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## Danny and Saint Jude

by DORA ALBERT

WHEN ground is broken for the million dollar hospital which Danny Thomas plans to build in South America for the destitute, he will be fulfilling a vow he made to St. Jude many years ago.

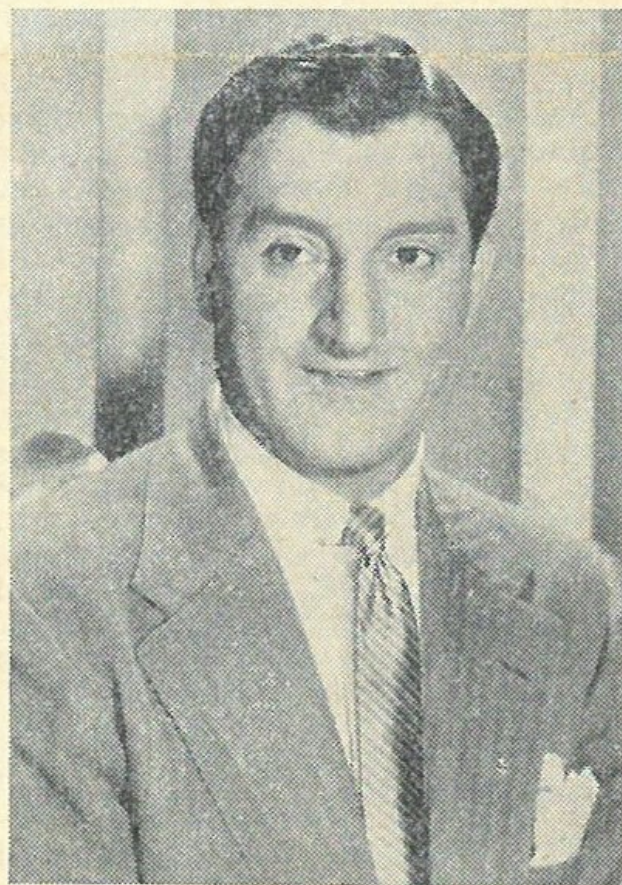
St. Jude is the patron saint of the poor, the destitute, the hopeless. He is, Danny told me, as we sat on a luxurious sofa in his beautiful Beverly Hills home, an almost forgotten saint. For a long period of time people confused St. Jude with Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Christ. St. Jude was an apostle, too, but one who was always true to Jesus Christ. For centuries, he was known as Judas Thaddeus—but today those who love him and pray to him call him St. Jude.

Those of you who have watched Danny Thomas give his spellbinding performance in pictures like "Call Me Mister" and "I'll See You In My Dreams" may wonder how Danny ever made the acquaintance of a saint of hopeless cases. That's because few people know how bleak and futile Danny's existence once seemed to him.

Mike Curtiz, the director of "I'll See You In My Dreams," sensed in Danny's powerful performance the fact that he once had known a terrible struggle. "Only someone who came from the other side of the tracks and knows what it's all about could give the performance Danny gave," Mike Curtiz told me.

Mike is right. Danny was the fifth of ten children born to a poor Syrian farmer in Deerfield, Michigan. Shortly after Danny was born, his father moved to

Toledo, Ohio, where he tried to make a living as a confectioner and later as a common labourer. The family lived in an old, broken-down 12-room wooden shack in the slum district of Toledo. They shared the house with an uncle and aunt who were very wonderful to Danny.



Among his people, who came from Lebanon in Syria, when you have a crust of bread, you share it with your neighbours. If there are too many mouths to feed in one family, relatives pitch in and



help. From the time he was a small child, Danny's uncle and aunt pitched in to help raise him. So far as possible, they never denied a childhood wish of his.

This was not the period when Danny knew despair. Far from it. Though his people were poor, they were pious; their wants were simple and meagre. His mother, even in the worst of times, radiated contentment. "I never once heard her complain. She herself was a miracle worker. I don't know how she did it, for my father never earned more than forty dollars a week, but frequently she spread a table the like of which I've never seen since. At other times, when we had potatoes and onions fried in lard with day-old bread which we bought because it was cheaper than fresh bread, we were still happy; we thanked God for our blessings, and we enjoyed life as much as people far wealthier than we. Perhaps because of my mother's example, we got more out of life than they."

