



"I'M NOT QUESTIONING HIS SINCERITY. I MERELY SAID THAT'S THE TWENTY-EIGHTH GIRL HE'S TOLD THAT HE'S GOING INTO THE SEMINARY."

### Salting the Earth

## The Will to Win

By Father John Hempel

In the controversy that raged in the Rochester area during the early part of the year over quality integrated education, possibly there appeared too great an emphasis on the idea of integration and too little on quality. In our effort to stress the morality of relating to man because he is a man and not a color or a tradition, we somehow neglected to stress the quality of the learning process in this relationship.

Now we are blinded by half-truths and generalities, thinking that the conflict rages over blackness, whiteness, brownness. But in between all this are our children—suffering children caught within the maze of an adult world conditioned by fear and prejudice. As the struggle wages on, as our pettiness continues, all children—not just the black or brown, but all children—are deprived of their right to the best education possible.

To resolve the educational problems of our age will take brilliant planning and courageous individuals. Public and parochial schools must be willing to expend great sums of money to produce the kinds of results needed in a future ordered society. The cost will be monumental but the investment will be in people and not just things. School boards can no longer afford to be the playthings of political expediency or personal prejudice.

The events of the past ten years should have shown us what happens in a nation that refuses to come to grips with its problems of racial education or education in general. This nation has always demonstrated a great know-how in facing serious issues, always with the necessary will to implement that knowledge. Could it be that we have lost the will to desire to do the right thing?—God have mercy on us, if we have!

Possibly all this has best been expressed by Bishop Joseph G. Vath of Birmingham, Ala., when he criticized federal and state failure to insure equal educational opportunity for black children:

"There are leaders in our country and in our state who counsel that we must go slow. . . . the time is not right . . . we can't ram civil rights down the throats of our people . . . our people are not ready. But sadly, when they say 'we must go slow,' they mean that black people must go slow. When they say 'the time is not right,' they mean that the time is not right for white people. And when they say 'our people,' they always mean white people, never black people.

Courier-Journal

## The Slot Man Bullfighting and Religion

By Carmen Viglucci



I came across something recently in the Long Island Catholic that was news to me. Pope Pius V in 1567 issued an edict that any Catholic participating in or attending a bullfight would face excommunication.

A few years later, however, Pope Gregory XIII narrowed the edict to apply only to those taking major orders. And eventually with changes in the way of mercy for the animals, the Church adopted an air of tolerance.

According to the article, most theologians find no intrinsic evil in bullfighting. Many people, however, personally object to the art (which is what aficionados demand it be called). The corrida (bullfights), like peanut butter, seldom draws an indifferent reaction.

In what now seems like a lifetime ago, I was sort of an unofficial press agent for a friend named Martin Mooney, an American who was determined to become a Matador de Toro — a title, incidentally, somewhat akin to a doctorate, implying that the bearer is more accomplished than just any run-of-the-mill bullfighter.

Mooney was a former Jesuit seminarian and is important to this piece because he represents to me an example of a mystical link between bullfight-

ing and religion. I must stress the word mystical; there is no real connection between the two.

Anyway, Mooney, from Pennsylvania, changed his name to Martin Muni, eventually became a novillero (beginning bullfighter) got gored in the wrist and gave it up.

Women libbers should know that women have cracked the world of bullfighting some time ago. Conchita Cintron, who fights from horseback is the most famous but there have been others, notably two Americans — Bette Ford, a former fashion model whose flashy taste in bullfighting soured the aficion, and Pat McCormack whose daring style endeared her to Mexicans. As far as I

know, neither are chasing the bulls anymore.

Once just before she entered the plaza de toros for a corrida, Miss Ford motioned to the chapel to the right of the ramp down which she would march into the sand.

"There," she said, "is heaven." Indicating the infirmary to the left of the ramp, she continued, "There is hell." And pointing to the ramp, she said, "And there is life."

In a huge oil painting which hung over the door of a tavern near the Juarez, Mexico, bullring, Manolete is pictured as in heaven, standing above the clouds covering the tiny plaza at Linares, Spain, where he was killed.

Again the allusion to heaven is interesting. Once I asked a bullfighter why he took up such a vocation, aside from the fact that it, like prizefighting, offers poor boys a chance at wealth. He replied (and I have always suspected he used a quote from literature): "Can one see beyond the last page in a book; can one see beyond the bend in the road; can one hear a song after the last note?"

Something like trying to describe heaven.

## More Letters

### Abortion Ad Blunt Truth

Editor:

I think Howard McGee deserves a citation for showing the blunt truth of what an abortion is all about — a human life collected along with the daily rubbish (advertisement in Sept. 9, 1970 Courier-Journal).

You may say, what does she know. Well, I was married very young, had four sons in eight years so we had to stretch the dollar a long way. Our third son is mentally retarded and we love him with all our hearts.

God always finds a way to help those who believe in Him and His teachings.

Mrs. Donald Wendt  
Palmyra

### Echoes Feeling Of Writer

Editor:

I would just like to say amen" to the most ably expressed letter written to the editor by Mrs. A. Jane McCluskey which appeared in the Courier-Journal (Sept. 16).

I am sure there are many many more people who agree with her wholeheartedly on every point she covered, and I for one would like to be counted among them.

Mrs. Edward M. Brennan  
2149 Clinton Ave. S.  
Rochester

### The Truth Does Hurt

Editor:

The Courier-Journal is to be commended for carrying the

Howard McGee ad on abortion. The truth here does hurt. Obviously, a child is being "disposed of." I am surprised that Father Mulligan describes what he saw as "a pail of gore." Apparently, even this shocking ad did not bring home to all the monstrous reality of abortion.

Marie Jesmer  
225 Wyndale Road  
Rochester

### Ad No Help In Complex Issue

Editor:

I am repulsed by Howard McGee's atrocious full-page advertisement in the Courier-Journal (Sept. 9).

Showing the corpse of a fetus in a bucket to illustrate his opposition to New York's new abortion law is an assault on human sensibilities.

I should mention that I am a Catholic and am aware of my Church's position on abortion. I also realize that abortion is a very complicated issue, and that many non-Catholics disagree with the Catholic position.

One thing is very clear: Nothing in Mr. McGee's ghastly advertisement helps to clarify this complex issue in any way!

This ad is a cheap attack on Sen. Laverne, who is also a Catholic, and who like Mr. McGee says he is personally opposed to abortion. However, Sen. Laverne does not believe in state laws that would impose his own religious convictions on those who believe otherwise.

Nic Goeres  
18 Strathallan Park  
Rochester

Editor's Note: In addition to the letters printed above, there were seven letters protesting the ad and two letters and two telephone calls favoring the message.

Wednesday, September 23, 1970

**SMILE!**  
**WHEN**  
**YOU**  
**SAY**  
**"CRESCENT BEACH"**  
**PODNER**



Well, We Must  
Admit That Many a DOGIE  
Enters Our CORRAL  
On The Glum Side  
But Few (If Any)  
Leave Without A  
Happy Smile On Their  
Faces.  
So STEER Right, To  
*Crescent Beach Hotel*  
Be BRANDED As A  
Happy Crescent Beach  
WRANGLER. No BEEFIN'  
Don't Get FENCED IN.  
Enjoy The Best.  
Serving Daily From  
From 11:30 A.M. For  
Lunch, Dinner, Banquets  
And Clambakes

DIXIELAND RAMBLERS

For Your Entertainment Fri. & Sat. Nites

Your Host, "THE BARRYS" Gloria & Joe

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Page 15-A