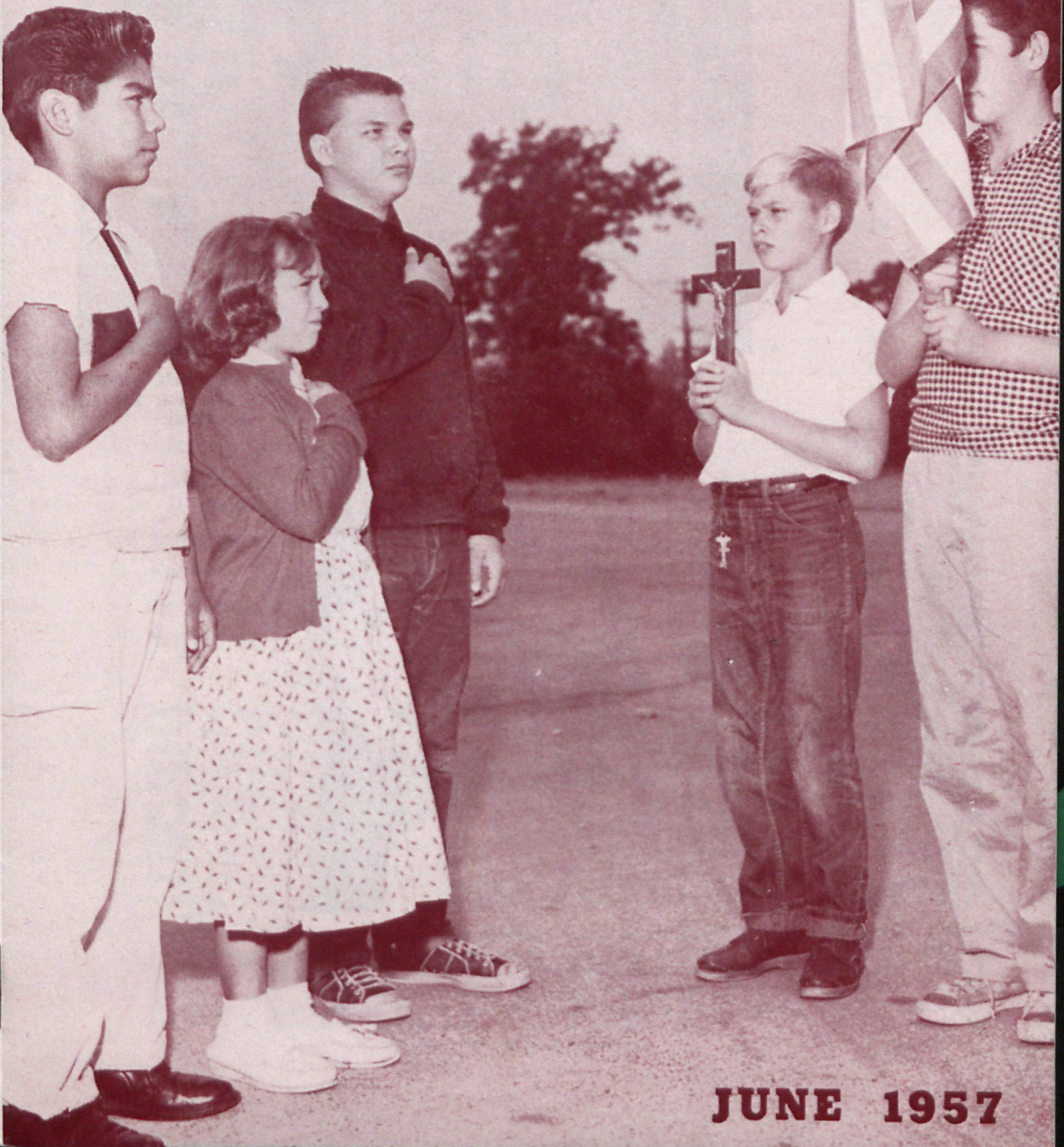


The Missionary CATECHIST



JUNE 1957

Sacred Heart Enthroned



The Rev. Joseph J. Grode, pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, Smethport, Pa., carries out the ceremonies of the enthronement in the sisters' convent. Father first blessed the statue in chapel.



Susan Chase and Kathy Beckstrom, who carried the statue from chapel, give it to Sister Noreen who will place it on the throne. Father Grode stands ready to lead the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart. Thirty-seven Smethport families have since followed the example of the sisters and enthroned the Sacred Heart as King of their homes.

The Missionary Catechist

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Huntington, Indiana

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COVER

Saluting cross and flag, these boys and girls of Azusa, California, are representative of the 90,000 children taught religion by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. The salute to the cross is not so well known as the salute to the flag. It is: "I pledge allegiance to the cross of Christ and to the faith for which it stands; one Church, holy, Catholic, apostolic, with grace and salvation for all."

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Time for R. V. S.

SISTER
ANN PATRICIA



Eddie's (1st row, right) project book won the prize.

First day of June and summer vacation almost here! The few remaining school days are drawing to a close. Before us are eight or ten weeks of —not just vacation, but vacation school.

It's true that school days *are* drawing to a close, but religion classes will continue. Oh, but it isn't the same as during the school year. No, we no longer have released time or after school classes. It is time now for Religious Vacation School.

Summer school is most interesting and very necessary. Sessions vary. The length of time is anywhere from one week to six, depending on circumstances. In remote districts where we do not teach during the year, the term lasts longer. This makes it possible for the children to receive the instructions necessary to prepare them for the reception of the sacraments.

In other places where the children have been receiving regular instructions during the year, a shorter time is allotted for summer school. How-

ever, even in these circumstances summer classes serve a good purpose. Some topics can be given more exhaustive treatment than there has been time for during the School Year of Religion.

Children, both younger and older ones, are always eager for vacation school. Since we usually have a whole morning or a whole afternoon with the children, the time is well organized and broken into periods.

The most important part and the longest period is, of course, the religious instruction proper. But besides the formal instruction there is a project period and also a time for group recreation and singing. The project period gives the children an opportunity to participate actively in learning the day's lesson. If the older boys and girls have been studying the Mass, for instance, then they often fashion miniature altars during the period assigned to crafts. If their topic has been the life of Our Blessed Mother, perhaps they will make

shrines. Also, they make booklets on the material covered in class. These are often elaborately decorated and show much individuality. The younger children have color books to work on and easier projects to make.

