

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Number 3







SISTER JUSTINE AND MARY CECILE SANCHEZ check February activities as pictured on one of the bulletin boards of Holy Ghost Youth Center, Denver.

**THE CATHOLIC PRESS** is more important today than ever before. Only in the Catholic Press do readers get the whole truth. Too often these facts are distorted in the secular press. In one issue recently a New England Catholic paper began two items with the words: "Contrary to secular press reports . . ." To get the truth, then, every Catholic should subscribe to his diocesan paper and read it.

We receive a large number of these diocesan weeklies. Many of them are excellent. Besides covering local and national news they offer fine feature articles on a wide range of subjects.

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# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll  
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### COVER

Sister Ann Joseph uses crowns on her chart instead of stars. Very appropriate they are, too for if these children follow Sister's teaching, they will be sure to receive an incorruptible crown for all eternity. The picture is from Ely, Nevada.

### CREDITS

Inside cover: Hahn-Masten Studio, Denver; p. 4 original by Brother Giles Crenna, O.F.M. Cap., photo by Rickert, Huntington, Indiana; inside back cover, drawings by Sister Mary George.

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# ***Let's Part With Sentimental Art***

by Brother Giles Crenna, O.F.M. Cap.



*Strength, manliness, and above all, a depth of spirituality are the qualities Brother Giles depicts in this original Head of Christ.*

THE term sacred art, according to the spiritual writer Thomas Merton, is applied to "products of human genius or at least of human skill, in the realm of fine art or the crafts, which aid and inspire us in our worship of God."

Art, then, if it is to be sacred, must raise the mind to the eternal truths. It must be capable of elevating the soul to God. Yet this sublime purpose is often defeated by the sentimentality characterizing sacred art today.



To be sacred, art must be theologically correct. The Christian artist is a teacher of theology. He communicates theological truths through the specific media with which he works. The Christian artist must therefore part company with all that savors of theological incorrectness.

Two abominations which are theologically incorrect and which infect sacred art are excessively human portraits of Christ and effeminate portraits of Christ. The former minimize His Divinity, whereas the latter belie His Sacred Humanity.

It is true that any attempt to portray Christ will necessarily fall short of the Divine reality. But behind the artist's work there should be a spiritual purpose—to raise the soul to God. All other purposes should be secondary. This ideal has, however, not been realized in many current representations of Christ. Christ has been made to look like a theater star attending a premiere performance. Such representations have for their primary purpose the delight of the senses.

This type of art flourished in the Greek and Roman ages, during the Renaissance, and in the nineteenth century. In these periods artists conceived art merely as nature's mirror. Simultaneously the art of portraiture flourished. The surface appearance of what the artists were painting received all of their attention. Such artists placed all their faith in appealing to the senses.

We are living in an age of weak faith. It depends on the Christian artist to depart from excessively human portrayals of Christ. He can help restore faith by stressing the spiritual meaning behind his pictures. Man's sense must be subservient to his spirit. Only work done in the spirit of prayer

will accomplish this. Examine the paintings of the saintly artist Fra Angelico. All his work was a holy meditation radiating prayer. He made all his artistic exercises into religious exercises. He never took up his brush before he had knelt in silent prayer. No doubt this explains why his art has achieved such wide acclaim to this day.

The greater the work of art, the more deeply does the artist reveal himself through it. The artist, therefore, should be Christlike. This Christlikeness will radiate from his paintings, and his every portrait will be a spiritual uplift.

The second requisite for sacred art is the removal of all effeminacy in portraying Christ. The Christian artist must restore the true notion of Christ's Sacred Humanity. Unfortunately, effeminate representations of Christ have infiltrated our churches, schools, convents, seminaries, and homes. This serious problem confronts every artist and demands a solution. What a sad plight it is that so many of our Catholic institutions adorn their walls with silky-haired, red-lipped, rouged portraits of Christ. Could we but gaze on the Sacred Humanity of Christ, we would see no trace of effeminacy, but rather the Divine Manhood in all its masculinity.

Our age worships at the shrine of sentimentality. As a result, sentimentality has wormed its way into religious art. The artist must keep in mind that Christ was preeminently masculine and portray Him as such, using those forms and shapes which symbolize not only the natural, but also the supernatural. To give the impression of manliness and power, the artist should depart from overly rounded lines and soft, effeminate shapes and colors. Straight lines and pure colors convey strength.

Look at the old icons painted by the early Russian monks. These men realized Christ's manliness. Icon painters had definite rules of composition and style to follow. Within these boundaries these monks created icons which were distinctive for their portrayal of the Sacred Humanity of our Lord. You will never find an effeminate icon of Christ. From such works of art we have much to learn.

The Christian artist must arouse faith through his art, always remembering that he is glorifying God on earth. He must remember that truth, beauty, and goodness are inseparable. In the Office for the feast of Christ the King we read in the Vesper hymn that

The rulers of the nations  
raise  
To Thee their meed of  
public praise;  
Instructors, judges, Thee  
confess;  
Art, science, law, Thy truth  
express.

All Christian art must be an expression of truth. And God is Truth. If the artist desires to express truth in art, then it is his duty to portray Christ as the God-Man.

Artists, while remaining children of their age, have a Divine vocation. They should not be copyists of past portraits of Christ. Our art should be in accord with Christian tradition. However, our day needs a fresh approach in presenting the Gospel narratives of Christ's life.

The motto of every Christian artist should be that of St. Pius X: To restore all things in Christ.

With such a motto the artist will endeavor to restore the purity of art, especially in portraying Christ. To accomplish this, purity must be restored to the artist's life. Purity of art demands purity of heart. To portray Christ the artist must be pure of heart, for only the pure of heart shall see God.

