as long as the score remained a tie.

After many months of study Jerry's big day came. The saving waters of

baptism were poured over his brow, making him a member of Christ's Church and a temple of the Holy Spirit. Oh yes, and giving him the right to be an altar boy.

The next day Jerry was in church long before the hour of Mass, waiting, waiting for Jesus to come. I wondered what passed through his mind as he knelt there, his eyes riveted on the tabernacle.

On the following day Jerry would receive again, but this time he would be kneeling closer to the altar. We had arranged that he might serve Mass the day after he received his First Communion.

Jerry was in the sacristy and vested in plenty of time. He checked the altar and credence table meticulously. Nothing must go amiss. Hadn't he dreamed of this day and waited patiently for it?

At last the chime sounded and out walked Father preceded by radiance personified. Father prepared the missal and returned to the foot of the altar. After making the sign of the cross he began the prayers: "Introibo ad altare Dei."

Jerry's response came clear and loud, "Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam."

The rest of the prayers I hardly heard. Somehow the opening antiphon had taken on new meaning. I will go unto the altar of God; to God who gives joy to my youth.

How aptly this applied to Jerry. To serve at Christ's altar had been his dream. To serve at Christ's altar had led him to the Church. To serve at Christ's altar had brought joy to his youth.



Success Story

by SISTER SOCORRO

A visit from Father! Father Hugh O'Donnell, pastor, visits the CCD classes regularly. Teachers and students look forward to his visits.

THE beginnings of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Annunciation parish, Arcadia, California, were similar to those of other parish confraternities. There was a great need for teachers, helpers, and fishers. The harvest of souls was very great indeed and the laborers were so few. The pastor appealed to the laity, and little by little the CCD was organized.

Today it is fully established. An executive board is functioning and the Confraternity as a whole is responding admirably to the appeal of Pope Pius XI to the laity: "Let us carry forth the treasure of heaven; come, help us to distribute it."

Some of the distribution of the treasure of heaven takes place every Saturday morning when the public school



Sister Socorro with a high school group. Mr. Ralph Robinson "sits in" on the class. He will teach the group next year.

CCD Helpers (l. to r.) Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Boethling, Mrs. Uhlman, and Judy Reagan check prayers of children in First Communion class. Mrs. Lawson also teaches a release time class during the week.



Mrs. Nancy Jaeger, CCD vice-president, gives Mrs. Ann Gettler material for her class.

children attend the school of religion held at Annunciation Catholic school.

All elementary grades are taught by lay teachers. The high school group, begun this past year, is taught by a sister, but is taken over occasionally by a layman who is taking the secondary teacher training course.

Two new projects were undertaken this year by the zealous CCD members. The first was the sponsoring of the first CCD retreat in their own parish. Its results were very gratifying.

Preparations are now being made for the second project—a School of Reli-

gion Open House. The Parent-Educator chairman plans to acquaint the parents with the program and the lay teachers are looking forward to meeting and talking to the parents of the children they teach.

Annunciation is doing its part in "restoring all things in Christ." The desire of the Confraternity members is that every soul they come in contact with may learn well, believe firmly, and practice fully the truths taught by Christ. It is a challenging goal, but as some of the lay teachers remarked when they began teaching, "We'll do our best, Sister; the Holy Spirit must do what we can't!"



Mrs. Elsie Mansel chairman of Fishers, checks absentees while classes are in session. If a child is absent because he has no way to come to class, she arranges transportation for him.

Desert School

by SISTER CHARLENE

SUMMER schools vary and each has its own points and peculiarities. When we tell our friends that we are going to Needles, California, for summer school, we receive much sympathy. We accept it with a smile, for we know from experience how much we enjoy our two weeks there.

As you can see from a map, Needles is located far out in the desert. Due to the heat, most people find the town more comfortable in the winter than in the summer. We make the few necessary adjustments to the high temperature, however, and teach there as we do anywhere else. Nor do the children lack any energy in this desert climate.

The arrangements begin early in the morning when Father has the iceman put twenty-five pounds of ice in a large kettle with a faucet. He fills it up with water and opens a box of paper cups. We are then fortified for the morning.