During the craft period Sister wishes she had the gift of bilocation. "Why?" you ask. "What's hard about watching a group of children quietly coloring or doing crafts?"

Did you ever try to do quiet seat work with a group of thirty, forty, fifty, or even sixty lively youngsters? Remarks such as these soon fill the air.

"Sister, he took my scissors!"

"Hey, there ain't any red crayons in this box. Please gimme another box, Sister."

"You better quit putting that paste in my hair!"

"What color should I make this picture?"



Religious Vacation School has its treat days, too. Sister Celestine watches Sister Mary Nicholas pass the ice cream cups.

"Look, Sister! Jimmy has a bloody nose."

To pacify each one is a test of endurance for Sister.

Continued on p. 25



Sister Mary Lucille's class converts used sanctuary lamps into attractive shrines during the project period.

Texas

Altar

Boys

SISTER YVONNE



The boys get a briefing from Sister Yvonne before they leave the sacristy for the Way of the Cross.

ONE of the joys of a Missionary Sister is the training of altar boys. I will admit that there might be times when it is not so joyful—when Tony oversleeps or Joe comes puffing in late—but on the whole it is a wonderful experience.

For example, there's Victor who has already reached his eighth birthday and is now taking great pride in assisting Father at Mass. When it comes time to change the missal, Victor takes a deep breath and with an I-can-do-it expression on his face, very nicely

completes his task. Of course with the wonderful example of his four older brothers, all of whom are altar boys, he has real moral support.

Our altar boys of St. Joseph Church, Lubbock, belong to the Knights of the Altar. They work enthusiastically to earn merit points that will advance them in rank. They are eager to learn the different parts of the Mass and the things needed for its celebration. "Let me answer, Sister. I know that!" and "It's my turn now, Sister," tell me they are really in earnest.



Rangel brothers of St. Joseph parish, Lubbock, Texas. From left: Victor, Carlos, Manuel, Joe, and Paul.

Braceros on the Border

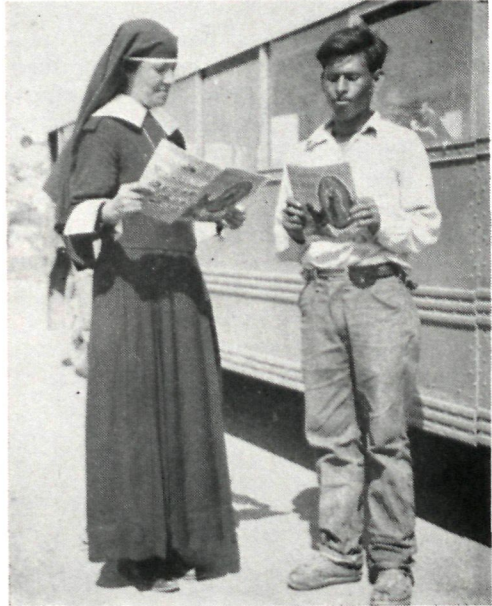
SISTER CELINE

THE Imperial Valley in California produces crops twelve months of the year and hundreds of workers are needed to harvest them. Companies arrange with the United States and Mexican governments to bring men from Mexico to do the work in the fields.



The braceros sing well. Here they have a little rehearsal before Mass in Sacred Heart Church, Heber, California.

On Sundays the men come to church regularly. And how they love to sing! We have learned, however, that it is not enough simply to announce the hymns we are going to sing. It is best to go over them before Mass begins. The men come from all parts of



While this man waits for his bus he enjoys the Spanish book Sister Celine has given him. The men are eager to get good religious literature to take back to their homes in Mexico.

Mexico. Many of the best loved Spanish hymns have several different melodies. Men from Jalisco might use one melody; men from Aguas Calientes, another. To be on the safe side, we have a rehearsal.

Then after Mass we have religious instruction for them. The men pay close attention. They are eager to take back with them their religion books, so that they can help their children. One man told us that his oldest girl is eighteen and has not yet made her First Communion. The others are getting big, too, and are not receiving any formal religious instruction. This man lives in a small place up in the mountains of Jalisco. A priest is able to visit them only five times a year.



Before the bus takes the men back to their camps, Sister Celine has a religious instruction for them.

The Bells of San Antonio

SISTER MELITA

SUMMER time is a happy time, especially when you go to summer school or teach it. From El Paso most of the sisters go to distant places to teach during this season. Last June three went to Bayard, New Mexico, and three to Van Horn, Texas. The remaining four taught at San Antonio Mission, a ten-mile drive from our convent. My appointment was with the latter group.



The Announcement

Our children at San Antonio Mission didn't seem to mind at all that their vacation playtime was greatly reduced by four weeks of summer

school. In fact, many mothers told us of their youngsters' great desire to attend. They said they did not have to call them over and over in the morning and urge them to get ready to attend religious instructions as they had to do during the school year. Their eagerness and interest awakened them bright and early.

Classes were scheduled to begin at nine-fifteen. When we arrived at eight forty-five, most of the children were already there to greet us and help us. There were some laggards, but we rang the church bells as a reminder. In a few days our total reached 304.

Now we were faced with another problem. We did not have enough places for our classes. Dr. Reynolds, a dentist, offered us his air-conditioned waiting room right across the street from the church. The doctor used the building only in the afternoon so he generously permitted us to teach in it every morning. Sister Mercedes and her first graders enjoyed its wonderful accommodations.

We don't mind going to the dentist's office when it's for summer school!



Sister Mary Josephine and Miss Josephine Rehin, our faithful Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teacher, shared the parish hall. A temporary partition divided the long room into two nice-sized classrooms. This "workshop" must have been the scene of activity during the project period, because at the close of the summer's session, all the children left with lovely shrines to keep in their homes.

Sister Theresa taught the older boys and girls in the choir loft, while I gave her competition with my 101 First Communicants in the nave of the church. Besides the usual second and third graders in the group, we had three boys who needed very special attention: a seventeen-year-old spastic, a fourteen-year-old epileptic, and a nine-year-old with a serious speech impediment.



Sister Melita watches her 101 pupils file into church for class.

With so many to be prepared for First Communion and the three besides who needed special help, we worked out this plan. After recess every day Sister Theresa took the three specials and gave them individual assistance and encouragement. Sister's older students who proved themselves eligible by knowing their own lessons came to help me with my remaining ninety-eight. To each



Sister Theresa with her special trio.

of these helpers, I gave approximately five children to check their prayers and help them with their lessons. These teenagers looked upon this task as a great privilege and accepted the responsibility seriously.

