

## We're lucky to have government involved

I have been lucky to have government run health care all of my adult life, first through the military, then Cham-pus and now Medicare and Tricare. So I don't understand the fear that people have for government health care.

I must be different from most people in that I like government programs. I like social security, Medicare, Medicaid, the G.I. Bill, Veterans Administration, Headstart, the WIC Program, the National Park Service, Public Broadcasting and Public Radio. All of these (and more) have been beneficial for the American people, and I'm willing to pay taxes to support them.

I consider the government my friend, not my enemy. How can you be a patriot if you hate your government? I'll admit I was a little ticked when we invaded Iraq, but I was still a patriot.

I heard Glen Beck say that he feared our government more than he feared the terrorists. So what's this nonsense about "pulling the plug on grandma." I see the older people at the town meeting screaming "keep government out of healthcare." Don't they know that they are already under Medicare?

I never had much hope that we would get a public option. I knew the insurance companies would fight it and scare people. They are spending a billion and a half a day to lobby against it. And they can certainly afford it. They will soon have about 50 million new customers.

Still a patriot,

Claire Hemphill  
Norton



## You have to know what buttons to push

Last summer 2008, 2 new "jet engines" were installed by Ag Valley, on the largest granary in town. This happens to be less than 100 feet from Pinestone Apartments. To the dismay of everyone (especially our tenants) the offensive noise kept people awake at night, prevented windows being opened for fresh air, and one could not hear someone else speaking from 1 foot away when standing outside, unless the conversation was in loud, short, bursts. After complaining, Delbert (rep from Ag Valley) came and told us that sound deadening mufflers were going to be installed to diffuse the noise. August 2008 they were, but it helped marginally.

The sound was still too loud. Apt. 6 was vacant for 3 months from the sound coming from outside that penetrated loudly into the bedrooms. Unit 4 on the corner (closest to the fans) was completely un-rentable from the noise. Tenants still kept complaining the sound prevented them from sleeping, entertaining guests, enjoying the park, opening their windows at night to get fresh cool air, thus utility bills were higher. Consequently, we did not give anyone any rental increases to offset higher utility bills and in general tried to schmooze all. End result was more money lost, more stress for us and nobody was happy.

Occasionally this topic surfaced in conversation over the past year with other Norton residents and it seemed to be the consensus that nothing would ever get done, no one would ever shut the noise off and we might as well tell our tenants to get use to it and suffer the financial consequences. Things looked grim and all I could think to do was pray for a solution that made everyone happy.

So after many complaints back to Delbert (poor soul) suggestions to turn the fans in the other direction away from our building, or to put on bigger silencers (stress was all-the-time building) then finally contacting the sheriff's department and even a lawyer to see what rights we have and what could be done, gentlemen came and turned the fans vertically so they were not facing our building. Hurray! Thank you Delbert!

While there is noise still, it is in an acceptable range and all complaints have ceased. Bullyah!!! Windows were open for the first time in over a year, people could stand outside and actually not yell at each other to be heard. A rainbow appeared through the clouds and celestial angels could be seen singing in the heavens! OK, so maybe not the last part, but you get the idea.

God does answer prayers. Kindness and diplomacy still reign supreme and goodness prevails over evil. Or, if you prefer an Aesop ending, then all is well that ends well.

Thank you Ag Valley and THANK YOU AGAIN, Delbert!

Siobhan Hanes  
Norton



## In a nutshell... the time has come

The Norton rumor mill seems to have come up with something about me leaving the newspaper. Heaven forbid, that I would do something like that! But in this case, the rumor mill is absolutely correct. It is no rumor, it is fact. I will be stepping down as editor/publisher on Friday, Sept. 25. On Saturday and Sunday to follow, my two sons, Lance and Todd, will arrive to begin packing everything up. Then on Monday, Sept. 28, they will move me to the community I adopted as my hometown way back in the mid-1960s — Goodland!

I was a resident there from 1965-1989 as editor of the then Goodland Daily News (a 6-day a week publication) and also editor of The Sherman County Herald, a weekly published by the daily news.

My late wife Jean and I raised three children there — Denise, Lance and Todd. They were educated in the schools in that district and as it turned out that is where their mother is buried. Friends still live there and of course it's the kids' hometown. It only makes sense that Goodland be the choice for my retirement.

Some health concerns figured in my decision to retire. Consultation with the kids reinforced that decision. So it was determined a while back to set the date for late September, to enable my company's owners ample time to make the adjustments necessary at the The Telegram so the transition is smooth and complete.

This has been a very good nearly four-year ride. This is a nice town to live and work in. Friendly. Maintains the rural charm established by those who founded this area so many years ago.

I won't be one to sit and watch television 24/7. I will keep busy, but at a reduced pace, and will also be able to finish a few of the many books I started reading and never got an opportunity to finish.

I will miss my staff tremendously, no question about it. They are the kind of people you can only hope for and my hopes were realized.

I would ask you, our readers, to do

### Let's Chat Tom Dreiling



what you can to help them carry on with YOUR newspaper.