Speedboating on the Colorado.



Father Andrew Hanley, pastor of St. Ann's church, Needles, explains the Mass vestments to an interested class.

Before class, at recess, and after class the children line up for water. With the temperature 110 degrees and over, you can understand why. However, if they offer us a drink we politely refuse and go to Father's housekeeper for a drink of water. It is not that we do not appreciate their generosity, but we have noticed that when they are not closely supervised, they remove the lid from the kettle and lay it on the ground. Then they furtively reach in for a piece of ice. Quickly they replace the lid, sand and all, before they are caught. Even at 110 degrees, water like that does not tempt us.

Another adjustment the desert calls for concerns the crayons. At the end of the day we carefully store them in the refrigerator. Once I left a box on the table. By the following morning

the afternoon sun had done its damage. I had to scrape eight hardened colored puddles from the table top.

When the temperature climbs to 120 degrees, the attendance drops somewhat. Only the staunch Catholics choose summer school rather than the river. In the afternoon after classes everyone may be found at the river, even we sisters.

This is the great Colorado River which cuts across the edge of Needles, severing it from Arizona. This river does not flow; it runs. Consequently there are no row boats on it. The current is so swift, a boat would never make it back upstream.

We were offered a motorboat ride one day and enjoyed an afternoon down the river. We even tried our hand at the wheel. Despite the fact that I almost grounded it on a sandbar, we had a refreshing trip. We went home tired but relaxed, turned on the cooler, and began to prepare for the next day when we would again pull the crayons out of the refrigerator, fill up the water container, and continue our summer school in Needles.

LIGHT UP

It was almost time for Benediction, but there were no altar boys. I said to one of my third graders, "John, do you think you could light the candles for Father?"

Before John could answer, his little cousin said, "Sister, I don't see why he can't. His mother lets him light the incinerator at home."

SISTER MARTIN

DISNEYLAND

by LAVADA WARD STRONA

IT was somewhere between desperation and fury that I used to teach my CCD classes every Thursday: fourth grade at nine, fifth at ten, and sixth at eleven. Why couldn't I have a class without being billed second, competing with DISNEYLAND on television the night before?

Being of sound American stock I remembered the old adage: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!"

So I began to watch DISNEYLAND too and I discovered that it is perhaps the most intelligent program for children today.

It is a rare week when I couldn't tie in my classes with the TV show. With DISNEYLAND as a jumping-off point, discussion can be channelled to creation, discovery, holy and loving uses for everything God gave us.

Did the program go to the northern part of the American continent during the first half and then to the steppes of Siberia or Lapland for the second, my pupils and I discovered that all are God's children. God gave everyone tools to live with, animals with which to feed and clothe and shelter themselves. We learned together how atomic power is released and how it is used. The explanation was geared to a child's mind and to my unscientific one. The friendly atom is but another of God's wonderful gifts.

DISNEYLAND has now ceased to be a rival. It is a most precious tool. The children themselves are thrilled to know that I watch their program. Any conversation about it before class is grist for my mill.

Many of my pupils come from homes where the faith is weak, parents are careless. DISNEYLAND is an escape for such children. It is an hour of wonder and change and DIVINE ORDER.

GOD'S GRACE

Sister Benedicta received this touching letter from a boy. It was delivered to her by another child and at the time she gave it to us, she had not yet had the opportunity to contact him, but planned to do so the following week.

Dear Sister:

I would like to become a catholic. You wonder why I want to become one? I don't know why I do, but I guess it started when I was put in a home (My father and mother separated when I was seven. Now I am living with my step-father and mother) that was catholic. I don't know why they didn't let me go to catholicism. Perhaps it was my mother or father. My mother don't believe in the catholic ways. My real father is catholic. I tried before two (2) times and something always happens. The first time I wrote a letter to Father W. Then my mother came and got me. Then in I went to the priest there. Now I am writing this letter. What do you think I should do about becoming a catholic? Please answer back on the paper I am enclosing.

Ray T.

* * *

UNDER THIRTY

One of the sisters had just given a talk on vocations in a girls' high school. She explained that candidates who wish to enter our community must be eighteen and not over thirty.