During this hour my position was somewhat that of a clearing house operator. When the children finished their recitation, they returned to me with their card checked. After studying this report of their progress, I gave them their next assignment.

By the end of the month we felt we had accomplished much by this system. Each child had received a maximum amount of individual attention. Besides, my helpers had become more apostolic-minded. When First Communion day arrived, the teenagers were there too, helping in whatever way they could. They felt that these children were partly "theirs."

Even

Mom

Fishes

SISTER MARY JOHN



Before the school boat took off. The sisters are Sister Philomena (left) and Sister M. Antoinette.

SUNSHINE, Florida, and fishing almost seem synonymous. There is fishing here in all types of weather: with the cold northeasterly winds ablowing or under the glistening, blistering sun with warm breezes off the Gulf of Mexico. Nothing seems to daunt these fisherman.

They will fish anywhere. Off railroad trestles is a favorite spot for some, while others prefer the bridges that the State Highway Department made supposedly for the purpose of moving vehicles. When you are behind the steering wheel of an automobile you cross a bridge at your own risk. All fishermen evidently have the right of way. The safest place is down the center until you find yourself suddenly veering to the right to escape being caught in a fisherman's cast. Another time it's to the left you turn as you try to avoid the ambling fisherman proudly displaying his catch.

It is a common sight to see an automobile drive up at a little creek along the roadside, and a troop of fishermen literally fall out and go a-fishing. It almost seems as if the poor fish do not have a chance.

Fishermen will tell you that the fish are very wary creatures and most elusive. You have to use one type of bait for one species, a different kind for another, for fish, too, have their favorite diet. Then again some are best caught in the early hours of the morning, others in the afternoon glow, and some when dusk and silence have enveloped the earth.

It is natural that fishing gets into a missionary's blood. Spiritual fishing, that is. Like other fishermen we are willing to go out in any kind of weather and fish in near or remote waters. We are ever ready to try new and better bait.

At one time conditions for spiritual fishing were very good in the little town of Boca Grande on Gasparilla Island. The children were allowed to attend catechetical instructions once a week during the last hour of school. But the privilege came to an end.

These children live on the little islands in Gasparilla Bay and travel to and from school by boat. This makes it impossible for them to remain after school for religion class.

We tried having instructions at the noon hour, although the time is very short. The younger children came, but the big fish got away. For the teenagers at noon, there was the daily trip to the post office, the most popular place of interest in town.

Not succeeding so well with the noon hour arrangement, we decided on correspondence classes for these islanders. This necessitated visits to their homes to explain the situation to the parents and enlist their cooperation.

The day we went to Cayacosta Island on the school boat turned out to be windy. Though we had been warned that the ride would be rough, we were at the pier on time and were cordially greeted by the skipper.

The school boat looked sturdy enough, though it was small. The front part had a covering, but the back where the steering apparatus was located was open. (If I were a real sailor, I suppose I should say fore and aft instead of front and back.) We noticed that the children took their seats deep in the interior of the boat under the wooden protector. We followed their example though we were tempted to stay out in the open.

Before we started, the skipper took off his shoes. Next he put a rubber protector over his trousers and donned a raincoat. We wondered at all this, for there was not a rain cloud in the sky. Then off we went over the bounding main.

We went up, then down. Literally our little boat was tossed to and fro and the skipper was in a continual spray. Very soon he was drenched. The waves mounted higher and higher, but our little bark sailed safely on and on. Shyly the children would steal a look at us to see how we were

faring. The three of us turned out to be true sailors, though privately we didn't envy the children their daily ride.

The dense foliage of the island would be broken here and there by what looked like white blankets. These we learned were drying nets. They also marked each family's landing place. We finally docked and after crossing a plank, followed a little path through cabbage palms and palmetto brush into a clearing to the home of a family we wanted to visit. We explained the need, purpose, and plan of the correspondence course and were promised cooperation.



Three of our pupils before their home on Cayacosta Island.

A few weeks later the first lessons arrived and we were thrilled with the results. Then, alas, we waited and waited. No more lessons came. We made it a point to see the children and ask them what happened. The oldest girl looked surprised, "Oh, Sister," she said, "the mullet are running. Soon as we get home from school we all go fishing, even Mom."

Johnnie's Confraternity Teacher

SISTER ANTHONY

WHEN Johnnie comes home from his first Confraternity religion class and Mother asks him who his sister is, it is very likely that he will say, "I don't have a sister, Mom. I have a lady. Mrs. Jackson, she said her name is."

One need only work with these lay apostles to realize how late we have been in permitting our Catholic men and women to lend their hands, talents, and efforts to help spread God's kingdom among men. As time goes on they are proving how very capable they are of so great and holy a privilege.

We religious teachers who have dedicated our lives to this apostolate and are faced with the need of more and more help, are inspired and edified at the zeal and self-sacrifice of these Confraternity teachers.

One day as I entered the classroom of one of our teachers to give her some class material, I was edified to hear her say, "Sister, the children are late this morning. I'd better start with the meditation. Perhaps they'll all be here by then."

Another time a teacher told me that on the previous Saturday she drove one of her children to confession so that he could make his Easter Duty. I know a woman who teaches all day in a very modern public school and then drives to another town to teach a Confraternity class in a church sacristy that lacks the simplest conveniences of a school room. Another was happy to remark that at the end of



Mrs. Lightbody, one of the first Confraternity lay teachers in Azusa, California, devotes most of her week to the teaching of religion.

the year's classes all her pupils were saying the family rosary at home. These are but a few instances of the zeal and devotion of these instructors.

What is the reaction of the children to these teachers? Their admiration and respect for them are evident in their remarks. They are quick to tell you, "Sister, we love Mrs. A. She teaches us about God." They will ask, "Are we having Mrs. B. again this year, Sister? We hope so!" In this instance the teacher in question is the mother of six children. She taught the prayer class for a year and she

greeted us the following September with the words, "Sister, I prayed and prayed that you would have a class for me again this year."

Yes, our laity, properly trained and instructed, are beginning to show from the fruits of their labors that they are qualified to teach religion to

our children. Pope Pius XII said, "Priests are not enough. Sisters are not enough. The laity must lend their valiant cooperation."

Lending it they are. They are instilling into the hearts and minds of Christ's little ones, principles and habits that will lead to the Christian living of the families of tomorrow.

