

I did exactly what the notes said

Tuesday was, among other things, election day. When I arrived home shortly after noon for lunch, there was a note attached to my front door. It read, "Tom, we are at Elmwood Park, got the kids with us, looking forward to seeing you again." Hmm, who could that be? It wasn't signed. The note told me exactly where they would be at the park. So, I jumped in my pickup and drove the few blocks to the park. They weren't where they said they would be, but another note was. It read: "The kids got hungry. We will be at McDonald's." I drove to McDonald's, circled the parking lot, nothing looked familiar (of course I didn't know who I was looking for), so I went inside. No familiar faces, can't recall seeing any kids. So I got back into my pickup and drove home to eat lunch. When I got to the front door, there was note attached that read, "April Fool!"

I have not the slightest idea who was behind this April Fool's joke, the best one ever pulled on me. But I am offering a reward for any information leading me to the foolsters. I never gave any thought to election day also being April Fool's Day. Anything happen to you worth passing along?

Good Evening Norton
Tom Dreiling



-td-
Last I heard, the 2008 presidential campaign was still underway.

I am anxiously awaiting Saturday's Final Four game between Kansas and the University of North Carolina at San Antonio. The Tarheels are coached by Roy Williams, former longtime University of Kansas coach, who jumped ship several years ago for North Carolina. His departure left a sour taste in the mouths of many Kansans. They look at this game as a revenge sort of thing. Whoever wins will play for the national championship Monday night against the winner of the other Saturday game between Memphis and UCLA.

Go coach Self, go Jayhawks!

Speaking of athletic events, I can remember when I was in 6th grade and the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers were playing in the World Series (as I look back it seemed like they were the only two teams in the World Series every year). Anyway, I was a student at the Catholic grade school in Hays and our teacher, a nun, was a dyed in the wool Yankee fan. She would periodically have one of the students go out to the car belonging to the custodian, Mike Fross, and turn on the radio in his car to get a score. If the chosen student brought back a favorable report, she was all smiles, but if it was otherwise, she clutched her rosary and speed-dialed the beads. For some reason I thought — from her actions — the Yankees were a Catholic team. They weren't. I later learned that the link was because Yankee Stadium was built on ground owned by the Knights of Columbus.

Sister was responsible for me being a Yankee fan for a lot of years. How things change: Go Rockies!

The Kansas Department of Revenue solicited Kansans, back in November, to design a new personalized license plate scheduled for production in 2010. All total, 111 entries were submitted. Now the department is asking citizens to vote for their favorite. The five winning entries can be found at www.ksrevenue.org. You are asked to vote for just one. The deadline to vote is April 30. The winning design will be announced the first week in May. The five choices are: The Great Seal of the State of Kansas; a windmill with the state seal in the background, the name KANSAS at the top, and America's Heartland at the bottom; an Indian shooting a bow and arrow toward the sky, the name KANSAS at the top, numbers and letters in the middle, and the state motto, "To The Stars Through Difficulty," at the bottom; another windmill, with the vastness of the prairie in the background, and the name KANSAS at the top; and a map of the state with KANSAS at the top and Original Wild West at the bottom.

These descriptions fail to do justice to the colorful plates. I hope you pull up the website and get a good look at the designs. And then be sure to vote for your favorite.

Have a good evening! And this weekend, take your personalized thoughts to the church of your choice and let Him do the judging.

Thumbs Up

To... **Almena Junior Pride**, nice signs! (called in)

To... **Author Lois Ruby**, for visiting our schools. (e-mail)

To... **Jeff Wallingford**, Norton Junior High's new principal. (e-mail)

To... **All** who voted! (called in)

To... **Norton County EMS**, and congratulations on your new building. Hopefully it is equipped with a revolving front door. (called in)

(To submit a name or names, simply e-mail tom.d@nwkansas.com, telephone 877-3361 or 877-6908, fax 877-3732, write to 215 S. Kansas Ave. 67654, or drop by the office. Thanks for your continuing input. - td)

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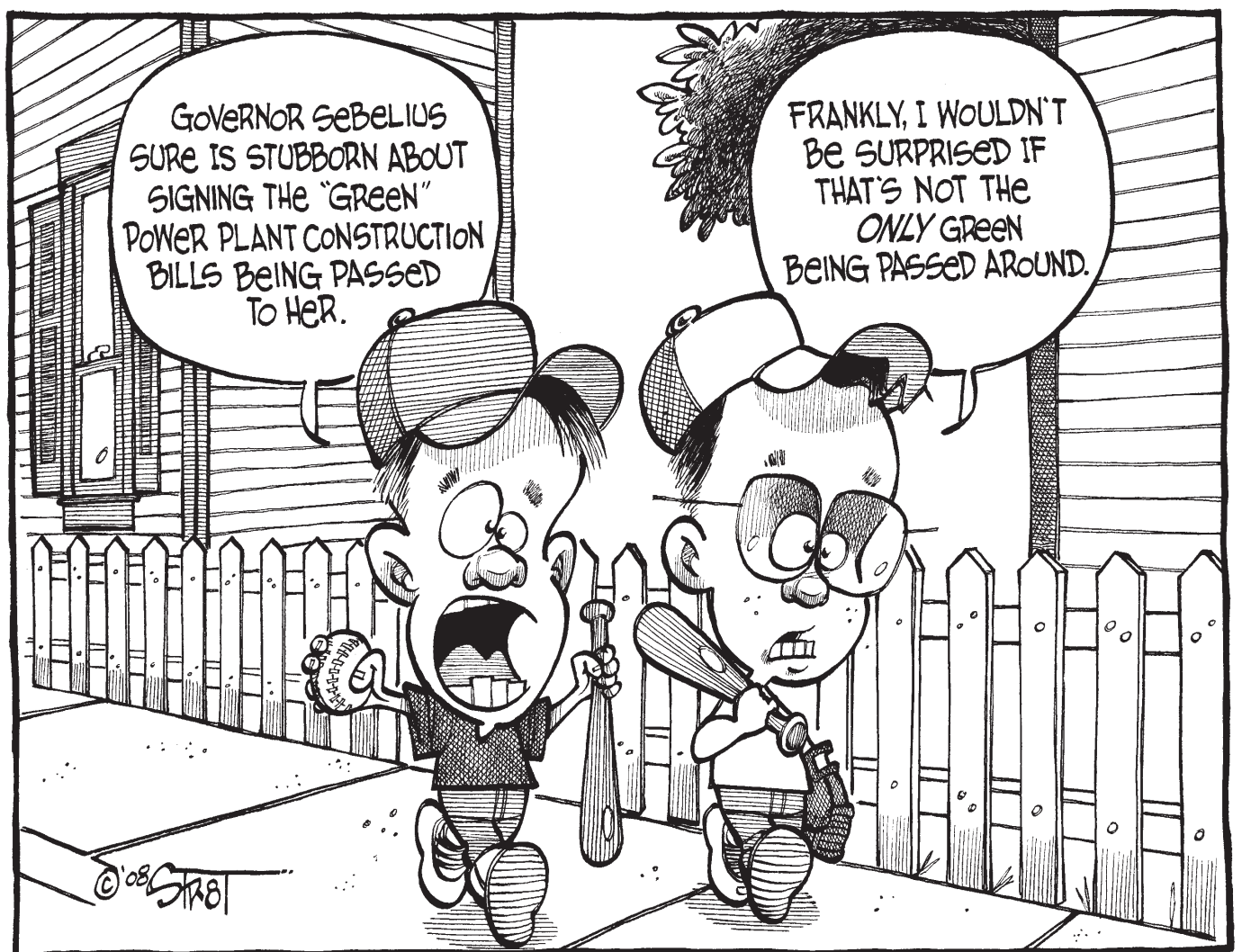
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Ol' Roy (as in Williams) better watch out

I hope Roy Williams doesn't have any property left in Kansas. For like the other Great Traitor, whatever he left behind when he heeded the call of his homeland might be at risk. As in grave danger.

The Great Traitor, Robert E. Lee, had been one of the bright lights of the U.S. Army: West Point graduate, Mexican War hero, keen military mind.

It was Lee who commanded U.S. troops sent to capture the abolitionist John Brown and secure the arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

Lee was offered command of the Union army after succession.

Forced to choose, his loyalty lay with his homeland in Virginia, and Lee reluctantly went home to take up a cause he had little sympathy for.

Lee left behind the army and the Constitution he loved to serve his home state.

In Lawrence, a Yankee town where they remember well the Civil War, that makes him a lot like Roy Williams, who came to Kansas as a young assistant basketball coach, a disciple of Dean Smith at North Carolina.

The Emporia-born Smith send Williams to redeem his alma mater and uphold her basketball tradition. Trained by

On the Prairie Dog Steve Haynes



Smith, one of the great basketball coaches of all time, Williams grew and prospered in 15 years at Kansas. He became one of the greatest coaches at a school where the first coach invented the game.

The first time North Carolina asked him, Ol' Roy said no. Eventually, he did as Dean Smith had done and sent one of his best assistants to take charge of the Tarheels.

Only Matt Doherty was no Roy Williams and certainly no Dean Smith, and when he stumbled, and the homeland called again, desperate, General Roy did what any true son of the South would do.

He resigned his commission and bolted for home.

There, he fulfilled his destiny and snagged the national championship which had evaded him in Lawrence. Which may prove Ol' Roy is an ever better

general than Robert E. Lee.

But maybe not. We'll see on Saturday.

Back to that property in Lawrence.

I hope Roy sold it. All of it.

General Lee had property near Washington, a mansion and estate across the Potomac River that had come down through his wife's family, the descendants of George Washington's wife Martha.

During the war, feeling was high about the Great Traitor. He was as despised in the North as he was revered in the South, but his wife's estate had been left to the North.

Out of spite, they began burying bodies of the Union dead in her lawn. She never did recover the family land, and it took her years just to get the antique furniture — some of it handed down from George.

The bodies of those Union soldiers are still there. We know that place today as Arlington National Cemetery.

I'm not sure what the students in Lawrence might do to Ol' Roy's house, if he hasn't sold it by now.

I don't think they'd plant any bodies there.

But you never know.

If I were him, I wouldn't advertise it for sale this week, just to be safe.

To save earth, she reverts to trashing car

My car is full of trash, and it really needs to be cleaned out. Not junk, mind you — although I've got a bit of that, too.

This is trash, waste products, garbage. It started out innocently enough. I'm in the news business. We get a lot of newspapers — a half dozen weeklies and at least three seven-day dailies. Some are pretty small, but some, like the Sunday edition of the *Denver Post*, are whoppers.

I hate to add all those papers to our landfill and I knew that there were ways of recycling them, so I started putting them in brown paper grocery sacks.

At first there was nowhere to send them here, but I learned I could send them to our press department in Goodland, where they would go into a huge newspaper recycling bin.

Eventually, Oberlin got a little recycling trailer. I started taking my papers down and emptying the bags into the proper slot.

I noticed that you could also recycle catalogs and magazines. I had been taking my magazines to the library for their free pile, but there were a lot of catalogs coming in the mail, advertising everything from men's shirts to riverboat cruises in Russia.

I put a little pink Victoria's Secret

Open Season Cynthia Haynes



bag behind a plant to catch all those tips, trips and assorted slick circulars. It takes longer to fill than my brown paper newspaper bags, but I still have to empty it about twice a month, more during the Christmas season.

With newspapers and magazines under my belt, I started reading the labels on the sides of the recycling trailer and even took a peek at what was in the bins so I would know what No. 1 plastic or chipboard looked like.

I found that I could recycle my milk cartons, cereal boxes, toilet paper cores and salsa jars. I just had to clean them out and have a spot to store them until it was time to go to the recycling center.

At first, I tried keeping things in the garage in separate plastic crates. While this was a great idea, it didn't work as well as I had hoped during the winter.

My next idea was to just put another

brown paper bag next to the trash can for recyclables.

This has worked well; I fill about a bag every three days.

The latest addition to the recyclable family in Oberlin is tin cans. Those go in the bag, too, now.

Last week we made chili. I washed out and threw away the plastic and styrofoam hamburger containers but rinsed and put in the recycling bag the cans from the tomato juice, paste and sauce. That plus the four plastic containers that held strawberries and cherry tomatoes (they were on sale), an empty milk carton, glass pickle jar, plastic Coke bottle, empty Bisquick box, an empty plastic mayonnaise jar and half a dozen metal and plastic lids pretty much filled up a paper sack.

When I get to the trailer, I just go round and round to the proper bin and dump each item in. It's easier than trying to keep it all separated.

When a sack of newspapers, magazines or trash is full, I put it in the trunk of my car to await a trip to the recycle trailer. It's been a couple of weeks since I made that trip and my trunk is getting real trashy — but my garage looks good.

I guess I'm not going very far in that car until I detrash my trunk, but that's a small sacrifice in this day and age.

Your Political Connection

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★ **U.S. Sen. Pat Roberts**, 109 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. (202) 224-4774; fax (202) 224-3514

★ **U.S. Sen. Sam Brownback**, 303 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. (202) 224-6521

★ **U.S. Rep. Jerry Moran**, 2443 Rayburn HOB, Washington, D.C. 20515. (202) 225-2715; fax (202) 225-5124

★ **State Sen. Ralph Ostmeyer**, State Capitol Building, Room 262-E, Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785) 296-7399

★ **State Rep. John Faber**, 181 W. Capitol Building, Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785) 296-7500