

# The Missionary Catechist



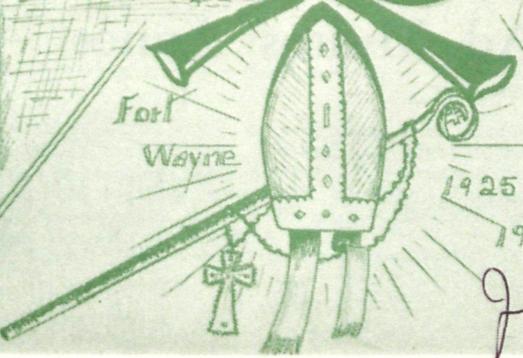
N. C. M. A.  
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HOURS OF THE FATHER



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1925  
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June 1950



*With grateful hearts*  
*the Professed Sisters, Novices, and Postulants*  
*at*  
**Victory Noll**  
*extend to His Excellency*  
**Most Reverend John Francis Noll**  
*their sincere congratulations*  
*on the occasion of the*  
**Silver Jubilee**  
*of his consecration as Bishop of Fort Wayne*  
*promising him their filial devotion and*  
*their constant prayers*  
**Ad Multos Annos**

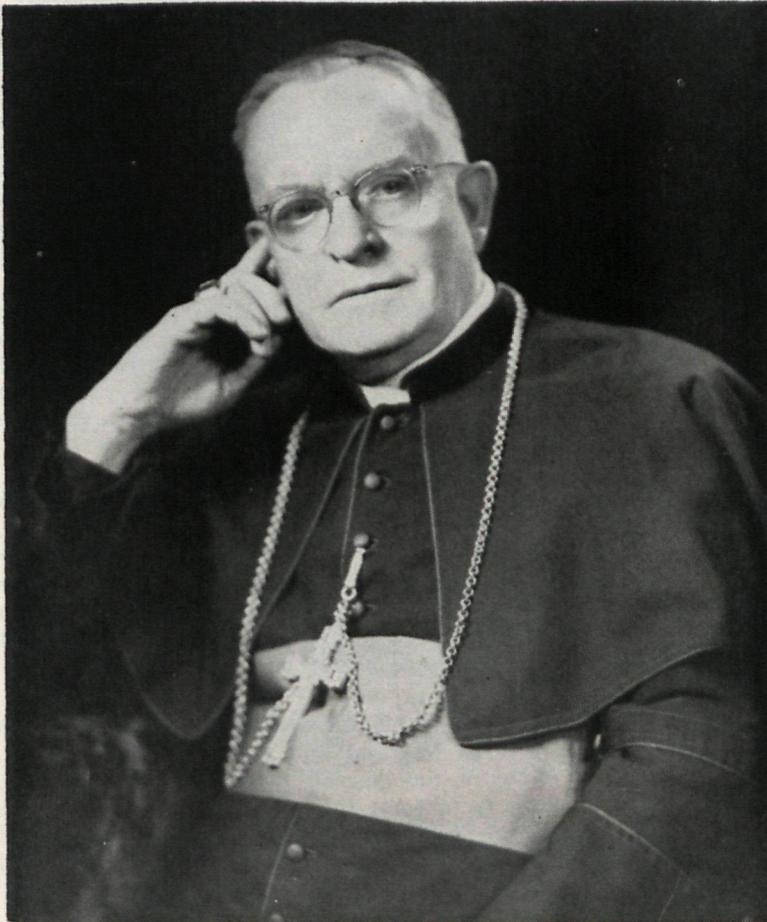
# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVI

June, 1950

Number 7

## Bishop Noll Celebrates Silver Episcopal Jubilee



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

June 30, 1950, will mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., as fifth Bishop of Fort Wayne. Bishop Noll was consecrated by His Eminence, the late George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Wayne.

As a member of the Hierarchy, Bishop Noll has always taken an active part in the National affairs of the Church. His name is a familiar one in connection with the American Board of Catholic Missions, the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Legion of Decency, the National Organization for Decent Literature.

As Founder and Editor-in-Chief of *Our Sunday Visitor*, Bishop Noll has been a tremendous influence in the defense of the Church and the exposition of Catholic Doctrine during the past thirty-eight years.

And amid this multiplicity of activities, Bishop Noll stands out as the faithful Shepherd and able Administrator of the Diocese of Fort Wayne.

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

O.B.L.V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

# Our Bishop

by Sister Eunice

"THE greatest calamity that can befall a human being," said Bishop Noll, twenty-five years ago, in a talk given at the dedication of Victory Noll—his first official act as Bishop of Fort Wayne—"is to live in this world without knowing anything about the God who created man to know, love, and serve Him in this life and therefore to be happy with Him for all Eternity.

"It is sad to realize that more than two thirds of the people of the world today, more than one billion souls, know nothing definite concerning Almighty God, nothing of the story of His love as exemplified in the Redemption."

THESE words, spoken from the depth of the priestly heart of the new Shepherd of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, explain better than any others possibly could the reason for the multiple apostolic works of our Bishop. To give to his fellow men the opportunity of knowing God, so that they may love and serve Him and thereby attain their eternal destiny, has been the main-spring of the indefatigable labors of the Bishop of Fort Wayne.

PERHAPS no one person has ever done more for the preservation and the spread of the Catholic Faith in America than our Bishop. In 1912, he founded OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, a National Catholic Weekly, with a circulation of some 750,000 copies, which for thirty-eight years has been bringing Catholic instruction and the Catholic viewpoint on current news into hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the nation.

FROM the prolific pen of our Bishop have come many books and numerous instructive pamphlets in defense and in explanation of the Catholic Faith.

ONE of the Bishop's books, *Father Smith Instructs Jackson*, has gone through more than fifty editions since its publication in 1913. It has been translated into French, German, Hungarian, Chinese, Japanese, and even into Braille. The Jesuits in New York, who conduct an institution for the blind, have had very fine recordings made of this book, placing it on twenty records. *Father Smith Instructs Jackson* is the text used by Reverend L. J. Fallon, C.M., of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, who has had as many as twenty-six thousand non-Catholics enrolled in his correspondence courses at one time.

