

Mud slinging seems best when candidate behind

The campaign for the U.S. Senate in Kansas has turned ugly, with U.S. Rep. Todd Tiahrt slinging much of the filth.

That's what you do in American politics when the polls show you're gonna lose: go negative. And Mr. Tiahrt has gone way negative. Check his website; it's pretty much all negative these days.

Maybe it's working. A poll by a Wichita television station Sunday showed Mr. Moran leading 50 percent to 36, with 9 percent still undecided, but was a shift of 6 points from Moran to Tiahrt in the last month.

Still, 50-36 is way beyond the 3.5 percent margin of error claimed by the statewide poll using random telephone calls. (Your editor was among the respondents, whatever that says about the poll.) Even if all the undecided jump on the Tiahrt bandwagon, Mr. Moran is the likely winner.

Add to that the fact that the Moran campaign has a \$1 million edge in its bank account, with more than \$2.4 million left to spend in the next few weeks, and you begin to see why the Wichita congressman is so suddenly attracted to mud.

Mr. Tiahrt's campaign statements and his website have been full of attacks. He trumpets an endorsement from anti-immigration poster boy Tom Tancredo, the former Congressman from Colorado who's campaign for president got exactly nowhere two years ago. Former Gov. Sarah Palin is another conservative hero backing Tiahrt.

Campaign spokesman Michelle Schroeder

accuses the Moran team of putting out false figures from an internal poll, which she claims is a "push" poll biased for one candidate. The figures weren't that far from the KWCH television poll, though.

A television ad features former Bush political strategist Karl Rove endorsing Mr. Tiahrt and attacking Rep. Moran. Nearly every entry on the main page, in fact, is an attack.

Mr. Moran must be doing something right, we think.

Meantime, his website and his releases focus mostly on the candidate and his record. The Moran campaign spend some time trying to defend the candidate from Tiahrt attacks last month, but today, it's mostly positive stuff on his page. The latest ad features Mr. Moran talking about his record, what he's stood for and his steadfast opposition to President Obama's liberal agenda.

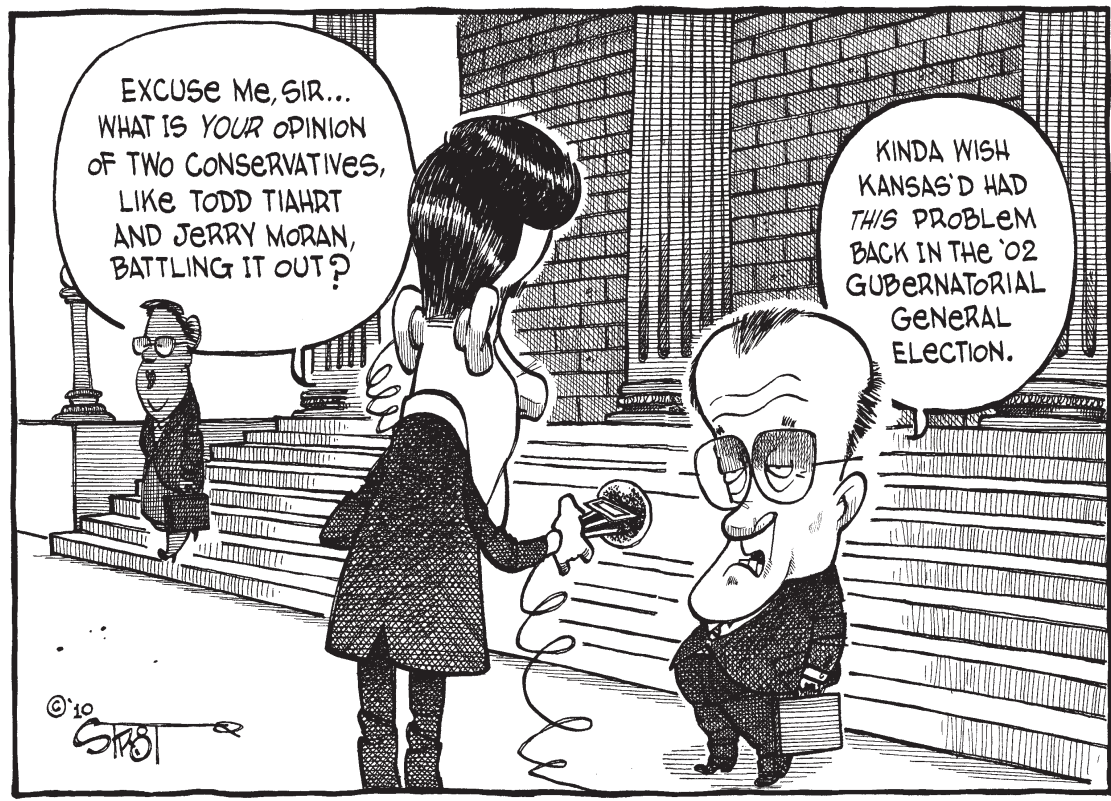
That's another theme of the campaign, who's the real conservative. The Tiahrt campaign attacks Mr. Moran's record at every turn, claiming he's not that conservative.

