

Editorials and Commentary

Edwards confrontation demands PSC investigation

The fact that shots were fired during a confrontation between workers for the Power Authority of the State of New York and residents of the Town of Edwards on Monday demands some hard answers with respect to the worth of this controversial line.

We have always maintained that the rights of the individual cannot be sidestepped or otherwise abused in the name of the "good of the majority" but from what we can gather about Monday's incident some rights were abused.

The confrontation took place on the property of Richard Gotham. Gotham and some friends blockaded an access road which PASNY employees wanted to use in order to get onto his property. Gotham maintained that he had been told by PASNY officials that no-one would do work on his property until the conclusion of the routing hearings for the power line.

PASNY spokesmen denied that such an assurance had been given.

Hence the controversy which resulted in three shots being fired and three people being arrested.

What concerns us most is the fact that the shots were fired. No-one apparently knows who did the shooting and no-one was hit by any of the shots but that does not mean that the next time there is a confrontation it will not degenerate into an action which will result in bodily harm.

Because of that fact we believe that it is

Why not participate

On September 25, on what is well known as the picturesque Raquette River, a host of maybe not so picturesque craft will set sail to raise money for the American Cancer Society.

The event is the Last First Annual International Floatational and that might take some explanation.

The idea is for people with things that float (and among those craft listed in a press release from Wally Siebel, head of publicity for the event, are clipper ships, freighters, and inner tubes to name but three) to start at Ives Park, head upstream to the State University College at Potsdam's Lehman Park, and then float back down.

You must, according to the press release, cross under the finish line "at will after the three o'clock fire whistle sounds."

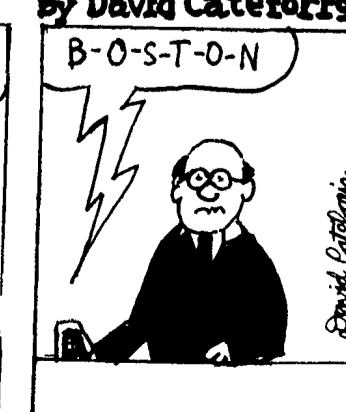
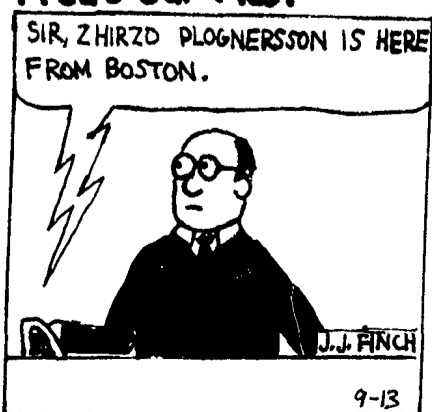
And prizes will be awarded. For the most original craft, the least original craft, and "several other meaningless categories."

Entry forms for this race are now available at Northern Music in Potsdam.

It's a chance to raise some money for a worthy cause and have some fun at the same time.

If you are adventurous enough, that is, and if you can find something that floats.

Fred's Our Man



9-13

By David Cateforis

Women's Center appeals for funds

Dear Editor: Mary X came to the Women's Center with her one year old child. Mary left her home after continuous arguments culminating in physical abuse; she found shelter and comfort at the Center until she was able to find a new home for herself and her baby.

Lynn X was fighting with her husband over children, money, and work; she packed a suitcase and came to the Women's Center; after a few nights of talking and staying away from home, she returned to her family to work things out with her husband.

The above are actual case histories of women whose lives have benefited from the services offered by the North Country Women's Center. To continue to provide these services, the Center needs your financial help.

One of the main purposes of the Women's Center is to provide emergency housing. Since its opening in February, the Center has provided over 156 nights of housing for women in

transition due to divorce, physical abuse, loss of work or lack of money. Women have stayed at the Center from one night to as long as three weeks, depending on their situation and the time needed to find permanent housing or work. A number of women have had their children with them. These families have come from such towns as Canton, Potsdam, Crary Mills, Hopkinton, Pyrites, Richville, Norwood and Massena.

