

The Missionary Catholicist



His Excellency, Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake

October 1947



Our Lady of Peace Convent, Salt Lake City.

Never a Vantage We'll Yield

by Sister Noreen

"Through the Church to God."

"WORDS and Action." There you have the Bishop of the diocese of Salt Lake, the Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt. In this Mormon land of a "bishop" to every block, he is the Bishop of all, for he is as widely respected by Mormons as he is by Catholics.

Surely, His Excellency has the "gift of tongues", for his words reach out to many nationalities and creeds. Through his weekly broadcasts, he is known to thousands. His words have won many a convert, who is now on his way to God through the Church that the Bishop so clearly explains and defends over these broadcasts. Bishop Hunt, a convert himself, knows well how to win converts!

Action? Writing in the Extension magazine in 1938, the Bishop stated, "If we add up our census lists and evaluate our total financial income; if we set the figures thus obtained against the number of churches and priests; if we resort to mathematics and nothing else, we may as well fold up our tents and steal quietly away." Then the Bishop outlined his plan of

campaign to spread the Faith in Utah with the help of mission-minded donors. "I intend to open new missions, rather than close old ones; I intend to have more sermons preached to non-Catholics than ever before; to distribute more literature; to send out more priests. . ."

That program is still in effect. The coming of the Missionary Sisters in 1940 was a part of it. The building of a magnificent hospital in nearby Ogden, the coming of the Trappists in 1947, the opening of an old peoples' home by the Sisters of the Incarnate Word this fall; these are but a part of his campaign, for he is of no mind to yield a vantage to discouraging odds. If his "armor" must be replenished through the generosity of Catholics in the East, then the Bishop counts it an honor to be a beggar for Christ.

Utah is still *missionary territory*. No sacrifice is too great for the Bishop to make for the Church he loves and serves so well. His Excellency holds with his motto, "Through the Church to God."

The Missionary Catechist

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Volume XXIII

Salt Lake Issue

FOR CHRIST THE KING

by Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Chorus

*An army of youth, flying the standards of truth,
We're fighting for Christ the Lord.
Heads lifted high, Catholic Action our cry,
And the cross our only sword.
On earth's battlefield, never a vantage we'll yield,
As dauntlessly on we swing.
Comrades true, dare and do,
'Neath the Queen's white and blue,
For our flag, for our faith, for Christ the King!*

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BECAUSE the chorus of Father Lord's song, "For Christ the King," seems to describe perfectly the spirit of bishop, priests, and sisters, in the diocese of Salt Lake, Sister Noreen, an enthusiastic Catholic Actionist before and since her entrance into our Community, has used the lines of the chorus as her theme in planning this, the Salt Lake edition of *The Missionary Catechist*.

Space has not permitted us to print all the articles, but we feel sure that the perusal of this issue of the magazine will give our readers a good picture of the immense task facing the Church in this Mormon stronghold.

On December 29, 1939, four Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory arrived in Salt Lake to begin the work assigned them in the mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe. God has

blessed their work and enabled them to reach out into other parishes until at the present time the nine Sisters assigned to Salt Lake City have approximately 1400 children under instruction in fourteen centers.

This fall another convent was opened at Ogden, in the diocese of Salt Lake. The Sisters assigned to Ogden have not begun their work as we write this article, so we shall have to wait for a later issue to give you the enrollment in this new district.

The dynamo behind the magnificent work being done for God and Church in the Salt Lake Diocese is His Excellency, the Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, whose picture is on the cover of this issue.

The Editor.

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Catechetics in the Diocese of Salt Lake

by Reverend William E. Vaughan

The Cross our only Sword.

A glance at the map of Utah might give an erroneous impression of the problem of catechetical instructions in this vast western territory. Covering 84,990 square miles and sheltering only 20,119 Catholics, it would seem that we could look for only one Catholic in each four plus square miles. Fortunately, however, the population in Utah, and especially the Catholic population, is concentrated. For example, there is one county in the northeast containing, as far as can be determined, not even one Catholic resident. Huge stretches along the eastern, western, and southern borders have few or no inhabitants. Utah's people, for the most part, dwell in beautiful valleys bordering the Wasatch mountain range down the center of the State. Exceptions would be the coal regions of Carbon County and the farming-oil territory of the Uinta Basin.

Because of this concentration of people, 1,550 children—almost half of the known Catholic children—attend Catholic schools. These schools are taught by the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. However, an almost superhuman effort by priests and sisters is still required to bring Catholic instruction to 1,670 Catholic children in public schools. The effort involves zeal and travel, and more zeal and more travel. Greatest traveler of all is the energetic Bishop of the diocese, the Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt. If His Excellency's journeys in the interest of his diocese and of souls were extended over the world, he would be one of the most traveled men of modern times.

Salt Lake Valley contains half of the population of Utah. Instructions for public school children are under the care of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, except in three city parishes. The west side of Salt Lake City includes railroad yards, factories, oil refineries, and thousands of homes. The Missionary Sisters are now familiar sights in all parts of this section, as they gather in children at various centers for weekly and vacation school classes. But the Sisters are equally well known along the highways leading to smelter towns of Salt Lake Valley, and to Davis, Tooele, Utah, and Summit Counties.

Outside of Salt Lake City, but still in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, are many smelter and farming communities. In these dwell large numbers of American children of foreign born parents. Because there are only three small churches to care for these children, the Missionary Sisters often assume the role of school bus drivers, picking up the young ones at designated spots for transportation to the church. Following instructions, the Sisters return them to their homes. This assuming of parental obligations by the Sisters, in order to insure the presence of the children at class, is a common feature in Utah, especially in Salt Lake, Davis, Carbon, and Utah Counties. In one place, the priests have purchased and drive a school bus for this purpose.

Assisting the Paulist Fathers in Davis County where before the war Catholic families numbered about a dozen, the Missionary Sisters have toiled hard to lay the foundations for two thriving parishes. In one of these war parishes, 150 Catholic children attended religious vacation school this summer.