After the talk a girl approached her with an important question. "Sister," she asked, "what do they do with you after you are thirty?"

Sister, who is in her late forties, wondered if just possibly she was being taken for under thirty. It was flattering, to say the least!

SISTER CALLISTA

In the Home Field

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Small town papers are always anxious for any bit of news to print, so we decided to give them some the latter part of August, shortly before our first classes would begin. The News carried an article about our school of religion and plans for the coming year.

It paid off. Two fallen-away families read it and enrolled their children. A Jewish woman saw it and decided it was the kind of program she wanted her little girl to follow, so she too was enrolled. The mother herself is now under instruction, and her husband, a Catholic of long, long ago, has returned to the Church.

SISTER MARY MARTHA

SIXTEEN FROM TWO FAMILIES

Eight in one family for First Communion! Yes, and not just one family; two families. The ages of all sixteen ranged from eight to twenty-one. The younger ones came to our regular classes, while the older ones had to be instructed in private sessions.

SISTER HILDEGARDE

* * *

LAMBULANCE

Do you know what a lambulance is? Neither did we until we visited a lambing camp. When a ewe has her lamb out on the range, a truck goes around and picks up the mother and the lamb and brings them into the camp. Naturally the truck is called a lambulance.

SISTER MARY ROSE



Nippy and His Sister Doll.

NIPPY

Three-year-old Nippy begged his mother to get him a sister doll for Christmas. Since he is too small to go to class and sees the sisters only on Sunday, he wanted a sister to look at during the week. He named her after the sister who taught his big sister, age five.

The first Sunday in September little Nippy took his place next to Sister at Mass. After he had settled himself he turned and stole a look at her. He could hardly believe it. It wasn't the sister he had sat next to all last year.

With a disappointed look Nippy turned around to his mother and whispered, "That's not my sister."

He was right. Sister had been changed to another mission. However, it took only a short time for Nippy to be reconciled to the new sister and not mind the change.

SISTER M. IMMACULATA



Children of San Jose parish, San Angelo, Texas, dramatize the story of Blessed Herman Joseph who, as a child, gave his apple to the infant Jesus.

Not Just a Home

But a Teacher, Too

by SISTER THERESE ANN

“WHAT place shall we try next?”

“Sister, we’ve asked at every store and house in this neighborhood and no one has an available room or garage. I don’t know what we’ll do.”

Day after day we continued our search. For what? For a place in which to teach the boys and girls from Sturges Junior High in San Bernardino.

The time was quickly approaching for school to begin and still no classroom. Classes had begun in some of our missions so we asked the children to pray.

Our first class at Sturges had to be postponed until we could find a suitable place. We continued to pray; the children prayed. God was not going to leave our prayers unanswered. In a



Sister Margaret Ann teaches a class of boys on the back porch.



Sister Margaret Ann and Sister Angelica thank Mrs. Riley for so generously offering her home for class.

few days He would give us more than we asked for.

When we returned from one of our missions one day we noticed a key dangling from the hand of the statue of the Sacred Heart in the patio. We asked Sister Margaret Ann for an explanation and this is what she told us.

“This morning the telephone rang. A voice said, ‘Good morning, Sister. This is Mrs. Riley. A friend just called and said you were looking for a place near Sturges Junior High.’”

“Yes, we are,” Sister answered.

“Sister, could you come and see if our house would do?”



Sister Therese Ann and the girls use the combination dining room and living room.

Sister went right away and the lady greeted her with, "Sister, you may use every room in the house if you want."

It was a wonderful answer to our prayers. When Sister returned home she hung the key to the Riley House on the statue. The Sacred Heart would certainly continue to take care of things for us.

Classes began the following week.



Sister Angelica has her class of boys in the kitchen.

"Gee, Sister, are we going to have class in this nice house all the time?" a girl asked as she sat down in the front room.

God answered our prayers doubly by finding us not just a home but also a teacher. Mrs. Riley is taking the CCD teacher training course and will soon assist us in teaching the sixty-five boys and girls who come from Sturges.

Interview With Giselle

(Continued from Page 5)

High campus, Giselle? What about them?

