

Should take effort to campaign trail

There seems to be a *candidate* waiting to clip the wings of Congressman Jerry Moran of the Big First District in the upcoming election. Her name won't ring a bell. She is not out campaigning. But then again maybe she is, but in a different way.

We are talking about Pam Pohly of Hays who has been on a letter-writing campaign directed at Mr. Moran. Her letters appear in selected newspapers in the First District; your *Telegram* is not on the selected list.

Ms. Pohly is armed with all kinds of criticism of Mr. Moran who has yet to do anything right, or so one would assume after reading her letters.

We are not always in bed with the congressman on the issues of the day, but we aren't ready to push him off the top of the tallest building in the First District, either.

While Ms. Pohly's politics are not known, her writings would lead us to believe she fits the mold of a Democrat. And if that be the case, it might be an interesting few months if she would put her name on the line and declare her candidacy for the House of Representatives, First District/Kansas.

Something is bothersome about the Pohly letters, however. They state that Congressman Moran is the culprit, the reason so many people are taking a hit by House-passed bills. She is forgetting that Rep. Moran is just one of hundreds of House members who determine the fate of proposed legislation. Of course what she deems harmful would not necessarily be seen as harmful by somebody else. But that's how issues are formed and eventually need airing, debate.

It is good when people share their thoughts with others through letters. And we commend Ms. Pohly for doing so. And because she apparently takes special interest in what the congressman from our district is doing, or not doing, as she sees it, prepares her to do combat. That said, we would encourage her to expand her involvement.

If that were to happen — become a candidate — she might find that her letters won't be used as frequently. Speaking as a letter writer and speaking as a candidate are two different animals.

The congressman is not an on-again, off-again visitor to his district, he's in it at every turn. And his accessibility is something the voters seem to take into consideration when they enter the voting booth. Knocking off Jerry Moran would not be impossible, but it comes awfully close to that.

— Tom Dreiling

Thumbs Up to . . .

✓ **Katherine Severns**, for your 16 years of volunteering for church services at the Andbe Home every Sunday afternoon. (regular mail from residents of the home)

✓ **Everyone** involved in the Memorial Day cemetery services in our area.

✓ **Agnes Wahlmeier**, on your 90th birthday.

✓ **Norton County Hospital**, good luck with your doctor search.

✓ **Louise Kitzke**, on your 85th birthday.

✓ **That brave pig**. (email)

✓ **Joe Allen**, on your appointment by Ag Secretary Mike Johanns. Mr. Allen is a native of Norton living in St. Louis.

✓ **Norton Valley Hope**, on your honorary brick *Wall of Honor* project.

✓ **Alex**, for your help in getting my groceries into my car.

(If you would like to submit a name or names for use in this column, email tom@nwkans.com, call 877-3361 or 877-6908, fax 877-3732, or drop a note in the mail to 215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton 67654. Thanks for your help.)

Share your thoughts with a Letter to the Editor.

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Walking and talking is good exercise

Norton has a lot of walkers. Of all ages. Maybe it's because I like to walk that I notice this activity. It's always pleasing to see. I feel so sorry for those who, for health reasons, are unable to walk. I have a brother, Jim, in that condition. When I was getting ready to depart for Norton after visiting with him at St. John's Rest Home in Victoria over the past weekend, he said, "You are so lucky to be able to walk...I would give anything if I could do that too." There are a lot of Jims with the desire, but inability, to walk.

Then there are those who can walk but for whatever reason or reasons don't. Television is just too tempting. Get into a routine, then stick with it, that's the key. Once you get the ball rolling you almost feel guilty if you let a day go by without walking. It can be in the early morning, evening or even after the street lights go on. Pick the time that best fits your schedule. You might be surprised who you will see out there getting their daily dose of exercise.

The experts tell us that walking, as a means of exercise, is just about as good as it gets. There for a while they were of the thinking that walking wasn't what it was pumped up to be, that the exercise derived was not as beneficial. I don't know why they changed their thinking, but maybe some of them got out of their easy chairs and onto the streets to get a feel for what they thought was OK but useless as an exercise tool, and actually enjoyed it and found it to be beneficial.

I like the lighted parking lot at the high school at late night to walk. I'm off the street that way. Age has dictated that my hearing needed some assistance so I'm not always comfortable on the streets. I can't always be sure that my body is sending the right warning that a car might be approaching from behind.

Jogging? That's just not for me. But I'm not knocking it either. It's a very good form of exercise. Friend Dick Boyd is a jogger, he likes bicycling, too. He's one of those kind of guys who likes to stick to a routine. When I asked him Wednesday

Good Evening Norton Tom Dreiling



during a chatfest, he confided that with the heavy sports load he just hasn't been able to get in some jogging, but I could tell he was itching to get back into the swing of it.