The Missionary Sisters travel to three communities in Tooele County, one involving a journey of 70 miles, another 80 miles, and the third 110 miles. Utah County is a 100-mile round trip journey from the convent. Provo, chief city of this area, is a Mormon stronghold. Encouraging, however, is the fact that 108 children, of a Catholic population of 295, attend catechetical instructions. The only road to Park City, in Summit County, is a narrow, winding canyon highway. The Missionary Sisters going to this one time Irish town feel safer on a public bus, especially during the heavy snows of the severe winter.

No article on catechetical instructions in Utah would be complete without mention of the most unique mining town in the world, known as Bingham Canyon. Probably no one knows the exact number of people crowded into this narrow seven mile, one street town, which climbs from six thousand to almost ten thousand feet above sea level. Two priests and four Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement have found 1300 Catholics in Bingham and its mission towns of



First Communion Class, Salt Lake City.

Copperfield, Copperton, Highland Boy, and Lark. Some 300 children are under instruction.

SECOND largest center of population in the State is Ogden. During the war this railroad junction developed into an industrial city with a huge increase of residents in both the urban and suburban areas. Priests did heroic work in supplying Sunday Mass for mushroom communities. At present, with many small centers becoming permanent, there is a crying need for organized catechetics. Centers could be established in as many as ten places where today Catholic children do not receive the attention needed, due to overburdened schedules of priests and sisters. Ogden Catholics are praying that the Missionary Sisters may soon establish a home there, whence they can drive to Ogden's many outlying districts. This summer there has been established in the mountains above Ogden a project that promises to be the spiritual dynamo for Catholic activities. This is the Monastery of Our Lady of the Most Holy Trinity, fifth foundation of the Trappists, or Cistercians of the Strict Observance, in the United States. Prayers of the cloistered monks will support the priests and sisters in their grueling active lives.

CARBON County is a huge soft coal deposit.

At present there are three parishes in this county, each including several towns. Price City is the home of a complete Catholic grammar and junior high schools taught by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. For years these Sisters have assisted in catechetical instruction of children in many mining camps, traveling to them on week ends and during the summer. Priests and their helpers are continually locating Catholic children in small mining homes, either along the steep narrow camp streets or in canyon farms.

HEROES of the mission clergy are the priests working alone in struggling parishes of the sparsely settled towns of Utah, hundreds of miles from the Capital City and from Catholic culture centers. Along the Arizona-Utah border is the huge parish of Cedar City. The pastor travels hundreds of miles each week to bring Mass and some instruction to small groups of Catholics in little farming towns. His total of resident parishioners is less than 100. His is the sole responsibility of instructing scattered children, who are continually harassed by strong non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic feelings. This September he will be relieved of some of his

weary travel when the Dominican Fathers open a new parish of 16,000 square miles centering in Richfield. This new parish will average less than one Catholic for each 160 square miles.

ALONG the Nevada border is a great tract of desert known as the Eureka parish. Eureka, itself, once had a Catholic school but it is now fast becoming a ghost town. A single priest struggles to keep this parish, with its few children, in existence. Once a month he travels 300 miles to a mission of the parish, called Delta, in order to celebrate Mass for a few farmers.

ACROSS the salt desert of Western Utah is the little town of Wendover. A Catholic army chaplain has been giving some forty Catholic civilians services and instructions for many months.

IN the northern stretch of the State is the rich almost solidly Mormon farming valley of Cache County. A parish was opened there about six years ago, and the pastor travels to five communities to bring instructions to the few who gather before makeshift tabernacles. The pastor's home is unique. A small five room house serves as parish church, residence for the priest, dormitory for fifteen Utah Agricultural College students, a recreation hall for a Newman Club, and a catechetical center. Interest in the Catholic

Faith among college students is bringing a number of converts into the Church.

UTAH'S eastern border contains two parishes, each tremendous in territory, but insignificant in Catholics. The Uinta basin is a fast developing farm and oil valley. Benedictine Fathers drive more constantly to bring religion to the few Catholics of this basin than the average traveling salesman. One priest takes time out for a mission among the Indians. Another uses his skill as an airplane pilot to bring Mass to an oil town to which no decent road has been built. In the wild and widespread Monticello parish some hundred Mexican people are at present without Catholic services, because no priest can be spared for more than the occasional sick call. Such a call means a two day journey for the nearest priest.

UTAH Catholic children are few, but the few there are probably receive as much spiritual care as any children of the country. This remarkable record is due to the untiring zeal of a handful of priests and sisters. These priests and sisters in turn are few, but an amateur statistician would enjoy a pleasant hour with figures compiling the thousands of miles traveled each week to bring to Utah's scattered souls at least a chance of salvation.

Since the above article was written, a new mission center has been established by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters at Ogden, Utah.



Father keeps the children close to Our Lord at St. Mary-of-the-Assumption Church, Park City, Utah.

'Neath the Queen's White and Blue

by Sister Callista

A Seed is Planted.

"SISTER," asked six-year-old Joe, his big grey eyes all hope, "does *watermelon* have salt in it?"

How glad we were to be able to answer, "No, Joe, it hasn't."

"Then," and how that word tugged at our heart, "I'm going to ask my dad to bring me some."

As we looked through blurred eyes at our little friend propped up in his hospital bed, pale, his little body swollen, his feet like balloons, we hoped with all our hearts that the watermelon dream would come true. Watermelons weren't scarce nor were generous friends wanting to supply them; but I suppose even Joe knew that Sister Rosalie would likely shake her head and suggest something better suited to sick little boys.

Joe was four when we first met. It was September, but the gay trinkets of a premature Christmas lay scattered about his bed—all ignored in favor of his best loved toy, Genevieve, his little red haired sister. He pulled her this way and that over his land of counterpane, and glowed with pleasure over her squeals of delight. She knew he was not allowed to walk so once she tried to carry him to her world across the kitchen.

