

Opinion



Letters

Nice honor for Rep. Moran

To the Colby Free Press:

I was reading Congressman Jerry Moran's "This Week in Congress" column and in it he mentions an award he received. I pass that part of the column along for the *Free Press* to share with its readers..

It reads:

"The National Association of Wheat Growers recently presented me with the 2003 'Wheat Champion' Award at an event in Washington, D.C. This award is presented to Members of Congress who actively support the goals and policies of the wheat industry. At the awards ceremony, I was introduced by John Thaemert of Sylvan Grove, the past-president of the Kansas Association of Wheat Growers and the current secretary-treasurer of the national association. Other recipients of the award include Senator Kay Bailey-Hutchinson of Texas and Congressman Earl Pomeroy of North Dakota.

"Each year, more than 400 million bushels of wheat, worth \$1 billion, are produced in Kansas. This represents more than one-fifth of all wheat produced in the United States. Wheat is an important component to the Kansas economy and to our job base, and I am honored to receive the 'Wheat Champion' Award."

Persons who had read the last letter I wrote to Congressman Moran on Notch Reform in the *Colby Free Press* inquired of me how to get a 'Petition Approval' form so that they could Petition Members of the U.S. House and U.S. Senate, so I sent the information and it also was published in the paper.

My father was a wheat farmer for a period of time after he'd served in the Army in World War I. My husband and his brother also owned wheat land and were able to finish their college education after World War II with income from the sale of wheat which was doing very well at the time.

I see by the news that a woman in Garden City is selling Russian thistle all over the world on the Internet. It certainly is a nostalgic reminder of the middle west. Someone might want to sell strands of wheat; that would be even better. I used to get a handful when I came home on vacation when I was living in California! (Of course, I eat bread made of wheat.)

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(Letter #21)

Comments to any opinions expressed on this page are encouraged. Mail them to the Colby Free Press, 155 W. 5th St., Colby, Kan., 67701. Ore-mail td@nwkansas.com, fax (785) 462-7749, or drop your submission off at the office. Remember to include a name, address and daytime telephone number. Unsigned letters cannot be published.

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- U.S. Sen. Pat Roberts**, 109 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. 202/224-4774
- U.S. Sen. Sam Brownback**, 303 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. 202/224-6521
- U.S. Rep. Jerry Moran**, 1519 Longworth House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515. 202/225-2715
- State Rep. Jim Morrison**, State Capitol Building Rm. 171-W, Topeka 66612. 785/296-7676 e mail: jmorrison@ink.org web:http://www.ink.org/public/legislators/jmorrison
- State Sen. Stan Clark**, State Capitol Building Rm. 449-N, Topeka 66612. 785/296-7399 e mail: sclark@ink.org

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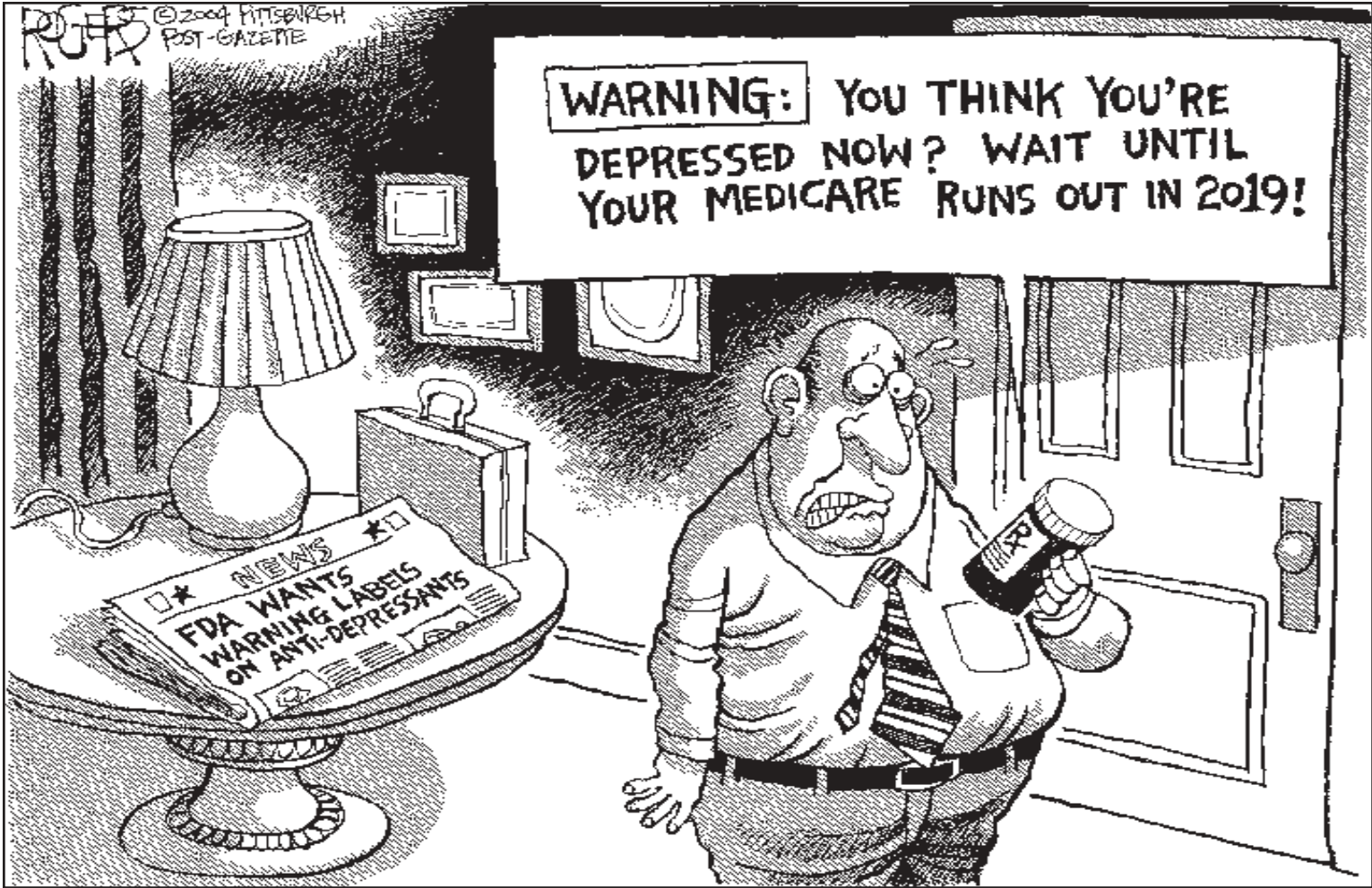
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Call it a house divided



Tom Dreiling

• My Turn

"**THOSE** Republicans just don't get it!" — Democrat talking.

"Those Democrats just don't get it!" — Republican talking.

There are times I don't think either one knows which end of the ruler has the smallest number.

This could well be my family. You see, originally, we were a family of Democrats. Dad dabbled in local politics — but isn't all politics local? City commissioner of Hays, mayor, Ellis County Clerk, precinct committeeman, died-in-the-wool Roosevelt Democrat. Mom, not nearly as active, was comfortable in the Democrat tradition. Ironically, she died the day before election in 1972 and was a supporter of South Dakota Senator George McGovern.. I wasn't for the guy but I marked my ballot for him in deference to my mother.

Oldest sibling, Norbert, was Ellis County Attorney early on. First District chair, State Party chair, chairman of the Bob Docking for governor campaign, delegate to several national conventions and was the person most responsible for the appearance of President John F. Kennedy in Hays in 1959 as Kennedy was testing the presidential waters. He lived politics to the extreme. Now, in his aging years, he sometimes fondly recalls those experiences. But unfortunately, health doesn't allow him to be engaged to any degree in the art — he always thought of politics as an art — but he watches and listens now from the sidelines.

He, of all the siblings, carried on the traditional approach to politics as preached by our father.

Brother Don served on the Hays Public School Board, and brother Dean was involved in politics in Texas for some years and had served on that state's board of education and did his thing for the betterment of his political choice in that state.

The rest of us did our thing in our way.

We were united as a family of Democrats in years gone by, but as the years moved on members of the clan began shedding the political clothing we were dressed in. We are now a house

divided — five Democrats and three Republicans — and I think one of those five is a "waverer" Democrat.

You can be sure that in this, a presidential election year, each in his or her own way is talking up his or her choice for the White House. Personally, I like the split. There's nothing more boring than everyone being for the same person, cause, position. Now true family debates are the rule.

I have no idea what politics my nieces and nephews are. There are so many of them — and mean MANY — that if they wanted they could break away from what they now are and form their own party and have a pretty substantial base of support.

I often wonder, however, how my parents would view their children if they were still around. I have a hunch that they would be pleased because they taught us to travel the road best suited for our very own journey, and to make a difference.

They would have no regrets.

DON'T forget to turn your clocks up one hour this weekend as Daylight Saving Time kicks in at 2 a.m. on Sunday.

THERE are a lot of folks who can't understand how we came to have an oil shortage here in America. Well, there's a very simple answer. Nobody bothered to check the oil. We just didn't know we were getting low. The reason for that is purely geographical. All our oil is in Alaska, Texas, California, New Mexico and Oklahoma.

In the beginning...

T D

• At Week's End

This week's response to this regular Friday column was exceptionally good. I have enough stuff to last a couple of weeks, but keep it coming. Enjoy.

In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth and populated the Earth with broccoli, cauliflower and spinach, green and yellow and red vegetables of all kinds, so Man and Woman would live long and healthy lives.

Then using God's great gifts, Satan created ice cream and delicious, mouth-watering, glazed-dripping doughnuts. And Satan said, "You want chocolate with that?" And Man said, "Yes!" And Woman said, "And as long as you're at it, add some sprinkles." And they gained 10 pounds. And Satan smiled.

And God created the healthful yogurt that Woman might keep the figure that Man found so fair.

And Satan brought forth flour and sugar from the cane and combined them. And Woman went from size 6 to size 14.

So God said, "Try my fresh green salad."

And Satan presented rich dressings, buttery croutons and garlic toast on the side. And Man and Woman unfastened their belts following the repast.

God then said, "I have sent you heart healthy vegetables and olive oil in which to cook them."

And Satan brought forth deep fried fish and chicken-fried steak so big it needed its own platter. And Man gained more weight and his cholesterol went through the roof.

God then created a light, fluffy white cake, named it "Angel Food Cake," and said, "It is good."

Satan then created chocolate cake and named it, "Devil's Food."

God then brought forth running shoes so that His children might lose those extra pounds.

And Satan gave cable TV with a remote control so Man would not have to toil changing the channels. And Man and Woman became couch potatoes as they watched those images flicker-

ing on the screen as they gained even more pounds.

Then God brought forth the potato, naturally low in fat and brimming with nutrition.

And Satan peeled off the healthful skin and sliced the starchy center into chips and deep-fried them. And Man gained pounds.

God then gave lean beef so that Man might consume fewer calories and still satisfy his appetite.

And Satan created the fast-food joints with their bargain priced double cheeseburgers. Then said, "You want fries with that?" And Man replied, "Yes! And super size them!" And Satan said, "It is good." And Man went into cardiac arrest.

God sighed and created quadruple bypass surgery.

Then Satan created HMOs.

Great truths that little children have learned:

- 1) No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.
- 2) When your Mom is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.
- 3) If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. Parents always catch the second person.
- 4) Never ask your 3-year old brother to hold a tomato.
- 5) You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
- 6) Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.
- 7) Never hold a Dust-Buster and a cat at the same time.

All our dipsticks are in Washington, D.C.

YOU people with computers — and that's a lot of you — are familiar with the flood of e-mails that push all kinds of products and services. The one that caught my eye this morning had this typed in the subject line: "Viagra — direct to your doorstep." I wondered if Viagra was perhaps replacing the ice melt I use to clear my doorstep of the slippery coating Mother Nature sometimes applies.

A DISTRAUGHT senior citizen phoned her doctor's office. "Is it true," she wanted to know, "that the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," the doctor told her.

There was a moment of silence before the senior lady replied, "I'm wondering, then, just how serious is my condition. This prescription is marked 'NO REFILLS'."

MIGHT again mention that tickets for the *Taste of Home COOKING SCHOOL* at Max Jones Fieldhouse in Goodland are available here at the *Free Press* office. In advance the tickets are \$7, while at the door they are \$8. The school is scheduled for April 13. Doors open at 5 p.m. (Central Time), with the program starting at 7.

THE church bulletin notes, "The peacemaking meeting scheduled for today has been canceled due to a conflict." And also that, "The cost for attending the *Fasting and Prayer* conference includes meals." And finally, "At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be *What is Hell?* Come early and listen to our choir practice."

HAVE a good evening and a good weekend! Remember to include Palm Sunday services in your planning.

Dreiling is publisher of the Free Press. His column appears Wednesdays and Fridays.

8) You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.

9) Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.

10) The best place to be when you're sad is Grandpa's lap.

Great truths that adults have learned:

- 1) Raising teenagers is like nailing Jell-O to a tree.
- 2) Wrinkles don't hurt.
- 3) Families are like fudge...mostly sweet, with a few nuts.
- 4) Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground.
- 5) Laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.
- 6) Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fiber, not the toy.

Great truth about growing old:

- 1) Growing up is mandatory; growing old is optional.
- 2) Forget the health food. I need all the preservatives I can get.
- 3) When you fall down, you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.
- 4) You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from a roller coaster.
- 5) It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.
- 6) Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.
- 7) Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.

The four stages of life:

- 1) You believe in Santa Claus.
- 2) You don't believe in Santa Claus.
- 3) You are Santa Claus.
- 4) You look like Santa Claus.

Got something for "At Week's End?" Please send it to td@nwkansas.com, or fax it to him at (785) 462-7749. You can also send it by regular mail to 155 W. 5th, Colby 67701. Thanks!