BUT perhaps none of his many works for the salvation of souls is dearer to the heart of our Bishop than the establishment and promotion of our community—the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory. Since St. John takes to himself the credit of being "the disciple whom Jesus loved," we think we will not be overstepping the bounds of humility if we call ourselves "the community whom our Bishop loves."

AND it may well be that it is precisely the Bishop's desire to give to all mankind an opportunity to know, love, and serve God, that makes our community appeal to him, since we are destined to bring the knowledge of the truths and practices of our holy Religion to public school children, who, at least as far as their school day is concerned, have no other opportunity of learning anything about the God who made them.

OUR opportunity of bringing religion into the home in our daily house to house visiting, is also a means which the Bishop believes to be of the utmost importance in spreading the Faith and in winning back fallen away or careless Catholics.

TO Bishop Noll our community certainly owes its phenomenal growth and development. From its inception, he has carefully watched over it, and through the pages of *Our Sunday Visitor* has constantly recruited members for it. In fact, *Our Sunday Visitor* is responsible for at least ninety percent of our vocations.

AT the present time our community numbers three hundred and twenty-three members. The work has spread into seventeen dioceses, where from forty-four convents the Sisters are teaching religion to more than fifty thousand public school children in some four hundred and fifty teaching centers.

IT was through *Our Sunday Visitor*, too—aided by a generous donation from the late Peter O'Donnell of Long Beach California, who was also interested in seeing a community established to work among children not attending parochial schools—that Bishop Noll erected our Mother House in 1924 and has since that time helped maintain it. There have probably been few communities in the Church who have had so beautiful a Mother House, free from debt, in the early years of their existence.

**I**N addition to the material help which the Bishop gives to our community, he is always ready to assist with his fatherly advice and guidance in any matter affecting the spiritual or temporal welfare of the community as a whole or of any individual. He is personally interested in each member of the community, and on his frequent visits to Victory Noll his time is ever at the disposal of any Sister, Novice, or Postulant, who has any problem she wishes to discuss with him.

**Y**EARs ago our Mother House was named Victory Noll in honor of Our Lady of *Victory*, our Heavenly patroness, and Bishop *Noll*, our earthly patron. And perhaps it was so named in accordance with an inspiration from the Mother of God, who foreseeing that the Victory Noll Sisters could never repay their Bishop for his interest in and providential care of the community, wished herself—when eternity dawns for our Bishop—to turn over to him the reward earned through the work of the Sisters who bear her name and his.



The above picture was taken at Bishop Noll's consecration on June 30, 1925, at Immaculate Conception Cathedral, Fort Wayne. The Consecrator was the late George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, and the co-Consecrators the late Most Reverend Alphonse Smith of Nashville, and the Most Reverend Emmanuel B. Ledvina, Bishop of Corpus Christi.

**S**OME of the happiest memories the young Sisters take to the mission field with them are of the happy days spent each summer at Bishop's Island, Sylvan Lake. On these occasions, the Bishop spends the week end, sometimes even four or five days, at the lake with the various groups who go there, for a week or two at a time, for rest and relaxation.

**F**OR after the heavenly assistance given our community by Our Lady of *Victory*, it is because of Bishop Noll's help that these same Victory Noll Sisters are today instructing thousands of children, who might otherwise never have known of this Heavenly Queen and her Divine Son, who died upon a cross that they might live eternally.

# Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

**A** LONG about this time last week I am walking home from school with Tino (that's my pal Gus) and Tony, the kid who hangs out at the airport every chance he can get, as this way he gets a free ride every once in a while.

I am telling them some more about this Jesuit priest, by the name of Father Pro, who died for God during the persecution in Mexico.

"Man alive!" I tell them, "I betcha he woulda made a good detective!"

On account of one time he was on his way secretly to say Mass at somebody's house early in the morning. The reason for this being that all the churches were closed by order of the Government. During that persecution of the Church it was considered a crime for a priest to offer Mass or for the people to receive any Sacrament. So that is why everything had to be done secretly.

"When Father Pro gets to the house," I tell them, "what does he see but two Secret Police standing outside the door!"

"This time I am in the soup," he says to himself.

But instead of giving himself up or running away, here is where he does some quick thinking, like an F.B.I. He walks up to the Secret Police, takes a notebook out of his pocket, and writes down the number of the house. Then he opens his coat like as if he is showing them his detective badge and he says to them, real important-like, "There's something fishy going on here."

They think he is a detective, too, so they give him a military salute while he goes past them into the house.

When he gets upstairs where the people are so scared they are hiding, he wants to go ahead with the Mass, but no, they want to hide him in a cupboard or something.

"Don't be scared," he tells them. "We couldn't be any safer. Why, the Secret Police themselves are outside guarding us."

However, he is not able to convince the people, as they are trying to show him how he can escape from the roof. But, instead of this, he puts away his cassock and goes out the same way he came in. This time he gets a coupla more

fancy salutes when he passes the police guards, who are still standing at the front door.

**A** NOTHER time he had just finished preaching a retreat (which was not allowed by the Government), when all of a sudden he notices two spies waiting for him on a street corner. So he says to himself, "This time, my boy, say good-bye to your skin."

I betcha his knees were knocking, but, anyhow, he keeps on walking towards them, and when he comes up to them, he pulls a bluff and asks them for a match. They tell him he can buy matches at the store, so off he goes, and they follow him. Up one street, down another, they keep shadowing him.

"My aunt," he says to himself, "I wish I had my bicycle. Maybe I could throw them off my trail." He thinks for sure something is going to happen to him this time.

Just then a taxi comes along and he hails it. But at the same time he sees the two spies also climbing into a car. It is lucky for him that the taxi driver is a Catholic, on account of this cabby realizes right off the bat that they are being followed, so he says to Father Pro, "What can I do to get you out of this pickle?"

"My son," Father tells him, "you can step on the gas. Then when you come to the next street corner, slow down, and I will jump out."