When Joe, his parents, two older sisters, and little Genevieve had moved from Santa Fe to Utah, Joe had been a happy, healthy little boy. His dad worked at the Ordnance Depot, and the family was housed in the nearby government housing unit, known as Tod Park. But soon sickness overtook little Joe, and the meagre resources of the family were used for hospitalization. The government base hospital was opened and Joe became a frequent patient. But wise heads shook sadly as they pronounced the words, "no hope." So he had come home to die.

Christmas came and went; spring with its dreary mud and howling wind; summer so hot, so drab; and Joe greeted each from his bed by the window. He hadn't died; but now life was such an endless "no"—hardest of all was "no salt." He didn't complain. Somehow Genevieve made up for it all.



Little Joe (in the big hat), his father, mother, sisters and baby brothers.

When we met Joe again in September, he seemed to be just two large grey eyes. The little body, which had often been puffed beyond belief, was now shrunken. There was seldom a smile to brighten the gaunt little face.

Genevieve was older, and there were things outdoors of interest for her. Baby Arthur was not so fond of being someone's rag doll; besides, how could one play with anything when one was so weak and so hungry? The dishes Mother so lovingly prepared—how could one relish them *without salt*? All the things one really liked were forbidden, especially the chili, the pinto beans, and the tortillas that Becky, Frances, and Genevieve were just now enjoying.

Our religious instruction classes were held in the public school across the street from Joe's home. Genevieve, Frances, and Becky came every Tuesday. But it was "no" again for Joe. Once his mother brought him, propped up on cushions, but the beads of cold perspiration, that he was too weak to wipe away, told us the strain was too great.

Why did he linger on? No one knew, but we had just a slight hope that something could

yet be done. "Will you let us try?" we asked the parents. They gladly gave their consent, and soon the doors of Holy Cross hospital opened to receive Joe, and the finest of specialists took up his case.

Little Joe, carried in his daddy's arms, made the long trip to Salt Lake City with us. His interest awakened. "Look, papa!" he called out, "*los pajaritos*." Then it was "the horses! the train! the lights!" On and on Joe went, alternating from English to Spanish, in the excitement of seeing so many things which had not been visible from the little world of his room.

Then there followed a week of eating all the things he wanted, three times a day and in between; then a successful operation; a week of steady recovery; and then the delightful days of riding the wheel chair up and down the corridor, making friends, or rather being friends, to young and old. Always there was the "good night" visit to Jesus in the Chapel, where with his usual simplicity he called out softly, "Good night Jesus; good night Mary;" and then a last excursion down the "alligator" to the kitchen. The great heart of the hospital rested in his hands. Everyone loved him, cared whether he got well, felt privileged to know him. And through it all he remained what he had ever been, the most docile of children, accepting every discomfort without complaint, every attention with perfect simplicity.

Finally came the glad news, "Joe may go home." There was a holiday downtown with his pal, Father Moreton, the hospital Chaplain, to buy gifts for the family; then a last farewell, and little Joe, dressed in the navy riding breeches and sweater Sister Superior bought for him, went home.

A glorious year followed, with little Joe running playing, growing, smiling again. Hand in hand with Genevieve, he came to instructions every Tuesday, Mass every Sunday.

The following September Joe started to school. Early in October I missed him. His mother came to see us. "Sister," she said, "Joe's eyes are puffed." The year of grace was up. The doors of Holy Cross opened wide again. The personnel was considerably changed. It made no difference, for each one capitulated to the charm of the child, even as those before had done. Before Thanksgiving came, the end seemed near. Would First Communion be possible? A little questioning brought the joyous discovery that everything that had been presented in class the previous year had been snugly stored in his little

brain. Every story had made its impression; Our Lord was his familiar friend. Frances and Becky had made their first Communion last year, and Joe had not missed a single detail, not even "then you walk back to your seat with your head bowed."

At seven, one Saturday morning in November, the hospital was all a-bustle. The wheel chair, its little burden white against the soft white blanket that enveloped him, was moved to the front of the peaceful hospital chapel. His Excellency, Bishop Hunt, celebrated the Mass. The flowers, the lighted candle in its silver holder, all bespoke the tender affection of his friends. The little one received his God devoutly, bowed his head in thanksgiving, and was lost to all about him. All roads led to his bedside that day. A special breakfast with his parents, Genevieve, Frances, Becky, Arthur, and his new baby brother, Frank, was followed by a shower of happy remembrances from doctors, nurses, Sisters, and friends.

One morning when we greeted him with, "How are you, Joe?", he replied with his usual happy response, "I'm fine," then continued, "but I don't feel so good." Then he added quickly, "But I feel better than I did." This conversation brought back memories of the day Sister had told us how much Joe was suffering, but when we asked him how he was feeling, he said "I'm fine." Then we said, "But, Joe, your leg is hurting, isn't it?" He started, as though a precious secret had escaped, and a look of pain came into his eyes as he asked, "How did you know?" We didn't pry into his secrets again.

At last, after months of vain hope, the painfulappings were resorted to. Joe's dream of going home for Christmas had come true, though at the price of great physical suffering. At Easter he had asked us if we were having summer school this year. "Yes," we replied, "are you coming?" and quite optimistically he answered, "Sure."

On the next visit Sister told us that Joe was worse. He was very weak and unable to eat, and the end could not be far off. His parents were summoned. His mother came to his bedside and remained there day and night, except when relieved by Sister Rosalie or ourselves. Between trips back and forth to "see the children," Joe's dad kept her company.

The beautiful big grey eyes grew larger; the little body shrunk away. Nothing eased the pain or quieted the restless moving back and

forth; the tousled head rested on little arms and bowed in silence to the agony that was raging through his body. And through it all the "please" and "thank you" of former days continued, the same obedience, the same docility, with not a word of complaint. There seemed to be a secret between little Joe and the Figure on the Crucifix to which he clung so tenaciously.

