

### 'Proud to be a Blue Jay' carries responsibility

We were reading a while back where it is getting more difficult to find referees for high school sports. (This is generally speaking.) It's a demanding job, no debate there. And many of the people you see with the whistles hanging around their necks love sports — otherwise they wouldn't be doing it.

So, what could be driving them away from sports officiating? Maybe the following Letter to the Editor might shed some light on the problem.

Dear Telegram Editor,

After attending several boys' varsity basketball games this season, I feel obligated to write this letter. I have never before written a letter to the editor. Not being a prolific writer, please excuse any grammar mistakes and try to just feel my message.

We have such leaders in our community, such as school board members, past referees, spouses of coaching staff, and parents or relatives of players ridiculing referees. Every call a referee makes can't possibly be the "worst call I've ever seen!"

This behavior is not only rude and disrespectful to the people around you, it serves no purpose to better the game. Please support your team and community without all the drama, negativity, and rudeness.

I doubt in my forty years that I have been the perfect sportsman, but somewhere along the way I grew up. I challenge you to do the same.

Sincerely,

Wade Ambrosier  
Rural Norton

We applaud Mr. Ambrosier's comments.

As editor/publisher of this newspaper, I am going to share a little personal story that deals with the situation today's letter addresses.

I remember my mother telling me, later in life, about an incident at a basketball game in Hays that involved my father. It seems he (my Dad) could get very vocal at games (a couple of my older brothers were involved in sports), and when he thought a referee was wrong, he would let him know in no uncertain terms. The night in question, as mother related, Dad was unhappy from the get-go with the refereeing. He picked on them time and again.

Finally, one of the officials had all he could take. He whistled for a time out. He walked over to the bleachers where my Dad and Mom were seated, took the whistle off from around his neck, handed it to my Dad and said, "If you can do a better job, here's your chance." According to mother, Dad began slumping down in his seat, embarrassed, knowing not how to react. After several seconds (Mom said it seemed like hours), the referee put the whistle back around his neck and the game resumed. Mom said from that time on, Dad never again challenged a referee's call.

If we have a problem here with taunting referees, perhaps they need to handle the situation in the same fashion it was handled in my Dad's case. Nothing like being embarrassed in front of the hometown crowd. My Dad, too, in his earlier years, served as county clerk in Ellis County, served as Mayor of Hays, owned his own hardware business, and was somewhat involved in politics. He was no stranger to the onlooking crowd that night.

Let's make our children, on the playing field or court, proud of our actions in the stands.

There's some responsibility attached to, "Proud to be a Blue Jay!"

—Tom Dreiling

### Why I oppose milk labeling request

Among issues the Senate is debating this week, SB-595 has to do with the proper labeling of agricultural products, specifically milk. FDA approved rBST in 1993 and it has been widely used by milk producers since. It is a hormone supplement that is safe and legal. Because this same hormone is naturally produced by cows, there is no scientific evidence the usage of the rBST supplement has any effect on the value of the milk produced.

Processors and retailers are asking for rBST free milk. We must remember that rBST is a hormone that is naturally produced by the cow, so even if the cow has been given rBST, it does not change the amount of rBST in the milk. No scientific test differentiates between milk from cows that have been given rBST or not. FDA approved this product in 1993 and nothing has changed their approval.

This shot is safe and legal and does not effect the composition of a glass of milk. rBST is species specific so its biological actions and will not affect humans. Most consumers know very little about this hormone. It has made our dairies more efficient by increasing milk production a gallon per day per cow.

Please do not understand. I am very

### Senate Doings Sen. Ralph Ostmeyer



supportive of proper food labeling that is substantiated by scientific testing that has proven a health hazard. I oppose this request for special labeling on milk because there is no scientific evidence that the reasoning behind the label indicates a health hazard. All milk contains rBST regardless whether the dairy producer uses this hormone supplement or not because it is a natural hormone produced by milk cows. Sadly, I think we are bombarded by activist groups, environmental groups, concerned citizen groups, and others, all of whom have their own agendas. I would like to see a labeling regulation developed to prevent these confusing claims that can't be supported by sound scientific testing. If we are forced to label milk as rBST free, then I question the validity of the label when there is no scientific test to prove that milk really is rBST free.

