

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Snowed In...How Sweet It Is!

By Sarah Child

The blizzard of 1966 stands rooted firmly in my mind. Like nearly everyone else, our family first felt the larder pinch in the milk and bread departments.

I can remember the relief on the third day or so of being snowed in when we were able to make our way to a tiny neighborhood store. By late afternoon a bread truck had managed to get through and the owner was allowing every customer one loaf.

Ever since then I've taken care to stockpile certain items against the possibility of another such wintry onslaught.

Two years ago, starting in early fall I began assembling canned goods, boxes of dry foods and candles in some narrow enclosed shelves that the previous owner had built in the basement.

It was even more important to keep such items on hand, I told my husband, now that we had moved and the closest store of any kind was more than a mile away.

All through the winter every time the snow began to pile up, I would go down and take a look at the closed doors of the narrow cupboards, secure in the knowledge that come what may we could live for several days without depending on a store.

The next spring my husband began to build a small family room that would take a portion out of the larger basement quarters that heretofore we had designated play room.

The shelves, he said, were in the way, interfering with the boundary line he had set up for the studding. They'd have to come down.

It was my job to unload them. I'd forgotten just exactly what I stored, remembering only that after I'd finished stacking cans and boxes I'd decided we had several main meals therein.

Impressed with my forethought, I began taking down the shelves' contents and putting them in cardboard boxes.

My husband was not quite as impressed. True, there was one can of corned beef hash, several of tuna, a package of spaghetti and several cans of baked beans.

But the bulk of my little hoard consisted of items of somewhat less emergency value.

For example there was a can of blackberries that had hung around in my cupboard upstairs for two years before being relegated to the lower floor.

Ditto on an orange drink concentrate. Ditto on a can of Chinese bean sprouts.

Two bottles of catsup, three quart jars of bread-and-butter pickles and six mason jars of tomatoes I'd put up the year before rounded out my blizzard kit.

Last year I didn't do much other

than to make sure I had several packages of yeast and a 25-pound sack of flour on hand.

The other day after a phone call from my husband's mother in Albany telling us of that area's snowed-in plight I began to think it might be a good idea to store a few items. This time I would be efficient. Top on my list was powdered milk, cold cuts and cheeses for the freezer and assorted soups. I had yeast and flour and some canned juices and tinned meats.

I gave the list to my husband over



the phone. He'd stop on his way home from work.

"Add anything else you can think of that might come in handy for an emergency," I requested.

I'm glad I remembered to add that last statement. We unpacked the bags together. Besides the items I had asked for he had had the foresight to add these other necessities: a dozen assorted donuts, I quart of ice cream, 1 bag of spice gum drops, 1 package of lemon flavored cookies and two cartons of soft drinks.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE

The Gospel Via Television

By Father Paul J. Cuddy



Whatever personal regrets we have in losing Bishop Sheen from the diocese, they are brightened by the prospects of his return to TV. There his talents and charisms will reach the souls of the nation's people rather than a limited, however important, segment of the Kingdom of God in our 12 county diocese.

Whatever plans and hopes Bishop Hogan has for the diocese, few will be more fruitful than his establishment of a communications office for the diocese, with the appointment

of Father Richard Tormey as director. This includes TV and radio as well as the Courier-Journal and will act as a news source to other communications agencies like our local papers.

Those who are old enough to remember back a dozen years recall Father Tormey's Sunday Catholic News and Views which he broadcast with clarity, sparkle, and an occasional controversial explosion. A man who sometimes puts his foot into his mouth is easier to love and to listen to than the unhuman Mr. Never-mistaken. His narration of Bishop Hogan's consecration demonstrated the same facility of language and imagination which will bless the Church of the diocese.

For the past six months I have been watching a lot of TV, trying to figure out what it was doing to or for God's people. The mysterious Pat Costa wrote last week in the CJ: "The magic of Soap Operas... does make us as a nation of viewers look just a little bit sick." He/She has a point.

Yet more subtle, and certainly lethal, it seems to me, are many other shows. The David Susskind Show almost invariably veers into sleazy morality, with a prurient come-on about sex, mating, infidelity, home life. The talk shows could be instruments of great inspiration. Sometimes they are.

The David Frost Show seems the most intelligent of them all. I missed Bishop Sheen on the Frost Show New Year's Day, but I heard it was good.

However, most of the talk shows assume the titillating itch of the viewers and scratch up stuff unworthy of adult intelligence. The real deadly things are the constant and adroit promotion of twisted ideas, with abor-

tion near the head of the list. The children of light, who ought to be using the TV and radio media to defend the unborn children, must be watching The Edge of Night. At least they are not presenting much of a program for the saving of the lives of unborn children.

The nation's faith, morals, mores, culture, education, as well as knowledge, are being formed first by TV, secondly by radio and the printed word.

In our own diocese the following are using to a limited degree the new media of TV and radio: Father Ciribacione with his radio Rosary for Peace, shared by thousands; in sundry lesser ways, there are presentations by Fathers Atwell and Gordnier and Hohman in Rochester, Michael Reagan in Elmira, William Cosgrove in the Dundee-Penn Yan area; and recently Msgr. Joseph Sullivan of Auburn through the Seneca Falls station.