Little Joe died, his loving eyes resting on his mother. Our hearts were reluctant to part with our little friend, until we reached the peaceful hillside cemetery, where the sweet odor of lilacs hung like a soothing incense and the tulips bobbed a welcome from the graves as we passed by.

In the month of Our Lady, 'neath the blue canopy of her Son's heaven, we laid Joe to rest. As we drove away, our thoughts strangely enough dwelt on the Church in Utah and the contribution a little child could make to its growth, quietly, patiently, humbly, without being



A seed is planted.

aware of it. It was as though we had planted a seed that would grow and flower later.

When our classes assembled again, we heard, from the lips of one of our most troublesome lads, the proud boast, "Gee, we got a Saint!"

Mission Sunday

by Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell

THROUGH the war years the average man, ever an optimist, dreamed of the happy world that would follow the wake of destruction. The principles of Christ would then flourish on earth; brotherly love would prevail. Even the cynical politicians believed the lofty phrases they coined about what would happen when the veterans returned to their homes.

NOW that post-war world has become a reality, and it is becoming appallingly clear that the picture is neither a bright nor a happy one, for materialism seems to have a death grip on mankind. Countries are wrangling over the control of the most destructive weapon mankind has ever invented. Labor and management refuse to agree, even though their quarrels result in paralyzing strikes affecting the entire country. Doubts and suspicions darken not only the minds of individuals but of entire nations.

HOWEVER, through the darkness of the present there shines one brilliant light. It illumines the minds of even the most cynical, while it puts the fear of God in the irresponsible. This light is the work of the Catholic missionaries who are laboring in every part of the world. They have voluntarily left home and loved ones to bring the knowledge and love of Christ to

those who know Him not.

ON Mission Sunday, October 19th, the Catholics of the civilized world will have an opportunity to show their appreciation for the work of these missionaries. However, because of unsettled conditions, it is to America that these gallant men and women must turn for the prayers and alms to sustain them in their labors.

HIS HOLINESS, Pope Pius XII, expressed great satisfaction with the American support in Catholic mission efforts, during a private interview granted Bishop Thomas J. McDonnell recently, when he attended the international meeting of the National Directors of the world for the Propagation of the Faith, assembled by the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, Vatican City.

"AMERICA is my comfort and consolation these sad days," stated His Holiness. "She is the light of the world and the star of hope in these dark times. I hope America will continue to support the sorrowful and that she will be ever faithful to her Christian ideals. The missions have suffered a great deal as a result of

(Continued on page 18)

LIGHT FOR THE WORLD

One evening a call came for Sister Genrose. It was her most faithful choir member. When the conversation had ended, she said, "Sister, please wait a minute. Barbara Jean insists on talking to you."

A clear baby voice came over the wire. "Sister Genrose. I don't feel dood. Please light a tandle for me." Before Sister could answer, Barbara Jean continued, "And Sister, please light a tandle for the whole world."

This four-year-old prodigy was not a child of God at the time. She had not been baptized, neither had her two older sisters nor the new baby brother. Things have happened since Bar-



"And, Sister, please light a tandle for the whole world."

bara's candle was lit. Surely, her baby prayers had something to do with enkindling the spark of Faith that had been slumbering in her daddy's soul, and obtaining the grace for another prodigal son to return to his Father's house. One Sunday Barbara Jean's daddy had his marriage validated, received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and had his four children baptized.

The gala celebration that followed, the happy tears, the family pictures, all told of the joy that filled the hearts of every member of the family. As a visitor that afternoon I was struck by the similarity between this reunion and Christ's parable of the Prodigal Son. There was the exuberantly happy father, outdoing himself in hospitality to the throngs of friends and relatives that poured in and out the doors of his home. Indeed, the fattened calf had been killed and there was much feasting. Only one phase of the story was missing. No envious brother complained of the merry-making as did the elder brother in the Scriptures. Every member of the family was proud of the prodigal

In the Home Field

son and rejoiced at his return.

Surely at least one small corner of the world had improved since Barbara Jean's candle burned.

Sister Mary Mark
Salt Lake City, Utah

PRISCILLA

It is an unhappy day for the Valdez family when Priscilla has to be absent from our catechism class; tears flow in profusion; big brother has to bring her on his bicycle if the car fails to pick her up.

From one Thursday to the next Priscilla spends much of her time instructing her two-year-old twin brothers. She has taught them to make the Sign of the Cross correctly. Each day she patiently coaches them for some time, then tells stories as only a child can tell them. All this is very serious to Priscilla. There is an unusual earnestness about her lovely Spanish face. Her smiles are rare but well worth winning.

Priscilla has already decided to be a Sister when she grows up. Some time ago a visiting uncle attempted to greet her with a kiss. Our little five-year-old drew back, protesting, "You must not kiss me. I am going to be a Sister."

Sister Mary Mark
Salt Lake City, Utah



Priscilla . . . and her "chauffeur," (her brother).



Sister Genrose, Superior at Our Lady of Peace mission.

HALO MISSING

One afternoon, as we assembled for class in the church basement, I noticed a strange boy among my fifth and sixth graders. He anticipated my inquiry by informing me that he was a visitor, a Mormon, or Latter Day Saint as they call themselves. I made him welcome and began the lesson for the day.

Before long I was fully aware that our visitor was paying no attention to us. His gaze seemed riveted on some object behind me. Finally his hand went up, and the question came, "Who's that man and what's that thing on his head?"