The Desert Blooms

SISTER M. FRANCES THERESE

OUR program for the day included Schurz, a small Indian settlement thirty miles from Hawthorne. After preparing a picnic lunch we left home somewhat earlier than usual. We planned to browse along the shores of Walker Lake to enjoy the profusion of wild flowers. We know of at least twenty varieties that grow there in the Nevada desert.

From the highway to the water's edge were natural terraces of solidly massed blooms. High above them Mount Grant, mirrored in the blue lake, wore a halo of glistening snow and at a lower level, was covered with amber-hued flowers.

We were tempted to remain a little longer in this beauty spot, but a glance at our watch indicated that we must continue on our way.

Schurz, unlike most of the reservations, boasts a well-equipped modern hospital and a fine grade school. High school students are transported to Yerington, a distance of twenty-five miles.

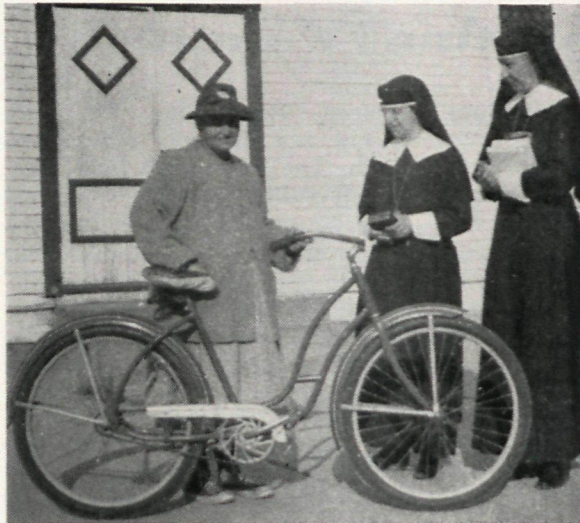
Though the Indians are poor, they value higher education and some have

attained a university education. Very few have not at least completed high school. Others manage to get additional training in manual skills so that they can become mechanics, nurses' aides, cooks. Still others have professional training as nurses and technicians. A few are employed at the local hospital.

There are about ten Catholics in Schurz. Our work is with five potential converts whom we have under instruction — another variety of desert blooms in the budding stage, so to speak. We hope with God's help and His fertile grace to bring them to full maturity in the faith.

At the first Mass Father offered in the hospital quonset hut (otherwise used as a recreation room) about a dozen people assembled. He spoke simply to them about the seed of faith that was being planted in Schurz that day; about the small Catholic group which could inflame the entire community with respect for the faith. By monthly Mass the Catholics have the opportunity of gathering publicly to worship God and of encouraging one another in the faithful practice of their religion.

In the Home Field



Rain or shine, Mrs. Mellenbrink rides her bicycle to daily Mass and Holy Communion at St. Cecilia's Church, Kennett, Mo. Here she is with Sister Mary Adele (left) and Sister Beatrice.

TOOTH FOR A CARD

"Jimmy," I said to one of our future altar boys, "have you a card at home? You could study at home and be ready to serve soon."

Jimmy answered, "No, Sister," then added, as if talking to himself, "I wonder when another tooth will come out. Then I will get a dime, buy a card, and study at home."

SISTER LOUISE MARIE

ANXIOUS PUPILS

It was the second morning of our religious vacation school and Sister Caroline and I were just finishing our morning prayers in the church.

The sound of children's voices shouting and laughing came to us in the stillness of the clear morning air. It was an unusual sound at that hour in this sleepy little town. We heard someone try the door. It was still locked, for there was to be no Mass. Then came the sound of insistent knocking.

I hurriedly opened the door and looked into the upturned faces of two six-year-olds. "They're here!" announced one triumphantly.

"Wait a minute," I said as they tried to come inside. I consulted my watch; exactly seven-thirty!

Though they insisted they had come for class, their uncombed hair and unwashed faces convinced me they had run off to summer school before breakfast and without their mothers' knowledge. They were much chagrined when I told them that it would be another hour and a half before school started. They must go home and return later.

At nine o'clock they were back again, but this time with fresh clothes, combed hair, and shining faces.

SISTER GERTRUDE

From a test paper: Some of the spiritual works of mercy are: 1. To comfort the sinful; 2. To abolish the sinners; 3. To consult the ignorant; 4. To comfort the sourful.

DO-IT-YOURSELF-EDDIE

As a homework assignment I asked the children to make posters to illustrate the second commandment. Eddie took the assignment to heart with all the earnestness of his ten years. At the next class he walked in with a roll of paper almost as tall as he is. Laboriously he climbed the steps to the choir where we have class, saying breathlessly, "Morning S'ter."

"Good morning, Eddie. Sit down and catch your breath. You can put your package over there."

"S'ter," explained Eddie with the patient forbearance of one badly misunderstood, "this is my poster. I done it myself."

And here are Eddie and his homework.

SISTER M. MICHELLE

CLUBS . . . AND CLUBS

It was a hot afternoon and sixty lively fourth grade boys were crowded into a small garage for religious instruction. Thinking that the example of the boy saint, Dominic Savio, might have a quieting effect on them, I told them of his love for God and Our Blessed Mother and of his obedience at home and in school.

"If you are very good," I concluded, "perhaps we could have a Dominic Savio Club in our class. Would you like that?"

"Cuanto cuesta?" (How much does it cost?)

That's a strange question, I thought to myself, as I answered that there would be no charge. Then someone asked, "Will you make it or buy it?"

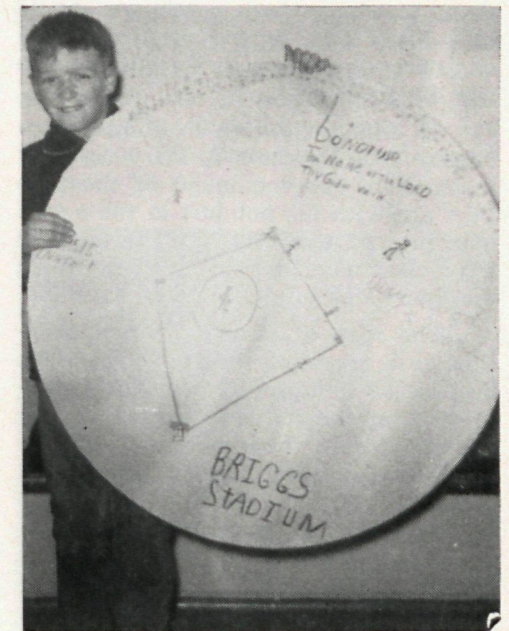
If the first question had seemed strange, this one had me completely baffled. Then the boys, almost as a group, began to pound the air. Only then I realized that they had in their minds a very different sort of club, but the only one that meant anything to them!

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY



Sister Maria Rafaela (left) and Sister Mary Eleanor.

We cannot always put everyone's favorite sisters in The Missionary Catechist, but it was hard to refuse the request of Mr. Leroy Beach of Millersview, Texas, who sent us this print of Sister Maria Raphaela and Sister Mary Eleanor. Mr. Beach asks the favor "in thanksgiving for the great sacrifices the sisters made for the people of this district. Non-Catholics looked upon them with admiration because they looked after the poorest of the poor."



Eddie and his poster.

Sister: What is necessary in order to receive confirmation properly?

Pupil: Holy chrism and the bishop.

True Devotion to Mary

SISTER DORIS

Sister Doris gives practical suggestions in answer to the question: How can we give Mary her place in the education of elementary school children? This article is condensed from Sister's paper given at a True Devotion Seminar for Sisters.

CHILDREN must be taught that Mary is their Mother. Our Lady has many beautiful titles, but no title is so appealing as Mother. This is especially true in regard to grade school children who have not yet felt the desire for independence. With these children, Mary's rightful role as our Mother should be stressed. Their love for their earthly mother will make it easy for them to realize how much we should love Mary and depend on her for all our necessities both in this life and in the life to come.

To enable children to imbibe thoroughly True Devotion to Mary we must teach them every moment of the time they are with us; not just in the actual moments of teaching, but before and after class when we talk to them about the every day affairs of their lives.

The idea of stressing True Devotion as a secret is good with children because all children love secrets. And, of course, when they hear that the secret is to tell them a short, easy, and sure way to heaven, they are more anxious than ever to hear of it. This idea of the secret should be referred to again and again so that the desire to guard it as something special remains in their minds.

Here are a few classroom techniques that might be used to teach the children True Devotion. One of our sisters prepared a group of eighth graders to make the Act of Consecration. Since she had them only for an hour once a week, she read one chapter of Our Lady's Slave (the life of St.



The children proudly carried their prayer ribbons in the little procession.

Louis de Montfort) by Mary Fabian Windeatt. She taught them a hymn in honor of Our Lady of Victory so that whenever they sang that hymn it would remind them of their consecration. She also taught them Our Blessed Mother's own hymn, the Magnificat, in English.

After the boys and girls had made their Act of Consecration, Sister made charts for them on which were listed many feasts of Our Lady throughout the year. On these feasts and on every Saturday they were to renew their long

form of consecration. The charts were to be kept in their rooms at home.

Recently we tried a little plan to get our children in the hills of Kentucky to pray the daily rosary. We had been trying to get them to say it, but with little success. It was always the same story, "I forget."

I told the children I would give them a paper flower for each rosary they said during the month of May. This did not sound very exciting until they found out that at the May Crowning each child would receive a large ribbon on which would be pasted the flowers he had earned. This ribbon would then be carried in procession and presented to Our Blessed Mother as his own gift to her.

The first week there were a few that had forgotten. The second week, no one forgot. Their memories worked overtime, and each week they happily put their flowers in their envelopes, many having more than just one a day. During summer school some of the children told us that they had formed the rosary habit so well that they just could not forget it any more.

The Church has approved special organizations in which love for Mary is fostered. There are two in particular which inculcate True Devotion: the Legion of Mary and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. To be truly effective in nourishing True Devotion through these groups, it is of primary importance that they be carried on in strict accordance with the rules laid down for each. Otherwise, the aim of both Legion and Sodality is lowered.

There is less danger of attracting undesirable membership in the Legion of Mary than the Sodality since there is little or no social life in the Legion. The Legion is a powerful influence in educating children in the practice of True Devotion.

The Handbook of the Senior Legion of Mary requires that each Praesi-

dium conduct a Junior Praesidium. It states no age at which one can begin to accept members, but merely refers to those under eighteen years of age.

The works listed in the Handbook that are to be assigned to Junior Legionaries can be used as a powerful motive for working with Mary. For instance, the first suggestion is: "Helping at home in the spirit of the Legion, that is, of Mary at Nazareth; seeking for work instead of trying to escape it; choosing the most unpleasant tasks; putting one's heart into the doing of the least things; being always sweetness and thoughtfulness itself; working always for Jesus and preserving the sense of His presence."

These are but a few suggestions as to ways and means of bringing True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother within the reach of the child in the elementary school. We hope that they will be a stimulus to your zeal and will spark your ingenuity to devise other methods which will increase the effectiveness of that total consecration to her who alone can perfectly form Jesus in souls.



After the Crowning. Each flower left at Our Lady's shrine meant a rosary.



our Associates'

"TOTE BAGS" SALES SWELL FUNDS

A recent letter from Mrs. Theresa Pitrella, of Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, New York, contained the following extract: "We have made contacts with a wholesale house in the city and have worked up a good trade on several items which we sell all through the year. A good item has been a tote bag. One woman carries a bag to work and she is asked where she got it. We have made several sales right there. The profits on the items we sell, though small, amount to quite a sum when we sell in quantity.

"We find this better than trying to put on parties which require a lot of time and effort."

Dear Associates:

THIS should be a good month for mission benefit parties. There is a warming up trend, it is true, but we have not yet entered the torrid months of July and August, and it is a little too early for vacations. We hope, therefore, to hear from all our bands and clubs at least once more before they close up for the summer.

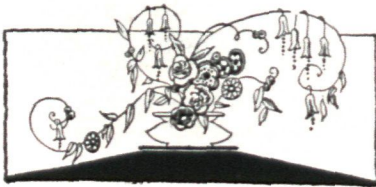
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. ROSE BAND, Marshfield, Wis.



Two letters came to us from the secretary, Mrs. Ray Flagel, in recent months. One told of a successful rummage sale and the other of a handkerchief shower for Mrs.

Beckman, a member who was moving to Minneapolis. At the time of the shower one enterprising member raffled two fruit cakes she had made, and which brought in nice returns for the treasury. In concluding, Mrs. Flagel commented, "Now we are down to \$1.95 (contents of the treasury after sending us a check) so we'll just have to get busy and make some more money."



YOUR INTENTIONS

We never close the top
Of that bag marked "Friends'
Intentions."

You may send them any time,
Disregarding all conventions.

Are they long? Are they short?
Are they subject to extensions?
Never mind, it holds all,
Whatsoever the dimensions.

Is it health (O not *wealth!*)
Or a better job you look for?
A safe trip? Or lost purse?
Or a bill for the collector?

Shall we pray it may be
A successful operation?
The conversion of a friend,
Or perhaps a true vocation?

Is it prayers for the dead
Or the live you requisition?
Let us know, they'll be said
If you send us your petition.

Club Mention



OUR OMAHA, NEB., BANDS

St. Clare Band. The present Promoter is *Mrs. Ella Hamilton*. Chief sources of revenue, outside of monthly dues which amount to \$10, consist of an annual card party and an annual rummage sale. This group sponsored Sister Mary Clare (sister of Mrs. Ann Igel, one of the members) until her tragic death last summer. Now their donations are given in her memory.

St. Margaret Mary Band. The Promoter is *Mrs. Fred Shields*, sister-in-law of Sister Mary Marguerite. It happened that their annual rummage sale this year occurred at the very time when one of the worst blizzards in history hit the Midwest. An annual bake sale greatly increases their treasury receipts, while the sale of cards, hand embroidered dish towels, etc., augment them.

St. Martin of Tours Band. This Band, headed at present by *Mrs. Helen Wentz*, sponsors Sister Mary Martin. Illness plagued the members and their families at the beginning of the year, but they were undaunted in their missionary efforts. Two meetings were held in March when they could not get together in February. These ladies follow pretty much the same pattern of money raising as the two Bands mentioned above, with the addition of private donations by individual members and small raffles occasionally.

Our Lady of Victory Guild. This is a small group, with *Miss Philomena Gorman* in charge. They send a yearly donation and make First Communion clothes for needy children.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS March 23, to April 17, 1957

Adrian, Chicago, Florence Dietz	\$50.00
Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler	20.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch ..	10.00
Dolores Guild, Chicago, A. Klingel	82.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	26.00
Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek	10.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	100.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. James A. O'Brien	13.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. H. Kiefer	20.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer ..	28.50
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	5.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	40.00
St. Mary Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Loretta Mettler	160.50
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt ..	10.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg	6.00
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth	10.50

ST. GERARD BAND, Chicago

These little women, headed by *Mrs. Frank E. Perkins, Jr.*, are all mothers of several small children. That is why they chose St. Gerard for their patron. Besides donations to Victory Noll, they send good used clothing to our Sisters in the missions and make Catechism awards for children at their meetings.





Mary's Loyal

HELPER TO ENTER CONVENT

Dear Loyal Helpers:

FOR those who are finishing high school, this will be a month of decisions. Will you enter college in the fall, or get a job—perhaps in some office? More important still, is the clear call to the religious life making itself heard above the clamor of external occupations and amusements?

Whatever your calling in life may be, pray now that you will refuse the good God nothing He may ask of you at this time or later on.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

JUNIOR SODALISTS, ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH, HIGHTSTOWN. N.J.



In the picture to the left is Susan Welnetz, of Michigan City, Indiana. Susan wrote us recently as follows: "Graduation will be coming up soon. In September I am entering the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament as a postulant. They work for Indians and Colored people. The Motherhouse is located in Cornwell Heights, Penn.

"I want to thank you for your kindness and prayers during the time I have known you and I would appreciate your remembering me in your prayers now."



These mission minded girls, under the direction of Sister Ann Joachim (lower right in picture) filled Mite Boxes during Lent to aid our needy missions. Other charitable projects during the past school year included visits to nursing homes to cheer the old folks and the distribution of Catholic magazines.

Helpers' pages



HELPERS HEARD FROM LATELY

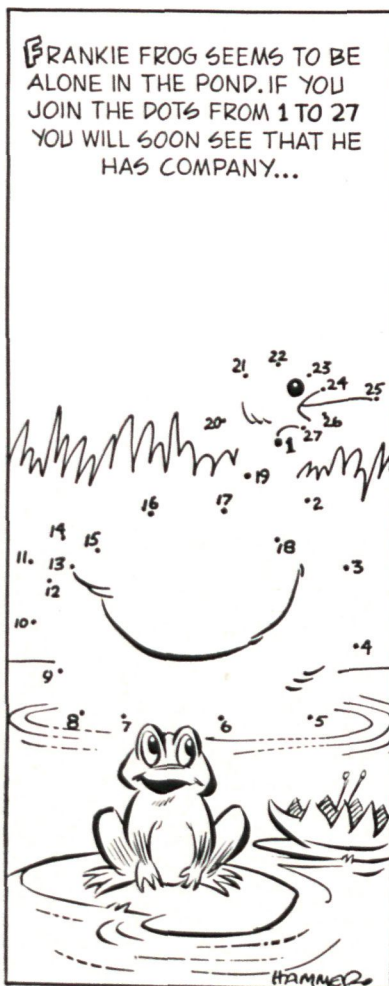
- Charlotte Bodenlos, Jacksonville, Ala.
 Pamela Bonura, Gardena, Calif.
 Patsy Cecil, France.
 Carol Ciulik, Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Daniel Condon, Holland, Ohio
 Dianne Eveningred, Marysville, Mich.
 James Gasior, Dearborn, Mich.
 Carolyn Gaydosh, Westport, Conn.
 Beverly Hay, Willard, Ohio
 Kathleen Helfrich, Lancaster, Pa.
 Donna Hess, Columbus, Ohio
 Rita Hurlburt, Corry, Pa.
 Louise Mahru, Wilmington, Del.
 Scott Morris, Chicago, Ill.
 Irene Petermann, Eagle Pass, Texas
 William Rennekamp, Glenfield, Pa.
 Michael Schefke, St. Clair Shores,
 Mich.
 Rosemary Schell, Heyburn, Idaho
 Marie Sikora, Middlesex, N. J.
 Nancy Wurth, Paducah, Kentucky

"THREE LITTLE INDIANS"



Above, left to right, are Carol, Joan and Pattie Descourouez, of St. Charles, Ill., nieces of Sister John Joseph. Our little Helpers, in the company of their grandmother, visited Sister, located in one of our western convents, last summer. They were thrilled at the sight of real Indians and later had this picture taken.

JUNE PUZZLE



Send in worked puzzle for a holy card.

ANSWERS, MAY PUZZLE. 1. rose 2. violet.
 3. daisy. 4. gladioli. 5. Iris. 6. pansy.

Unsung Heroines

SISTER ANDREA

FINDING a suitable place in which to conduct classes in religion has always been a problem for us and probably always will be. It is true, the importance of these Confraternity classes is being recognized more and more; yet, finding convenient teaching centers remains a difficulty.

The unsung heroines are those good women who open their homes to us and the children. Many there are whose own children attend the classes and who let us use their front room or their basement or some other part of the house for a classroom. Still others have no children of catechism age and yet gladly put their homes at our disposal. I would like to tell you about just one of them.

This good woman, whom we shall call Mrs. B., does more than her share to make our Saturday morning classes successful. When we arrive, she already has the folding chairs and blackboard in place. These she keeps for us in her garage. If some of the children get there before we do, she hears lessons and prayers and marks the chart for us.

At Christmas and Easter she herself arranges treats and awards for the children. When hazardous road conditions make it impossible for us to travel, Mrs. B. notifies the children and holds class for the determined few who live nearby and come anyway. She checks on the absentees and tells them what lesson was assigned for that week. Every week she returns or locates lost catechisms and other articles.

During the month of May she provided a beautiful little shrine and then



Sister Andrea and a few of the two dozen children she teaches in Mrs. B's front room.

supplied the flowers and crown for the May crowning ceremonies at the end of the month. She thought nothing of driving Sister and the children to the church some distance away — for practice classes before First Communion.

All these and many more things she does without expecting any other reward than God's approval.

Mrs. B. was a widow of just a few months when she heard of our need for a classroom. Immediately she arranged with the pastor to have her small home placed at our service. Father bought two dozen small folding chairs for the children. These we found already set up neatly in the front room the first day. When Mrs. B. saw our car approaching, she hurried to introduce herself and welcome us. Thoughtfully she helped me unload briefcase,

chart, and other equipment, a practice which she continued each week after that.

After class I had an opportunity to hear Mrs. B's story. Her husband was a railroader until a stroke resulted in partial paralysis. He was an invalid for five years. During this time Mrs. B. drove him some thirty miles every week in all kinds of weather to a neighboring city for medical treatment, praying the Rosary both ways so that their aging car would hold up on the trip.

Illness turned Mr. B's thoughts toward God. Aided by the prayers and example of his valiant wife, he received the grace to enter the Church, and had a peaceful and happy death. This grace, together with the blessing of five devoted children, all married and a credit to the religious guidance of their mother, has inspired Mrs. B. with a deep sense of gratitude to God. As she says, she can "never do enough to repay the good Lord for all that He has done for me."

Besides making her home into a teaching center, she organized the women of the parish in several fund-raising projects for the new parish being established. Proceeds from teas, bake-sales, card parties, and handwork were used to help furnish the new rectory. On her table she keeps a jar that is filling rapidly with shiny coins which she is saving for the building of the new church.

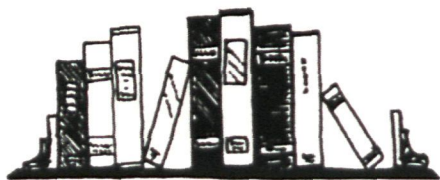
The many difficulties involved in the work of organizing a new parish only seem to whet Mrs. B's enthusiasm. When a survey of the territory was to be taken, she was among the first volunteers to take the census, though it meant travel over rough and muddy winter roads.

When the class center for the older children became unsuitable because of a faulty heating stove, Mrs. B. suggested to her daughter that she offer her home. Not willing to be outdone in generosity by her mother, the daughter graciously obliged.



"At the close of May she provided flowers and crown for the simple ceremonies that took place in her home."

BOOKS



Guadalupe to Lourdes, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Catechetical Guild, 260 Summit Avenue, St. Paul 2, Minnesota. 50 cents.

Mrs. Keyes' books, *The Grace of Guadalupe* and *Bernadette of Lourdes*, have been popular since they were first published. The Catechetical Guild has now made them available in one volume.

The story of Lourdes, at least in its broad outlines, is better known perhaps than the story of our own dear Patroness of the Americas, Our Lady of Guadalupe. Yet, there was no other apparition quite like it. The others fall into the usual pattern: Our Blessed Mother appears to a young girl or to several small children, gives a message, asks for prayers and penance.

The apparition in 1531 in Mexico to Juan Diego resulted in the conversion of a whole nation. Besides, Our Blessed Mother left her own image on Juan's crude tilma, an image that has defied the ravages of time and intrigued artists and scientists for more than four centuries.

Mrs. Keyes, in both parts of the book, relates numerous anecdotes about Juan Diego and St. Bernadette. In fact, the stories deal more with their personalities than with the shrines.

Whether or not you are familiar with the stories of these famous apparitions you will enjoy *Guadalupe to Lourdes* now available in this paper back edition.

A Catholic Child's Prayer Book by Mary W. Stromwall. Illustrated by William DeJ. Rutherford. Catechetical Guild, 260 Summit Avenue, St. Paul 2, Minnesota. Regular edition, \$1.95. Deluxe, cloth-bound edition \$3.

This is a very attractive and well-written book for the small child whether he can read or is only learning. It teaches the Sign of the Cross, Glory be to the Father, Our Father, Hail Mary, the Mysteries of the Rosary, short forms of the Morning Offering and Acts of Faith, Hope, Love, and Contrition, the Guardian Angel Prayer, Come Holy Ghost, the Angelus, Meal Prayers, and short aspirations. The Confiteor and Apostles' Creed are treated in the prayers of the Mass which comprise the last part of the book.

The "why" of each prayer is given briefly but clearly. The illustrations are excellent, not the least bit babyish. The angels, for instance, are truly majestic spirits.

A Catholic Child's Prayer Book is large—slightly more than 9 by 11 inches and contains 56 pages.

Crown of Glory, the Life of Pope Pius XII, by Alden Hatch and Seamus Walshe. Illustrated with drawings by Louis Priscilla. Hawthorne Books, Inc., New York. \$4.95.

This is a most heart-warming story of our Holy Father. While it is true that there have been many biographies written of him, and the broad outlines of his life are familiar to many persons, yet there is still room for a volume like this one.

Written by journalists, it strikes a happy balance between a so-called popular life and one that is heavily documented. Mr. Hatch himself is an

Editor's By-Line

As the religious vacation school stories in this month's magazine make plain, any project work that the children do is not just an end in itself, but a means of imparting in another way, the lessons learned in class.

The mere mention of project work makes me think of the summer I got hopelessly mixed up in plaster of Paris. I might as well admit right here and now that I would never get an A in creative work. In the years that I had scout troops the only thing that "saved face" for me was that I could play the piano and teach my little girls to sing and dance. Since most of them were Mexicans they loved that. When it came to making things, the finished products of those little artists had it all over Sister's.

Happily, there are always sisters in the same convent with me who are more than willing to come to my rescue. That is one of the joys and consolations of community life.

One summer when I was at a loss what to have as a project, one of the sisters suggested making crucifixes and plaques out of plaster of Paris. It sounded easy. Someone had already made the rubber molds, the plaster was cheap, and the children loved it. I thought it would be a cinch, but I had much to learn.

I had a comparatively small group, not quite twenty sixth, seventh, and eighth graders. We had only two crucifix molds and several plaques of Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother. That should keep a part of the class busy while the others worked on their notebooks. But no, everyone wanted to make a crucifix. They were just not interested in plaques. And it was much

American Protestant, a fervent admirer of our Holy Father. Mr. Walshe is a Dublin-born Catholic who resides in Rome and is on the faculty of the Notre Dame International School there. This book is the result of two years of research. It carries an imprimatur.

Especially well do the authors describe the role of Pope Pius during the war and the occupation of Rome. Even those who are very familiar with his life will find related here anecdotes they have not before heard.

Delicately and with great reverence the much publicized vision of the Holy Father is related. Then, in what he calls a Last Word, Mr. Hatch sums up his personal opinion in a chapter entitled A Protestant Looks at the Pope.

Altogether, Crown of Glory is a book that one can recommend without any reservation. It is, moreover, a handsome volume, bound in red and white with the papal coat of arms in gold on the cover. On the dust jacket is a beautiful picture of the Holy Father in color. The book contains thirty-eight excellent photographs and twenty-two full page drawings. The latter remind one of etchings and are exquisitely done.

Time for R.V.S.

Continued from p. 5

Often we teach summer classes at one center in the morning and repeat the performance at another one in the afternoon. All too soon the time passes and the vacation school sessions are ended at one mission place. But there is other territory to be covered, other children are to be instructed, more souls are to be brought closer to God. So at the close of one session, another session begins.

It's the first day of June and the months of vacation school are before us.

more exciting even to watch the whole business than it was to sit at a table and write in your notebook.

The mess is something I hadn't expected either. The pastor had rented the American Legion hall for vacation school. After the first day of getting plaster of Paris all over the floor, we moved outdoors. In a way that was worse. Toward the end of June the grass in southern California is getting brown, but still, white splotches don't improve it.

I survived the summer, but only because of the generosity of one of the sisters who used a whole precious afternoon making crucifixes for those in my class who hadn't been able to make them.

My most exciting summer schools were in Texas where we taught in little places that the modern world had not yet caught up with. I learned all about kerosene lamps, cooking on wood stoves, getting along without ordinary conveniences.

In one place we even had a rattler in our back yard. I suppose the rattlers were in the other places too, but we didn't see them.

I taught my group outside the little three-room house another sister and I lived in. The rattler made his appearance one morning during class. The boys chased it down an old well and pelted stones on it, but who could be sure they killed it? And who could be sure there wasn't another one around? After that I never ventured out after dark even though we had to go outside for our water. Fortunately, it stayed light a long time.

The Texas-born Oblate Missionary who had charge of those missions made delicate references to our timidity. He told us that while he was a seminarian they caught rattlers alive and sold

them to zoos. That way they bought all their athletic equipment.

Such stories were supposed to make me ashamed of my cowardice, but they didn't. I was no braver about the other snakes we saw although everyone assured me they were harmless. Like everything in Texas they were awfully big, and they were SNAKES. But snakes and all, it was wonderful and I would go back tomorrow if I could. SEA

ANONYMOUS

For obvious reasons we don't mention what part of the country the following choice items came from, but they are too good not to share with you.

One of our catechetical centers has a new coat of paint, courtesy of the jail trustees. Don't breath a word about it. They even used city equipment. Maybe in some other towns there is this untapped source of assistance. Of course you need a good chief of police like ours.

Did we ever tell you that this is the land of cats? We have even a church cat named Caesar. One morning just as the pastor descended the altar steps to begin Mass (without an altar boy), Caesar jumped for the rope and rang the bell at the entrance into the sanctuary, something Father had neglected to do. Even the sedate pastor found it hard to suppress a chuckle.

In Memoriam

Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. H. Schulte, Cedar Rapids,
Iowa
Rev. Leon J. Delavelle, Albuquerque, N. M.
George E. Bruschi, Detroit
Elizabeth C. Schiffer, La Crosse, Wis.
Cecilia R. Miller, Chicago

May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.



Sister Dolores Ann (left) and Sister M. Damian with a Navajo family. The girl is a student at Intermountain.

Thousands of Navajo boys and girls attend Intermountain Indian School in Brigham City, Utah. Missionary Sisters from our convent in Brigham City give religious instruction to the Catholics. In order to make their work among them more effective, the sisters have

With the Navajos



Sister Marion Frances chats with a Navajo in front of his hogan.



Lesson in weaving.

Bump, bump. The wagon ride was fun for awhile, but the sisters decided it wouldn't be if it had lasted much longer.



made several trips to the reservation and visited the homes of some of their pupils.

When spring comes, the weaving looms are moved outdoors. Weaving is one of the main sources of income for the Navajo family. The Indians themselves wear their colorful blankets sometimes even in warm weather.

There is still time

for you to order

BIBLE STORIES IN THE LANGUAGE OF YOUTH

by Sister Evelyn Benton, O.L.V.M.

for your religious vacation schools

Spanish-English Religion Book

The print is large and easy to read. On one page is the Spanish text; opposite it, the English. There are interesting tests for the pupil.

A complete set of these bi-lingual books of religious instruction is \$1. They may be bought separately at 25 cents each. Book 1,

Creation; Book 2, Annunciation to Public Life; Book 3, Confession and Communion; Book 4, The Passion.

These books are now being used among the Spanish-speaking throughout the United States and in the missions of South and Central America and the Caribbean. Have you ordered your copies yet?

**Our Lady of Victory Press
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Huntington, Indiana**

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