

LAST WEEK'S WEATHER

	Hi	Lo	Pcp
Tues.	41	18	0
Wed.	47	25	0
Thurs.	46	22	0
Fri.	47	32	0
Sat.	48	35	.01
Sun.	58	46	.04
Mon.	52	43	tr

# Courier Freeman



Potsdam College, Augustana rematch. See sports pages this week.

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24 PAGES

25 CENTS

## Cuts Will Mean Higher Youth Crime

**BY JIM REAGEN**  
CANTON — A juvenile aid program cut from the Sheriff's Department budget by county officials, coupled with cuts in Social Services protective services, will mean increased youth crime, speakers predicted Monday night.

The cuts will eventually result in higher costs to the county through more battered children, more kids being placed in foster homes, and more juvenile delinquents placed in youth detention centers, defenders of the two programs told county legislators during a budget hearing.

The citizens spoke at a county budget hearing to give their views on the 1983 budget, which calls for a 4.3 percent tax increase.

But about 60 citizens, most of whom were county employees, attended to tell legislators they wanted funds

restored to the budget for two youth officers that were sliced from the Sheriff's Department, and \$200,000 in local costs cut from the Social Services Department budget.

Sheriff Keith Knowlton urged the legislators to return two positions to the department, reminding them that six have fallen to legislators' budget axes in recent years, while complaints have risen to 6,000 a year.

"It seriously hinders our ability to do our jobs," Knowlton said, adding that "it's causing a severe morale problem among deputies" who "never know" when they too might be cut from the department.

Social Services staff members attended the meeting to tell legislators that hard economic times have already caused severe problems among county residents.

Staff cuts will mean fewer services for a growing number of residents who need it most, they said.

Will Hurt Poorest  
Jan Thompson, a social worker, said the cuts will hurt the county's poorest citizens, many of whom live in rural areas, too far away to attend budget hearings.

"Rural areas, more than urban areas, need caseworkers," she said. "You can live three miles down the end of a road" with no one to visit, and no one except the social worker to help.

"We're here to try to speak on our clients' behalf," she said, "People who can't help themselves."

"If you know what the needs are," she urged the audience, "stand up" for the residents who need assistance.

The county originally set up its protective services program for adults and children to cut the number of citizens who otherwise might end up on the county public assistance programs.

But staff members predicted that the budget cuts and staff reductions would eventually mean that more citizens would not receive social services intervention in cases which often result in child abuse complaints.



**AUTHORS** — Shown above are the authors and illustrator of a new children's book, "The Story of Winga, A Very Special Fly." Joan Dobbie, left, illustrated the book written by her parents, Dr. Max and Angela Thaler of Parishville. (Betsy Baker photo)

## Norwood Offers \$12,000 'Compromise' On Contract

**NORWOOD** — Only \$2,000 now separates the Town of Potsdam and the Village of Norwood from reaching a settlement on the hotly disputed fire contract for 1983, but there is still no indication yet whether a compromise will be worked out.

Norwood's mayor, Willard Smith, said today (Tuesday) that he has received no response from the Potsdam Town Board on the village's \$12,000 compromise offer to provide fire protection to areas within the Town of Potsdam but outside the Village of Norwood.

Pat Verschneider, St. Lawrence County Fire Coordinator, said that if Norwood were to pull out of the mutual aid program, both firemen from Norwood fighting fires outside the village and outside companies offering assistance in the case of a village fire, would be doing so at their own risk. "The net effect of this," Verschneider said, "would be that fire commissioners, village officials and fire officials would find it impossible to assist Norwood."

Deputy Speaks  
Sheriff's Department officials and their supporters made the same argument in requesting additional that two deputies be restored.

Bert Rowe, president of the deputies association, and a juvenile officer, said that the youth program's value to the county can not be judged by pointing at individual children who were kept committing crimes.

"I can't say I saved that kid, that kid and that kid," he told legislators. But he said that the legislators know how much it costs county taxpayers to place even one child in a juvenile detention center for a year.

At between \$50 to \$100 a day, the cost far exceeds the cost of the juvenile program, he said.

It's like the old oil filter commercial, he told legislators. "You can pay me now, or you can pay me later."

The three year old program provides two youth officers to investigate juvenile crime, work with youth agencies, probation, social services workers to address youth crime problems. But the program also spends time with school and youth groups to talk to youngsters who have not been in trouble with the law to educate them about the youth crime problem.

Jerry Martin, a social services worker, reminded legislators that the Social Services child protective staff, who work with child abuse cases, and place children in foster homes, work "hand in hand" with the Sheriff's youth officers.

He cited statistics showing a drop in the number of children in foster care from 177 to 129.

