

PARADE.

Our three principal imports in the year that has gone, were Colonial cricketers, French racehorses, and Colorado beetles. Let us hope to do a little better this year.

Let us try to be kinder to one another, and if the world grows harsh, let us draw closer together in the shelter of our homes and families.

I remember a story of a man whose wife had died, and the neighbours gathered round to console him. They proclaimed that she was a good woman, a good wife and a good mother—a hardworking woman, a good neighbour, a kind friend and an example to all.

"Yes," says he "three or four times in the course of her life I was on the point of telling her so."

To say too little is a greater fault than saying too much because the things we

leave unsaid leave a gap in life.

Men who use great economy in words, put great store on the silences between. It begets wisdom.

The old story of two Carthusian lay-brothers who were sent out once a year by the Father Abbot to visit the Zoo. They walked in silence until they came to a large animal inside an iron railing. "That's a hippopotamus" said one. "No," its a rhinoceros" said the other. There was silence again.

A year later they were again sent to the zoo, and exactly the same conversation took place. And they returned home.

Some days later one of them visited the Abbot and said he wanted to leave.

"Have you any reason," asked the Abbot.

"Yes," replied the laybrother, "There is far too much argument round here."

The Intercession of St. Jude.

Dear Rev. Father,

Saint Jude has helped me too.

I was too ill to manage the Novena prayers, and all I could do was to say, "Saint Jude please help me."

I had severe heart disease, and this brought on cardiac dropsy from the waist downwards. My legs were swollen so enormously that I expected the skin to burst. My left leg was a mass of blisters, dripping fluid; my right leg was going the same way. I couldn't go to bed at night, I had to keep the worst leg on a support in a basin to catch the fluid.

I will not weary you with any further painful descriptions of my state. I had to change the dressings two or three times a night. I was in continual pain.

I made the great Novena for the Feast of St. Jude. The doctor saw my legs on the feast day, and I was crying because nothing had happened, the pain felt even worse.

The next Thursday I asked the doctor to see my legs. They were so dried up and queer looking, that I thought that they had taken the wrong turning. Then ever so

quietly he said, "They are healing up."

Ten days afterwards I was able to go to bed, the legs had gone down, and I have never looked back since. New skin is growing, all the old blistered skin is peeling off, the deep holes are closing up, and my heart is much improved.

A fortnight after the Feast of St. Jude, I left off the dressings, and the doctor was prescribing cream of zinc just to help things on.

The doctor marvelled at the speed of the cure, although he would not acknowledge any spiritual agency. He was expecting the trouble to remain static for months. He does acknowledge speed beyond all his experience. "Wonderful" is his principle exclamation.

So there you are Father!

Some people believe it all, I certainly do. Others frankly refuse to believe it all, and just say that it is impossible, but there are plenty of witnesses immediately before and after.

Please send me a good supply of St. Jude medals and leaflets.

IRENE FAULKNER.

Our Lady keep you!

Yours in Carmel,

M. E. LYNCH, O.Carm.



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AN AMERICAN DIARY (Continued).

I was on Broadway the night that Truman wound up his presidential campaign in New York. Broadway has seen many wonderful sights; the people that stroll down that famous street would not be surprised at anything. They held their ears when Truman turned up, headed and followed by a police escort of 400 motor cyclists with sirens blaring. It sounded as if 10,000 cats were screaming from the skies. Dozens of cars with press men, city officials and politicians, swept along Broadway at 45 miles an hour. Motor cyclists carried the flags of every state in the Union. There were 600 horse police on duty along by Times Square, and for once you could not see the statue of the famous Father Duffy of the "Fighting 69th," the most famous Irish regiment in the world.

All America was astounded at the result of the election, I think that Truman was astounded himself. And the answer is simple. The man in the street, will no longer vote for big money. It is somehow or another an object of suspicion. Free enterprise, yes, because out of that the little man gets his share. But monopolies and cartels are a high-road to nationalization and Communism. The election was a tribute to the political common-sense of the average man.

I went to Chicago. It is called "The Windy City," because it lies upon the shores of Lake Michigan. The sky-scraiper section is not so closely built as in New York, but you can see it better. The high-road along by the lake-side must be the finest in the world.

