

## Two familiar words begin bouncing around

They're all crooks!  
How often does that comment enter into political conversations when coffee drinkers get together to hash out the day's news. As one listens to the goings-on in Washington, and each day the mess seems to have hit another low — how low can it get, huh? — the thought of term limits for congressmen and senators takes on a whole new glow.

If term limits are good enough for the president, then they certainly would be good enough for Sen. Boopenbumper and Rep. Snippenrittenhopper.

It seems that far too often we send these people to Washington and forget them. Literally. Once we plant them there they are pretty much there for as long as they want to be. Some of them have 35-40 years making laws under which we live. Some even more. And after that kind of longevity the word *power* takes on a whole new meaning. Servants of the people? Or do you sometimes get the feeling we are their servants?

We are just plain strange about changing faces. We are comfortable. Problem is, not many of us know how our elected representatives vote. Matter of fact quite a few among us couldn't even name their representatives.

Those who argue against term limits contend we already have them in place. They're called re-election. Not hardly. Re-elections are nothing more than political recycling.

Maybe every dozen years or so we need to, as the old saying goes, freshen up the place. Introduce new blood into the process. New faces. We might even get new ideas in the process. Maybe even come up with new ways to compromise without leaving blood stains on the carpet in the legislative chambers.

Term limits are not intended to alter the political landscape. If a congressional district is heavy Republican, or a state is majority Democrat, chances are good that term limits would send the majority party back to Washington, but with a new outlook. A new perspective.

We think the gang who founded all of this a few hundred years ago didn't intend for us to send the same people back to Washington forever, or to be primarily of the same profession. The hardware store guy, the auto dealer, the pharmacist, the farmer, the doctor, the grocery store manager, the cafe owner, the founder of a small company, the traveling salesman or woman, the barber, the cosmetologist, the nurse, the caregiver, and on it goes. Could they not represent us? We think so.

Next time you are gulping down that cup of coffee with your buds and you think things in Washington are about as bad as they can get — and polls indicate most of us think that way — then do something about it. Can we improve on the situation? Your answer to that question will dictate the route you will follow.

Term limits has always been sort of a nasty topic. We never bought into it. But as the wrinkles in the nation's political blanket get harder and harder to get out, then maybe we should take another look at limitations on representation.

Just a thought.  
What think you?