Since it was the month of St. Joseph, his picture occupied a prominent place in the room and was the cause of Robert's distraction. It was a good question. In fact, I was happy to

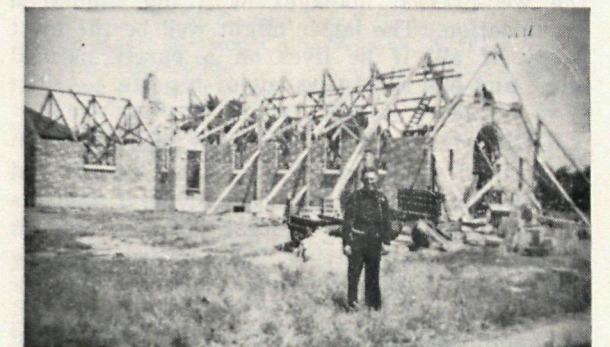
make a digression in favor of St. Joseph, who is so often left unnoticed. All were attentive while I spoke of the foster-father of Our Lord, of his love of Christ, and of the example he was for personal sanctity. I added a few words about the halo, the insignia of God's friends, and then resumed the regular lesson.

Now Robert's attention was focused on me. Remarkably good behavior, I thought. Any complacency I might have entertained completely vanished when the next question came, "Sister, where's your halo?"

Sister Mary Mark
Salt Lake City, Utah

WHAT'S YOUR TRADE?

When Father McLean, C. S. P., arrived in Utah to take over his duties, he was told by Bishop Hunt that a new church was needed in Layton, a mission from Bountiful where Father was to be Pastor. Father surprised the Bishop by telling him that he was a member of the carpenters' union. The Bishop said, "Father McLean, go down to the union office at once



Father McLean, member of the Carpenters' Union, who did as much work on the new church at Layton as any of the workmen.

and pay up your back dues."

At the union office, Father was asked what he was going to build. "A church," he replied, to the amazement of all. They examined him to see if he knew how to use carpenters' tools, and were very kind to him about the back dues.

Not so surprising to find a priest a carpenter. . . . Our Lord was apprenticed to Joseph.

Sister Philomena
Salt Lake City, Utah



Associate Catechists

PROJECT PACKAGE

NOT all of you play cards at your monthly or semi-monthly meetings. Some like to keep their hands busy with needlework. Do you ever run out of ideas? Perhaps we can help.



LAST summer I was privileged to hear some of the foremost Catholic leaders in our United States—priests, sisters, and lay persons—discuss the pressing social needs of our times. Their inspiring talks have given me much food for thought and motives for earnest prayer. Each one stressed the need of a spirit of “togetherness” which should animate everyone of us as members of the Mystical Body of Christ. We must have room in our hearts (because Christ had room in *His*) for the most needy members of our Head. These may be the Mexicans, the Colored, the Jews, the lowly toiler, or the well-dressed manager of a big industrial organization. The latter might well be the most needy of all, if he lives on a purely natural plane and has ruled God out of his life.

YOUR love for God's dear poor has long been proved in a practical manner by the aid you have given them through us, the dispensers of your charity. Don't forget the poor *rich* in your *spiritual* almsgiving. Your prayers may be the means of their conversion and salvation.

A happy season of Mission parties to each and all.

ACM SUPERVISOR

ST. JUSTIN, MARTYR, BAND (*Chicago, Ill.*)

THE Promoter of this Band and the proud mother of our Sister Justine, *Miss Fred Kiefer*, needs no introduction. She has long been active in our ACM organization. St. Justin, Martyr, Band members meet every two weeks and we can look forward to a good sized check every month from these faithful friends. Sister Justine pronounced final vows this summer. She is at present attending Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, California.

We've collected some samples of hand-made articles, furnished us by ACM members. We'll gladly send them to any Promoter requesting us to do so. The Project Package may be kept for one month. We ask that postage *to and from* be paid by the Band requesting the loan of it.

INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (*Chicago, Ill.*)

WE think you'll agree that when a small group, many of whom are related and have the same street address, can raise \$65.00 on a raffle, they've accomplished something big for our Missions. *Miss Flavia Woerner* is the recently elected *secretary* for the Band. It was she who sent us a check for the above amount.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND
(*Chicago Ill.*)

“A small Band with a big amount of push behind it when it comes to doing things for our Missions” is about the way I'd characterize this Band, headed by *Miss Mary Perkins*, who is also president of the Central Committee of the Chicago Area ACM.

In addition to the regular monthly contributions the Promoter donated a beautiful chalice for one of our Mission Centers last year. Long life to this Band and its faithful members.



of Mary

ST MARY BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

ALTHOUGH we do not hear from this Band every month, when we do we are sure to find a large check enclosed with the Promoter's (Mrs. Annie Hansen) letter. Her last report was of a big party at Mrs. Marie Prenavo's home. The hostess served lunch to thirty-five women. Mrs. Prenavo has been a member of St. Mary's Band for twenty years. From this party \$60.00 was realized.

Congratulations, dear friends, and the assurance of our prayers.

THE SRILLIAN (Cincinnati, Ohio)

TWO pairs of sisters, plus four more girls, make up this small Band of which Miss Marion Mueller is Promoter. It is a rare thing indeed for a month to go by without our receiving a short note from them which says, "We are enclosing a donation." God bless these faithful contributors.



ST. PHILOMENA BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

DO these ladies forget us in the summer months? I will quote the Promoter's (Miss Mary C. Schaefer) letter and let you judge for yourself. "Enclosed is a check for \$20.00. We are not having meetings during July and August but when we come back in September the members will pay their back dues so you won't be the loser."

ST. BRIDGET BAND (Bellevue, Ky.)

WE get interesting letters from Miss Grace M. Kern, Promoter, and always a check with the letters. Recently one of the Band members wished to give more than money to the work of the Home Missions, and so she gave herself! She joined the Lay Missionary Apostolate of Chadburn, North Carolina.

