

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Sarah Child

A little of this and some of that

* I dare say the women libbers wouldn't approve but I am entranced by the pair of cardinals who visit our bird feeder several times a day. She, colorless, timid, little thing in comparison to the flashy mate, sits quietly under the sycamore while her mate darts up to the feeder and back and then passes on a seed at a time to her, beak to beak.

* The feeder has provided hours of amusement, stationed as it is just outside the window over the sink. I have watched mother sparrows feeding babies in a manner similar to the cardinals, viewed jaunty blue-jays cracking sunflower hulls against sturdy limb with engineering precision and delighted as the cock pheasant escorts a new little hen up to the seed which has fallen under the tree and shows her how to keep an ear open for Snowball the neighbor's cat while not missing a beat in getting her breakfast.

* I should not call the females colorless — neither the cardinal nor the hen pheasant, for while their plumage is definitely softer and quieter in hue, the brown of the

game bird is rich and warm in its own fashion and the faded red of the cardinal has its own virtues.

* Legend has it that the pheasant is of Chinese origin. Maybe so but the males at least remind me of Englishmen, bishops to be specific. Take a look at a head if you get a chance and see if the black marking doesn't remind you of the head-dress of St. Thomas More and colleagues as portrayed in some recent theatrical productions.

* A neighbor has brought me a present, the top of a corkscrew willow which broke off in the ice storm the beginning of March and which she successfully rooted. The problem now is to find a wet spot — willows like water — free of any pipes which they tend to interfere with as we found out at our last address when the town crew had to dig up a waterline filled with willow roots. The corkscrew is an interesting addition to our collection of trees which I have planted at random to the distinct displeasure of the fellow who mows the lawn. Happiness is owning your own forest.

* We have a Little League baseball player in the house and have discovered that parents of team members have two main functions to perform at the games: Keep quiet (except to cheer) and supply plenty of sugarless bubble gum.

* We also have a Pixie League player in residence who has of this writing still to play her first game, thanks to a Spring that has brought more rain and cold than I can remember in a while.

* Speaking of cold weather we decided to deny the cold and had our first picnic of the season in the backyard with hot dogs and hot coffee. While the others, conned by a bright sun into thinking it was warm, sat around in shirt sleeves, I dressed according to my conscience and had both a warm cardigan and thermal jacket.

one hit song — "Love Will Keep Us Together" is as depressing a bit of news as has come our way regarding the new season.

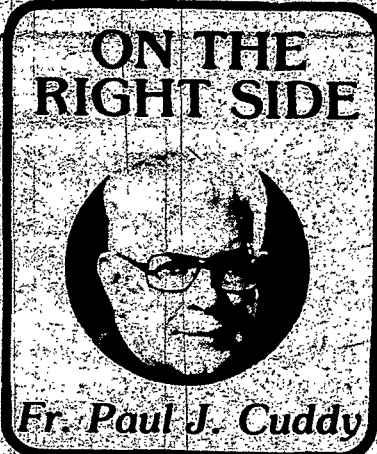
With such juvenile attractions as "Six Million Dollar Man", "Bionic Woman", "Happy Days", "Laverne and Shirley", "Welcome Back, Kotter" — the aforementioned Osmonds, already well-entrenched, the trend towards kiddies' night, every night, appears to be established.

But, you say, there are always the soaps in the afternoon for women who enjoy interesting relationships in their escape fare.

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Of course there's always the possibility that while I've been bogged down despairing over the likes of Carmine and Shirley and Laverne and Iggy, I've missed some soul-satisfying, funny, whimsical bit of fluff with no redeeming features other than to perpetuate the notion that there's more to TV than ball scores and rock stars. If so, I hope someone will be kind enough to let me know.



ON THE RIGHT SIDE

Fr. Paul J. Cuddy

The Courier-Journal sponsored a tour to Ireland May 8 to 22. I was there as Baggage Master, Trouble Shooter and Celebrator of daily Mass.

Heading the list were that marvelous couple, Steve and Harriet Riley of St. Anne's, Rochester. This was their fifth trip, and they said: "The fifth was as wonderful as the first." They visited great friends whom they had made on previous trips, a family named O'Shaughnessy. And we learned the Irish pronunciation is "O'Shaw-nessy."

