

## Where is the money coming from?

At least the University of Kansas has the sense not to drag about the fight over disclosing athletic salaries any longer.

KU lost, but the university's lawyers could have dragged the court battle out for another year or more with appeals and motions and obfuscation.

After a district court judge ruled that the Kansas Open Records Act says what it says, though, Chancellor Robert Hemenway smiled and called a press conference.

He revealed that Athletic Director Lew Perkins is paid \$420,000 a year, plus \$100,000 a year for "media appearances," such as his weekly radio and television shows.

The director is eligible for bonuses up to \$25,000 per year if he reaches certain goals. His pay comes \$165,000 from the state budget, \$210,000 from the university's athletic corporation and \$170,000 from the Endowment Association.

And if he stayed through June 30, 2009, Perkins is eligible for a \$2.1 million "retention bonus." That's payable at \$216,000 per year if he's fired or dies before then.

"I think he's worth every penny he receives," Chancellor Hemenway said.

He may be right. University athletics is a big-time business, and Mr. Perkins was an outstanding chief executive, highly sought after, before he was lured away from the University of Connecticut.

What wasn't, apparently, in the papers released by the university was who put up the money to hire Mr. Perkins or what interests might have a stake in — or a say in — how he runs the university's programs. That kind of money comes from rich alums and others who love a university. Or might have an ax to grind.

Neither is there any answer to the question of why, when KU and all Kansas state colleges are crying for money, the university was willing to waste thousands and thousands of scarce dollars fighting a lawsuit over the open records violation.

What was there about Mr. Perkins' pay, and the contracts of coaches Bill Self and Mark Mangino, that was so worth keeping secret?

There was little in the contracts as released that was news.

There's not much of a matter of principle, since the wages of public employees have always been an open record.

It's true that with his base pay, Mr. Perkins makes more in a week than many low-income Kansans get in a year. Heck, the price of his university cars could keep a family going for a year.

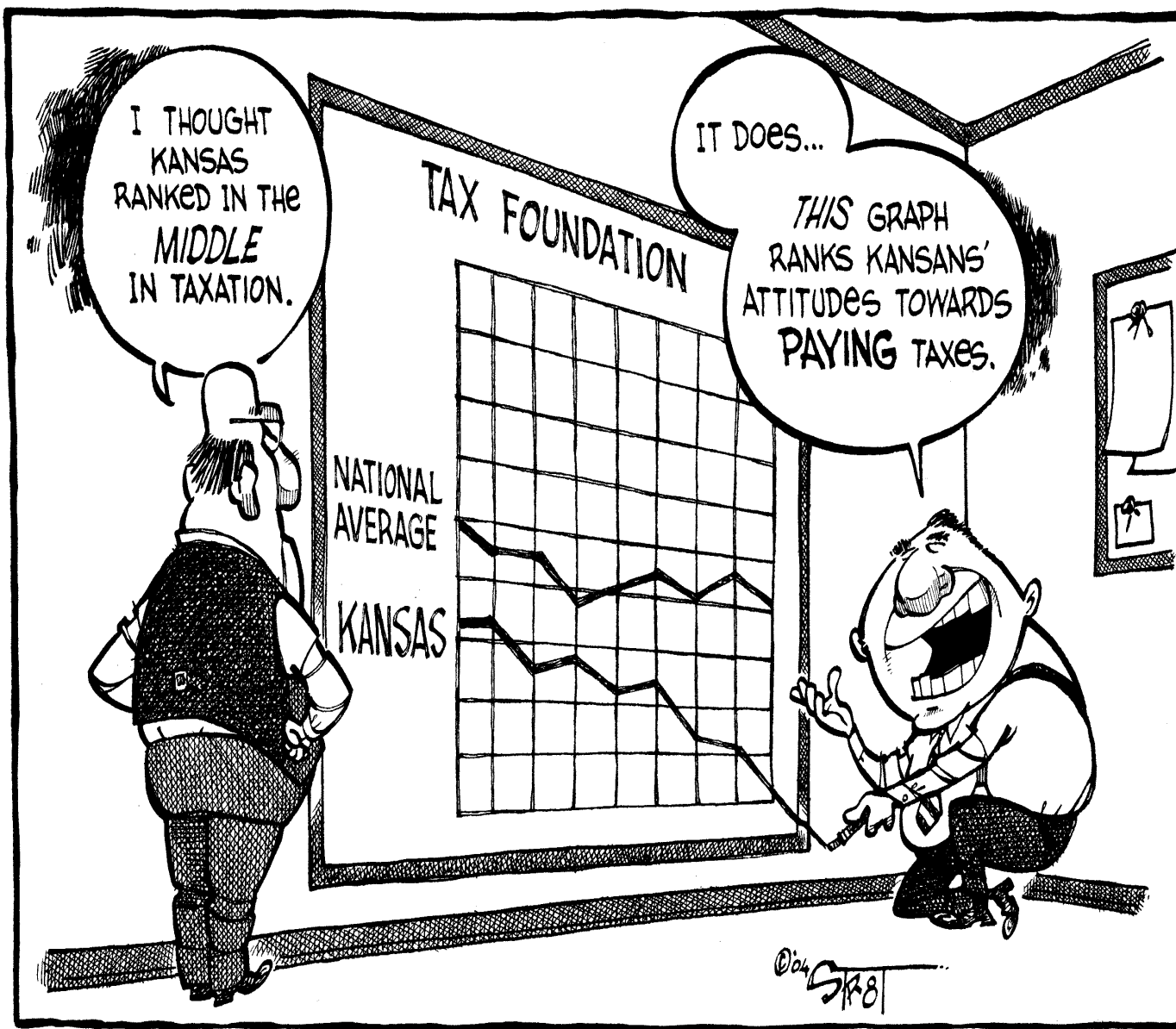
Though their \$128,000 base pay is fairly low, the coaches stand to make \$1 million a year or more each year with incentives and bonuses.