THESE Bellevue Helpers also send Mission boxes to our Sisters in San Antonio, Texas.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

June 19 to August 18, 1947

Charitina Club, Paris, Ill., Miss M. C. Gibbons	\$37.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss K. Hennigan	13.00
Dolores Guild No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. A. Klingel	35.00
Good Shepherd Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Staley	30.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss M. Perkins	26.50
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss L. Dunn	17.00
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago, Flavia Woerner	65.00
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	5.00
Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. Sauthier	10.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	41.50
Sacred Heart Mission Club, Newark, N. Y., Mary Muscolino	100.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Miss A. Brink	4.00
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. Beck	24.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	4.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. McMannamy	60.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss D. Schneider	20.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Lucille Dea	24.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss H. Melke	7.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	8.00
St. Joseph Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Williamson	16.50
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Voight	1.69
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer	44.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Hammer	35.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Vaughn	25.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Maywood, Ill., Mrs. E. Lehman	9.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. G. Reichardt	25.00
St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Mrs. D. Bryant	30.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	20.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	8.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	30.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Miss M. Mueller	12.00



Heads Lifted High

by Sister Mary Mark

A Little Child Shall Lead.

SITUATED in a fertile valley, under the protecting shadows of the beautiful Wasatch mountain range, Midvale, one of our many out-missions, is just as picturesque as the name implies.

SPIRITUAL poverty is much in evidence in the little parish of Saint Therese, where the few faithful families are far outnumbered by the weak, indifferent ones. The children of these latter who do come to instructions and Sunday Mass, come because of their own love of God, rather than because of the training or example of their parents, who are too busy or too careless to look after the spiritual welfare of their little ones.

LAMENTING the absence of Faith, that virtue so strong in his own country, Ireland, the zealous pastor places his one hope in the children. His outstanding devotion is to the Divine Child of Prague. "We need child Saints," he insists.

SINCE Holy Week of this year, though, Father has had reason to be encouraged and proud of some of his children. In sad contrast to our crowded churches in the East, in these parts only the housekeeper and a few other devout souls attend the Holy Week services.

THE loneliness of Calvary was very real to Father on this Good Friday, as he repaired to the church at noon to be the lone companion of Our Lord during the Tre Ore. He had announced Stations of the Cross for the parish at seven-thirty in the evening, hoping a few parishioners would come, although past experience offered little hope.

Shortly before three o'clock, Father was roused from his meditation by a vigorous tugging at the church door. He opened it, and there stood three children, eight-year-old Margaret; her five-year-old brother, Johnnie, and four-year-old cousin, Clayton, better known in the prayer class as "Porky."

"FATHER, are you having Stations now?" Margaret asked.

"NO, my child," Father replied. "Come back at seven-thirty and we will have them."

THAT might have satisfied Margaret, but not "Porky." He stoutly refused to be put off,



Barbara, Johnnie, and four-year-old "Porky," who wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

and demanded, "Can't we have them right now?"

THE Heart of Christ must have beat with joy as He heard the quick response from His other Christ. "Yes, children," Father said, smilingly. "Come, and we will make the Stations for all the sinners who do not come to church."

THE odd little procession made its way from station to station. The angels must have smiled or, maybe, wept, as the white haired priest meditated aloud on the Passion in child's language, followed by the faithful trio.

SEVEN-THIRTY at Saint Therese's brought a surprise to more than one person. As one of the older boys reported to us later, "Gee, Sister, it was just like High Mass . . . the church was packed to the door."

A HAPPY pastor turned to his congregation and began his sermon, saying, "I would not have you ignorant of the reason you are here." He then told the story of the children's visit and gave them the full credit for the large attendance. That evening Father spent a long time in the confessional, a still greater miracle for Midvale.

EASTER Sunday seemed to climax the spiritual triumph in St. Therese's. The late Mass was finished. The devoted housekeeper made her way to the sacristy by the outside entrance,

carrying a cup of hot broth to Father. She was surprised to learn that he was in the confessional again. Withdrawing, she must have murmured, "Now isn't it too bad to keep Father fasting longer?" She could not know what a marvel of grace was happening. On the other side of the confessional knelt an Italian mother who had not feasted on the Body and Blood of Christ for the past twenty-eight years. This was the first time since leaving her beloved Italy that she had received the Sacrament of Penance. She had almost missed this morning. Her home is some fourteen miles away, and she had arrived late for Mass. Undaunted, she ap-

proached the tribunal of penance when Mass ended. Alone, a few minutes later, she received Our Lord with a joyful heart.

JUST one year ago I had entreated this woman to be at the altar rail when her two little girls made their First Holy Communion. When I spoke of my hopes to Father, he looked dubious. Then with his inimitable laugh, he quoted, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith." I did not like what that implied. My hopes were high, but Sunday brought disappointment. Now Faith and Hope and Love have been requited. One more year was not too long to wait for the return of another wandering sheep to the fold.

