

THE  
MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST



April 1950

# Corina Likes to Sing

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

CORINA has one love—music; or, I should say, singing. I'm sure she sang before she began to talk. Ever since she started to come to catechism, she has begged to be in the junior choir, but she was always told, "Not yet, Corina, you must wait until you are ten years old." Not content with singing with all the others at the children's Mass, she would sing the responses at the High Mass, her clear, sweet little "Et cum spiritu tuo" joining the voices of the older girls up in the choir loft.



Ten-year-old Corina, faithful member of children's choir.

THIS year, when we returned to our mission, Corina greeted us with the news that she was now ten years old. That meant only one thing to her—that she could sing *upstairs*. Climbing the narrow steps to the choir was just like going up to heaven for Corina. She was starry-eyed. I do not know when I have seen such happiness in a child. She actually caressed the organ. Nor has the fascination worn off. Every morning she comes to Mass, and if we meet her outside she asks, "Are we going upstairs this morning, Sister?" When the answer is "Yes," her eyes shine and she is very, very happy.

LIKE so many other little girls her age, Corina has picked a lot of cotton and has missed a lot of school. It is hard for her to read, and she gives her English some very funny twists; but it is positively uncanny how she can remember the words she sings—whether they are Spanish, English, or Latin. After several months she knows nearly the whole Requiem by heart. We have been singing the Gradual and Tract as written, not just chanting it. Corina sang it the first time better than most others sing it after much practice.

CORINA is much too small and much too thin for her age. There are so many brothers and sisters for her father and mother to feed and clothe that she lives with Grandma and Grandpa. Two days before Christmas we told Corina to tell her grandmother that we wanted to take her and some of the other girls with us that afternoon to the hospital to sing carols and that she should be at our convent at two o'clock, dressed and ready to go. At *eleven* o'clock Corina came, dressed in a much needed new coat. She explained first of all that there was no clock at home and she did not want to be late. The coat? It was to be a Christmas gift, but Grandma gave it to her two days early so that she could wear it to the hospital. When we came home from the hospital we sang for Grandpa, who has been sick all winter. Corina sang "Gesù Bambino" for him. Grandma cried a little and Grandpa wiped away several tears, so they must have liked it.

THE other day after choir practice, when Corina had astonished me once again by the way she sang the Holy Week music, I said to her, "Corina, God has given you a wonderful gift."

She said, "Yes, Sister."

"He has given you a beautiful voice," I continued.

Again she agreed, "Yes, Sister."

"Thank Him for it, Corina, and always use it for Him."

"Yes, Sister."

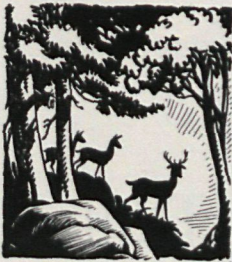
You can talk that way to Corina.

# The Missionary Catechist

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Number 5



## Soul Growth

by Sister Blanche

ONCE strolling through a woody glen,  
Sequestered from the haunts of men,  
I met a woodman, old and hoar,  
Bent over with the axe he bore.  
Impulsively I followed him  
Through leafy boughs and shadows dim.

We paused beside a grand old oak:  
His axe's blows the stillness broke.  
The chips flew wide, the chips flew fast,  
The mighty oak was felled at last.  
Then leaning o'er the prostrate tree,  
The woodman viewed it musingly.

His calloused finger beckoned me;  
I sought his side inquiringly.  
He pointed at the heart laid bare:  
The great oak's secret he would share.  
It's nothing new, thought I, to gauge  
By rings what is an old tree's age.

As if he had divined my thought,  
The woodman with his eye mine caught:  
It was a *mystic* lesson he  
Would teach me through this fallen tree.  
Each band revealed a year on earth—  
Yet how unlike they were in girth!

Some rings were wide and well-defined  
And some but narrowly outlined.  
My rustic teacher then explained  
The oak had grown most *when it rained!*  
A deeper truth upon me broke  
While pondering that fresh-hewn oak.

Undampened joy man's soul contracts,  
Thus wider sympathy he lacks—  
While sorrow, on the other hand,  
Is apt to make his soul expand.  
We do not value at it's worth  
The part that sorrow plays on earth.

\* \* \*

I turned to thank my woodland seer—  
I had not seen him disappear—  
A shaft of light now pierced the wood  
In self-same spot where he had stood.

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## Around

## Victory

## Noll

*by Sister Eunice*

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joseph Kiwanuka, D.D., J.C.D., Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, Uganda, British East Africa.

**T**HERE was a current of excitement AROUND VICTORY NOLL when it was learned that we would have the honor of entertaining a native African Bishop on the morrow.

**N**OW the visit of a bishop—any bishop—to Victory Noll is a much prized event in our lives. But a native African Bishop—the first member of the African hierarchy since the days of St. Augustine that was something to go down in the annals of Victory Noll.

**S**HORTLY before noon on January 12, 1950, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joseph Kiwanuka, Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, Uganda, East Africa, arrived at Victory Noll. He was accompanied by his secretary, Reverend A. Lacasse, W.F., of Belleville, Ill., and two priests from Sacred Heart Seminary, Lake Wawasee, Ind., the Rev. Daniel Richard, O.S.C., and Rev. Martin Van Roosmalen, O.S.C. Our chaplain, Father Conroy, and the two Huntington pastors,

Father Dillon of St. Mary's and Father Schmitt of SS. Peter and Paul's, were waiting to greet the Bishop.

**V**ICTORY NOLLERS tried to outdo themselves in preparing and serving a tempting dinner to His Excellency (we could not help wondering what the Bishop thought of American food, so often tasteless to visitors from other lands) and the visiting priests.