Referrals are made to the Center from such agencies as the Department of Social Services, Neighborhood Centers, Rehabilitation Centers, and Churches. Women who stay at the Center have access to information for counseling, jobs, housing, emergency food as well as emotional support and friendship. We are told over and over again by various local agencies and individuals that these services in conjunction with emergency housing are desperately needed in our area. No other local group provides this combination of immediate

services. The operation of the North Country Women's Center depends on an all volunteer staff. However, there are definite monthly expenses that must be met. These include rent, phone, utilities, supplies, printing, and mailing costs. We need your help to make it through the next few months. By that time we hope to receive our tax exempt status and qualify for grants and funds through organizational channels.

In the meantime we are appealing to you for funds in order to guarantee the Center's success. We feel that the Women's Center offers a unique opportunity for women in terms of a total approach to self-help which will lead to an overall improvement in the status of women today. Won't you please help us help women!

Send in a contribution today.
Yours truly,
Sue-Ryn Hildenbrand For The Staff of
The North Country Women's Center

'Catch me if you can' new game in town

Dear Editor: There is a new game in town called Catch Me If You Can. Players are unlimited (but you must have no conscience) and the idea is to steal as many plants from residents (porches score highest) as you can without getting caught. There's one major problem with the game though - there are no rules and sometimes you have to play whether you want to or not!

Early last week I had four hanging plants "ripped off" of my front porch. It makes me mad - and sick. After investing my money, my time and my effort in growing these plants all summer, some yo-yo thinks he has the right to just help himself to my property. Sorry, but I don't want to play the game! And neither do the other victims and there are many.

Strange that after a whole summer this occurs now and I'm coming to the conclusion that it just might be students. If this is right and once again that minority of bad ones is bringing down the majority of good ones - how about fighting back. Whoever is involved in the stealing must be known by at least one decent, honorable person so can't you stand and be counted?

This game is not fun and funny. It's outright theft, trespassing and invasion of privacy - and rotten. I want my plants back; the purple Coleus in a large white basket, the ivy geranium and the two tuberous begonias (one with white

flowers and the other with orange ones). If you've all enough to come and take them let's see you return them with the same amount of enthusiasm.

And will the "good" majority of the

flowers and the other with orange ones). If you've all enough to come and take them let's see you return them with the same amount of enthusiasm.

And will the "good" majority of the

world please do a little shouting on their own behalf. I'll be eternally grateful to have my plants back. Call 285-6964.

Vicki Clark
Grant St.
Potsdam, N.Y.

Help Fight MS

National Multiple Sclerosis Society

Memoirs of a slow cooker

BY VICTORIA LEVITT
The trouble with me is that I'm a slow cooker. Not a crock-pot, although there are those among my acquaintances who are likely to insist I'm something very close to it, but a cook who requires a great deal of time to put together a culinary episode if it requires consulting my cookbooks.

The thing is that when I sit down to look for a recipe, I start remembering a lot of culinary episodes. I don't have neat little boxes of recipes collected from magazines and friends over the years. Every savory chef's secret I ever gleaned from anywhere is stuffed inside the bulging covers of my cookbooks and when I want something I have to sort through the collection clipping by scrap or scibbled-on envelope.

And that's when I start remembering things. The recipe I need for Apple Dilly Cake is in a mimeographed booklet that was a favor I got at Mother's Day luncheon held by a sorority in Salt Lake City. My friend, who invited me to attend as her substitute mother, since her own mother was several states away, had contributed that particular recipe to the collection.

Every time I begin to hunt for the booklet I remember not only the luncheon, and the fact that it was snowing on that Mother's Day, but also a particularly ill-fated dinner with the same friend when the entire entrée, a beef tenderloin, dearly bought on a graduate student's budget, cantilevered off the carving board and landed on the floor, somewhere in the vicinity of the guest's feet.

That was an especially dry meal, as well, since I knocked over the wine bottle in a vain attempt to save the roast.