But that drop will not continue if the social workers are cut, he predicted.

Donna LaGrave, a social worker, said that while the public often associates Social Services with public assistance, the cuts being proposed are to reduce aid to children, to the old, and to the mentally handicapped.

Legislators will complete budget preparations, make changes, and ratify the final version on Nov. 29.

The Norwood Village Board, at its last meeting, came up with the \$12,000 figure after hearing complaints from firemen who seemed willing to accept a figure lower than the \$16,000 the village board had been demanding. Board members unanimously rejected the \$10,000 offer of the Potsdam Town Board. Last year, the Norwood Volunteer Fire Department received \$7,000 for fire protection to outlying areas of the town.

Smith called on the people who would be affected by the lost fire protection to voice their concerns to the Potsdam Town Board. "They should contact their town supervisor, Leslie Cook, and say we want this service," Smith said. "It's up to them."

Walters Tapped For VA Post  
Harry N. Walters, former president of Potsdam Paper Corporation, has been formally nominated to head the Veterans Administration.

The White House made the announcement Nov. 22. It confirmed by the Senate, Walters would succeed Robert P. Nimmo in the VA post.

Walters' nomination was held up several weeks, reportedly because several influential congressmen felt they had not been consulted. The American Legion also reportedly opposed the choice because Walters, an Army veteran, never served in combat.

Walters was president and chief executive officer of Potsdam Paper from 1977 to 1981.

Smith stated that he did not feel that even \$16,000 was the town's fair share for fire protection, adding that a figure between \$20,000 and \$30,000 would be closer to being adequate.

However, Smith said that the village would be willing to settle this year for \$12,000.

Music Theatre North still has the wraps on its productions for the 1983 summer season, although spokesmen for the company plan to announce the four 1983 shows in the near future.

Theaters may order season subscriptions for 1983 at 1982 prices until the season is announced on Nov. 30. The '82 prices are as follows: adults, \$25; pre-adults (16 and under), senior citizens (60 and over), \$18. A season subscription entitles the holder to one ticket to each of the four shows and may be ordered by calling the MTN box office at 265-3070 or writing MTN, Box 526, Potsdam, 13676.

There will be a ticket price increase for MTN's fifth anniversary season. Season tickets will be \$27 for adults, \$21 for pre-adults (13 and under) and senior citizens.

Christmas gift subscriptions for MTN's fifth season are available at the new ticket prices.

Village Offices Closed  
All Village of Potsdam offices will be closed on Thanksgiving Day. Trash pickup normally done on Thursday will be done on Friday.

"All we want is our fair share," Smith said.

If the village does not receive what it believes to be its fair share, Smith stated that there are a number of options that Norwood can and will take.

One option would be to limit the number of trucks that would go to the scene of a fire outside the village limits. He was quick to add, however, "if it's a life and death situation, then needless to say we'll do whatever necessary."

One option the village most likely would not take would be to pull out of

Last Chance For MTN Tickets At '82 Prices  
Christmas gift subscriptions for MTN's fifth season are available at the new ticket prices.

Correction  
A caption in last week's Courier and Freeman gave an incorrect address for the Boot Strap Shoe Repair Shop. The new shoe repair business is located on Depot Street.

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## Local Author Surprised By First Copies Of His Book

**PARISHVILLE** — The story of a "very special fly" came to life in book form last Friday night for Parishville physician Max Thaler.

Dr. Thaler and his wife, Angela had written the children's story of Winga, the adventuresome, vitamin-eating fly, several years ago, but the book was published only last week.

Ms. Dobbie helped write "Before Us," a history of Jewish families in St. Lawrence County. She is editor of the Parishville-Hopkinton School District newsletter.

The Thalers fled Austria and the Hitler regime in 1938, settling first in Switzerland and later in New York City.

They have been Parishville residents for many years.

And its publication was a surprise for Dr. Thaler. "The Story of Winga, A Very Special Fly," was published by Ryan Press in Ogdensburg, last Friday, just hours after the book came off the presses. Dr. Thaler's family presented him with the first copies at a special dinner.

Christmas Aid Now Available  
Christmas assistance for the needy will be available this year at three area Neighborhood Centers.

Applications for Santa's Workshop are now being taken at the Potsdam Neighborhood Center, the Colton Neighborhood Center and the United Church of Christ, Norwood.

Income-eligible families are invited to apply before Dec. 3 at the Potsdam Neighborhood Center, 35 Market St.; the Colton Neighborhood Center, South Colton; or the United Church of Christ, Baldwin Avenue and Main Street, Norwood. In Norwood only, apply from 9-11 a.m. Nov. 26, 29, 30 and from 9-11 a.m. Dec. 1-3.

"Winga" was illustrated by the Thalers' daughter, Joan Dobbie of Parishville. Using a light table and family photos, Ms. Dobbie made the illustrations, which feature her children, Dawn and Andrew and her parents, as well as Winga.

"Winga" sells for \$4.99, and is available in local book stores, through Judy Glasser of Congregation Beth-El, through the Potsdam Hospital Guild, at the Campus Learning Center to benefit the center's P.T.E., and at Parishville-Hopkinton Central School, where a member of the junior class will sell the book each afternoon from 1-1:30 and 2:45-3:45 p.m. in the main office.

# The Wrong Road: A Memory Of Thanksgiving In A Simpler Time

Editor's note: The following is fiction.

BY BETSY BAKER

We left Portland in the old Buick three days before Thanksgiving in 1932. My father drove, except when his cough was too bad, then my mother took the wheel and I held the baby on my lap.

We were going to South Carolina, to stay with my mother's cousin. She was going to find my mother a job; the climate was supposed to help my father's cough so he could work again too.

I had my own cardboard suitcase, with everything I owned inside. We moved so often after my father lost his last job that I got real good at packing — one time we just got out the back door as the landlord was coming in the front door for the rent.

My good dress was in the suitcase, from when we lived in New Hampshire and I had a party on my 12th birthday. My father worked on the fishing boats and my mother had a sewing machine then. I used to lie awake at night and listen to the soft noise it made as she worked the treadle with her feet.

The dress was all I had left from New Hampshire. My big doll got left behind when we had to move, and my doll dishes. Later my mother made me a rag doll with buttons for eyes and scraps from an old feed sack for a dress.

My mother told me that this year Thanksgiving would be just another day. We had some bread, some potatoes and some tea for my father, but no money to buy a chicken or some beef.

We drove all day that first day, and ended up in a little town in Vermont, just this side of the New York border. We had to get into New York on our way south. My father said his Uncle Jack in Utica would give us some money. My mother said she didn't believe Jack had any money, and besides my father hadn't seen Jack in years, but my father said we had to see Jack, so we kept going.

We spent the night in one of those tourist rest places. It had little cabins with stoves in them and no bathroom. It was 50 cents a night, but my mother said we had to get in out of the cold. She made tea for my father on the stove, and we ate warmed milk and bread for supper.

In the night my father started to cough and couldn't stop. My mother sat up with him and held his head and tried to get him to drink some tea, but he just kept coughing until he fell back on the bed and slept. My mother cried after that and I just held on to the baby real tight so he wouldn't wake up.

We woke up to snow. It had started to fall during the night, and when my mother sent me out to clean off the car it was three or four inches deep. My mother decided we couldn't afford another 50 cents to stay there, so we started off around noon.

My father was too weak to drive. He stayed in the back seat, with all the blankets we owned piled on top of him, and my mother drove the car. She didn't like to drive, and she was afraid of the ice and snow on the roads, but she bit down on her bottom lip with her teeth and held the steering wheel until her knuckles showed white, and we kept going.

We were in quite good spirits by late that afternoon. It got colder outside, but the snow let up, and my mother relaxed a little and sang some songs as we drove deeper into New York. She talked to me too, about how much better things would be at Cousin Elaine's, and how my father would get well again in the warm sunshine.

Somehow, while we were talking, and fooling ourselves about how things were going so well, my mother took a wrong turn and got us off the main road. By the time she noticed it, we were far down a country road, with night coming and the car low on gas. She decided to keep going. "Keep your eyes peeled for a light," she told me. "There must be a town soon, now."

But there was nothing but snow and trees and a thin, pale moon. Worse, the

car began to cough and splutter. It was running out of gas or breaking down again; either way we were in trouble.

I didn't say anything, just held on to the baby and looked out the window as hard as I could for a light. Maybe if I hadn't been looking so hard I would have seen the big tree limb, where it had fallen partly across the road.

My mother drove right into it, and the car took a jump across the road and skidded back around the way we had come, and ended up in the ditch.

My mother was lying very still in the front seat. Blood was coming from the side of her head where she hit it on the car, and her side of the car was all jammed into a snowbank.

My father sat up under his blankets, but he couldn't move the door, and the cold air made him start coughing. He gave me a blanket for the baby, and we covered my mother up with another blanket. It began to get very cold in the car.

I woke up warm all over. At first I thought maybe I had died. It was light all around me and there were soft voices whispering, but when I opened my eyes I could see that the light was from the sun coming in the windows. The voices belonged to my mother and to an old man.

My mother had a big bandage around her head. She was pale and tired looking, but she smiled at me and said: "Well, I was beginning to think you were planning to sleep Thanksgiving Day away."

