

Editorials and Commentary

Drive carefully

School opened today. Be careful. Kids on their way to and from school have a marked tendency not to look where they are going. Despite a parent's sternest warnings they still race pell mell into the path of oncoming cars, they still dodge in and out of parked autos, and they still weave their bikes back and forth across the road.

So please take heed of these transgressions and forgive them their youthful exuberance. You, sitting behind the wheel of that super-charged car, were once a kid too and chances are good that you also dodged, weaved, and charged pell mell into the streets at one time or another. Aren't you glad someone looked out for you? Won't you do the same?

Criticism justified

We find ourselves in agreement with Assemblyman David Martin's most recent criticism of Governor Hugh Carey. Martin took a shot at the chief executive late last week for Carey's veto of a bill which the Canton Republican sponsored which would have allowed St. Lawrence County to fill vacated seats on its county legislature by popular vote instead of a governor's appointment. In our opinion Albany has not yet shown the kind of wisdom which makes those who sit there omnipotent. Failing omnipotence we feel that the people should have the right to

decide who is going to represent them in their own county legislatures. The veto of the Martin bill means a return to the same kind of paternalistic elitism we thought should have ended by this time. In essence the Martin bill was a home rule one, and it called for the direct popular election of legislators to fill a vacated seat when nine or more months remain in the vacated term. If less than nine months remain an interim appointment is provided for. It was, in our opinion, a sound piece of legislation and we mourn its death.

Support bandshell

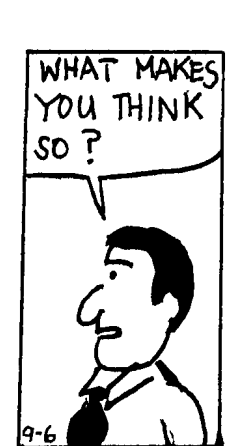
The Norwood Bandshell is nearing its completion but according to Joe Liotta, chairman of the fund drive, there is still a need for some \$5,340 to close out the project. The bandshell construction should be finished "in the very near future" according to Liotta and in fact what has been finished to date is being used for the summer concert program in Norwood. A breakdown of the \$5,340 figure reveals that roofing and ceramic work requires \$2,300 and electrical work an additional \$2,000. Painting and sealing will cost \$500 and a plywood soffit is listed at \$540.

We would urge all of you who can in any way afford it to dig deep and come up with whatever you can in support of this very worthy community project. The fund drives have netted some \$11,500 to date and it would be a shame if the project were to stall now for lack of less than one third of the total cost of construction. To donate to the bandshell project send a check or money order to Norwood Fire Department Bandshell Fund; in care of Maurice Fullerton, Treasurer; 2 Bicknell Street; Norwood, New York, 13668. And please do it today.



THIS PILE of rubble used to be an old freight depot turned warehouse. It burned in a roaring fire on May 8. The rubble still stands at the site of the blaze and this has caused neighborhood residents to complain. They say the ruins

constitute a health and safety hazard and they want it cleared away. We agree with them. This summer should have provided plenty of sunny days when something could have been done to clean this mess up. (Mike Billington Photo)



'Back when we started it was a struggle'

BY G. MURRAY WALKER

It won't be long before hockey enthusiasm will abound in Potsdam. I wonder if you would like to know how it was back in the twenties and thirties. December was the earliest we could hope for cold weather. When you made an open air rink, you needed lots of water and cold weather for the base. Then a high sprinkle for the surface. Sounds easy but it wasn't. The weather was freakish then too. Three days work could be wiped out in a few hours.

We had a good ice maker named Ezra Rheame in 1921. When the rink on the river proved impractical due to the raising and lowering of the water, we were given permission to use the fairgrounds. The water main was a long way from the ice surface but the firemen supplied us with hose and when a cold night came it was a twenty-four hour vigil. Sometimes it took two men to hold the hose when the pressure was high and when the hose froze up, as it often did, it was taken into the shack to thaw out by the pot bellied stove.