A Ah, John, they are rare specimens. But your American cars amaze me. We do not have so many and none so large as you find here among the working classes. In my country many people rely on the bicycle for transportation.

Q Do you plan to return to the United States in the future, Giselle?

A I would like nothing better than to return. And I do plan to go to college here, God willing.

That is good news. Thank you for the interview, Giselle. Surely we teenagers should have a mutual respect for our great countries. And we'll be looking forward to a visit from you should you return to this vicinity. Both the faculty and the students of Santa Paula Union High feel that you are an excellent ambassador for Germany.

Thank you, John.



our **A**ssociates'

CLUBS provide pleasant relaxation and the joy that comes from helping Our Lady's Missionaries.

Dear Associates:

September ushers in a new season of mission benefit parties. Ways and means of raising money for the missions will be discussed by the Band members.

Most of our Associates will recall that *Sacred Heart Mission Society of Newark, New York*, has garnered top honors in mission giving for several years in a row. It will surprise you to know there are only twelve active members and eight "home" or contributing members in this Society. It will further surprise you to learn that their unbeatable (thus far) year-end figures represent only one half or less of their total annual receipts! The ladies turn

over to their pastor, for parish needs, at least fifty per cent of their yearly intake.

We are sharing with you an interesting letter recently received from its secretary, *Mrs. Theresa Pitrella*, in the hope that some of their money-raising ventures may be successfully undertaken by other Bands.

"While we have only two (major) activities during the year—our ice cream social and Christmas bazaar, we have various other sources of income. For the past three or four years we have been selling a fine line of jewelry made by a group of veterans, from which we realize a nice profit. This jewelry is displayed at our two main functions, and also some of the girls take it to their places of employment and to friends' houses. Actually it is so popular now that when the new lines come in, people ask to see the new samples. Our volume of business enables us to receive bonus coupons, which we turn into premiums that we sell outright, such as steam irons, etc.

PROMOTER PROVIDES BREAKFAST

Above are members of a religion class conducted by our Sisters. The occasion was a **FIRST COMMUNION** breakfast held in Victory Noll guest dining room after three of their number made **FIRST COMMUNION** at St. Mary's Church in the late Spring. Miss Helen Ford, Promoter of Charitina Club, Chicago, sent a donation to cover cost of breakfast.



Club Mention



"Another good source of income is our merchandise clubs. We sponsor about three or four a year and sell merchandise which runs into thousands of dollars. In the spring we have a bake sale in a downtown store. This year we made \$60 from same.

"We also have many connections with various industries and offices in town and out-of-town. We took on a line of tote bags that sold for \$1.00, and for over a year took orders until I think every lady that works around these parts has one of them. We sold hundreds of them and made thirty-five cents on each one. We do try to get items that are useful and sell themselves, rather than try to force some novelty on our friends. We buy pillow tubing by the bolt and Mrs. Albanese, Mrs. Hamelinck and myself measure and cut pillow cases which we stamp for embroidery. Some we embroider ourselves and others we sell all stamped and hemstitched. This is a year round project also.

"Mrs. Hamelinck handles our merchandise clubs, pillow case project, dish towels, etc. Mrs. Heath is our jewelry chairman. Mrs. Bramante handles orders for purses and gloves. She carries her box of samples wherever she goes. I almost forgot to mention that Mrs. Hamelinck also handles our card business.

"You may wonder what the rest of us do. These chairmen keep us busy selling or delivering for them. Then most of us sew and embroider in our spare time in order to stock up for our bazaar and keep our orders going.

"If there is further information you would wish about our projects, we'll be glad to furnish it."

