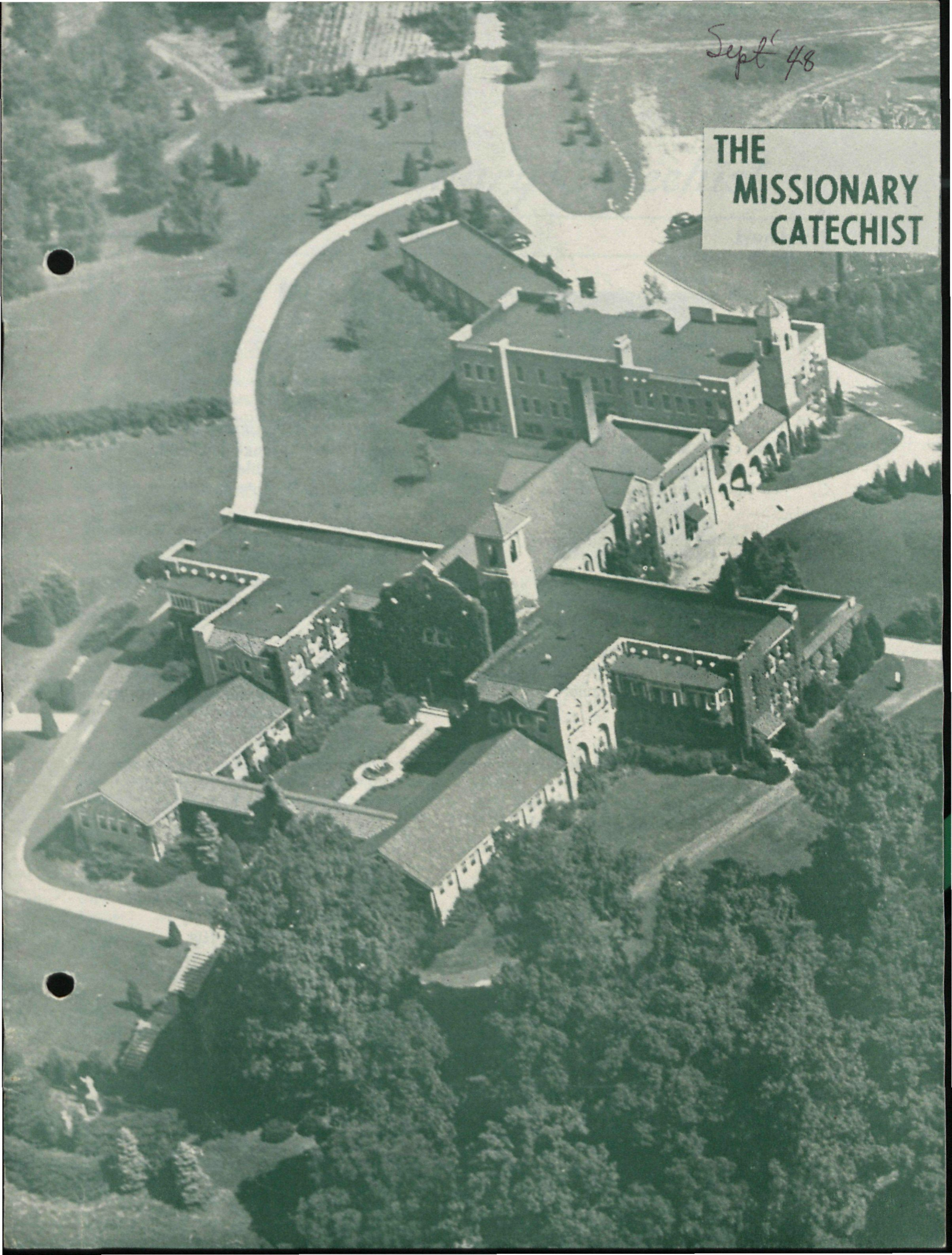


Sept '48

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST



Sucipiat

One day from off a wheat stalk
Was culled a little grain,
And offered by fond parents
To God, though it caused pain.

Till then, the grain endeavored
To hold its head up high,
To fill its little kernel
With knowledge passing by.

For thus its heartfelt gratitude
To parents it would pay,
To give them joy by honors
On graduation day.

But now the grain is planted
In soil at Victory Noll;
And Heaven, not earthly honors,
Becomes the wheat grain's goal.

If later on the wheat grain
Will push through soil a sprout,
It must work hard at present
To take a downward route.

Humility, obedience,
The roots that it must grow;
Simplicity and meekness
And other virtues show.

Reception day, a green sprout
Will break through holy soil,
For Jesus ever blesses
The wheat grain's downward toil.

Now, I'll keep on my story,
For though the grain is gone,
When it has donned the habit
Its holy work goes on.

But now appear in measure
The fruit of hidden work;
One hundredfold the wheat grains
Of one who did not shirk.

The ripened grains are gathered,
By Victory Noll they're milled,
And of their flour is kneaded
The little host God willed.

Profession day—how lovely
The little white host is,
And looking on it lovingly
Dear Jesus makes it His.

'Tis but an allegory,
The grain of wheat—a host
But who learns best its lessons,
Her Jesus pleases most.

The Missionary Catechist

September, 1948

Volume XXIV

Number 9

What Sweeter Melody?

by a Novice

SOON, very soon, we second-year Novices will make our profession. With the taking of our vows, we will become espoused to our Lord Jesus Christ. Also with profession will come the transition from the "hidden life" of preparation to the "public life" of seeking after souls, striving to bring them to the knowledge and love of God.

THIS task seems far above us. We anticipate the days to come—the classes and all that will be a part of our missionary life—and yet, we hesitate at the undertaking. How can we, with our limited abilities, take part in such a great work?

THE answer gradually unfolds. In Music Theory, for instance, we have been learning to teach simple hymns to children. To many of us this brought consternation, for to those who are not musicians nothing seems more foreign than the world of sharps and flats. To think of instructing others in that which seems so unfamiliar to ourselves! We learn, though, that if we do our best that is what is important, even though the result would not be all that a master-musician would desire. Through these hymns we may have one of the most effective means of reaching the heart of the child, of awakening in him love for his Creator! And *what sweeter melody* can there be than many tiny voices raised in praise of their Heavenly Father?

AND so it will be with all the tasks we undertake. If we do our best, we need have no fears. This thought has been constantly reiterated throughout the three years of our training, but we are so used to measuring by the standard the world sets for success that it



takes time to come to this understanding of it.

WE are not undertaking the work alone. We have our Blessed Mother, to whom we can go in every need. We can put each feeble undertaking in her hands and be assured of the same solicitude that she gave to her Divine Son.

AND Mary, the humble author of the *Magnificat*, will teach us that we can do nothing of ourselves, but receive all our help from God, our Saviour, "For He that is Mighty hath done great things to me."