Batavia sent Mr. and Mrs. Edward Conway who were with our September 1974 tour. At that time they were living in Piffard, great friends of the Trappists. As a result of the September trip Mr. Conway wanted to return to find the village which his father left in 1847, during the awful famine. He did find the village, but no relatives remained. The Conway's granddaughter, Mary McCombs of Caledonia, and her friend Roy Tiede of Stafford represented youth.

St. Patrick's, Victor, sent Mrs. Virginia Shotts who had long talked about visiting Ireland. Her husband read the CJ ad and said "Now is the time. Go."

Greece township sent Mr. and Mrs. Paul McGrail. She works at Kodak and took enough pictures to give lectures at Eastman Auditorium.

Mrs. Ruth Barenthaler of St. Patrick's, Coming, began rather shyly, and ended the tour with a big beaming smile. Mrs. Margaret Carey represented Park Methodist Church in Homell. She uses words so picturesquely that she was an even match with the native Irish. (I enjoyed the expression of a middle aged pub habitue who described the passing of a woman 80 years ago: "She's 80 years in the grave.")

The group left Kennedy Air Port at 8:30 p.m. with 19 suitcases and one dozen hand bags. There is a five-hour difference in time, so when we reached Ireland Sunday at

Fr. Carroll To Address National RTL

Father Charles Carroll, an Episcopalian priest whose address to the State Right to Life convention held here recently was widely lauded, also is slated to speak at the National Right to Life Convention.

According to Jerry Hickey, Father Carroll will speak on "A historical review society as the primary patient, the state as the primary physician" in the Museum of Science, in Boston, at 12:45 p.m. on June 25.

7:35 a.m. it was 2:35 a.m. back home. Our driver was a smiling John Feeney who met us with our bus, and off we went from Shannon to Galway on the bay, a city of 30,000 people. As soon as we were lodged in the hotel John took us to the 10 a.m. Mass in a nearby church. I like to have our people experience assisting at Mass with the native people and wanted them to hear an Irish sermon. The church was modern, much like St. Ambrose church in Rochester. The sermon was given by an American Jesuit who is a missionary at Nepal, and was visiting relatives in Ireland for the first time. The liturgy was about the same as at home, except that there was no Sign of Peace. When I asked a Franciscan in Killarney about that, he grinned and said, "It doesn't seem to be in accord with the character of our people."

Did you know that the word "to lynch" may have come from Galway, although our dictionaries trace it to Virginia? In 1493 the 19-year-old son of the mayor, in a fit of jealousy, murdered a Spanish friend who was visiting the family. He was a charming scapegrace, beloved by the whole city. Filled with remorse he turned himself in to the police. He was tried before his father, who as mayor was also magistrate. The boy pleaded guilty and the father was forced by the law to pass the death sentence. Walter was such a town favorite that even the official

executioner refused to carry out the sentence. So the father, believing that justice must be done, embraced his son before the gathered townspeople and then hanged him. According to history the father died of grief soon after. There is a marble stone in a wall by the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas which recalls "the stern and unbending justice of the Chief Magistrate of this city, James Lynch FitzStephen, elected Mayor 1493, who condemned and executed his own guilty son, Walter, on this spot." More of Ireland next week.

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AS I SEE IT

Pat Costa

When was the last time you saw a good love story on prime time TV? Okay, so they reran the sudsy "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom" with Mauréen Stapleton as a middle-aged widow finding romance with a portly Charles Durning. But how long has it been since we've been treated to a genuine boy meets girl, boy loses girl temporarily, boy wins girl story?

Even movies that finally make their way to TV are not long on male-female relations. Instead it's Newman and Redford, Redford and Hoffman, Hoffman and Voight etc. etc.

As one who unabashedly enjoys stylish, witty battle of the sexes and delights in the old films of the forties and fifties occasionally screened on the late, late show, it dawned on me recently that night time TV is bereft of such storylines.

Instead it is either sports, mayhem or the kiddie shows which fill the tube schedule night after night. Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant have no small-screen counterparts. No matter how one twists the kaleidoscope, the design is always a variation of the same old colored bits of glass — the once catchy NBA jingle, Donny and Marie's teeth and Pepper Anderson, alias Angie Dickinson, showing too much thigh and too little taste.

The news that Captain and Tenille, another one of the teeny boppers favorites, has been assigned a whole hour to fill each week, obviously on the strength of

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