**A**FTER dinner the Bishop obligingly posed for pictures while Father Conroy, Mother General, and Sister Helen tried their amateur photographic ability to obtain a picture of His Excellency. (The picture shown on this page is one sent Mother General by the Bishop.)

**W**E were all delighted when two bells (always a sign of something special AROUND VICTORY NOLL) announced the fact that the Bishop would address the community. He was



Left to right: 1st row: Rev. Martin Van Roosmalen, O.S.C.; His Excellency, Bishop Kiwanuka; Rev. A. Lacasse, W.F.; Rev. T. E. Dillon; 2nd Row: Rev. S. E. Schmitt; Rev. James Conroy, and Rev. Daniel Richard, O.S. C.

introduced by Father Conroy and from this introduction and the Bishop's own talk we learned many interesting facts about the Bishop, his work, and his problems.

**B**ISHOP KIWANUKA is a direct blood descendant through his mother and his father of the Blessed Martyrs of Uganda. When quite a small boy he lay dying in his father's obscure hut. There the White Fathers found the future bishop of Masaka and through their prayers and their nursing won him back to health.

**H**E was ordained to the priesthood in 1929, and because of his outstanding ability was made a teacher in the native seminary of Uganda. A few years later he asked to join the White Fathers of Africa and made his novitiate at Maison Carree near Algiers. He then attended the Angelicum, Dominican University, at Rome, where he earned a doctorate in Canon Law.

**I**N 1939, Pope Pius XII consecrated him Titular Bishop of Tibica and Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, a section of the Uganda protectorate on the shores of Lake Victoria.

At the time of his consecration, the Holy Father told Bishop Kiwanuka that he was "very happy to renew in him the African episcopacy." His Holiness also said at that time, "I would like to consecrate many other African Bishops, but my consecrating them depends upon you. If you succeed, you will encourage the Holy See to consecrate many more African Bishops."

**L**AST year when Bishop Kiwanuka made his "ad limina" visit the Holy Father recalled these words and asked the Bishop if he had succeeded. "Your Holiness," the bishop said, "it is

not for me to tell you whether I succeeded. I made my report to the Cardinal in charge of affairs and I believe he has already made his report to you. I think he told you that I do my best."

**"T**HE Holy Father seemed satisfied with this report," the Bishop told us, "but he then asked me if I were satisfied."

"No, Holy Father, I am not satisfied," the Bishop replied. "I have a very great problem. I have only fifty priests to take care of 137,000 Christians among a population of 385,000 souls. I have only fourteen parishes, very big parishes, the smallest has eight thousand souls. I have some Sisters and Brothers, about three hundred, but they are not enough; I have more than four hundred catechists, but they are not enough."

**T**HEN the Holy Father asked the Bishop if there were no vocations in his diocese. "Many vocations, Your Holiness," he replied. "Every year I have many vocations for the seminary, but I cannot take them because the parents cannot afford to pay for them. I must do it all and I have not a place for them nor the means to support them."

"But there are six other bishops in Uganda. They have seminaries!" the Holy Father continued.

**"Y**ES, Your Holiness," replied the bishop, "but the other bishops are not African as I am. These bishops have friends in their own countries who help them. All my relatives and friends are in Masaka. They are poor as I am poor."

"Try then, my son, to make friends in other countries. Go to Canada and to America and try to find friends there who will help you build and maintain your seminary."

"**A**ND so," continued the Bishop, "I have gone to Canada and now I come to America seeking friends. My priests are in the confessional three hours every day and still cannot finish the confessions. It is too much for them. They make long journeys to reach the people and the people make long journeys to find opportunity to receive the sacraments."

"You can help me by your prayers to find in your country some generous people who will give me the means to build my seminary."

**W**HEN talking to the Bishop, Father Conroy asked him about youth activities in his di-

cese. The Bishop told him that family life is strong in his diocese, that there is very little of what we know as "juvenile delinquency." Except when young people are in school, most of their time is spent in the home. There is very little occasion for public entertainment or recreation. The Bishop said he was very hesitant to allow movies as a form of recreation, though well aware of their educational value, because the majority of them are "not good."

**W**E at Victory Noll were proud of the fact that we had the opportunity to welcome the successor of the great St. Augustine sent to our country by the Holy Father himself for the purpose of "making friends." Our friendship will be expressed in our prayers that the Bishop may obtain the money he needs for his seminary and that God's blessing may be on all his work for souls in the distant diocese of Masaka.

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## Mission Intention For April

*by the Most Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, D. D.*

### MISSIONS IN UGANDA, KENYA, AND TANGANYIKA

**T**HESE three territories under the trusteeship of Great Britain are situated on the famous Lake Victoria in East Africa. The Zanzibar Protectorate is also commonly associated with these places. The missions in this part of Africa are most flourishing.

**O**NE-EIGHTH of the whole region has already become Catholic. Kenya and Zanzibar have the smallest proportion of Catholics, namely, seven percent. In Tanganyika, ten percent of the population has embraced the true Faith, while Uganda with its proportion of twenty-two percent is much greater than the average.

**T**HE inhabitants of these regions for the most part are Colored pagans. The influence of Moslemism is great, so that it is of the utmost importance to extend the work of the Church as soon as possible and intensify the training of those who have been converted. These two ends cannot be obtained at all unless the number of priests, both native and foreign, be multiplied.

**T**HERE are for the whole region 1,221 priests, that is one for every 11,000 inhabitants. Even if the Catholic population alone is considered, we find only one priest for every 1,400 Catholics. This figure is reached by including all the priests in the missions whether or not they are engaged directly in the care of souls. If the great-

ly flourishing region of Uganda is considered separately, the proportion of priests toward the population is better, namely, one for every 9,300 inhabitants, but worse for Catholics alone, since there is only one priest for every 2,000 Catholics.

