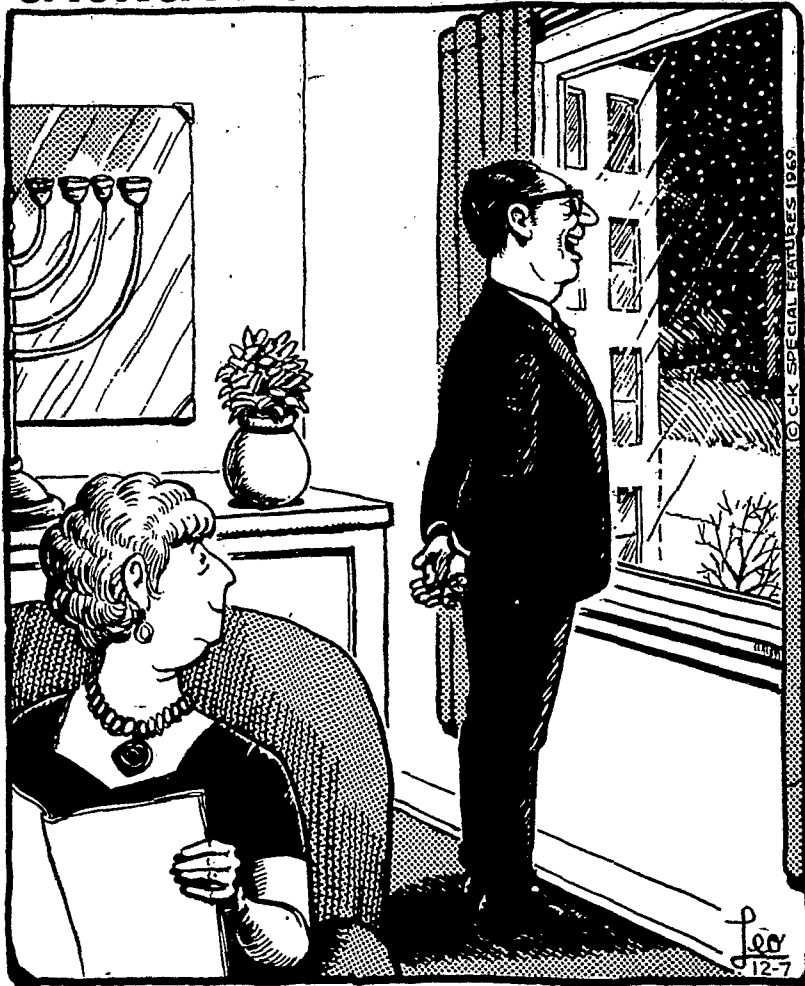


CHURCH HUMOR



"Looks like we're having a white Hanukkah after all!"

On the Line
He Bets It
Won't Work

By Bob Considine



One of the worst snafus since the Bay of Pigs invasion is in the making here in New York City. Operating under the guise of ridding the city of betting crime, Mayor Lindsay is bringing in legalized off-course horse betting, come Jan. 11. He is so certain that it will strip the Mafia-ridden New York bookies of at least \$300 million a year that he has already incorporated that figure in his budget.

There are several problems, which may interest the other states who are hungering for such funds.

The mayor has turned the difficult off-course betting situation over to his friend Howard Samuels, a former candidate for governor. Samuels has been making many optimistic sounds. But the truth is that I would like to make him a \$10 (off-course) bet that when the day of fiscal liberation arrives, come next month, his office will be hopelessly unprepared to go into the gambling business.

What is going to happen to New York off-course betting if a New Yorker who happens to be out of the state gets a tip on a hot horse at Belmont or Aqueduct, calls his secretary and instructs her to bet for him at the nearest betting parlor? He could be fined or sent to prison — or both — by federal law against interstate gambling without a license. Which would prevail, when the case got to the Supreme Court—his right as a New Yorker (indeed, his duty, when he considers the mayor's need for another 300 million) or some stuffy federal law?

There are contradictions galore to this whole concept of a city government moving in — like a new mob — on the old mob. There are parallels, however, that any Mafia leader would understand — and probably punish direly. For example, Samuels enlisted the advice of a Las Vegas chap with known attachments to the mob, to help the city of New York get started rolling in the

wealth of this betting away from the tracks.

