

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 36

JANUARY 1960

Number 2





Rachel loves to say the Hail Mary with the record.

# Record Patter

by SISTER CHARLENE

RACHEL accompanies her father when he comes to our school of religion to teach the high school boys. She knows her prayers very well for a four-year-old. While she waits for Dad she likes to listen to the Hail Mary on the record. Since she knows the words, she likes to say them with the record.

Using the record is a good way to teach slow first graders their prayers. One day after class when I returned to my room after seeing the little ones safely down the street, I found ten of my high school boys listening fascinated to: "Who made me?" "God made me"; and so on through a recorded lesson.

Another time I had turned it on for my first graders before class. All the children had not yet arrived. We were listening to the prayers and saying the words to get the correct pronunciation. They were being said by different members of a family.

When the record stopped, Terry turned to me and said, "You know, Sister, the part I like best?"

"Which part?" I asked.

"The Amen," she said emphatically.

The next time I listened more carefully and then I discovered that the entire family joined in on the Amen, emphasizing it strongly. Terry liked the ring of it and seemed to grasp its meaning.

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

January 1960

No. 2 Vol. 36

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters  
Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana



Victory Noll Press

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## COVER

Who's going to let ice and snow keep them from religion class? Not the Pfefferkorn Twins of St. Michael's Parish, Waterloo, Indiana. Jane and June (or is it June and Jane?) are taught by our Kendallville Sisters.

## CREDITS

Cover by Sister Marie; pages 4, 5, 6, 7, Daughters of Isabella, Norwalk, Ohio; page 9, Union City, Pa., Times photo by John Courneen; page 12, W. Wesley Kloepfer, Azusa, Calif.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, a Pontifical Institute dedicated to religious education and social service work.

Entered as second class matter on December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. Issued monthly from September to June. Subscriptions one dollar a year.



Lining up for Sister John's class.

"I MADE my First Communion in the cherries, I was confirmed in the peas, and I went to confession the last time in the beans."

Although we might be puzzled at such a statement, to a Mexican migrant child whose life is regulated by the crops, this makes sense. Most of them call Texas home, but it is home for only two or three months of the year. In February these families go over to Florida for work, then move up north toward New York. Summer finds many of them in the midwest. During the latter part of August they are in Indiana and Ohio harvesting tomatoes and canning them. By late October they are working south again, in the cotton. Then early in December they are home in Texas.

Such a nomadic life leaves little time for religious instruction. It is a wonder they keep the faith so well as they do. Last summer at a Mexican migrant camp near Norwalk, Ohio, we were privileged to instruct an entire family — mother, father, and three sons, aged sixteen, nineteen, and twenty-four.

The parents had left the Church many years ago. They told us that a

## Among the Migrants

by SISTER JOSEPHINE

Each year the Daughters of Isabella of Norwalk, Ohio, sponsor a religious vacation school for the migrant children in a nearby camp. The women take a personal interest in the project and assist in every way possible to make it a success. Sister Josephine, who with Sister John conducted the school last summer, here gives us some of her impressions.

Mexican priest had visited them and now, through his zealous efforts, they realized they had been deluded into joining a false religion. Their problems and difficulties were many and they begged us to give them regular in-



Olivia wanted to make her First Communion.

structions. Their response was gratifying. Even the three sons wish to come into the Church.

We had the joy of instructing other young men also. These had not joined a sect, but they were totally ignorant of the truths of religion and had been ashamed to admit they had never made their First Communion. The zealous Mexican padre won them also. We gave the boys daily instruction and Father, on his visits to the camp, instructed them further and prepared them for First Communion.

The special difficulty in instructing the younger children was that both parents worked in the canning factory and there were many little ones at home to be looked after. Usually there was nothing for an older boy or girl to do but bring the small children to class.

Poor Francisco had an especially hard time of it. Though only eight he had two small sisters to look after. Life for him was a perpetual round of baby-sitting. Francisco made a memorable picture every day as he trudged to class



Oralía who helped her friend Olivia.

pushing the quaint go-cart that did not always want to go.

Olivia, a young teenager, came to us one morning and said she wanted



Sister Josephine instructed this family during their lunch hour every day. The three men made their First Communion during the summer.



Erasmó — on the prieu dieu—was one of the babies whose big sister had to bring him to class and to evening Rosary. He behaved perfectly during the day, but his state of prayer was not too elevated. He seemed to save his antics for the time of the Rosary though no one ever laughed or paid any attention to him.

to receive her First Communion, but it was difficult for her to attend instructions. She not only had to babysit for two in the family, but she also had to do all the chores. The parents worked and came home twice daily for meals. We solved the difficulty by having a class come to Olivia's cabin for a short time each day. This was supplemented by some private instruction, some of which was given while Olivia did her work!

Olivia wanted to wear the traditional white dress and veil when she received Our Lord for the first time. It was a big day in her life and she wanted the whole community to celebrate with her.

One woman gave her a rosary, another a prayer book. A relative made her dress and another loaned her a veil. Her biggest problem was shoes. Poor Olivia tried on all her friends' shoes, but none fit so we bought some for her.

The older women were not neglected. They had their instruction period too.