The shack was a hastily thrown together affair with a roof, sides and a door. It could be taken down in sections and stored. The team used the shack for warmth between periods and discussion of plays. They dressed in the gym on Pierpont Avenue and walked to the rink. For regular skating, skaters used the shack for warmth. They put on their skates sitting outside. Usually the ice was good, but brittle. We cleaned the snow off between periods but that was all. We had "rink rats" that did the work. But when a good snow storm came it was a different story. Gordon Croskey, M.I.T. Graduate was in the M.E. Department as an instructor. As a hobby he coached the hockey team and being a Canadian knew what it was all about. So when the snow came he would tell his class that he thought it would be a good idea for them to go shovel off the rink and that he would be around to help and to see who might goof off and think about them when he was grading papers. No one goofed.

Equipment was scarce, pucks continually jumped the boards and got lost in the deep snow, but we dug them out. A Saturday Evening Post under the stockings was an excellent shin guard. No elbow pads or shoulder pads were available and heavy mittens served as gloves. Each player supplied his own.

Now it is over 50 years since the event took place. How did we win? It was kept a secret for many years but Croskey and I had made arrangements with two semipro players from Ottawa to join us at some junction in Vermont where our train stopped.

They assumed the names of two of our players and the whole team was sworn to secrecy. Nobody knew, nobody suspected. Years later Hank Hodge was with the hockey team at Yale and some alumni were sitting with him. One of them said to Hank "You should do what we did back in the twenties." "What was that?" Hank asked. He was one of those whose name we borrowed. Hank also kept our secret for many more years.

I refereed, mainly because there were very few available. Many times I was on the ice alone. Cornell had an early hockey team a several times I officiated their games single handed. As hockey developed we began recruiting in the Ottawa Valley. Many good boys passed through our hands, three Donald Boys, Paul Marion, Buzz Williams, String MacCartyne, Ray Wayland, Kettles, Reed, Dover, Higginson, Houston Brothers and many others.

Most of them returned to Canada and became executives in various businesses. And we had problems, such as when Alex Higginson was clipped with a puck on the head at Yale and taken to the hospital unconscious. They operated on Alex and we worried more about the size of his bill because we had no money.

Alex got well though and later became president of the Stetson Hat Co. There were many financial problems. Support from the college went for equipment and boys had very little help from home. Most of them worked in restaurants Perkins House and the college. To ease the financial burden I talked some of my friends who liked hockey (and who could afford it) to come across with an occasional \$50 when needed. They were loyal and never let me down.

In addition I started a series of letters to hockey alumni, explaining the situation (which they had already experienced) and asked them to send donations. It was quite successful and by carefully doling out the dollars, we managed. When Croskey left we recruited Jack Roos as coach. He had played semi-pro hockey in Canada and was well known in the Valley which helped our recruiting. He came down in early December, made the ice, took care of it, coached the team and took care of the equipment. He turned out many successful teams and when the season was over in early March he returned to his home. Jack was an arden fisherman and had extensive lumber operations around Buckingham, Quebec.

Hockey has had an interesting development. During the first part of the century a team consisted of seven linemen-goalie, point, cover point rover, right forward, left forward. The Ottawa Silver Seven was a pro team of renown. Then down through the years drastic changes came, from no forward passes to passes in each zone up to the present system. And college hockey has spread rapidly.

I read in the paper recently where some residents of a street in Potsdam are unhappy about the noise of ball games in a nearby field. Well there is yet another street in the village objecting to a potential noise problem. And this one is not for a few evenings during the summer. It is to be a 12 month-4 week-7 day-24 hour harrassment of NOISE-NOISE-NOISE!!! I am referring to Cherry Street being considered as an access route to the Bypass road that is being planned. The residents of our street are also up-in-arms against noise. We resent such invasion of our quiet way of life and stand united (a petition has been duly submitted; in strong opposition to the proposal of Cherry Street being converted to a highway. Pete Stark

Back in the twenties the few par-ticipants were Hamilton, Princeton, Yale, Clarkson, St. Lawrence was a latecomer, and most colleges schedules included clubs, like the St. Nicholas of New York and the Atlantic City Sea Gulls. When we played in Atlantic City our guarantee for two games was \$350 plus keep. We were lodged in the Marlboro Bleachers on the boardwalk and for many of the players it was their first contact with luxury. We always travelled by private Pullman. We often played in Lake Placid, Jack Garren, director of the arena there, would arrange games and they always drew well. The Emmon sisters ran the Homestead and being from Potsdam, gave us our meals at a price we could afford. And in 1932 we all cheered for Sonja Heine when she won the Olympic figure skating crown.