**Y**ET this is the acceptable time, for there is a real possibility that, if not the whole population, at least by far the greater part will embrace the true Faith, notwithstanding the efforts of the Moslems. But one most serious condition must be fulfilled, namely, that the Church of Christ be founded far and wide in these regions as soon and as solidly as possible. "Lift up your eyes and behold that the fields are already white for the harvest." (John 4,35.) "The harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few; pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest." (Matt. 9, 37-38.)

**A**Lmighty God must indeed look upon these people with great favor. Uganda begot for God the first colored martyrs as the precious first fruits of its faith, when in 1885 many Christian young men preferred death by torture to royal favors which they could have bought only with grave damage to their faith and charity. Of these young men who gave up their lives for their Faith, twenty-two have been declared blessed by the Church.

# We Visited Panama

by Sister Helen

IN January, I accompanied Mother General on a visit to Panama. We liked Panama, its people, customs, climate, food. Most of all we liked being with Sister Monica, Sister Mary Bernarda, and the Sisters of the new Panamanian community which our Sisters have helped establish during the past two years.

PANAMA is a Republic in Central America. Because of the importance of the Panama Canal Zone, over which the United States has jurisdiction, we North Americans are sometimes inclined to overlook the fact that there is a Republic of Panama, which is a completely independent nation.

PANAMA won its independence from Colombia in 1903 and Panamanians are very conscious and very proud of their independence. The National Government consists of a President elected for a six-year term by popular vote; three Vice Presidents; a Cabinet of six members; Governors for each of the seven Provinces; and a National Assembly elected by popular vote and



"La Pollerita," a little Miss in Panama's national costume.



Mother Catherine admires stalk of bananas. Besides being the largest export from Panama, bananas are a very important item in the diet of the Panamanians.

responsible for the legislative work of the Government.

THE Isthmus of Panama extends east and west between the Caribbean Sea on the North and the Pacific Ocean on the South. Bounded by Costa Rica on the West, and Colombia on the East, it links the two Americas. The Isthmus is 420 miles long and varies from 37 to 118 miles in width, with a total area of some 28,500 square miles. In 1940 its population, exclusive of the Canal Zone, was 622,576. The population of the Canal Zone at that time was 51,827.

THE Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone are two distinct places. The Canal Zone is essentially North American. It stretches for five miles along either side of the Canal and is leased to the United States "in perpetuity" by the Republic of Panama for the purposes of maintenance and defense of the Canal.

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Francisco C. Beckmann, Archbishop of Panama, with the Panamanian Sisters. Left to right they are: Sister Carmen, Sister Mercedes Maria, Sister Gertrudis, Archbishop Beckmann, Sister Catalina, Sister Francisca, and Sister Josefa.



THE Republic of Panama, on the other hand, is essentially Latin. The official language is Spanish, and the architecture, customs, and beautiful national costumes are reminiscent of Old Spain and the early conquistadores. The houses, which are constructed of concrete or stone, are built around an inside court or patio, and have narrow iron-railed balconies on the outside. The streets are narrow and the sidewalks, especially in the older sections, are only about three feet wide.

PANAMA is a Catholic country, although there is complete freedom of worship. The Archbishop is a member of the diplomatic corps. Priests wear cassocks or habits on the streets. Religion is taught one hour a week in the Government schools. A great part of the social life of the Republic centers around the Church.

THE greatest single economic asset of the Republic of Panama is the Canal Zone. Indeed, it is hard to imagine just what Panama would be without the Zone. The United States normally supplies over half of the imports and purchases around ninety percent of the domestic exports.

AT the present time the most important industry in the Interior is cattle raising. Much of the agricultural land has not been developed, principally because of the lack of a market. The largest export is bananas. A very fine grade of coffee is raised in Chiriqui near the Costa Rican border.

MUCH of the foregoing information has been gleaned from Encyclopedia Britannica, from the National Geographic magazine, from bulletins put out by the Panama Tourist Commission, or from other sources available at Victory Noll. We would never on our own authority mention directions in a land where the sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic. And

certainly none of the figures were obtained while in Panama, for there statistics mean nothing. We could not even find out the population of Panama City.

IN ascertaining distances from one place to another, we were never told that it was so many miles, but that it was so many hours away. And it was always safe to double the number of hours given.

TIME likewise is unimportant to Panamanians. One afternoon we went to view a parade from the balcony of the home of a friend on Avenida Central. The parade was a feature of the closing of Book Week (Book Week is a very important event in Panama) and the school children were taking part in it. It was scheduled for 3:30; at five o'clock it had not begun. When we mentioned that the paper said it would start at 3:30, one of the girls remarked, "Oh, the Panamanian hour!"

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about our visit to Panama is that it was arranged in Heaven. At least it is certain that when Mother General opened a long narrow envelope received from the Panamanian Sisters at Christmas and found that it contained a round-trip ticket to Panama, she had not the remotest idea of using it. Much though she disliked to disappoint the Sisters, her plans were already made—she was leaving immediately after the first of the year for visitation of our houses in the West and Southwest.

BUT Mother General was reckoning without knowledge of the steady stream of prayers that were ascending heavenwards from the "Convento de la Virgen Milagrosa" in Panama, and as she continued her preparations for the Western trip, the prayers of the Sisters in far-off Panama increased in fervor.



THEN it happened. During Christmas week an unexpected matter came up which looked as if it would require Mother General's presence at Victory Noll in approximately three weeks and again in six weeks. Until the business was disposed of, the Western trip, which would take at least three months, would be impossible. Mother's thoughts then turned towards Panama, since she could make that trip during the interval. Actually when all plans for the trip were made and Mother General was about to leave for Panama, the business which during Christmas week seemed so pressing was relegated to late spring, the time originally set for it.

ON January 8, it was definitely decided that Mother General would go to Panama and I would be her companion. Now, if I could have boarded a train and gone directly to Panama, my happiness at the prospect of the visit would have known no bounds. As it was, my joy was tempered somewhat by the thought of the long plane ride, an experience which would be entirely new to me. According to the times of arrival and departure on Mother General's ticket, the trip would take some ten hours from Chicago, and though she assured me the time of arrival in Panama must be 10:50 P. M. instead of 10:50 A. M., making the trip twenty-two hours instead of ten, I had great confidence in the ticket agent in Panama. But that confidence was

shattered the next morning, when calling the Chicago office for reservations, I learned that we would leave Chicago at 12:05 A. M., C. S. T., on January 18 and arrive in Panama at 10:50 P.M., E.S.T., the same date.

THERE was much to be done during the next eight days. In addition to the ordinary preparations for a trip, many extra things, such as health reports, smallpox vaccinations, photos for tourist cards, were required, for we were going to a foreign country. Above all, I would have to have the March magazine at the "dummy" stage before leaving, so that the Printing Department could go ahead with it in case we were not home in the scheduled two weeks. And perhaps it was a good thing, as it gave me little time to think of that long plane ride over land and sea.

THE week flew by, and before we could realize it we were leaving Victory Noll amid the farewells of our Sisters and the reassuring promises of their prayers for a safe journey. We arrived at the station in Huntington—a ten minute drive from Victory Noll—a full half hour before the scheduled arrival of the train. (This is characteristic of both Mother Catherine and me, and is only the more pronounced when we are traveling together.)

(Continued on page 18)



Sister Mary Bernarda with a group of children in Panama City.

# EASTER GREETINGS

## GRATITUDE

"SISTER, I have something for you," whispered Maria as she went into the church. "I'll see you right after Mass."

Maria, a little Mexican child of ten years, had been baptized but never reared a Catholic. Just ten weeks ago, Maria, accompanied by an aunt who was interested in the child's spiritual welfare, had come to the convent and asked to be prepared for her First Holy Communion.

Since Maria was unable to attend the regular classes for First Communicants, we arranged to give her instructions between the two Masses on Sunday. Maria attended these classes faithfully

fully and studied her lessons at home, and only last Sunday had the happiness of receiving Our Lord for the first time.

Now, a week later, Maria was going to pay her debt of gratitude to Sister. As she came out of the church after Mass, she approached Sister, her dark eyes sparkling as she opened a paper sack out of which she drew two cellophane wrapped packages of macaroni. Handing this rather unusual gift to Sister, she said, "Thank you, Sister, for helping me with my catechism. This is all I have to give you—where my auntie works they sometimes give her this free."

No wonder God loves little children!

Sister Mary Martin

Los Angeles, California



Sister James with class at San Antonio, Texas. Evidently the children know the answer.

# In the Home Field

## IT'S SUNDAY

THOUGH she was nearly eleven years old, Olga was hearing the wondrous story of the Redemption for the first time. She listened carefully to the details of the death and burial of Jesus.

"The soldiers guarded the grave of Jesus all day Saturday and Saturday night. Does anyone know what happened early Sunday morning?" Sister asked.

The younger First Communicants were silent. Olga raised her hand and when called upon said timidly, "I think maybe one guard said, 'Come on, you guys. We can't stay here no longer. It's Sunday and we gotta go to Mass!'"

Sister Ruth Anthony

Azusa, California.

## AT FATIMA

OUR Bishop is still enthusiastic over his recent trip to Rome, Lourdes, and Fatima. At Fatima he was asked to pontificate at the principal Mass on May thirteenth, the anniversary of the first apparition of our Blessed Mother to the shepherd children.

After the Mass, he had the privilege of blessing the sick. The second person to receive Our Lord's blessing was a young woman who was paralyzed. As soon as she was blessed she got up and walked for the first time in years.

The bishop said he wondered at first why he had been privileged to pontificate, but by the time the ceremonies were over, he decided it was because he was the youngest bishop present and it was thought it would not be as difficult for him as for the older bishops. The ceremonies began at ten in the morning and were not over until three in the afternoon.

Sister Clara

El Paso, Texas

Maria del Rosario smiles happily as she shows Sister Mary Dorothy her new glasses. For weeks and weeks Maria had been squinting and squirming in her efforts to see what was written on the blackboard. Then Sister arranged for her to go to the clinic located in the parish now under the direction of the Misericorde Sisters. Though Maria isn't sure whether or not she really likes to wear glasses, she is delighted with the new world she sees through them.





# Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:

AT Easter, Mother Church lays aside the purple of fasting and penance and dons the white robes of joy and immortality. It is the time when we renew our belief in the life beyond the grave. In this connection, it occurs to me that you good ladies are always demonstrating your firm belief in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. You do it by your charitable donations throughout the year. You do not doubt that the money you set aside to help us in our work with God's poor is earning for you a blessed reward in Heaven above.

May God reward your faith and your love. May our Risen Saviour fill your hearts with the Paschal Joys He purchased for mankind by His bitter passion and death on the Cross.

## SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

### ST. MARY MAGDALEN BAND (Madison, Minn.)

THIS is our newest Band! It is composed of a small group of Sodalists, Regina Emmerich, Catherine Brand, Clara Mooney, Lena Feiber, and Margaret Schneider, all of Madison, Minnesota. For a time they were *Junior Associate Catechists of Mary*. More recently they decided to form one of our ACM Mission Bands. Besides sending money at intervals to Victory Noll toward Sister Mary Elizabeth Wengritzky's Burse, they make and send five hundred scapulars a year to two of our Southwestern Missions.

Welcome, little sisters, to our large family of Associates!

### OUR LADY, QUEEN OF ANGELS BAND (Los Angeles)

A LETTER received at the beginning of Lent from Mrs. C. J. Sauthier, Promoter, carried the following item: "We are going to try something new. We are going to hold our meetings in the hall at St. Joseph's Church. Father

has kindly given us the use of it. The church is located downtown, and there is Mass at noon. We will all go to Mass and then meet in the hall. Each lady will bring her own sandwich and the hostess for each month will furnish the dessert and coffee. I do hope our plan will succeed. We are holding our first meeting there on February 23rd."

Mrs. Sauthier sent us a sample motif of the blocks which went into the famous bedspread she donated a few years ago and which brought us so much money. We placed the motif in our *Project Package* with her name attached to it.

### POOR SOULS BAND ((Berwyn, Ill.)

We frequently hear from the Promoter, Mrs. J. V. McGovern, and are glad to know a new member has joined their Band. The ladies usually play bridge at their parties but the popular game *Canasta* has intrigued them of late.

The Band sponsors Sister Mary Imelda, Superior of our San Pierre (Indiana) convent.



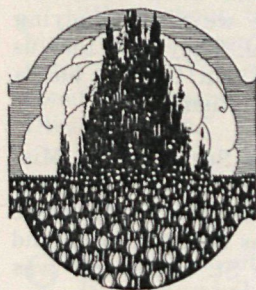
### OUR ST. LOUIS (MO.) BANDS

*Florentine and Mother of Perpetual Help Bands*. Both of these Bands are headed by Mrs. Katherine Krueger, and both sponsor Sister Florence Leuchtefeld, Superior of our Santa Paula, California, convent. At the February meeting of the *Florentines*, the members were happy to have present the mother and two sisters of Sister Florence. The Misses Leuchtefeld are members of the Band.

*Child Jesus Band*. There are eight members in this Band presided over by Mrs. J. Butler. One of these is a contributing member. She is Mrs. Butler's young married daughter, Mrs. Arthur Fournie of Belleville, Illinois. The group sponsor our Sister Mary Edna, also a daughter of Mrs. Butler. Sister is at present attending Marygrove College in Detroit.

# of Mary

## ST. MARGARET BANDS (Marshfield, Wis.)



About eighteen months ago, *St. Margaret of Scotland* Band was formed in Marshfield, Wisconsin. It consists of some of the ladies who already belonged to *St. Margaret Mary Band* in the same city, but who have developed great skill in some of the arts and crafts.

Mrs. Earle Leu is Promoter of both Bands.

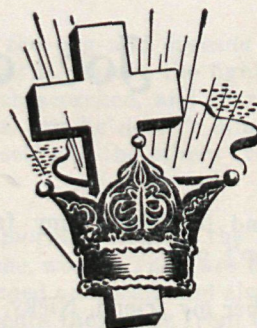
In January we received a check for \$93.00 which the members of *St. Margaret of Scotland* Band earned by selling their craft products and at bake sales they conducted.

The ladies of these two Bands sponsor our Sister Margaret who is missioned at our Paulding, Ohio, convent. Some of the gifts the ladies have sent to Sister in the past (besides money sent to Victory Noll toward her support) are a desk lamp, an electric iron, a small marble statue for the convent chapel, and books for our Sisters and for the children, youth, and adults who attend their religion classes and study clubs.

## HOLY FAMILY BAND (Chicago)

THIS Band is composed chiefly of families who are closely related to each other—brothers, sisters, sons and daughters. Death has invaded their circle frequently within the past few years, but the others keep bravely on. The latest death reported by the Secretary was that of Mrs. William Fiore, sister of Mrs. McBride and Mrs. Walz, and long a member of the Band. R. I. P.

The beautiful Christian spirit possessed by all the members is shown in remarks made by both *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walz* in recent letters to the effect that the underlying purpose of their monthly meetings is to aid our fine missionary work for God and our Blessed Mother. Without that motive, it would not be possible to continue.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS January 18, 1950 to February 21, 1950

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan .....	12.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger .....	17.50
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Edw. Eckstein .....	24.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz ....	15.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary Perkins .....	15.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann .....	55.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch .....	25.00
Mothers & Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. Earl Keegan .....	5.00
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	2.50
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	10.00
Queen of Our Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky .....	15.00
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne, Miss Ann Brink .....	4.50
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Beck .....	3.00
St. Bridget Band, Covington, Ky., Mrs. John Busse .....	4.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	22.50
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Clare Leutenegger .....	5.00
St. Clara Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Wm. Ryan .....	15.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke .....	4.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....	4.50
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. H. Reeves .....	60.00
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Anna Knusman .....	25.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Schultz .....	18.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	30.00
St. Margaret of Scotland Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. Leu .....	93.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields .....	35.00
St. Mary Magdalen Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich .....	10.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary A. Schaefer .....	7.50
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	8.75
Seven Dolores Band, Chicago, Mrs. Jno. Murphy .....	5.00
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte, Ind., M. Klassen .....	25.00

# Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

"GO ahead and tell them," my father says. "Nicky won't care."

You remember my friend, Nicky, don't you? We got the letter from him today telling us the news. And right now my pal Gus is walking around, kinda excited-like, reading parts of the letter over again, and waving it in the air.

"He made it! He actually did!" Gus keeps telling me, like as if I didn't read that letter over about six times myself.

I AM greatly surprised at Nicky, as all the time I thought it was only my pal Gus who wants to be a Franciscan missionary. But no, today we get this letter from Santa Barbara Mission where Nicky has gone to study so he can learn how to be a Franciscan Padre like Father Serra. He tells us there are about one hundred and seventy boys going to school there. I can see by the way that Tino (that's my pal Augustino) is hopping around that pretty soon maybe there will be one hundred and seventy-one.

"Too bad," my father says. "I wanted Nicky to come and see us again and tell us about how Father Serra started Mission San Juan Bautista."

WHEN my pal Gus hears this he puts Nicky's letter down and tries to tell my father that Mission San Juan was not started by Father Serra.

"It wasn't?" says my father.

"No," Tino answers. "Father Serra started nine different Missions, but San Juan Bautista was not one of them."

THEN he starts naming the missions Father Serra founded, and he even tells my father the dates they were started. As you probably know, San Diego comes first, since it is closest to Mexico. It was founded in 1769. Next comes the famous Mission at Monterey Bay, San Carlos Borromeo del Rio Carmelo, better known as Carmel Mission, which was founded in 1770. In the year 1771 two Missions were started, San Antonio de Padua and San Gabriel Archangel.

"In the first two years at San Antonio," Tino tells my father, "more than one hundred and fifty Indians became Catholics. Ten years

later there were more than a thousand Christian Indians."

THE reason how he happens to know this is on account of the Sisters told us in Catechism class when they found out we were studying about the Missions in school. They also told us that the baptismal font at San Gabriel has a record of seven thousand baptisms.

In the year 1772 Father Serra opened Mission San Luis Obispo, which is named after the St. Louis who was a bishop. This is not the same as San Luis Rey, which was founded later and which was named after the St. Louis who was King of France.

San Francisco de Asis and San Juan Capistrano were both started the same year, 1776. After this comes Santa Clara de Asis, 1777, and the last of all San Buenaventura, 1782.

"These are the nine missions founded by Father Serra," Tino tells my father after he has said all this.

I AM very proud of my pal Gus. In school he is able to rattle off all the names of the twenty-one California Missions and also the years when they were started. Besides these nine Missions that Father Serra is responsible for, nine more were started by Father Lasuen, another Franciscan Padre. Later on, three more were added.

IN case you would like to know the names of the other Missions maybe I will ask Tino to write them down for you sometime. Right now my father is listening to him tell about what happened at Father Serra's funeral.

WHEN Father Serra died, all the soldiers and sailors wanted to have the honor of carrying his coffin to the grave, so the funeral procession had to go around the plaza a coupla times, while the pallbearers changed hands every few minutes. Even before his body was cold, it seems that he was considered a saint, as the Indians came in swarms to beg for some relics of him.

NICKY told us the last time he was here, "If Father Serra is ever canonized, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he is made a patron saint of farmers." He said this on account of a lot of people around the different Missions are al-

ways asking Father Serra to pray for them so that they will have good crops.

MY father feels very bad that he didn't get to ask Nicky any more about the different tribes of Indians, so now he is asking Tino, but Tino tells him, "I don't know very much about it. All I know is that sometimes the Yumas were kinda friendly, but the Apaches were very warlike and hard to convert."

"How about the Dieguenos?" I reminded him. "They weren't exactly easy to get along with, either. You remember Miss Carter told us about that uprising they had one time at San Diego Mission."

"Tell me about it," my father says to me. So I go ahead and tell him.

ONE night about a thousand Indians of the Dieguenos tribes (they were the ones that lived in the woods around San Diego) made a raid on the Mission. First they swoop down on the church to steal what they can. Then they set fire to the building. One of the Padres goes out to talk to them but he hardly has a chance to speak one word before they club him to death.

"What happens then?" my father wants to know.

AFTER this they run all over the place yelling as loud as they can. The soldiers' barracks were two miles away, and the Mission is not even protected by a wall. Besides the two Padres and the Mission Indians, there are only three or four soldiers, a carpenter, and a coupla blacksmiths. One of the blacksmiths is sick, but he grabs a sword anyhow and staggers to the door. When he opens the door, right away he gets a chest full of arrows, and falls dead.

The carpenter has a chance to fire a few shots at the raiders, then an arrow gets him, too. As he falls to the floor he cries out, "O Indian who hast killed me, may God forgive you!"

BY this time all the buildings are burning except the kitchen, where the other Padre and the soldiers have dragged a fifty pound bag of gunpowder to defend themselves. They barricade the open door of the kitchen and fire through the window at the Indians. One of the soldiers gives orders in a loud voice like he is commanding a whole troop. He is a sharpshooter, so he does all the shooting while the others are loading his guns. In between times they have to keep putting out the fires from the burning straw that is falling from the roof. Finally, in order to keep the gunpowder from exploding, the Padre lies

on top of the bag and spreads his heavy brown habit across it. Before the fight is over, he gets pretty much scorched, and there's not much left to his robe, but he doesn't mind this, as he has saved himself and the others from getting blown to bits.

WHEN morning comes, the Indians go back into the woods. They are carrying many of their wounded and dead, and also the candlesticks and vestments they stole from the church.

WHEN news of this uprising reaches Father Serra, he thanks God for the priest who was martyred, on account of he thinks that this Padre now has a better chance of converting the Indians, especially the ones who killed him.

OH yes, I almost forgot. The day Miss Carter tells us the history of San Diego Mission is the day she comes to school with a ring on her finger. Everybody knows it already, that she is engaged to Jim Callahan, so she won't mind if I tell you that she is going to give up teaching as soon as school is out. In a way most of us kids in the boys' club don't feel too bad about it, as we will be graduating also the first week of June.

MY pal Gus is lucky. If he goes to Santa Barbara in the fall like he is planning already, he is gonna have Franciscan Padres for his teachers. While all I gotta look forward to is maybe ending up in high school with some of these women teachers like I used to have in L. A.

Tino just hands me a paper with the names of the California Missions founded after Father Serra's death. He thinks you would like to know the names of them. So I will give them to you:

Santa Barbara, 1768.  
La Purisima Conception, 1787.  
Soledad, 1797.  
Santa Cruz, 1791  
San Fernando, 1797.  
San Miguel, 1797.  
San Juan Bautista, 1797.  
San Jose, 1797.  
San Luis Rey, 1798.  
Santa Inez, 1804.  
San Rafael, 1817.  
San Francisco Solano, 1823.

THE reason my pal Gus learns so much about these California Missions is not just because we are studying about them in school. It is because he wants to be a Franciscan Missionary. This seems very clear to me because he is not so anxious to memorize other names and dates, for example like those we have in history class.

# Mary's Loyal

AN EL PASO (TEXAS) HELPER



Dear Loyal Helpers:

DO you believe in dreams? Oh no, I hear you say, *one shouldn't!* Well, anyway, I dreamed I entered my office and sitting at my typewriter was a white bunny with pink lined ears, a pink nose, red eyes, cotton tail, and a big blue bow around his neck. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "The Loyal Helpers from everywhere asked me to wish you a Happy Easter, and I was just typing the note when you came in," he answered. Then for the first time I noticed a basket of bright colored eggs on the floor beside him. I *thought* they were eggs but, upon taking a second look, found they were Sunshine Bags, of different hues, packed so full of pennies that they looked like eggs. "Those are from the Loyal Helpers," explained the Easter Bunny. "They represent the sacrifices which the children made during Lent to help you Sisters in your work with poor children."

WASN'T that a nice dream? There's time yet for you to make it come true.

MAY the Queen of Heaven fill you with some of the joys she experienced on the first glad Easter Day!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

NEW SUNSHINE BAGS AND DIME CARDS may be had if you will write Sunshine Secretary for them.

We are proud to introduce Adolfo Garcia of El Paso, Texas through these columns. Adolfo's entire family helped save Sunshine pennies, so that we received several hundred of them from his home. Sister Inez, one of our first-year novices at Victory Noll, is his sister.



AN OWENSBORO (KY.) HELPER



This is Nancy Whittaker, of Owensboro, Kentucky. She is in the seventh grade. Her older sister, Martha, joined first. They read "The Missionary Catechist" together when it comes and say they like it fine, especially our club pages. Nancy and her sister have sent us many sacrifice pennies, and faithfully say a daily Hail Mary for God's blessing on our Sisters' missionary works.

# Helpers Pages

## LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister:

TWO more members joined our "Cicero Sunshine Club." This evening we had a little meeting and gave the members their membership cards, Sunshine penny bags, and dime folders. We decided on five-cent dues and will meet on Sundays during Lent before going to Stations of the Cross. So far I have forty cents in my penny bag since the beginning of Lent. Another girl has fifteen cents and I am sure the others are doing as well.

HERE'S hoping you will be receiving lots of Sunshine pennies from our little organization soon. I hope to get ten members in our club.

BY the way, the girls decided on subscribing to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST as a group. We are going to take turns on the puzzles and wish to see our club's picture on *Mary's Loyal Helpers'* pages.

GOD help you in your mission work.

Mary-ly yours,

Mary Southard.

(Sunshine Secretary's Note. This letter was written a year ago and we can truthfully report the Cicero Sunshine Club has done fine work in helping our Sisters.)

## SEND US YOUR PICTURE

Has your picture appeared on these pages? If not, we would be glad to print it, if you will send us a small but clear one.



## HIDDEN FLOWER PUZZLE

(Our April Puzzle)

In each of the following sentences you will find a well-known flower. Strangely enough, you can find it only by *ear* and not by *sight*! Read each sentence aloud several times and you will hear yourself repeating the name of the flower. To help you out, in the first sentence you will find *roses* (*row*," says . . .). Now go ahead.

1. "In every row," says Roland, "I planted many seeds."
2. "Here is a vial. Let's fill it with water," said Ruth.
3. Each morning glorious sunrises are seen from the cabin. (Singular form)
4. "If you feel ill, ease yourself into this chair," urged Mr. Harris.
5. Behind the pans is the sugar bowl with the pennies in it.
6. "This corn, nation's finest," read the sign on the prize ear of corn.
7. On fair days, Zeke would take a stroll through the woods. (Singular form)

Write out the names of the flowers you find and send them on a slip of paper to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.





## WE VISITED PANAMA

Continued from Page 9

**M**Y sister met us at the Dearborn station in Chicago and took us over to the Braniff Airways office to pick up my ticket and have our papers checked. Then we drove out to her home, stopping on the way at the Servite Monastery where my brother joined us—an event almost as unusual as a trip to Panama.

**W**E enjoyed a delicious dinner and spent a delightful evening at my sister's. Besides, we learned how comfortable and safe it is to travel by plane, how Mary or Father Harold (whichever one was telling the particular story) had slept practically all the time while crossing the Atlantic, going to South America, or merely between Chicago and New York, or Chicago and points West. We learned that the Braniff Company is one of the best, and that DC-4 planes are the safest in the skyways (our flight was to be in one of them). In fact, we were beginning to suspect that the family were doing a bit of exaggerating in their efforts to make us more secure about the trip ahead of us. And they succeeded in doing just that. I do not think either of us was the least concerned about the trip by the time we were ready to leave for the airport.