**Francisco with one of his charges.**

When she was finally ready she did not want to receive alone so her friend Oialia, also dressed in white, accompanied her to the railing.

Fortunate indeed are the children who come to the Norwalk camp. During September and October they are privileged to attend the Catholic school of St. Paul's. Such an arrangement is made possible through the cooperation of the pastor, the good Sisters of Notre Dame, and the apostolic parishioners. Getting the point across to the children's parents was perhaps the greatest difficulty. They appreciated the kindness of the parish in taking the children, but it was hard for them to see that it was worthwhile for only two months! Bus rides to and from

school and a hot lunch at noon in the cafeteria are among the thoughtful provisions of the apostolic parish.

In spite of the way in which these poor people are forced to live, the crowded quarters and the constant traveling, the Mexicans retain the sense of refinement that is their heritage. They have a deeply religious spirit and a tender devotion to Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother. Theirs seems to be an innate sense of modesty. No woman in the camp, not even a teenager, did we ever see wearing shorts. One afternoon two women, evidently tourists, attired in shorts, walked through the camp. One of the youngest children looked up at me and asked, "Sister, are they going to swim? There's water here."

The reverence these good people have for the sisters is overwhelming. Even the tiniest children are polite and respectful. During our stay in the camp we instructed one entire family at the noon lunch period. Three of the sons — all grown now — had never made their First Communion. While the "class" was going on, the mother made the tortillas and the grandchildren cried

(Continued on page 22)



**Francisco again with his baby sisters.**

# Our Goings Person!

by SISTER BARBARA

AS Mrs. Conner waited on her porch for the sisters to pick her up on their way to class, a neighbor called out to her, "Mrs. Conner, you are the goingest person I ever saw!"

Mrs. Conner really is "on the go" ever since—to her supreme satisfaction—the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine began operating in Union City, Pennsylvania. Close to sixty, a widowed grandmother, but still hale and hearty, she lives alone. She has always been interested in church affairs and active in many organizations, but a praise-worthy zeal for God and her neighbor made her eager to do more.

When our Confraternity Teacher Training Course was inaugurated, Mrs. Conner was one of the first to enroll for it. Not only did she persevere through the sixty-hour course during our worst winter in forty years, but she took two correspondence courses in religion at the same time. She was determined to be well prepared to help lead our children on their way to the Father.

Toward the end of the training course, each teacher-to-be was required to give a demonstration class. Since class took place at night, it was almost impossible to get together a bona fide class of children. By the time Mrs. Conner presented her class it was necessary for her adult classmates to impersonate third graders. Everything progressed smoothly as she went from step to step in her lesson plan. It progressed smoothly, that is, until one of the men forgot his role of third grader and posed a deep philosophical question.

That was Mrs. Conner's one bad moment, but only a brief one. Her naturally pink face grew a few shades pinker; then she mastered the situation. Glaring at the questioner, she said, "Bill, a third-grader wouldn't ask a question like that!"

On a warm June evening the Most Reverend Edward P. McManaman, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Erie, arrived to preside at our CCD Teachers' graduation. It was a momentous occasion for our little parish. There were twenty teachers to receive certificates to teach Christian Doctrine, but the one who was the most thrilled, the most excited, and the proudest, was Mrs. Conner. As she bent over to kiss the Bishop's ring, he smiled benignly and with a "Nice going, Catherine!" handed her a well-deserved certificate.

Two weeks later Mrs. Conner was "in service," gaining practical experience as she taught real third-graders during a four-week religious vacation school. It was a strenuous session for one's initial attempt, but our Mrs. Conner took it in stride. On the last day her only regret was that it was over.

The next fall she advanced to fourth grade work with the children she had taught during the summer having class every Saturday afternoon. In addition she has a class on Sunday morning after Mass. On Monday afternoon she accompanied three sisters to Edinboro, sixteen miles away, where she taught third and fourth grades.

Not only does Mrs. Conner thoroughly prepare each new lesson, but she conscientiously carries out all the sug-



gestions that were recommended in the training course, making use of tests, visual aids, report cards, points in liturgy, and very dear to her motherly heart, promoting the ransom of pagan babies in the Holy Childhood Association.

Motherly interest in each and every child, especially those who have been neglected or are backward in their lessons is characteristic of Mrs. Conner. She has a way of getting these children to improve and to like it! For example, a fourth grade boy who had never attended class often enough to make his First Communion is now coming not only to his regular class on Saturday, but also to a special class on Sunday. And besides, he brings his non-Catholic mother with him!

Although teaching is Mrs. Conner's major interest, she engages in other CCD activities also. On Monday nights she has been attending the course for Discussion Club leaders. Once a month she serves as secretary-treasurer of the Sacred Heart Catechetical Guild that provides spiritual motivation and advanced training for graduate Teachers, Helpers, and Fishers. Once a month, too, she attends the CCD Executive Board meeting as Chairman of Teachers. On Wednesday night every week she is an Apostle of Good Will, faithfully accompanying a non-Catholic friend to the Inquiry Class.

Is it any wonder that Mrs. Conner's neighbors call her the "goingest person" they ever saw?