Two years later she appeared in Syracuse and the management thought a Clarkson hockey game would add to the attraction. So we played an all star Syracuse team Sonja was real star and they really didn't need us to attract people but during the game one of our boys was hit with the puck which drew blood and was taken to the dressing room. Sonja came in and kissed him. And while on the scene of figure skating we had a long association with Barbara Ann Scott and the Minto Skating Club of Ottawa. Barbara was the Canadian champion and on her way to Olympic fame.

Her father was an old schoolmate of mine which gave us the right to have her come to Potsdam. Both parents accompanied her and Barbara was an unusual girl, could play the piano and dance as well as skate. She was a great favorite in Potsdam. Potsdam is fortunate in having three arenas today. Back when we started it was a struggle to keep one outdoor rink in operation. While a hockey player today is a common sight, back then he was an oddity, an unusual kind of chap, usually from Canada.

And now a confession. In the twenties we had two college games scheduled in Vermont. Of course we had no chance of winning them but we were thrilled. So off we went the team of eight men, a manager, coach and myself. The next day word filtered into Potsdam that Clarkson had won. Unbelievable. The following day word came that we won the second game. Fantastic. People couldn't believe it.

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Comments on editorial

Dear Editor: Re: your editorial, "Consider this question: How do I see it? First, you are certainly correct in holding that the parents should have no liability in this case. However, it should follow that society at large, composed of individuals who have far less relation to the expectant couple, should likewise have no financial responsibility.

Your editorial is oblivious to the role of the couple. This role is crucial in any ethical determination. They "find" that she is pregnant, as if neither had anything to do with the situation. You are also oblivious to the long term implications of your position. After all, it costs much less to have a baby than it does to care for one. Therefore, your editorial is also an argument for continuing welfare support for Steve and Joan.

There is nothing magical about the state; its revenues are derived from you and me. The question underlying your editorial is really: Should I be REQUIRED to pay a portion of Joan's medical expenses? My answer is no. The punitive machinery of the state should not be used to FORCE me to allocate part of my income in this way. The key issue is compulsion. I see the whole situation differently when viewing from the perspective of a voluntary contribution to help Steve and Joan. Voluntary assistance, yes; compulsion, no.

Your editorial refers again and again to ethics. Let me give you some "Questions to Consider": What are the ethical implications of taxation of taking money from someone who has earned it and giving it to another person who has not, of subjecting a person to the vast array of civil and criminal penalties that accompany non-payment of taxes? Should I be subject to these penalties if I concluded that Steve and Joan did not merit my support and withheld my share of their bill? Does a case like their's justify use of the police power of the state? What do you think?

Cordially,
Charles F. O'Brien
Norwood, N.Y.

'Cheerful assistance' commended by writer

Dear Editor: Many times we complain about not getting any satisfaction from our public agencies. One of our realtor-Associates, Steve Connelly, noticed the new curbing on Market St. in front of one of the commercial properties we are handling. It had a complete new full curbing with no access in or out. On behalf of our client's best interest, he pursued this further and was told it was done and would have to stay this way. Steve realized that it was detrimental to the well being of a commercial property to have the curbing left the way it was. His diligence was rewarded, when working hand in hand with the engineers on this project, they were able to take out the incorrect curbing and put in the correct curbing.

We at this agency want to thank all the parties involved for their cheerful assistance on this matter. Sincerely,
Arlene W. Correll, Realtor
Wood-Correll Realty Co.

Cherry Street writer objects to noise

Dear Editor: I read in the paper recently where some residents of a street in Potsdam are unhappy about the noise of ball games in a nearby field. Well there is yet another street in the village objecting to a potential noise problem. And this one is not for a few evenings during the summer. It is to be a 12 month-4 week-7 day-24 hour harrassment of NOISE-NOISE-NOISE!!! I am referring to Cherry Street being considered as an access route to the Bypass road that is being planned. The residents of our street are also up-in-arms against noise. We resent such invasion of our quiet way of life and stand united (a petition has been duly submitted; in strong opposition to the proposal of Cherry Street being converted to a highway. Pete Stark



MIKE BILLINGTON, Managing Editor
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