— Tom Dreiling

## ELECTED OFFICIALS:

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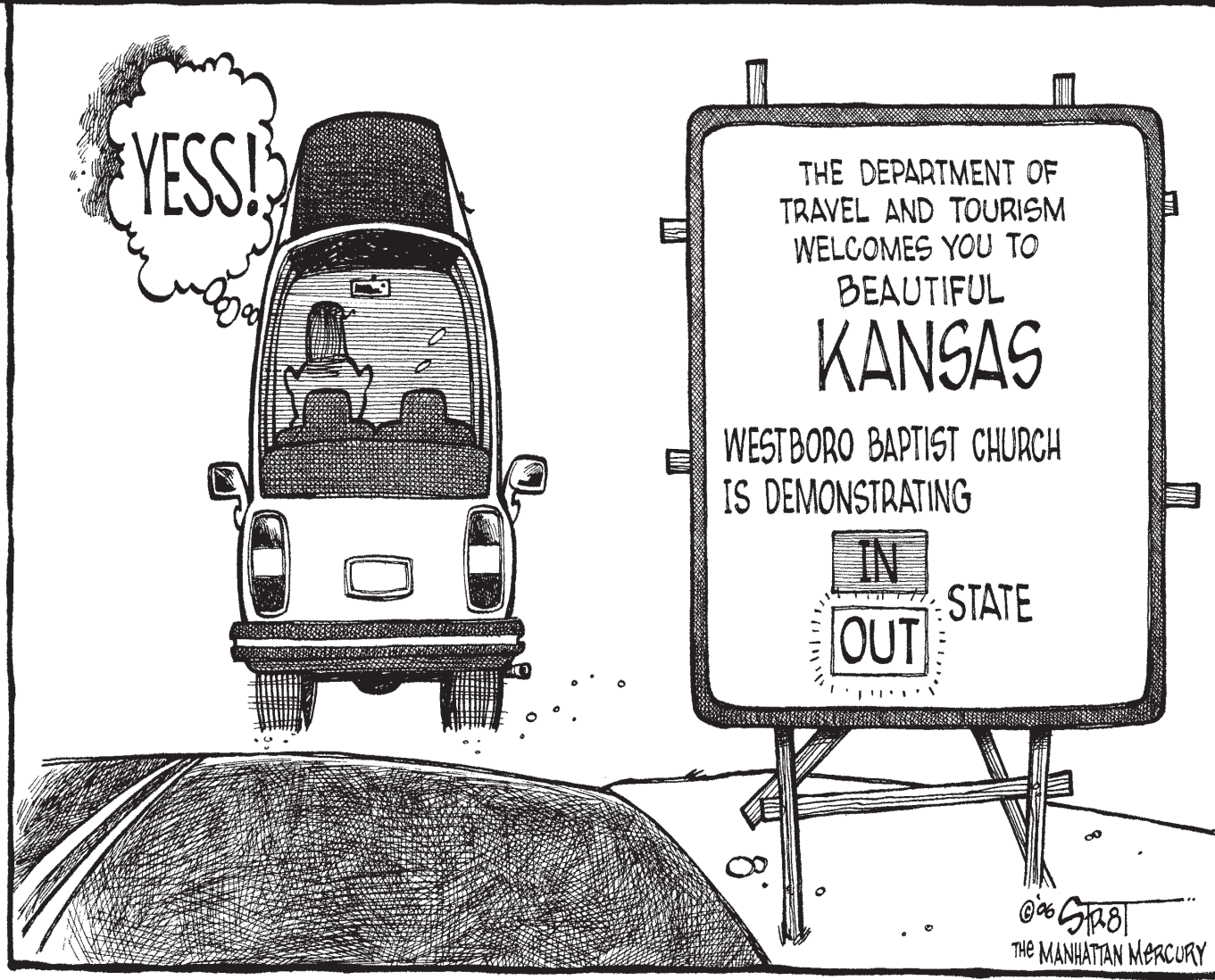
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## You can win, even when you don't

Sometime back we carried a story about Cornell Kinderknecht, who was one of the finalists for *Musician of the Year* at the 2006 Texas Music Awards show on March 25. Although Cornell did not win the coveted honor, he felt privileged to be among the nominees. One of the other contenders was a gentleman by the name of Lloyd Maines, father of the famed Dixie Chick's Natalie Maines.

Cornell's sister, Charlene "Charlie" Eastin of Norton, said, "we are so very proud of him." She said Cornell made new friends and connections in the music business and was happy to have been a part of the awards show.

"What a wonderful honor for him to have been chosen and to be recognized for his talents," Mrs. Eastin said.

Cornell, renowned flutist, performs often in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, as well as other Texas locations.

He was raised in a musical family in the Ellis area, and for years was a member of the family's band, which performed in many locations in northwest Kansas. His Norton sister, also an adept musician in her own right, played a major role in the family band and probably had a lot to do with her younger brother's success in the field.

Hats off to Cornell for putting his musical talents out front for all to enjoy, and in the process found himself in the running for the *Musician of the Year* in the Lone Star state.

-td-

E-mail contribution:  
Hospital regulations require a wheelchair for patients being discharged. However, a student nurse encountered an elderly gentleman, already dressed and sitting on the bed with a suitcase at his feet, who insisted he didn't need any help to leave the hospital.

After a chat about rules being rules, he

Good Evening Norton  
Tom Dreiling



reluctantly let the student nurse wheel him to the elevator. On the way down she asked him if his wife was meeting him.

"No," he grumbled, "she's still upstairs in the bathroom changing out of her hospital gown."

-td-

This alert made its way into my e-mail box, and although I can't vouch for anything it says, it does carry a pretty good message:

"Most of us take those summons for jury duty seriously, but enough people skip out on their civic duty that a new and ominous kind of scam has surfaced. Fall for it and your identity could be stolen, reports CBS.

