

The HIGH Price Of Eating Meat . . .

The Vegetarian View

By BARBARA MOYNEHAN

There is one group of people who couldn't be concerned less with rising meat prices. Vegetarians, who else.

With people all over the country boycotting meat this week, vegetarians seemed a good group to consult for ideas on substitutes for the mainstay of America's diet.

The owner of a vegetarian restaurant seemed a good place to start. Dick Williams, a life long vegetarian, opened the "Un-burger," a small restaurant that serves soy-burgers, mixed greens salads, and vegetarian desserts on Monroe Avenue last fall.

He is on leave from the Catholic Family Center where he worked as a social worker for about two years, and is acting director of Genesee Settlement House.

Williams, who is earning a masters degree in Health Science from Brockport State College and writing his thesis on nutrition, warns against fad vegetarianism.

The body needs certain

nutrients — vitamins, mineral, protien — and if you cut meat from your diet you must get them elsewhere.

He suggested eating a variety of nuts, grains, fruits and vegetables, stressing the importance of the time foods are taken into the body, the amount and the combination of foods taken in at one sitting.

This was very interesting and definitely more involved than a steak in the broiler and dinner in 20 minutes.

Wanting the thoughts of more than one vegetarian, the next resource consulted was a Seventh Day Adventist Church a largely vegetarian sect on East Ridge Road which is complete with a small non-profit store stuffed with a variety of soy-bean, wheat, and grain products and meat substitutes for the convenience of their parishioners.

After an evening spent interviewing the store's customers and operator Allan Hillier of Webster, the 60-year-old school teacher who has operated the

store for 24 years, and has been a strict vegetarian for the last 26, the warning against fad vegetarianism had been repeated many times.

And, an edifying fact was unearthed. Meat eaters are not the only ones with wallets suffering upon leaving food stores.

According to the Rev. John Milton, pastor of Genesee Park Church, the soy bean crop last year was very bad, forcing the cost of many non-meat products up 5 per cent.

But it was also learned that the buyers of meatless products are

not concerned about the costs they agree are reasonable.

What they are concerned about, and talk at length about are diseases in meat giving animals, additives in meats and the rise of empty calories in American's daily diets.

It became obvious that if you scratch a vegetarian you discover a nutrition expert.

Of 10 people talked to only two were complete vegetarians and one woman, Amy Baker of Gosline Street, who converted to the vegetarian sect seven years ago, told why.

"I have been experimenting with meat substitutes, grains and wheat products for five years but I've been advised to learn about nutrition before switching completely. Because," she continued, "if you don't, dropping meat from your diet can cause more harm than good."

The only concrete advice offered to those caught in the throes of a meat boycott was of the "join us" variety.

Pastor Milton advised taking some of the meat substitute products and mixing them with meat as a meat stretcher, "gradually changing to using them only."



ALL IN THE FAMILY Sarah Child

Every March the same thing happens. I get very impatient for the planting season and after buying packet after packet of seed with no place to put them but the cupboard I resort to other means to satisfy the soul.

In the last six weeks I have purchased six small pots of greenery. Resolving this time not to abandon them to jungle rot or whatever disease usually takes them I begin cutting out all the garden columns in the Sunday papers.

The New York Times has an excellent page devoted to such matters but I find them somewhat overambitious for my small scaled plans. Instead I rely most on our local expert Doc Abraham.

For gardenias, the plant Doc says causes more aggravation than any others, he recommends giving the plant a controlled, humid atmosphere, syringing the buds and leaves daily.

I have mine in the dining room window facing east next to the humidifier. So far so good although I don't know if it is proper to let this persnickety plant hobnob so closely with the green and glossy Zebra plant which looks sturdy enough to stand up to the worst kind of amateur care.

On the other side of the gardenia are some more plebians, including an English ivy, a grape ivy, a styrofoam cup of grass the five-year-old brought home from kindergarten, a miniature begonia and a pot of something I can't identify.

We bought the last to use for the eight-year-old's terrarium but it's spindly stem proved too long for the glass candy jar we converted to a miniature green house.

Rounding out the collection is a rectangular plastic box that I think a doll came packaged in. The three-year-old and I filled it a quarter full of potting soil and then carefully planted some miniscule primrose seeds. Oohing and aching over the artistry on the cover of the seed packet and envisioning the rock garden we mean to have with primroses interspersed with white and purple alyssum and lovely, interesting round rocks we became rhapsodic, losing sight of reality.

About an hour after planting when the three-year-old went to check to see if maybe just one or two plants hadn't leaped up I looked, too, obviously not completely convinced that it couldn't happen.

The orange painted bench where my specimens reside is crowded now and I think somewhat grandiosely about extending my greenhouse environment with a long board and some bricks.

On the other hand maybe we'll get some more sultry temperatures and I can move everything out onto the back porch. I call the weatherman but he's still predicting cold and damp for another two days at least.

My college age sister visits for the weekend and we head for the art gallery to see the visiting exhibition of 19th century landscapes from the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. They are on the whole pretty blah and I am more impressed by the pots of fern the gallery has grouped in every corner.

On the other hand the zebra isn't as green as it looked yesterday and the begonia is absolutely droopy. Maybe I'd just better keep that plastic creation as insurance.



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