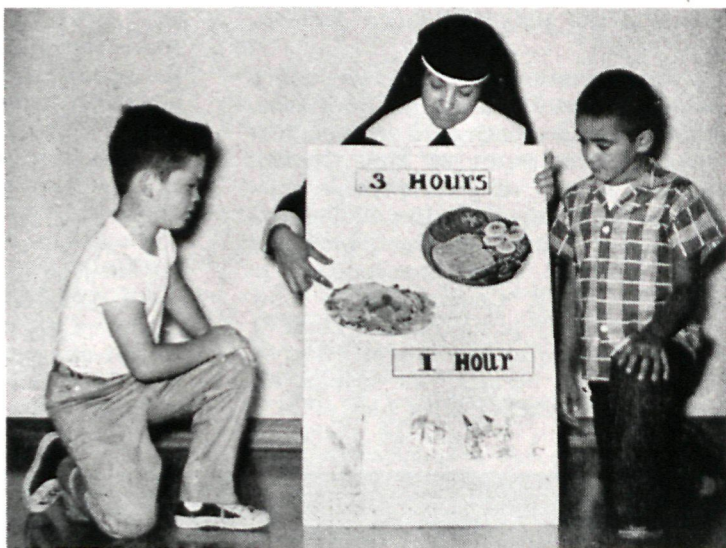


Mrs. Catherine Conner being installed as CCD Chairman of Teachers by Rev. Anthony Robaczewski, Pastor of St. Teresa's Church, Union City, Pennsylvania

This is not a Picture Story. It is the Story of a Picture. Sister Rosario sent us a picture of herself pointing out to two of her pupils a chart she had made explaining the Communion fast. We liked the picture and asked her for the negative or for an enlargement. We did not notice at the time that the picture was taken with a polaroid camera. From here the story will be

by SISTER ROSARIO

## *The Story of a Picture*



It was Sister Mary George who took the picture the first time, but there was too much light and besides, the little fellows looked as if they were suffering from paralysis.

By the time we rounded up the boys to pose again, Sister had left to teach summer school so Sister Benedict Joseph was photographer. Her pictures were out of focus.

Then we called on a friend who is an amateur but does fine work, Mr. Ramsden. He was most willing and anxious to help, but he used a polaroid camera and we needed a negative for an enlargement. We would have to try again.

By now the boys who had posed the first couple of times had gone up north with their families — following the crops. We feared Mr. Ramsden's subjects had also left town, but fortunately they were still here. By this time the whole family was much concerned. They did their best to cooperate and

finally we had a roll of film to take to the only camera shop in town.

A sign on the door read: "Will be back at 4:00." It was now 4:30 and still closed. We waited around for a while, but decided to go home and return the next morning.

The next day the owner of the shop said he would have the picture ready the following day, but when we appeared he asked us to return again, this time "At one o'clock this afternoon." When we arrived at one he still asked for at least five more minutes. When we finally got it we noticed it was not the size we had asked for, but we did not say anything — just thanked him profusely for his trouble.

This is still not the end of the story. When our school of religion reopened for the year one of the first boys we had photographed, back from his summer "up north," asked, "Sister, when are you going to give me that picture you took?"

I said, "Oh, Carlos, I am sorry but the picture did not turn out well. I tried to get you so that we could take another one, but you had gone."

His eyes lit up. "Well, let's take another one!"

I tried to discourage him by saying,

## *Grandpa Mose Speaks Up*

by SISTER ALICE MARIE

FATHER had finished his second season of street preaching in the pine settlement and he knew that the good folks there were attracted to the teachings of the Church. But that would be all, unless they had a meeting place where he could continue to instruct them. Then perhaps someday there would be a little church in the pine woods for them.

He decided to call a neighborhood meeting of the good people who had attended his preaching and try to get them to take up a little collection from time to time to finance a small place of some sort. He knew that most of them wanted this, but there was one old gentleman of whom Father was not too sure.

Grandpa Mose was a leader in the settlement and had the added distinction of being a retired preacher. Through the years, until the rheumatism caught up with him, he had been a familiar sight riding his big mule along the roads. He wore a broad-rimmed hat, a sombre black suit and tie, and carried his big Bible. His smile was kind and was for everyone.

Grandpa had faithfully attended Father's street preaching but had never expressed himself regarding Catholic doctrine. That was what made Father cautious. He was pretty sure that on the question of the meeting place the way Grandpa Mose went, the settlement would go. So Father decided on a little strategy.

He drilled some of the younger men

"Don't you think that would be a lot of trouble?"

"Oh no, Sister; it won't take me long to go and put on the same suit."

By that time the other children had arrived for class and poor Carlos went to his seat mumbling, "I still don't think it would be too much trouble."

in the rudiments of parliamentary procedure and made them realize the importance of making the motion and seconding it before putting a question to the general vote. Subtly they understood that this method might keep Grandpa Mose from influencing the ballot since he did not understand too much of parliamentary rules — or so they thought.

The night of the meeting Grandpa sat beside his accustomed hole in the floor, a cuspidor thoughtfully but unintentionally provided by the termites. He chewed his tobacco contentedly throughout the meeting but said nothing. Father watched him a little nervously and the younger men kept a wary eye in his direction also. But all went as planned.

Joe Louis Jr. made the motion to take up a collection for a meeting place in the pine settlement. Big Charlie seconded it. Father repeated the motion for the benefit of the group and asked rather hurriedly for discussion. And that's when Mammy Sue spoke her piece.

"Father," she said, "I thing we should have an opinion from Grandpa Moses."

Father wilted slightly. So did the boys. Grandpa Mose shifted gently on his chair. He shifted his cud of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other. He cleared his throat.

"Mammy Sue, I want you to know I appreciate your suggestion. And Reverend Father, Sir, I want you to know that I thirds that motion."

My class was hearing the story of the rich man and the beggar for the first time. At least so I thought, but one bright-eyed youngster knew the story from having heard it at home. Naturally he was anxious to share his superior knowledge with others.

I had no more than pointed to the rich man on the picture when Joseph announced, "I know where 'e was buried!"

Then, not heeding my plea to keep the secret until we came to it in the story, he said sternly, "'e was buried in 'ell!"

Well, that was that and so I went on with the story. When I pointed out the poor man, Joseph announced again, "I know where 'e was buried."

Knowing it was impossible to restrain his enthusiasm and rather curious to hear what he would say, I asked, "Where was he buried, Joseph?"

"'e was buried in 'eaven."

The other children were greatly impressed with Joseph's knowledge and I was edified at his good Catholic mother who helps her children learn their religion.

Joseph was not the only child in this class who dropped his h's. One day I was listening to one of them say the Apostles' Creed. She was going along very nicely until she said, "... 'e descended into 'eaven."

"No, Angela," I corrected her, but then found myself saying, "He descended into 'ELL."

This was too much. I'd better digress and have a little lesson on pronunciation. "Children," I felt my way cautiously, "do not say 'eaven; say HEAVEN. Put a huhh on the front of it."

## In the Home Field



Deborah Kelly receives the congratulations of her teacher, Sister Mary Monica, on her First Communion day. Deborah is the second member of her family to come into the Church. She hopes and prays that some day her whole family will be Catholic.

"You mean an h, Sister?" one child asked innocently.

"Yes, now continue with the Creed."

"... I believe in the 'oly Ghost, the 'oly Catholic Church... and life everlasting..."

... which these good children will surely attain. Hay-men.

SISTER MARTHA MARY

### AMBITIOUS MICHAEL

One phrase of the Our Father every week, with a review of the work of the previous week, is ample assignment for most of the children in the kindergarten class.

Not so for Michael. When his turn came to recite the first part of the prayer, he looked at me, heaved a sigh, and said, "Tell me when to stop!"

SISTER ALMA MARIE

### GREGORY ALIAS JOHN

We found an old man who had attended St. Michael's Indian School when he was fifteen—back in 1903. He is now seventy-two. He left school before he had a chance to make his First Communion, but he told us he had been baptized.

We asked him whether he would like to receive Holy Communion. He said, "Yes, after I go to confession."

Father is checking now on his baptism. Then he will instruct him. The man told us at first that his name was John Brown. Father, knowing how the Indians change their name frequently, said we should ask him if that was the name he had when he was at school.

No, the old man told us, at school his name was Gregory Etsitty! "But when I went to work in the coal mine," he explained, "they changed my name to John Brown."

Sister Maureen and I are studying Navaho! Our teacher is a woman who cooks at the Indian school. She is Spanish and French and is married to a Navaho, so she learned the language as we need to. Many of the women do not speak English and it is very unsatisfactory to try to talk to them through an interpreter. God willing, maybe we can learn to speak to them in their own language.

SISTER ADELLE

\* \* \*

### BAD WORD

Sister Clara was telling her First Communion class about the angels. She told them about the bad angels disobeying God and said that God made a place called hell for them. At this, one boy looked very disturbed. He raised his hand and when Sister called on him, he courageously said, "I don't think that was a very nice word you said, Sister."

SISTER MARY CELINE

## *Around Victory Noll*



**H**ONESTY compels us to tell you that it is no longer like this Around Victory Noll. This picture was taken during the first snowfall *last* winter, not this. No longer do you see those beautiful evergreens at the far right. They have been replaced by a big hole and two huge piles of dirt.

Anyone who visits us must think we expect an immediate invasion and are preparing to go underground. If not that, then we look as if we might be a subsidiary of Con Edison and are digging for a subway. We are not exaggerating. You never saw such cavernous holes in your life. In fact, it might be a good idea for us to invest in a crane. It would come in handy for future underground repairs.

Yes, destruction is still going on Around Victory Noll. In fact, St. Joseph Building is beginning to take on more and more of the appearance of a medieval fortress, surrounded as it is with moats. Once you do find your way in, it is not much better. On some days we live under a cloud, a cloud of dust. They are drilling for tunnels and lines and pipes and all kinds of mysterious things that are connected with building operations.

It was so bad one day we were all wishing for oxygen masks. We might have to get some of those portable affairs that enterprising manufacturers are trying to make popular in London, Los Angeles, and other smoggy places. So if you visit Around Victory

Noll and meet what you think is a spaceman, don't think you have landed on Mars. It is only a sister who works over in St. Joseph Building.

For the benefit of new readers let me explain that we are building a chapel and an infirmary. Old readers know that we seldom mention money or make appeals in THE MISSIONARY CATHOLIC. Each time we say anything about the building, however, some generous subscribers write and say: "Since you are building, you must have a Building Fund. Here is my check to help you out."

Nothing is more welcome than that check, for we might as well tell you we DID have a Building Fund. In fact, for many years we have been trying to set aside an amount to build our much-needed chapel and infirmary. We broke ground a year ago last fall, but since then costs have soared and—well, to spare you painful details, our building fund (lower case now) is practically depleted and our building not completed.

If you know of any get-rich-quick schemes compatible with the vow of poverty, we would be interested. One sister, who is an expert with words, has been answering contests. You know the kind we mean: "I like Icy Ice Cream because . . ." The rest of us tease her about it, but right now she has the last laugh because yesterday she received an air mail informing her that her entry had won! It was not cold cash. In fact, the joker was the announcement that the prize was a television. So far we have never had TV Around Victory Noll, but it might be a good idea to tuck it away somewhere until the big education TV program financed by the Ford Foundation becomes a reality. We should get wonderful reception here because it will originate at Purdue which is so close to us.

Even though Sister's winnings were not cash, we're still hoping. She has several other entries out.

The postulants now have that seasoned look. You would think they had always been Around Victory Noll. They and the novices seem to have survived mid-terms and are now looking forward to semester examinations. Or perhaps they are looking forward to when they will be finished with them.

Several months ago we told you we were especially interested in redeemable stamps and coupons of all kinds, that we hoped to get things for the infirmary with them. You responded generously to our appeal and as a result, Sister Mary has enough stashed away for the refrigerator. In fact, she has begun saving for an automatic washer and dryer now.

One girl gave a party, a kind of stamp shower, I guess you would call it. Her guests were required to bring stamps for the Victory Noll Sisters. We received a whole box full as a result.

Meanwhile, any joke or cartoon about stamps finds its way into Sister Mary's office. We liked the one she got showing a man and his wife stalled for gas way out in the desert. As he trudges off with the empty gas can, his wife calls out after him, "Be sure to find a station that gives green stamps!"

And that reminds us of another cartoon—one that concerns credit cards. A large sign in the hotel office read: "Credit Cards Honored." A little man timidly approached the clerk and asked, "Do you accept cash?"

So we too hasten to assure you that we accept cash, but we are still glad to get the stamps.



our

# Associates'

Dear Associates:

MAY every one of the three hundred and sixty-six days of the New Year be filled with the greatest graces and blessings from God, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for you and your families.

We are giving an account of the successful *Green Stamp Party*, held at the home of Mrs. Mary Gasior, of Christ the King Band, Dearborn, Michigan, in the hope that many of you may be inspired to hold a similar party for the benefit of our new infirmary. It seems to us that "St. Patrick's Day" or one of the days immediately preceding Lent, which comes late this year (Ash Wednesday, March 2), would be a suitable time.

## GREEN STAMP PARTY

"We felt that the Feast of Christ the King would be a very appropriate day on which to have our party and so planned it that way. It is the patronal feast of our mission band (Christ the King Band) and this year it was also both the namesday and birthday of Sister Mary Regis, whom we sponsor. Finally the party was held in the month of October, in which Mission Sunday occurs.

"We had a very nice turnout. I invited fifty ladies and thirty-seven came. Admission consisted of green stamps—any number of them. Some ladies who could not attend sent green stamp books entirely filled. Those who

came brought theirs in person. You will agree we had a very successful party when I tell you that eighty-five completely filled green stamp books resulted from this party, and which I am sending to you via parcel post.

"The ladies enjoyed themselves at the party, playing *Crazy Bunco*. A pair

## SPONSORS GREEN STAMP PARTY



Mrs. J. (Mary) Gasior

of pillow cases was given to the winner at each table. We also had four door prizes. Among other things, I made monkeys out of men's socks, and two organdy aprons.

"We are planning to make this an annual affair, God willing. This party, though, was strictly a family venture, and put on with the help of my good husband and three children. We gave it as a sort of thanksgiving offering to God for the safe return of our sons from overseas duty with the Army. My dear

# Club Mention



mother planned to have a pillow case raffle before she took sick, but never lived to see its fulfillment. The idea of having a green stamp party came after reading the October issue of **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.**"

## "GREEN SCAPULARS, TOO!"

In Oak Park, Illinois, the *Immaculate Heart of Mary Group*, headed by *Miss Grace Lewis*, have as their pet project the making of green scapulars. On the last Tuesday of November, *Miss Katherine Wilcox*, the only out-of-state member flew in from Angleton, Texas, with a couple of native birds she had dressed, and the group enjoyed a fine Thanksgiving dinner, with all the trimmings, after spending some hours in turning out scapulars by the hundreds.

## TELL-O-GRAMS

**HOLY FAMILY BAND, Chicago, Ill.** We were saddened to learn of the death of *Joseph Walz*, on November 13. Mr. Walz headed this Band for many years and was always an enthusiastic supporter of our mission work. R.I.P.

**ST. MARY'S MISSION CLUB, Orlando, Florida.** *Mrs. Forest Lehman*, formerly of Oak Park, Illinois, has collected offerings from her relatives for many years and sends us a check at Christmas and Easter.

**LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE, Chicago, Ill.** Ill health has pursued the Promoter, *Miss Veronica Foertsch*, relentlessly, during the past months. In spite of this she has never let up her efforts in our behalf. We recently received a check for two hundred dollars from the members of her band. It is to be used toward furnishings of one of the rooms in the new infirmary building. Further help is promised also.

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

October 29 to November 30, 1959

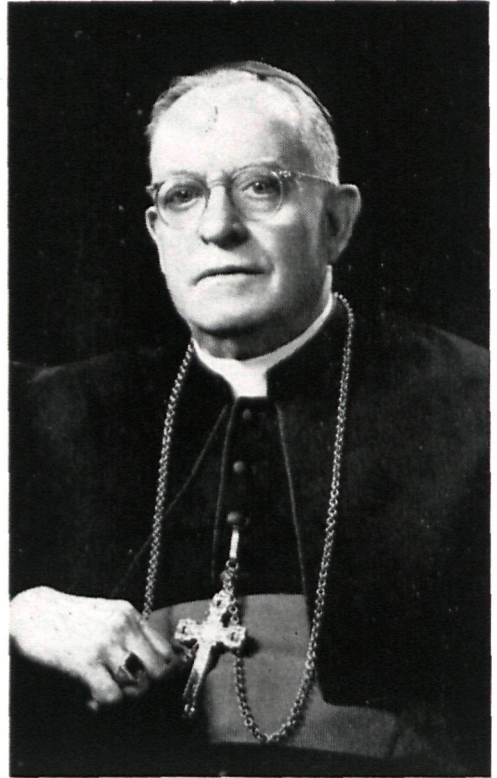
|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Adrian, Chicago, Florence Dietz .....   | \$ 50.00 |
| Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons .... | 37.00    |
| Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler ..  | 26.00    |
| Christ, King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusck .... | 43.00    |
| Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern      | 12.00    |
| Immaculate Conception, Chicago,         |          |
| Miss Mary A. Perkins .....              | 10.00    |
| Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch     | 200.00   |
| Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington,         |          |
| Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....             | 9.00     |
| St. Catherine, Los Angles, Calif.,      |          |
| Mrs. M. McMannamy .....                 | 10.00    |
| St. Clara of St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne,     |          |
| Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan .....                  | 81.50    |
| St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. A. Vlcek .....   | 10.00    |
| St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh .....     | 18.00    |
| St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes ....   | 50.00    |
| St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kie'ler ..... | 18.00    |
| St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes     | 33.50    |
| St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter ..... | 13.60    |
| St. Martin, Omaha, Miss E. Murphy       | 179.00   |
| St. Mary Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne,         |          |
| Ind., Mrs. Loretta Mettler .....        | 2.00     |
| St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy       | 10.00    |
| St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. Gones ....  | 5.00     |
| St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer     | 15.00    |

**CHARITINA CLUB, Paris, Ill.** *Miss Mary Gibbons*, Promoter, held a buffet supper for the members of her club recently and the results of this party, which was enjoyed by all, netted \$37.00 for our mission work.

**OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND, Evanston, Ill.** Although words be few, an annual check from the Promoter, *Miss Celia Henrich*, is always proof of non-forgetfulness. The check is a large one and well worth waiting for.



# Marian Award Given Posthumously to Archbishop Noll



**The late Archbishop Noll.**

**N**EWs that the annual Marian award would be given posthumously to our beloved Archbishop Noll was received with much interest and joy by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Bishop Pursley, successor to the late Archbishop, accepted the award at a convocation at the University of Dayton several days after the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

It was fitting that the late Archbishop be the recipient this past year because our National Shrine in Washington, a project so dear to his heart, has at last been dedicated.

Archbishop Noll worked untiringly to bring the erection of the Shrine to a happy conclusion. In 1953 he wrote in this magazine:

We are certain that the readers of **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**, which is under Mary's patronage, are looking forward with eagerness to the day when they, with all the members of their respective parishes, will have an opportunity to show their love for their heavenly Mother:

The Archbishop was referring here to the big drive for funds which would take place that year on the Sunday nearest to the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He himself was chairman of the fund-raising committee.

Our American people responded magnificently and now the Shrine has become a reality, a symbol of our nation's devotion to the Mother of God.



## Your CCD Question

From time to time we get inquiries about associate members of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. What can they do?

Sister Mary Dorothy, superior of our convent in Willows, California, told us what one of their parishioners did. It is such a practical idea that we would like to pass it on to others. Sister wrote:

One afternoon last year Mrs. Harold Hendrickson visited our convent at Wil-

lows and proposed a splendid solution to a difficult problem. "Sister," she said, "from my experience as a teacher I know that every child in your classes should have a textbook at class. From my experience as a mother I realize how difficult it is for children to remember to take their books to school, and from school to religion class. I cannot participate actively in the Confraternity program this year, but I should like to purchase one hundred catechisms for your use with the children during class periods."

We have been using these books regularly for nearly a year, so that we can well testify to the usefulness and worth of this gift to our center.



Sister Mary Dorothy happily and gratefully receives Mrs. Hendrickson's generous gift.

## Books

*Searching the Scriptures*, a Popular Introduction to the Bible, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Dougherty, S.T.L., S.S.D., Hanover House, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. \$3.95

Any book that can send the reader back to the Old Testament with such interest that he does not find even Leviticus or Numbers too tedious is certainly worthwhile. This is the effect Msgr. Dougherty's *Searching the Scriptures* has on one. It has the merit of combining scholarship with a popular style. The author calls the book a bridge between the common reader and the world of biblical scholarship.

During the past twenty-five years, even ten years, great strides have been made in the areas of criticism and interpretation of the Bible. Archeology has made it possible for scholars to reconstruct ancient civilizations and these, in turn, have shed new light on the Bible, especially the Old Testament. The discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls and their study are adding greatly to our knowledge.

Msgr. Dougherty first gives us a general view of the Bible, its languages, and its people. Then, after examining Genesis in detail, he points out the outstanding events and characteristics of subsequent books through the Apocalypse.

The book is evidently a reflection of the man—a scholar who is absolutely unpretentious about his scholarship. Although he is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on Sacred Scripture, his name on the title page of this book is given simply as John J. Dougherty *sans* degrees. It was Msgr. Dougherty who translated Deuteronomy for the Confraternity edition of the Old Testament.

Teachers who are looking for a book for an introductory course on Scripture will not be disappointed if they use

*Searching the Scriptures*. We recommend it highly to all catechists.

The editors of *Worship* will be surprised to learn that their magazine is only a quarterly! (Preface p. 8)

\* \* \*

*Away to East Africa* by Albert J. Nevins. Dodd, Mead & Company, 423 Fourth Avenue, New York. \$3.00

Everyone is interested in Africa these days, or if he is not, he should be. But we still have vague ideas about that great continent, about its size, especially.

Father Nevins wisely confines himself to a description of one section, East Africa. He tells us of its people and their customs, its climate, government, history, wild life, and everything of interest. Moreover, Father writes from first hand experience. As a Maryknoll Missioner, author, and editor, he has traveled widely through Africa.

Every page of this fascinating book contains an excellent photograph, many of them more than one. There are, besides, maps and a complete index of names, places, and subjects. The book would make a valuable addition to a home or school library.

\* \* \*

*Retreat Notes for Religious* by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. Edited with a Biographical Note by R.F. Walker, C.S.Sp. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 8, N.Y. \$3.50

Every so often a publisher will advertise a new book by an author who has been dead for some years, but on examining it, you discover to your disappointment that the material is taken from previously published works and done up as a new package.

Father Leen's legion of followers need have no such fears about this book. It contains material never published before, an actual retreat given by Father to the Sisters of the Most Holy Rosary in Ireland in 1944, just a few months before he died.

Some persons can write, but they cannot put across the spoken word. Father Leen was able to do both. He must have been an ideal retreat master if this, his last retreat, is typical. Each conference—there were three a day—could not have exceeded a half-hour period. Many of them could be delivered in twenty or twenty-five minutes. It is easy to imagine Father Leen standing before the sisters and speaking from his heart, not sitting down and reading from a paper. The talks, although he refers to them as lectures, have all the spontaneity of being just that—talks. No doubt if Father Leen himself had edited them, he would have polished them somewhat, for he always wrote carefully and was particular about his literary style.

Although in the opening conference Father Leen warned the sisters that there would be nothing new in the retreat, nothing perhaps that they had not heard before, he certainly presented it in a new way. His approach is fresh and vibrant.

Those who have read *Progress Through Mental Prayer, In the Likeness of Christ, The True Vine and Its Branches*, and Father Leen's other published works will be overjoyed to have this new book. Those who are not familiar with him will want to read all that he previously wrote after being introduced to him through *Retreat Notes for Religious*.

\* \* \*

*The Heart of Ignatius* by Paul Doncoeur, S.J. Translated by Henry St. C. Lavin, S.J. Helicon Press, Inc., 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$3.00

This is not another life of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Neither is it exactly a meditation book, but, as the author tells us, it is to be read meditatively.

Subtitled "The Ignatian Concepts of the Honor and Service of God," the book sets forth the message of the

saint, of all saints—the message of love. The author draws on the Exercises and the Constitutions for much of his material, but rounds it out also with extracts from the saint's letters. The result is all the more remarkable because, as Father Doncoeur emphasizes, St. Ignatius was not a writer.

What is more important, however, St. Ignatius was a lover and a mystic. He himself not only achieved sainthood, but he helped many others to attain it.

Most of the text is in the words of Ignatius. The author's comments are secondary. Although it was not the direct intention of Father Doncoeur in writing it, the book helps one to understand the Exercises better.

\* \* \*

*The Modernity of St. Augustine* by Jean Guitton. Helicon Press, Inc., 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$2.50

Perhaps this is just another way of pointing out that there is nothing new under the sun. After all the centuries, the problems of modern man differ little from those of Augustine's time.

The reader will be fascinated by the comparisons the author makes, especially when he tries to imagine "what an Augustinian Freud or a psychoanalytical St. Augustine would have been" (p. 23) and comes up with the conclusion that we would have a psycho-analysis in reverse!

Still more interesting are the observations on the resemblance between Sartre's philosophy and that of Augustine during the Manichaeic period. Of special interest to Catholics are comparisons between the spirit of St. Augustine and the general tone of the novels of Mauriac or Bernanos.

The saint's kinship with Cardinal Newman has been discussed by authors before Guitton, but the latter's keen insight into human nature makes this section of his book especially penetrating.

## EDITOR'S BY-LINE

One day before the weather was bad some of us climbed up to the tone chamber of the new chapel. Do you know what the tone chamber is? It's what I would have called the place where the organ pipes will be installed—before I heard its proper name, that is.

To get there you have to climb ladders and squeeze through small apertures. No doubt there will be a more respectable way of getting there when everything is finished.

The tone chamber, however, will certainly be devoid of anything except adventurous sisters for a long, long time. If you cannot guess why, turn back to pages fourteen and fifteen and find out how things are going Around Victory Noll.

Even when we first began plans for the chapel, the organ was labeled a luxury item. We would get the organ when someone donated it! Donating loads of cement might be more prosaic than donating an organ, but at this stage we are more interested in money to pay for walls than for an organ.

We believe that Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother will continue to take care of us as They have these past thirty-seven years. We are going to leave things in their hands and not worry. Certainly the chapel is something we need more and more all the time. Right now we are using every seat in our old chapel.

We want our chapel to be beautiful, a fitting place for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It is there that we will offer our praise to God at Holy Mass and in the Office.

And some day—it is nice to dream—there will be pipes in the tone chamber. The organ will be a lovely instrument to enhance the beauty of God's house. SEA

## AMONG THE MIGRANTS

(Continued from page 7)

until she gave them their milk bottle.

One little boy was only two. One day when his wailing got too loud, I tried to get him to stop, but unsuccessfully. This made the grandmother nervous. She did not want Sister to be annoyed in her humble little cabin. She spoke sternly to the little fellow, but he only cried louder and louder. I thought he would never want to see me again. Imagine my surprise the next day when I arrived and the little one said to me in perfect Spanish, "I am glad to see you."

It was a memorable day when the three men of this family and another young adult received Our Lord in Holy Communion. When they arrived at the church—some distance from the camp—only three got out of the car. My heart sank. Did the fourth one decide not to come? But no, he did not want to ride, they explained. He wanted to walk as a penance for his sins and to thank God for his First Communion.

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## IN MEMORIAM

John Doran, Ludlow, Ky., father of Sister  
Therese Ann  
Loretta Sullivan, Chicago, sister of Sister  
Mary Genrose  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Raymond R. Noll, V.G.,  
Indianapolis  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Henry A. Hoerstman,  
Mishawaka, Ind.  
Mrs. Gertrude Kempter, Menasha, Wis.  
Steven Vrabely, East Chicago, Ind.  
Frank Green, Flemington, N. J.  
Mrs. Anna Hauser, Lancaster, Pa.  
Teresa Hirschfelder, ACM, Fort Wayne  
Katherine Eckart, ACM, Fort Wayne  
Joseph Walz, ACM, Chicago  
Albert Esser, Chicago  
Henry Foldensuer, Michigan City, Ind.  
Mrs. G. A. Beach, Denver, Colo.  
Harold F. McIntosh, Memphis, Tenn.  
Agnes Cronin, Chicago  
Mrs. Loretto Notestine, Chicago  
Mrs. Rose Lancaster, Chicago  
Anna M. Klimke, Pittsburgh, Pa.

# End of a Quarter

by SISTER JOSEPH MARIE

“SISTER! Are we getting report cards today?”

It is the end of the first quarter of the school of religion and each child comes bursting into the classroom with the same enthusiastic question. The next question follows invariably, “Did I make the honor roll, Sister?”

The answer to that is a big secret until the pastor arrives to distribute the reports.

There are always some disappointments, but there is determination too, to do better the next time. There are a few children like Beverly whose dark eyes flash a quick reproach toward Sister as she remarks, “I remember when I brought *you* an orange!”

Sister also has a good memory. She

remembers when Beverly forgot to study her lessons. But now that Beverly remembers that Sister doesn't forget, she remembers to study the lessons that are assigned. The next time Beverly's name also appears on the honor roll and everyone is happy.

If our convent telephone could talk, it would tell you about all the anxious inquiries that come from parents just before the end of every quarter. “Sister, does my Tommy have all his lessons in?” asks a worried mother.

Naturally this means that Sister must keep a very careful record of all accomplishments and failures. Then when the next quarter comes around she will have the answers ready when the phone rings.



The Rev. Theodore Brennan, SS.CC., pastor of Holy Redeemer Church, Chatham, Mass., gives report cards to the youngest children of his parish school of religion.



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subscription. Do not delay. Make sure  
you do not miss one copy of  
your favorite magazine.**