#### POPE PIUS XII ON SACRED ART

*Modern art should be given free scope in the due and reverent service of the Church and the sacred rites, provided that a correct balance is preserved between styles, tending neither to extreme realism nor to excessive symbolism; and that the needs of the Christian community are taken into consideration, rather than the particular taste or talent of the individual artist. Thus modern art will be able to join its voice to that wonderful choir of praise to which have contributed, in honor of the Catholic faith, the greatest artists throughout the centuries. Nevertheless, in keeping with the duty of Our office, We cannot help deploring and condemning those works of art, recently introduced by some, which seem to be a distortion and perversion of true art and which at times openly shock Christ's taste, modesty, and devotion, and shamefully offend the true religious sense. These must be entirely excluded and banished from our churches, like anything else that is not in keeping with the sanctity of the place.*

*Mediator Dei*



# Double Exposure

by Sister Mary Karl

Are you old enough to remember the stereopticon pictures that used to fascinate us while we sat it out in the dentist's waiting room? They were supposed to distract us from thinking about the drill, just as Look and Life are expected to do today. Sister Mary Karl discovers them again in a most unusual place.

\* \* \*

WHILE another sister and I were working in a mountain parish in New Mexico we sometimes went with Father when he had a weekday Mass in one of his little out-missions. After Mass we instructed the children.

I enjoyed this little mission chapel up in the mountains. It followed the ordinary pattern—a square adobe building topped with a square bell tower. I noticed that even the vigas inside, the great logs supporting the roof, were square-hewn. Usually they are rounded into their natural contours.

There was a wood-burning stove that did good work in the cold winter. The benches were home made. The simple altar and statues were decorated with paper flowers, for what others could one find on the mountains in winter time?

But it was the stations that intrigued me. The first time I went to St. Ann's we were far too busy to notice many details, but I came away with a strange impression of the stations of the cross. They were *wider* than they were *high*.

The next time we went there for Mass I looked again. They *were* wider because each station contained not one, but TWO pictures of the SAME subject, side by side. And I *wasn't* seeing double!

A suspicion began to form in my mind, but the children were beginning to assemble for class and I couldn't verify it then. It was not until our third trip that I could complete my FBI work.

I checked individual stations. I scanned the church carefully and saw that all fourteen were there and that all matched in this strange point of having duplicate pictures of the same station. And as my suspicion was confirmed, it was more than a little startling to realize that our stations were composed of a set of old fashioned stereopticon slides, well printed, nicely colored, but definitely OLD. Each had its standard border; each had its duplicate picture of the same scene.

I never had time to make the stations at St. Ann's so I do not know what it is like to meditate on two pictures of each station at the same time. But their remembrance still intrigues me. Were they a gift from some benefactor? I wonder who viewed them first as scenes in a set of slides? I wonder how they came to the little mission? I wonder if anywhere but among our mountain folk would be found the simplicity of using them in lieu of the better ones they cannot afford to buy?

And I wonder if Catholics who show gratitude for their Faith by contributions to the missions realize how much their offerings are needed? *They would*, if sometimes while they make the stations in their lovely parish churches, they could be spirited away for a little while to the quiet, sturdy, unashamed poverty of St. Ann's.

# Navajo Bride

Photos by Sister Marian Frances.

**I**NTERMOUNTAIN in Brigham City, Utah, is the name given to the government school for Navajo Indians. Of the 2,300 boys and girls registered there, over 900 are Catholic.

The Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake, invited our Congregation to make a foundation in Brigham City in order to provide for the religious instruction of these Indian students. At the Bishop's request, too, the California Province of the Society of Jesus sent its Fathers to staff the parish of St. Henry's in Brigham City and take over the spiritual care of Intermountain. Father Edward J. Whelan, S.J., past president of Loyola Uni-



versity of Los Angeles and of San Francisco University, was St. Henry's first pastor.

During the past six years the Jesuit Fathers have baptized 550 Navajos at the school. Close to 700 have made their First Communion, and 493 have been confirmed.

Some of these young people do not return to the reservation after they graduate, but find work in and around Brigham City and settle there. It is gratifying to both priests and sisters that a number of good Catholic marriages are now taking place among the alumni of Intermountain.



*Proud moment for Grandfather*

One of the first weddings was that of Lillie James and Joe Lee Gazzie. Lillie had been one of the first pupils at the school and had endeared herself to priests and sisters. She looked on Father Whelan as her real Father in Christ and her only regret on her wedding day was that Father was no longer pastor in Brigham City and would not be there to officiate. Her disappointment was not so great when she





*It's Father Whelan!*

learned that Father Francis Dunne, S.J., who had been Father Whelan's assistant and was still at St. Henry's, would have the ceremony.

Lillie's grandfather, who had reared her, was there to give the bride away. Grandfather, a tribal chief, carried out his role with dignity, though he was a bit self-conscious in his new suit and seldom-worn necktie.

The beautiful bridal dress and veil? The sisters took care of that. They had it made especially for the Navajo girls. Other brides have worn it since. And more bridal outfits have found their way to the convent, too. On the wedding day the sisters call for the Navajo bride-to-be, drive her to the convent, help her dress, and then take her to the church for the ceremony.



*Lillie and Joe open their wedding gifts.*

Altogether it was a happy day for Lillie and Joe. The highlight of the day? A telephone call from Father Whelan in California! Since he could not be there in person to see his two children united in matrimony, he did the next best thing, called them long distance.

# Out of Ordo

by Sister Ruth Anthony

[T was not really a diary at all; only some notes jotted down at irregular intervals on the blank pages of a 1941 Ordo. Now and then, I think, every sister goes through her belongings with an eye out for possible excess baggage. That is what I was doing when I found the old diary. Before discarding it, however, I decided to glance through it. Some of the jottings seemed too interesting to go into the waste basket.

There were some sad notes of a disastrous blizzard in Colorado. Under January 17, I read: "The Martinez twins and Maria's baby are drinking flour-water instead of milk."

Immediately there came to my mind the pitiful picture of an entire family crowded into one small room. When the deep snow on the roof of the ancient two-story house began to melt, water leaked into all the rooms except one on the first floor. The kitchen stove and as many beds as would fit were squeezed in here. It was there we found not just the family, but also the married daughter and her tiny baby.