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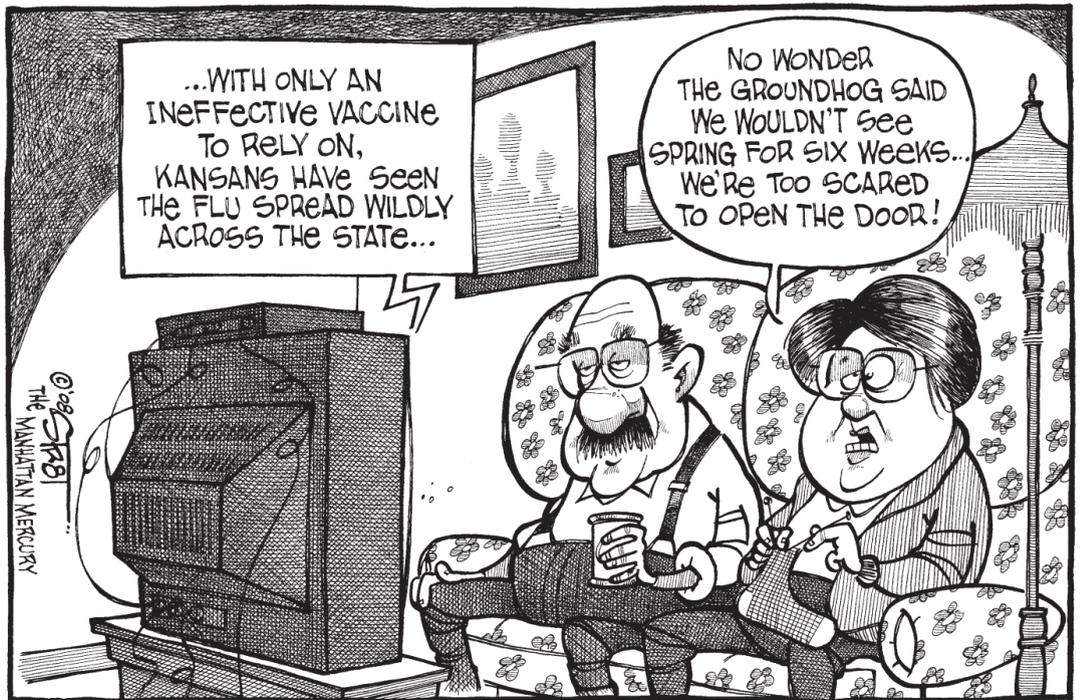


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### Here's something I wasn't cut out to do

Sunday night I think I raised Jim's frustration level a few notches. He had traded some work with a neighbor for an old wrecked car, and he decided to load the wreck on a flatbed trailer. The plan was for him to lift the mangled vehicle onto the trailer with the front loader of the tractor, while my job would be to back the trailer under the vehicle.

Not that I haven't frustrated him before, but most of you men can relate when you remember trying to coach your wife as she backed a four-wheeled trailer.

Something that comes so easily for men seems to be a genetic malfunction for women. My brain says, "Turn the wheel the opposite direction you want to go." But, when I look in the rear-view mirrors, I get confused as to which way is "opposite".

And then, all I can see is my husband frantically twisting his arms, making what looks like a circular motion, as he is trying to guide the trailer. Then, he waves me off. Pull forward, turn the wheel again. His hands make the "come

### Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



back" motion, now what's he doing? That turning "thing" again. I turn the wheel, he reverses his motions, I turn the wheel the other way, I see the trailer start to veer off. Again, he waves me off.

To his benefit, he never yelled at me once. But, he finally figured it wasn't worth the effort and just picked the wreck up with the tractor and positioned it on the trailer. Using the loader he pushed and pulled until it fit.