AS the pen and lyre in the hands of King David gave forth richest melodies to praise God, so we, too, mute instruments in ourselves, will, in the hands of the King of Kings, receive all the graces that we need to accomplish His work.

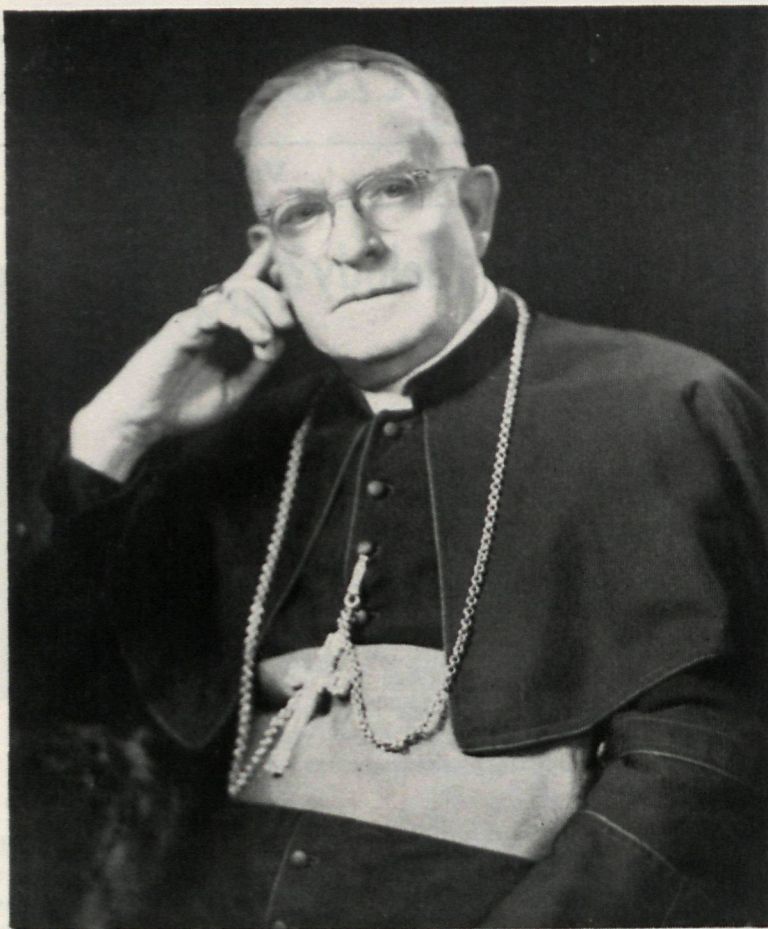
AGAIN, *what sweeter melody* can there be than a life in the service of God? . . . As long as you did it for one of these, the least of My brethren, you did it for Me." (Matt. XXV-40).

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with Ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50 Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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"As a Man Thinks So is He."

*by the Most Reverend
John F. Noll, D.D.*



His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

THE first question which arises in the mind of one who writes on the subject of "Vocations" is "Why do so comparatively few young men embrace the priesthood, diocesan or regular, or one of the Brotherhoods, and why do so comparatively few young women embrace one of the many Sisterhoods?"

THIS is certainly a fair question when we take into account the fact that our one purpose in this world is to sanctify ourselves in order to win eternal life with God. If such be the purpose of our existence, why should not more of us select not only the safest way to our own sanctification and salvation, but the way which will enable us to sanctify ourselves by

helping to promote the eternal welfare of others?

SUCH thinking is certainly in keeping with what Our Lord had in mind when He spoke about the last judgment (Matt. XXV, 34-46). He represents Himself as a king seated in judgment and pronouncing sentence on all mankind; and the basis of his judgment will be the service which the good rendered to others in His name, or the wicked refused to render to them out of love for Him, whose souls He strove Himself to ransom from eternal ruin by His passion and death on the cross.

OUR thinking is also in perfect keeping with saintly people throughout the ages, who believed that their brethren in

Christ were entitled to much of their time and labor. Certainly the Christian philosopher would hold with the theologian that he or she would work against his or her own eternal interests if he or she were actuated by selfish material and temporal motives, when his or her destiny is eternal.

THERE is an old proverb which reads "As a man thinks so is he." He who thinks deeply, who reflects, who contemplates whence he came, why he is here on earth, and whither he is going, will become a different person from the one who neglects to think of these things.

WHY is it that people, recognizing that they live only

a short time in this world, and will live everlastingly in another, do not think in keeping with that belief? It is due chiefly to the manner in which the youth of our nation is being educated, and, for that matter, youth over most of the world. They are taught only about material things, about temporal things and, therefore, it is difficult for them to think along any other lines. Their reading, their entertainment, their recreation, are confined to the things which appeal to their senses or even to their lower inclinations, and, therefore, they would have to do violence to themselves to think of the higher things.

THE priest's reading and his study and his ministrations center chiefly round things spiritual and supernatural, and, therefore, it is easy for him to think along those lines. In fact, because he consecrates himself to God for a ministry which is concerned almost entirely with these matters, he would not be excusable before God if his chief interests were worldly. But because things of the mind furnish far more pleasure and joy than the things which appeal merely to the senses, the priest and the Religious Brother and the Religious Sister, whose life's occupation is that of "instructing others unto justice," are really the happiest in this world, enjoying the "hundredfold" promised by our Divine Saviour, and are certainly on the road, the safest to take, to eternal bliss.

IF the teaching profession were something menial and low, one could readily understand why, from a human point of view, there should be so few embracing a Sisterhood which makes that work its chief business. If the nursing profession were also something held in little honor, one could readily understand why — again humanly speaking—so comparatively few

young women embrace the Sisterhood which makes that its chief concern. But as a matter of fact what professions are held higher by our countrymen than the teaching and the nursing professions?

IF the vocation to the priesthood is worthy of the young man of the highest rank and station, then the work of teaching youths for their eternal benefit under the auspices of God's Church, or for the care of the sick in the name of Christ in a Religious Community is not unworthy of young women of the best families.

SINCE school teaching and the care of the sick, in our day, take place chiefly in institutions, most of the poor people who are scattered over a vast territory in our nation are not the beneficiaries either of the religious teacher or nurse. For that reason there are Religious Communities, such as that under whose auspices this magazine is published, which are dedicated to the instruction of children for whom it would be impossible to provide a parochial school, and to social and medical services among people who live too remote from a physician, or who have not the means with which to engage his services.

OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters combine social service work with religious instruction among those whom Catholics who live in the cities and whose children are in the parochial schools might call underprivileged. We presume you know that more than one half of all Catholic children are in the public schools, and by the kind of education received can be brought up only to think in keeping with the purely secular instruction and information they have received. They need much supplementary help, which cannot be given to them in their homes because their parents had even a lesser opportunity than

they to be properly instructed and guided in religion and the spiritual life. They need these Missionary Sisters, and because the number is far inadequate the Church needs them badly, which is only another way of saying that Christ needs them badly.

THE appeal which you have been reading is chiefly to your head. We have wished to bring home to you how wrongly you think if you entertain the notion that the religious life is only for one out of a hundred. God would certainly be glorified as He should be if one out of every ten were in religion today, but our needs would probably be met if there were one out of fifty. Less than one out of one hundred young Catholic women are today members of our Sisterhoods, dedicating their lives in one among many fields in which Sisters labor.

ONE girl out of fifty would mean probably one out of every fifteen families from your parish. How would your parish stand in that relationship?

A VOCATION to the religious life, or even to the married life, should call for prayer, because Satan seems to be more busy to keep you off that safe track than your Guardian Angel is to keep you on it. Evil works harder than good on any character.

IF nothing be more true than "our thinking makes us what we are," we should, even for our own success and happiness in this world, try to form the habit of right thinking. You will not dispute the fact that if you act according to wrong thinking your life will be a failure, at least as far as things worth while are concerned.

Our Cover: View of Victory Noll, Mother House and Novitiate of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, from the air.

Whence Sugar?

OR HOW A

SCARED LITTLE SUGAR BEET 'GETS THE WORKS' IN THRILLING
RIDE THROUGH BIG NEW FACTORY.*

MAYBE you won't believe it, but sugar beets dream, too.

ONE happy little Enlarged Esculent Root of the genus Beta drifted into dreamland the other day in the middle of a sun bathed Imperial Valley field. But his dream turned into a nightmare, and he ended up a handful of sugar, a cup of bitter molasses, and a hunk of pulp.

HARDLY had the little fellow begun to snooze when he thought he heard a voice: "Come with me, little son of genus Beta, and I'll show you what is in store for you next week at the Holly sugar plant."

HE saw no one, but found himself with hundreds of other beets bumping around in a truck. They rode and they rode, over the roughest roads, and, finally, the truck went through a gate and stopped.

LITTLE Beta had jogged to the top of the pile. He saw the truck and trailer were getting weighed; also a lot of dirt and stuff that had been carried along.

THE truck then drove up a ramp. Swish! A big hook seized one side of the truck body and . . . whoops! The load hiked up on that side and all the beets went tumbling into an abyss. Little Beta landed on his head on a moving belt that hustled him and his fellows up and over a rotating drum with humps on it that bounced them all around before tossing them onto another moving belt.

"YOU have started," the Voice said. "From now on you will never stop until you're sugar or the Holly people know the reason why."

TWICE, a man with a bucket-like thing made a pass at Little Beta as he rode the belt, but missed. Others were caught and went to meet a quick fate in the nearby Beet Laboratory. They were weighed, scrubbed by revolving brushes like those you see in a shoe repair shop,

sawed up, dumped, filtered, and finally POLARIZED. It is easy to be polarized. You're a liquid now and the man siphons you into a glass tube which he inserts into the polarizer. Then he fiddles with some gadgets and peeks at a dial through a microscope. He then writes down how much sugar you had and how much sugar all of you guys in the farmer's truckload had when you rode through the gate. This determines how much the farmer will be paid.

MEANWHILE, Little Beta and his pals rode the belt to near the top of the roofed-in receiving hopper. Another moving belt attached to a car on wheels received the beets in bunches and dumped them into the hopper. There was a dizzy fall and then . . . splash! They all tumbled into a stream of water which carried them off through a flume to the main factory building. On the way, a big paddle wheel, used to regulate the flow of water, slapped the beets and a set of chain rakes knocked them around and removed some of the trash that still rode along.

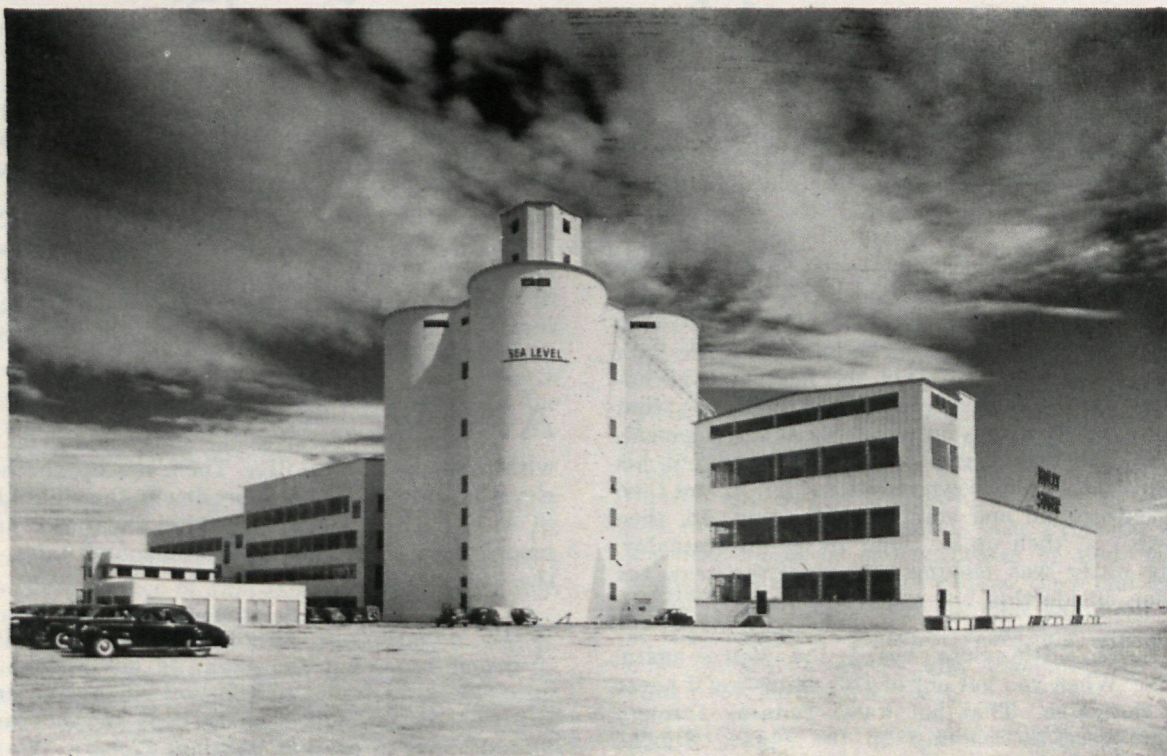
WAITING for them at the factory door was a big burly BEET PULP which tossed them all up a pipe and sent them bouncing along painfully on rollers with points on them. Fierce sprays of water jostled them unmercifully. They were getting their final cleaning. The trash and stuff dropped through the rollers to a moving belt beneath.