We think Mr. Moran has chosen the wise course here, pushing his positives and spending his cash to get his record out.

Kansas voters will make the final decision, and we think they'll base it on the candidate's records, how they behave and not how much mud they can sling. Kansans are smarter than that.

Mr. Tiahrt should get back to talking about himself, unless he's just out of positive things to say.

— Steve Haynes



Heat just makes her cranky

Maybe it's because my great-grandparents were all gone long before I was born that I had this preconceived notion that great-grandparents are supposed to be old. But, as of 7:30 a.m., Monday, July 12, I have had to re-think that concept.

Our oldest granddaughter, Angelia, gave birth to a little boy she has named Kayden Jason. But even though we are definitely senior citizens, I don't feel like an "old" great-grandparent. Pictures of Kayden prove he is as adorable as his mother and grandmother say he is. He has all his fingers and toes and lots of dark hair.

We are planning a trip to see him in a couple of months. He'll be past that "new baby" stage and more responsive by then. Perhaps he'll do more than just eat and sleep. His mom is working towards a degree in nursing and will probably need it if he's like most little boys I know. There will be plenty of skinned knees and boo-boos in his future.

— ob —

After working outside the last two weeks I have a whole new appreciation for my husband and anybody else who earns a living by the sweat of their brow. Believe me, there was



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
quality-pro@webtv.net

a whole lot of sweatin' goin' on.

It was hot, hot hot. Not only that ... it got hot early and stayed hot late. Plus, there was something western Kansans aren't used to ... humidity. Jim can tell you I get a little cranky when I'm hot and sweaty. The heat, literally, zaps the strength out of a person.

At least we had enough sense to shut down every day by 1 p.m. By the time we would get home, all I could think to do was get a cool shower, put on clean clothes, turn on the A/C, aim a fan directly on me and collapse in my recliner for the rest of the day.

I don't think I've cooked a real meal in days. It's been drive-through breakfasts, restaurant lunches and sandwiches for supper. That's OK for a few days but, I wouldn't want to live like that for very long. Jim wouldn't either.

He's to the point where I can't help him much on the job, so I'm finding other things to do today. One will be to cook real food tonight, maybe tacos with a side of those stuffed jalapeños. Can't go wrong there.

From the Bible

Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God.

And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.
Philippians 4:6-7 (NIV)

Giving shots wasn't so bad

I became a pharmacist, lo those long year ago, because I didn't want to spend the many years in school required to be a doctor, nor did I want to carry bedpans and give shots like a nurse.

So what was I doing last week at an injection class?

I normally work two days a month or so at the Dillon's Pharmacy in Colby. Mr. Dillon pays well, and I enjoy the people I work with.

Then several months ago I was told that I needed to learn how to give injections. Mr. Dillon had decided that all Kroger stores nationwide (Dillons is a Kroger affiliate) should offer immunizations.

My first inclination was to tell them to shove it. I didn't need the job that badly, and although I enjoyed the work. I wasn't going to give shots. No way. No how.

Two things changed my mind. I would get 20 hours of continuing education credit. I need 30 hours every two years, and that would put me two-thirds of the way to what I needed for the next time it was license renewal time.

And Dillons would pay not only for the class, but also for my time to take the class. And to read the book. Plus expenses.

Well, why not learn to give shots? You need to learn something new every day. You see, I'm really good at talking myself into things if you dangle enough carrots in front of me.

The first part was a scary 100-page book entitled, "Pharmacy-Based Immunization Delivery, a National Certificate Program for Pharmacists."



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
c.haynes@nwkansas.com

Reading this and taking a self-test at the end was to take the first 12 hours I'd get paid for.

I'm not sure how many hours it actually took, but I became more and more aware that I'm not a very good student any more.

I read and reread the parts about live and inactive vaccines, intramuscular versus subcutaneous injections and who should get which, when and for how many shots of each vaccine.

If I couldn't even remember what ages and which kind of the four different types of tetanus and diphtheria shots you're supposed to get, how could I ever pass the live section of the class?

Finally, I finished the book work and headed for Salina to take the eight-hour live class.

