

When a candidate is not a candidate

When a candidate for public office is not a candidate for public office was recently addressed in the following editorial by one of the other newspapers in our group, Nor'West Newspapers. The 'candidate' in question is doing what others do when things aren't going their way — blaming the press.

Sometimes people make it too easy. Ken Canfield is one of them.

The *Colby Free Press* was informed of a mass e-mailing from the Ken Canfield campaign. Canfield claims he is running for governor and is already upset at the lack of coverage he is receiving from the press.

If you didn't know, and we are not sure if Canfield even does, but Canfield has not even filed his candidacy with the state of Kansas — a requirement to run for any state office.

That's bold saying you are running for governor, then you don't have the proof to prove you are a candidate.

According to his e-mail:

"As many of you have pointed out, the media has been pretty slack in covering the campaign. We know that two likely reasons for this are:

"1. Ken is outside of the political mainstream and they don't know how to respond to him. (Over the years he has had nothing but favorable articles written about his work in Wichita, Topeka and Kansas City papers)

"2. We have not yet started our full court press on the media, which is soon to come!

"In addition, even though the media was contacted multiple times at each stop on Ken's announcement/media tour, they often didn't show up. We had over 700 people attend the various rallies, even though many were held during work hours! Needless to say, we are working on ways to get Ken's message out in SPITE of the media!"

Ken, how can you expect to be taken seriously when you have not taken your campaign seriously? No one answered your campaign office telephone Thursday afternoon to verify your filing status. Another call to the state of Kansas Secretary of State's office Thursday, indicated you haven't filed.

That's great the east Kansas newspapers have acknowledged you, but we are upset at how you treat the media, specifically us. We were nice enough to run a story about you on our Jan. 25 front page about your planned tour of northwest Kansas in February. We took you seriously, but that was months ago.

You have until June 12 to file, plus the \$1,816 filing fee — if you really want to run for governor.

— John Van Nostrand, publisher

ELECTED OFFICIALS:

□ **Governor Kathleen Sebelius**, 300 SW 10th Ave., Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785) 296-3232

□ **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

The next 'Thumbs Up to...' column will appear on Friday. Submissions being accepted.

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ISSN 1063-701X
215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton, KS 67654
Published each Tuesday and Friday by Haynes Publishing Co., 215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton, Kan. 67654. Periodicals mail postage paid at Norton, Kan. 67654.
Postmaster: Send address changes to Norton Telegram, 215 S. Kansas, Norton, Kan. 67654
Official newspaper of Norton and Norton County. Member of the Kansas Press Association, National Newspaper Association, and the Nebraska Press Association

Nor'West Newspapers

Dick and Mary Beth Boyd
Publishers, 1970-2002
Incorporating the Norton County Champion
Marion R. Krehbiel, editor



Just too much for these old bodies

You've heard of "out-of-body" experiences. The experiences we had this weekend were completely "in-body" experiences, but now we wish we could be out of these old bodies. We hurt.

Moving is for young people. We spent two days on the road with one over-loaded U-Haul truck, one pickup truck pulling another (both also loaded) and a SUV with two cats, one 11-year-old, one pregnant woman, every piece of computer equipment you could think of, an enormous dried flower arrangement, and me. Delays on the road caused our schedule to fall behind by several hours. By the time we arrived in San Antonio, unloaded the truck and deposited household belongings in the relative vicinity of the rooms where they belonged, it was almost dark. We piled back into the one pickup (un-air conditioned in Texas, I might add) and made the trek northward to Dallas, arriving at our daughter and son-in-law's home about 12:30 a.m.

It's amazing, though, what a good night's sleep will do. We woke at our

Out Back Carolyn Plotts



usual 6 a.m. and tip-toed around the house until "the kids" got up. Kara said Taylor came into their bedroom and said, "Mom, Grandma and PaPa aren't in their bed." Soon, the whole household was up and it's the start of another work week.

Jim rode along with Adam to take Taylor to school. While they were gone, an emergency alarm came over the two-way radio. Adam is a volunteer firefighter in the area where they live and he had to respond. It was a medical emergency and we haven't heard the outcome, yet. Jim left to pick him up at the fire station, so we'll get briefed before we leave.

It's always fun to see the kids, just wish it wasn't on the run. Time for us to get home, though. It's going to seem lonely

for a while, with Alex and her mom gone. But, we know this move is best for Jennifer and her family.

