

Editorials and Commentary

Time for a change

For more than twenty years the Potsdam Junior Hockey Association has provided an opportunity for the children of the Potsdam area to play hockey. Many long hours have been put in by volunteers that has enabled youngsters to learn a game that is a natural for this sub-arctic region.

I applaud their efforts over the years, but beseech the dictatorial board-association to "open things up" and allow a breath of fresh air to blow some cobwebs out. There is no reason why board meetings cannot be open to the general public. Although the Association is indeed incorporated, public facilities are being used at a reduced rate. Also, since the Association consists of but nine members of the board, finances of the organization are contingent on the amount of participation each year as well as the players' parents ability to pay.

The Junior Hockey Association has gotten out of hand. Problems are incurred obtaining volunteers because of the close knit fraternalism of the Board. The Association has refused to go public and seems to use the ostrich's method of dealing with a problem.

With the approaching of the school year and the inevitable hockey season, I hope that Association will see fit to open up the doors to their meetings, enlist new coaches and new ideas, get away from the win-win-win syndrome, and attempt to provide a bit more harmony at the Pine Street Arena.

Let's get out of the closets of Niagara-Mohawk and into the public forum.

mike kane

Thank you

Five years ago this week I came to Potsdam with the intention of learning a few things that could help shape my life. I found Potsdam and the surrounding area a fine place to get an education, and although many of my original goals have changed over the years, I candidly will admit that coming to Potsdam was indeed a worthwhile trip.

Potsdam you are unique. Thanks for letting me be a part of you, I feel that I've learned a lot.

mike kane

Alcohol and the nervous system

If you drink and you note a certain numbness and weakness in your feet and legs or in your fingertips, the chances are good that you have a disease known as alcoholic polyneuritis.

That's a 50 cent way of saying that you're killing yourself. Alcoholic polyneuritis is caused by a vitamin B-1 deficiency which results from poor nutrition. In this case there is a low intake of that vitamin in conjunction with a high utilization of it because of the metabolism of alcohol.

Other symptoms to look for are a severe impairment of the ability to walk or a hard time maintaining balance.

In some cases small hemorrhages may occur in the brain which may prove to be fatal.

That's only one of the things that alcohol can do to the nervous system of a heavy drinker...an alcoholic.

Perhaps the worst part of this disease - which can easily be prevented by not bending your arm at a bar or gulping down too many before, during, and after dinner drinks at home - however is the fact that even if you get the message and stop drinking once you have contracted this illness there is a statistically disappointing few who survive it.

Medical records show that even among those who quit drinking signs of decreased ability to function mentally are sustained.

In point of fact they have lost whatever hope they had of regaining a fairly normal existence as a vital, thinking human being.

If it convinces you to seek out more information about alcoholism and its effects on the nervous system that's good, too.

If it gets you to cut back on your intake of alcoholism and see your doctor, that's the best thing that can happen to you.

For more information about this and other effects of alcohol on the nervous system, call 265-6190, extension 18, and ask for help.

Courier & Freeman

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An open letter to Art Buchwald

Dear Art
I hope you don't mind my calling you "Art" instead of "Mr. Buchwald" as befits a man in your position. But I feel we can dispense with some of the social amenities in view of the fact that you are ruining my marriage.

I know it isn't entirely your fault, and I'm sure that, considering the kind of upstanding and generous fellow you are, you would never have become a rich and famous columnist if you had had so much as an inkling that it would have wrecked such havoc with my menage a deux.

But the plain truth is that it has. You see, I dash off a little column or two when my muse is with me, and my husband, ever ready to offer moral support and encouragement, happened to say a while ago, as we were enroute to the laundromat, that my efforts aren't bad, in fact, not bad at all, but "of course, you're no Art Buchwald."

Of course.
Well, of course, I was hurt at first. But I got over it. I even began to see some advantages in not being Art Buchwald. But so far, my spouse has not withdrawn comment, and I am at a loss as to how to convince him that he wouldn't be happy with you either.

For one thing, there's a real art (sorry, no pun intended) to living with him, and, although I do not wish to cast aspersions upon your character or to belittle your obvious talent, I'm not sure you could handle it.

For one thing, he'd never stand for your having a cigar with your morning coffee tray. He hates cigars. As a matter of fact, he hates coffee, too, so if you want a coffee tray you'll have to get up and fix it yourself. But as long as you're up anyway, might you turn the Today Show up loud enough so he can listen to it while you pack his lunch?

Far be it from me to speculate about how you look in your bathrobe when you get up in the morning. I've got a purple paisley designed by Omar the Tent-maker which doesn't really do me

justice, but I would be willing to bet that even someone, who knows all about Henry Kissinger's toy box doesn't look any better than I do in my rollers and a hair net.