I would have been better off to have served fondue. Which reminds me of the first time I did. Newly married and closeted away on an Army Post, I invited the only couple we knew to have

a supper of the traditional fondue. We had none of the official trappings, such as a fondue pot with its own little burner and fondue forks to dip with.

And furthermore, I had no idea how to make something I had never even eaten before.

So my first mistake was to take the man of the House at his word when he said he knew how to make it. Under his direction I simmered up a concoction of swiss cheese and wine in a ceramic pan on the kitchen range.

But then we found that we had to keep moving it on and off the burner in order to keep it warm without burning it. We only half succeeded either way.

Eventually the four of us sort of gathered around the stove and took turns poking chunks of bread and gingerly dipping them into the by now stringy, curly and steadily burning fondue. I thought it tasted ghastly, TMOH kept insisting that it was fine, fine, and the other couple had an argument with each other and went home angry before they got the pot down to the half way mark.

Later that couple gave me a cookbook for a birthday present, perhaps as insurance in case we asked them back again, and we four spent the ensuing summer eating my homemade pizza and their special tacos.

And that cookbook is the one I used to stuff all the other recipes into. It looks, these days, after 12 years of collecting, something like the olives stuffed with cream cheese and chopped nuts that my graduate-school office mate used to make, a long with the meatballs and the hot potato salad...The first dinner I served them was an over-done turkey casserole that got that way waiting for all of us to return from a Friday afternoon encounter with a local bar.....

If my kitchen should catch fire some day, it occurs to me that I should reach for my cookbook before I run out the door. There's a lot more than dinner cooking in there.

Potsdam hosts AFS student; car wash to raise funds

It is that time of year again. The leaves are changing, the college students are here, "back-to-school" specials line the streets and teachers have begun to prepare their classes once again.

Joining Potsdam Center in the 1977 school year is Anna Melin, a foreign exchange student from Sweden. Through the American Field Service program, Anna is able to live and learn abroad for one year. During this time, she will be staying with the Robert Burns family on Chestnut Street in Potsdam. For the first time in three years, Potsdam is the host town.

Melin is from Sysleback, a small village in Sweden which consists of about 700 people. She is 18 years old and her educational background has included nine years of basic schooling and two years of further education. The Swedish pupils attend what is called the "gymnasium" for two, three or four years, according to their interests, before entering a university of their choice. When she returns to her home town, after completing her senior year at PCS she has chosen to complete here third year at the "gymnasium."

Her main areas of study have been in math, physics, and chemistry. However she speaks three languages other than

Swedish; English, German and French. She enjoys singings and she is involved in many sports. Horseback riding and skiing are among her favorites. Her schedule at Potsdam includes American history, English composition, Calculus I public speaking, food and nutrition, as well as other electives such as chorus and personal typing.

The American Field Service began in 1914. Its main purpose is to give students a chance to experience and gain a cultural background and knowledge of a country other than their own.

Depending on the amount of money received during the coming year, the local chapter hopes to send a student abroad as well.

On Saturday, September 17, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. there will be a car wash run by the AFS club. It's location will be behind Murphy's Service Station in the old Super Duper parking lot (property owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Calipari, Sr.) The price will be \$1.50. A rain date is set for the next Saturday, September 24, at the same location and time.

The AFS club requests that the whole community become involved with this endeavor. Other fund-raising events will be forthcoming and they hope that many will join in this project.

Courier & Freeman

MIKE BILLINGTON, Managing Editor

Published every Tuesday, by the Courier-Freeman, Inc., 71 Market St., Potsdam, N.Y. Member of The New York Press Association, The National Editorial Association and Audit Bureau of Circulations. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the exclusive use for the publication of all news dispatches credited to or not otherwise credited to this paper. Subscription rates Carrier home delivery in Potsdam 20 cents per week. By mail outside Potsdam in St. Lawrence County, \$8.50 per year and \$9.00 elsewhere in United States and Canada. Entered in the post office at Potsdam, N.Y. as second class matter.