-ob-

My sister-in-law, Linda Kelley, lost her mother, Evelyn Santee, last week. In failing health for some time, Mrs. Santee had been living in an assisted care center. Linda and her husband, Jim, (that would

be my brother) visited her every day, without fail. Linda is an only child and the burden of decisions fell squarely on her shoulders.

When her mom died, Linda had to make all the funeral arrangements. Linda has been part of the Kelley family for more than 40 years now and observed, "Big families are great. Always someone to help share the load."

That's true and we share her sorrow, too.

-ob-

Did you hear about the little boy who was playing church with his kittens? His mother watched through the kitchen window as he "preached" to three little kittens. Soon, though, the quiet gave way to loud meows and pffssting. Mom saw her son dunking each cat, in turn, into a pan filled with water. She went to the back door and said, "Sweetie, cats don't like to be in water."

To which he replied, "Well, they should have thought of that before they joined my church."

### It's time to air out a couple of concerns

### Back Home Nancy Hagman



Have you heard about the movement called "Freegan"? The term is an expansion on the being a Vegan, one who does not consume meat. Freegans do not "consume" anything, at least not the first time. They survive by dumpster diving and recycling, purchasing as little as possible. They choose their lifestyle because of their concern about the evils corporations who provide "stuff" do. An added benefit is the "Free" part.

They may not live completely free, they do live cheap! They are also referred to as "Urban Foragers." I've read a little about the movement. After Oprah did a program on it, it has been much talked about. I don't watch Oprah. I also do not think I could be a vegetarian. I mean if Tofu is so great why do they try to make it look like bacon or turkey or hamburger patties, just serve it up! However I have come to the conclusion on some level I have always been a Freegan!

I am going to blame my parents (always a good place to start!) I did not think our house was particularly small when I was growing up but first off we had only one small bathroom for six people, four of them female. There was a very crude cellar and no attic. We didn't keep stuff and we didn't buy stuff to have stuff.

As my life progressed there have been times that I have been a pretty aggressive

consumer. But as I have aged I have almost gotten grumpy about consumerism. Correction — I am grumpy (and not just about consumerism)!

Some of my grumpiness may stem from the fact that we aren't rich so we just can't consume like some people do. Some of it comes from a lifetime of trying hard to make do with what we have.

I've never been bitter about this, in fact I always been sort of proud. Been fine with what we've acquired, achieved if you will. Thought being frugal was a positive character attribute. Pride — always a pitfall!

Alco just opened a new store in Smith Center. We had errands to run over there the day of the Grand Opening. So I went in. I was bummed; they have no fabrics, no thread, no notions, and very few craft supplies. I visited with an acquaintance outside the store. "I'm so disappointed," I groused. His mother-in-law (who I have met only a couple of times) took my hand

and said ever so sincerely, "I'm sorry you are disappointed!"

It was so kind and sweet, I wanted to hug her. I also felt a little ashamed at being so querulous. Still, what are we few brave souls left out here on the frontier supposed to do if this is a trend and Alco is going to no longer carry sewing thread? Sixty miles for thread now?! I've made do, I've been willing to endure hardship but I don't want to be like the women in "Little Women" saving the thread from the old things to use again.

I overheard a couple of women talking in the store. One said, "I don't know who they think is going to buy all this stuff."

I felt a kinship. I had to restrain myself from asking her to go to a garage sale, dumpster diving, to an auction or something! I also had the urge to assure her that someone will buy "this stuff!"

I find it ironic that Freegans think they are onto something new. Man is by nature a forager. First we ate the plants that were available, we then began hunting and later decided to cultivate plants and domesticate animals. We formed alliances and divided labor so every member of a community did not have to forage. It took a long time but society evolved.

And now we have Alco!

I'd consider it progress if I could buy thread there!

### Thumbs Up . . .

To... Jerome Rudolph, so good to see you back on the job. (called in)

To... Bill Belt, on your 59 years of membership in the Norton Lions Club. (called in)

To... The Norton Blue Jay basketball ladies, good luck at state! (e-mail)

To... Logan High School, on winning the National Bronze Award. You're a winner! (e-mail)

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

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