While we tried to talk to the adult members of the family, the twins cried lustily. We asked whether the babies were sick.

"They don't like what we are giving them," the mother explained.

Then she said that they could not afford to buy milk so they were mixing flour and water to the consistency of milk and giving it to the three infants.

Happily the next item read: "Took milk and food to the Martinez family." January 19's notation reminded me that

the Consuelo Club, a charitable parish society, had given a gift of money for this poor family.

In March the snow began to melt; but in a few days we had another heavy snowfall. One little tot said she did not like the snow because it had come "just when it was lookin' pretty and the ants and everything wuz comin' out."

The next entry was: "Sister Mechtilde and I were at V's when Mr. died. First death either of us had ever seen."

And a beautiful death it was, I recalled. We were hurrying home for lunch after a morning spent in visiting in a very poor area. As we walked along we were greeted on all sides, especially by the pre-schoolers for whom sisters are a great novelty.

From the opposite side of the street a young woman called to us to come quickly. She hurried us into the house, explaining that her grandfather was dying. Naturally our first thought was to call a priest. The family explained that Father had been there the night before and again that morning and that he had done everything possible.

The good old man seemed to recognize us, but he was unable to speak. Sister Mechtilde held her crucifix to his lips and pronounced the Name of Jesus. All knelt to pray the rosary. The next thing I remember of the scene is that I was suddenly surprised in the middle of the rosary to see two young men go up to their grandfather, close his eyes, and draw the sheet over his face.

"If that is death, it certainly is peaceful," I thought in my youthful ignorance. Experience has since taught me that death does not always come like that.

The diary stirred up memories of missions poorly attended and of others





*To pre-schoolers the sisters are a novelty.*

which were more successful. One account read:

April 4. Father X opened mission this evening. Services lasted from 7:30 to 10:30.

April 5. Services slightly shorter.

April 10. Church so crowded at closing of mission that sanctuary was filled with boys who sat at Father's feet.

Evidently these good people liked three-hour sermons.

On Easter Monday I had written: "Tubs still in church for Easter water. No washing."

Accustomed as I now am to automatic washing machines I had to think twice to grasp that one.

The next note of interest also concerned tubs: "Saw Mrs. Lopez' new house. Ten-year-old Philip proud to have been the first to use the bathtub."

This widowed mother of six small children had always rented cheap houses which lacked ordinary conven-

iences. Finally she was able to begin payments on a small place of her own. The greatest attraction in the new home was the bathtub. Philip, the oldest child, rated the first bath.

At the close of the school year the altar boys had a bingo party at which left-over Christmas prizes were won. "Everyone happy except Marvin who had to take a checker board without the checkers," was my comment on the party.

There were notes on outings, too, such as: "Picnic at Rocky Mountain Park. Climbed highest peak I've ever attempted. Scared eagle. Brought home lots of ticks."

It probably should have read: "Scared by eagle."

As memories of past pupils and kind friends welled up in my mind, I put the little diary back in the drawer. My intention had been to cut down on baggage. Now I was wondering where I might find another Ordo.

# B u s t e r

by Sister Loretta Marie

BUSTER (baptized Leon) has been paralyzed from the hips down since he was an infant. He spends most of his time in a wheel chair. The nearest school for crippled children is twenty-five miles from his home. His mother makes this trip twice a day—a total of a hundred miles—to give her son an education.

Now that Buster was going to school his mother was anxious for him to be instructed for First Communion. We arranged to give him private classes at his home.

Buster is intelligent and is curious about everything he sees. We even had to explain to him why we sisters wear a certain habit, medals, and such.

When I spoke to him about the danger of sudden death for a person in the state of mortal sin, Buster said, "Yes, and don't leave your blood on the road."

For a minute I wondered whether I had understood him correctly. I looked at him, amazed, thinking he must have been watching some horrible crime story on TV. I tried to be matter-of-fact when I asked, "What makes you say that?"

He answered, "That's what the man on TV said."

While I considered telling him he should not look at such programs he continued, "Give your blood to the Red Cross instead."

Then light dawned. He had been listening to a "Safe Driving" announcement.

When we came to the public life of Our Lord and spoke of His miracles, Buster interrupted with, "How come He doesn't cure *me* if He cured all these others?"

I wondered how I could explain suffering, merit, and God's will to this





*Sister Loretta Marie shows Buster a picture.*



*Buster always has something to show Sister.*

*This time it is a jar of grasshoppers.*

little crippled boy, but the Holy Spirit must have helped me, for Buster was satisfied with my answer.

When I first spoke about the fast for Holy Communion Buster did not understand and questioned, "You can't eat again, ever?" You see, Buster, being the oldest of the children in his family, does not have a brother or sister whose example and conversation would have helped him to understand the sacraments better.

Buster lives in a small town where there is only one Mass at the mission church on Sundays. Most of the children are Latin-Americans and so we usually pray and sing in Spanish during Mass. I explained to Buster that the prayers we would say together on First Communion day would be in Spanish because the other children would understand it better. He could say his own prayers in English and talk to Jesus in his own way.

Buster said, "Oh, I can sing and talk in Spanish, Sister, but I don't understand it."

Then he said that he had been repeating the words after Sister during Mass and joining in the singing. I then told him he could pray in Spanish with the other children if he wished and in between times he could pray in English.

Almost every week Buster has something different to show me. One time he will have a jar with grasshoppers in it. Another time there will be a rock inside his balloon. One day he had cut the bud of a small flower to find out what it is like before it opens. There is little he is not interested in.

Buster received his First Communion from his wheel chair after the other children had received in the sanctuary. It was a very happy day for him and for his relatives who came from a neighboring town to celebrate with him.

It was a happy day for me, too. There is always something particularly satisfying about teaching a private pupil, especially one like Buster.