THE ride up the bucket elevator was fun. Little Beta laughed with the exhilaration of it. Then he met the SLICERS and lost his complete identity forever. A slicer has needle sharp knives mounted on the inside of a revolving drum. The whirling knives reduce the beets to little pieces like shoestring potatoes. But by supreme will power, Little Beta managed to hold himself together.

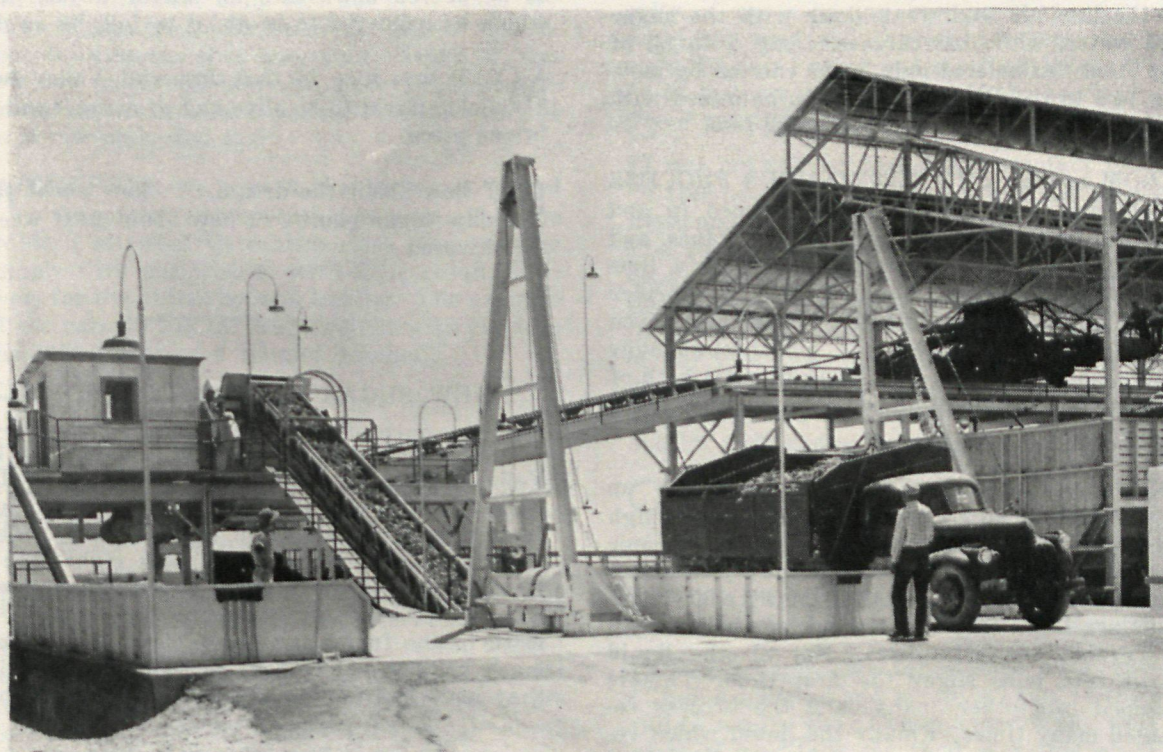
DOWN fell the beets to the main floor for another ride on a moving belt. En route, a particularly ingenious device weighed them. A

(Continued on page 8)

**Copied with permission of the "Brawley News", Brawley, California.*



Above: Holly Sugar Plant, located in Imperial Valley, four miles south of Brawley, California.
 Below: Rear of Holly Sugar Plant where trucks are unloaded and beets begin their trip through plant, coming out at the other end as sugar.



Photos: Courtesy Brawley News, Brawley, Calif.

WHENCE SUGAR?

(Continued from page 6)

dial recorded the pounds per running foot and calculated the "slice per hour" and, at the end of the day, the cumulative weight handled in tons.

SUDDENLY Little Beta found himself in the center of a long wooden tray filled with sliced beets. They were in some kind of a room. It was hot, stuffy, and, oh, so humid! Little Beta always had said, "It's not the heat but the humidity." He felt very uncomfortable . . . that he might fly into a dozen pieces at any moment. Then, the tray began to move. He caught his breath as it went down, down . . . down, and then jerked around and started up . . . up, up, then down . . . then up . . . and so on interminably. The water was moving one way, the tray the other, inside this big machine, the DIFFUSER.

THEN Little Beta heard the Voice again. "When you get out of this thing you'll never be the same. That hot water running through your pieces is soaking up the sugar. Simple, isn't it, this sugar removing process?"

THE remark would have left Little Beta cold, except he was so hot—and scared. He did a little praying with the result that at the end of the line his soul went along with the sugar and water, while his carcass, along with all of the other "exhausted pulp," was carried by moving belt to the PULP DRYER to be mixed with molasses, dried, and sacked as stock food.

FROM now on THE CONTINUOUS PROCESS became a matter of being pumped in and out of a series of vats, "pans," tanks, pipes, and what-have-you. The juice went through a lime purification process, dumped into a clarifier where impurities settled to the bottom, was given a shot of carbon dioxide gas, put through huge filters, shot to the top of a tower to get a bath of sulphur dioxide, and pumped into the high speed evaporators.

IN the evaporators the juice was forced up through small copper tubes heated to a high temperature. At the top most of the water turned to steam and was piped off. The sugar fluid continued to the VACUUM PANS. These pans are tanks in which the juice is boiled until it "grains" or crystalizes. Not all the liquid turns into pure sugar the first time. This is pumped into other "pans" and the process repeated many times. Finally the liquid which refuses to be good sugar is molasses. It's piped off, either to be stored for sale as molasses, or to

be used to mix with the pulp in the manufacture of stock food.

LITTLE Beta's pure little soul turned into lovely white sugar. Mixed with some molasses, it tumbled from the "pan" down to the main floor where huge paddles kept the product in motion until ready to be pumped into the CENTRIFUGALS. A centrifugal has a rotating basket which spins out the molasses like you "wet dry" your washing in those more modern machines. A hot water bath helps get the molasses out of the picture.

A ROTATING tube through which hot air is forced then receives the sugar and dries it within an inch of its life. Then, it's up another elevator into a bin, then down through the SCALE HOPPERS, which weigh the sugar and record the weight handled in 100-pound units, to the storage silos.

THE silos have a capacity of 400,000 — 100 pound bags, but the sugar is not sacked at once. Sacking is done to fill anticipated orders, the rest of the sugar being kept in bulk and moved about to prevent packing.