**F**OLLOWING our custom of getting places on time, we left for the airport about ten-thirty. And this was one time we were grateful we hadn't left at the last minute, for the handle came off my suitcase, just as my brother lifted it into the car. (How glad we were that it happened there and not somewhere along the way.) My sister went back into the house and brought out another suitcase, two suitcases in fact. At the airport, with plenty of time, we decided on one of the suitcases and repacked without fuss or worry.

**A**T midnight we boarded the plane which was to take us to Dallas. We fastened our belts; we relaxed, as we had been told to do; we began chewing a "Chiclet" (a practice I was later to discard as a needless waste of energy), and we were all set for . . . anything. The engines started up, the plane began to move. I looked out the window. We were still on the ground. I kept watching, but nothing seemed to happen. Finally I said, "I'm sure we are off the ground . . . but when did we go up?"

**T**HE plane was scheduled to stop at Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, and Fort Worth. The hostess told us that if we left our belts fastened, she would not have to wake us at

the various stops. Wake us! Could anyone imagine us sleeping as we started our trip to Panama . . . via *plane*? Well, Mother General didn't do so well, but I was only vaguely aware of the various stops. One I missed completely, but never knew which one it was.

(To be Continued.)

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**OUR COVER:** Mother Catherine (right) and Sister Helen as they boarded plane for Panama. They left from Chicago's Municipal Airport shortly after midnight on January 18—a very windy night, as is apparent from the picture. (Article on Page 7.)

Photo: Courtesy Braniff Airways

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## Memorial

Rev. M. J. Sesterhenn, Chicago, Ill.  
Nicholas Byrne, St. Louis, Mo., father of Sister Mary Gerard, O.L.V.M.  
Edmond F. Kinney, Trenton, Mich., father of Sister Mary Brigid, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Mary Twomey, Pittsburgh, Pa., aunt of Sister Jean Marie, O.L.V.M.  
Agnes Urban, Detroit, Mich.  
Joseph and Mary Hammer, Buffalo, N.Y.  
John Peter Goergen, Marshfield, Wis.  
Emma Hickey, Chicago, Ill.  
Frank Boes, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Mrs. Baur, Henryville, Ind.  
C. A. Zittel, Toledo, Ohio.  
Mrs. Lillian Wiegand, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Frank Maly, Detroit, Mich.  
Corporal Joseph George Maly, U.S.M.C., Detroit, Mich.  
Mr. Wiehrauch, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Mrs. Josephine Kurz, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Margrete Effertz, Chicago, Ill.  
Irene Schofield, Oak Park, Ill.  
Mrs. E. Carmody, Oak Park, Ill.  
Josephine Stuckstede, St. Louis, Mo.

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

# Classroom Saint

ON March 5, 1950, Pope Pius XII raised to the honors of the altar a fifteen-year-old boy, Dominic Savio, one of St. John Bosco's first pupils. In Blessed Dominic Savio, youth will have its first "classroom saint" to look up to and imitate.

BORN in Riva, Northern Italy, on April 2, 1842,, Dominic was distinguished during his early boyhood by a surprising seriousness of purpose and an intense devotion to the Mass and the Holy Eucharist. On the occasion of his First Communion, at the age of seven, he formed the motto, "Death, but not sin!", which was to become the mainspring of his short-lived activity and the inspiration of his truly manly determination to become a saint.

IN an age that sees hordes of youngsters fall victim to the delusions of bad morals in the modern dress of comics and movies, it is admirable to read of the courageous campaign waged by Dominic, in the midst of a corrupt and corrupting world, to preserve purity of life in himself and his classmates by means of an apostolic zeal far beyond his teenage years. It is refreshing to contemplate the candor of grace that continually reflected in the calm, easy smile of his countenance.

THOUGH anxious for the severe penances of the saints of the desert, he was forbidden by Don Bosco to perform any austerity upon his innocent body. Thus he turns out to be the convincing proof of this great Saint's educational method: to form boy-saints by the "extraordinary practice of the ordinary duties of life."

LIKE St. John Bosco, Blessed Dominic cherished an intense devotion to Our Lady. The sublime purity of her Immaculate Conception appeared in a very special manner to his almost instinctive sense of chastity. In her honor, he founded among his classmates the Immaculate Conception Sodality, which is to this day traditional in every part of the Salesian world.

DOMINIC SAVIO died on March 9, 1857, bursting out into an ecstatic exclamation: "Oh, what a beautiful sight I see!" And, as his



Dominic Savio, "classroom saint," who was raised to the honors of the altar on March 5, 1950.

face relaxed from the tenseness of death into the blissful smile of happiness, "earth lost an angel" and an example of a manly, considerate, and trustworthy student.

WHEN his Cause for canonization was introduced in 1914, Pope Pius made this remarkable statement: "Dominic Savio is a real model for the youth of our times!" In proclaiming him Venerable on July 9, 1933, Pope Pius XI styled him "a little giant of sanctity." The youngest Confessor in the Church's calendar of saints, Blessed Dominic Savio stands out as a hero of Catholic boyhood, the living example of schoolboy virtue, the shining model of classroom holiness. He is, indeed, the Catholic Boy of Today!

**This is the day which the Lord has made:  
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.**

**A Joyous**



**Easter**

*O God, who in the Paschal solemnity hast bestowed Thy healing grace on the world; continue, we beseech Thee, to pour forth Thy heavenly gifts on us, Thy people, that thereby we may deserve to obtain perfect freedom and advance toward eternal life.*

*(Collect for Easter Monday.)*