While they are speeding, the Padre stuffs his cap in his pocket, and unbuttons his coat to show his white shirt. Then when they slow down, he jumps out and runs to the corner where there is a tree, which he leans against like he has been standing there for a coupla hours.

One second later the spies turn the corner practically on two wheels, trying to catch up with the speeding taxi. They turn so sharp that they almost run over a poor guy who is standing there on the corner. Needless to say, they do not recognize him as being the one they are after, so once more he slips through their fingers.

"**B**ESIDES being a good F.B.I." I tell Tino and Tony, "this Padre Pro is also a born actor."

"Like Ray?" Tony wants to know.

"Even better than Ray," I tell him.

You remember my two pals, Shorty and Ray, don't you? Well, I got a letter from Shorty, not so long ago, and he says that after Ray finished acting in *Ramona*, he got an offer to be on television, and he is now working some place in Hollywood.

"What kind of an actor was this Padre Pro?" my pal Gus says to me.

"Well, in the first place," I tell him, "if he wouldn't have been a priest, I betcha he coulda made a fortune as a comedian. On account of he was always making jokes to amuse people. That is why he is called 'God's Jester'. Even when he was sick in the hospital in Belgium, he was always making the Sisters laugh."

Later on, when he was in Mexico during the persecution, he would often dress in a greasy cap and overalls while he preached to the mechanics or heard their confessions. He did this to escape the attention of any spies who might be hanging around. No matter what kind of men he gave retreats to, miners, cab drivers, college students, he could imitate them to a "T".

A coupla times he escaped the hands of the secret police just because he wore a flower in his lapel and carried a long cigarette holder. On account of this they never suspected him of being a priest. Every day he went from one place to another, distributing Holy Communion. The people would gather together in private houses at a certain time, usually before dawn. Someone had to stand guard at the door and everyone who came in had to give a password.

"JUST like in the days of the catacombs," my pal Gus says to me when I am explaining this to him and Tony.

"You hit the nail on the head that time," I tell him. "On account of they never knew when the doors would be forced open and they would be arrested by the secret police."

The priests went everywhere, giving the Sacraments secretly, at the risk of their lives. Father Pro himself gave Holy Communion to at least three hundred people every day. On the First Friday of every month the number of people who received Our Lord increased to twelve hundred!

"With all those people to take care of, Father Pro musta taken many chances," Tony says.

"That's right," I tell him. "When a priest said Mass in somebody's house, all kinds of people would come—Indians in sombreros and

rich ladies in lace mantillas. It would have been easy for a traitor to be among them."

One time it did happen that five members of the Catholic Youth League were arrested, tortured, and shot. The president of this club was hung from a cross for three hours on Good Friday—exactly from twelve o'clock to three. Then they took him down and shot him. All of this happened on account of he was betrayed to the secret police by a man who was pretending to be his friend.

"Like Judas," Tino says, shaking his head kinda disgusted-like.

RIGHT here is where Tony turns off to go to the airport. He has promised one of the fellows out there to do a few odd jobs for him, and now he makes me promise that I will finish telling him about Father Pro the next chance I get.

I agree to this, and so does my pal Augustino. From here on the two of us are walking down the road not saying much of anything, as I am thinking that pretty soon I will become strong in my Faith, too, even strong enough to suffer and die for God, if necessary. On account of the Bishop is coming to our church two weeks from next Saturday. He is going to give us the Sacrament of Confirmation. As you already know, this is the Sacrament which makes us strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ.

My pal Augustino was confirmed the last time the Bishop was here. That is why it is easier for him to know and understand his catechism than for me, as the Holy Ghost has already given him the special gifts of wisdom, understanding, and knowledge, and a few other gifts besides.

Tino tells me that I do not have anything to worry about, but Tony tells me on the *q.t.*, "Man, I was nervous the day I was confirmed!" He says he could hardly keep from cracking his knuckles while the Bishop was asking questions, he was so scared the Bishop was gonna call on him.

Funny thing about Tony. He's practically the smartest kid in the whole school. I betcha he's the bravest, too. On account of if somebody would let him, he would go up in an airplane today, strap a parachute on his back, jump into thin air, and think nothing of it. His big brother Manuel is just like him. In fact, he was a paratrooper during the last war.

But ask Tony to stand up and answer a question or give a three-minute talk, and he's a goner. Like, for instance, you remember the day

we had that contest in catechism class. We had to stand up in front of everybody and tell about our patron saint. Well, Tony could have taken first prize easy, on account of he had a swell saint like St. Anthony to talk about. But no, he doesn't even get honorable mention, as he is so nervous that half the time he doesn't know what he is saying, and we don't either.

AS you already know, St. Anthony is called the Wonder Worker of Padua, on account of God allowed many miracles to be performed through him. My pal Augustino likes St. Anthony a great deal, on account of when St. Anthony was a boy of fifteen he went away to study to become an Augustinian priest.

About this same time, St. Francis of Assisi was just starting the Franciscan Order. Ten years later, St. Anthony becomes a follower of St. Francis as the Franciscans are sailing to the land of the Saracens to convert the infidels. Five of these Franciscans were martyred by the Moors in Morocco. St. Anthony figures he would like to convert the Mohammedans and maybe die for God, too, so he takes off the white habit of the Augustinians and puts on the brown habit of the Franciscans and asked to be sent to Morocco. Maybe some time I will get a chance to tell you about what happened to him there.

"Gus," I says to my pal Augustino, "tell me

something. Why are you so gone on St. Anthony? Is it because he started his special studies at the age of fifteen, like you are gonna do? Or is it because he got such good training in the Augustinian Order, or because he finally became a Franciscan missionary like Father Serra?"

"On all three counts, I guess," he says to me kinda mysterious-like, and I can see from the way he answers that right now he is not in much of a mood for talking.

NEEDLESS to say, Tino and Tony are not the only ones who like St. Anthony. I have a few reasons for liking him myself. In fact, I have already picked him out to be my patron saint at Confirmation. It makes me feel kinda happy inside every time I think about having Anthony for my middle name.

"From now on," I tell my father, "I am gonna be able to sign my name like this, 'Joseph Anthony Pampalonis!'"