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

April 22 to June 25, 1958

Adrian, Chicago, Mrs. Schmit, Treas.	\$50.00
Charitina, Chicago, H. Ford	8.50
Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler	19.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	2.00
Dolores, Chicago, Mrs. Klingel	95.00
Florentine, St. Louis, C. Luechtefeld	16.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye	100.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	33.00
Imm. Conception, Chicago, M. Perkins	15.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	40.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Mrs. Dan Herzog	10.00
Penny Club, Detroit, J. Hildebrant	5.00
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	5.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	200.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	12.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	26.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. A. Vlcek	20.00
St. Gerard, Chicago, Mrs. Perkins	10.00
St. Helen, Dayton, H. Melke	14.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	15.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	84.50
St. Jude, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Horstmann	41.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	17.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	69.50
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	32.60
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	50.00
St. Martin, Omaha, F. Shanahan	266.00
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Mettler	293.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Marg. Murphy	22.00
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Dowling	15.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones	6.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	47.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Mrs. Fohann	29.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl	65.00
Seven Dolores, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	7.00

Editor's By-Line

NEW YORKERS are the kindest people in the world. At least they are to a sister alone in Manhattan in a labyrinth of BMTs, IRTs, Shuttles, etc., etc., and with only vague notions of which way is Uptown and Downtown, not to mention Midtown.

The directions sounded easy enough: Get the Uptown BMT in front of Gimbel's at 7th Avenue and get off at 59th Street (Bloomingdale's). I had been warned, however, that the hardest part would be getting out of the Pennsylvania Station, but of course I could ask anyone.

That's where the trouble started. Everyone was so willing to help Sister, but all had different ideas about going to 59th Street. I made my mistake by asking where to get the subway to 59th instead of asking how to find the BMT at Gimbel's.

The first person I asked was a railroad official. To help matters—so I thought—I showed him the directions I had. For good measure two other men joined us. (Later I noticed that this seemed to be the custom. Whenever I asked anyone a direction, one or two others were willing to add their advice.)

In this case all agreed with the speaker who said, "You don't want to go that way, Sister. If you want to go to Bloomingdale's [I learned later that Bloomingdale's is a department store, but at this stage I had no idea what it was], take the 7th Avenue subway [and he indicated where to get it] get off at Times Square; then take the Shuttle to 59th."

So I did. At least I got to Times Square. When I got off the BMT and asked where to get the Shuttle, I added—just to make sure—"to 59th."

"Sister, you don't want to take the Shuttle. Take the IRT to 59th."

So I did, but by now I wasn't taking any chances so I asked a fellow passenger, "Does this train stop at 59th? I want to go to Bloomingdale's."

"I'm not sure, Sister, but I think the station is Lexington Avenue."

The next station was Fifth Avenue and I knew I was close to the place I wanted to go, Bloomingdale's or not. On the return trip I was determined to adhere to the original directions in reverse.

I had reckoned without all my solicitous helpers, however. The elevator man had some advice. He ignored my inquiry as to the direction of Bloomingdale's.

"The easiest way back to the Penn Station is not by subway, Sister." Evidently he was a surface man. "Walk over to Fifth Avenue and get No. 4 bus. It will take you right to the station."

I did, but by that time it was 10:45 and my train left at 11:15. I asked a doorman at a swanky hotel where to get the bus and asked whether he thought I'd make it in time or would it be better to take a cab?

"I wouldn't go by bus, Sister. You'll never make it. Just go down to the corner and get the BMT. It will take you right to the station."

I did, but by now I was extra cautious so I asked an official whether it went right to the station. No, it didn't.

"Take the BMT to Times Square, Sister, and then get the IRT for the station."

It was now 10:55.

"Will I make it for an 11:15 train?"

"Oh, yes, Sister." His voice had as much confidence in it as if I had two hours instead of twenty minutes.

When I got off at Times Square I asked a man in uniform this time. I couldn't afford to spend much time looking for the IRT. He not only told me where to go, but escorted me there.

We arrived at the station in a few minutes, but there was one more hurdle. Where in the world were the trains in all that maze of steps and signs and shops and what not? I followed a sign "To Trains" and found myself in a corner with very few tracks, but there was a track number that corresponded to the one I wanted. I thought perhaps the commuter trains went out in this part of the station, but of course I was taking no chances.

There was a big policeman there so I told him where I wanted to go. He directed me upstairs. As I turned from him I saw a sign: "To Belmont Race Track." No wonder he smiled, but at least he hadn't taken me for a bookie in disguise.

I rushed upstairs, found the track, and boarded the train. It was only 11:13. I still had two minutes.