"In this con, someone calls pretending to be a court official who threateningly says a warrant has been issued for your arrest because you didn't show up for jury duty. The caller claims to be a jury coordinator. If you protest that you never received a summons for jury duty, the scammer asks you for your Social Security number and date of birth so he or she can verify the information and cancel the arrest warrant. Sometimes they even ask for credit card numbers.

"Give out any of this information and bingo! — your identity just got stolen. The scam has been reported so far in 11 states, including Oklahoma, Illinois and Colorado. This (scam) is particularly insidious

because they use intimidation over the phone to try to bully people into giving information by pretending they're with the court system. The FBI and the federal court system have issued nationwide alerts on their web sites, warning consumers about the fraud."

-td-

Brief courtroom conversation:  
Prosecutor: "Did you kill the victim?"  
Defendant: "No, I did not."  
Prosecutor: "Do you know what the penalties are for perjury?"

Defendant: "Yes, I do. And they're a heck of a lot better than the penalty for murder."

-td-

A&E television channel had two so-so programs for Easter evening viewing, one about heaven and hell and the other about four young men looking at the priesthood, and also looking at their girlfriends. The first added nothing new to the debate about heaven and hell. I was always under the impression that hell was like a blast furnace and those so directed were the charcoal. My impression remains unchanged. The other program was OK, just another reality show with a religious twist. Two hours was a bit much. Continues next Sunday (I think.) Will probably check it out to see who goes in what direction.

-td-

I trust you all had a nice Easter Sunday. That special day is unlike others in that the pace is more relaxed. No need to swallow your food so you don't miss the football kickoff. No trunkload of gifts to carry in the house. Family numbers not as large as Thanksgiving and Christmas. Kids find joy in hunting for well hidden eggs in the yard or in the house.

It's just its very own day. And the weather was an extra bonus.

-td-

Have a good evening!

## They asked, and I delivered...whew!

Mary Jo is one of my best friends. We don't get a chance to hang out much, but I know she would do anything for me she could and I for her. So, when she asked if I could take the pictures at her daughter's wedding, I automatically agreed. Wait a minute. What did I say? Did I just agree to be responsible for recording and preserving the most important day of her daughter's life?

Oh, the pressure.

I take a lot of pictures in my job as a newspaper reporter/photographer. But, admittedly, I pose some of them to recreate the action. As a wedding photographer, you can't recreate the moment the bride and her father start down the aisle. You can't recreate the moment of the couple's first kiss as husband and wife; you can't recreate the moment they are introduced to the congregation as Mr. and Mrs.

I was nervous.

To compensate for my inexperience, I took dozens of shots. Between portions of the wedding weekend, I would dash to the local Wal-Mart to load the digital pictures onto a compact disc, erase the memory card, and head back for more. At least,

Out Back  
Carolyn Plotts



they'll have lots to choose from.

The bride was stunning, the groom handsome, both families were happy for their children and all the relatives were cooperative, so my job was actually pretty easy. I never heard a negative word except when it was discovered the suspenders did not arrive with the father of the bride's tuxedo.

From the men's changing room we heard, "Somebody get me a pair of suspenders, or I'm puttin' my jeans back on."

All the pictures show Gale in a pair of matching black trousers, so I assume someone found a pair of suspenders. But, as far as I could tell (and I was in the middle of everyone's business), that was the only glitch.

I'm not sure I'm ready to change careers to become a wedding photographer, but I did have a good time and I hope they like the pictures.

All 349 of them.

—ob—

This is going to be a hard week for us. Our daughter, Jennifer, has decided to move back to Texas. We helped move her up here and we're helping move her back. But, we will miss her and our granddaughter, Alexandria, terribly. And, with a baby coming in July, we'll miss that, too.

But, the man in Jennifer's life has a fantastic job opportunity there and Jennifer's work can go with her wherever she goes. So, we'll help them all we can and wish them well as they begin that season of their life and we begin a new season of ours.

—ob—

Speaking of seasons. I was looking at the wheat as I drove to town yesterday. It has fully awakened from its winter sleep and is growing like crazy.

Now, here's the amazing part: harvest is only a couple of months away. Certainly helps you understand the meaning of "You reap what you sow."