



"DURING YOUR PRAYERS, WOULD YOU MIND GLANCING OVER AT MY SQUASH ONCE IN AWHILE?"

The Slot Man Children Are Waiting

By Carmen Viglucci



Easily more than 200 people showed up for the meeting and although "love" was not the stated topic it was the underlying theme.

Not the abstract "love" so kicked around in social issue talk these days but a very practical love — that between parents and children.

Sponsor was the Council of Adoptive Parents, and the general public was invited to the meeting under the auspices of the County Health Department at the county hospital on West-fall Road.

The meeting had purpose:

Generally to describe the adoptive process but more specifically to interest couples in "hard to place" children. That may sound a harsh description but it fits.

The "hard to place" generally fall into these categories: physically handicapped, older (most people prefer to adopt babies) black and biracial. The latter category happens to comprise the most children.

The meeting had spirit:

Mrs. David Soule, one of the prime movers in the adoptive council and who made the meeting's introductory remarks, has a natural spontaneity which spills over and an infectious zeal for the council's purpose.

The meeting was well-planned:

Matt Matteo, director of public information for the county and himself an adoptive parent, was moderator of a panel which comprised five persons who have adopted (or are in the process) in the hard to place categories: Rev. Robert Stevens (physically handicapped), Dr. David Soule (white with biracial adopted son), Mrs. Joseph Stubbs (black with black), Mrs. F. William Hughes (older child) and Carlton Vinson (black with biracial girl).

Other county officials, including John Van Buren of the health department, and Mary Shaw of the department of social services, helped organize the meeting.

The meeting was professional:

All four county adoptive

agencies were represented — Catholic Family Center, Mrs. Patricia Dunham; Northaven, Mrs. Audrey Klick; Jewish Family Center, Mrs. Miriam Richardson, and the county, Miss Shaw.

The meeting was humorous:

Mrs. Stubbs' family anecdotes kept the crowd laughing.

"At first he (her husband) was doubtful about adopting at all. Now he wants to will everything to our adopted son because he thinks our own daughter will marry into comfort.

"I said why should our son's wife have it any easier than our daughter's husband?"

The meeting was problematic:

One young married wanted to know if the county allowed agnostics and atheists to adopt. An easy answer was not available and Miss Shaw explained that the county concerns itself with the child's religious training.

Mrs. Dunham explained that the Catholic agency only has children whose mothers specifically ask that they be reared in that faith.

Another problem is that many black people see the hard-to-place movement as one-sided, that it will be all right for whites to adopt blacks but not vice-versa.

The meeting was a success:

While many in the adoptive council were instrumental in this, if one had to be singled out it would be Mr. Stevens, a competent and enthusiastic organizer and adviser.

Don't get the impression that these people are merely another clique of do-gooders. Not so. Most never met until the council was formed last November and there is nary a crusader or hero in the bunch.

As they used to say down South, "They're just folks."

They're looking for others who are "just folks" and if that sounds like you, contact any of the adoptive agencies or call Peggy Dawson of the adoptive council at 328-4109.

A child may be happy you did.

Letters

Violence Must End

Editor:

When will we finally realize that violence can only breed violence? Look at Vietnam. First, we had only advisers in the country; then we sent troops to protect the advisers; then we sent planes to protect the troops. So we have become caught up in the historical cycle of violence which has led us into Cambodia, where the process seemingly will continue.

Now we are feeling the effect of this violence in our own country. We can ease our conscience by saying that we are not to blame for the campus disorders. But haven't we placed students in such a position where they have no choice but to react to the violence they see around them, which they have no control over? I agree that the violence that is taking place on campus is wrong but have we offered any workable alternatives?

We now have allowed our President to make decisions without consulting us. Yes, us, because by not consulting the congressmen who represent us, he has taken upon himself the decision to control our lives. This atmosphere of indifference in our country (along with the sexual and drug abuse) seems to be the way of a nation heading for its own downfall.

We must stop those things which cause a man to lose his dignity and worth. We must stop discrimination in housing and in jobs. We must enact new laws which prevent abortions, since abortions are only another manifestation of men controlling violently the lives of their fellow men.

Those that are in authority must start to listen to the voices of those that are dissenting. Those that are dissenting must realize that any means is not justified for an end.

—Jim Hewes
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Rochester, N.Y. 14612

On the Line

2-Bit Bullets and History

By Bob Considine



Dallas — Dick Wheeler's first question to me on Comment, a popular radio show in these here parts, was about a piece I wrote during the weekend of the Kennedy-Oswald murders. Texans have long memories.

"You called the Dallas cops the dumbest you had seen since the Keystone Kops," Wheeler said. He seemed to want an answer. I said the ensuing years may have mellowed that accusation, made in the anger and despair of those horrible days. It was too sweeping an appraisal. I didn't know enough about the whole police force.

But the opinion still stands in regards to the handful of police officials who were in charge of Lee Harvey Oswald after several of their comrades bravely trapped him in a movie theater in the wake of his murder of the President and Officer Tippit. Tippit stopped Oswald on the street, apparently not as a suspect in the slaying of JFK but for reasons no one will ever know.

No one will ever know about Oswald's motives, either. And the blame for that will forever reflect on the cops concerned as dopes.

Chief Jesse Curry and his posse stupidly exposed Oswald to a motley "press conference" after the arraignment, hours after the assassination. Such was the security involved that even Jack Ruby, a combination strip-tease-joint operator and ticket fixer, made the scene that dolorous Friday night, Nov. 22, 1963.

He arrived with a bag of sandwiches and coffee in paper cups and spread his largesse among

all in reach — including a local disc jockey who later testified at Ruby's preposterous trial in the court of Judge Joe Brown. Brown was a jurist who will not be remembered with Oliver Wendell Holmes, let's say, or even with Judges Haynsworth and Carswell.

Ruby probably was armed that unbelievably callous night when Oswald was shown off like a wild animal. Anyway, the next time Ruby got that close to Oswald he shot him in the belly and killed him. That was the following Sunday morning when the Dallas police were moving Oswald from one insecure lockup to the puncture-prone jail in the Criminal Courts Building.

Not even the news media should have been there when Oswald was to be moved, much less Ruby. To carry the point a bit farther, not even Oswald should have been there. He had been a sitting duck much too long during an hysterical and stricken period when some uncountable number of Americans would have willingly tried to kill him without pausing to consider the awesome consequences.

Ruby's bullet blew a hole through Oswald's gizzards; it blew a bigger hole through American history. No one will ever really know why Oswald killed Kennedy. John Wilkes Booth also was senselessly killed before being brought to trial. But at least he had departed Ford's Theatre with a three-word explanation, "Sic semper tyrannus!"

Two-bit bullets have a way of changing trillion dollar history.

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