P.S. My father says he hopes I didn't forget to tell you who is going to be my sponsor for Confirmation. It's Jim Callahan.

Remind me to tell you sometime about that camping trip we took up in Yosemite National Park.

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## Islands of Christianity

by Sister Miriam

SEVERAL weddings were scheduled for St. Anne's parish during the popular bridal month of June. So it was only natural that the conversation turned to brides and nuptials as the Mothers' Club assembled. Discussion of invitations, gifts, and clothes flew thick and fast, for the members knew that the opening prayer would mark the time to turn to more serious questions concerning marriage.

"SISTER," said one of the members with a sigh, as the serious session began, "I know there is a lot of beautiful spiritual teaching on marriage, but I'm afraid some of our young people, even those from good Catholic homes, do not give it much thought. Too often these young people think that if their wedding takes place in church, at Mass, that is enough religion in the picture. Is there something we can do to make them approach marriage with their minds

more on God and the Sacrament than on clothes and social conventions?"

"THAT'S a big order, Mrs. Lee," answered Sister, "but let's see if we can't fill it, all working together. In the first place, remember we are still building up our own little Islands of Christianity, surrounded by a sea of paganism. And even some of the neighboring islands are bare little rocks, Catholic homes whose members seem to be living more to escape the danger of damnation than to bring forth fruit for God."

"HOW very true," commented another lady. "We have a lot to overcome in trying to establish better attitudes. It seems as if God is either set aside or pushed to a little corner in the lives of many people, and naturally such people aren't going to give Him more than a corner of their wedding day either."

"THAT'S right," replied Sister. "Until we learn to put God first in everything—in our homes and in our daily lives—so that growing children learn by experience to make God the center of their lives, we can't expect them to become God-centered as they merge from childhood and adolescence into young manhood and womanhood."

"DIDN'T we discuss the point, some time ago, that the more God-centered we become, the less self-centered?" came an eager query. "And all the over-emphasis on clothes, fine photographs, and impressing the right people so as to receive the right gifts, tends to make the young couple self-centered at a time when they should be giving themselves instead of seeking themselves."

"YES," interposed Mrs. Martin. "I was just thinking of how much more the spirit of giving oneself should be understood by those who have entered the married state. We were all impressed by the complete oblation which my sister made of herself to God when she entered Carmel, but while admiring the grandeur of that sacrifice, we married women and our husbands, becoming one, should in much the same spirit give ourselves jointly to God, Who, in turn, will bless us and our families as His own."

"THAT is a beautiful thought," said another member. "But isn't it rather hard to make people, especially young people, see that point, and particularly in our day when there is so much flippancy and silly talk about romance, love, and the married state itself?"

"AND that is just where our Club members come in. You must fight against that pagan current of flippancy and foolishness," was Sister's reminder. "It is the modern way of secularism and irreverence. People who do not give God his place in the world, naturally do not see anything sacred in marriage, in womanhood, in mankind itself."

A THOUGHTFUL silence came over the group as the women seemed to be weighing and applying these remarks. Finally a member said, "I can see that we will have to be very careful to guard against that attitude of joking and scoffing which so often creeps in in connection with courtship and married life. These things are sacred and must be carefully guarded from anything like ridicule."

"YES," replied Sister. "And it would be well if we could study the Encyclical of Pius XI on Christian Marriage, in which he brings out so beautifully the nature and dignity of Christian marriage, its divine origin and perpetual stability, as well as its obligations."

AT once the women were enthused. "Perhaps," said one, "we could take up the study of the Encyclical when we resume our meetings in September." "Yes," replied another, "such a study would be helpful not only for ourselves but would enable us to help others."

SISTER smiled at their enthusiasm, as she remarked, "And meanwhile by your words and example you can teach reverence for the Sacrament. If your children see that their parents love and revere each other, they in turn will look for a partner in life whom they can love and revere—rather than for a romantic dream-mate in whom they will eventually be disillusioned."

"AND we should give our children the right idea of love, too," a good mother added. "Love is essentially unselfish. It means giving to others, living for them, forgetting self."

"THAT is true," Sister replied. "And in Christian marriage husband and wife should see in each other an immortal soul, redeemed by Christ, and destined to be happy with Him forever. Each should help the other to attain that end. Indeed, in the Encyclical which we mentioned a few moments ago, Pope Pius, speaking of the purpose of the love of husband and wife, says, 'This love . . . must have as its primary purpose that man and wife help each other day by day in forming and perfecting themselves in the interior life, so that through their partnership in life they may advance ever more and more in virtue, and above all that they may grow in true love towards God and their neighbor.'"

ONCE more there was silence among the little group. Then one mother spoke up, "You were right, Sister, when you said we were undertaking a big task when we asked about how we could help young people think more seriously of their approaching marriage. I think some of us will have to begin with ourselves."

"THE subject is a serious one, surely," Sister replied. "Our young people need explicit preparation for marriage. But fortunately pre-Cana courses, as well as Cana courses, are becoming more popular and are doing a great deal of good. And where such courses are not available, the study club method, using suitable texts and under competent direction, is very helpful."

"PERHAPS, Sister," suggested Mrs. Lee, "if we who are mothers or sisters or aunts of the bridal pair would relieve them of some of the worry over details, they would have more time for prayer and reflection in the days and hours preceding the Nuptial Mass."