As Dauntlessly on We Swing

by Sister Noreen

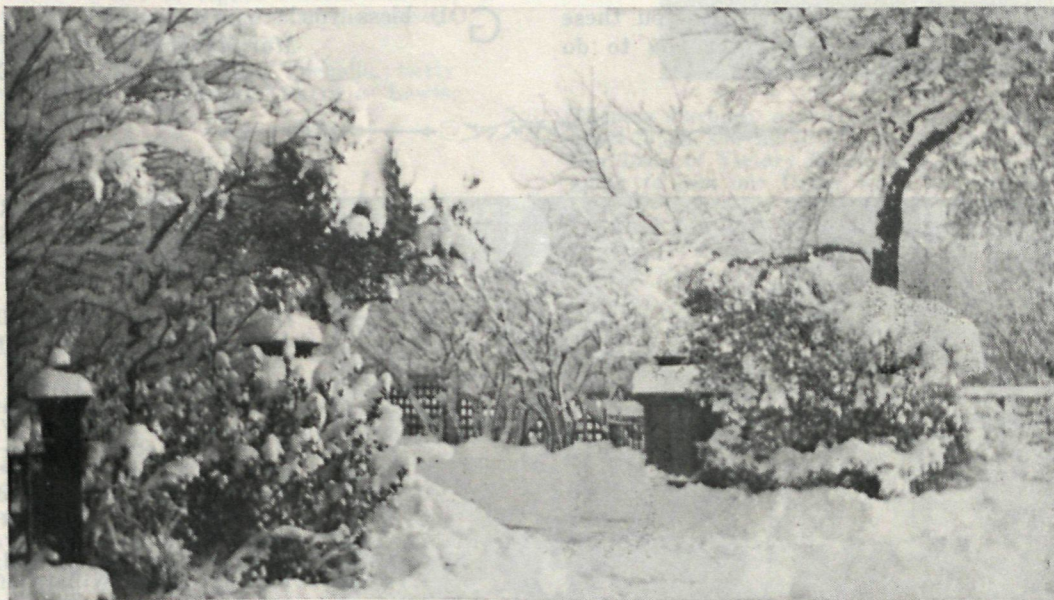
The River Jordan flows by our door. While it is not particularly beautiful, it pleases us when it keeps its place. It is when it flows in our door that we are unhappy. But then we, who are Missionary Sisters, don't forget that we are "poor folk," living in a borrowed mansion; and if there were no fixtures to get out of order, no plumbing to fix, no skylights to crash, no lawns to tend, we might become too enamored of our earthly paradise.

Secluded from public gaze by shrubs and trees and an iron fence, we live an almost monastic

No Place like Home

life. "Pray and work." It takes plenty of each! Right now in October we are picking up the leaves so carelessly thrown down by the sentinels at our gates and in our yard. Soon we must begin our novenas for no ice on the roads, for the trip to Provo, fifty miles away, is on a long open stretch, and there is the "point of the mountain" to worry about. The Layton highway, which is also the way to Bountiful, the Paulist foothold, is not much better; and the

(Continued on page 18)



Entrance to convent driveway . . . a welcome sight after a day's driving on snowy roads.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

YOU'LL be surprised to learn that *Sunshine Secretary* took a trip this summer. I went to our nation's capitol to take part in the Catholic Action Institute—the first ever held at the Catholic University. I met many fine people—priests, sisters, and lay persons. All were deeply interested in spreading God's kingdom on earth, particularly through the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in their dioceses and parishes.

DO you know that 50 per cent of our Catholic boys and girls in the United States attend public grade schools? Worse still, 75 per cent of our Catholic high school students are attending public high schools! These unfortunate children are members of the Mystical Body the same as you are.

WHY does *Sunshine Secretary* tell you these things? What does she expect you to do about it—NOW?

Mary's Loyal

FIRST of all, thank God fervently from the bottom of your hearts that you are among the highly privileged *few* who attend a Catholic school.

SECONDLY, pray that more priests, sisters, young men and women may volunteer to teach religion after school hours to our Catholic children in public schools. These "poor kids" are in great danger of *losing* their Holy Faith or of *becoming weak* in it because of the pagan atmosphere in which they move.

THIRDLY, S. S. wants you, especially those in high school, to resolve firmly that you will aid these religiously underprivileged youth to keep the Faith by giving good example to everyone in your neighborhood. (St. Francis of Assisi says we preach a powerful sermon when we edify others by our good conduct.)

LASTLY, make up your minds that you'll be Catholic leaders in your parish as soon as you finish school—or even before if the opportunity presents itself. (The Sacrament of Confirmation which you received *obliges* you to do this.) C.C.D. religion teachers, helpers, and fishers are badly needed in most parishes. If you are willing to help you'll be shown what to do. Leadership (like one of your muscles) is developed through action.

GOD bless you!

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY



LOYAL HELPERS FROM
THREE STATES VISIT
VICTORY NOLL

On Mary's Loyal Helpers Day in June we were pleased to entertain Loyal Helpers from Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio. Reading from left to right, our Helpers are: Mary M. Vonder Haar and Ruth VonderHaar, both of Celina, Ohio; Phyllis Jean Gunkel of Marion, Indiana; Bernard Kestler, of Chicago, Illinois; *Sunshine Secretary*, Victory Noll; Joan Alter, of Marion, Indiana; Marie Willard of Chicago; and Rita Ann Borger of Celina, Ohio.

Helpers Pages

GENEROUS HELPERS IN WALLINGFORD, CONN.

THE children shown below were in fourth grade at Holy Trinity School, Wallingford, Connecticut, last year. Their teacher was Sister Mary Germaine. Other children (not in the picture) became Helpers later. Sister joined our Mission Club when she was a little girl and gets new Helpers for us each year.



Back row: left to right: Donald Valente, Mary Lou Gahan, Naomi Michelu, Joseph Mandreda, Barbara Lee.

Front row, l. to r.: Jane Dichello, Betty Kearns, Robert Lockert, Patricia Lewis, Carol Lussier.

ANY STAMPS TODAY?

WILL you help us by saving cancelled stamps? When you have a pound or so, send them to us at Victory-Noll. When you tear the stamp from the envelopes, leave a margin around them. If the postmark happens to be very old, then send us the whole envelope. You will be surprised how soon you can collect a pound of stamps at home and at the office. We will welcome all kinds of stamps, but especially those above the three-cent denomination, all pre-cancelled stamps, stamps that commemorate certain historical events, and above all, rare and old issues.

October, 1947



A LOYAL HELPER IN TULARE, CALIFORNIA



Theresa Pacheco, age 4 years, gave her mother no peace until she made a habit for her exactly like Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Theresa is going to join our Order when she grows up.

OCTOBER PUZZLE

What do you know about Discovery Day? These jumbled words will tell you who discovered America, the King that helped provide him with ships and men, the Queen who persuaded the King to do this, the country in whose name the great discoverer took possession of the new land he discovered, the name he gave to the natives he found here.

MULUBSOC DANDIREFN ALISLEB
NISPA DINNASI

(Work the puzzle and receive a holy card from Sunshine Secretary.)

