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Every Day 'Christmas' at Hospitality House

By PATRICK FARREN

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Christmas decorations were put up last weekend at St. Jo-seph's House of Hospitality, and just after the Saturday night meal a man was seen running down South Avenue with a statue of a pipe-playing shepherd under his arm.

Probably he would hock the statue for the price of a pint of wine.

That incident illustrates one of the crucial and difficult questions on the rationale. of houses of hospitality. The question is: aren't you just subsidizing the alcoholism of many of the men whom you feed and clothe?

It's a legitimate question, and, for those who work at houses of hospitality, a troubling one, rather like the problem of suffering.

For at 402 South Ave. these days, as for the past 27 years, some of Rochester's forgotten people are being remembered daily, with food, with clothing, and with a sympathetic response.

Every evening except Sunday there's a 5:30 supper, with a menu which varies according to the contributions received. Usually, the meal consists of a thick, steaming soup composed of a half-dozen vegetables and perhaps some meat; several slices of raisin bread alongside the soup bowl; two bologna sandwiches, and cof-

It's not gournaet fare, but as one of the few surviving free restaurants, where no questions are asked and no sermons delivered, St. Joseph's House

AMONG HOUSE VISITORS - Bishop Fulton J. Sheen is pictured during a visit to the House of Hospitality. The Bishop chatted with the men, helped serve the food and passed out cigars.

enjoys a good reputation tile, move-on-buddy stares of among its clientele. the cops.

On Saturdays clothes are The waiting room is opened given out, everything from early these cold days, and overcoats to underwear, clothclosed late. It's a place to sit ing which has been donated by out of the cold winds and widows and by couples who watch TV and smoke. Or just don't want to ignore the poor. relax, away from the prying But the most asked-for items eyes of shoppers and the hosthis winter - overshoes, rubbers, gloves, caps and thermal underwear - are in far too short supply. Many of the men must be asked to "try again in a few days."

Not all of the men who make use of the house of hospitality are "winos" — although the empty bottles of white port which litter the parking lot next to the building testify to the habitual hopelessness with which many of them coexist. Some are retired men with cheap rooms, whose social security doesn't stretch far

enough; men also whose families in suburbia don't want them or can't take them in; men too proud to go to the poorhouse but, really, too poor not to go.

Men who are veterans, who feel strangely rejected by the country which they served . . . men passing through town, going somewhere or nowhere and carrying little but the memory that things used to be better for them. . . men who are low-skilled and finding that there are more and more like them and fewer and fewer iobs which they can do.

Hippies and cripples, dropouts and day laborers, wayfarers and winos poormen and blackmen, veterans and Indians, old men, and boys who turn old too soon. These are those who come, who are received with at least some supper and some recognition of heir humanness.

Many want to talk, beneath the crustiness which is the universal protection against more hurt. Occasionally the stories are really tragic; usually they're merely pathetic. The for Mass in the upstairs chapel seminary reject who was only

a year away from ordination. The ex-pilot who had trouble getting work after Korea because back in his home state he was just "another nigger." The professional dishwasher

who found that his experience didn't count and that too many youngsters would work for less than he could afford. The embittered Indian who puts his sandwiches into his shoppingbag for breakfast.

The lurching, whitehaired deviate who always needs a new overcoat because he singes the one he has on, sleeping on the steampipes in the old tunnels along the river. The twenty-six-year-old who started drinking heavily when his girl

friend went into the state hospital. The ex-barber who can't work because his hands shake, whose hands shake because he drinks and who drinks because he can't work. The man who lost a finger on the job and

keeps talking-like the character in "Of Mice and Men"-of the big "settlement" which probably won't come.

The men who go between the county pen and the county home, the penned-in, the homeless. Those called by society the underachievers, the underprivileged, the "burns."

There are other things going on at St. Joseph's House these days. A citizens' group called Emergency Relief for Nigeria/ Biafra has been using the house since August as an of-

fice. A Legion of Mary group meets there very Tuesday night. Friends of the house gather every second Saturday and breakfast discussions. Christmas.

Posters from SCLC and the Resistance, on the grape strike and conscientious objection, hang on the bulletin boards. And-of course copies of the Catholic Worker newspaper and cups of hot coffee are always available to those who stop in.

But the main work is feeding the men, and as for the question of whether the house of hospitality helps subsidize alcoholics by giving them a free meal or a clean shirt, perhaps, in some cases, it does. Or perhaps, on the other hand, it helps give a man some new confidence or helps him keep some self-respect.

Perhaps some are able to buy another bottle because they've received a hot meal, but maybe the possibility of some free food helps decrease the number of muggings and petty thievery.

What it comes down to is the practicality of life, which is often impractical: whether or not it makes sense to feed the hungry, whether or not clothing the naked and counseling the doubtful are worthwhile, whether or not one is willing to see also the next man as a person, regardless of race, creed or alcoholic content.



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A hearty "Merry Christ mas" to the students of Car dinal Mooney High Schoo who will prepare and delive Christmas baskets to 1 needy families; to the stu dents who will give 20 elder ly men and women at the St Joseph Center Christmas gifts and to the students who will host a party for the children in the ecumenical schools o Mt. Olivet and Emmanue Presbyterian Churches.

Happy "Break-a-Legs" ard due members of the Gle. Club of Bishop Kearney Higi School, who will join the Kearney Concert Band, or Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8 p.m., fo a medley of Christmas music

We extend the "Peace of the Incarnate Word" to thos young men and women o Mt. Carmel High School in Auburn who sent the Carme lite Fathers in Vietnam ove 1000 pairs of slippers for th shoeless in that country.

To the concert band an chorus of Cardinal Moone High School, our "Best Wish es" for a successful perform ance of "A Song of Peace" t be given Saturday, Dec. 21 at 8:15 p.m.

"Christmas Greetings t the students of Aquinas II stitute, who will gather an deliver food to the city's poo on Christmas Eve.

To the students of Bisho Kearney High School who wi do the same; and to those students who will be spendin several days of their vacatio serving the poor in Projec REACH, Perkinsville, we e: tend our wishes for an abui dance of "Christ's Blessings at this season.

"Best Wishes" at this ho





St. Martin Campaign