(Continued on page 18)

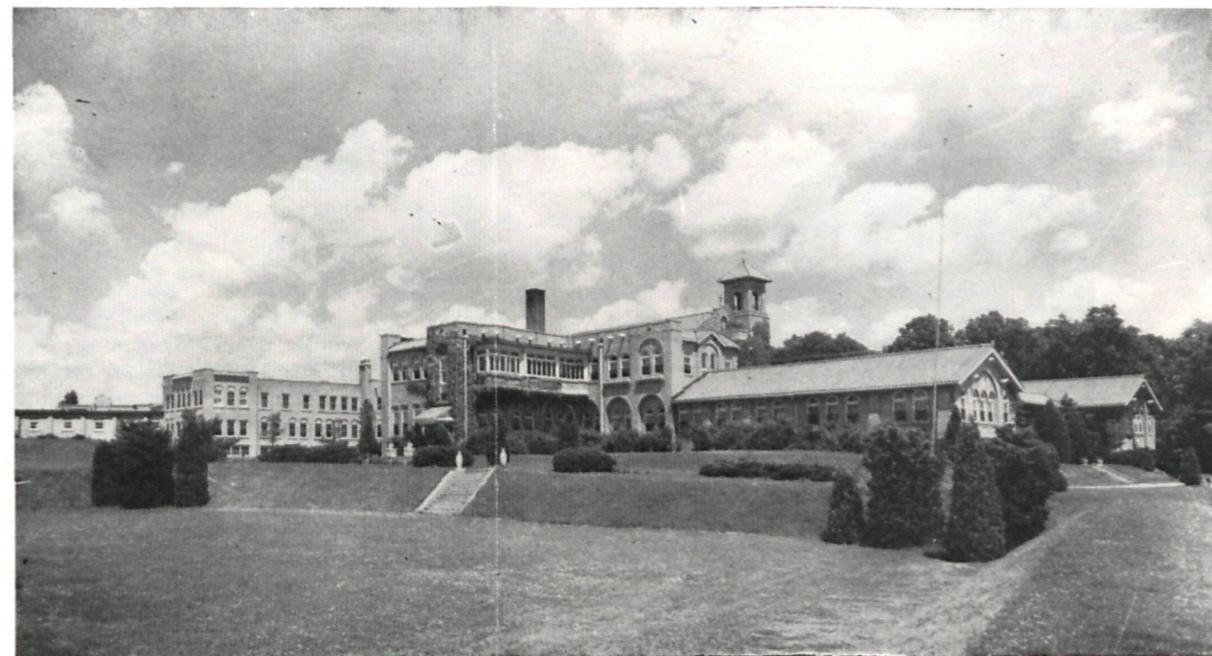


*Victory Noll from the east*

## Around Victory Noll with Bishop Noll



Above: Left, Bishop Noll at his desk at Victory Noll; center, Victory Noll from the east; right, Bishop Noll holds Sacred Host as Sister Doris pronounces her first vows in Victory Noll chapel.



Center: Victory Noll from the southwest; right, Bishop Noll presides at Ceremonies of Reception and Profession at Victory Noll.



Below: left, Bishop Noll with a group of Victory Noll novices; center, Bishop Noll and some of the Victory Noll postulants at Bishop's Island, Sylvan Lake; right, Bishop Noll and the 1949 Silver Jubiliarians look out over the beautiful Wabash Valley from patio at Victory Noll.



# Associate Catechists

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"I will establish peace in families . . . I will bless all their undertakings."

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## GOOD SHEPHERD CLUB (Chicago)

During the past twelve-month period, *Good Shepherd Mission Club*, under the direction of its President, *Mrs. H. R. Staley*, has held a series of very successful benefit parties. The first of these was held in September at the home of Mrs. John Murphy and brought \$20.00. A second took place at the home of Mrs. Mueller. This was a seven-table card party which brought \$40.00. A third party, sponsored by Mrs. Emily Rupp at the parish hall, netted the grand sum of \$138.20. A final "television party" at the Home Arts Guild on December 30th (Mrs. Staley's birthday) brought \$25.00.

We are sure the year 1950 will also spell *success* in mission activities by this enterprising club. We'll tell you about them next year!

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## ST. IRENE BAND (Chicago)

ANOTHER West Side Band, presided over by *Miss May Walsh*, is *St. Irene's Band*. The ten members have known each other for many years and at their monthly get-together they play cards, have a talk fest, and partake of simple refreshments provided by the hostess.

Miss Walsh always appears at the annual parties with a group of enthusiastic bridge players from the Catholic Charities office.



## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS BAND (Chicago)

A NUMBER of house parties were held last year by the members comprising *St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago*, which made their year-end receipts the best in eight years. Moreover, at least three new members have been added to the Band. This gives us reason to hope that 1950 will be a banner year for these earnest mission helpers.

The Promoter, *Mrs. Marie B. McDonald*, reports that one of the members, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, has been a patient at St. Anne's Hospital. Please remember her in your prayers.

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## OUR LADY OF SORROWS BAND (Chicago)

WE are happy to report that this Band has taken on new life and spirit in recent months. A Bowman Dairy party held on the last Monday of September brought \$100.00. The Band hopes to make these "last Monday in September" parties an annual event. They have already signed up for one in 1950. All Chicago Associates are cordially invited.

A dozen hand made aprons, contributed by Miss Florence Kuenster's mother, helped raise the net proceeds of the party.

The present Promoter, *Miss Marion Dempsey*, invites new members to join their club. The ages of the present members range from 27 to 34. We will gladly establish contact between the Promoter and anyone interested in becoming a member.

# of Mary

## ST. MARY'S MISSION SOCIETY (Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

IT was a day of jubilation when we received a check amounting to \$285.00 from Mrs. Joseph J. Hake, Financial Secretary of St. Mary's Mission Society of Fort Wayne, during the Easter season. The annual check showed an increase of nearly \$100.00, over former years. Mrs. Hake states this fine showing resulted from a series of card parties held for our benefit. She also told us that two more card parties are being planned for the near future. At least six new members have been procured for the Mission Society during the past year.



### ST. CATHERINE BAND (Los Angeles, Calif.)

THIS Band is made up chiefly of members of the Renier family. Mrs. Catherine Renier began a Burse many years ago and had nearly completed it in 1940 at the time of her death. Her children then organized "St. Catherine Band," in honor of their Mother, and completed that Burse three years ago. They are now helping to complete another.

In charge of the Band is Mrs. Margaret McMannamy of Los Angeles, where the meetings are held. The Chicago members who cannot attend meetings constitute that part of the Band known as "Contributing Members."

Recently, Mrs. McMannamy announced she had secured a new member for her Band.



### ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

March 22, 1950, to April 19, 1950

Adrian Band, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	\$25.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary Gibbons	20.60
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Miss Elizabeth Bien	14.50
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	25.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch	25.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	9.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	12.50
St. Ann Mission Band, Ft. Wayne, Miss Anna Brink	10.50
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Beck	1.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	15.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Ann Igel	5.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	30.75
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	102.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Schultz	9.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. H. Reeves	6.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	12.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	25.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Joseph Hake	285.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Miss Lucille Murphy	51.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. M. Jankun	37.25
Seven Dolours Band, Chicago, Mrs. John J. Murphy	5.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Marie Gouy	3.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Mary M. Nash	15.00

As we go to press, word reaches us that Anna Brink, head of one of the Bands, died. Next month we shall publish a more detailed account.

# We Visited Panama

by Sister Helen

(Continued from last month.)

AFTER breakfast we began a tour of the convent, which is three stories high, and like most buildings in Panama is built around an inner patio. The church forms one side of the entire building. Perhaps the thing that impressed me most about the convent was the abundance of air. The walls around the inner patio are only about three feet high, while those walls which separate the rooms within the convent are about twelve or sixteen inches from the ceilings, allowing for free circulation of air. There is no glass, in fact, there are no frames in the windows, but only a sort of shutter built of strong wood. These shutters are much like those used on old North American homes, only they open into the room instead of being fastened to the outside of the window. There are no screens on the windows, and there is no need for them, since there are no flies or mosquitos in Panama.

EXCEPT for the shutters and the doors, there is practically no wood in the interior of the building. Because of the damage done by termites, whatever wood is used must be of cedar, mahogany, or other expensive woods.

STRIKINGLY beautiful are the tile floors and stairs, which look like marble. Most of those throughout the convent are a light grey with a delicate shade of green running through them. Later we learned that the floors in all homes and other buildings in Panama are of this same material and that it is used for utilitarian purposes, since wood floors, that is wood which the termites would not destroy, would be too expensive.

THE reception room, dining room, and a modern kitchen, equipped with gas range, frigidaire, and built-in cupboards, are on the first floor.

ON the second floor are eight bedrooms, a large classroom, an office, a general work room equipped with desks, files, typewriters. It is in this latter room that the Sisters take care of census cards and correspondence, or work on English-Spanish and Spanish-English translations, of which they seem to have an abundance. The steps coming up to the second floor open into a large lobby-like room, which is used as a community room. From this room one can enter choir loft number one. Running the entire length of the church is another large porch-like room, used mostly as a sewing and work room.

ON either side of the chapel, on the third floor, is a narrow cloister corridor, joined by choir loft number two. From this choir loft one can enter on to the roof of that portion of the building which is only two stories high, and thence to the third floor rooms. Both choir lofts can be reached from the chapel by a narrow circular stairway. This stairway is of mahogany and is very picturesque.

HOWEVER, we made our approach to the third floor by means of the more modern convent stairway. At the top of the stairway we entered my favorite room. This room, also a recreation room, I named the "outdoor" room. As one enters the room, there is the three-foot patio wall at the right and at the left no wall at all, the room opening on to the second story roof. The room contains a hammock, a table, and some comfortable chairs, making it a pleasant place to rest or recreate, to write or read, or just to sit looking up at the star-studded sky, enjoying the beauty of the Panamanian night and its refreshing ocean breeze.

THE laundry, which opens off this "outdoor" room, is equipped with a Bendix washer, a hot water heater, ironing boards, electric irons, and two stationary tubs made of something which looks like mosaic, but which is probably tiny pieces of tile. Like the floors, the tubs are an economy measure, and are made of this material because wood wouldn't last and metal would rust. Nevertheless, I thought the material far too beautiful for so prosaic a thing as a washtub. It is only a step from the laundry to the second floor roof where the clothes lines are strung and where the wash dries quickly in the tropical sun. Even during the rainy season, the clothes dry between the showers.

ALONG the width of the patio, on this floor, is a corridor about five feet wide, and off this corridor are five bedrooms. Two of these rooms were ours—and by this time we were quite ready to occupy them. Each room had a big window, and when the shutters on the window and those along the corridor were thrown wide open, it was just like sleeping in the open air. The walls were some sixteen inches from the ceiling, and there was always a delightful breeze, even at midday.

OUR bedrooms, as well as those in the rest of the convent, were furnished much like our rooms at Victory Noll, except that in addition to

the bed, chair, and stand, each room contained a built-in lavatory. A crucifix and a picture of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, Patroness of the Panamanian community, adorned each room.

**M**OST of these things we noticed later, for the moment we sighted our beds, we had only one idea—to get into them. Because of the long delay at Dallas, it had been more than forty-eight hours since we had our clothes off. So a shower and a nap were next on our program.

**I** FELL asleep almost immediately, but all the time I slept I was conscious of a wide variety of very noisy noises. At last I got up to see if I could discover the cause of all the disturbance. I glanced out the window. On the opposite side of the street was a three-story apartment building, almost a block long, which because of the narrow streets and sidewalks, was probably not more than thirty feet away. On the iron-railed balcony of every apartment (which meant practically every door) were two or more pre-school children at play. But this was only a minor part of the noise.

**O**N the streets below were vendors calling their wares, newspaper boys shouting the afternoon editions of the papers; there were children of school age on their way to or from school; there were children above and below school age, contending with one another, or so it seemed, to see who could make the most noise. In addition, there were cars and trucks speeding along the narrow streets, horns honking constantly.

**F**INALLY, I went to Mother General's room to see how she was standing the noise. "Noise?" she said, "why this is just like El Paso when you lived on San Antonio Street." (At 3816, not our present location.) Well, there *were* seventy-five or eighty children in *that* block, yet I do not think the noise compared with that around our Panamanian convent.

"**W**HO or what do you suppose Laura is?" Mother General asked.

"Laura?" I repeated, questioningly.

"Yes," Mother continued, "it sounds as if someone calls *Laura*, and then the children pick up the call and keep repeating it."

**W**ELL, that was one word more than I had understood from all the cries of the vendors and the noise of the children. Later we learned that *Laura* was *La Hora*, one of the daily papers, and that it is a habit of the youngsters to repeat the call after the newsboy until they get tired of doing so.