I saw a sign outside one restaurant advertising "chicken in the rough," so I asked my friend what it meant. I thought that they served chicken with the feathers on, but no, they simply mean that the chicken is roasted, then disjointed, served with chips, and eaten with the fingers. It must be one of the few eating places outside Africa where you cannot have a knife

and fork. There is another place where you are assured that all the cooking is done by radar, and certainly the vegetables look as if they had been scared to death. The waiter told me a story of what he thought was the most miserable woman in the world, "when she found that her husband had only five days to live, she bought him a calendar."

I have often wondered why the world is short of beef-steaks. The reason is that the Americans eat nearly the lot. They live on steaks, prime cuts, T-bone steaks, tender loin, beautifully cooked, grilled and roasted in a dozen different ways. I was puzzled for a while to know what happened to the rough-cut beef, and then suddenly I discovered the answer. America is a heaven of Hamburgers. You cannot go a mile on a high-road without seeing "Hamburgers." A Hamburger is minced beef, rolled into a ball the size of a duckegg, and fried with flavouring. It is the salvation of America, because you do not need to chew it. It is, of course, much better if you do chew it, but most Americans have not time.

Following closely in the steam of the Hamburger comes the "Frankfurter," more commonly known as a hot-dog. It is a long thin sausage smoked and fried, and served in a split finger-roll of bread. You simply cannot escape from the Hamburger or the Hot-dog.

From Chicago I flew to Los Angeles, over the plains of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and California. It is a long way. The brown, flat plain rolls slowly by unending. We came on Los Angeles by night. It was a marvellous sight. It looks like a prairie fire stopped only by the shores of the Pacific, and the murky darkness of the space beyond. The white lights of the street lamps shot through with red, green and yellow Neon lights. From 12,000 feet the city looks like a creeping fire. That is what it seemed to me as I touched down at

the Airport in the middle of the night. It looked so much alive that I wondered if the people ever went to bed.

Los Angeles goes back to the old days of the Franciscan missionaries, when California was still part of Mexico. It will never be part of Mexico again, but the day will come when the Mexicans will colonize and own it. Los Angeles means "The Angels." It was a little village, built around a little Mexican church, that is still there, and the Mexicans still live and trade around their little church in the centre of the modern city. I went down to see the little church, and the stalls around the little square, and we went into a candle-makers shop, where you can buy candles of perfumed wax to light upon your feast day.

It is an earthquake area, frequently there are tremors, but not often an earthquake. The last big one destroyed San Francisco, but the San Franciscans remember it as The Big Fire that followed afterwards. Buildings were mainly of wood, and built in rows, so that the fire burnt down one street after another. Today, in California you cannot build more than two storey's high, and every house must be built in its own grounds and be detached from the next. This is not true in the trading areas of the city, but it is invariably true of the residential quarters. The result is that the city creeps out and over the plains, then over the Beverly Hills to Sherman Oaks and the plains beyond. The great desire of everyone in Hollywood is to get on top of a hill, hire a bulldozer, push the top of the hill into the valley, and then build a house so that you can look down upon the city beneath. Incidentally you collect the cool breeze that comes in from the Pacific, and a view that is magnificent. I found out, to my cost, that Sunset Boulevard is 45 miles long. A taxi-man taught me.

Of course I saw how pictures are made, and I can well understand how Americans make the best pictures in the world. Equipment is highly scientific.

The Carmelites have a marvellous high school in Los Angeles, in fact they own a whole block. The new monastery they are building will hold 20 priests, who will compose the staff. It is growing so fast that they cannot keep up with it.

California is lovely! It is lovely because it is saturated with the spirit of old catholic Spain. The catholic heart finds a refuge in its hills. From over the border in Mexico you can drive up the Pacific Coast

to San Francisco along El Camino Real—The King's Highway, and at every day's journey's end, stay at a mission that speaks of old Spain.

Santa Barbara.
San Juan Capistran.
Los Angeles.
San Francisco.

The catholic background of California is the very sweetness of its air.

Los Angeles itself is a city of religious quacks, a tragedy of the human soul. Rich people, and not so rich, retire to California—to sun and sea air; to live and enjoy the rewards of life.

They do not want to hear of suffering and death, of sin and punishment. And, of course, the devil is dead.

