



THE CARMELITE NEWS

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NEW COLLEGE AT LLANDILO.

We were hoping to devote the New Year edition of *The Carmelite News* to an appeal for the new College at Llandilo.

For ten years we have been working to raise funds for a new College in Wales. At first, the idea was to build a wing on to St. Mary's College at Aberystwyth, but the new Education Act made that project look silly. Modern requirements in education demand playing fields and adequate internal facilities for the recreation of boys. In fact, I doubt if it will be possible to use any building for educational purposes in the future whether state aided or not, unless it conforms to the requirements of the new Act. Our original intention was to raise £5,000 towards a new wing to St. Mary's. With the rise of building costs this sum could do no more than build a decent kitchen and refectory, so, reluctantly we decided to buy a new property elsewhere. We could not be too ambitious, and after much seeking we found a suitable property at Llandilo in Carmarthenshire.

Llandilo is a small town in one of the most scenic districts of South Wales. The new College is only seven minutes from the Railway Station. It is convenient to bus and rail communications to North and South Wales, and is entirely suitable to our purpose. It is built in the manner of a French Chateau. It is beautifully timbered with park trees. There is a fishing pond and a trout stream. As you may remember, a fishing pond was always one of the first requirements of a Monastery. The building will house between forty and fifty boys without pressure. There is electric light and main drainage.

Best of all there are seventy-five acres of land. One of the great difficulties of the last war was the problem of feeding a College of boys out of a shop. St. Mary's College in Aberystwyth had only one acre of ground. We could not have our own vegetables. We could not keep our own poultry, or indeed, supply ourselves with any of the eatables that are necessary to keep boys in good health, without first buying it in a shop. Our experience during the last war has persuaded us never to attempt that proposition again.

We were hoping to get possession of the property in November, then one of the Trustees died and the matter was held up until a successor could be appointed. We are hoping to get possession in January. During the Summer we hope to carry out the necessary renovations for use as a College, and in the next issue of *The Carmelite News* I am going to give you photographs of the place, and I am warning you that I am going to take up a collection.

The purchase price was £10,000. The necessary furniture and equipment will cost £3,000. We may find it necessary to spend another £5,000 on renovations. It is a big sum of money and I am going to appeal to you to help me. It is not a frightening proposition if you take it calmly. The problem as it presents itself to me is this. Can I persuade ten thousand members of the three Societies.—The Little Flower Society, The St. Jude Society and the Holy Child Society to subscribe £1 apiece during the next six months? If I can do this I can pay for the College—and between you and me—I already have enough money to pay for the furniture and conversion.

If I can secure the co-operation of our members, perhaps you and I will be able to present the College to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel on her Feast Day, 16th July, 1947. Then we can say to our Welsh Missionary Fathers, "Here you are! This is what you and I have been working for during the last ten years. God and Our Lady has blessed your work. They have answered your prayers, and now it is up to you to get on with the job." You and I will have the satisfaction of having co-operated in something that is of lasting value to the Church in Wales.

Sometimes people write to me to say that they are glad *The Carmelite News* is not a pious paper. It is not intended to be a pious paper. It is intended to instruct and to amuse, and if in the course of that instruction and amusement I ask you to help the Missions and to take a particular and personal interest in the work that I am doing, *The Carmelite News* achieves its end.

I find that it is easier to persuade people to help me if I do it with a smile, and God knows there is enough misery in the world without bringing it into *The Carmelite News*. I read all the Catholic papers. I am deeply concerned about the tragedies of Catholic life all over the world, but I haven't the space at my command to deal with these problems. I am just concerned about my own work in a particular and restricted sphere, and I find that many people feel just as miserable as I do about the world in general. It helps both me and them to ride the storm a little more smoothly if we face the problems of life with optimism and a smile.

I am deeply grateful and I wish I had the words at my command to explain myself as I wish concerning the help and encouragement you have given me in the past year, and I send you all my blessing for 1947.

ABOUT OUR SOCIETIES.

The ground work of all our appeals is membership of our three Societies. The Society of the Little Flower, the Society of St. Jude, and the Society of the Holy Child of Prague. If all who are members of these Societies renew their subscription when they are due (and we are very faithful in reminding you), all will be well. I will be able to help our Father Provincial with the cost of supporting students for the English, Welsh and Rhodesian Missions; I will be able to do something towards the support of this new College in Wales.

This work takes a lot out of me. There is the daily burden of correspondence, the increasing responsibility of the Carmelite Press, the editing and re-editing of our various appeals and pamphlets, and sometimes I begin to feel very tired.

Well, I have set myself a work that I mean to do. When my day's work is over I hope to leave behind me something that you and I have done. Something that you have done more than I have, and when it is done I shall be content. To me it is the only interest in life that I too, as far as in me lies in the words of St. Paul, shall "run my course and keep the Faith."

May I appeal to all our members of the three Societies as a New Year's resolution to renew their subscriptions when they are due, and to keep in mind our various needs during the New Year. So much is failing and so much is falling down round our ears that it should be our concern to build for the future.

Let us patiently and persistently defy the world and do what we can that faith may not perish from the earth.

OUR COMING NOVENAS.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES, Feb. 3rd—11th.
ST. PATRICK, March 9th—17th.
ST. JOSEPH, March 11th—19th.

HOLY PICTURES.

Our Holy pictures have a very wide distribution and are genuinely appreciated, nowhere perhaps more than in the Mission fields.

During the war we received an increasingly large number of applications from native soldiers in Nigeria, Basutoland and Kenya. In fact, requests for colour pictures came to us from all over the Near East.

