

It looks as if Rose won't get to smell the roses

One of the headlines said Pete Rose had finally come clean, but that is hardly the case. Baseball's Hit King is making one last, desperate stab at getting into the Hall of Fame before his 15-year "window" passes him by. As usual, Rose is trying to weasel his way through. His admissions, in his soon-to-be-published autobiography, don't amount to a full confession according to those who should know. And while he finally admits he bet on baseball, Rose still comes off as a spoiled child who's been told he can't have a candy bar before dinner.

The great slugger's accomplishments are undeniable — 4,256 hits in a sparkling career, marred only by his disregard for baseball's most hallowed rule.

It is a sin for a player or manager to bet on the game, and it has been so ever since the 1919 Chicago Black Sox tried to fix the World Series.

The owners hired Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to clean up the game, and as commissioner, he did just that.

Rose's public comments show that he just doesn't get it. After his retirement, he did a radio show from Las Vegas, of all places. He complained about how unfairly he had been treated, and his guests, including some big-time gambling figures, nodded in agreement.

One theory about the timing of Rose's push is that after next year, he'll no longer be eligible for the regular ballot, voted by the baseball writers. Instead, his case would be turned over to the veterans' committee, which includes hall members and historians.

The thinking is the sports writers will be more sympathetic, though you couldn't tell that by reading the columns this week.

His supporters argue simply that Pete Rose deserves to be in the hall because of his accomplishments.

His detractors say he needs to come to terms with his gambling addiction and with the truth, something that seems to be hard for Rose.

In his book, he reportedly admits gambling while he managed the Cincinnati Reds, but not as a player. He claims he never bet from the clubhouse and never bet against his own team.

But those who know the investigation say otherwise. Fellow players say he did place bets from the clubhouse. Former Commissioner Fay Vincent, who helped conduct the investigation, says Rose has not yet come clean.

"Pete needs to tell the whole truth," Vincent said, "and he's only told half of it.... The shame of it is what a great ballplayer Pete Rose was, but what a miserable human being he is. I read the excerpts of this book and I don't think many people are going to buy it.

"There are no heroes in this Pete Rose story. It's like looking under a rock, and seeing nothing but maggots."

Many hall members and veteran players agree with Vincent. "Pete Rose is history," pitcher Bob Feller is reported as saying.

So Rose is likely to remain on the short list (19 players) declared "permanently ineligible" by professional baseball.

He's not in bad company there. Shoeless Joe Simpson, star of the Black Sox team, had a .356 lifetime batting average, but he can't be in the hall. Landis banned him.

Not even a Kevin Costner movie (Field of Dreams) could rehabilitate Simpson's fallen star.

Some day, they'll make a movie about Charlie Hustle, but it'll be hard to make him a hero.

