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by
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Stanley Cup Blues A Private Thing

WHEN LAST WE LEFT Joe Blow, the Flyers fan, he was blowing smoke, only pretending that his indifference to his team had not been shaken by the traumatic series with the Islanders.

Today, you may be surprised to know, Joe Blow is depressed, confused, lost, and in a sea of uncertain emotions — in short, a victim of those Low Down, Mind-Bender, Stupidly Depressive Post-Stanley Cup II Blues.

This phenomenon is not uncommon among those followers of the Flyers whose relationship with this fascinating troop of athletes has always been intensely private, those fans who earned watching their champions perform in the rickety Spectrum or in today's crumpled barn, preferring instead the seclusion of a familiar living room and the company of select household fellow cultists.

Falling into this category, Joe Blow found himself strangely awakened and delighted at the end of Tuesday night's game. Skating, Bobby Clarke and Bernie Parent float across the ice and Blow is in the stands, up in their chairs, he is in his element, no longer in their hands or under their feet, he is conversant, not even the slightest urge to leave the station three years ago and travel the Railroad Station Restoration Committee.

When the blizzard moved over the Flyers had won again.

He has.

Perhaps this discontent was due to the simple fact that the game had ended, the season had run its course and ended in victory. Like many of us, Joe Blow often found the anticipation of a pleasurable happening far more enjoyable than the happening itself.

And so it was with the Flyers. He could identify with them as long as they were still engaged in the struggle to become champions for the second straight year, but once this goal was reached, his sympathy abruptly short-circuited, reverting to cold detachment.

Heavy stuff, but when it comes to the Flyers, Joe Blow's mind works in exceedingly mysterious ways.

Studying the newspaper and television accounts of Wednesday's victory parade did another number on his head. For one thing, there were many kids — no many opening precedents that he did not care to be associated with. He'd like to be called a do-gooder.

The players themselves, atop their flaring collars, looked strange, with their long hair, sloppy clothes and the over-pretent look of their side. Like refugees from Woodstock. And there was dancing Bernie Parent, looking like a crane operator with that goofy "We're No. 1" hat planted on his head. And Bobby Clarke, with his puffy powder-blue newswatch cap, sunglasses and striped polo shirt, looked like a brainy young Spenser. Or Superher. Whatever.

As, but Fred Stens was also there, and Fred looked like he would understand Joe Blow's frame of mind. Fred looked confused. Fred looked down. Fred looked like he wanted to get down about two months in time, back to playing and planning intricate strategies about to ANTICIPATE.

There's that word again. It's really the key to the Post-Stanley Cup II Blues. It's easy to sell the difference between those who get 'em, and those who don't. Those who don't get 'em, "We're No. 1," "Bernie, Bernie," and all that other kid stuff while those who get 'em console themselves with "We'll Till Next Year."



IN PREPARATION for Bicentennial, Wenonah's old train station will become borough hall when volunteers finish renovation.

A Town Hall Wenonah Can Be Proud of Project by Volunteers Has Become a Symbol of the American Way

By LINDA C. HAMMOND
Courier-Post Staff

WENONAH — Aghast and perplexed city leaders at America's first 200 years of history. The national — included in table and wing — it over the past two years, a private investment in an abandoned train station here for use as a borough office has itself become a symbol of the American way.

When the borough board bought the station three years ago and created the Railroad Station Restoration Committee to make a borough hall out of the site for the completion of the restoration and renovation was \$200,000.

They've put on a new roof of asphalt shingles, repaired and painted the structure, removed, replaced, painted and resealed the windows, laid new concrete walks around the building and built a park area next to it.



Local residents are helping Mrs. Mary Martin and her son Gene, 11, examine the gas meter outside their Pine Hill apartment. The South Jersey Gas Co. has threatened to cut off service unless she pays for a year's worth of gas that the company neglected to bill her for.

The Company Goofed

No Gas or Hot Water Threatens Mother of 3

By JOSEPH BENJER
Courier-Post Staff

A Pine Hill woman who supports five children through welfare and a part-time job says she may find herself without water or cooking gas — again — because the gas company forgot to bill her for nearly a year.

Officials of the South Jersey Gas Company admit that a bureaucratic foul-up on their part was the reason Mrs. Mary L. Martin, 38, of 17 Chestnut Ave., Pine Hill, received no monthly bills between Nov. 27, 1974, and Oct. 1, 1974.

But she insists that Mrs. Martin pay off the approximately \$28 bill she received last October at a rate of \$9 a month as well as keep up payment of her gas bills, which ran between \$11 and \$14 a month.

Mrs. Martin claims she is unable to do this on the \$28 a month welfare grant she receives, although she acknowledged the bill and says she can pay up to \$5 a month.

"We are not denying the validity of the debt, but it is unreasonable for the gas company to fail to bill a low-income family and then demand full payment," said Mrs. Martin's attorney, Dennis Decker of Camden Superior Legal Services.

"You have to weigh the need of South Jersey Gas Co. to have the money in one year instead of two against the need of a mother and three children for a cooking stove and hot water."

But company officials point out that the State Public Utilities Commission has refused the company's offer to offer to Mrs. Martin as "reasonable."

They also claim that she failed to live up to an agreement she allegedly made last October to pay \$2 a month on her back bill, and say company records do not back up her claim she repeatedly requested bills for the first four months she received none.

She, mother Kenneth Wigglesworth and William Smith, his company, commercial manager who has worked on Mrs. Martin's case since she was notified last Friday night and after it was learned she had no money.

Mrs. Martin is a divorcee who has had her second Pine Hill duplex for five years, says that her husband began to lose the mortgage loan in 1973.

"They turned my gas off by mistake and then said I didn't get a bill. I called them and they said this would be straightened out. Still, I got no bill for four months."

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activities for civic organizations and other community activities.

Miller noted that the station is located directly in the center of town on the main street, Main Avenue, and will therefore be especially convenient for the community.

The station was abandoned when the Pennsylvania-Baltimore-Southern Railway discontinued passenger service about five years ago in favor of Amtrak through the borough. Now there are only a few freight trains passing along the tracks on Woodbury and Chestnut streets.

A victory sign, the line carried hundreds of city talks who wanted to get away from the heat of Philadelphia. That was Wenonah's advantage — an unpopulated town with a large and an enormous hotel, the Wenonah Hotel, had a famous chef and was known all over the country.

For many years the thriving downtown station and their families to the well-known National Military Academy, which closed in 1952.

The old station was filled with things, of woodwork, stoves and a variety of people just passing through, all under the auspices of Human Society Union.

Miller said the hall will be finished by July 4, 1976.

Philadelphia left. Mrs. Martin is a divorcee who has had her second Pine Hill duplex for five years, says that her husband began to lose the mortgage loan in 1973.

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