

## Courier Comments....

"Give Them Light With Which To See And Stimulus To Reflect."

### Street Lighting In Village Considered Inadequate And Unsafe; Action Urged

It is quite disturbing to us that no faster action has been taken on a contractual agreement between the Village of Potsdam and Niagara-Mohawk Power Corp. so that Niagara-Mohawk can take over the operation and maintenance of the village street lighting system which is inadequate now and badly in need of repair and replacement. This issue was brought before the Village Board several months ago, and it was hoped at that time that an early agreement would be reached, as the village's street lighting system needs immediate attention. Now we learn that at a recent Village Board meeting, one of the trustees has indicated that there may be no agreement forthcoming at all—and for reasons which are not apparent at the moment. We certainly hope this is not true, and furthermore, we urge the village and others involved to work even harder to reach some agreement which will make this transaction possible, as we feel it would be one of the most forward-looking steps the village could take at this time.

The agreement which has been proposed between the village and the power utility would include the purchase of the entire street lighting system by Niagara-Mohawk, and the rental of the power from Niagara-Mohawk lines to illuminate village streets, as well as the gradual replacement of antiquated and outmoded fixtures to the more modern street lighting which is now found in the downtown area and on Pierrepont Avenue. There are several excellent benefits which the village could derive from this agreement. First of all power for lighting the street lights, which now comes from the village supply, would come from Niagara-Mohawk, and would thus ease the burden tremendously on the village source which is now overtaxed, and which would soon need extensive and expensive repairs. The village, however, would continue to supply its own power for its municipal facilities such as the Civic Center, Police Station, and Filter Plant.

In addition to this, under the Niagara-Mohawk agreement, a much faster and more adequate program of replacing now obsolete street lighting fixtures in our badly-neglected residential areas, can be undertaken with charges going to the village on a predetermined basis.

But at least the job will get done, and how badly we need it. At the present time some of our streets—including the upper portion of Market, are so inadequately lit that they must be considered unsafe for travel on foot at night. We are not a major city, and do not have problems of many communities, but it still is not a healthy or safe situation to have women and children especially walking dark streets at night—and many areas in our residential districts must be considered dark.

This is why we urge the village and Niagara-Mohawk to come to terms on this village's street lighting. This can not wait, and with the rapid growth of Potsdam, it has been one area which has been sadly neglected.

### Questions Raised On Sewerage Plant

After many months of deliberation, study and consultation, the Village Board on Monday evening approved the plans for application for the State and Federal grant for a Water Pollution Control Plant. This was not only a sign of progressive community action—it was practically mandatory, since the State Health Department had declared the dumping of raw sewerage into the Racquette River to be a health hazard.

This paper has always supported and cheered all such forward-looking actions on the part of the Village government, and we, along with all village residents, recognize the need for such a treatment project. After sitting through the more than two hours of discussion on the subject, however, a few questions have come to mind regarding the specific preliminary plans.

This is because Mayor Anderson, Village Administrator James Mulcare and Public Works Superintendent Richard Cambridge all had apparent reservations regarding one particular phase of the proposed plant. They questioned both the necessity and the wisdom of constructing an elaborate and costly on-site drying bed for the treated sewage, mentioning the possibility of a much less expensive off-site drying bed.

The Mayor's doubts seemed to be resolved as the consultants explained their reasons for the plans presented; Cambridge, however, was not immediately convinced and, as the discussions wore on, he disagreed with other facets of the projected plans. These included the size of the manholes—48 inches as opposed to the present 42 inch ones—Cambridge insists that the 42 inch ones appear to be adequate; the location of the road to the plant; the best utilization of space at the administration building.

Now, this writer certainly knows nothing about the technical details of such a plant, nor would this paper presume to even hazard a guess as to the alternative proposals. We would, however, point out that this village has in its employ a highly paid administrator, engaged presumably because of his business acumen and knowledge of local government affairs; and a slightly less well paid superintendent of public works. Each is expected to protect the interests of the village.

But nobody listened to either of these gentlemen. Instead, the crux of the discussion shifted to the statement by the consultants that the amount of State Aid forthcoming might very well depend on using the on-site drying plant as presented in their plans.

We just can't help recalling a recent letter to our paper from the president of the Board of Education in a neighboring school district, in which he castigated the State's practice of decreasing (or, at least, not raising) the amount of Aid to the many upstate school districts who have made a successful attempt to keep costs down, and have not invested heavily in unnecessary 'frills'.

One can find the same reasoning applied many times on the floor of the County Supervisors' Chambers, in regard to State Aid to Welfare. Unless the local department complies with certain mandates, which the Board often considers extravagant and unnecessary, they are warned that a sizeable amount—or all—of their Welfare Aid from the State may be forfeited.

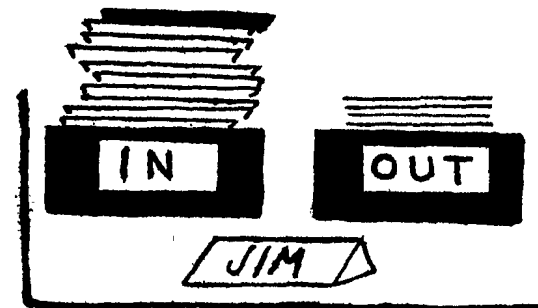
Are we all being sold a bill of goods? Or have we actually reached the stage that the State has this much control over local expenditures? It seems to us that the Village Board and, in fact, all taxpayers might well ask themselves these questions—and get some answers.



**THEIR PRIZE-WINNING POSTERS**— Seen here are Deborah Steinberg, senior at Potsdam Central School and Harry Bell, junior at PCS with the posters which won them honorable mention in the American Automobile Association's 21st National Safety Poster Contest. Both are art students who received a merit citation. In all, there were close to 40,000 posters sent in from continental United States, Mexico, and Canada. Harry's poster

there is "Keep from between parked cars" and Deborah's is "Bicycle drivers be law-abiders." Both students received 98 on their posters which were marked on originality, craftsmanship, simplicity of design and communication to subject on the basis of 100. According to Sherwood Smith, art teacher at PCS, this contest is an annual project at the school and is open to any student in school from grades one through 12.

### From The Administrator's Desk...



By JIM MULCARE

Today we're going to talk about the Civic Center, described in "Early History of Potsdam by Margaret Gurley Chapman" . . . the envy of the north country." I'll leave the definitive history of the building to the scholar and historian. On this site, in 1845 the first town hall was built, then some 30 years later a second and larger town hall was built on the site.

This building was finally condemned in 1934 and our present complex of buildings was built at that time by the WPA. This depression relief project stands as a monument not only to Trustees and Planner headed by Mayor Ira H. Kendall with Trustees Percy S. Wilkins; Howard G. Craig; H. Earl Flack and Stanley H. Sisson, but also to the many workman from Potsdam who chipped and chiseled their way to a lasting memory.

The Civic Center houses the office of the Village Administrator, the Village Treasurer and the Public Works Department. In addition, a large Board Room is provided for the Mayor and the Board of Trustees which also is used as a conference room. The Town of Potsdam utilized a section of this building for the Town Clerk, the Town Supervisor and Town Assessor; and the town board has a board room here also.

The Potsdam Library, which as an institution has a history that goes back to 1814, was given the former Universalist Church with funds provided by the Church for much of the extensive remodeling which was necessary. This library serves not only the Village of Potsdam but the entire area around the village. It has over 25,000 volumes and records and paintings for loan.

Thousands yearly enjoy the full library facilities that we are fortunate to have here in Potsdam. In the basement beneath the library is located the Potsdam museum. This museum has many of the early artifacts and records of Potsdam and one of the finest collections of English china here in America. Successive curators have arranged special exhibits and displays which have done much to "sell" the Pots-

dam story. The Auditorium, surely the largest public structure in this part of the county, seats some 750 people. Police Court, Family Court, and Compensation Court make the auditorium their permanent headquarters here in Potsdam. Teenage dances are a weekly occurrence and many of Clarkson College dances are held here in the Auditorium. Elections are held here and many church groups find the auditorium most satisfactory for their meetings. The Potsdam Community Theatre stage the majority of their performances here and enjoy the facilities provided in the Civic Center for rehearsals and meetings.

The Ladies Club Room up over my office is ideal for meetings of up to 50 people, the Ladies Republican and Democratic Clubs meet here as well as the Home Bureau, Grange, K of C Auxiliary and the Professional Nurses group, VFW Auxiliary, D.A.R. and the Garden Club. The New York State Motor Vehicles, the New York State Vocational Rehabilitation, Surrogate's Court and Planning Board are here regularly.

The Lounge in the basement in the Civic Center has a fully equipped kitchen which is oftentimes used by groups up to 250 in number. The Potsdam nursery school and the Girl Scouts use this area of the Civic Center daily, as do various dance groups and the Newman Club. This Lounge is one of the most popular facilities that we offer and is used to 85 to 90% saturation. The American Legion has a large meeting room here in the Civic Center that is for their exclusive use. There are also office spaces available and used by U. S. Department of Commerce for the Special Census and an office made available for the planners who

(See Mulcare, page 22)

## Alcoholics Anonymous Can Work For The Individual

The young executive who habitually drank too many martinis at lunch—the housewife who hid bottles in the clothes hamper—the construction foreman who drank and brawled his way through a dozen jobs.

Different environments, different situations, yet they all traveled down the same lonely road and fought the same losing battle against alcohol. They switched to light wines or beer, yet still got drunk—went on the wagon to fall off again. Their pasts were littered with broken promises to employers, loved ones and themselves.

It was only when they met in Alcoholics Anonymous that these individuals like 300,000 others were able to get sober and stay sober. When they could they passed these qualities on to those who still suffered.

Formed in 1935 by two desperate men who had experienced and then overcame all the progressive miseries of alcoholism, Alcoholics Anonymous is an informal group whose members meet at regular intervals in more than 9,000 groups in 82 countries throughout the world.

A.A. is described as: "A fellowship of men and women who share their experiences, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop drinking."

How did the executive, the housewife and the construction foreman come to A.A.? How were they to help themselves? The executive was referred to A.A. by a doctor who suggested that he might be an alcoholic and said that excessive drinking might be the cause of his nervous tension, rather than the cure. He mentioned that alcoholism, in the light of present medical knowledge, is an incurable disease that gets progressively worse until it results in insanity or death. While there is no cure, the ravages of the disease can be arrested through total abstinence.

"There's the rub, though. We have nothing to give you that will either make you want to stop, or keep you stopped. That's up to you," the doctor said. "A.A. has helped some of my patients, maybe it will help you, too."

A spiritual adviser directed the housewife to A.A. He told her that alcoholism was not a sign of weak character, although it did lead to deterioration of the spirit, as well as of the mind and body.

Al, the construction foreman, resisted similar advice, not only from medical men and the clergy, but from friends, employers and family. He was determined to control his drinking without help from others. It was not until he woke up in a third-rate hotel after a week long binge that he realized that he had done all he could on his own. The promises and the desperate resolves were not enough. He was beaten and he called A.A.

Two members came to see him. They were sympathetic, yet matter of fact. They told Al how drinking had damaged their lives and how they had

obtained sobriety through A.A. This was the first time Al had ever heard anyone talk frankly about the problem as it affected them. These were men like himself who had lost jobs, family and self-respect. These fellows knew the nameless fear of waking, only to wonder what terrible things might have happened the night before—the feeling of not wanting to drink, yet needing one desperately.

You could find other people who knew that the first drink led to another—who knew what compulsion meant. But who could understand how it felt to fight against alcohol since after time and loss, until finally there was no fight left? These men knew. They had been down the same road. Emphasizing that there were no "musts" in A.A., Al's visitors invited him to see

### Court Tackles Birth Control

by Esther Van Wagoner Tufty  
Washington Correspondent  
Washington—The Supreme Court just ended didn't kick up any such controversy as such recent rulings as those on school segregation, school prayers, or reapportionment; but to lawyers of constitutional law the last day's ruling on the Connecticut birth control case was earth shaking.

The court's striking down of the Connecticut birth control law is called something new, not to be found in the Bill of Rights. The majority in a 7-2 decision decided there was involved a new right of "privacy" said to be older than the Bill of Rights.

Justice William O. Douglas speaking for the majority, said the decision was based on the principle that "a governmental purpose to control or prevent activities constitutionally subject to state regulation may not be achieved by means which sweep unnecessarily broadly and thereby invade the area of protected freedom." Also the 9th amendment provides that the listing of certain rights in the constitution "shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

Oddly, it was the long time Liberal Hugh Black who gave the blistering dissent. "I am letting it be known today that this is no ordinary decision. The 9th amendment wasn't meant to broaden the court's power but as every student knows it was to assure people that federal power on the contrary was to be limited.

Justice Black's main point was that nothing in the constitution "either expressly or impliedly" gives the court power to strike down laws just because the court may think them unreasonable or unwise.

Meanwhile the Congress is moving toward a federal stand on the birth control issue following up the pledge of President Johnson in his State of the Union Message to "seek new ways . . . to help deal with the explosion in world population."

Several bills have been introduced in the Congress, but none is as strong as the Con-

offer. And with understanding they gave him hope. As someone had told them, they said: "If we can do it, so can you." Maybe I can at that, Al thought. And it was the first time in quite a while that he really dared to think he might.

Al's visitors became his sponsors—men who would work closely with him during his first months in A.A. They helped him stay away from a drink that day—poured coffee into him; took him for a long walk, and somehow postponed it for ten minutes, and then for another ten minutes through the day.

Soon, they took Al to his first A.A. meeting. The room was filled and buzzing with conversation. The 40 or so men and women came from all walks of life. They used their first names and spoke with easy familiarity of old friends. In spite of any differences that might appear on the surface they looked as though they belonged together.

This was an open meeting. Most of those present were alcoholics, but many were relatives and friends. You couldn't tell one from another. The hearty laughing fellow had never had one too many in his life. It was the quiet woman next to him who had been hospitalized four times before she found A.A.

Al heard three speakers that night. Each summarized his or her drinking experience and told how he used the A.A. program to maintain sobriety. The interpretation and procedure might be different, but the results were the same. Each individual had found a way to sobriety within the framework of A.A.

The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer. Most joined in, but a few were silent. They may have been agnostics, or those like Al, who had not yet had time to rediscover faith. No matter, for A.A. has no religious requirements for membership.

Al was still quite confused by the time they took him back to his hotel late that night. He still had problems—money, family and job problems. "First things first, his sponsors said. "Drinking is your biggest problem. When you straighten that out, you'll be able to handle the others." They left him then—with some of their experience, some of their strength and some of their hope. They also gave him a few bars of candy to offset the physical craving for a drink, some A.A. literature to read if he couldn't sleep and two phone numbers to call if he felt that he couldn't put off a drink until they returned the next day.

"I think I can make it," Al said. And he did! He ate two bars of candy, read three pamphlets and made one phone call—"just to talk for a few minutes"—before he finally got to sleep. But the hardest day was done. Tomorrow would be better. (Material furnished by the General Service Office, Alcoholics Anonymous, New York City and the local Potsdam-Canton group Alcoholics Anonymous.)

### - The Weaker Sex -

by Eva Dean

Your WEAKER SEX writer's household has recently become a stronghold of Little League activities and a sort of official depository for Little League paraphernalia.

Until the evening I substituted as chauffeur, keeper-of-the-mitt, coke-dispenser and game-watcher for Himself, who was otherwise unavoidably occupied, I had labored under the mistaken delusion that Little League was strictly a male program.

Not so. The preponderance of spectators is female, and foremost among these WEAKER SEX rooters are Mothers. The mothers, moreover, are not silent spectators, nor could they honestly be termed unbiased in their attitudes.

Since my initiation, I have become addicted to the game, although I still don't follow it very well. This really doesn't matter though. All you do is memorize the number on the jacket of YOUR particular Little Leaguer, and yell for him with all your might. Also hurl verbal insults at the referee, the coach and any hapless co-players who chance to hamper his batting score.

"Throw him a good one, Mike, he couldn't see it anyway"; "Go ahead, Steve, stay right there, I know you were safe"; and screams of "What's the matter with that empire, does he need new glasses?" are just a few of the epithets which ring in the evening air.

Older sisters and brothers of the players are even more unrestrained in their comments and sometimes the bleachers become almost a battleground, with the combatants sitting side by side as they trade epithets about the backgrounds, talents and general abilities of their respective relatives on the field.

All this is part of the game, though, I learned. Once the game is over and the winners have hastened to cheer the losers, parents and relatives depart amicably, sometimes in the same cars.

The reason it's so difficult to follow this particular form of baseball, according to Himself, is that there are literally dozens of youngsters involved on each team; and somehow, each one is given a chance to bat during every game—a feat which must often leave the officials somewhat confused, so what could one expect of THE WEAKER SEX?

Seriously, it's amazing the good sportsmanship which prevails on the playing field, and it's surely a tribute to the coaches and officials, who insist that EVERY CHILD have an equal chance to play, regardless of his ability.

What those excitable WEAKER SEX parents outside the field say and do is no reflection on either kids or League officials—most of us are probably just letting off steam which has accumulated during the hectic hours from the close of the school day, through the hasty pre-game snack; the search for "my mitt, no, not that one, the new one"; the stop for cokes and gum (without which no Little Leaguer would even consider appearing at the field); to that final frantic five minutes while we try to collect our car keys, the younger children, and our wits—all to the constant refrain, "Come ON, Mom, I'm gonna be late. They'll play without me."