And of course I won't be too far away from the two people I answer to — Steve and Cynthia — as Goodland is also the location of one of their six newspapers.

I'll be around for a little while yet and I hope to see you during that time.

Thanks for letting me be a part of your life.

Journalism has accounted for 42 of my 48 years in the work force. The other six were spent in the fund raising offices at TMP-Marian/Hays. It's been a really good ride.

God bless!

**I kind of like McDonald's 'haircut.'** How about you?

**These three blondes were friends** from kindergarten on. They ran around together as young ladies and worked on the same production line in a manufacturing facility. They hadn't married. One day one of the blondes came to work all excited. "Did you see this?" she exclaimed holding up a newspaper advertisement announcing a search for a second sheriff's deputy! "Wow," the other two responded. "Let's look into that!"

So they went to the sheriff's office and talked with the guy who oversees the hiring of personnel. "So you want to be a sheriff's deputy," said the chief detective. All three nodded yes. He cautioned them that only one could be hired. But he said the first thing he needed to do was to test them on observation.

So he got up from behind his desk, opened a file drawer and pulled out a folder. Sitting back down, he opened it and pulled out a picture, and said, "To be a good sheriff's deputy you have to be able to recognize different things about suspects, such as distinguishing features

and oddities like scars and so forth."

He took the picture and stuck the photo in the face of the first blonde and withdrew it after about two seconds. "Now," he said, "did you notice any distinguishing features about this man?"

The blonde immediately said, "Yes, I did. He has only one eye!"

The detective shook his head and said, "Of course he has only one eye in this picture! It's a profile of his face! You're dismissed!" She hung her head and walked out of the office.

The detective then turned to the second blonde, held the photo in front of her for a couple of seconds and said, "What about you? Notice anything unusual or outstanding about this man?"

"Yes! He only has one ear!" she excitedly replied.

The detective put his head in his hands and exclaimed, "Didn't you hear what I just told the other lady? This is a profile of the man's face! Of course you can only see one ear! You're excused too!" She sheepishly walked out of the office.

The detective turned his attention to the third and last blonde and said, "This is probably a waste of time, but..." So he flashed the photo in her face for a couple of seconds and withdrew it, saying, "All right, did you notice anything distinguishing or unusual about this man?"

The blonde said, "I sure did. This man wears contact lenses."

The deputy frowned, took another look at the picture and began looking at some of the papers in the folder. He looked up at the blonde with a puzzled expression and said, "You're absolutely right! His information says he wears contacts! How in the world could you tell that by looking at his picture?"

The blonde rolled her eyes and said, "Well, helloooo! With only one eye and one ear, he certainly can't wear glasses."

**Have a good evening!** And while at the church of your choice this weekend, please don't think of the above story or you might start laughing - again.

## Some people don't notice the color

Our older children spent most of their growing up years in Reno, Nev., a place, which at that time at least, did not see color, so consequently the children didn't either. Our younger two spent influential years in Alabama and as one might expect, they do. They aren't prejudice but they do notice the difference.

I remember very well the day we were driving through our neighborhood and our then six year old son, John, said, "There's my friend, John. He's the one with black hair." The boy, about the same age as our son, definitely had black hair, but that wasn't all. He had very dark skin. To my delight, our John hadn't even noticed.

Or the time our oldest son, Chip, a junior in high school, had a date and the young lady was to pick him up. My mother was visiting us at the time. When his date arrived I was surprised, but not upset, to meet the young African American girl. After she left, my mother

### Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



believe if a person "saw" color, they probably always would. I always admired my older children for their lack of sight as pertains to skin color. I assumed I would always "see" the differences. Something happened recently which has convinced me otherwise.

I love the movie *Mama Mia* and there is a scene in it which has caused me to re-think my "once noticed, always noticed" belief. In the movie, is a scene of a young African American male making advances toward an older white woman with the song saying "Does your mother know?"

Later in the movie an older white woman is seated between the two 'lovers' and I thought, maybe that's the young boy's mother.

Now it still could be, but the point is the "mother" was white and the young boy a very dark African American and I hadn't noticed. Maybe there really is hope of a reconciliation of races. A little R & R could go a long way.

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**To... Cami, Sarah, Shelby and Sherry**, for being such caring and compassionate nurses. (brought in)

**To... the kind sacker** at Jamboree, for helping this 'old' lady safely carry her goodies from the store to her car across the street. For customer service, this young man gets an A+. (email)

**To... you know who**, on your anniversary this weekend. (regular mail)

**To... the football Bluejays**, good luck at Phillipsburg tonight. (email)

**To... the water tower workers**: hurry! (called in)

**To... our city's leaders**, don't raise the water rates. No need to. Just divert all that water coming out of every hole in town back into the water tank and we'll be good for a long time. (email)

(To render a thumbs up, please email tom.d@nwkans.com, call 877-6908, fax 877-3732, mail to 215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton 67654, or drop by the office. Thanks for your continuing input. - td)



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