A couple of times we drove up to New York. Driving in Manhattan is not so bad as you might think, once you are straight on Downtown and Uptown.

Pedestrians are the greatest hazard. They completely ignore lights and would rather crawl through or over cars than walk ten feet more to the intersection and cross on the green. All this jay walking is done with the utmost nonchalance and coolness on the part of the pedestrians, but with considerable consternation on the part of the driver, at least this one.

The first day we drove we congratulated ourselves on finding such a won-

derful parking place. It was only a half block from where we wanted to go. It was a one-way street, but traffic waited solicitously while Sister backed in on the left side, two men stopping to give directions. A truck was parked back of us, and although we had plenty of room, the driver came up to our car, removed his hat, and said, "Sister, I'll back a little so you'll have lots of room to get out."

When we left the car, a policeman gave us a big bow. Every other place on the street was taken so we presumed that the sign about ten feet away from us with some parking instructions (rather, no parking instructions) referred to the space from that point to the corner.

The next day we parked on the same street. We were lucky to get the last place available. But when we returned to the car a couple of hours later—ah, could it be? A policeman was just about to plant a big green ticket on our windshield.

I don't know when I ever saw anyone so dismayed as he was.

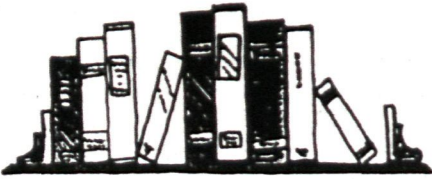
"Oh, I'm so sorry," he literally moaned. "If I had only known! If only the other man had told me it was the sisters' car! If only I didn't have it all made out, I could use it on someone else."

You would think he was the victim, not we. By this time we were feeling very sorry for him.

Incidentally, we had left a breviary very much in evidence on the front ledge of the car, but it seems as if New York's Finest are not yet familiar with the identifying purple edges of the Short Breviary so many sisters now use.

Nevertheless, our policeman had a solution. He told us what to do. No, it wasn't to tear up the ticket. We aren't going to tell you. You might try it sometime. SEA

Books



Holy Pagans of the Old Testament by Jean Danielou, S.J. Translated by Felix Faber. Helicon Press, 5303 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Maryland. \$3.00

When you meditate on Our Lord's descent into Limbo and find yourself thinking of who were there, have you ever wondered about the persons who were neither Christians nor Jews? What about their destiny?

Many of these persons are known only to God, but Father Danielou here discusses those whom we know from Scripture: Abel, Henoch, Danel, Noe, Job, Melchisedech, Lot, and the Queen of Saba.

Sanctity is heroic adherence to God's will, expressed on the Christian plane by the law of the Gospel, on the Jewish plane by the Mosaic law, on the cosmic plane by the law of conscience. These personages of whom Father Danielou writes, then, are the saints of the first covenant.

As the author points out, the spiritual destiny of these "pagans" is important from a missionary point of view. In this sense, the book is an excursion into missionary theology which aims to bring out the unity of God's design through the succession of covenants.

In a brilliant Introduction Father Danielou states his purpose in writing the book, explains why he prefers the term "cosmic" to "natural," and tells us why he calls these Old Testament characters "pagans."

Every page of this little book will hold one's interest. We consider it especially valuable to teachers of religion. It is important that these personages of the Old Testament be given their proper place in our catechetical instructions.

* * *

The Spirit of the Spanish Mystics compiled by Kathleen Pond. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York 8, N.Y. \$3.95

This is an anthology of the spiritual works of sixteenth and seventeenth century Spanish mystics.

As Miss Pond explains in her Introduction, the writings of St. Teresa and of St. John of the Cross, the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius and Rodriguez' *Christian Perfection* are well known, but there are religious works by lesser known Spanish writers that deserve to be brought to light. This the compiler has done by concentrating on those works hitherto not widely known because many were not available in English. She includes briefer extracts from Sts. Teresa, John of the Cross, and Ignatius.

The result is a very excellent volume with selections from St. Peter of Alcantara, Francisco Osuna, Garcia de Cisneros, Maria de Agreda, Jeronimo Gracian, Blessed John of Avila, and others not so well known as these.