-ob-

It's said as we get older we become more like children. I must be back at about the 18-month age where they put everything in their mouth. Jim and I were rummaging through Kara's cupboards to find oatmeal for breakfast. Soon, I had a little pan cooking and I was looking around her kitchen. Um-m-m, what's this? Looking through the cellophane wrapper, it looked like a cheese snack. "Never seen these before," I think to myself. I popped one in my mouth and began to chew.

"Yuk, these are terrible," I chewed and chewed, thinking the Texas humidity had toughened them up. I picked up the bag and began to read Chicken-flavored quesadilla cheese snacks, so-far, so-good. Read on. They were called "Smackles Puffs," treats for dogs. DOGS...spit, spitter, spit, spit. Between laughing and spitting, I was afraid I was going to choke. No harm done, though. Except now, I have this uncontrollable desire to chase cats.

The selection is good at curbside

I took a drive Sunday afternoon just to see what city crews in Norton are facing this week — the first three days of which are designated citywide clean up days. Wow! The size of the piles and variety of items are near breathtaking. I have no idea whether these piles of curbside stuff are attracting "shoppers" or not, but some items are certainly tempting. The reason I bring this up is because some time back while visiting a sister in Hays, her grown children were busy helping her and her husband clean out the basement and garage, stacking the toss aways next to the alley (that's where they place everything). When they were done and we were sitting around enjoying refreshments one of my nephews said, "I wonder how much of that stuff will be around Monday morning for the city crews to pick up." Well, Monday morning came and apparently most of the stuff left during the night. There wasn't much to pick up. One man's junk is another man's treasure, is how an old saying goes, and during these days of clean up that certainly is true.

-td-

Well, the four young men made their decisions on the mini-mini series, "God or the Girl" on A&E Sunday night. Only one of the guys decided the priesthood was his calling. I thought it would end up 2-2. It was interesting to see the struggles they had to work through in reaching their decisions.

-td-

It's always good to be on the receiving end of good news. The oldest of my two sons, Lance (age 36 as of March 31), found out his tour of duty (he's in the U.S. Air Force) at Manas Air Base, Kyrgyzstan (Kurdistan) was shortened by a month and he will arrive back in Spokane, Wash., the end of April instead of the end of May. Of course his wife Tobie and children Alyssa and Caleb are most excited. They live at

Good Evening Norton Tom Dreiling



Fairchild Air Force Base just a few miles from Spokane. Lance is with the 376 EMXG Bombardment Group. He carries the rank of tech sergeant.

-td-

When you experience temperatures in the 80s as we did on Sunday, and on several other occasions this spring, you get overly confident that summer is here. Wrong! We are in the period of roller coaster weather. As I write this Monday morning, the temperature is cool and is expected to turn cold overnight with a really brisk Tuesday in store.

You'd think we'd get used to this but we don't. It would be nice, however, if the extreme changes also brought some moisture along.

-td-

An elderly gentleman had serious hearing problems for a number of years. He went to the doctor and the doctor was able to have him fitted for a set of hearing aids that allowed him to hear 100 percent.

The elderly gentleman went back in a month to the doctor and the doctor said, "Your hearing is perfect. Your family must be really pleased that you can hear again."

The old man replied, with a grin, "Oh, I haven't told my family yet. I just sit around and listen to their conversations. You know, doc, I've changed my will three times already!"

-td-

Do I golf? That question has been asked more than once since I moved here. Maybe the following story (which is true) will give you a clue.

When my son Todd (who turns 34 on Friday), was working at Emprise Bank in Hays while attending Fort Hays State University, he suggested we do the dad/son golf thing. (Incidentally, Todd's a very good golfer.) I agreed and he told me I would need to invest in a set of clubs. Which I did.

When he came by to pick me up on a favorable Saturday morning he asked to see the clubs. I told him if they were snakes they would have bitten him because they were right next to the front door. He looked at them and said, "Whoa...Where did you get these things?" I told him that "these things, all 18 of them and the bag, cost me \$4.15 at a garage sale."

"You aren't going to take those along, surely," he said. I informed him that those were the only clubs I have and if they didn't suffice that would sort of end our dad/son thing. "OK," he said, "let's go."

So we headed out to the municipal golf course south of Hays. After all was said and done, we were on the course. While walking off the course, Todd was adding up the scores.

"Well, what'd old dad do?" I asked. "You shot a 39," he smiled.

"Well," I bragged, "what have you got to say about that?"

He looked at me and said, "Tomorrow, we're coming back out and play two holes!"

Enough said?

-td-

Oh, before I forget it, have you said something good about Norton today? If not, there's still time.

-td-

Have a good evening!