

BOOK SHELF

Key To Quixote

By Sister Margaret Teresa, Nazareth College

Don Quixote's Profession, by Mark Van Doren. Columbia U. Press '53. 100 pages, \$2.50.

The famous father of last year's quiz-champion Charles Van Doren gives in friendly fashion a great introduction to DON QUIXOTE. Here is everyman's key to the comedy and heroism of the Don—and to the funniest, longest, freest-conversation in literature, that between the Don and his squire, Sancho Panza.

Mark Van Doren has been teaching Cervantes' great story for years to grads and undergrads at Columbia, and to him it has become (as it must, to one who loves the dignity of man) a world.

He has discovered the primary secret of the book: that Don Quixote is not mad, for all the supposed Moorish author's protestations to that effect; that on the contrary the Don has set out to see if knight-hood lived to the full will not cure the ills of civilization.

With this secret of the determination of the Don, and the clear-eyed loyalty of his squire (his ears pointed and quivering with the glorious farrago of his master's fancies) the reader may take kindly possession of the story, and may adventure anywhere in its five million words, skipping what takes he will, to gather up a great store of truths to sweeten life.

There are no clichés; Van Doren looks with his own eyes, recognizes the slaughter of the sheep for unadmirable violence, does not lament over the very Catholic death-scene as if it were a false and unworthy ending.

THE FIRST lecture of the three explores the Don's immense reality, his earnestness, the relish he has for his adopted role, the fun he has in it, the diverting reactions of other characters to it.

Don Quixote "knew very well who he was," he knew that "the discipline of knight-hood was to him the sum of all the arts and sciences, was wisdom itself, was a liberal education," and he knew "vast advantages would result" if it were really practiced.

He meant to do all he could first, and to die as he should at last, when God called him.

The second lecture examines the various spirals of events in the Don's second and third sallies forth, with special emphasis on the superb Part II, the fine fruit of Cervantes' later efforts and full sense of the magnitude of the life-story he had so luckily taken to writing.

HOAXES WITHIN HOAXES, tricks played upon the Don, by friends to "cure" him, by other friends to further bewitch him, by Sancho to save difficulty—and by the Don to pay off Sancho!—and their mutual amusement at the same!—these are so enriched by Van Doren's findings that they make one impatient to reread.

The last lecture discusses Don Quixote as a series of conversations, and here the style comes



'Catholic Mother'

Named the 1958 national "Catholic Mother" is Mrs. Leo J. Stumpf, (above) of McMinnville, Oregon. Four of her eight children have entered religious life. The National Catholic Conference on Family Life, Washington, D. C., which made the selection, awarded her a gold medal and chose three other Catholic mothers to receive silver medals of honorable mention. (NC Photos)

Retreatants List Bob Considine

Cincinnati — (NC) — Bob Considine, national columnist and reporter of the International News Service, will be chief speaker at the closing banquet of the biennial convention of the National Catholic Laymen's Retreat Conference, to be held here from August 21 to 23.

Some 1,000 men, representing more than 200 retreat houses in the United States and Canada, will attend the meeting at Cincinnati's Netherland Hilton Hotel.

DOINGS AT THE DALY'S

By Mary Tinley Daly

Most people celebrated Easter five weeks ago.

So did we, participating in the new liturgical rites that are so impressive. We enjoyed also the more mundane accoutrements usually associated with the season: the glorious music, the baked ham, the lamb cake with its blue ribbon around the neck, the spring outfits—at least new in parts—the colored eggs which the grandchildren "found" on their afternoon visit and which they ate and ate . . .

No doubt, at your well-organized household you enjoyed Easter all at once. Everything was in order—complete outfits laid out on Holy Saturday afternoon, you had your presents and candy. And, by the time you had used up all the hard boiled eggs, deviled and in salad, the candy was gone, the Easter baskets put away, and that was that.

AS FOR US, we are celebrating all over again because, in the melee of redecorating—yes, we're still at it—several Easter specialties showed up.

We shouldn't admit, of course, that they showed up. To save face, we should say that we had kept them in abeyance for prolonged enjoyment of the season, carrying on, as the Church does, "First Sunday after Easter"



Mary Daly

Easter Hunt

"Second Sunday after Easter", etc.

In all humility, though, we must admit that even without being in the throes of redecorating, we usually mislay some of the presents both for Christmas and Easter and they are discovered later, quite by chance. It's happened again!

On the cookbook shelf we now find the booklet for the Easter Vigil. On Holy Saturday night we hunted high and low for it. Knowing full well that last Easter we had "put it in a safe place" so we'd be thoroughly prepared this year. (The baffling part is that we've seen it every time we hunted up a special recipe.)

"WHY DO YOU have to put things in such 'safe' places?" The Head of the House chided that Holy Saturday evening. "If you don't hurry we'll never get a seat. There'll probably be booklets in church anyway." There were, fortunately.

Next two-week-later find was the pair of white gloves we'd bought for Ginny and hidden so flat they'd be fresh and sparkling new for Easter Sunday morning—found them under a pile of handkerchiefs in the top drawer belonging to the Head of the House.

Well, Ginny will have them for this Sunday, and can now laugh at her Easter experience of having two left gloves so that she had to wear one and carry the other . . .

And the two pound box of

candy sent by Arthur and Kay Murray from Boston . . . That showed up beneath a stack of seldom-used guest towels in the linen closet.

At the time, we remember thinking that there was so much candy around, we'd save it for a special treat. The special treat day is here—but it should have been last week when Kay and Arthur were here—but could we find the candy?

Also a bag of by now very leathery jelly beans, discovered on the top shelf of the front hall closet, stashed away Easter Sunday—afternoon because we were afraid the grandchildren would get sick if they ate any more.