From the time he was eleven, Danny wanted to be in show business. At that age he became a candy butcher in a burlesque show. In those days burlesque didn't have the connotations it later acquired. You didn't watch risqué shows or women peeling their clothes then. Instead you saw some of the all-time greats in show business. Danny saw many of them, and longed to be an actor and an entertainer himself.

One night, Danny was appearing in a night club in Detroit, making with the jokes and fast gags. (Audiences seemed to like his gags.) But he noticed one man weeping helplessly. After the show was over, he asked the man why he wept, and was told that the tears were tears of joy. For years the man's wife had been a hopeless, helpless invalid. He had prayed to St. Jude, and finally a surgeon had found a way of saving his wife. She was still in hospital, but on the road to recovery. He had gone out to celebrate, but had found himself weeping tears of relief, tears of thanksgiving.

Danny found himself strangely moved by this story of the saint who helped the helpless and the hopeless. Though he is a Catholic, he had never before heard of this saint. Danny felt his case was hopeless too and he decided to appeal to the saint of hopeless cases.

He wandered into an open church and made his vow to St. Jude. "St. Jude," he begged, "give me some sign as to whether or not I am batting my head against a stone wall. If I shouldn't be in show business, if I'll never get farther than I am, I'll give it up. But if by some sign, you show me that I should stick to it, I'll try to become really successful. When that time comes, I'll build an altar to you, St. Jude, so that men may come and get the blessing of your help and strength."

. . . . .

Paul Williams, the famous architect, has donated the plans for the hospital. Besides helping the poor through its hospital beds, the hospital will give negro doctors a place where they can interne and thus help them to help themselves.

As the money for the hospital fund grows, Danny is reminded of the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. It seemed as if there could not possibly be enough loaves and fishes to feed a multitude, yet when they shared the loaves and fishes at Christ's suggestion, the food was plentiful. To Danny it often seemed as if he could never raise enough money to build the beautiful altar he planned—which would cost \$15,000 or \$20,000. But now that he is trying to raise a million dollars, he sees that his dream is possible.

Danny Thomas and his wife have many blessings. They have three wonderful children, Margaret, 14, Theresa, 9, and Tony, 3. Danny's material success has been very great. He earns between \$300,000 and \$400,000 a year. His success in "I'll See You in My Dreams" was so great that Warners' is entrusting him with the role, as "The Jazz Singer."

He feels that he owes all his success to St. Jude, and is eager to give his patron saint the finest tribute he can. "I believe," he says, "that St. Jude approves the idea of a hospital to help the hopeless more than he would a marble statue, though that has its value. And I am grateful to St. Jude for making it possible for me to pay him a tribute that will help those whose patron saint he is."

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8 BESSEMER COURT,  
CAMDEN RD., N.W.1.

Dear Father Lynch,

Received your most welcome letter of the 9th inst.

Yes, I went to Hollywood to appear in Danny Thomas' programme. I also met his family and spent two days at his Beverly Hills home. He has a six foot statue of St. Jude placed in the corner of the lawn, with trellis work and ivy growing all round and pretty lights.

You see Father, Danny Thomas owes all his success to St. Jude. I am enclosing a cutting, you'll see a little of what he is doing. He also has three coloured servants in his kitchen, he calls them his friends.

I had several people 'phone me while I was there, and was visited by Danny Kay. But believe me I was glad to get back home and live a normal life. I was scared of flying, everything was arranged so quick, so when I arrived at the airport, I just said a prayer, and placed myself in God's hands, so you see Father, I had no time to think.

Now I thank God for bringing me home safe.

I trust you are keeping well,

Yours truly,

MRS. AMY JEFFERIES.

## About Mules—and Clergy

RECENTLY an old Welshman pestered me to do something for him. It was in my power to do so, but I thought he was trying to pull a fast one on me. He wanted to secure the tenancy of a cottage and have his married daughter and her husband as lodgers. I did not agree with that because it would leave them at his mercy, so I proposed that the tenancy should be given to the married couple and he be the lodger.