One of the few pleasures of the war was that we were able to offer hospitality to the Catholic Chaplains stationed in our district. Favourite amongst them was Father John O'Connor. Father John is responsible for the following story. He was in the desert on the march from Alamein following in the wake of Montgomery, and there was a contingent of native Nigerian soldiers to whom he was Chaplain. He was full of praise for them. One Sunday morning he was confronted by the Commanding Officer who wanted his advise upon a request from a native Nigerian Corporal who desired to become a full Sergeant. The Corporal had written a most impressive letter, in fact, so impressive that it startled the C.O. It began like this:

Dear Major So and So,

Remember that it has never been heard of in any age that anyone having fled to thy protection and sought thy intercession was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence I salute you, and beg to be promoted a full Sergeant. Do not dear Major reject my plea, but in thy clemency hear and answer me.

Your devoted servant in His Majesty's Service,
Corporal Obelungo.

Father John smiled very broadly when he read the application because he knew it had been copied from the Memorare of St. Bernard written on the reverse of one of our pictures.

PARADE.

As I went out to say Mass on New Year's day the local Four Square Gospeller passed by covered with texts. In front was an exhortation to start the New Year well, and behind a suitable threat as to what would happen if you didn't.

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It reminded me of a story I heard down in Margate at the start of the post-war holiday season. If you want to catch the eye of most people before the holiday spirit completely dominates them, and if your fancy runs to carrying a sandwich board, the best place to stand is outside the Railway Station. The local Gospel Mission hired a man to parade up and down carrying a sandwich board. On it was the message—"The wages of sin is death." About eleven o'clock he felt a bit chilly so he went across to the local coffee stall to warm himself leaving his sandwich board stacked on the pavement outside. While he was away, one of the bystanders wrote underneath—"Special terms to visitors."

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During the last war the Dublin Fusiliers were stationed in Sittingbourne. The memory of those Irish lads is still green after twenty years, but it is a kindly memory and on the whole it does credit to the Celtic personality. I think, however, that the Americans of this war will never be forgotten. Their peculiar sense of reality shook English sentiment to the depths. You may have heard the story of the American soldier who sat steadily chewing gum in front of an old lady who was deaf. She regarded him with a steady eye for most of the journey and occasionally nodded her head. Before she left, however, she turned round and said to him, "I am dreadfully sorry, I am terribly deaf, and I haven't heard a word you said."

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I remember sitting in front of a lad from Arizona who sat cross-legged looking up at the inscription under the communication cord in profound silence. It usually mentions a fine of £5. Finally, he made up his mind about it and said to me on the opposite side. "I think these guys would get more customers if they reduced the price."

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When I was over in Ireland, I went out to have a look at the Dublin mountains, and stopped to chat with an old man who was clamping turf. I noticed that his pipe was empty so I offered him a fill. He was very glad of it and explained that he could not smoke because he had no knife to cut a fill from his stick of Irish plug. I had an old penknife so I gave it to him, and he put it in the pocket of a tattered mole skin jacket. It looked to me the sort of jacket that would have holes in the pockets, so I said to him, "Are you sure you won't lose it?" He replied, "Father, it's as safe as if it was in God's own waistcoat pocket." It reminded me of the religious imagery that was so vividly displayed in the Negro play called "Green Pastures."

Some days later, I met a French priest who was over in Ireland studying the organisation of the Legion of Mary. It was his custom to say Mass at the local Convent in the morning. I met him one morning after his return, and curious to know how he liked our Irish tea, said to him, "What did you have for breakfast?" He spread his hands with Gallic expressiveness and said, "An egg and two Nuns."

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Those who are on day duty in our Dublin Churches usually meet a spate of good resolutions round the New Year. Many an erring husband or wife find themselves persuaded to a more rigorous life. One lady brought her husband along and ushered him into the parlour giving the priest instructions that he was to administer the pledge for life. The priest went in, closed the door and said, "Your wife tells me that you want to take the pledge for life." The husband looked up at him with a hard look in his eye, "Do you mean this life or the next life, Father?"

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I expect the same thing happens in Scotland after New Year's day—Hogmanay. The best story I have heard about Scotland is the one about a Jew who on New Year's Eve sold a picture of Pope Pius X as a picture of Bobby Burns in Masonic regalia.

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One of our readers read the opening chapter of the last *Carmelite News* and sent us the following which he thought we ought to print as an encouragement to the many clients of *The Carmelite News* who try to make a living out of business.

Our business was established in 1874.
We have been pleasing and displeasing people ever since.
We have made money and lost money.
We have been cussed and discussed, knocked about, and talked about, lied to, held up, and robbed, to the end of the chapter.
The only reason we are staying in business is to see what the "——" will happen next.

Faversham has come into the news. In fact we are now nationally famous. Our local Bowling Club has won the National championship, in other words, the cup. For this year at least, Faversham is the centre of bowling honours in England. I am a member of the Faversham Bowling Club, but I cannot say that I often hit the jack.

At the annual Bowling Dinner, Collie Walton the winning skip, told a good story about a tramp who knocked at a door and asked the Lady for a hot drink. "Why do you want a hot drink," she says. "I have got a cold, Ma'am," says he. "How did you get a cold?" He replied, "I think I must have slept in a field and left the gate open."

A SMALL VOLUME OF POEMS.

Recently we published a little volume of poems called "*From a Cloister Garden*." It was in aid of St. Benedict's Priory, Royston, Herts. It is beautifully turned out, and if you are interested in religious poetry here it is at its best. Would you like to order a copy from Mother Mary St. Thomas, St. Benedict's Priory, Royston, Herts. It would make a beautiful and inexpensive New Year's gift. The price is 1/2 post free.

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We must wish you all a happy New Year. May the New Year treat you all with great civility, and may the best of your past be the worst of your future. To that we add our blessing and our grateful thanks for all you have done for us in 1946.

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Our Lady keep you!

Yours in Carmel,

M. E. LYNCH, O.Carm.