SUDDENLY, it seemed to Little Beta that he was being stirred around and around in a cup of hot tea and the cup was being lifted, and just as he peered down into an awful abyss, into which he appeared to be about to fall, he awoke.

MY, it was nice in that Imperial Valley beet field. Great to be alive and growing—and all in one piece.

BUT how about the dream . . . how about this Holly Sugar plant . . . how about next week? He shivered.

NEW SUGAR FACTORY WELCOME

We welcome the new sugar factory to the Valley. The vegetable season in the Valley lasts from about November to May; the sugar factory will operate from April to July. Thus many of our people will find work right here in Brawley during the summer months, and it will not be necessary for them to travel north to work in the fruits and vegetables. It will mean much to them not to have to lead the gypsy life they have had to live when following the crops.

Sister Mary Catherine
Brawley, California

The Conversion of Augustine

by Sister Cordelia Marie

LIKE St. Monica another Monica wrested from God the conversion of her son, Augustine, by eighteen years of prayers and tears.

THIS Augustine had contracted a civil marriage eighteen years before. What religious practices he might have had in his youth he threw to the winds as he drifted farther and farther from the Church. Gradually he became a scoffer and an agnostic. Not satisfied with the godlessness of his own life, he delighted in destroying the faith of others.

ALL the entreaties and counsels of his saintly mother fell on deaf ears, but she only redoubled her prayers and penances. It was owing to the influence of this saintly grandmother that the nine children of Augustine's marriage were baptized and received their First Holy Communion. That was the extent of their religion. With the irreligious example of their father daily before their eyes, it is little wonder that these children grew up with a minimum of love for their faith.

THE mother of these children had no religious background. Married at the early age of thirteen, this mere child had not even made her First Communion. She knew nothing of the responsibilities she was assuming. Years of sorrow and suffering, however, gave her some appreciation of what a consolation religion might be if one possessed it.

WHENEVER we visited the home and asked the mother's co-operation in seeing that the children attended Catechism class, she tried to comply with our wishes, with little result, however, for the authority was lacking. The example of the parents has far more weight with children than the words of a religion teacher.

OUR effort to induce this couple to be married by the Church was like beating against a stone wall. Only a miracle could bring this about, we thought. Monica had long since ceased pleading and arguing with Augustine, nevertheless she continued to storm the gates of heaven.

THEN God took a hand in the matter. The baby became very ill with pneumonia and after suffering intensely for two weeks, winged its flight to heaven, there to intercede for its godless parents. This brought Augustine to his knees. After that he became pensive. He spent his evenings at home instead of with his friends mocking God and the Church.

"OUR baby suffered for our sins," his wife told him. "We have been away from God a long time."

HER husband nodded assent and reflected more on his sinful past. Monica noticing the change that had come over Augustine, confided this to her friends and begged for more prayers.

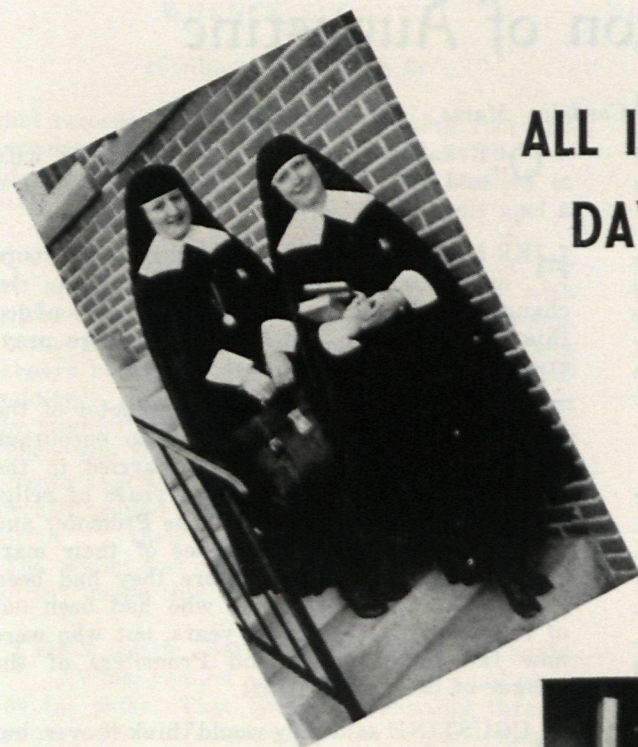
THEN God inspired a zealous Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart to encourage Augustine and his wife to be married in the Church and to try to repair the years of religious neglect of their children. The Promoter and his wife would be the witnesses of their marriage, just as two years before they had been sponsors for another couple who had been out of the Church for eighteen years, but who were now faithful members and Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart.

AUGUSTINE said they would think it over, but they would have to have time. The mother begged us to pray that divine grace would triumph over the heart of her husband. She was willing to have her marriage validated and to become a practical Catholic, in spite of the difficulty of never having been to confession. She could not read and the only prayers she knew were the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*. We offered to instruct her and to help her learn the *Creed* and the *Act of Contrition*.

IT was not an easy task for the mother to learn. Her new baby was ill and had not been baptized, and this was a cause of real anxiety to her. The couple who had promised to be the witnesses of their marriage, were to be sponsors at the baptism of the baby, too, and they had moved to another city some time before. But in spite of the fact that the man found but little employment, he made every effort to return as soon as possible and to assume the responsibility he and his wife had so generously offered to accept.

ONE Saturday afternoon they came—long before Augustine's wife had learned the Act of Contrition. But as long as she was so well disposed, Father made no difficulty of this, and soon she had made her first confession. The marriage was validated that same afternoon, too.

IT was a happy day for Monica when she saw her Augustine and his wife kneel at the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. Many were the tears of gratitude she shed over this prodigal's return to his Father's house.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK



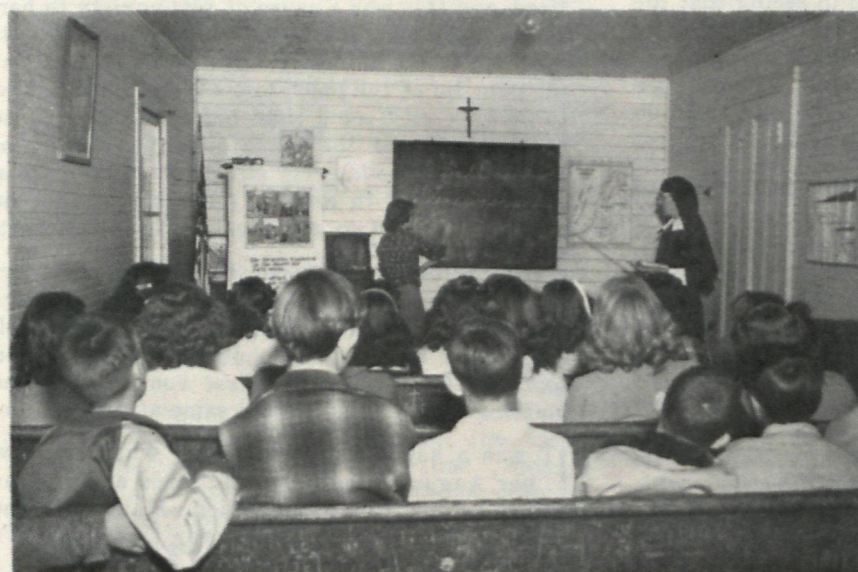
ABOVE: Left: Sister Mary Marguerite and Sister Mary Charles ready for the day's work; center: Sister Sophia with Girl Scouts, Redlands, California; right: May Crowning by Sodalists, Brawley, California.