The selections are given in chronological order. Miss Pond includes a short biography of each author.

The Spirit of the Spanish Mystics should be a welcome addition to any library.

* * *

Thoughts in Solitude by Thomas Merton. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$3.00.

This little book of spiritual notes written about five years ago by Father M. Louis, O.C.S.O., is a real treasure.

ure. Each brief chapter is a "thought" in itself, conducive to meditation. The book can be picked up and read at random. Also, it deserves re-reading.

Part I, entitled "Aspects of the Spiritual Life," covers such topics as emotions, feelings, meditation, laziness, gratitude, humility, poverty, and spiritual reading.

Part II the author calls "The Love of Solitude." Here he makes such thought-provoking observations as these: "As soon as a man is fully disposed to be alone with God, he is alone with God no matter where he may be—in the country, the monastery, the woods, or the city." And again: "The solitary life is above all a life of prayer . . . The great work of the solitary life is gratitude."

Every paragraph of this small book provides food for meditation. Although it reminds one of the author's earlier book, *Seeds of Contemplation*, it is more mature. Father Merton reaches here a greater depth of spirituality than he attained in his former publications.

* * *

Our Lord and Our Lady by Alexander P. Schorsch, C.M., Ph.D., and Sister M. Dolores Schorsch, O.S.B., Ed. D. Illustrated by Pauline B. Adams. Philosophical Library, New York. \$4.50

Whole libraries have been written on the prerogatives and privileges of Our Lord and those of His Mother, but this book is unique in that it shows how the prerogatives of Mary parallel those of her Son.

The late Father Schorsch and Sister Dolores base all their proofs on Holy Scripture. They quote also, but to a lesser extent, papal pronouncements and the writings of the Fathers. There are here no conjectures or guess work. Everything is solid.

The reader will find in *Our Lord and*

Our Lady explanations that are not usually given elsewhere. For instance, in the discussion on the term "brethren of Jesus," the authors are not content to tell us that in Hebrew the expression extends to cousins. Rather, they tell us exactly who these brethren are and prove that they could not possibly be the brothers of Christ in our sense of the word.

This is a very practical book and should be valuable as a ready reference.

* * *

Confessions Without a Hearing Aid by Rev. Charles Carty, Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn. 15 cents.

Dr. Curtis Muncie of New York, on the assumption that malformation of the Eustachian tube is largely responsible for most cases of deafness, has perfected a method of "finger surgery," by which he corrects the tube. The simple operation takes but a few minutes and has been amazingly successful in thousands of cases.

It seems incredible that such a treatment has not been more widely publicized. It is unfortunate, too, that more doctors besides Dr. Muncie and his son, Dr. Douglas Muncie of Miami Beach, do not use the method.

Father Carty's interesting booklet was written in gratitude for his own cure. The doctors were not aware of its publication before it was printed.

* * *

Perpetual Help Daily Missal Perpetual Help Center, 294 East 150th St., New York 51, N.Y.

This missal is published in four volumes. The volume (paper cover) we examined is for April, May, and June. Latin is used only for the parts sung or recited by the congregation. Everything else is in English. The type is large and easily read. The "you-form" is used in the ordinary. Rubrics are in red.

Sister Eleanor Cogan

On May 21 Sister Eleanor quietly breathed forth her soul into the hands of the Divine Spouse whom she had served so faithfully for thirty-three years. Sister's death followed an illness of more than eight months during which she edified all by her patient acceptance of every suffering and her complete resignation to the will of God.

Sister Eleanor, the former Eleanor Cogan, was born on July 3, 1894, at Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of the late Michael and Rose Cogan. She entered the Congregation of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters on April 13, 1925, and was professed on the feast of Our Lady of Victory, May 24, 1927.

Sister Eleanor spent most of her religious life working among the Spanish speaking people of California, New Mexico, and Texas. Her last assignment, August 15, 1957, was at Kendallville, Indiana. However, she entered the hospital on September 6 and after her discharge three weeks later, returned

to Victory Noll where she remained until her death.