Older Americans, society calls us *seniors*, are walking and doing other kinds of exercise, in larger numbers than ever before. We have finally come to the fork in life's road — one leading to the comfort of a recliner, and the other the challenge of a bike path, or a jogging trail, or a walking area. More and more we are choosing the challenge. And maybe that, in a nutshell, is why we are living much longer.

Give it a try. —td—
Let's call this one "How to tell the sex of a fly."

A woman walked into the kitchen to find her husband stalking around with a fly swatter.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Hunting flies," he responded. "Oh. Are you killing any?" she asked. "Yep," he said, "three males and two females."

Intrigued, she asked, "How can you tell?"

"Easy," he said. "Three were on a beer can and two were on the phone." —td—

I heard a report the other day saying that the half-million dollar fine imposed on CBS-TV for the breast-bearing Janet Jackson incident at the Super Bowl two years ago was upheld by another court. No way can CBS avoid paying the tidy sum. But that raises a question: The report I heard was on television and as the report was given that network was showing the

breast-bearing incident. Shouldn't they not be fined also? If the initial incident was bad enough to warrant such a fine, isn't a rerun also punishable?

—td—
Not only are our politicians playing "gotcha!", which we expect them to do, but to me it seems like the cable news talk shows hosts are also playing that game. And I think the worst of the lot are the know-it-all Sean Hannity and the brain-deficient Alan Colmes. So, why do I watch those two? I sort of think God leads me to that program as punishment for any wrongs I might have committed that day.

—td—
Katie Couric is finally done with NBC-TV's "Today" show, after a 15-year run. In September she becomes the "CBS Evening News" anchor, the seat occupied individually by Walter Cronkite and Dan Rather for so many years. That should be interesting and will give CBS a bump in the ratings at the outset. How long that will last remains to be seen. And ABC-TV's "World News Tonight" has welcomed Charlie Gibson as its anchor. The late Peter Jennings so eloquently delivered the news from that chair for so many years before cancer silenced him.

—td—
We all knew this was coming, didn't we: a ropeless jump rope. An Ohio gent received a patent for the thing, ending a longtime dream dating back to 1988. Simply put it's a jump-rope without the rope. The invention, with moving weights inside the handles, gives you the feel of a rope moving. It's said to be good for the clumsy person who worries about tripping on the rope. But most importantly it promotes exercise. And because today's kids aren't getting the exercise experts feel they need, this might really catch on.

—td—
Time to put this column to bed, so . . .

—td—
Have a good weekend, and don't forget there's a pew for you in the church of your choice.

All's well with bed warmer back home

It's been a week of cats, weasels and snakes. The week started out badly when April Alice disappeared.

Sometimes, some of our many felines spend the night outside. That's their choice, and I don't really care.

April Alice, the yellow tabby, however, loves to sleep with us. She heads upstairs as soon as she sees us getting ready to go after dinner. In our sitting room, she sits on my lap or lounges on the floor until I get up to go to bed, then she heads for the covers.

She sleeps at my back until Steve comes to bed, then moves over to the other side of me. There she stays until I get up. As soon as she's had a quick trip outside, though, she heads back to bed with Steve until he gets up.

So when she wasn't in bed and nowhere to be found the next morning, we started to worry.

I checked every closet and cupboard, knowing all cats love to explore small, dark spaces. No luck, and no April Alice.

I thought about the neighbor's garage, where Molly Monster got caught twice last year. However, the neighbors were home so there was no reason to suppose a cat was trapped in their garage.

I decided to ask them to keep an eye out

Open Season Cynthia Haynes



anyway. She suggested we look around. She had been hearing a cat crying, but since the garage doors had been open, knew it couldn't be trapped.

We listened and looked. April Alice was in the attic of the garage. She was complaining like crazy, but could easily have walked down the stairway and out the open door. She was just being difficult. Still, it was good to have my bed warmer back.

The next day we met a ferret named Maxine, Max for short. She visited the office with her people, the Smiths. She was a friendly little critter and weaseled her way around the furniture, trying to make friends with Tigger, the office cat. Maxine may have been the world's friendliest ferret, but Tigger was having

no part of her. Later we went to Sappa Park to take the dog for a walk.

Annie loves to romp up the road, investigating every bush, tree and clump of grass. She also wanted to investigate the smashed snake on the road. We vetoed that idea. She was scaring the flies, dozens of them. Ick.

We also vetoed her idea to investigate the very live snake coiled up in the grass next to the road.

There was a loud rattling sound and the dog jumped back. She tried to move back in, but Steve called her off.

As I held the dog, Steve investigated the angry rattling snake in the grass. It turned out to be a seven-foot bull snake making like a big, mean rattlesnake. I thought he was doing a pretty good imitation, but Steve saw through the masquerade.

We still decided that Annie didn't need to get a closer look. She's supposed to be a bird dog, not a snake, mouse and rabbit-chasing dog. We just have to convince her of that.

But, since the only birds we saw were buzzards and meadowlarks, she'll have to wait a little longer. Maybe by fall, she'll have that bird dog thing down.

Maybe.