The morning and early afternoon was mostly review of the book, and I remembered an amazing amount of what I had been trying to cram into my head for the last week or so.

In mid-afternoon, we started the real scary part of the course — giving shots.

We were each given a vial of normal saline solution (salt water), three syringes and needles, three Snoopy Band-Aids, three cotton balls and some alcohol wipes.

We learned how to attach the needles to the syringes, what angle to hold the needle to the arm and what to do if our victims (er patient) fainted.

Then we paired off and took turns practicing.

This was the part I dreaded. Though I give blood regularly, I hate needles. I didn't want to get a shot and I certainly didn't want to give one.

What if I did it wrong? What if it was really painful for me or the other person?

When it was our turn, I got my shots first — an intramuscular one in each arm and a subcutaneous one on the back of my left arm. My partner did a superb job and my reward was three Snoopy bandages.

Then I did it. The needles slid in smoothly. The saline went in easily and the patient held the cotton ball while I put Snoopy bandages on her war wounds.

The worst was over. We took another test (I got 98 percent on both of mine) and we were certified to give injections to anyone 18 or over in the state of Kansas.

Now all I need to do is practice. Anyone need a shot?

He sleeps with one eye open

Most of you are familiar with Cynthia, the columnist who writes for the newspaper. Not all of you know Cynthia, the pharmacist who fills in at drug stores from Norton to Colby and sometimes as far as Goodland, Quinter, Hoxie and Smith Center.

She was a pharmacist married to a reporter long before we bought our first newspaper out in Colorado. But then we had this business to run, there was no drug store in the county and so she started to learn about the newspaper.

Soon, she was an award-winning columnist and photographer, as well as the bookkeeper and a volunteer emergency medical technician in our little mountain town. But she yearned to keep her hand in her chosen profession. Eventually, she took a one-day-a-week job at a chain store in the Valley, some 60 miles away. She even learned the store cheer.

Then she switched to the pharmacy at City Market, which is what they call Dillon's in southern Colorado. Then the manager quit, and she moved up to his full-time job. And pretty soon, she was working a whole lot. The kids and I had to make dinner most nights, and I think she kinda liked that.

When we moved to Kansas, she said she didn't want to work that much. For a few years, she stuck with that, too. But pharmacists across western Kansas learned there was someone they could call to cover a day off, or even a week. She was, and is, in demand.

Lately, she's been working in



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
s.haynes@nwkansas.com

Oberlin and Norton mostly, but then Dillon's called and she decided to try working there. There was nostalgia for a company she liked, and besides, she said, they paid better than most.

So, she's been working a day or two a month down in Colby. It didn't add too much to her burden, until one day she got a notice that all Dillon's pharmacists needed to be trained to give immunizations.

She always claimed that nurses emptied bed pans and gave shots, and her sister might do that, but she wouldn't. There was money involved here, though, something like 21 hours' pay for study, the class in Salina and drive time.

She came back from Salina sporting three Snoopy bandages.

"We had to practice," she said. "Not real vaccine; just saline solution."

But those little blood spots on Snoopy's nose looked real enough for me.

"I thought you practiced on oranges?" I said.

"Naw," she said. "They told us oranges have tougher skins than people. We had to practice on each other."

That's the kind of thing where you

want to get the first shots, so you can get even with your partner. And she can't get back at you.

I noticed Cynthia looking at my arm, and I found something to do. I'm not sure if she has to do any more practice shots, but no sense taking any chances.

Actually, all this wasn't really as bad as it could have been. Last month at a newspaper meeting, she was telling everyone about her upcoming class.

"That's nothing," said our friend Shelly, a dental hygienist. "When I was in school, we had to practice Novocain shots on each other. We used real Novocain."

After all, she said, they had to know if the gums really were deadened, and they had to do the dreaded roof-of-the-mouth shots. You may know how those hurt, but if you don't, never volunteer for one.

By the end of the day, Shelly said, everyone's mouth was numb, so they all went to the bar together. The sacrifices people make for their professions.

So here's the deal. If I see Cynthia coming with a needle, I'm leaving the room. If I see Shelly coming, I'm leaving town. Or maybe I'll just go to the bar.

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Phone: (785) 475-2206 Fax (785) 475-2800

E-mail: oberlin.herald@nwkansas.com

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Steve and Cynthia Haynes, publishers

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STAFF

- Steve Haynes editor
- Kimberly Davis managing editor
- Mary Lou Olson society editor
- Leslie Nolette proofreader/copy editor
- Carolyn Kelley-Plotts columnist
- Joan Betts historian
- Cynthia Haynes business manager
- Pat Cozad want ads/circulation
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- Linda Bunney advertising makeup