Everybody knows sports is big business.

It's the source of the wealth, apparently hidden in athletic corporation and endowment records, that isn't showing.

That's a question the university ought to be prepared to answer.

— Steve Haynes



## What's a name when you're married?

It was on Oct. 8, 1994, that Jim and I said, "I do." I only mention that as a lead-in to a recent conversation we had. I had commented that our anniversary was fast approaching and that we should consider doing something special.

Jim agreed, but added, "At least I know my position is secure."

Since anniversary time usually brings on the usual wisecracks about "renewing contracts," I asked him how he could be so sure.

In his most serious tone he answered, "Because I've got tenure (ten-year)."

I know it's kind of a groaner. But cute, don't you think?

—ob—

Speaking of weddings, we got to be part of our friends Dwight and Teresa's wedding over the weekend. They had asked Jim to officiate at their wedding. I stood up with Teresa as her matron of honor while their friends and family gathered for

### Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



a simple, but beautiful, outdoor wedding.

It's the things that go wrong that make a moment memorable. And, boy-oh-boy, do Dwight and Teresa have something to remember.

They were standing before an arbor, and the ceremony had gone perfectly. The rings were exchanged, the vows repeated, they were pronounced husband and wife and sealed their promises with a kiss. After blessing their union, Jim turned the couple to their guests, and said very loudly and profoundly, "Ladies and gentlemen:

May I present to you, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight WENTZ."

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Wentz are a perfectly wonderful married couple. However, Dwight and Teresa are Mr. and Mrs. Dwight WOOD. Big difference. Huge. From somewhere deep in Jim's subconscious memory bank, "Wentz" had come popping out.

Of course, I started prompting him, "Wood, Wood, Wood."

Dwight and Teresa snapped their heads around with a "what-did-he-just-say" look on their faces, and the guests cracked up.

It was certainly a moment they will remember. Jim felt terrible, but in the end, all we could do was just laugh about it. And, the bottom line is, they're married, although, the question might remain, "to whom?"