CENTER: Left: Sister Mary Eleanor and companion visiting home in Flagstaff, Arizona; right: Sister Mary Camillus caring for wee patient at Guadalupe clinic, Brawley, California.

BELOW: Sister Benedicta conducting religion class; center: Sister Lucia and choir; right: Sister Theresa with altar boys. Three lower photos are from Los Banos, California.



Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Teach Religion to Public School Children
Engage in Home Visiting
Conduct Choirs
Train Altar Boys
Supervise Clinics
Organize Sodalities
Direct Character Building Organizations





Our

Dear Associates:

THE doctrine of the Mystical Body, a favorite theme in St. Paul's preaching, is not hard to understand, but unless we are prepared to be "all out" Christians, it may be difficult to practice.

IN reading St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter XII, we are struck with service of our neighbor being so closely bound up with our service of God that the two cannot be separated. Indeed, the proof of our love of God rests upon the love of our neighbor. St. John uses some very emphatic words in stating this truth in his first epistle.

IT must be a source of great satisfaction, my dear Associates, to realize you are helping through your contributions many persons of a minority group. You have understood because of their Catholic heritage a close bond exists between them and you. Your ancestors and theirs have shared the same bread that is Christ. The Eucharist is the principle of unity in the Mystical Body.

IN your prayers and almsgiving, continue to have the Mystical Body attitude you have shown in the past. Should the opportunity present itself, try to foster this attitude in study club discussions or among the members of your social circle.

Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM



ST. KATHERINE'S BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

DAIRY parties and home parties held at two-week intervals enable this large group, presided over by Mrs. Katherine Hammer, to send us generous checks quite frequently.

We wish at this time to commend Mrs. White, one of the Band members, who insisted on having a party in her home even though her husband was sick in the hospital at the time.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART BAND (Appleton, Wis.)

THESE ladies let a few months go by without our hearing from them. Then suddenly we receive a hundred dollar check in the mail from them. Mrs. Helen Arens has headed the group from the time that ill health forced their first Promoter and organizer, Miss Hilda Kit-zinger, to withdraw. Recently, the latter has been able to attend meetings again.

ST. ANTHONY MISSION CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

IT is hard to find adequate words to express the gratitude we feel toward Mrs. Agnes Beck, Promoter of St. Anthony Mission Club, and her faithful co-workers. They are tireless in their efforts to raise funds for our Missionary Sisters and the poor to whom we are devoted.

Spring parties and fall parties bring returns which amount to five hundred dollars or more by the year's end.

Associates

HOLY GHOST BAND (Elkhart, Ind.)

THESE Band members, who began to work for us in 1939 under the leadership of Miss Mary Nye, have already completed their first \$1,000 in donations to Victory Noll. They have also made a good start on a second thousand.



No meetings are held, but three times a year their Promoter sends out a letter soliciting donations and she always meets with generous responses as is evident from their accomplishments.

Many members are personal friends of our Sister Marie Vianney and Sister Noreen, former residents of Elkhart.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

WE are proud of this group because their help reaches back twenty years or more. One of the charter members, Mrs. Harry Zender, passed away in April. God rest her soul.

A check for \$50.00 was recently received from their Promoter, Mrs. Katherine Vaughn. The Band contributes to the support of our Sister Mary Patrick.

ST. SABINA BAND (Chicago, Ill.)



NOT long ago, this Band held its three-hundredth meeting. Both the Promoter, Miss Marie V. Dwyer, and the members celebrated the "300 party" as they called it and enjoyed the evening very much.

"We have started out on the next 100 parties," writes Miss Dwyer, "with renewed vigor and enthusiasm to reach our first \$1,000.00 on St. Sabina's Burse."

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

May 20, 1948 to July 1, 1948

Central Committee, ACM, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	\$ 1.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	14.50
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. J. Butler	16.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien	17.50
Florentine Mission Group, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	7.50
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	51.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	19.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	2.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	50.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	17.00
Our Lady of Fatima Study Club, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	2.50
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. E. G. Walsh	25.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	26.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	25.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mary DeVito	50.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Fort Wayne, Ann Brink	7.75
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck	66.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace M. Kern	3.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, California, Mrs. M. McMannamy	20.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	9.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	10.50
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere	26.55
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Chas. J. Fiala	20.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	45.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. A. Wichert	25.00
St. Mary's Mission Club, Maywood, Ill., Mrs. F. Lehman	2.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	20.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Quinlan	7.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. J. Huebl	45.00
Strillians, Cincinnati, Miss Marie Gouy	2.00



In Appreciation

by Arlene Faker*

I WOULD like to express my deep appreciation and gratitude for the great work of *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters*.

NOW in high school it is especially important to know much about our Faith and the teaching of our Church, as I go to a public school and have many Protestant friends. Because of the instructions received through the Sisters we Catholics are able and glad to answer the questions of our non-Catholic companions, and being able to answer their questions intelligently has broken down some of the prejudice they have inherited from the past generations, and they really seem glad to know the truth.

IT was the day before we were to make our First Holy Communion and the air seemed to be filled with excitement. Mother had made a beautiful veil for me to wear with my snowy white dress. She had made the veil from her wedding veil and I liked it so well that I had to try it on every once in a while during the day. I would stand in front of the long mirror in the dining room and look at myself in the veil for a long while, then would suddenly burst out laughing as the veil looked so funny over my rag curlers and cotton print dress.

THE next day I was all dressed up in my beautiful white dress and veil, ready to receive my Eucharistic Lord into my soul for the first time. I thought of how He would look at me. He would see not only my white dress and veil, but far more important my soul which Sister had told us shone in the purest white. It was a great day for all of us, but it came and went quickly.