**I**T was now past the noon hour, so as soon as the Sisters heard us stirring about, they

brought lunch up to the *outdoor* room, and while enjoying the tempting lunch, we all set about the business of getting acquainted.

**T**HERE are six professed Sisters in the Panamanian community, which is known as *Las Hermanas Catequistas de la Medalla Milagrosa*. The Sisters are charming, well poised, gracious. More important, they are exemplary religious, deeply spiritual, childlike, wholesome, and have a keen sense of humor.

**W**E were delighted with the Sisters, and were inclined to be rather proud of the part our Sisters had in forming them. However, both Sister Monica and Sister Mary Bernarda told us that many of the qualities we so much admired in the Sisters are part of Panamanian culture, and that the Sisters—handpicked by His Excellency from among Panama's best families to form the nucleus of his new community—brought many of these qualities with them when they came to the community. We were meeting Panamanian culture at its best.

**A**T first we were somewhat hesitant about bringing out the Spanish we had stored away in the uttermost recesses of our minds during our residence at Victory Noll the past twelve years, and the Panamanian Sisters were equally reluctant about using the English they had studied in school but almost never used. But before the two weeks were up we were all making ourselves understood without any thought of embarrassment. My only regret was that I could not stay long enough to acquire a real working knowledge of Spanish.

**T**HE Panamanian Sisters wear a light grey habit of tropical material, made very much like ours, but with collars and cuffs of the same material as the habit. The veil is blue and is attached to a two-inch white band which stands up away from the forehead, but which can be bent to shade the eyes from the bright tropical sun.

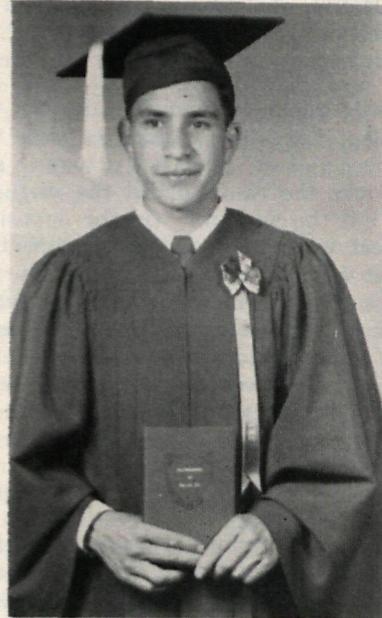
**G**ETTING acquainted with our Panamanian Sisters was not so difficult as it might sound, when one considers that we were in a foreign country, among people of another language and culture, with members of a different community. As a matter of fact, it was very much like going into one of our own houses, and before that first afternoon came to an end we felt as if we were visiting our own Sisters in any of our own convents. In spirit, customs, rules, work,—even in community prayers and the daily order—the Miraculous Medal Sisters and the Victory Noll Sisters are practically one.

(To be Continued.)



# Mary's Loyal

A HELPER GRADUATES



Dear Loyal Helpers:

JUNE is a month crowded with many events. It's a month of final examinations at school, of promotions to a higher grade (let's hope nobody "flunks"), of class plays, class prophecies, valedictories, baccalaureate sermons, graduations, diplomas, and oh so many things!

YES, June is a month of thrills, but it is a month of serious thoughts, too. *Josie Faurote*, our Loyal Helper at *Decatur, Indiana*, wrote me some time ago: "I am a Senior and expect to graduate in June. I know that I have a big future to face which will be more serious than my school days."

SOONER or later, one must seriously consider the matter of one's vocation. It is well to begin *now* and ask God's guidance in this all important matter.

HAPPY vacation days!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

ABOVE is a picture of *Sammie Lucero*, of *Van Houten, New Mexico*, in his graduation cap and gown. Sammie and his sister, *Annie*, have been Helpers a long time.

Sweet Jesus, meek and humble  
of Heart,  
Make our hearts like unto Thine.



GIRLS OF SEMPER FIDELIS CLUB  
(*Baltimore, Md.*)

Pictured at the left are some fine mission helpers of Blessed Sacrament School, Baltimore, Maryland. Their teacher is *Sister Mary Fidelis, S.S.N.D.*, and to honor Sister they used her name in the title of their club. "Semper Fidelis" means "Always Faithful", and the girls have been just that.

# Helpers Pages



## LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sunshine Secretary:

JUST a note to send you a few Sunshine pennies that I've been saving, and to tell you that in a few days I shall be sailing for France. Yes, with the good Lord's help I received a French Government Fellowship to study at the Sorbonne in Paris. I consider myself most fortunate and shall do my utmost to take full advantage of this grand opportunity.

I SHALL do my best to continue saving Sunshine pennies, but if I find them to be few and far between for a while, I shall nevertheless continue my prayers for your great work.

MAY God bless you and all the good Sisters.

*Antonetta Romano, Springfield, Mass.*

*Sunshine Secretary's Note.* Antonetta joined our Loyal Helpers a long time ago but she has always remembered to pray for our Missionaries and to send Sunshine pennies which she saved and which she got others to save for us, even in college. I think you'll agree she rated winning the scholarship she mentions.

## BOYS OF SEMPER FIDELIS CLUB

*(Baltimore, Md.)*

Pictured at the right you will find the seventh grade boys who matched the seventh grade girls, of Blessed Sacrament School, (see opposite page) in aiding our missions with their prayers, sacrifices and labors.

Although the members of Semper Fidelis Club are now eighth graders, we hope their mission interest will never flag.



## JUNE PUZZLE

It's a long time since you've had a "jumbled words puzzle" so we thought we'd give you one. Do you know your birds? If so, this will be an easy puzzle but not too easy. Even the simplest words look *so different* when the letters are jumbled up! We were careful to choose for our puzzle the best known birds, the ones you've seen in your backyard or on your way to school. Good luck to you, and remember we have a holy card for each Loyal Helper who sends us the worked puzzle—even if you make a few mistakes.

1. NOBIR, 2. NEWR, 3. RATTMIN, 4. EDVO, 5. SHURTH, 6. RASPWOR, 7. LARCINDA, 8. LIQUA.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, we implore  
That we may ever love Thee  
more and more.