AS DAUNTLESSLY ON WE SWING

(continued from page 15)

Tooele road is worse, or so most of us think, as it skirts the Great Salt Lake. How good "home" looks to us on those days—even home with a couple of feet of snow to shovel away before we can get into the garage.

October, and soon it will be too cold for the Scouts to use the rooms above the garage. What fun the boys and girls have had in those rooms where the coachman had his living quarters in the horse and buggy days.

Don't be taken with the seeming peace and quiet in the pictures, though. Take Sunday for example. Before seven o'clock two Sisters start out for Desert, fifty miles north, and do not return until afternoon; two go on their way to Bountiful, fifteen miles east of Salt Lake City; two go to Guadalupe parish in the city; two leave for Murray, ten miles south; and one is dropped at St. Patrick's, Salt Lake. Two o'clock dinner finds most of us together, full of tales of the morning's work. The afternoon is spent with project work, a special visit to one of the hospitals, caring for visitors at home, choir practice, or, perhaps, a special Scout meeting.

It was not always so. When the Sisters came to Salt Lake in 1940, they lived at Guadalupe mission and their work centered there. Soon, though, requests came in from priests of other parishes, and the work spread to other parts of the diocese. Now as our Community celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary, and this mission its seventh, we have fourteen centers that are under our care in Salt Lake, with approximately 1400 children under instruction. These children have been gathered from the highways and byways, but there are still some in the hedges. They will come later.



Chapel at Our Lady of Peace Convent.

MISSION SUNDAY

(Continued from page 9)

cruel wars, but their rehabilitation and the continuance of their spiritual and corporal works of mercy and charity will prosper under the grace of God, through the spiritual and material generous assistance, so characteristic of the American people, who are known to forget self when their brothers are in suffering and misery."

"CHRIST Himself established the goal of Catholic mission effort when He commissioned His apostles to go forth and enlighten the whole world," wrote His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Episcopal Chairman of the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies in the United States, in his Mission Sunday message to the Catholics of this country. "In this, America's hour, all of us Americans must do our part to make Christ's teachings known, respected, and loved by our brothers in all the world. By our prayers and our alms, by our words and our works, by our offerings on Mission Sunday and our memberships in the Mission Aid Societies, we help our missionaries in foreign fields through The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in the Near Eastern countries, including the Holy Land, through the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, and the zealous priests and sisters laboring in the mission areas of our own land through the American Board of Catholic Missions. May God help us to continue to help them!"

Memoriam

Leonard R. Mourey, Monroeville, Ind., father of Sister Mary Evelyn.

Eloise Badway, Detroit, Mich., sister of Sister Mary Veronica.

Leander Joseph Whipple, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Sarah McGuire, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Joseph Donnelly, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Trainor, Streator, Ill.

Mrs. Julia Davis, Memphis, Tenn.

William Buckley, Chicago, Ill.

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

The Missionary Catechist



Sister Julia (left) and Sister Marie (right), the first two members of our community. The Sisters celebrated their Silver Jubilee on August 5, 1947, the feast of Our Lady of Snows.

At Victory-Noll

ON the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5, the first two members of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory celebrated their Silver Jubilee at Victory Noll.

THE feast, which is the day on which the annual Reception and Profession ceremonies are held, was an appropriate one for the celebration of the Sisters' Silver Jubilee, since it was on that day in 1922 that the two jubilarians, Sister Julia (Doyle) and Sister Marie (Benes), arrived in Santa Fe to begin, in the remote mission district of New Mexico, the work for which the community was founded—the religious instruction of Catholic children who attend public schools.

SISTER JULIA holds the unique distinction of having been actively engaged in mission work in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe during the entire twenty-five years. Sister Marie, on the other hand, has been chosen by God to work for the successful establishment of the Congregation and its work—during a great part of her religious life—through the apostolate of suffering.

HIS Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, who pre-

sided at the ceremonies of Reception and Profession, gave a special blessing to the jubilarians after the Communion of the Mass, placing a silver crown on the head of each.

BEFORE the Mass, nine young women were invested in the habit of the community, and at the Communion of the Mass eleven Sisters made their first vows and one her final vows. On the same day in the various convents of the West and Southwest, six other Sisters pronounced final vows.

ON the following day, feast of the Transfiguration of Our Lord, the third General Chapter of the Congregation was held. At this Chapter Mother Catherine was re-elected Superior General, and the following Councillors were elected to assist her in the government of the community: Sister Cecilia, St. Louis; Sister Mary, Dubuque; Sister Charlotte, Indianapolis; and Sister Benigna, Colorado Springs.

WE know, dear Readers, that you join with us in congratulating our newly elected officers, and we beg your prayers for them so that, in the difficult task of governing the community, God's grace may ever be with them, enabling them to do much for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.



If you can catch a leprechaun...

A **leprechaun**, according to Irish legend, is a dwarf who keeps a pot of gold hidden away.

If you can catch a leprechaun, your troubles are over.

Because he keeps his gold just for ransom money. If you catch him, he'll quickly tell you where his gold is, so you'll let him go.

The best place to look for a leprechaun is in the woods. They're green, and only about nine inches tall, so you'll have to—

Or maybe you don't believe in leprechauns.

Maybe it would be more practical to just keep working for your money. But you can learn one good lesson from these little fellows.

A small pot of gold put to one side is a great help when trouble catches you.

And there's a much faster and easier way to get your pot of gold than by catching leprechauns.

You can buy U. S. Savings Bonds through an *automatic* purchase plan.

If **you're employed** you can sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan. If you have a bank account you can sign up for the Bond-A-Month Plan.

Either way, your pot of gold just saves itself, painlessly and automatically.

And your money increases one third every ten years. That would make a leprechaun turn even greener with envy.

Save the easy, automatic way—with U.S. Savings Bonds

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