## MATTER OF GNATS

Do you know how to tell a new-comer to Florida from one of the natives? By natives we mean here not just those who were actually born in the state, but those who are long-time residents or even annual visitors. It's really very simple to tell the new-comers from the oldtimers. It's all in one's attitude toward the ever-present gnats.

Two of us were standing in line waiting to check out the groceries. When at long last our turn came the cashier said, "You two sisters are new in Florida, aren't you?"

Surprised, we admitted we were.

"I could tell," she continued, "because you both keep brushing away the gnats. You won't do it for long though. You will get used to them."

Then we heard this story. On their first visit to Florida a man and his wife ordered orange juice. They discovered a gnat in it and very ceremoniously sent it back. The next year when the same thing happened, they just fished out the gnat and drank the juice. By the third year they had gone completely native. They drank the juice, gnats and all.

SISTER MARY KATHLEEN

\* \* \* \*

## CHAT THOU ART . . .

Familiar landmarks here in the Lead Belt of Missouri are the sandy-looking hills known as chat dumps. Not a part of the rolling Ozarks, these mountains are man-made, refuse from the lead mines. To the children dust and chat are synonymous. On Ash Wednesday we were telling the children that our bodies must return to dust. One of the first graders said, "God made Adam out of chat, didn't He, Sister?"

SISTER MARCELLA

# In the Home Field

## SISTER GOES FREE

During Mass a tiny tot in the front pew was causing much disturbance. I took her back to sit with me. Her older sister gave me a dime, the little one's offering. When the basket came to us I gave the dime to the little girl and she dropped it in with much ceremony. Then she looked at me and asked reproachfully, "Don't you put any money in the basket?"

SISTER MADELON

## LATINISTS

Some of our apprentice altar boys were in a theater waiting for a movie to start. A group of lads near them were engaged in a Spanish conversation and apparently having a good time. Not willing to be outdone in linguistic abilities, the prospective servers pretended to talk in an interested and jovial manner, using the Latin responses they had learned.

SISTER MELITA



Martin takes Sister literally.

## ELBOW GREASE

"Sister, may I clean the car after class?"

"Can I help too?"

"If he stays, I'll stay too."

After class the three volunteers set out with bucket and rags to wash the car. One boy was only flipping the cloth back and forth over the surface and making streaks.

"Martin," I said, "use some elbow grease."

A few minutes later I looked again at Martin. "What are you doing with the cloth under your elbow?"

Martin looked genuinely puzzled. "Sister, you said to use elbow grease. I'm trying, but I can't get any to come out."

SISTER THERESE ANN

\* \* \* \*

In Idabell, a small mission from Hugo, Oklahoma, five ranch families get up at 4:30 in the morning and travel from fifteen to twenty-five miles in order to assist at the six o'clock Mass in Hugo on First Friday.

SISTER MARY LIGUORI



Not just during Catholic Press month, but all during the year the Missionary Sisters encourage the pupils in their schools of religion to read good Catholic magazines. Sister Carolyn Marie decorates the smallest children's bulletin board in San Basilio Catechetical Center, Los Angeles, with magazines written just for them.





The Culprits

and their

Big Brothers



# The Case of the Missing Nut

by Sister Eugenia

NO, it's not what you might think it is. It was only an ordinary little nut, but still quite an important one. More important, really, than it knew.

But let's start at the beginning. It happened on an ordinary class day; just like every other class day.

No fire alarm clanged (we teach upstairs in the firehouse on Mondays) to interrupt our religious instruction. No siren blew to send our pupils scurrying from their seats. Everything proceeded in its usual calm routine; no warning whatsoever of what awaited us just around the corner.

Class dismissed, the children raced outside to the various cars waiting to take them home. Our car was loaded with children. As we started to get into the car, two contrite and sober faces informed us that —

"The gas pedal is broke."

Sure enough. The gas pedal *"was broke."* Such a helpless, spineless thing

it was, lying there on the floor. No life to it at all.

Immediately two gallant young men leaped to the rescue, perhaps in a spirit of atonement and reparation. At least the family honor must be vindicated. How *could* their own brothers do such a thing to the sisters' car?

In a jiffy the situation was determined to be that of a missing nut. But where was the nut? Not under the car. Not even within the widest vicinity of the car.

There was nothing to do now but call the garage man. And here is where Divine Providence arranged to have "all things work together unto good."

Our first impression of Mr. M, the garage man, was hardly an encouraging one. He seemed to be unusually slow about helping us. After sizing up the situation he returned to his garage to wait on a few customers and presumably to look for the right kind of nut to replace the lost one.

Perhaps he was waiting for all the parents and all the cars to leave the firehouse grounds so that he might have a few moments in privacy with the sisters. After twenty years, what does one say to sisters, anyhow? No use telling them you were once an altar boy. A divorced man is out of the Church. His bridges are burned behind him. No use bringing up all that to the sisters.



**Tinkering doesn't help.**

After repairing the car he turned quickly to leave, but not before we asked for the bill.

"No charge, ma'am."

We thanked him and asked his name. He gave it, a very English-sounding name.

"Oh," said one of the sisters, "I would take you to be an Italian."

"No, ma'am. Spanish. From South America."

For the next few minutes the conversation continued in Spanish. Taken off his guard by our knowledge of Spanish, he told us everything.

"I used to be a Catholic, Sister. But no more. I am a divorced man."

"Your first wife was a Catholic and you were married by a priest?"

"Si, *hermana*, but she is dead now."

"Dead?"

"Yes, she died four years after I married the second time."

Amazement, relief spread over his face when we told him that it would be possible for him to come back to the practice of his Faith. There would be investigations, of course, but Father would help him.

"I didn't know that," he said simply and with feeling.

Now a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe hangs in a prominent place in the garage. It won't be long until its owner is safe again within the folds of her mantle and that of holy Mother Church.