I imagine you, being so famous and all, get to go to a lot of those business lunches where you get someone to buy a couple of martinis and a brandy alexandra. Well, sometimes I get to go to a business lunch, too, but it's always at the deli and I have to buy my own diet pepsi.

I don't mean to say anything, but you know you have to keep working on it if you're going to keep your figure, and you've got to admit that we're neither of us getting any younger. You can shrug it off if you want to, considering your position, I suppose, but in my position, all those diet Pepsis are a major consideration.

For you, no doubt it's a breeze, but for me it's a constant upstream row to stay in with the Beautiful People.

But getting back to my argument about not being you. Probably you don't have a cozy home life like mine. While I'm standing over my kitchen table folding underwear and sorting socks in the quiet hours after midnight, you've probably got your feet up in a dark room somewhere, boring yourself to death watching re-runs of your latest appearance on the Johnny Carson show. I can see how you would probably trade places with me in a minute if you could.

There is one thing we have in common though, aside from our way with words, and that is that after I've got all the laundry put away and after you've finished watching your re-runs, if we each were to slip into a hot-pink negligee, no doubt the effect would be about the same.

So anyway, could you just try to let up a little. It isn't easy not being Art Buchwald, although I do keep trying. Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
Victoria Levitt

The soap box

By Lillian LePage

Who are the little guys?
I have often written about the little guys - the little men - I've deplored the fact that we, the little people, have become a minority group.

Senator Jim Buckley, in his article in the August Reader's Digest, singles out the little guys as those who are at the mercy of federal authorities whom nobody elected.

My idea of the little guy goes deeper and angles off somewhat into another avenue of thought. When I think of them a certain phrase always hits me: Lambs led to the slaughter.

To me really little people are those who trust without question whatever is said that sounds of benefit to them personally.

He doesn't wonder if those jobs can really materialize. He isn't too concerned if it will help the needy guy down the street. He doesn't rationalize if the jobs are the kind that create independence for the worker or if they are merely another form of government hand-out that will bind a man to the will of a few.

The come-on of creating jobs is an old song. Of course we want jobs, but until some politician fights the federal bureaucracies against stifling laws and regulations which put manufacturers and producers out of business there can be no guarantee of better employment. In fact, the unemployment picture can only get worse.

In the first place I question the intent behind all these laws. Our country is slowly sinking to its knees. I am not being disloyal. I certainly do have faith in my countrymen - if they will just wake up!

But is it only by chance that small businesses are folding because they cannot cope with the Washington red tape and hassles?

Is it only by chance that a small farmer lives out his life wallowing in debt or has to give up entirely?

Is it by chance that this government of ours can send a man off to war, see him come back broken in body and settle down on his dream place only long enough to catch his breath, and then take it away from him because they want his land or his house?

Is it by chance that we give billions of dollars to enemy countries while we confiscate a poor man's property if he can't pay his taxes?

Is it by chance that people who send all of their children to parochial schools still pay full school taxes for other people's children, and even people who have paid school taxes all their lives, still must go on paying for other generations?

Is it by chance that school books tend to downplay our national heroes and instead supply school books of garbage?

Is it by chance that abortion laws, pretending to protect the rights of women, are passed while millions of women are crying out because they cannot conceive, and while the waiting lists of adoptive parents are long?

Is it by chance that government, instead of lowering taxes, insists on giving hand-outs to the poor knowing that it binds their wills and keeps them in perpetual bondage?

How many people really stop to think seriously about these things when a political big-wig is standing there insisting he can stop the inflation and unemployment that those in power have been unable to stop?

Nobody is going to stop them until the cause is done away with. When the cause has been rooted out, inflation and unemployment will correct itself.

And you'd better believe it!
If a man is free to conduct his business without threats over his head, he will stay in business.

When the little guy is not taxed out of his livelihood he will throw his money

back into the economy.

When we quit sending our tax dollars to our enemies we will have financial surplus enough to lower our taxes.

When a man can own his own land without the government stepping in and taking it away at its slightest whim, or mutilating it, or telling him what he can do on it, then a man will work his head off to keep it.

If everything a little man owns stands in jeopardy of being un-his do you blame him for saying, "I'd be better off to throw it all away and go on welfare!" Even small town governments can condemn somebody's property if they want the land. This has been threatened by town leaders who wanted a new dump site.

A man can be sued and lose everything he's got if somebody walks over his property and gets hurt. Who made that law? I imagine it was the man who wanted to protect the rights of trespassers.

The meaning of the Constitution can be twisted and squeezed by just about anybody and we can come up hanging ourselves.