I don't ever recall feeling sorry for a race track, and still don't, on advice of the Internal Revenue Service. But places such as Saratoga, Aqueduct and Belmont this coming year will turn over about \$80 million to the state of New York, which doesn't have a dime's worth of capital invested. And lose about \$1.5 million, what with improvements, increased costs of labor, etc.

Not among the increased costs is the income of the group of trustees who run the New York Racing Association. Let's say John Hay Whitney, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jack Dreyfus, Ogden Phipps. They serve for zero, served as co-makers on improvement loans amounting to \$106 million to make New York racing No. 1.

The first planned parlor for New York's off-course betting will be in Grand Central terminal. Under ideal conditions (and good handicapping) a wage-earner coming into the city from suburbia could make his bets at the kiosk as he gets off the train from Larchmont in the morning, and pick up his winnings (if any) when he catches the 5:26 back to martini, wife, children and step-down living room.

It won't stop there, of course. As the needs of the city continue to swell, there will be parlors at the end of every supermarket line, at every newstand and in every delicatessen and saloon. The computers — which must be tied into the parimutuel machines at the tracks (to control the odds) — will be roughly comparable to the electronic gadgets that alert the nation against the possibility of thermonuclear attack from the Soviet Union and Red China. Con Edison will be primarily engaged in digging up the streets of New York to lay new lines between a hard-up church, let's say, and the Big A.

God save New York!

On The Right Side

875 Million
Pictures!

By Father Paul J. Cuddy



At 3 p.m. Sunday, November 29, I left town for Notre Dame Retreat House, five miles south of Canandaigua to "hole up" for a few days. On my arrival the rector, Father James Foley, and the procurator, Father Ray Bohrer, gave a cordial, ungracious welcome. I was the only guest among 108 beds.

On Monday I phoned the golden-headed Canandaigua post mistress, Eleanor Costello Carmichael, an old friend from Clyde days. "Eleanor, I'm looking for some information about the 1970 Christmas stamp." She replied: "There's a religious sheet and a secular sheet. The religious sheet has a Nativity. The secular sheet has four 19th century toys. Washington sends us four descriptive bulletins with new stamps. I'll be glad to mail you an extra one." And she did.

I was surprised to find the number of religious stamps printed is a whopping 875 million. The toy stamps number an equal 875 million. The bulletin also recorded that the religious stamp, The Nativity, was painted by Lorenzo Lotto, and hangs in the National Gallery of Art. Now the name "Lotto" meant nothing to me excepting as a game similar to bingo. I suspected that I was not alone in

my ignorance: "Who is this Signor Lotto?"

No group is more helpful or gracious than the Rochester Public Library people. I went there and the girl in Arts searched catalogues, marched unerringly to a book stack, returned with LORENZO LOTTO by Berenson, and smiled: "The last time this was taken out was three years ago." She also loaned me a Biographical Dictionary of Painters and said: "If you want these two pages Xeroxed, go down the hall. Mr. X will do it for you." This I accomplished for the slender cost of twenty cents. My research discovered this information:

Lorenzo Lotto was a contemporary of Titian. He was born in Venice in 1480 and died at Loreto in 1556. From his twenties to his death at 76 he was a restless, deeply religious artist, who moved frequently, painted prodigiously, and like so many geniuses, was a lonely man. He painted in Venice and in Rome, in Jesi and Bergamo, later to be famous as the home of Pope John XXIII. His paintings are scattered in churches and in public galleries and private collections throughout the world.

Four years before his death Lotto, weary of wandering, set-

tled at Loreto, the town famous for the Holy House of Our Lady. A biographer records: "He was one of the best portrait painters who ever lived . . . In 1554 he made over himself and all that he possessed to the Holy House in whose shelter he spent the last four years of his life. . . His works betray a gentle, sympathetic view of human nature, and a tendency toward the ecstatic and mystical in religion." He died in 1556.

Since Saturdays are dedicated to Our Blessed Mother it seemed appropriate to say to our Sisters at the Saturday homily: "When the first religious Christmas stamp came out in 1968, it was a work of art as well as a work of religious significance. Christians, cultured, Jews and humanists were happy with the stamp. However the agitated voices of anti-Christ, anti-Mary, anti-religion worked so successfully that last year no religious stamp was printed. This year a compromise was made: half the stamps for religious and cultured people; half the stamps to placate the anti-religious people. My Sisters, may I suggest that when you get your stamps, please specify Lotto's Nativity? If the post office cannot furnish this, refuse the secular toys substitute and get the ordinary six cent stamp. The reason is obvious."