## Shopping can turn into a major thing

We went to the state fair both weekends and even though the second weekend it was about 100 degrees. I could just feel fall coming on so we went to Hobby Lobby to look for some "projects".

Not that I don't have "projects" at home. I just don't know which home they are at. I moved about half of my projects. The problem is I moved half of each project. If I go to work on something part of what I need to complete it is always at the other house.

So it just seemed logical to get some new ones.

I looked through the clearance needlework and picked out a few things, the kids came along and helped me weed out part of them.

The bill was a little higher than I had anticipated, mainly because of a baby sampler I liked so much that I never looked at the price.

I thought it would be nice for my niece. Perfect for a little girl, the only problem being she won't tell us what she is having.

Have you ever noticed how bad decisions just get worse and worse with time? I bet I never get that project off the ground and I paid twice what I should have.

It was probably the heat.

### Back

Home

Nancy Hagman



We went into the mall to look at knitted ponchos. Tricia wanted one for her birthday and she had already been 19 a week. I visualized something long and warm to replace a jacket or coat but these are little lacy things. Girls wear them over spaghetti strap tops or tube tops.

I thought I can do better than that. So I bought yarn and a couple of patterns. And some size 10 knitting needles (even though I was sure I had some at one of the houses.)

I love to knit.

It is so easy and mindless. I started on the way home. After knitting four inches I was supposed to change to size 13 needles.

Unfortunately, I missed that in the list of supplies needed. And I was sure I didn't have any of those. We stopped at a couple of places on the way home. Both places had yarn but the first had only small needles (size 7 or less) and the second said

they had quit carrying needles.

Huh? I guess there are other things to do with yarn but still, that seemed odd.

Even though I like to knit, I haven't done much lately so it came as a pleasant surprise when I checked out Pamida and found a beautiful selection of yarn. No size 13 knitting needles though.

They had Bernat Boa yarn (the kind one of the patterns I bought called for) in lots of beautiful colors. Now I remember why I haven't been knitting lately. Those pretty yarns are pretty pricey. I am going to have to watch the paper for the sale fliers more closely and stock up.

I did buy enough for a poncho. I got it done in three days. I told you knitting was easy.

I admit I worked pretty hard because I wanted to get it to Tricia by the weekend. By now it is two weeks past her birthday. Although she got a new set of tires for her car that just doesn't seem to be the kind of present she was looking for.

I love fall and I love to have "projects". Have you seen those little knitted scarves from the fancy yarns? I bet I could do one a day and go into business. I'm taking orders!

And if you need a baby girl quilt sampler I am prepared to negotiate.

I have a great project for you.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR: Anonymous leaflet is cheap trick

Letter to the Editor:

The spineless individual who mailed the "CAFO" leaflet to Norton County residents ought to receive some sort of award for taking one of the cheapest of cheap shots at our county commissioners. A black sweatshirt with a hooded top and a pair of very dark glasses would be appropriate.

The words "One of your commissioners" in the opening paragraph would indicate that the author doesn't even reside in Norton County! Five will get you ten that "The Norton County Environmental-

ists" are a disgruntled group (or maybe a single individual?) who wants little or no regulation of their industrial-type operations instead of the reasonable ones the commissioners tried to implement.

Can this be the opening salvo in a campaign to unseat Leroy Lang in November? In my opinion, the residents of his district will be making a big mistake if they allow this to happen.

Sincerely,

Charles M. (Marshall) Henderson  
Almena

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Office hours:  
8 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri.  
Phone: (785) 877-3361  
Fax: (785) 877-3732  
E-mail: telegram@nwkansas.com

### STAFF

Cynthia Haynes ..... editor and publisher  
Veronica Monier ..... staff reporter  
Dick Boyd ..... Blue Jay sports  
Carolyn Plotts ..... society editor  
Kristen Brands ..... reporter  
Carol Erlenbusch ..... advertising rep.  
Bill Eckhart ..... advertising rep.  
Vicki Henderson ..... computer production  
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Sonya Montgomery ..... bookkeeping



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