

Memories & Mirth

Not Quite Major League Baseball

Photo & text courtesy of the Western Province Archives

The following is from an account by Sr. M. Charlotte Schmitz. It was taken from **SCCs Touching the Heart of America**.

I was stationed at Hazel Park, St. Mary Magdalen Parish, which was a good distance away from Detroit where we had two other convents of our Sisters. This was back in the late 30's and 40's when Hazel Park was almost semi-rural. I was a young Sister, having left the novitiate only recently, and so I looked forward to a picnic we were having at our place for all the SCCs in the area to celebrate Labor Day.

The Sisters from St. Elizabeth's and St. John's parishes were all invited, and they would come by bus. They were to bring the food, and we at Hazel Park were to supply the hot water to make hot dogs. Well, wouldn't you know, when the day came, we had no water! For some reason, it was shut off. Our neighbors were kind enough to send their twin boys over to us with buckets of water. They and another older boy went back and forth often that day, bringing us water for cooking and other needs.



"We were a little out of practice..." Postulants playing softball behind the motherhouse. It would be two or three years before these young women went out to their first mission as young Professed Sisters. More years would pass before the Sisters would have another opportunity to play softball.

Soon the Sisters from Detroit arrived, and the good time began. After lunch, the Sisters were spread all over, so we young Sisters went outside to the play-ground and decided to play a game of softball. We pinned back our veils and our capes, pinned up our long skirts, set bases, formed teams, and began to play. We were a little out of practice, but it didn't take long, and we were really batting and running and cheering and shouting and getting plenty dusty!

It was only sometime later after the game, and we were drinking every liquid in sight, that we found out we had had an audience. The bus driver had been sitting in the bus which faced the playground, and he had really enjoyed the game even more than we had. It wasn't very often that he saw a ball game with players in such uniforms. †



Sr. M. Anne Marty

Wash My What?!

Photo courtesy of the Western Province Archives
Text taken from **SCCs Touching the Heart of America**

Years ago, early in my teaching career, it was the custom at this particular school in Detroit at the close of school to take our classes from all the floors, in line, down to the main entrance and dismiss them from there.

One day, when returning to my classroom, I found one of my students still in the classroom.

"Frank," I said, "why are you still here? Why didn't you go home?"

"Sister," he said softly, "may I wash your fatform?"

I gulped and had to strain hard not to burst out laughing. I finally grasped what he meant. Each Friday after school I scrubbed the platform my desk was on, and he wanted to be chivalrous and helpful to Sister.

Later, at the convent, we had some fun – at my expense, of course – about my "fatform" and my platform. †