**The last stragglers leave the firehouse.  
Religion classes are held upstairs.**

But what about the case of the missing nut? We found it that night when we got home. Three hours and twenty miles later it turned up. Right in the middle of our driveway.





# our **A**ssociates'

**Write  
TODAY  
for your  
LENTEN  
MITE-BOX!**

MOTHER CABRINI, *Wauconda, Ill.*

It was late in November when the secretary of this Band, Mrs. Emma Homerding, wrote us as follows: "We are happy to be able to send you the enclosed check for \$100, our annual donation. We just sent five large boxes of clothing and blankets to Sister Mary Genrose. The shipping charges amount to quite a bit each time, and now we have a grand balance of four cents (!) but the fund will grow again."

## ST. FRANCIS MISSION CIRCLE

*Louisville, Ohio*



The last letter from the Promoter, Mrs. V. P. Samblanet, informed us that our Sisters in San Pedro, where her daughter Sister Grace Marie is stationed, could expect garments which they made for their statue of the Infant of Prague. Our Sis-

ters are too busy at their large mission center to engage in sewing of this kind. For that reason the gift must have been greatly appreciated.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,  
*Detroit.*



The Promoter, Miss Lillian Dunn, wrote to tell us their Band is still active. However, they decided to handle things a little differently in the future. Several meetings are held during the school year but dues are collected only at their final meeting in June. The bulk of this amount is to be sent to Victory Noll to be applied to Sister Mary Mark's Burse. A small portion, though, is set

aside for Sister to use as she sees fit at her mission center.

## ST. JOSEPH'S, *Chicago*

These ladies, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Aloysia Naumes, meet once a month for cards at the homes of the different members. The number of tables ranges from five to ten depending on the crowd, the weather, and other factors. One of the members claims bad weather always plagues her parties in spite of her prayers for good weather. First it was a snow-storm. The next time she had the crowd it poured rain. Since both parties netted a good sum, it showed stormy weather could not dampen the zeal of members in behalf of our work.

# Club Mention



## ST. JUSTIN BAND, Chicago

WE eagerly awaited news from Mrs. Fred Kiefer, organizer and president of St. Justin Band, following her big party in October. It pleased us exceedingly to learn that the affair brought over five hundred dollars into their treasury. We quote Mrs. Kiefer's letter in part: "A 91-year woman won Mrs. Garrity's stole. She also had won a Red Cross medal for knitting during World War II. My neighbor who runs a bakery won the tablecloth and Mrs. Kintz, one of my old faithful friends, the quilt. Our pastor had just installed a new loud speaker system. Consequently I was able to plead with the women to start new clubs or bands among their daughters, daughters-in-law, or friends. In this way you may have help in the future."

### BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

November 24 to December 28, 1957

Adrian Club, Chicago, Ill.,	
Florence Dietz	\$50.00
Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Ind.,	
Cecelia Murphy	25.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Helen Ford	5.00
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill.,	
Mary Gibbons	45.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mo.,	
Mrs. Butler	25.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit,	
Mrs. Jos. Brusch	1.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis,	
Clare Luechtfeld	12.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago,	
Joseph Walz	45.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind.,	
Marv Nye	100.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,	
Mrs. McGovern	28.00
Immaculate Conception Band,	
Chicago, Mary Perkins	35.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington,	
Ind., Mrs. Herzog	10.00
Our Lady of The Blessed Sacrament,	

Chicago, Marian Turek	10.00
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. Sauthier	15.00
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn.,	
Regina Emmerich	9.50
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark,	
N. Y., Mrs. Albanese	500.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass.,	
Mrs. Jas. O'Brien	10.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. McMannamy	54.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. A. Vlcek, Sec.	200.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O.,	
Helen Melke	64.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	4.00
St. John Guild, Chicago,	
Mrs. A. Bechtold	169.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Kiefer	12.50
St. Katherine, Chicago,	
Mrs. K. Hammer	45.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	63.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha,	
Marie Egermier	264.00
St. Martin of Tours, Omaha,	
Frances Shanahan, Treas.	244.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Orlando,	
Fla., Mrs. Lehman	5.00
St. Mary Goretti, Chicago,	
Mrs. L. Picchietti	2.00
St. Michael Guild, Chicago,	
Mrs. C. J. Dowling	10.00
St. Mel. Chicago, Margaret Murphy	20.00
St. Patricia, Chicago,	
Mrs. Lucy F. Gones	6.75
St. Philomena, Chicago,	
Miss Mary Schaefer	27.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Johann	13.67
St. Stephen, Highland Pk., Mich.,	
Mrs. Jos. Koroly	5.00
St. Therese, Los Angeles, Calif.	
Mrs. Burch	8.00
St. Vincent of St. Jude, Ft. Wayne,	
Mrs. Carl	16.00
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Ill.,	
Mrs. J. Murphy	10.50
Srillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg	2.00
Upsilon Chan., Pi Epsilon Kappa,	
LaPorte, Ind., Mrs. L. Murphy	25.00
Via Matris, Chicago, Anna Aldworth	16.00





# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

If you attend a parochial school you probably know that February is *Catholic Press Month*. School children vie with one another in getting the most subscriptions to their diocesan paper. Often attractive prizes are won by those who bring in the largest number. Below is pictured Marguerite Sackett, of Cascade, Iowa. Marguerite visited the homes of friends and relatives to secure subscriptions to *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*. God blessed her efforts and she succeeded in getting many for us. Our young

IOWA HELPER



Helper, who is the niece of Sister Mary Irmina and Sister Jerome, sought no other prize than to make our missionary work known. She didn't do it to curry favor with her aunts either, because she herself hopes to be a Franciscan Sister when she grows up. We know that God will abundantly bless her unselfish efforts.

By the way how would you like to get some new subscriptions for us? We might even find prizes for those who secure five or more.