In short, Americans are suffocating.

It doesn't necessarily mean that people are stupid, however. I think that most of it has come from a blind faith in our form of government. We fought for our freedom. We love the world and would help anybody who needs us. We are basically good, and we believe in people. We cannot believe that our own countrymen would sell us into slavery.

Our enemies realize this and they are capitalizing on it.

Today, one of our gravest dangers to our nation is the little man's habit of following blindly - of trusting too much.

Wake up Little man. Pay very close attention to those who would give you government hand-outs. Respect those who want you to stand on your own two feet and who really want you to own what you possess. Remember that government hand-outs always have strings attached.

Respect those who fight for your individual freedoms, who fight to keep the government from owning your soul, who fight to keep you, the little man, a person of dignity.

Study every law. Study every proposal. Look at everything with a long-range view. Consider its good points and let your mind envision its bad effects.

Then pay attention to those who introduce them and those who vote for them. You can tell what kind of politicians they really are by the laws they help to make. Don't just listen to someone who mentions a politician's excellent record. Look up that record for yourself and make your own judgments.

If the little guys are those who are at the mercy of federal bureaucracies, then they, themselves, must absorb some of the blame. Stop following blindly and know your candidates and what they are doing.

It's a high order, but we can do it if we try.

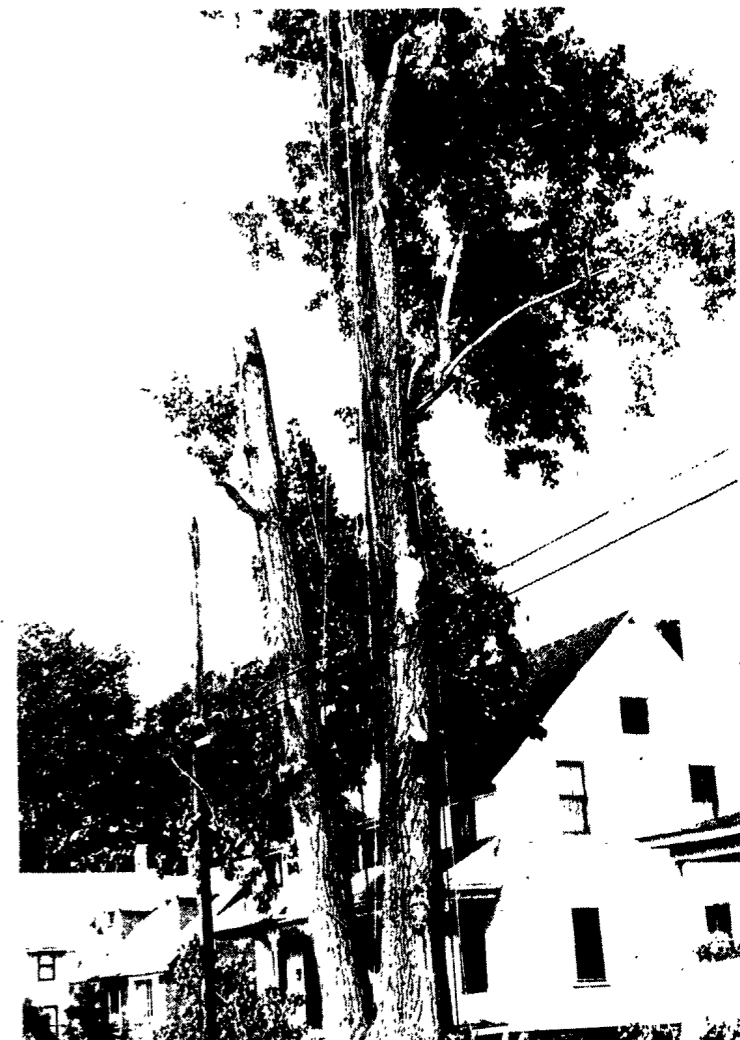
**Perform a
death-defying
act.**

**Have regular
medical check-ups.**

Give Heart Fund
American Heart Association



WE NEED ANOTHER MOTHER—Scott Foster confers with his dog Woody who just gave birth to twelve pups, putting a strain on her and on the Fosters' dog food budget. The family, residents of Swan Street, hope to find another dog to adopt some of the pups and dissipate some of the impact of their sudden "population explosion." (Mike Kane Photo).



ONE OF THE LARGEST AND OLDEST ELM TREES in the village of Potsdam met its demise at the hands of tree surgeons last week. The diseased tree will no longer shade the residents and homes on Grant Street. Its removal is part of an effort to rid the village of diseased elms. (Mike Kane Photo).

Editor's note...



Give a child the gift of Life.

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