## ISLANDS OF CHRISTIANITY

(Continued from Page 9)

"AND wouldn't it be wonderful, Sister," said Mrs. Martin, "if by our word and example through the years of childhood and adolescence, or by actual help or guidance as young people approach marriage, we could be instrumental in keeping even one marriage from 'going on the rocks'. Why just the other day I read that in 1945 one out of every three marriages in the United States ended in divorce."

"THAT is only too true," Sister replied. "Divorce in the United States is a national scandal. But perhaps if young people were more thoughtful as they approached marriage, if they understood their duties to each other, if they realized the demands married life makes on one another, if they only knew that real love is unselfish, married life would be happier. And now that our time is more than up, perhaps we cannot close this meeting better than with another quotation from the Encyclical of Pius XI on Christian Marriage, this one on the preparation for marriage:

Let then, those who are about to enter on married life, approach that state well disposed and well prepared, so that they will be able, as far as they can, to help each other in sustaining the vicissitudes of life, and yet more in attending to their eternal salvation and in forming the inner man unto the fulness of the age of Christ.

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### BREAKFAST ON FIRST COMMUNION MORNING

THERE is a beautiful custom handed down among the Indians at Taos pueblo of feting the First Communicants with a party breakfast served in the church yard after Mass.

When we arrived at the pueblo chapel for Mass on that clear spring morning, we saw some of the parents coming from their homes, bringing small tables and gay tablecloths. Other members of the various families were bringing dishes, food, and flowers.

After Mass, the parents of the children who had made their First Communion, led the children from their place in the chapel to their table in the yard. The tables were nicely arranged and were decorated with huge bouquets of lilacs. On the tables were attractive bowls of fruit and jello, plates of cakes, cookies, and sweet rolls, and cool drinks in the best cut glass pitchers and

tumblers. One family even served ice cream, although it is still a mystery how they kept it cold in this non-electrified village.



First Communion breakfast in church yard at Taos Indian pueblo. The breakfast is prepared and served by the parents of the First Communicants.

With their customary restraint, the Indians stood quietly about the tables, inviting their chosen friends to partake with them. We were invited to almost every table, and had to try to accept a little from each. The blanketed older people mixed with the conventionally dressed First Communicants made a touching picture.

The fact that the Pueblo people have carried on these traditions from early missionary days, shows that with opportunity and encouragement they will be good, active Catholics.

Sister Miriam

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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Our Cover: His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Around the picture, Sister Mary Martha shows some of the Bishop's many apostolic works, which have meant so much for the growth of the Church in America and for a better understanding of the Faith among Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

# Mission Intention for June

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

## SANCTIFICATION OF THE NATIVE CLERGY

THE keystone for the foundation of the Church in the mission countries is the Native Clergy. The solidity of its virtue and learning will determine in great part whether the Church is going to rest upon firm foundations among these peoples.

POPE PIUS XI in his encyclical Letter (*Rerum Ecclesiae*) concerning the progress of the missions, published on February 28, 1926, addressed the Bishops of the missions in these words: ". . . You must also strive to mold and form them (the seminarians) in that sanctity which is becoming to the priestly life and in the true spirit of the apostolate. Filled with these virtues and with zeal for the conversion of their brothers, they should be ready to lay down their lives for the salvation of their own tribe or nation."

THE same Sovereign Pontiff more explicitly and in detail explains how great and what sanctity the Holy Church demands in the clergy of the whole Church and, therefore, in the native clergy when in his Encyclical Letter on the Catholic Priesthood, dated December 30, 1936, he states: "The man of Holy Orders is a dispenser of divine graces of which the sacraments are, as it were, the foundations, but it would be most unbecoming that the dispenser of these graces would lack that same precious grace or hold it in low estimation and thus be a lazy custodian of it."

AND Pope Pius XII proposed another idea of perfection to the native clergy when on the occasion of the inauguration of the College of St. Peter the Apostle, intended for native priests who study at the University of Propaganda, he deigned to deliver an exhortation to the native clergy on June 28, 1948. After he had said, "First of all, a burning desire for one's own holiness is altogether necessary," he continues

with a short summary of those same qualities of holiness and zeal which his predecessor had proposed.

A DANGER, common to any priest who is overburdened by his priestly duties and responsibilities, is that from too great a zeal for the salvation of others, he may neglect his own sanctification. Pope Pius XI most wisely pointed out this danger in these words: "The sacred minister must note that he is falling into the greatest danger of error if, attracted and urged by a zeal that can hardly be called right, he gives himself with too great an ardor to external and praiseworthy undertakings of his office while neglecting his own sanctification. For if he acts in this way, he not only renders his own salvation uncertain, but even without doubt loses the pulse of that sweetly persuasive grace which gives marvelous power and efficacy to the external works of his apostolate."

ANOTHER danger for the native clergy very often comes from the pagan and non-Christian atmosphere itself. This danger is so much the greater if the cleric himself or his relatives have only recently turned to the Catholic Faith from a non-Christian life. The attraction and charm which paganism works against Christian morality and purity attract more directly and immediately these rather than others who are protected by a long Christian tradition or who as foreign missionaries are not part of such an atmosphere.

A THIRD obstacle which may weaken even that zeal which is a part of the holiest native missionary is that he may experience great difficulty in attacking the false and depraved moral and religious ideas of his own people, according to the saying of the Lord Himself: "No one is a prophet in his own country."

*From the Mission Fields, the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory and the more than fifty thousand public school children whom the Sisters are instructing in the truths and practices of our holy Faith send sincere congratulations to His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., as he celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

*The fervent prayers of the Sisters and children ascend to Heaven in gratitude for the Bishop's part in making this community and its work possible, and in supplication for continued health and strength for His Excellency in his many apostolic works.*



Queen of the Missions, Redlands, California. This convent, together with a twenty acre orange grove was purchased for the community by Bishop Noll through OUR SUNDAY VISITOR. During the summer it is a haven of rest and recreation for the Sisters from Southern California.