

Wednesday, October 9, 1974



Working up interest among the younger set at St. Helen's is Mrs. Pockets, otherwise known as Libby Stanton, who will have plenty of surprises for them at the parish fair this weekend. Special features will be a well-stocked country store, garage sale, "kiddieland" and youth area, and a kitchen baking bread and serving snacks and meals continuously, 1-11 p.m. Oct. 12 and 13. The fair will go on rain or shine, under canvas, at the corner of Hinchey Road and Renouf Drive, Gates.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE

How 40 persons, most of them strangers to one another, could meet at Rochester Air Port at 2 p.m. Sunday, Sept. 15, with 54 large pieces of luggage, (plus God knows how much hand luggage, and many women's pocket books) armed with passports, boarding passes, American Express checks and medicines, get emplaned and reach Dublin by 4:30 a.m. American time which is 9:30 a.m. Ireland time; and return home on Sept. 23 at midnight without losing a person or bag or pocketbook is a mini-miracle. But it was done.

What happens when a tour arrives in a foreign land? The members follow the Guide to the passport stalls. In a group they watch anxiously for their luggage which rides forth on a kind of big Lazy Susan escalator. Our Irish tour courier (guide) was a special prize: a beautiful, intelligent, frish blonde, 25 year old Katrina O'Shaughnassey. Our bus driver was genial, competent Paddy O'Leary. Both stayed with us from our landing at Dublin Air Port to our reporting at Shannon Air Port for departure 8 days later. I heard of one European tour whose courier met his charges, and proceeded to get drunk the very first night. Katerina touches no alcohol at all. Paddy was edifyingly temperate.

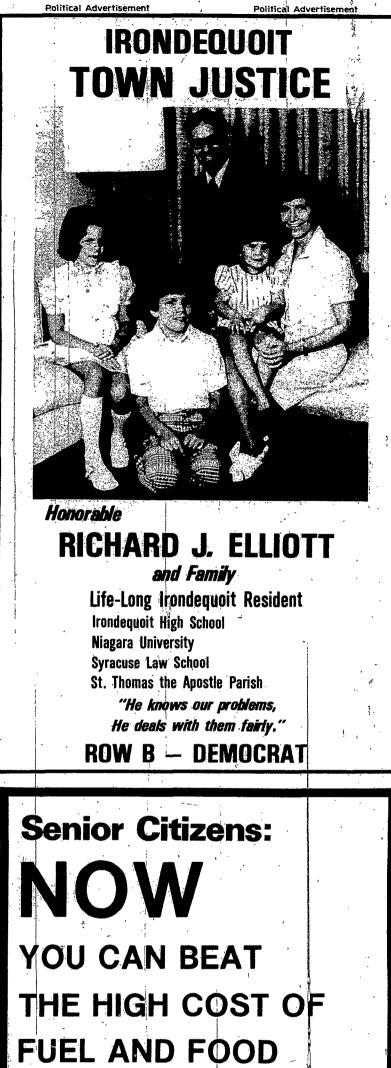
able to get the conferences on the Irish radio yet, as we hoped, but he has had several of the tapes reproduced with the archbishop's permission. They are on sale at Veritas. In June, Frank wrote, "I'm having them advertised in next month's Intercom, the magazine for Irish clergy, and will investigate the radio potential when I meet the people concerned." Frank joined our party for dinner at the Gresham at 6:30. He reminds me in manner, looks, even thinking, of Father James Enright of St. Mary's, Auburn.

Father Paul 9. Cuddy

After dinner, people dispersed. Eight of us went to Legion of Mary Headquarters on Brunswick Street. The quarters are unprepossessing. After my May visit there I wrote, "Headquarters gives the impression of still using a quill pen in the age of electronics." Columban Father Aeden McGrath was annoved at the figure of speech. After the second visit, I think it still stands.

In May I gave the legion





Gresham Hotel is in the heart of Dublin. We arrived about 10:30 a.m. Rooms were not ready for an hour, so most of us sat about in the tea lounge, sipping coffee or tea, and munching on toast and marmalade. Soon keys were distributed; and everyone was on his own for the day, to sleep, to rest, to shop (the ladies' passion), to see sights. I went to bed. The mattress was grand. It almost equaled my diocesan favorite at Holy Family, Auburn.

One reason I wanted to return to Ireland was to pursue the extension of Archbishop Fulton Sheen's cassette tapes. About 7 p.m. Carmelite Father Timothy McGough and I walked to Veritas, a religious goods store, a kind of Dublin Mt. Carmel-Trant's-CCD Office combined, where I had met young Frank Moore last May. He has charge of the educational tapes department, and had bought a set of Archbishop's Sheen's tapes.

We found Frank, and had coffee with him in the clerk's inner sanctum. He has not been

The Charles Straffic Ale

headquarters a set of Sheen tapes, saying, "I hope you can get them on the Irish radio." Now, six months later, no one at the headquarters even knew the tapes existed.

But if headquarters was using a quill, the praesidia were not. In that area they run a hostel for aged down-and-out women, another for men, and a third for unwed mothers and their children. We lattended a legion meeting of 14 women ranging from 20 years old to 55. We were impressed by the simplicity, directness and efficiency of the president, and of the intelligent participation of the members.

Tour menus¹ are not designed

by Weight Watcher Clubs. My own breakfast each day was fruit, "porridge" (hot oatmeal), two eggs, Irish bacon, coffee, Irish bread, marmalade and butter. The more bulky among us rationalized from the Scriptures: "As long as the bridegroom was with them, they could not think of fasting." (Mk. 2: 19) Meals were huge and delicious. Despite the fact Ireland is suffering from food price inflation equal to our own, meat, fish, carrots, peas, Irish potatoes, desserts, coffee and tea came in profusion. Strangely enough, fresh vegetable salads were scarce.

More next week . . .

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