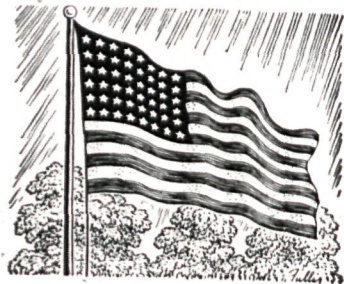
Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

INDIANA HELPER



In the accompanying picture is Helen Jean Enneking, of Batesville, Indiana. She wrote us as follows: "My aunt, Sister Marie Helene, belongs to your congregation. I can hardly wait until your wonderful magazine comes to me. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. I attend St. Louis Catholic School. I have three sisters and three brothers, and am the oldest child in the family."



# Helpers' pages

## LETTER O' THE MONTH

I have not written to you for a long time because I had to practice football everyday. I was on the Black Knights team for St. Clair Shores and played left halfback. We had a fair team.

I have built about five model planes.

Sister you will find enclosed one dollar, and we are sending you some canceled stamps which you will get in a few days. I hope they help your good works.

*Michael Schefke, St. Clair Shores, Michigan*



## FEBRUARY PUZZLE

### FLORIDA HELPERS



Pictured at the right is a Quizzie Dot Puzzle. Draw a line from dot to dot, find out what animal you have drawn, and write the name of the animal together with your own name and address on a separate sheet of paper. Send it to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

—i—

In the picture to the left are Ted and Nancy Crownover of Miami, Florida, who visited their aunt, Sister Agnes Clare, at Victory Noll a few months ago. They are greatly interested in saving Sunshine Pennies to aid our missionary work.

### ANSWERS TO "NUTS PUZZLE."

Hazei nuts, almond, butternut. Brazil nuts, chestnut, pistachio. hickory, walnuts, beechnuts, pecan.

A cake of ice  
is cold  
But he is warm  
and bold  
Who is it  
?





# *I Pay a Debt*

by Sister M. Rose Frances

IT seems to me that this is a good time for me to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to the magazine section of the Catholic Press. I doubt very much whether I would be here at Victory Noll were it not for the influence of two magazines: *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* and *Queen of All Hearts*.

It was like this. Several years ago I was given a booklet called *The Secret of Mary*, a condensation of St. Louis de Montfort's *Treatise on True Devotion to Mary*. It attracted me, but at the same time it almost frightened me. Instead of seeking further information I pushed the whole thing to the back of my mind. I felt that the practice of True Devotion or Total Consecration asked for something that I was not ready to give.

Some time later a priest asked me whether I had ever read the *Treatise*. I told him about reading the *Secret of Mary* and of my reaction to it. He urged me to read it again and then discuss it with him.

I did as Father suggested, but the forceful language of St. Louis gave me the impression that he was something of an extremist. If this practice of Total Consecration was all he said it was, why hadn't I heard about it before? Why hadn't the priests and sisters who had instructed me in my religion told me of it? Why hadn't I read more about it in spiritual books? Also, I wondered about the practical-

ity of it for someone in my circumstances.

At this point Father decided I should read the fuller explanation of this devotion as given in the *Treatise*. He also began lending me copies of the magazine *Queen of All Hearts* published for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of True Devotion.

Gradually I began to have a better understanding of the doctrinal aspect of the devotion. At the same time I learned how it could be practiced by persons in all walks of life. It was a relief to me to discover, through this magazine, that True Devotion is based on good solid doctrine and can be lived in a practical manner.

How did this affect my vocation? Well, if I had never come to know and love St. Louis de Montfort's practice of devotion to Mary, I probably would not have been especially attracted to Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, a Congregation that lives this devotion. And this is where *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* comes into the picture. It was through its pages that I came to know the Victory Noll Sisters and be attracted to them because they all make the act of Perfect Consecration to Jesus through Mary as slaves of love.

No wonder then that I am grateful to *Queen of All Hearts* and to *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* for the very real part they had in God's plan to bring me to Victory Noll.

# Around Victory Noll

REPORTING events Around Victory Noll is somewhat hazardous these days. Modern readers are now conditioned—almost mesmerized—into being interested in the future rather than the past. Modern journalism is no longer concerned, it seems, with what *has* happened; only with what is *going* to happen. We seldom find out from the newspapers how the affair turned out, much less who were there.

Unfortunately there is no crystal ball on the editor's desk so she can only resort to the now outmoded method of telling you what *happened* Around Victory Noll. We hope that our readers are old fashioned enough to want to know, even though the news might seem dated.

Writing about Christmas in the month of February, for instance, is a bit unseasonal, but that doesn't make Christmas less wonderful. As always, one of our best Christmas gifts was from the Capuchin Community at St. Felix Friary here in Huntington.

Father Thomas Aquinas was celebrant of the Solemn Mass in our chapel on the feast of the Holy Innocents. Father Martinian was deacon and Father Nelson, subdeacon. Students were the minor officers of the Mass. Father Carmel directed the choir of seminarians and brothers.

This year the program the Capuchins presented was especially beautiful. It consisted of a series of scenes from the Little Flowers of St. Francis

culminating in the charming episode at Greccio when, according to the ancient chronicler, the "holy man of God wanted to enact the memory of the Infant who was born at Bethlehem, bedded in the manger on hay, between an ass and an ox."

We are most grateful to the friars for such a wonderful treat.

One of the latest improvements Around Victory Noll is a modern communications system. The old one had done its work well, but it was not only outmoded, but outworn. The new one saves much time and energy when we want to get a message to someone in another building. Nor is that the least of its advantages.

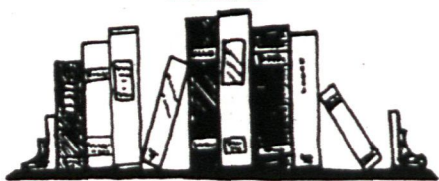
No longer do we call our message into a box and hope for the best, feeling sometimes as if we are talking to the wall. Now at least we know that someone is there. Best of all, there is no more danger of pushing the wrong button and having our message broadcast for all the world to hear. Many times that happened with the old system. We'll tell you about just one of those times.