The religious quacks advise them. They tell them the story they all want to hear. It goes something like this.

There is no such thing as death—only sleep. Mind is supreme over matter. You can—if your mind is strong, live for ever. You can will away disease and suffering. You can achieve a mind that is superior to worry. Of course, the system is complicated and expensive, but then, truth is always at the bottom of a deep well. Why go down? We have the formula.

Even if you die, well, there is nothing to fear. In the mortuary chapels you are assured that there is "happiness in every box." There is sweet music to prove it from 10 till 12, from 4 till 6. The only thing missing is that the corpses don't clap, but the gramophone record does.

I flew back to New York one morning, starting at eight o'clock. It was nearly the middle of November, but it was so warm that I had to carry my top coat on my arm.

California is all I have ever dreamed of. Sunshine and palms, and just a little dust. We flew over the Grand Canyon, and the North rim of the Boulder Dam. The Grand Canyon is a sight that leaves you breathless. It has been carved out by the Colorado river. For millions of years that river has burrowed its way down through the porous rock on which God built the Californian plains. At one point you can lean over the edge of the Canyon, and see the Colorado river, 2,000 feet below. It looks just like a trickle that someone has poured out of a teapot. You can see the glimmer of the water in the dim light at the bottom of the Canyon, because the light of day is only reflected down the enormous distance. Down below it is a raging torrent. The

mighty river and the force and power of it can be judged from this, that it deposits into Boulder Dam 400,000 tons of silt per day—the soil of California flowing into a lake.

At the moment the bottom of the Boulder Dam is 60 feet deep in mud, and that creates one of the biggest headaches in America. If the problem is not solved the day will come when Boulder Dam will be no more. Its waters are the secret of farming in California. The soil will grow anything, but you must give it water, three drinks a day.

Oranges, lemons, lettuces, cabbages, grapes and green cauliflowers. They look all wrong, but they taste alright.

A few hours later we were over the Rockies, where some places they rise to 12,000 feet, and we crossed them flying at about 16,000. We could see the rivers in the plains below, fed by the eternal snows.

Then the sun went down, I went asleep, and next we saw the lights of New York.

OUR COMING NOVENAS.

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

Tribute to Ernie Pile.

Ernie Pile was an American journalist, who, like Will Rogers, almost became an American institution. He was tragically killed as a war correspondent by some inconsequential Jap. He had the peculiar knack of writing about ordinary things in a way that you felt you were writing it yourself—if only you knew how. He opened your own mind to your own heart.

Years ago I read a story of his about the wind on the prairies, and it made its mark on my memory. It only just misses being pure poetry.

He was talking of the wind that blows over two thousand miles of prairie from Chicago to the Rockies, a land as flat as Providence could make it, and wind and weather mould it.

Peace to his soul!

"The summer wind of the Middle West is one of the most melancholy things in

I came back to Faversham with a fixed impression that the stuff of which this world is made is very much the same, and that one man's backyard is very much like another's. It is rain and sun that makes a difference. The scorched brown plains, the dust and heat and glaring sun makes one lonely for grey skies, and England's green and pleasant land will call you home again.

Green fields and soft rain. It is the age-long lament of the exile. Perhaps it rings more fiercely in the heart of the Irish than of any others.

Oh, these wonderful Irish of the States! They clasp your hand in a friendship that is felt more than can be expressed, and the love of "the old country" gleams in their eyes.

Few of them could live in Ireland again. The pace of life in America is too fast, and one must walk at the pace one has learned. But, there you are!

life. It comes from so far and blows so gently, and yet so relentlessly; it rustles the leaves and the branches of the maple tree in a sort of symphony of sadness, and it doesn't pass on and leave them still. It just keeps on coming like the infinite flow of Ole Man River. You could—and you do—wear out your life on the dusty plains with that wind of futility, blowing in your face, and when you are worn out and gone, the wind—still saying nothing—still so gentle, sad and timeless, is still blowing across the prairies, and will still blow in the faces of the little men who follow you—forever."

As I stood on the prairies I thought of what Christ asked the followers of John. "What went ye out into the desert to see? A reed shaken by the wind?"

I had gone out to the prairies to feel "the wind of futility" blowing in my face. It was my tribute to Ernie Pile.