



"THESE ARE ROTTEN TIMES WE'RE LIVING IN, LEW!"

## The Slot Man A Passenger's Observations

By Carmen Viglucci



All those Earth Day stories about what we as individuals could do to combat pollution hit their mark with me. So as my bit toward a more wholesome environment I decided to leave my foul-fuming station wagon at home and take the bus to work.

One of the things I learned quickly, and pay attention automobile hucksters, is that a great pleasure provided by a car is its privacy. You can talk to yourself, curse out your boss, get the last word in with your wife (as long as she's still at home).

Or if you're a lousy singer you can turn on the radio and, if it's a lucky day, join Dionne Warwick in a duet of "What the World Needs Now".

But my purpose is not to extoll the virtues of the private car but to expose some of the pitfalls of bus-riding.

The privacy that the auto provides, the bus takes away.

I'll skip over such minor travails as handling bright "good mornings" when you're grouchy or having to start making early decisions over such things as where you'll sit.

What really is not much better than a stick in the eye is the conversations you fall ear to.

For instance, on April 24, this bright repartee between two women, both fortyish:

First woman: Is it May yet?

Second woman: Hmhmhmhm. I'm not sure, I'll try to get a look at that man's newspaper.

Twice I've heard women complain about having "to pay my money to feed those welfare cases."

One of the women coupled her attack on the needy with the observation that although she was really against abortion "in some cases I can see its worth."

A gentleman had a harrowing tale of persecution. Seems his neighbor turned him in for shooting off fireworks.

As he unraveled his tale, his bus neighbor clucked with sympathy.

"I was doing it on my own property," he explained, "first of all this guy sends for his kid to go home. He's like the rest

of them — overprotective."

"Then," he continued, "he comes down and says to me that he objects to the fireworks."

"Every man to his own opinion," I said, trying to be nice about it.

"Well, if that's your only reaction," he said, "I'll have to contact the police."

"Did he really?" asked the bus neighbor incredulously.

"Sure did and a couple of weeks later the State Police came and told me I couldn't do it anymore."

"The no good so-and-so," said the second man. "People like that should go off and live in the woods somewhere. They're antisocial."

What's perplexing is that the fact that firecrackers are against the law was not even casually mentioned.

A similar case was presented by another woman's description of her canines and their personal habits.

"We have two dogs," she offered out of the blue to her seat companion. "One's a Doberman, the other's a little mutt. Everybody's afraid of the Doberman and he's afraid of his own shadow; nobody's scared of the little one and she bites."

You think the woman privy to that would ask, "Has she ever really bitten anyone?" But she didn't and the other continued:

"We keep her leashed to a clothesline so she can range up and down the driveway to the front door and if anyone comes along when we're not home she'll bite him."

You're probably dying to ask, "What if a child happens by?"

I was but I'm a bus coward and the other woman dashed whatever hopes I had by replying, "Well we all need protection these days."

There are probably worse kinds of pollution than carbon monoxide fumes. But even that is a negative attitude.

So I have returned to my car and Dionne and now that the weather is warm you may hear us out the open window singing:

"What the world needs now is love, sweet love . . ."

## Letters

### 'Our Vacation Our Business'

Editor:

We are two of the parents who went to Ireland with the Bishop Kearney Marching Kings and who helped raise money for this project. Letters to the Editor by Miss Wesley and Mr. Latimer have greatly disturbed us.

This was a vacation for many of the people who went. We question anyone's right to tell us how much money we should spend or in what manner we should spend our vacation. The fact that we helped to finance the trip for the Marching Kings was only one consideration in our decision to join the group.

Why is it that when a Catholic group of this caliber undertakes a venture like this, so many people have so much to say?

A high school band from Irondequoit went to Europe for two weeks and we sincerely hope that they had the same fine reception that we had. Hilton's band is going to Japan this summer and we wish them every success. In the Courier-Journal last week, two different tours to Europe were advertised. There has never been a word about the money that is being spent for these things. Don't misunderstand us, we think these are great for the people who want to participate in them. That is their business.

We pay federal, state, county and city taxes along with other taxes. We support the Church, school activities, Community Chest, other requests for financial and physical support and a few private charities of our own. If we have any money left and wish to help the "Kings" and provide ourselves with a marvelous experience besides, we fail to see where it is anybody's business but ours.

—Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Vogt  
115 Chapin St.  
Rochester

(Editor's Note: Both sides in this issue have been well presented so this is the last letter the Courier-Journal will print on the trip to Ireland.)

## On the Line

### Coolidge Laughed

By Bob Considine



New York — Everybody's dying. Gypsy Rose Lee, Anita Louise, the Herb Shriners . . .

Herb was the closest person this generation ever came to Will Rogers. It is curious that they both died violent deaths, Rogers with Wiley Post in a plane crash at Point Barrow, Alaska, Shriner (and his wife) on a Florida road.

Will and Herb had a wonderfully insouciant approach to the Brass. Rogers once bet Al Jolson that he could make President Calvin Coolidge laugh. Coolidge had never been known to laugh. Moreover, Rogers upped the odds by declaring that he could make the dour President laugh at the very first thing he, Rogers, said.

He won the bet, easily. When it came his turn to be introduced to the President the protocol man, Charles Cooke, boomed: "Mr. Will Rogers!" The President reached out a clammy hand and dully regarded the famous commentator. Rogers shook hands with him, under the splendid chandelier at the White House, looked puzzled, and said, "I didn't catch your name."

Coolidge broke up.

Herb, handling a dinner in New York at which President Eisenhower was guest of honor, kept looking at the General during the introduction of the other guests at the head table. Occasionally he'd say reflectively, into the microphone, "I've seen him somewhere."

Finally, with great timing, Shriner, a former buck private, looked at Ike and said, "I remember you. We went overseas together."

Anita Louise was such a gentle person. In a clime and a world where gentility is pretty much a lost art, she glowed with sweetness and light. She was a no-knock person in a pro-

fession where the most popular game is called Knife-in-the-Back. She played her roles to perfection, on and off the screen, in and out of the TV tube.

The world is poorer . . .

Gypsy had a dozen different sides, and they all looked good to me and millions of others. The least of her many talents was that of stripper. Miss Lee was an extraordinarily good writer, speaker, TV moderator, feminist, mother, entrepreneur, fisherwoman, gourmet cook, seamstress, quilt-maker, Siamese cat fancier, friend of the lonely.

One of the great oversights of my life as a reporter was my failure, at a cocktail party we gave, to get a recording of Gypsy's long heart-to-heart talk with another guest, Christine Jorgensen.

She'd throw open her dazzling East 60's town house to concerts by infantile pianists, for charitable causes and vibrant crusades. In all her humanitarian work, Gypsy was completely color blind. And never predictable. One night she invited us to dinner at what she declared was the best restaurant she had found in New York — she who had been bowed and scraped to at Pavilion, "21," the Colony, Voisin, Four Seasons, etc. etc.

It turned out to be a place named the Chinese Rathskeller in darkest Mott Street. She ate with great gusto everything placed before her, without adding an ounce to her goddess figure, paid the bill, trilled a goodbye, and sashayed out to her Rolls-Royce, which she had parked at the door. She put her little boy Eric Kirkland in the back with the baggage and a herd of Siamese cats, slid behind the wheel and sped off in the night — headed for an engagement in Cincinnati.



# LEWIS NEARY

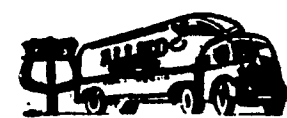
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