"Where are we?" I asked, raising myself up on one elbow. I could see the baby playing on the floor, and my father wrapped in quilts and lying on a cot close to the fireplace.

"This is Mr. Evans' farm. He brought us here last night in his wagon after the accident," my mother said.

It was a big room, clean enough, with lots of light from four windows, but cluttered, as though whoever lived here just put things down as they were through with them and never picked them up again.

Mr. Evans was old. His hair was white, and he walked stooped over, like it hurt him a little. But his eyes shone and he smiled at me and put out one gnarled hand for me to shake.

"You look some better this morning than you did last night," he said. "I thought you were all frozen solid."

He told me how he found us, my mother still unconscious from the accident and the rest of us so cold that all the blankets we had wouldn't keep us warm. He put us all in the wagon and drove home just as fast as he could.

"I haven't had this much company since before my wife died," he told us. "I'm glad to have somebody to share Thanksgiving with."

"Oh, but we have to get to Utica," my father began, but Mr. Evans just shook his head.

"That car isn't going anywhere for a good long time," he said. "It's mashed right into the side of a hill."

"And besides, this is Thanksgiving. I was going to spend it all alone, but now I have a reason to go outside and kill that fat old hen."

"Sarah," he continued, looking at me. "How do you feel about roast chicken, with gravy and mashed potatoes and squash and homemade applesauce?"

I just looked from him to my mother and back to him again. We hadn't had that much food all at once since I could remember. I could feel my stomach start to think about all that food.

"Well, Sarah?" Mr. Evans said.

"I feel just fine about roast chicken," I told him. "Can I help?"

"You can amuse your baby brother and keep your ma from doing any work," Mr. Evans said. "She took quite a bump on the head, and she needs to

rest. I'm the chief cook for this feast."

We could hear him clattering pans in the kitchen, opening drawers and doors, humming to himself. Once my mother tried to go and help, but he shooed her back to the fire and made her sit down in a big chair and lean her head back to rest.

I think she fell asleep, and so did I, because the next thing I knew, Mr. Evans was telling us that dinner was ready.

He had set a big, round table in one end of the sitting room. There was a linen cloth and napkins to match, heavy silver and glasses almost like the good ones my mother used to have. On a big platter in the center of the table was a roast chicken, fragrant and steaming. There were potatoes, and little boiled onions, and yellow squash and gravy, and sweet, pink applesauce and a big glass of milk for me.

"Lord bless this food and these people you sent to me this Thanksgiving Day," Mr. Evans said. "Keep us all safe from cold and dark."

We all sat at the table. The baby played with two spoons and ate a little chicken, and my father ate too, and drank a cup of tea. My mother and Mr. Evans talked about our family — about our trip to South Carolina and how she would find work and my father would get well. I didn't talk at all. I ate until I thought my seams would burst, and then I ate some more.

Mr. Evans laughed to see the pile of bones on my plate, and my mother didn't once tell me not to eat so much.

After the table was cleared, Mr. Evans brought out a pumpkin pie. My father had gone back to his cot, and lay propped up on pillows in front of the fire. My mother put the baby to sleep in my cot, and then the three of us sat at the table with our pie.

"You know, Mrs. Hansen, I was just about ready to give up when I found you last night," Mr. Evans said. "This is my first Thanksgiving without Helen, and it just didn't seem as though I could get through it without her. Last night I had about decided to have myself a little hunting accident when I saw the lights from your car."

Shaking his head a little he said: "I don't know how you managed to get yourselves off on this back road. The main highway runs just as straight as an arrow through here."

He told my mother how he hitched up the wagon and drove down the lane to the road and found us. "I was afraid I wouldn't be able to get you all into the wagon," he said, "but I knew I couldn't let you freeze."

Caught up in the need to get us safely indoors and warm, he forgot all about what he had planned to do, he told her.

"Then, this morning, it didn't seem as though I could do such a thing," he said. "I had somebody to do for, somebody to take care of again for a little while, and it made me feel like I still wanted to be alive."

We stayed with Mr. Evans nearly two weeks, while my father got a little stronger and a man came to pull the car out of the snowbank and fix it.

On the morning we left, Mr. Evans and my mother talked a long time over their coffee. "Now, Mr. Evans," I heard her begin, and he said: "Don't worry, that thought is gone from my mind for good."

"I'm still here alone and I'll still be lonely after you go. But I'm not going to die of loneliness. I helped you and I guess I'm not too old to help somebody else who needs it," he said.

"You folks came along just in time to keep me from doing a terrible thing. I don't think you were on the wrong road at all that night, I think somebody put you on exactly the right road."

My mother smiled. "I think so too," she said.