— Steve Haynes

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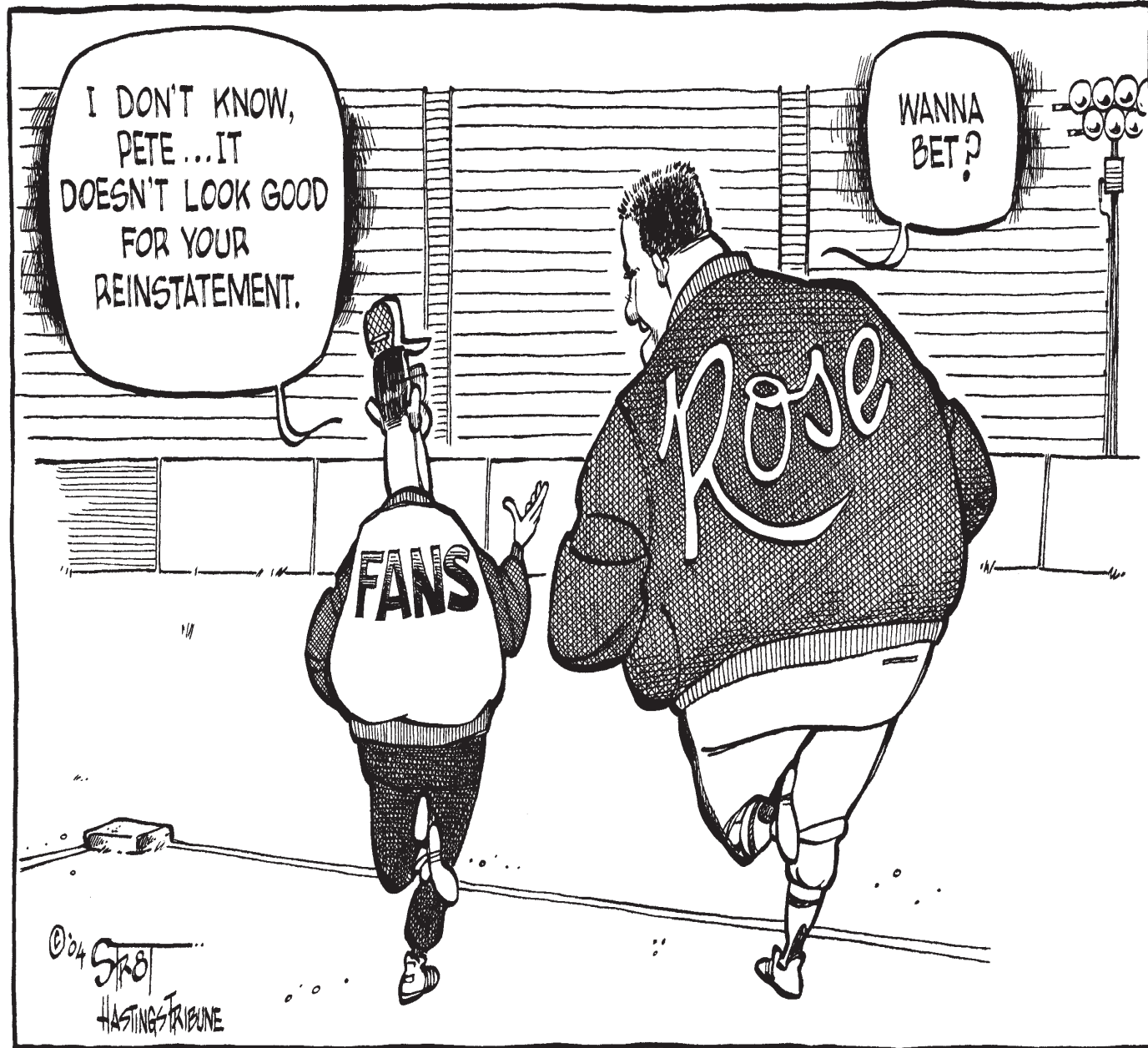
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The hair that was there is no more

Hair! It's a beautiful thing. It's been called a woman's crowning glory. Long, flowing, ebony, flaxen, raven, golden, auburn—pick one—hair is stuff romance novelists really go for. Songs and plays have been written about it. Wars have probably been waged because of it.

Men, for the most part, want their woman to have long hair. They think it's romantic. They don't care if she wears it in a pony tail with a baseball cap or loose on her shoulders; just so it's long.

Women, of course, like to please their men, so they try to accommodate them. At least once in her life, every girl/woman has tried to have her hair long. Now, long hair doesn't work for everyone. Some women simply don't look good with long hair and some women don't want to take the time to care for long hair. I once heard a man say, "Nothing is prettier than cared-for long hair; and nothing is uglier than unkempt long hair."

My husband is no exception. He likes long hair. He said it was the first thing he noticed about me. He always got nervous whenever I mentioned having shorter hair.

Out Back Carolyn Plotts



All this is leading up to the fact that I cut my hair last week. Now let's make sure we are on the same page when I say, "Cut." I don't mean trimmed, I don't mean shortened a little. I mean *cut*. Remember "butch" haircuts for boys? It's in that neighborhood. The top is a little longer, but the back and sides are shorter than Jim's. But I did it for a good cause.

A few months ago I wrote a story about a young girl in the Norton community whose younger sister had lost all her hair following chemotherapy for a rare form of cancer. The older sister pledged to grow her hair and donate it to an organization that made hairpieces for children who have lost their hair due to cancer or a condition known as alopecia.

I'm telling you, that inspired me. In-

spired me to the point that I checked out the agency's website and learned that they would accept hair that has been colored and/or permed. That did it. I made the decision to cut my hair for Locks of Love.

Their only requirements are that the hair be at least 10 inches long and be in good condition. After an appointment with a hair dresser, it was determined that my hair measured 10 inches all over. That meant in order for me to have any hair left after cutting I needed to let it grow a couple more inches.

Watching hair grow is about as exciting as watching paint dry. And by the time it reached 12 inches all over, I was sick of it. It looked terrible; I couldn't fix it. All I could do was pull it back. So when the day of my appointment arrived, I was ready. Snip. Snip. Snip. It was done. Some little kid will be sporting a new "do" of dark brown hair.

What did Jim think?

He says he likes it. In fact, he says it's kinda cute and that he's falling in love all over again. He even said, "I think it makes you look younger."

Good answer!

Childhood games bring fond memories

Memories Sonya Montgomery



Several people have talked to me about their memories of games and toys from the past.

Actually most of them simply said, "you need to write about games and toys from the past".

So in thinking back to grade school days, (and that's a long time ago) one of the winter games we played was "fox and geese."

We made a large circle in the snow with four paths across from side to side and home base was a smaller inside circle.

The "fox" was in the inner circle and you had to sneak into the circle without him or her tagging you.

Fox and chicken was the same game when there was no snow.

We would make "snow angels" in the snow by laying down in the snow and making the wings with your arms. We always tried to jump as far as we could so it appeared they just showed up without footprints near the "angel".

I don't remember that it was ever too cold to not play outside, you just put on more clothes... Sometimes so many, you could hardly walk, let alone run.

There were all kinds of different hide and seek games with a base somewhere on the school ground. One time one of the older boys (an eighth grader) was "it" and I was in the second grade, but he had not been able to catch anyone, so when he saw me getting to the coal house, which was base, he ran full speed ahead and ran my head into the wall.

There apparently was a nail sticking out a little and it ripped my lip open which still carries a small scar. The teacher and my

parents were a bit upset, and I do not remember that he was punished, but he might have remembered that he was.

In one game you hollered "Annie, Annie over" and then threw a soft ball over the roof of the school house, when someone on the other side caught the ball, they ran around the school building and tried to "catch" someone by throwing the ball at them.

Another fun thing to do was with an iron wheel and a stick and you tried to keep the wheel rolling as long as possible. This was especially challenging when it started down an incline.

Many of the toys were made out of wood or if you were one of the fortunate, you might have received an iron toy for Christmas or birthday.

In the summer time my sister and I (well mostly me, because she was not that excited to play "house") would make "furniture" out of the clay dirt, which my Dad had dug out when he added a cellar off the basement. These were very small pieces of furniture and of course they had to dry for several days. We built chairs, tables and dishes.

A button and string kept us busy as it twirled when we went to see our grandmother. We would sit by her sewing ma-

chine for a long time playing with that.

Jacks were also popular. You had the jacks and a small ball, you bounced the ball and picked up one jack at a time catching the ball when it either did not bounce, or bounced once which ever you were trying to do at the time and then when you had done that successfully, you would take two at a time increasing the number until you took them all at once.

Now people who have played that wonderful game know what I'm talking about and others who never heard of it probably don't know how with my simple instructions.

My dad built a rod between two large posts, starting with the rod fairly low to the ground so my sister and I could hang by our knees or do pull ups, then as we got better at that, he would raise the rods a few inches more until finally it was quite high.

I know many parents made toys for their children and we would love to hear about some of those experiences from you.

I write these experiences so you will take some time and think about your memories and share them with your grandchildren.

We played a variety of board games at home with family and friends and very often we sang as a family around the piano. One of the other highlights was making a six-quart freezer of ice cream. Back then there were six eggs in it and real thick cream as well as milk.

Something that rich would probably be a shock to the system any more.

I guess this last item is not a game, but it was such a treat.