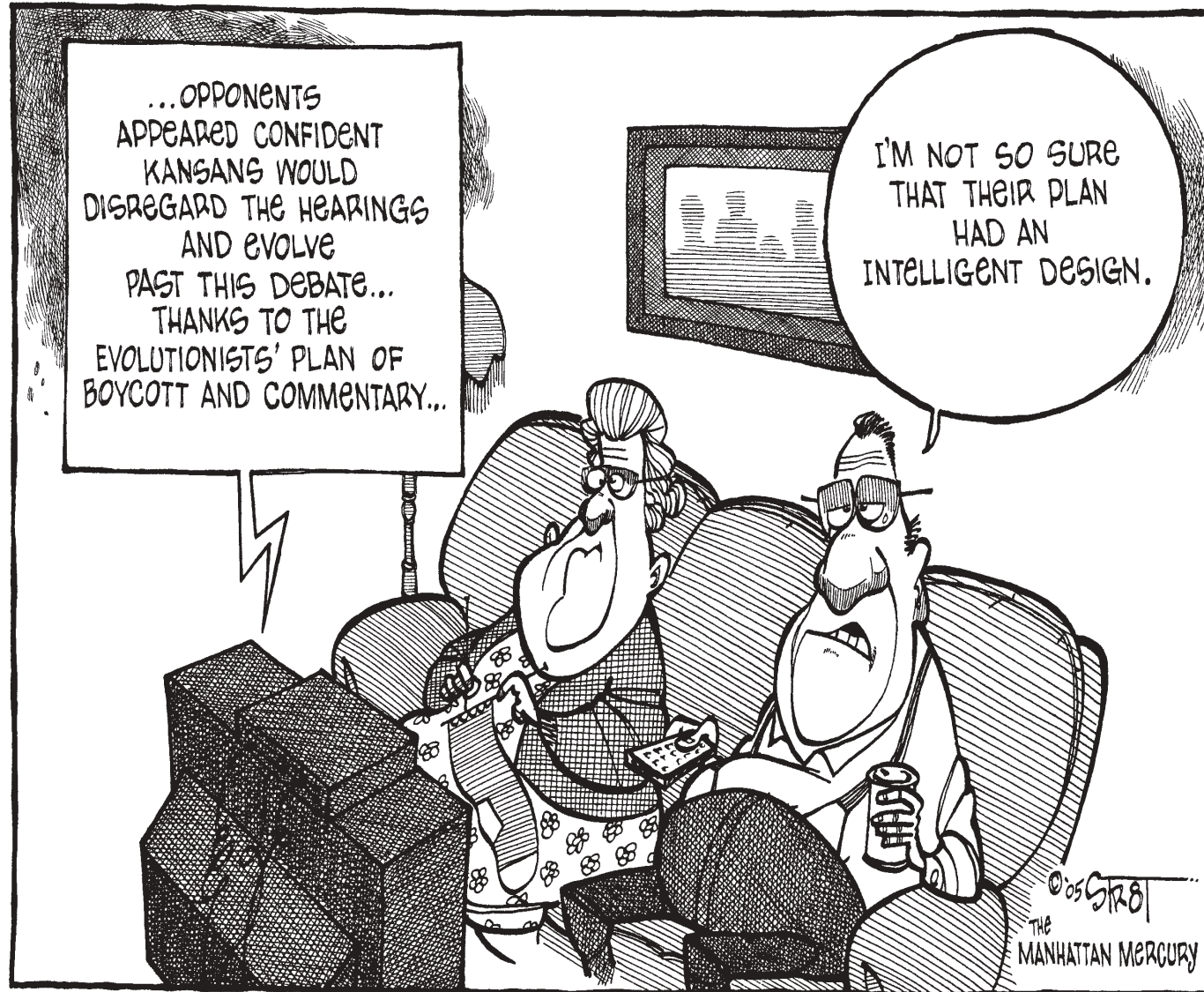


Senators are acting like children because of filibuster

Well, the kids are at it again. Kids. As in United States Senators. Yes, United States Senators. They are fighting a proposed change in Senate rules as they relate to filibustering — that ages old tactic whereby one party talks another's proposals to death. We aren't sure that even the senators themselves fully understand what is going on. Each senators that goes before the television cameras has a different view as to what is involved. All we know at this time is that the Democrats are sticking to their guns when it comes to filibustering President Bush's judicial nominees. Their fightin' cousins, the Republicans, want to change the rule to prohibit the tactic. And instead of the required 67 votes necessary to cut off a filibuster they want a simple majority 50+1. And since the Republicans enjoy a slim majority in the United States Senate, and should a couple of Republicans join the Democrats in retaining the filibuster rule as it stands, chances are good it would end up in a 50-50 tie, after which Vice President Dick Cheney would cast the deciding vote and you know how that would then come out.

Former Senate Majority Leader and presidential candidate Bob Dole cautioned his party a while back to give thought to that day when the Republicans won't be in control and when that happens they would be hung by a situation they created with this rule change. The average American going about his daily responsibilities see this as nothing more than political garbage, And how right they are. Our senators are acting like kids in a playground scuffle. How disgusting. The president, whoever the president is at any given time, isn't always going to get what he wants. And President Bush, as stubborn as any we've ever had in that office, needs to understand that. But then we think he does. It's the senators who don't. Should we mention term limits? — Tom Dreiling



Students should be commended

Last Sunday Norton saw the re-institution of an honored tradition from years past, baccalaureate. When I was young this ceremony was considered almost as mandatory as graduation itself. A group of young people in the 2005 graduating classes of Alma and Norton decided it was time to reclaim the tradition and with the help of parents and the ministerial alliance they carried out their wish. The young people shared their stories of faith, their musical talent and their energy to make a statement about their hope for the future and their thanksgiving of the past. For many, the very word, baccalaureate, conjures up pictures of a darkened room, solemn music and a hushed atmosphere. But, things have changed.

Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



When we had baccalaureate it was about the same every year. That's not all bad, but neither is change. The young people today are to be commended for putting together a service to honor their accomplishments and thank their God and their parents. They didn't have a script to follow from last year; they scripted their own. They endeavored to create a service meaningful to individuals from several

Christian denominations and they succeeded. What a great testimony to young people to see the ministers from the area singing together, laughing and taking part in this event. Each class brings its own story to add to the history of the school and this class is no exception. The loss of a classmate a few years ago had a profound effect on these young people and perhaps the motto left behind by Matt Ward has given these young people the courage to step forth and do new things. As Matt said, "Just do your best." And these young people gave us just a taste of what they can do. Thank you and congratulations to the Alma and Norton graduating classes of 2005.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR: Cemetery needs serious improvement

To the Editor:
Once again Memorial Day is upon us and I find myself struggling with the priorities of our town. As you drive around Norton, you see the green lawns of the hospital, library, city offices, parks and even the islands down the middle of Main Street. They are all lush, green, well watered and cared for. You would think this is a beautiful place. Then...try the cemetery! The grass is dry, brown and full of stickers. I can't walk the 20 feet from my car to my son's grave without getting my shoes full of sand burrs. Forget about kneeling at his

grave, your knees can't take it. Now they are putting up brick entryways and fence. Even though this will be a nice addition it's like putting frosting on a mud pie...it won't make the inside better! Our cemetery should be a welcome place for people to come pay respects to friends and loved ones. My family and yours deserve better. Let's spend some money where it's really needed.

Nancy Meyers
Norton

WRITE:

The Norton Telegram encourages Letters to the Editor on any topic of public interest. Letters should be brief, clear and to the point. They must be signed and carry the address and phone number of the author. We do not publish anonymous letters. We sign our opinions and expect readers to do likewise.

We do not publish form letters or letters about topics which do not pertain to our area. Thank-yous should be submitted to the Want Ad desk. Letters will not be censored, but will be read and edited for form and style, clarity, length and legality. We will not publish attacks on private individuals or businesses which do not pertain to a public issue.

Chicken has to be cut and fried right

Roger Miller, who specialized in humorous and silly songs, once sang:
"My momma used to love me but she died.
"Chicken isn't chicken
"Till it's lickin' good fried.
"Look on the sunny side.
"My momma used to love me but she died."
Silly as it sounds it's true, all of it, especially the chicken part. Last Sunday I fixed fried chicken. I got a whole chicken because stores don't cut them up right. By "right", I mean, how we did it at home. I was in charge of the chickens growing up. They were a perennial 4-H project. One year my sister raised turkeys. We sometimes call someone a "dumb cluck" or say "he ran around like a chicken with its head cut off." There is an expression about not having any more sense than God gave a goose. I don't know why we often compare stupidity to poultry, but in the case of turkeys, it is deserved. A domestic turkey is a dumb bird. But I digress — when it came time to butcher chickens everybody got to help. We all picked feathers but when it came to cleaning the chickens we sat up an assembly line. My job was to cut the thigh and leg apart. I could do it with surgical precision. The down side being the first time I had to cut up a whole chicken on my own it was quite a daunting task.

Back Home Nancy Hagman



We raised lots of chicken so we could fill the freezer. Mom did not like to freeze the neck and back pieces because there wasn't enough meat on them to warrant the freezer space and the ribs poked through the plastic bags. On days (it seemed like all summer) when we butchered chickens, dinner consisted of big platters of bony pieces. Mom used to fry the livers and gizzards stuck into the ribs! Daddy didn't care for the necks or backs, but finding a gizzard would make him smile. Not even livers or gizzards make the bony pieces appealing at my house. But the chickens we get these days have such meaty breasts I leave as much as possible on the necks and backs to make them more appealing. We would save some of the chicks for layers and a rooster or two for the fair. One year I got a white ribbon because I had two roosters and a pullet in the cage instead of a rooster and two pullets. You may think you know about the birds and the bees but did you ever try to determine the sex of a chicken?

Often we could sell the chickens to the carnival people after the fair. Hardly a money making proposition but at least we didn't have to take them home. My folks kept chickens until Mom died. Kate liked to help Grandma find those "balls". Although the first time she picked one up she squeezed it a little too tightly. When Elizabeth was 1, Mom and Dad and I did a little chicken raising together. I have a picture of Mom and Elizabeth holding the chicks. My Mom and the chicks had the same hairdo. Mom's hair was fuzzy from chemotherapy, but she was happy. It was a good day! Elizabeth's face is filled with wonder. On good days she still gets that look. How I love that look. No one made fried chicken like Mom. Sorry, this is not something that is open for discussion. It was the best. My family appreciates my efforts though. Last Sunday besides the chicken I made mashed potatoes and gravy. The hubby is just like a kid about mashed potatoes. I made deviled eggs because Tricia loves them. We got that chicken coming and going. Roger Miller and I may both be a little silly but we know the truth:
1. Momma loves you.
2. Keep a positive outlook.
3. "Chicken isn't chicken till it's lickin' good fried."

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