It was Profession Day Around Victory Noll. The cook had asked one of the sisters to let her know when the ceremonies were almost over so that she could put the potatoes on. The late Archbishop Noll had presided and, as was his custom, he delivered a stirring sermon on the merits of the religious life. But this day something else was added, not according to custom. Imagine the surprise of the assembled priests, relatives, and other guests—not to mention the community—when a young voice called out right in the middle of the sermon, "You can put the potatoes on, Sister!"

Sister put the potatoes on.



## Books



*St. Francis de Sales: A Diary of Meditations* edited by Dom Cuthbert Smith, O.S.B. Henry Regnery Company, Chicago. \$4.75

In his Introduction Dom Cuthbert tells us that the main object of this book is to make St. Francis de Sales better known and to provide a minimum amount of spiritual reading for those who are too busy for more. As its name implies, it may also be used as a meditation book.

The quotations are short, the average length being two hundred words. Although they are arranged for every day of the year, no effort has been made to tie them in with the feasts or seasons. Only the meditations for the Immaculate Conception, Christmas, Annunciation, Assumption, and possibly one or two others have any reference to the feasts. Occasionally the quotations on two successive days will be continuous.

These quotes are from the Introduction to the Devout Life and the Treatise on the Love of God, the first four months being from the former, the last eight from the Treatise.

Since both of these books were written by the saint for persons "in the world" (although religious can profit greatly from them, particularly the Treatise on the Love of God), they should be welcomed especially by the laity.

Those who know and love St. Francis de Sales will be happy to have this book. Those who do not yet know him

will, after this brief acquaintance, want to read his more extensive works.

A reviewer does not often mention the type in which a book is set, but this one happens to be in our favorite — twelve-point Garamond. It greatly enhances the appearance of the volume. In case you would like to check, the date line, volume, and number on the cover of this magazine are twelve-point Garamond.

\* \* \* \*

*Brother Juniper* by Father Justin McCarthy. A Book of Cartoons. Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York. \$1.00

Brother Juniper has the advantage of having as his creator not a layman, but a religious, a Franciscan priest. This gives him a decided edge over Brother Sebastian, the Monsignor, and his other contemporaries.

Father Justin's little brother (little in height, not width) could have stepped right out of the *Fioretti*, so much is he a counterpart of his namesake. He is just as exasperating sometimes, but no one could possibly stay mad at him.

Since last September Brother Juniper has been in the comic section of the daily newspapers. He is just what the comics need. It is good to have him in book form.

\* \* \* \*

*Mother of God* by Father Cyril Bernard, O.D.C. Introduction by Frank Duff. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50

When a book is introduced in such glowing terms as this one, a reviewer almost instinctively starts to read it



cautiously; but here there is a difference. The book is about Our Blessed Mother and the writer of the Introduction is Frank Duff, founder of the Legion of Mary.

Few persons, clerical or lay, are so well versed in Mariology as Mr. Duff, so when he writes of Father Bernard's *Mother of God*: "It is a duty to recommend it and get people to read it. It brings all the wonderful doctrine about Mary within our reach and in an intensely readable way," we begin its opening chapter with eagerness. And we are not disappointed.

For all its readableness, Father Bernard's book is scholarly. He quotes Scripture and the Fathers and explains Mary's greatness in a most engaging way. The chapters are not long. They follow in logical sequence, treating of Mary's predestination, her Divine Maternity, and the privileges that were hers as its consequence.

This book is all that Mr. Duff says of it. Certainly it is exactly what Catholics should read in order to "explain" Our Blessed Mother to Protestants, and of course to increase their own devotion to her; a devotion that should rest on solid doctrine and not, as it so often does, on sentimental piety.

Father Bernard is a native of India. He is now in Rome where he lectures at the Propaganda and at Regina Mundi, the Pontifical Institute for Religious Women.

\* \* \* \*

*Marriage: A Great Sacrament* by Canon Jacques Leclercq. Translated from the French by the Earl of Wicklow. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.95

Canon Leclercq not only stresses the dignity and sanctity of the married

state, but he makes his book thoroughly practical by including advice on how to meet the day-in, day-out problems of husband and wife. In an entertaining, but instructive way, he points out the psychological differences between man and woman and their effect on married love.

"Husband and wife," he writes, "must accept the fact that the other partner does not fulfil every requirement, that he or she has not exactly the same inclinations and tastes . . . Suppose that a young girl lacks orderly habits. Her fiance may at first be charmed by this disorder. But, once he is her husband, he will be irritated at finding holes in his socks, and when, if he is looking for his writing paper, it is found in the kitchen cupboard, along with the sugar and the crockery. A young man may have a rough manner which may seem delightful to his fiancee, because she sees in it a mark of manly forcefulness. But when her husband empties the dishes without thinking of what his wife would like, and makes no attempt to help her in the smallest thing, this roughness merely becomes bad manners and loses its attraction."

A fine chapter on Conjugal Spirituality outlines religious practices for the family.

This is an excellent treatise on the sacrament of matrimony. It should be valuable, not only to those who are already married, but to those who contemplate marriage. Priests will find it most helpful.

\* \* \* \*

A subscriber wishes us to publish her thanks to the Infant of Prague, Our Blessed Mother, and St. Frances Cabrini for a favor received.

\* \* \* \*

Little girl: "Our Father who works hard in heaven . . ."



## Editor's By-Line

The *Catholic Journalist* recently reprinted one of Westbrook Pegler's columns in which he deplored the slipshod language of many journalists. With WP's views I usually do not agree, but this time I think he is on the side of the angels.

Editors and writers of our own Catholic press might well profit from some soul-searching on this point. We resort too much to the old clichés, use outmoded expressions in news reporting, and make far too many mistakes in grammar.