CONFIRMATION day came, too, with the excitement that had been felt on my First Communion Day. Sister had taught us all about the Sacrament of Confirmation and the parts of the ceremony in which we would participate. However, there was one thing she had explained clearly enough, but like all good children we had not quite grasped it. It was certainly funny to see the faces of some of the boys and girls when they came down from the altar. Some of the looks on their faces were of very puzzled surprise, and some looked very bewildered. The reason you have probably already guessed—the slight blow the Bishop had given them. I never

will forget what one of the boys said: "Gee, I wonder what I did that the Bishop didn't like."

AND summing up these two important events in my life, I come across a very important fact, and that is, if it hadn't been for the efforts of the Missionary Sisters, which brought me the understanding of my religion then, and have been helping to increase this faith and understanding since—about nine years in all—would I be the militant Catholic girl I now try to be?

AGAIN I say a fervent "Thank you, God, for the Missionary Sisters of *Our Lady of Victory*," and I pray that their great work may continue to spread until they are able to reach every child not attending Catholic schools.

JIMMY FINDS GOD

by Sister Mary Kevin

JIMMY lived just one block from St. Anthony's church. Among his playmates at school were many who every Wednesday and Saturday passed his house on their way to catechism. Jimmy became curious. The brightly colored pictures in the catechism book attracted him. No one in his house ever went to church. What was it all about? Jimmy determined to find out.

The next Saturday morning Sister had a new pupil in class. Jimmy wanted to be a Catholic so badly that he didn't think it would be wrong to tell Sister he was already one. Never had he been so happy as when he sat and listened attentively while Sister explained how the Son of God came down to earth for love of us.

When Jimmy reached home, Mother was waiting for him. Where had he been? Did he not know that catechism class was just for Catholics? After that all Jimmy could do was stand by the window each class day watching the other boys and girls go by on their way to church. "There goes Tom to catechism, Mother, why can't I go?" he would sob. Mrs. McGrath tried to explain that since none of the family was Catholic, she didn't think he should be

*Chalmers High School, Reynolds, Indiana.

allowed to go. The explanation did not satisfy Jimmy, and each class day brought fresh sorrow to his little heart.

Soon after the little fellow became seriously ill. The parents tried to do all they could for him, but all Jimmy wanted was for the Father to come and make him a Catholic. Mr. and Mrs. McGrath tried to put him off. However, when Jimmy's condition became critical, they finally gave in.

The doctor had given up all hope for Jimmy's recovery. He was tossing restlessly when the priest walked into the room. Father talked to the child for a little while. Then Jimmy's wish was fulfilled. As the waters of Baptism fell upon his head, he became quiet; a peaceful smile shone upon his face; his eyes lighted up with a heavenly joy; his cup of happiness was full.

Seeing the sudden change in the little one, the parents began to hope for his recovery.

Such, however, was not God's will. He wanted Jimmy, too. Late that afternoon He took him to an eternity of happiness. Now each week as Jimmy looks down from heaven, he sees his own brothers and sisters among the children on their way to catechism class, and, please God, it will not be too long before he sees the saving waters of Baptism flow upon the heads of his entire family.

TELLING GOD ABOUT IT

"You know, Sister, I think my grandma is a saint," Bobby confided to me one day after class, "because every time I come to church to make a visit, Grandma's there praying. And it seems she'd rather talk to God than to anyone else, because when anything goes wrong at home, she puts on her shawl and comes up to church, just like she's going to tell God all about it."

Sister Melita,
San Pedro, California



View of Wabash Valley from entrance to Victory Noll Chapel.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

SOON your lives will be in a well-ordered groove again, after your short fling of freedom during the summer holidays. You will move this way or that usually at the summons of a bell.

Few will rise at the sound of an alarm clock. Most will get up when Mother calls and tells them breakfast is ready. Loyal Helpers should rise promptly. Offer up this *hardship* to Jesus, through Mary's hands, as a pleasing sacrifice.

Perhaps our Helpers in the country will hear the school bell ring out over the fields. We like to think it is your parish church bell you answer first, with Mass and Holy Communion to start off your day.

In large city schools an electric bell announces the time for different classes. It is the same bell but strangely enough it sounds melodious or unpleasant to the ears depending on the hour. The dinner bell is always very welcome, as well as the dismissal bell!

Helpers in upper grades have read or will read Edgar Allen Poe's poem entitled, "The Bells." In it he speaks of the merry silver bells, of golden mellow bells, of clanging brazen bells and of melancholy iron bells.

Let's resolve to conquer our moods and be prompt in response to bells. We shall please God through our cheerful obedience.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

DO YOU NEED A SUNSHINE BAG?

If you need a Sunshine Bag or coin card, write us and we will gladly send you either or both.

Mary's Loyal

SISTERS HELP OUR MISSIONARIES

In the accompanying picture are *Barbara* (left) and *Mary* (right) Southard, of *Chicago, Illinois*. The snapshot was taken on the day of their Confirmation.



The Southard family are "mission-minded" and "mission-hearted." Mrs. Southard belongs to a Chicago ACM Band.

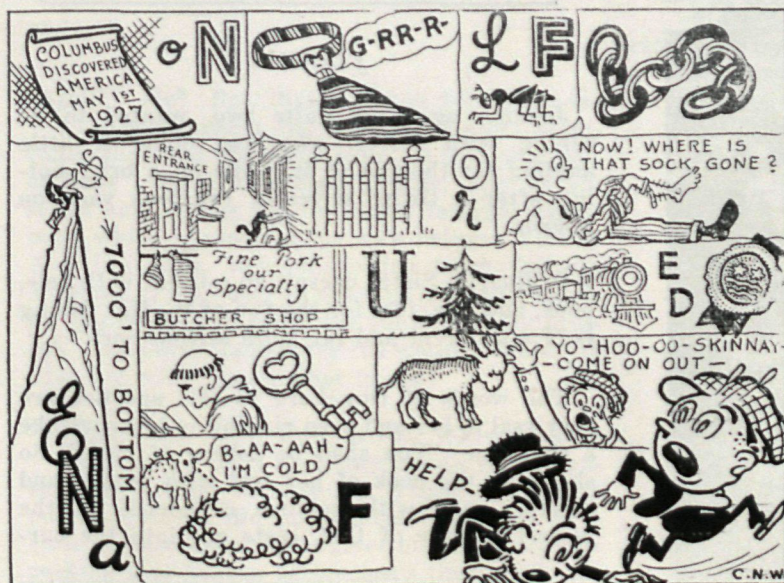
AN "ANGEL" HELPER



Joan Marion of North Washington, Iowa, shown above, joined our Helpers in 1945. Our fifth grader is wearing the costume of an angel. She took that part in a school play. Her aunt is Sister Mary Lucille, a Victory-Noll Sister.