If someone should ask me: "What program do you consider the most valuable on TV?" I should answer at once: Sesame Street. It is a program for pre-school children. It comes through the Educational Channel XXI of Rochester Mondays through Fridays at 11:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. A cheerful mother of nine said: "My four year old sits fascinated for a whole hour in the morning, and watches with equal interest the repeat performance at 4:30 p.m. Sesame Street teaches him a world of things, plus," she smiled, "keeping him happily quiet for two hours a day."

A program that presents goodness, truth, fun, humor and humaneness, even if it is not loaded with Christian doctrine, prepares the natural basis for knowledge and love of the Infinite God who is our Father.

COMMENTARY

Courier-Journal—Friday, January 9, 1970

A LAYMAN'S VIEW

Catholics and the Vietnam War

It was the usual Christmas season—Bob Hope made another tour of Vietnam with his entertainers, and Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York has made the rounds of Christmas Masses at our military bases.

In Vietnam the season is perhaps not so joyful. A quick look at the papers, though, shows that Catholics are doing their best to bolster the morale of our servicemen and to assure them that their efforts are appreciated.

Pope Paul praised the Catholics of Vietnam for their "initiative directed to the re-establishment of concord and peace among the sons of a same motherland." The same Catholics recently burned in effigy three of their officials accused by President Thieu of siding with the North.

In Chicago, Rev. James F. Maguire, S.J., president of Loyola University, received the 1969 Distinguished Service Award of the Association of the U.S. Army for his "moral leadership, academic achievement and steadfast, firm support of the college ROTC program."

A Pontifical Mass in Washington on Veterans Day opened with the presentation of colors by an armed forces color guard and the singing of the national anthem. In the homily, Archbishop Fulton Sheen called for a return of the lost discipline exemplified by "these men from our military academies, which may be the only places left in the world where real discipline is still practiced."

Is this championing of our country's military establishment the logical consequence of Christ's directive

to "teach all nations," with the sword if need be? Are we supposed to accept and bless the idea that "a good Catholic is a good soldier"?

With such a tradition of American "Christian soldiers," it is no wonder the Church's leadership in the anti-war (in general) movement has been so lackluster. The initiative in this area has been left to the National Council of Churches, college students and teachers, and groups like the Quakers and Mennonites.

The only sustained efforts by Catholics in recent war protest have been those of individual college chaplains, some younger priests, and groups of journalists or ministers such as American Clergy Concerned.

The Church has shown great enthusiasm for supplying the government with military chaplains, Masses on the battlefield, supplies for war refugees, and prayers of encouragement. As an institution, it has remained curiously silent regarding that government's waging of wars.

The statements of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops on conscientious objection and participation in particular wars have been very few and very nebulous—perhaps because "everybody knows that Catholics don't go C.O."

It has taken the very particular brutalities of the Vietnam war to bring at least some Catholics around to realizing that the "Christian soldier" can be a very bizarre ideal to strive after. The recent massacre at My Lai reflects the paradoxes that come up when we tell Christian men to kill without any reasons for doing so.

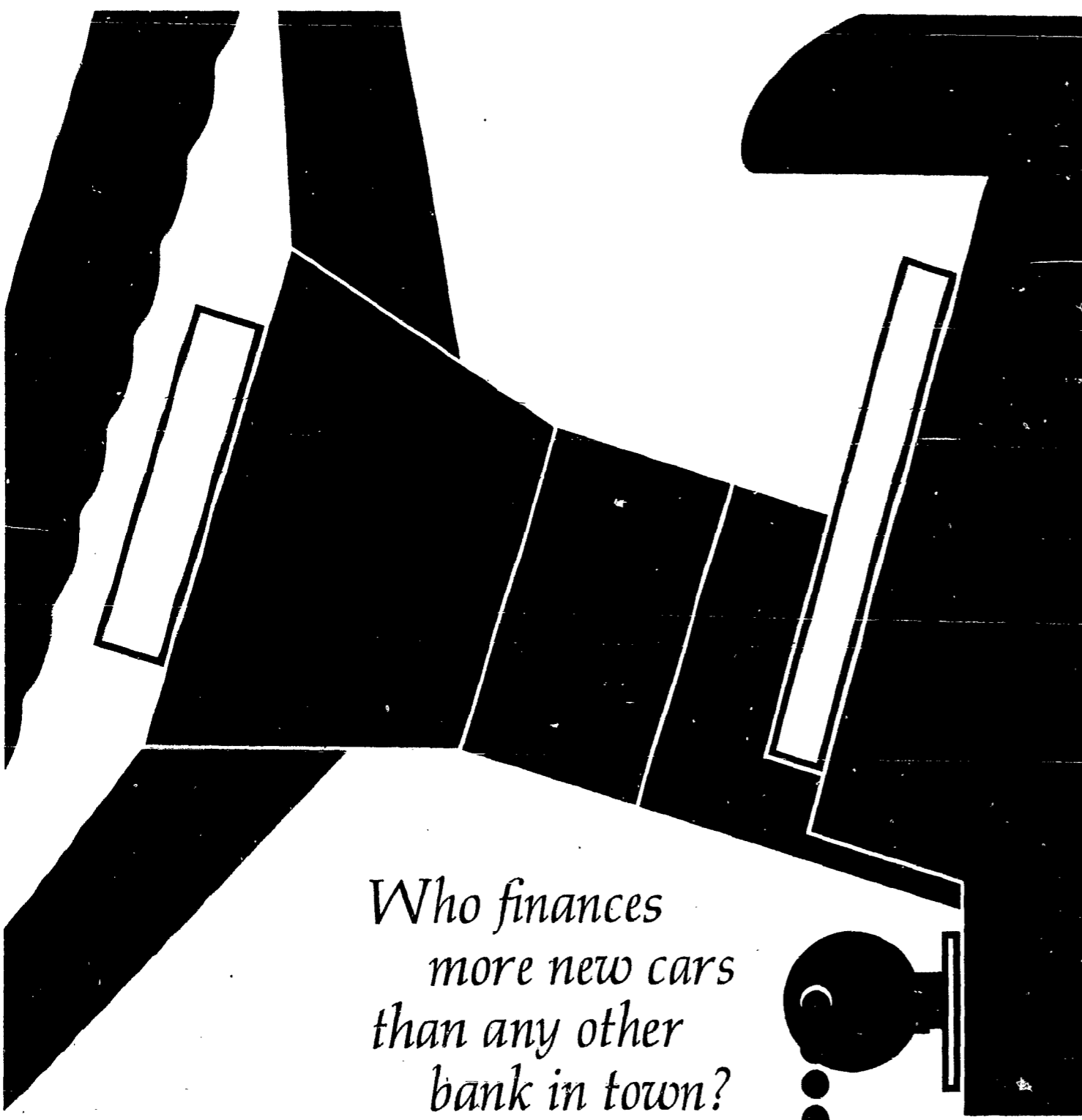
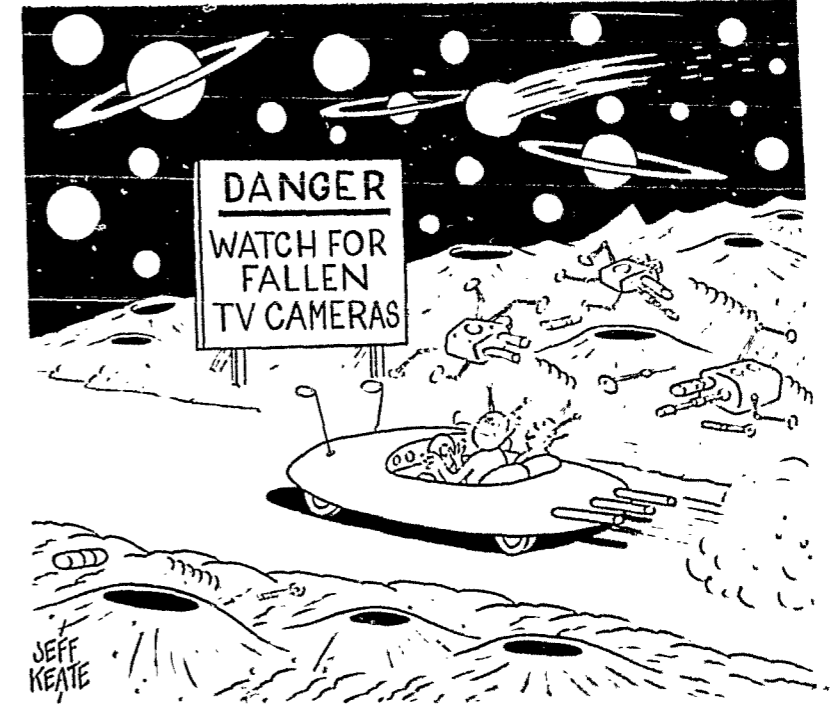
And yet Catholic administrators continue to lament the horrors of voluntary celibacy, the pill and our materialistic, permissive society while keeping mum about defense budgets, body counts, and military Masses—of the Church doesn't meddle in "politics."

What good are the Church's official pieties about the immorality of war when it is mute over the political policies which have killed 40,000 Americans and 500,000 Vietnamese in our own decade?

It seems only too clear that the Church has "sold out" its principles, by its silence, as has happened in practically every historical era. A very poor showing for an institution which is "Christ's witness to men."

—Peter Goodsell, Owego, N.Y.

Mr. Goodsell's charge that the Church has "sold out" its principles is unproven in this article. But we print his unsolicited article as a "viewpoint". He reveals some ignorance of the continuing documents of the Popes and Bishops appealing to governments to outlaw war and reduce arms budgets. His certainty about the "political policies which have killed 40,000 Americans" is not shared by millions of Americans. Most citizens, like the Catholic leaders he condemns for silence, do not believe that the "government's waging of war" is unconditionally immoral. — Executive Editor.



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