I can understand very well how someone with a doctorate in chemistry might not be an expert at baking a batch of bread; but I cannot understand how someone can earn a doctorate in anything and still not be absolutely correct in basic English. There must be something wrong when he will write: "Choose whom you think will make a good leader." Nor is this an isolated example.

The mistakes I am referring to are not those of the printer. No matter how good a proof reader is, he makes some slips now and then. You can read and read and read. Then when the magazine comes off the press there is that misspelled word or misplaced punctuation mark standing out as if it were in 72-point type.

No, what I mean are the mistakes in grammar that occur too frequently. Here are a few taken effortlessly from the Catholic papers and magazines that have come in during the past week.

A priest columnist in a diocesan weekly: We are delighted to see our message picked up and further broadcast by other periodicals, *providing*, of course, the material . . .

Another priest, same paper: . . . leaders *whom* we think are outstanding examples of . . .

Sports column, weekly paper: And in case you didn't know *same*, Notre Dame will be . . .

A mission magazine: *There's* supplies to be purchased.

Another mission magazine: Father W., the *then* Director of the . . .

Weekly review: State Department purchases have been *less* than 500 copies.

There are more: *enthused* for enthusiastic; *data* with a singular verb; *among* for *between*; *like he did* for *as he did*; *it's* for *its*; *kind of a* for *kind of*; *all-around* for *all-round*.

I could go on and on, but perhaps these examples are enough to show that we might be too complacent about our scholarship. Maybe we are more concerned with layout than with grammar. I would suggest that more attention be given to freshman English in high school and in college. To apply the rules we must know them.

It is true that there are persons who seem to know instinctively what is right and what is wrong when it is a question of usage. Although they cannot explain the rule, they seem to know with a kind of unerring instinct.

Maybe they know in the same way that I can tell the difference between my cold sneeze and my allergy sneeze. I can't tell you why, but I know which is which. SEA

## In Memoriam

Most Rev. Eugene J. McGuinness, D.D., Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa

Mrs. Clara Pearl, Pensacola, Fla., mother of Sister Evelyn

Mrs. Mary C. Lindenschmitt, Newburg, Ind., mother of Sister Ruth Anthony.

Guadalupe Rodriguez, Salt Lake City, brother of Sister M. Rodriguez

Very Rev. Francis M. Kaminsky, Amarillo, Texas.

Rev. James Gerstbauer, Fort Wayne.

Sister M. Dorothy, OSF C. V. Scully

Mrs. M. Schumann, Mrs. Anna Sabath

ACM, Chicago Clara Yager

James Dooley John Nothacker

Margaret Sullivan Carolyn Krumpelmann

Harold C. Genlaw Mrs. William John

W. A. Gaskins Mrs. George S. Hogan

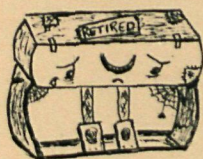
Mrs. W. J. McArthur Mrs. Victorine Tabor



# Victor—

## *a very small organ*

by Sister Mary George



VICTOR is a small, a very small portable organ. He stands just outside the chapel door because the chapel is not big enough to hold the four of us and him too. He remains by the door always ready to give the tone for chanting the Office or for whenever we need him. Victor is dependable, but it was not always so.

Victor is old and had been retired from active duty years ago. When this new convent was opened there was no organ and absolutely no hope for a new one, so Victor was called out of retirement.

Poor Victor did his best. All his notes played except one important one. To get any sound at all, however, required violent pumping. The sister who did most of the playing, exhausted from the struggle, tried in desperation to fix Victor.

Screw after screw was removed as we tried to find what was wrong. We were unsuccessful. How poor Victor suffered! Now *several* notes refused to play. What was worse, Victor gave out a moan-like discord as soon as anyone started to pump, even before the key board was touched! It was decided to take the organ to someone who understood such instruments and find out whether it could be repaired.

We drove to a nearby city and parked in front of a store displaying fine organs, expensive record players, and such. Victor had never been much to look at (he was made of plywood), but now he looked positively shabby. We kept him in the trunk of the car while we went into the music store

to find out whether there were any chances for his recovery.

The repairman greeted us with a smile. "Why, I have fixed all kinds of portable organs," he assured us. But none like Victor, thought I.

We were told to drive around to the alley at the back of the store where the repair shop was. This was a merciful thing. Now Victor would be spared the embarrassment of passing all those beautiful organs on display.

The men from the store were waiting for us as we drove up. I think it took all the self-control one of them had not to laugh when the trunk was opened allowing the bright California sunlight to flood in on Victor and accent all his defects. The man's cheeks puffed and his eyes twinkled, but only the trace of a smile played on his lips as the organ was tenderly lifted from the trunk.

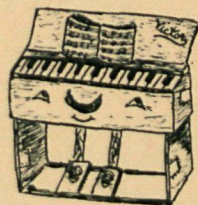
The repairman ran experienced fingers over the keyboard. "Nice tone."

It was a kind thing to say.

Then he added, "Doesn't it bother you the way it sways back and forth? You must feel as though you've run in a race after pumping this for a while. And that hum in there . . . did it do that before?"

But Victor was not beyond repair. The cost was reasonable.

Now Victor is back. He plays every note of him. He no longer sways back and forth. Sister is able to rise immediately after a hymn. No longer must she sit a while to catch her breath. We are delighted to have him.





# Why Don't *You* Try?

Relatives and friends of Sister Mary Irmina and Sister Jerome presented them with \$100 worth of subscriptions to **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST** last summer when the sisters visited their mother, Mrs. John Manternach of Cascade, Iowa.

Mrs. Charles Musante of Warren, Pennsylvania, whose daughter Rita is a postulant at Victory Noll, got well over a hundred subscriptions for us last fall.

It's not hard to do. Why don't **YOU** try? Maybe you won't get so many as these people did, but you can get one or two or three . . .

It would mean so much to us. **WILL YOU DO IT?**

.....  
Our Lady of Victory Press  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sisters

Please send **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST** to:

Name .....

Address .....

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

Rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years.