The Church: 1970

Clothes and
The Priest

By Fr. Andrew Greeley



I want to be a cardinal.

It's not that I want to have the privilege of voting for the Pope; I really don't think the cardinals ought to have that. Nor do I want administrative responsibilities that generally attach to the office. Running several research projects is quite enough of that sort of thing. Nor do I want the honor that goes with the job. Being a full professor has every bit as much honor and is a lot more secure.

All I want are the robes.

It seems to me that it would be the greatest of fun to walk across the Midway every morning in flowing cardinalatial robes, accompanied perhaps by two acolytes, a cross bearer, and a thurifer, quite possibly with someone ringing a bell, too. I would, in case of necessity, be willing to give up the thurifer.

If I can't be a cardinal then I'd be willing to settle for an honorary doctorate from Harvard as the Harvard doctoral crimson is almost as flashy as the cardinalatial robes.

And if I were a cardinal I would wear red shoes and red socks and drive a red car and even insist that my office be painted red. It all seems to me to be a very reasonable request.

And what's more, I'm sure that my colleagues at the University of Chicago would be delighted. In an environment where bizarre garb is taken for granted, the robes would be envied as something practically impossible to beat. Some of my colleagues might even want to join the morning procession across the Midway. We could all chant Gregorian music together.

Not that I'm hung up especially on the Roman collar. It's a relatively recent form of ecclesiastical dress, is generally speaking rather unattractive, and is quite easily dispensable. When I meet with my European colleagues on the international journal "Concilium," the Roman collar would be as embarrassing to them as a bikini at a papal audience. I have, there-

We have a singular situation in the church; priests and nuns

Wednesday, December 16, 1970

are pathetically eager to dress like everyone else just precisely at a time when everyone else is trying to dress differently from everyone else. We are seeking to be indistinguishable from others while the others are struggling desperately to be as distinguishable as they can.

During the lecture I gave recently at a Catholic college I encountered a young lady whose headpiece was a monsignorial biretta. She claimed that she was a "wrong reverend" monsignor. She seemed to be the envy of all her friends for coming up with this splendidly different piece of headgear. I couldn't help but wonder how many monsignors would dare wear their biretta down the street at night; indeed, the new breed of monsignors, such as they may be, rarely if ever display their red robes; and if they have any, keep them securely locked in their closets.

It all gets stranger and stranger. One distinguished American Catholic educator recently remarked, he didn't wear the Roman collar in many sets of circumstances because he thought it was a symbol that would lead people to pamper him. I'm afraid that if he thinks that's what the Roman collar stands for to the Catholic laity he really doesn't understand much about the history of the sociology of American Catholicism.

Not that I'm hung up especially on the Roman collar. It's a relatively recent form of ecclesiastical dress, is generally speaking rather unattractive, and is quite easily dispensable. When I meet with my European colleagues on the international journal "Concilium," the Roman collar would be as embarrassing to them as a bikini at a papal audience. I have, there-

fore, no hesitation about doing in Nijmegen what the Nijmegenians do. But even here I run into some trouble because I figure that if you're going to wear "lay" garb you may as well do it big. My Edwardian jackets and Pucci ties take my colleagues somewhat by surprise.

So my problem is not an obsession with the Roman collar but rather bafflement as to why the clergy and religious seem so eager to lose themselves in the mass precisely at the time when the mass is busy differentiating itself in every way possible.

There is much lunacy in the fashionable romanticism of our time but there also is a good deal of sanity in many of its aspects. The desire for richness, variety, color and symbolism in what one wears is, I think, fundamentally sane (I suspect G. K. Chesterton would have to agree).

That's why I want to be a cardinal.

But if the process keeps up, priests and religious are going to find themselves in an awkward position. One can imagine a time in the not-too-distant future when there will be special garb for doctors, and for lawyers, for congressmen, and for airline executives, and even, heaven knows, for project officers in foundations. Indeed, everybody will have their own garb except the clergy and religious and we will be stuck with yesterday's fashions.

And given quarter-century of yesterday's fashions, some clown will think up religious symbolism for them.

And we'll be right back where we started.

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