The argument went on for quite a time, and finally I said "No." He looked at me, and in his musical Welsh voice, said, "Father, do you know anything about mules?" "Well not a lot," said I. "Do you know, Father, that a mule is born

from a pony and a donkey? It inherits the best and the worst qualities of both. The long ears come from the donkey and bad temper from the pony." "Well" I said, "you would have a bad temper if your mother was a donkey." "Do you know Father, that they can kick and bite?" I said, "Yes, I do." "Sometimes," he said "they remind me of the clergy."



## The Cow and the Bucket

DOWN our way, where I lived as a boy, we had a very aimable and placid old cow. She liked nothing better than to lie down in the back yard in full view of the back door, gently flicking her ears at the flies who presumed to annoy her. She regarded herself as a local institution, and would never move out of your way. You were expected to walk round her and if you didn't, she gave you a sharp whisk of her tail.

One day, the dairy maid was feeling a little depressed, and did not feel like walking round the old cow, so instead, she hit her a bang on the end of her nose with an empty bucket. The old cow moved.

It took her some time to adjust her ideas to this peculiar outrage, but she did adjust them. Every time that dairy maid appeared in the back yard, with or without a bucket, the old lady turned into a raging lunatic.

In the end, the girl had to use an umbrella to go out into the back yard. It worked for a time—until the old cow found out. One day, both maid and umbrella came in through the back door very much faster than they went out.

I have been thinking of the people with sweet dispositions who occasionally erupt—like our old cow. I wonder if anybody ever hit Gilbert Harding on the end of the nose with an empty bucket?



## THANKS

We want to thank the nurses in various hospitals throughout the Country for the help they gave to our events recently.

They were a wonderful help, and we thank God for them.



## Our Burses

	<i>Already acknowledged.</i>				<i>Increase.</i>		
The St. Jude Burse No. 2	...	£827	10 8	now	£867	2 8	
Holy Child of Prague Burse	...	445	5 3		456	5 3	
The Holy Face Burse	...	138	13 2		144	19 8	
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse		190	4 6		192	4 6	
Little Flower Burse	...	168	12 6		170	15 0	
St. Anne Burse	...	32	13 6		34	0 6	
St. Anthony Burse	...	90	13 6		95	1 6	
St. Martha Burse	...	885	15 6		886	15 6	
Sacred Heart Burse	...	360	1 0		361	1 0	
St. Philomena Burse	...	5	11 6		10	8 6	

### :- Parade :-

A priest was hearing children's confessions, and when two boys had already passed through the box confessing that they had thrown "peanuts into the river," a third came along and did not mention the fact. The priest said to him, "And haven't you thrown 'peanuts' into the river?" "No" said the boy, "I'm Peanuts."

\* \* \*

A Chinese proverb says "You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building in your hair."

A Belgium proverb — "He who is not nice at twenty, strong at thirty, wise at forty, rich at fifty, will never become so."

\* \* \*

"Grow for twenty, bloom for twenty, stand for twenty and fade in twenty."

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A young mother was trying to bring up her children, not merely to say their prayers, but also, to make a daily examination of conscience. One evening her little boy came to her and said, "Mummy, I haven't committed any sins to-day." So the mother said, "Then you must thank God." Said the little boy, "I think He ought to thank me."

### OUR COMING NOVENAS

SACRED HEART OF JESUS	June 17th — 25th
OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL	July 8th — 16th
ST. ANNE & OUR LADY	July 18th — 26th
ST. PHILOMENA	Aug. 3rd — 11th

### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A LITTLE ALPHABET FOR GOD'S CHILDREN.	Price 1/-
THE CHILDREN'S ROSARY.	A beautiful Gift Price 2/6
MASS AND COMMUNION.	A Prayer Book for children Price 6d.
JESUS LITTLE BROTHER.	2 colours illustrated Price 9d.

Our Lady keep you! Yours in Carmel

*M. E. Lynch O.T.*