Funeral services were held in the chapel at Victory Noll on May 24, just thirty-one years after the day of her profession in that same chapel. Celebrant of the Requiem Mass was Father Carmel, O.F.M.Cap. He was assisted by Father Nathaniel, O.F.M. Cap., as deacon and Father Thomas Aquinas, O.F.M.Cap., as subdeacon.

Sister is survived by a brother, James, and two sisters, Mary and Margaret Cogan, all of Dayton. Besides the members of her family, a number of relatives and friends were present for the funeral. Interment was in the community cemetery.

May we ask you to remember in your prayers the soul of Sister Eleanor? In your charity, also remember the souls of our relatives, friends, and benefactors, who have died recently.

In Memoriam

His Eminence, Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Chicago, Ill.
His Excellency, Most Rev. Peter L. Ireton, Richmond, Va.
His Excellency, Most Rev. Laurence J. Fitz-Simon, D.D., Bishop of Amarillo
Rev. Loras J. Holmberg, Delhi, Iowa
Rev. George K. Tregent, Weingarten, Mo.
Ellen Rogers, St. Louis, Mo., mother of Sister Mary Helen
Leo L. Renk, Cleveland, Ohio, father of Sister Cecilia Marie
Mary Ann Stetar, Burgettstown, Pa., mother of Sister Ann Joachim
Sister M. Flavia, C.S.J., St. Louis, Mo.,
Sister Mary Demetria, O.P., Caldwell, N. J.
Mrs. Sam Spetter, Topeka, Kansas
James Deane, Huntington, Ind.

Anna Bonner, Chicago, Ill. ACM
Emily Stegmaier, Chicago, Ill., ACM
Hannah Kohrman, Ft. Wayne, Ind. ACM
Theresa Stasko, Patton Pa.
Nick Thille, Santa Paula, Calif.
Edward Burger, Chicago, Ill.
Louis Ernst, Reading, Ohio
Joseph Grimmer, Griffith, Indiana
Mrs. L. Ludra, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Neston, Chicago, Ill.
Lawrence O'Connor, Chicago, Ill.
William F. Peck, Chicago, Ill.
Anna Pevarnic, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Agnes Pinne, Medford, Ore.
Virginia Ann Ressler, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. August Schiffli, Waterloo, Ind.
Phillip H. Tracy, Chicago, Ill.
Frances E. Wolfe, Erie, Pa.
Mrs. Mary J. Heron, Fall River, Mass.

Double Session

by SISTER MARILYN

DOUBLE session! We could hardly believe our ears. Our teaching schedule had been made out and all was in readiness for the opening of the school year of religion.

Yes, the pastor verified the news. One of the public schools had decided it would have to have double sessions. Some of the children would attend school only in the morning; some would go only in the afternoon; others would have a full day of school.

The schedule rearranged, Tuesday morning found us on our way to the mission, picking up children along the way who lacked transportation to class.

At ten-thirty our first classes were in full progress. When it was over, the children ate their lunch. It is amazing how tight mothers can tighten thermos bottles, how they can forget to put a spoon in the lunch box for Sally's soup or a napkin for Bobbie's sticky hands. It is still more amazing how children can forget to bring lunch at all.

Finally they finished eating and we sent them on their way to school. Now it was time for the pupils from the

morning session to arrive for instructions, but they too must have their lunch. Then we can begin class.

Class! But first, the opening of more bottles, sharing of lunches, finding a spoon or a fork for William, a napkin for Helen, and taking care of the inevitable spills and what not.

"Sister, Mary spilt her milk."

"Sister, Johnny hit me with his paper bag."

"Teddy doesn't feel good, Sister."

After feeding the hungry and comforting the sorrowful, our second class begins.

Two-thirty comes and I have a half-hour before the next group arrives. It is a welcome break that I can spend in church.

At the end of the afternoon the last group of children wave goodbye as their bus pulls out of sight. Even though the schools are on double session the children received their religious instruction and God has had a part in their day.

In September

a new class of generous young women will begin their postulancy in the Congregation of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

It is not too early for you to plan now to enter next September and share in this glorious apostolate.

If you are over 15 years of age, write today for information and literature on the life and work of the Victory Noll Sisters.

Vocation Directress, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Please send me information about Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE