

from our viewpoint...

Jokes in poor taste are still free speech

We talk a lot about freedom of speech in this country. It's one of our founding principals. It is the very first Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

However, many times each year one celebrity or another is taken to task for saying something in bad taste. But should they? Do they have the right to say these things? Should we demand apologies when their speech is offensive?

This year we've already seen a huge uproar against Rush Limbaugh, who was criticized for going after a female college student who was barred from testifying on birth control. The latest is comedian Daniel Tosh, who at a standup gig in Los Angeles made a joke about rape.

Now, many would call this in poor taste, and they would probably be right. Rape is a horrible crime that most would choose not to make light of. However, Tosh should be free to make fun of it if he chooses.

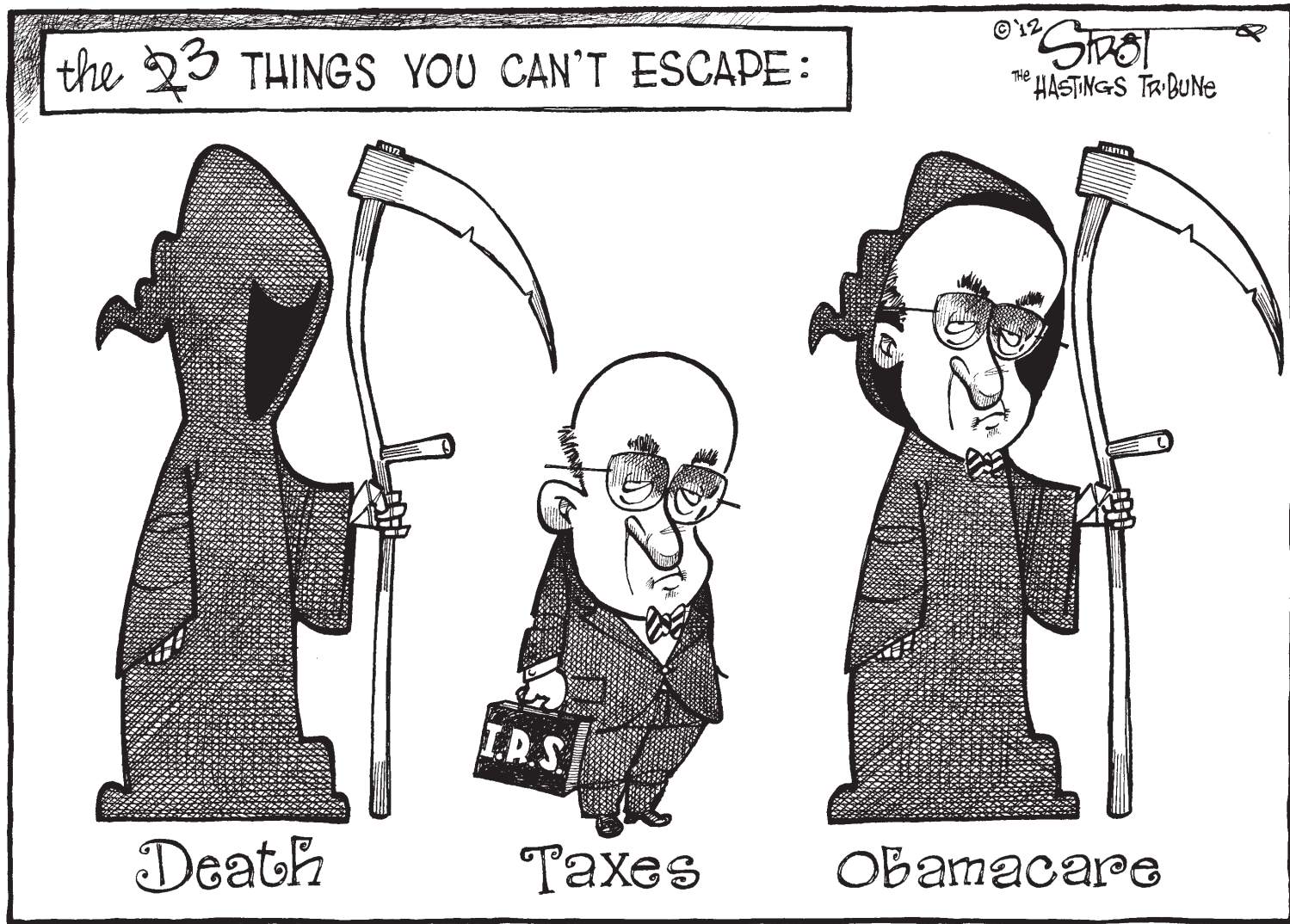
The reason he should be free to do so, is because having freedom of speech means you have to put up with speech you don't like, be it from political rivals, fringe groups, celebrities, comedians or anyone else. This is a natural consequence.

Therefore, we should not as a society publicly demand apologies. If the person in question wishes to apologize, that's their prerogative, but we cannot defend free speech and then turn around and force someone to say their sorry for what they said.

There are things that can and should be done, but they should be on the individual level. The simple principal is: if you don't like what is being said, choose not to listen. If you are going to a comedy show, look up who the comedian is and what their jokes are like. A five-minute Google search on Daniel Tosh would be enough to show anyone that his jokes often skirt the line of good taste. If that's not your thing, don't go.

In a similar vein, even if you've never heard of Rush Limbaugh, a quick Google search will tell you whether or not you might be offended by things on his radio show. If you're going to be offended, make the choice not to turn in his show.

As a society we must ensure that everyone is free to say anything, especially if we don't like it. If we start curtailing one person's freedom of speech, we curtail it for all. Making sure that people like Rush Limbaugh and Daniel Tosh can say whatever they want also ensures that we can say whatever we want. —Kevin Bottrell



Summertime memories

It seems like only yesterday when I raced my buddies down the red-carpeted ramp of the Pix Theater in Hoxie, trying to nail down those good seats. You know the ones I'm talking about—in the front row, where tennis shoes could be heard latching into congealed soda from the matinee.

Back in those days, "the guys and me" could watch "Davey Crockett," "Old Yeller" or "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" for only a quarter and a seal from a milk carton produced at Ada's, our hometown dairy.

Outside, as we waited in line for our tickets, you could smell the popcorn and watch the soda machine as it dropped a cup from its innards and spewed forth an overly sweet combination of syrup, carbonated water and ice. Sometimes, the cup turned sideways and the liquid missed and sprayed the hand of the kid expecting a tasty treat.

Mom didn't keep chocolate at home, so going to the movies meant we splurged. I couldn't wait to eat my favorite candy—a Denver Sandwich. This bit of heaven consisted of two long strawberry wafer cookies with oodles of caramel and peanut bits wrapped in a thick coating of milk chocolate. It cost 5 cents, and as I recall, it was almost as big as an ice cream sandwich.

Other movies I loved were westerns starring



Insight this week

• john schlageck

Gary Cooper, Roy Rogers and my favorite, Randolph Scott. When I was 5, I saw my first horror movie—"The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms."

This movie premiered in the early '50s and, like so many of the other films of this period, featured a nuclear explosion that freed a frozen dinosaur from his icy tomb. This armored giant wreaked his prehistoric fury on modern man and my young psyche. I had nightmares for weeks.

When we grew a bit older, we drove nearly 80 miles to Hays to go to a big theater. This theater overwhelmed our tiny one-aisle venue, featuring a beautiful balcony. Being the older kids now, we always sat upstairs where we could hold hands and carefully put our arms around our girlfriends.

The point of all this, I guess, is they don't make movie theaters like they used to. The multi-screened mazes and cinema complexes that thrive today are designed for volume and efficiency.

And sneaking into one of these new theaters in our high-security world is a thing of the past, not that I ever tried such a thing as a youngster.

I have nothing against these modern chain theaters. I guess it is just good business in the age of DVDs, palm entertainment systems and satellite television. They have to compete, and who doesn't like to watch some of the latest Hollywood offerings on the giant screen?

Still, whenever I travel in rural towns across Kansas, I keep an eye out for the little movie houses that have survived in small towns. I can number the ones I know on one hand.

Owners of such small operations lament the price to be paid for keeping up with new technology, the smaller number of movie-goers in their shrinking communities and the long wait for new releases like Harry Potter or parts for their old, tired projectors.

Several have managed to hang on, and their battered neon lights still attract the summertime moth brigade and sweaty-handed kids on first dates.

One operator I ran across several years ago in south-central Kansas told me he runs a small printing operation and dons the robes of a municipal judge.

"I keep the theater open," he said, "to keep the kids out of my courtroom."

Three dozen eggs is more than enough

I don't keep chickens, since it's illegal in Oberlin unless you have an acre or more, and our lot barely holds our house, garden and a few trees. But boy, do I have eggs.

They seem to grow in the refrigerator.

First there was the dozen from Carolyn. She raises chickens in Norcat, and usually has plenty of extra eggs, which she is willing to share with co-workers.

These are good, farm fresh—well at least small-town fresh—eggs with wonderful yellow yolks from chickens that get to scratch in the dirt, eat bugs and have a good ol' time around the yard.

Then there is the dozen from the "egg lady." I have no idea what her name is, and I'm not sure that Steve does, either. She brings eggs to the Colby Free Press off and on. Everyone there saves their egg cartons in anticipation of her visits, because her eggs are, like Carolyn's, fresh and wonderful.

Then there's the dozen from the grocery store. They are factory eggs from chickens that lay eggs for a living and don't get to wander around outside, where they could get eaten by foxes and badgers, chased by dogs or get



cynthia haynes

• open season

their feet dirty. They all eat perfectly balanced chicken food and their eggs have a standard light yellow yolk—nothing to write home about, but pretty nice to get when the egg lady doesn't show up and Carolyn forgets to bring eggs to Oberlin.

So, last week there I was. Carolyn had forgotten my eggs on Monday, so I bought a dozen. On Tuesday, Carolyn showed up with two dozen. Pat, the office manager said she could use a dozen, so she took one and I took one.

Now I had two dozen eggs for a household of two people. That's a few more than two people who aren't big bacon-and-eggs-for-breakfast eaters can eat in a reasonable time.

Then Wednesday, Steve came home with a third dozen. The egg lady had struck, and he

had put in his order weeks before.

What do you do with three dozen eggs?

You boil them for an upcoming picnic and make a lot of deviled eggs.

Now, most people love my deviled eggs.

It's Steve's mother's recipe. Cut eggs in half. Mash the yolks, mix with mayonnaise, yellow mustard, a little hot sauce, salt and some vinegar. Refill whites with mixture and top with a sprinkle of paprika. Simple and easy.

I made the deviled eggs with two cartons of hen fruit and brought home an empty dish from the picnic. I got loads of compliments.

However, my deep, dark secret is, I hate boiled eggs. I don't like the smell of them boiling. I can't abide eating deviled eggs.

I take a tiny taste of my yolk mixture to see if I have enough mustard, hot sauce, vinegar and salt, then adjust the seasoning.

So, thank you. I'm glad you liked them. I'm especially glad you ate them all.

Two dozen down, and I'm sure I can handle the rest as long as I don't have to eat 'em boiled or deviled.

Nation's immigration laws subverted

Last Friday morning, Secretary of Homeland Security Janet Napolitano announced that the Obama administration would grant election-year amnesty to certain illegal aliens age 16 to 29.

It would apply to those who came here before the age of 16, have not been convicted of any major crimes are in or have completed school or military service and can somehow prove they have never returned to their own country since coming here.

In addition to freedom from criminal prosecution for immigration law violations, the administration will allow these illegal aliens permission to work.

When the 1986 Immigration and Reform Control Act gave amnesty to roughly 3 million illegal aliens, it also gave the attorney general the authority to change the terms of work authorization as he or she sees fit. Since then, the Department of Homeland Security secretary has assumed that authority.

I support the HALT Act (HR 2497), which



tim huelskamp

• u.s. rep.

would reserve that authority to the elected Congress, not a political appointee or the president.

With this election-year amnesty, once again the Obama administration has put politics ahead of the U.S. Constitution and the Executive Branch's obligation to enforce the law evenly and across the board.

The terms of this arrangement say that an eligible person cannot have committed a crime. However, entering the country illegally, overstaying a visa or using fraudulent documents like fake Social Security cards or birth certificates are all crimes. Yet, many people eligible for this amnesty will not have a charge or conviction for any of these crimes.

Ours is a nation of laws, yet Secretary Napolitano said immigration laws are not supposed to be "blindly enforced." Ironically, America is an attractive place to live, work, and raise a family because the rule of law protects the freedoms to do all of that. Yet, undermining the rule of law is exactly what the Obama Administration does with this new order.

We already have millions of people who are out of work, and now President Obama wants to make more people legally eligible to work? One out of two recent college graduates are unemployed or underemployed and more than 70 percent of teenagers are without summer jobs. Certainly America is about opportunity, but not when the law has been broken and exploited by those illegally in this country.

President Obama's announcement shows only crass election-year politics, not any concern for the responsibilities and duties—as well as limitations—of his office.

Tim Huelskamp (R-Fowler) is the congressman for the Kansas 1st District.

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