

It's a fact that faxes are now on the list

The government is helping folks again — helping put us out of business.

As part of the Do-Not-Call law, the Federal Communications Commission amended its regulations to restrict the use of faxes for business.

The commission ruled that no one can send a fax with advertising information on it without having the written permission of the person to whom it is sent. This permission is good for three years.

You can't get permission by faxing someone a sheet. It has to be mailed to them, even if they have asked that you send them information.

Advertising information can be as little as your letterhead with a logo or slogan.

If you decide to do a little remodeling and want bids from two or three contractors, they won't be able to fax you the information.

If you want to send a bill to a customer who asks you to fax it to them, you couldn't unless you had their written permission to fax them first.

If you wanted the proof of an ad, a copy of a legal document, a bill, a bid, a purchase order, a set of plans or just about anything other than a letter from your grandmother, you'd better have sent the person faxing you written permission.

Worse yet, if you run a commercial fax business, you are liable for what other people send out on your line.

Businesses, like Artline Graphics, would be liable not only for what they do, but for what other people do using their service.

The government, in its infinite wisdom, has put off implementation of this rule until January. However, after that, violators can be sued for up to \$1,500 per fax.

In the cities, lawyers are gathering unsolicited faxes and paying \$2 each with the understanding that they can sue the sender and collect any damages for themselves.

What does all this mean?

It'll cost everyone more to do business.

That means that it'll cost the consumers more for goods and services. Businesses will not be able to give the kind of service that they should be able to provide because they'll be afraid of being sued.

And for what? Who gets so many faxes that they feel threatened by the overload?

Once, before e-mail spam, there were a lot of junk faxes. But now, why would anyone spend money sending faxes when they can junk up your e-mail for free?

This is another example of the government offering a steam shovel to swat a fly which has already flown off.

And, of course, the government will be exempt from the rules.

As usual.

"We're from the government. We're here to help you."

— Cynthia Haynes

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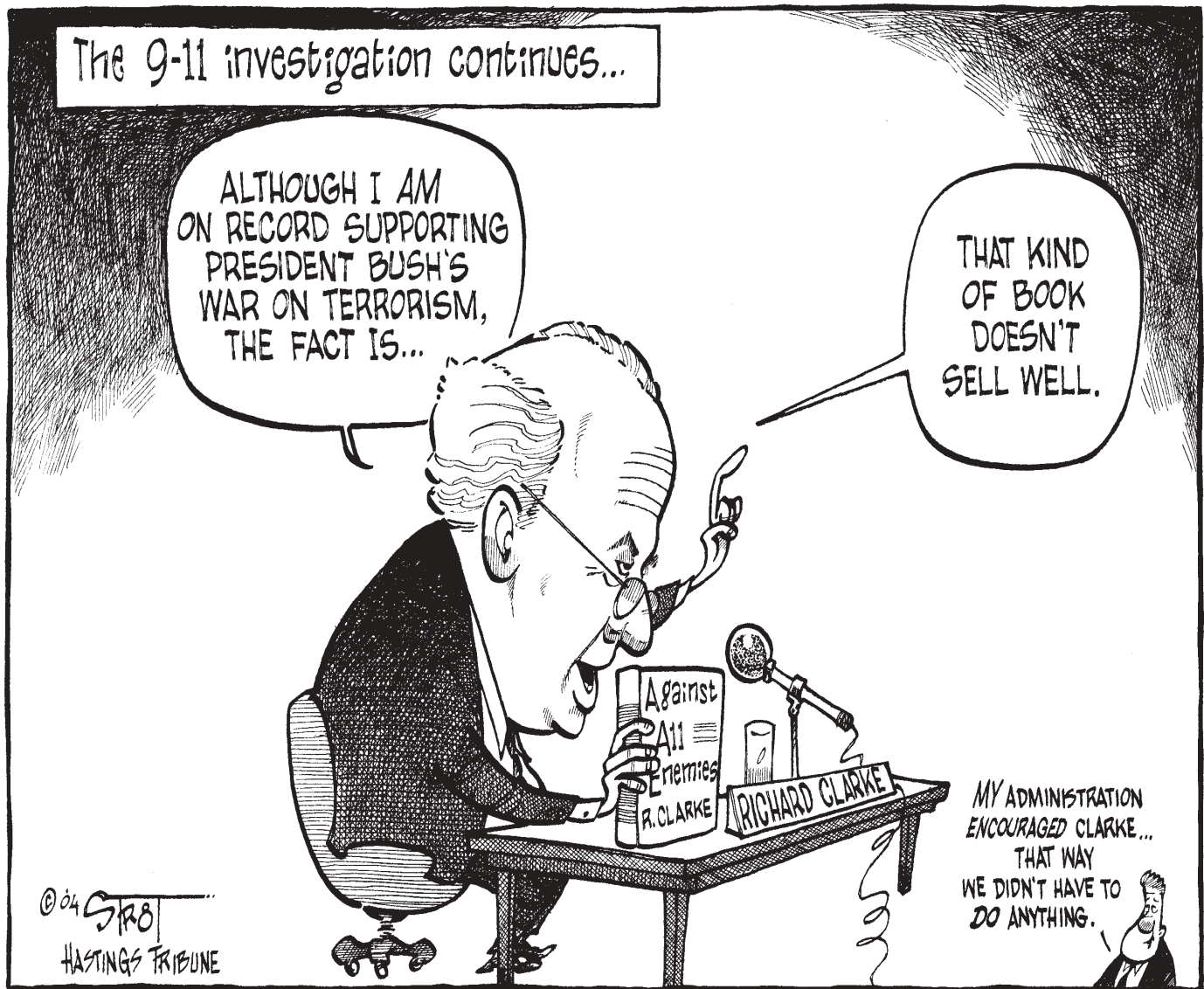
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When a kitty dies, a friend is lost

We had to have a funeral in our back yard this week. We had crossed the border from Juarez last Thursday and were still in El Paso, when my cell phone rang. It was my friend, Teresa, who had been "pet sitting" for us.

My first thought was "Oh, no! It's Max!" Max is our almost 15-year-old, diabetic Siamese who needs two insulin shots every day. Teresa is an old farm girl who isn't afraid of giving Max his shots and volunteers to take care of him when we leave town. Besides, she's an emergency medical technician and a licensed practical nurse, so I knew she was qualified to care for the cats.

But no, it wasn't Max. The call was about my cat, Snuggles. To clarify, Snuggles was actually my "grandcat." He had been my daughter Kara's cat since he was a kitten.

Years ago, Kara had smuggled Snuggles into her apartment in Dallas without benefit of a pet deposit. One day the maintenance man came in unannounced, and she was "busted." She had three days to get rid of the cat.

That's where I came in.

"M-o-o-o-m," she said in that pleading

Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



way only your child can. "Can you take Snuggles? I just CAN'T take him to the animal shelter. Ple-e-a-a-se. Oh, please, please, please."

"All right," I said.

Since Kara lived in Dallas, we agreed to meet halfway, in Wichita. We made the "cat swap," including all the paraphernalia that goes along with a house pet: Litter box, litter, food, play toys and bed.

Snuggles actually seemed to enjoy the trip home. Since other cats in my life always hyperventilated at the mere sight of a car, this was a huge relief. I had had visions of this cat yowling, hissing and attacking during the trip.

To make a long story short, Snuggles had been a good cat. Not much of a mouser, but good in the sense of a quiet companion. He liked to crawl up in my

lap, he liked to find the warmest spot in the house for his naps, he liked to sleep on the pillow next to me.

When Jim and Max moved in after we got married, Snuggles had some adjustment issues. Like step-brothers establishing their territories, Snuggles and Max tolerated each other in the beginning, but after a fashion, came to accept each other.

When Jim wanted to make me laugh, he would call him "Fuzzer." Sometimes, when he adopted an arrogant air, I would call him "Tuddy," short for "Attitude."

So it was Snuggles' funeral that we had last week. Teresa said she had taken him to the vet because he seemed to be paralyzed in his back legs and that we needed to call their office.

After some back-and-forth phone calls and x-rays, the vet determined that he couldn't be helped and we made that awful decision all pet owners tread.

When God gave us dominion over all the animals, we have the right to use animals, but we also have the obligation to care for them. So, it was our duty to end his pain and let him go.

I know. It's only a cat. But I miss him.

Rest in peace, Snuggles.

'Happy days' make life better for all

Years ago when our third son was in kindergarten and his older brothers were in elementary school our dinner table became a litany of the older boys, activities.

The kindergartner tried to intersperse his thoughts, but had difficulty matching their happenings so he resorted to the sad and unhappy doings of his day.

He found it received the attention he wanted.

So our solution was initiating the "happy day" routine.

At the dinner table each night each person, adult and child, family member and guest, had to tell their happy day (and still do).

They had to pick one thing that happened during the day that made them happy. They couldn't say "the whole day" nor could they say "nothing".

Something good happens each day to

Phase II

Mary Kay
Woodyard



all of us. It might be as simple as the new teacher knew my name or as eventful as a home run, but something made us feel good at some time during the day.

Sometimes we can live with people, but not hear them.

Not only does "happy days" focus on the positive it also encourages conversation and taking turns. And sometimes from the conversation will arise a problem and the family together helps come up with a solution.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Iowa student needs help with project

To the Editor:

Hi. My name is Kyler Vande Berg and I am a fifth-grade student at West Ridge Elementary School in Harlan, Iowa.

My class is studying geography and history of the United States. We would appreciate it if you could send us a postcard, souvenir or information about Kansas, so we can learn about our country.

Our teacher would like to have a car license plate for the school project, if possible. I greatly appreciate your time. Thank you very much.

Kyler Vande Berg
West Ridge Elementary School
1401 19th Street
Harlan, Iowa 51537

WRITE:

The Norton Telegram encourages Letters to the Editor on any topic of public interest. Letters should be brief, clear and to the point. They must be signed and carry the address and phone number of the author.

We do not publish anonymous letters. We sign our opinions and expect readers to do likewise.

We do not publish form letters or letters about topics which do not pertain to our area. Thank-yous should be submitted to the Want Ad desk.

Letters will not be censored, but will be read and edited for form and style, clarity, length and legality. We will not publish attacks on private individuals or businesses which do not pertain to a public issue.