Helpers Pages

OUR SEPTEMBER PUZZLE



My! But can't everybody run! And no wonder. The circus animals are all out of their cages and are coming lickety split. What an uproar! See if you can guess what animals these pictures represent. Send your worked out puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

THREE BROTHERS ARE HELPERS

Pictured below are the Minella brothers of Steubenville, Ohio. Reading from left to right, they are: Vincent, age 10, Michael, age 14, and Patrick, age 9. Their aunt is a novice at Victory Noll.



LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister:

On Sundays and holydays the Pastor of our church sends a bus out here to bring the people to Mass. When it snows a lot the church bus cannot come. Sometimes the school bus and mail man can't come either when the roads are very bad.

We don't forget to pray for the Missionary Sisters. Enclosed is a dollar.

Annie and Sammie Lucero,
Van Houten, New Mex.

(Note. These Helpers, literally live "on top of the world." They are in the heart of some high Rocky Mountains. Not far from them is the famous Raton Pass, at an elevation of 8,800 feet. It is the highest point on the Santa Fe Railroad and two engines are used to pull the coaches over the grade. Winters are long and summers are short, in this region.)

A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE



"Stand in line, please!"

There are only two swings on the playground at St. John's, so wee vacation school pupils had to wait their turn. Ten swings each was the limit. Sister stood by to do the counting and to give an occasional push when a youngster shouted, "Higher!"

The two pretty maids in the picture got weary waiting and decided to fashion a swing of their own on the heavy iron chain which separates the convent from the playground. A less exhilarating swing, perhaps, than the "standard equipment," but, "It's lost of fun," they say.

Sister Mary Eva, Goshen
Goshen, Indiana.

THE WRONG KEY!

In great excitement, one of my little First Communicants came running to tell me something important. "I know where the key to the little door (the tabernacle) is!" he said. "It's in the man's hand in your yard!"

Tony had just discovered St. Peter's statue in the shrine in our back yard. He was quite disappointed when I told him that was the wrong key!

Sister Margaret Ann
San Pedro, California

IT IS ADVISABLE

to send in your application at once if you wish to enter our Community this fall. We shall be glad to send an application blank upon request. Likewise, we shall be happy to answer any questions regarding entrance requirements.

FISHING

Johnny, aged not quite two, wanted to go fishing with Sister, who was doing a little angling for the fun of it, while on a brief outing after a tiring series of religious vacation schools.

Ordinarily Sister doesn't go a-fishin with pole, hook, and line, just for the fun of it. Her fishing is of a different and far more serious sort.

The words of Our Lord to His apostles are very real to her and keep ringing in her ears like a challenge, "You shall be fishers of men." So she baits the hook of her zeal with prayer and sacrifice, and with sublime confidence in the powerful grace of God, casts out into the cur-



rents of life about her, to find the souls wandering away from God. And she is happy with a happiness a thousand times more intense and satisfying than the most successful fisherman could ever have, if she can bring even one soul a little nearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Sister Mary Eva
Goshen, Indiana

"... And Your Joy Shall Be Full"

by a Postulant

WHO? Me? But, Sister, if you had asked me to write about the chemical content of dichloro-diphenal-trichloroethane (D.D.T. that is), at least I could have been specific. But an abstract subject like the feeling of internal happiness, which is synonymous with being a Victory Noll Postulant, well—that's too much for me. After all, it isn't easy to describe in proper words my personal feelings on the subject of my present (wouldn't-trade-it-for-the-world) state in life. I wouldn't know what to say!

THERE are some joys in life, some feelings that go so deep that they needs be left unexplained simply because Mr. Webster was not a postulant so he did not realize that there is a state of happiness which gives one a feeling like peeking into heaven before one's time, and, naturally, he did not invent any words to describe this kind of peaceful happiness. And I can't very well attempt an explanation without proper words, can I?

WHEN I was on the outside, dilly-dallying with the thought of rejecting the sweet, patient, insistent call, "Come follow Me," I tried to compare the countless daily pleasures the world offered with what I thought the daily life of a religious would be like. Only now, on the inside, after a final "yes" to the irresistible invitation, do I realize that it is as impossible to compare this constant interior peace with the passing pleasures of the world as it is to know the taste of an icecream sundae (with big, juicy red cherries) without having tasted it! Although people may tell me what a sundae (with big, juicy red cherries) tastes like, they cannot make me experience the pleasure of actually tasting it. So also, I can try to describe my happiness, but I cannot make anyone else feel it, because experience is a personal thing.

NOW, that is another point. Probably most of the other Postulants are experiencing the same deep joy and peace that I feel, yet, none of them would express it in the same manner. All I can say has already been said by the thousands who have known this joy before me. They came pretty close to being precise when they said that it is a feeling of completeness—a full

ness where an emptiness was obvious before entrance. And no wonder the completeness and fullness, from which all the joy springs, are sensed! The little empty space in the heart, which could not be satisfied with the things of the world, was set aside by God Himself to be dwelled in by Himself once the invitation was accepted. He Himself said, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." He chose us by creating us with hearts which could not be content with temporal and material pleasures. He made our hearts so that they would find no rest until they rested in Him. See, I can't say anything new! Even though this ecstatic bliss is new to me, St. Augustine said this before me. Lucky St. Augustine! He knew what this "heaven-on-earth" feeling is like.

WHY I am a postulant about to enter the Novitiate to prepare for a future of loving and loyal service to my best Friend and truest Lover, I do not know. Why He chose to gently tug at my heartstrings until He guided me into this Mother House and put me in the care of His and my heavenly Mother, I do not know. But one thing I do know—He loves me so much that He offered me the priceless gift of a religious vocation. He loves me so much that He has given proof of His words, "My yoke is sweet and my burden light." He loves me so much that He showers me with countless graces throughout each day. And I know that I also love Him. Oh, yes, but I love Him in such a lukewarm, imperfect manner that I am constantly ashamed. Yet He knows that as I learn more about Him, I learn to love Him more. And this learning to love Him is the source of my happiness, the spring from which flows the deep joy which floods my heart to such an extent that I cannot describe it.

SO you see, Sister, I'm not doing a very good job of describing how it feels to be a Postulant. It is beyond description, somehow, because it seems all tied up with a type of celestial bliss which cannot be explained in common platitudes. It is like trying to get to the bottom of a "bottomless well" to try to describe a Postulant's happy heart.



Do You Know

that more than one-half the Catholic children of the United States are in public schools?

that at the present time the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory have fifty thousand of these children enrolled in religion classes?

that other thousands could be enrolled if only the laborers were not so few?

that the Sisters invite self-sacrificing young women, between the ages of eighteen and thirty, to consecrate their lives to the service of God in this great work of instructing youth in the truths and practices of our holy religion?

*"They that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."
(Daniel XII-3).*

For information regarding the life and work of a Missionary Sister of Our Lady of Victory write to:

Mother General
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana