

Writer Pays Troopers Tribute

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a generator capable of producing electricity for the shaded ceiling lights and providing filtered air. From floor to ceiling are cupboards in which are stored sealed tins of biscuits and jugs of water; there is radio equipment capable of receiving messages from State Police Headquarters at Albany and transmitting instructions to any of its units operable above ground. It looks like an interrogation room; it isn't. It is a fall-out shelter, built and equipped to Civil Defense specifications. Hopefully and prayerfully, it may never be used for the purpose for which it was constructed.

Throughout the building, walls are decorated appropriately with maps. There are small maps and large maps, maps whose wood frames stand on the floor and touch the ceiling. There are maps with blue circles and maps with blue dots. There are maps with red lines and blue lines. There are maps with pink and red and green and yellow lines criss-crossing and overlapping each other. There are maps with hundreds of black lines that resemble abstract paintings. Each map tells its own story. Some tell the locations of the eleven sub-stations, others bespeak the range of the transmitters located at each sub-station. On still other maps, vicious little black-headed pins crawl along the road-lines like angry black ants, congregating in little knots, each one indicating the scene of a motor vehicle accident.

The nerve center of operations is the communications room, actually two small rooms connected by doors. These rooms are crammed with transmitters, receivers, microphones, teletype machines and NOISE. The radios are in constant crackling contact with the 110 patrol cars, eleven sub-stations, state police headquarters in 17 sister states and, always, with Mother Albany. Messages typed in Albany appear, ghost-like, on an unending roll of paper in one little machine. Another machine never ceases its clacking and never ceases spewing narrow white tape and narrow blue tape, tapes that slither across the tops of filing cabinets and down their far side, to form great serpentine coils on the floor.

Around the rooms and out into the hallways, shoulder to shoulder and stiffly at attention, march somber olive green filing cabinets, each decorated with its yellow oval

Norwood News

Petty Officer Richard Farnsworth called his parents early Sunday morning to inform them that he had been transferred Friday to a Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa. where he will convalesce from the serious injuries received in a auto-motorcycle accident June 18 in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Dick's many friends can write him at Ward C and B, Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Dick is now able to be up in a wheel chair, but finds the time long and will welcome mail!

Mr. and Mrs. William Bowhall returned to their home over the week end after spending a wonderful two weeks visiting their niece, Mrs. Marion Finch Smith and family in Utica.

Mrs. Timothy Donahue tells me that Tim is progressing very well at Mercy Hospital where he is receiving treatment for injuries received in a diving accident. She tells me that the cards, letters and visits have cheered Tim very much, and that he will still be in traction for sometime, so, keep up the morale boosters, friends. Tim is looking forward to visitors and many Norwood people and Clarkson students have called on him while they were in Watertown.

The Norwood Kiwanis Club will hold next week's meeting at the Clark-Robinson American Legion Post, Rooms on Maple Street. A tentative program is being arranged.

Miss Sheryl Wolstenholme, Norwood, was honored at a miscellaneous bridal shower last Saturday evening when twenty-three relatives and Philip's Rectory, Norwood. A pink and white color scheme was tastefully carried out by the hostesses, Mrs. Frank Wolstenholme, Sr., Mrs. Earl Colby and Mrs. Bernard Wolstenholme.

Miss Wolstenholme will become the bride of George Ramsey, Watertown in a ceremony to be performed in St. Philip's Episcopal Church Sept. 12.

"NYS Police Dept." insignia.

Even the beautiful and gracious living room is an office. The west wall of the room is centered with a large fireplace above which is a brilliant mural of the emblem of the Empire State... the emblem in miniature is worn on the sleeve of each gray uniform. There should be massive leather chairs drawn up to the fireplace for reading or just relaxing and the fire, laid so carefully, should be lighted, crackling and hissing against the chill, but it isn't... Recessed lights are placed strategically between the ceiling's dark beams and efficient. No-nonsense desks decorated with typewriters, adding machines and com-mo-dious ashtrays furnish the room.

Perhaps it was originally a formal, sunken garden but now it is a smooth black-topped parking area for the clean-lined patrol cars that just won't fit into the stable-turned-garage. During the era of Prohibition the border rum-runners revved up their lizzies; the mounted troops climbed down from their beautiful horses, into their gray Fords and gave chase. In the name of progress the horses were disposed of, their stalls ripped out. All that remains to remind one of that era are the square windows, high up in the walls, that gave air and light to each horse. The new stablemates are the "dog" car (a camper-truck converted to a home on the road for the bloodhounds), however — many patrol cars can be parked on the floor at one time, a Ski-doo (the better to check camping areas with) and B Fleet.

B Fleet is a miniature armada not intended as a threat to the various Sheriffs' navies that patrol the small lakes and streams dotting the territory. The powerful blue Arroglass boat sporting a 90 HP outboard motor is for the really big waterways, Champlain, Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The second craft is an aluminum boat, seaworthy for eight men and whatever equipment they require; highly trained scuba divers go over the sides of this one to bring up the remains of drowning victims.

The loft above the stables, once filled with fragrant hay, is now the Quartermaster's domain. Through the east windows is a charming, old-world view of Malone, like a picture postcard in living color with silvery church spires thrust heavenward above green treetops. It is a pleasant room and like every other area of Headquarters, it is "spit and polish" clean. The brown tile floor gleams in a way that would make the most ambitious hausfrau turn green with envy! Uniform shirts and jackets hang neatly on their hangers behind closed doors. Uncuffed trousers are piled according to size, neatly, on shelves. Boxes containing the familiar stetson hats are stacked, neatly, on shelves. (There are no "shorts" and no "outsizes" here because the Executive Department is both health and diet conscious; every man must stay physically fit. It's no accident that troopers look trim, they are!) Here also is stored every type of equipment and every type of paper supply vital to keeping Headquarters and its outposts operating at peak efficiency. It is a safe bet that with the kind of housekeeping practiced, there is never a lost box of ammunition or a lost belt buckle!

The powerful black and white cars with the red bubble on the top patrol our highways twenty-four hours a day. They prowl the roads near the big cities and past the peaceful farms; between snowdrifts so high that only the red bubble is visible above them; in fog so thick it is like cotton in front of them and in back of them and on both sides of them. On ice-slicked roads in January and under the arch of an August rainbow, they are there.

A career in the New York State Police is neither aimed at nor designed for the weak-stomached or the immature. The career trooper is of high moral character and must possess at least a high school diploma. He is highly skilled and specially trained. He is subject to military discipline and his manners are impeccable. He must expect to work 42½ hours every week and he must be willing to spend many extra hours to prepare reports of forms, file pages of reports and testify in court if required to do so. He must maintain certain standards of excellence on the range and keep up to date on procedures and laws and somebody's interpretation of them. He is never "unavailable" to his base and he is never more

than two hours travelling distance from it.

It is sad that in view of this, he is depicted by some as; (1) a bumbling Keystone cop, (2) a slightly less than intelligent bully who gets his kicks from catching innocent (?) citizens, (3) a Matt Dillon who settles every dispute with a glazing six-gun, then coolly blows the smoke away from the muzzle, or (4) a plain-clothed private eye who spends most of his time chasing blondes if he doesn't happen to have one sewed conveniently to his sleeve.

True, these men may often appear lacking in humor and sometimes grim, but theirs is often a grim business. You don't get many smiles to the mile while clawing your way through tangled underbrush and poison ivy in search of a lost child. You don't get many laughs when you haul the decomposed burden of a grappling hook over the gunwales of a rocking boat. It isn't much fun to know that the little hand on the dial of the speedometer is registering 90 when you're desperately trying to overtake a drunken or speed-crazed driver before he smashes himself into an oncoming car or an unyielding cement abutment. There are not many thrills in loading a blood-drenched, bullet riddled body into a basket.

These men know that they are cursed; that they are referred to as copper, fuzz, and worse. They know that, statistically, one out of every ten of their number will be assaulted during 1966. They are spit upon, kicked and beaten. They are slashed at with knives and shot at with guns. They are bruised, they are wounded, they have no assurance that they will return alive to their families at the end of their tour of duty.

And yet, thank heaven, there are men who will be career troopers. It cannot be in spite of, it must be because of, what they witness of brutality and its aftermath that they hold human life in such high regard that they will continue to dedicate their lives to the safeguarding and protection of it.

(Author's note: My sincere thanks to Major H. T. Muller for his permission and cooperation which made this article possible. A. G.)

Nellie Shepard Services today

Funeral services will be held this morning for Mrs. Nellie D. Shepard, 93, 12 Willow St., widow of Howard T. Shepard, who died July 26 at her home.

Services are scheduled for 9 a. m. at the Garner Funeral Home, followed by a mass at 9:30 a. m. at St. Mary's Church. Burial will be in Calvary Cemetery, Norwood.

Mrs. Shepard was born in Dunham, Quebec, on Oct. 26, 1872, a daughter of John and Monique Roberts Coderre. She married Howard Shepard, a Potsdam barber, in 1919. Mr. Shepard died in 1950. She and her husband had always lived in Potsdam. She had been in poor health the past few years. She was a member of St. Mary's Altar-Rosary Society.

Survivors include a son, John, 12 Willow St.; one grandchild and four great-grandchildren. A daughter, Mrs. Harold (Frances) Wood, Norwood, died in 1942.

Beginners

COLBERT, Frank Nicholas, born July 18, 1966 to David P. and Monique Kessler Colbert, Norwood.

WHITNEY, Jeffery Scott, born July 18, 1966 to Gary H. and Patricia Johns Whitney, Canton.

HOWE, Joseph Allen, born July 18, 1966 to Blanchard W. and Kathleen Glasgow Howe, Jr., Colton.

GARDNER, Lisa Jane, born July 19, 1966 to Lawrence G. and Nancy Griffink Gardner, Winthrop.

LENNEY, Christopher Frank, born July 20, 1966 to Frank J. and Mary Jermano Lenney, 107 Main Street, Potsdam.

As You Like It

(Continued from Page 22) ing aired in Potsdam of recent date, giving the audience all it expected from a college drama group and, perhaps, more. The professionalism usually anticipated of drama students was much in evidence; hopefully the group will visit the North Country again.

DONAH'S BIG M

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CRISCO	SHORTENING 3-lb. can	79c	SALAD DRESSING	COUNTRY MANOR QUART	39c
COFFEE	MAXWELL HOUSE OR HILLS BROS. 1-lb. can	69c	PORK N' BEAN	16-oz. can CAMPBELLS	14c
TOMATO SOUP	CAMPBELLS #1 CAN	10c	ELEGANT	LIQUID DETERGENT QUART	39c

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