



ON PARADE — While the CBS TV cameras rolled, the Norwood Brass Firemen marched in formation in front of their Alexandria, Va. motel. (Harriet Liotta photo)



INDOOR PERFORMANCE — After the inaugural parade for President Ronald Reagan was cancelled due to bitter cold temperatures in Washington, D.C., the Norwood Brass Firemen (center of photo) performed indoors, at the Capital Center sports coliseum. (Harriet Liotta photo)



GREETINGS FROM MARTIN — Congressman David O'B. Martin hosted a Washington, D.C. reception for the Norwood Brass Firemen. Above, Martin is shown with Dick French and another band member. (Harriet Liotta photo)



ON FILM — Despite the bitter cold, members of the Norwood Brass Firemen performed for a CBS film crew outside their Virginia motel Jan. 20. (Harriet Liotta photo)

Poetry Corner

THE BIRD BY WILSON STEVENSON
 flurried up a street today.
 The air was crisp, the sky was grey.
 Deep in thought; memories cling,
 And years disappear like a bird on wing.

In recalling the past I brushed back a tear
 Of the hard times and struggle of an earlier year.
 And I saw a young woman, with a babe in her arms,
 And three little girls full of innocent charms.

A neighbor beckons and calls out to me,
 "Come on over, Peg, have some fresh bread and tea."
 It was Ethel Graves, just across the way,
 And we rocked on her porch that warm summer day.
 We sat and visited, in our small way content,
 At night often worried about paying the rent.

Eva soon joined us; Olive, Irene and more
 The old porch filled up with kids by the score.
 They ate up the goodies, then skipped off to play
 Sharing together the best part of that day.

Later Mabel would move next door to me
 She shared what she had, flour coffee or tea.
 You had only to ask, always anxious to lend,
 I loved her and miss her, my dearest of friends.

The scene now is changing, Older children around,
 The day's about over and the sun's going down.
 I see Forest and Ralph, with fish pole and pail,
 With good fisherman's luck There will be bullhead to scale.

And who is that now, tagging close behind?
 Three boys and a mutt (57 different kinds)
 Our faithful old Pluto, heading too for the dam,
 The good Lord must have watched over them
 As they dove in and swam.

The big rock stands in the field where they played
 "King of the Castle" as they perched in its shade.
 The houses and people have disappeared too
 The old timers left number only a few.

Those boys have their families, Puppy dogs of their own,
 My brown hair is grey and my waistline has grown,
 But one thing for certain, a soft spot will remain
 In my heart, precious memories Of Munson Street Lane.
 Margaret (Peg) Call

Hot Dog Nostalgia

Remember when eating hot dogs was an exciting treat.

You don't remember. You're not sure what I mean by treat. Hot dogs are just something you buy because everything else is too expensive. Oh.

I remember well when hot dogs usually meant going somewhere to have fun. It was a good-time dog. Vendors, with a zest to entice, sold them at open air circuses, ball games and field days of all kinds. And get this, these giant hot dogs were the genuine thing and they cost only a nickel and that included the saurakaut that you smothered it with. You think I am something out of ancient history.

We seldom had hot dogs at home. In those days meat was cheap so why settle for a hot dog when you could have roast beef, leg of lamb, or a big ham from which you could slice as many pieces as you felt like eating.

I never got use to eating hot dogs at home like kids do nowadays because there was none of that outdoor atmosphere. When you ate a hot dog at the beach there was that wonderful taste of the sea breeze in every bite and the aroma of perhaps hundreds of other dogs sizzling on the many grills waiting to be eaten by hungry beach visitors few of which could think of going home without feasting on at least one hot dog, but at 5 cents a piece, might not begin to feel satisfied until after the third, fourth or fifth one. Because they were so delicious everyone, perhaps, ate more than they should have.

Hot dogs are not as good as they used to be. Spy scientists or informant food inspectors haven't told me. I've come to this conclusion after a boyhood to middle-age career of consuming these elongated morsels.

Actually, hot dogs have become too common. They are eaten anytime and anywhere. I suppose the high price of meat is responsible for this development. But hot dogs aren't cheap either. Sometimes you'll even have to pay a dollar for one and that's without the generous assortment of trimmings to go with it.

I don't know if I ever really considered just what a hot dog was when I was a kid. Surely I wasn't thinking what it was made of but only of what it tasted like. It probably had the status of something between candy and cake. The only thing I am sure of is that I knew it wasn't the remains of someone's pet.

Sometimes people called hot dogs franks or frankfurters. Some even went so far as using the word wieners. I never could grasp the name wiener. I still can't. Over the years I have decided that what you call a hot dog or whatever you call it, has something to do with where you eat it.

For example, a frank is a hot dog you eat at home, and vice versa. Now when you buy franks at the butcher they become frankfurters,

and if you have company at home for supper they remain frankfurters.

Did you ever hear it referred to as a wienerwurst? You didn't hear that at the fireman's field, day stand. Wiener is bad enough without adding the wurst. Each to his own. I even had a hard time with sausage. These names are a little too foreign for our genuine American hot dog. How genuine is it?

Trivia enthusiasts might know how a frankfurter became a hot dog in America. A wild guess, is that it may have once been called a hog dog simply because much of its contents is made up of pork-parts. How does a sack stuffed with meat and spice concoctions bedded between a split bread roll have anything to do with a dog? Take another wild guess. Remember that little short legged dog we use to call the Frankfurter dog. Doesn't help.

Has frankfurter anything to do

that matter they don't taste or smell like chicken or turkey. So what are they? I'm ready to send these fowl franks back to the birds. Are you? I think there is a conspiracy against the American hot dog. The plan is working quite well. We now have a garbage or junkie dog.

For example, sometime ago I opened a large assortment of luncheon meats only to find two packages of cheese franks. I couldn't believe it. Cheese! This is the end of my dog career! But first I had to eat one. After a few bites I felt like regurgitating every frank, frankfurter, wienerwurst and hot dog I had ever eaten. The love affair was over.

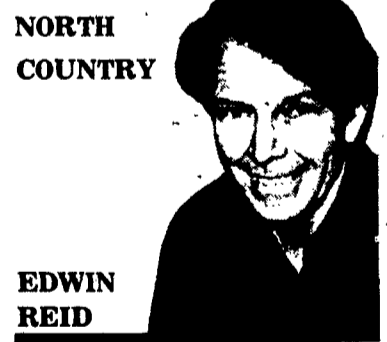
Now I sing, bring back the dog with a skin and tasty things within. Give me a frank that needs a firm bite to munch it into final submission.

In The Service

CARPENTRY SPECIALIST
 Airman Brian J. Burnap, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Burnap of R.D. 1, Norfolk, has graduated from the U.S. Air Force carpentry specialist course at Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas.

Burnap is scheduled to serve with the 401st Civil Engineering Squadron at Torrejon Air Base, Spain.

His grandmother Wyoma Blanchard, resides on R.D. 1, Norfolk. He is a 1984 graduate of Norwood-Norfolk High School.



EDWIN REID

with Frankfurt, Germany? I always figured that's where the dog was born. With it came the names frankfurter, wienerwurst, wiener and sausage. I guess we're responsible for getting rid of "furter" for the catchy frank. But now and then they're called furters. With this kind of confusion we had to come up with something, you know, all-American. We're original alright. Hot dogs for the compliment. But the time has come for calling them something else for they aren't what they used to be and I'm not sure just what they really are.

For one thing, they're not stuffed wieners anymore, except for a few processors who adhere to the old formulas and methods. In fact, it is impossible to stuff them because they're skinless. Instead of being stuffed they're compacted, stamped out or machine shaped, merely for the sake of acceptance as a hot dog. Under any other shape or name the concoctions would not sell as well. It's my guess just about anything that cannot be gotten rid of any other way go the way of the dog.

Look what has come of it. The cheaper chicken hot dogs. With their widespread acceptance the way was cleared for the turkey frank. I know they don't taste or smell like a grilled hot dog. For

DMV Office Now Open At 8

CANTON — The St. Lawrence County motor vehicles office here is now open an hour earlier, but will close at 4:45 rather than 5 p.m.

By opening the doors at 8 a.m. rather than 9 a.m., County Clerk-elect Orin B. Thomas is hoping the grumbling about long lines will be quieted and the complaining by some residents who work 9 to 5 and have difficulty getting to the office will be quelled.

There have been complaints for some time about the long lines in the office and the need for earlier hours so working people can conduct their business without having to take time off from their jobs.

The bottleneck at the office led to the approval of a satellite motor vehicles office here in Massena, which is expected to open early this year. The state has agreed to provide the necessary computer equipment for the office and Massena officials have agreed to provide the office space. The county legislature approved hiring two additional clerks to staff the new office. Until

the Massena office opens, they are working in the Canton office.

The opening of the Massena office may mean a change in the earlier Canton hours, Thomas said, but he said he hopes to be able to continue the 8 a.m. opening.

Employees will work on two shifts, an 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. shift, and a 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. shift. Because everyone wants to work the early shift, they will rotate shifts every month, he said. But, Thomas said, the doors to the office will close at 4:45 so paperwork can be completed by 5 p.m.

The Massena office will be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. but will be closed on the noon hour unless the county provides more staff, he said.

Thomas said he is not sure how the summer hours will be conducted at this time. In the summer county offices close at 4 p.m.

People applying for driver's licenses need to have proof of birth, such as a birth certificate, and two proofs of their identity and address.



PINEWOOD WINNERS — Above, the finalists in Norwood Cub Scout Pack 40's third annual Pinewood Derby anxiously await the finish of the championship race. The final outcome was: first place, Josh

Young, far left; second place, Derek Purvis, far right; and third place, Mike Deon, second from the right. The races were held Jan. 26 at the Norwood Municipal Building. (Ron Robertson photo)

SON BORN
 A son, Justin Adam, was born to William and Miriam (Jenkins) MacKinnon, Liverpool, on Nov. 26, 1984 at Crouse-Irving Hospital in Syracuse.
 Maternal grandparents are Porter and Kay Jenkins of Winthrop. Paternal grandparents are Clark and Dawn MacKinnon of Brasher Falls.

SON BORN
 A son, Benjamin Meyer, was born to David and Michele (Brazell) Jenkins, Taylors, S.C., on Dec. 11, 1984 at Allen Bennett Memorial Hospital in Greer, S.C.
 Maternal grandparents are Edward and Jennifer Brazell of Taylors, S.C.
 Paternal grandparents are Porter and Kay Jenkins of Winthrop.

SON BORN
 Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Morris of Grand Blanc, Mich., are the parents of a son, Michael Scott, born Jan. 4, 1985. Mrs. Morris is the former Susan Curtis, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Milford Curtis, Wheeler Road, Potsdam.