Thus, we hope that all the Easter returns are in . . .

THIS BAD HABIT of hiding things so well that we can't find them ourselves has gone on long enough. It all started when the children were younger and we had to put extra candy, cookies and the like out of the way of temptation.

We used to take the cookie can up to our bedroom, cache away candy bars in the attic—sometimes they melted—lock birthday presents in our clothes closet—and once lost the key—keep an extra light bulb in the silver teapot . . .

As hiding places we have used:

- CARMELETTI PRIESTS
  - Men of Prayer
  - Men of Action
  - Men of Mary.
- Be a Carmelite! Mary's own Order is calling for volunteers. Write for information today to Fr. Simpson, O. Carm., 101 South St., Asbury, N. Y.

under the oil tank in the basement, behind the books in the living room, "company" vegetable dishes in the china closet—and some other nooks which, if we do say so ourselves, are quite ingenious but which we shall not divulge in case somebody at our house should read this column . . .

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Immaculate Heart of Mary Seminary, Geneva, N. Y.

**GOD LOVE YOU!**

By MOST REV. FULTON J. SHEEN

A SURVEY WAS MADE by a large Catholic weekly in the United States, to learn which was the most popular feature in the paper. It was "God Love You."

IT MUST BE THEN that there are many more who read it than heed it. Like train announcers, they can call off the names of all the stations in the Missions, but they never go there either personally, or through their representative—a sacrifice to the Holy Father.

BUT THAT IS UNDERSTANDABLE. Our Lord after three years of preaching, a Crucifixion, a Resurrection and an Ascension had only one hundred twenty devoted followers in the great city of Jerusalem.

IN ORDER TO INCREASE not the readers of this column but the heeders, may we ask those who have not yet put it into practice, to look inward to the imprint of living on your souls and away from the print on the paper. As the Psalmist asks: "What do your sins say?" They are forgiven in the Sacrament, but not all the temporal punishment due them is remitted by a few Hall Marys. There is a difference between forgiveness and reparation.

IF EVERY-TIME YOU SINNED you drove a nail into a board and every time your sins were forgiven you pulled one nail out, what would be left? Holes! What fills them? Penance, reparation, alms, fasting, self-denial, mortifications. Hence Our Lord recommended making friends with our money, by giving it in His Name; those whom we aid will be your intercessors on the last day.

THE MISSIONS HAVE THE BEST intercessors in the world. If you send a sacrifice to the Holy Father, and that you do whenever you give anything to his own Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he uses it to convert pagans in India, Japan, Korea, Vietnam and elsewhere. If Caesar's wounds were as so many eloquent tongues, then let the consciousness of the debt of sin be a tongue far more eloquent than this column. "Do Penance" was the theme of the first and the last sermon of Our Lord. Do Penance!

GOD LOVE YOU TO P.V. \$25 "Part of my re-enlistment bonus in the Air Force. Hoping it will help re-enlist men to God." . . . to T. F. for \$30 "Enclosed just a little something for the poor from a girl who feels very rich because her Mother is well again." . . . to L.J.C. for \$1 "When I went out to get the paper this morning I found this dollar on the steps. It doesn't belong to anyone in the family, so I'm sending it to help someone in another part of our family!"

SHE IS EVERYONE'S MADONNA, claimed by all men of all nations as their own. Every nation, every era, has its own conception of the Mother of God and the Mother of all men. In our day we have given her the new title of OUR LADY OF TELEVISION. Surely you want her in your home—for your request and a sacrifice-offering of \$3 for the spread of her Son's kingdom across the whole world, we will send you a statue of OUR LADY OF TELEVISION.

Cut out this column, pin your sacrifice to it and mail it to Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y., or your Diocesan Director, Rev. Geo. S. Wood, 50 Chestnut Street, Rochester 4, New York.

Pope Honors British Pianist

London, England — (NC) — A British pianist who played before Pope Pius XII when he was Nuncio to Germany has received a bronze medal from the Pontiff in recognition of her services to music.

Miss Harriet Cohen said here that she received the award along with a letter, saying that "His Holiness prays that Almighty God may reward you with an abundance of heavenly graces and favors."

Miss Cohen is a non-Catholic who has starred in many international music festivals and concerts throughout the world.

Dixie Governor's Mother Honored

Jefferson City, Mo. — (NC) — Mrs. James T. Blair, a convert to Catholicism and mother of Gov. James T. Blair, Jr., of Missouri, received an award as Missouri mother of the year from her governor-son on her 78th birthday.

Mrs. Blair accepted the honor with a prayer that she might be "worthy." She added: "I accept it not only for my family and myself, but for all the mothers of Missouri who understand with me what it means to be a mother."

Mrs. Blair, the former Grace Emma Ray, is the widow of former Justice James T. Blair, Sr., of the Missouri Supreme Court. She entered the Church in 1920, and is a member of Immaculate Conception parish here.

She was selected for the mother of the year award by the Missouri mothers committee of American Mothers, Inc.



Artists with their Community Chest paintings—front row, left to right, Kurt Feuerbaum, Jean Webster, Ralph Avery. Back row, left to right, Harvey Shiley, Albert Wilson, John Menhan, Fred Hellenberg, John Edens, Ingeborg Ahne, who created the little poster girl used throughout this year's campaign, is not present.

**WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?**

"They are Rochester artists who have illustrated some of the services provided by the agencies of the Rochester and Monroe County Community Chest and the Red Cross.

They are among the thousands of people who together make this annual campaign an outstanding example of neighborly working and doing together.

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**GIVE**  
enough

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COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGN  
MAY 2-21st, 1958

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