

## MOST REV. F. C. KELLEY

### Late Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa

The great heart of Bishop Francis Clement Kelley is stilled in death. On February 1st, in his episcopal residence in Oklahoma City, after a lingering illness of five years, the feverish fruitful life of this great successor to the Apostles was ended.

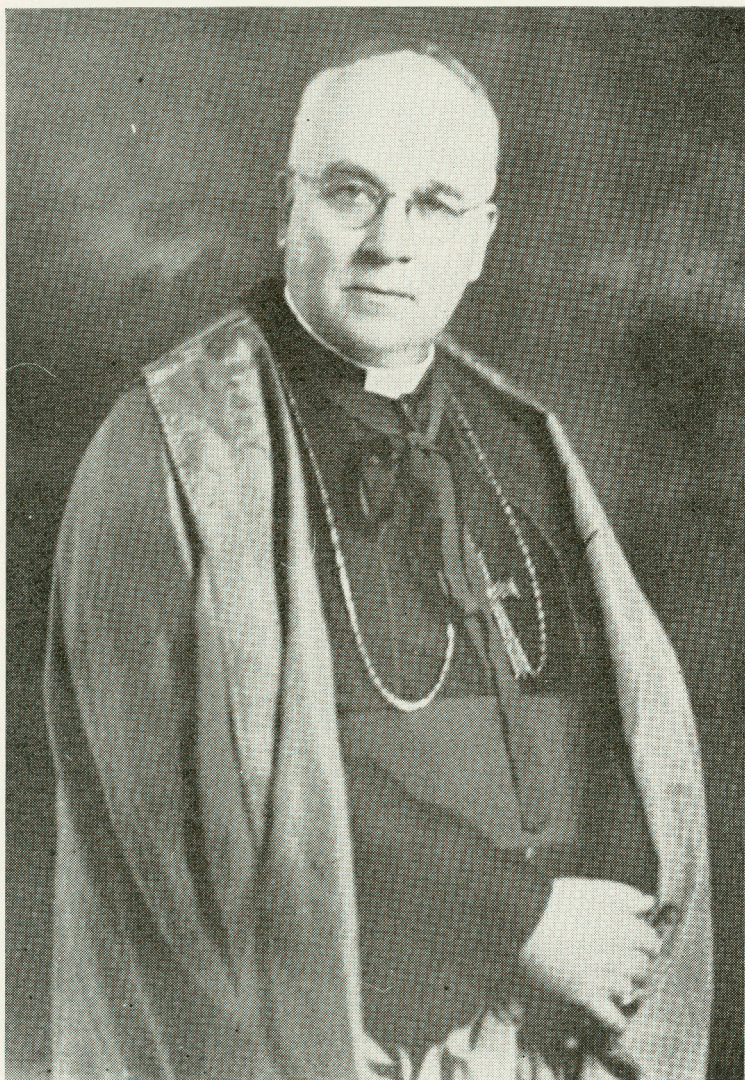
Bishop Kelley was a man who used his talents extraordinarily well. His accomplishments cannot be telescoped into a brief obituary. He was a dreamer; yes, but not an idle dreamer. When convinced of the worth of his dream, he would dare, and strive, and almost force his dream into realization. His all-consuming zeal was to spread the Church into the far reaches of his beloved adopted country; to give the Church on the frontiers a chance; to break down bigotry and hatred which made difficult and often nullified the work of the Church. The Catholic Church Extension Society, his most important brain-child, stands a lasting monument to his foresight and apostolic zeal.

Convinced of St. Paul's dictum, "*caritas Christi urget nos*", his interest went out to other countries, to Canada, Mexico, Austria, and wherever else the Church met problems. He was the recipient of many awards and honors, ecclesiastical, civil and academic. He was internationally known, universally revered, and sincerely loved by those who were privileged with his friendship.

After the supreme and sublime contribution he made to the welfare of the Church in the United States in his founding Extension, perhaps his next most important contribution was in the sphere of the Catholic Press. When he founded Extension Magazine some forty odd years ago, there were few Catholic writers to contribute even short stories. He wrote short stories himself, not that he considered himself a master of the art, though some of them were good and have lived, but he wrote to give impetus to others, to challenge others to write. In this way his effect on Catholic writing in the United States is immeasurable. Besides his numberless newspaper and magazine articles, sixteen volumes from his pen were published; they are consummate examples of purpose writing, inspired by the desire to make better known Christ's doctrine and the Catholic way of life.

As a public speaker he had a charm that was unique to Bishop Kelley; "Wit, laughter and the Popish creed" tumbled infectiously from him. No audience was denied his humor; no audience but





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might feel his effective denunciation of all that was base in social or religious life.

We in Prince Edward Island loved Bishop Kelley and he loved us. The little Island itself held an undying charm for him; St. Dunstan's always had a warm spot in his heart. It was that love for his old College that urged him to make the generous gift of \$20,000.00 towards the building of a library, and also to bequeath his own splendid library to us. We hope that this sum will soon be sufficiently augmented so that this last dream of the Bishop will be realized—The Bishop Kelley Memorial Library—a fitting monument to a noble Churchman, will take its place on our campus. We shall remember him gratefully. Let perpetual light shine upon him, O, Lord.

—CONTRIBUTED

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### THE FARMER SAYS, "LET WINTER COME"

When the farmer sees the footprints of the first frost outside his window, he knows that winter is on its way. He heeds the warning and gets busier than ever, but he has not been caught—he was looking ahead.

He found great pleasure in filling the cellar. Bushel after bushel of potatoes has thumped down the hatch into the big bin. Barrels of apples are resting against the cellar walls. Beets, carrots, turnips and squash are brimming over in their boxes. Cabbages are hanging from the ceiling, and pumpkins are piled in pyramids. The shelves have long since been packed with jars. Our eyes linger here on the crimson jams and jellies, then on the peaches and pears whose faces are pressed against the smooth, round walls of their glass prison. Huddled in cozy groups on the stone floor are crocks of butter, pickles and chow. White slabs of pork lie smuggling in the brine in the big barrel by the stairway.

The farmer's cellar is a fortress against the might of winter.

Everywhere he has the homestead ready for the long months of cold weather. Barns and stable lofts are bulging with hay and grain. The firewood is packed to the woodhouse ceiling, and much more is in the yard ready to be sawed up for the old kitchen stove. The house is banked and the windows are puttied until not a single crack is left.

The animals, which a short time ago pranced about the fields, now walk stubbornly, with heads bent, to the pump for water, and then race back to the warmth of the stable. The machinery is