

Maybe presidency not meant for McCain

“Bomb, bomb, bomb...bomb bomb Iran....” Sen. John McCain, Republican presidential hopeful, got our attention when asked a question at a public gathering relating to Iran, and answered by paraphrasing the words of a popular Beach Boys song.

The media, of course, picked up on his attempt at humor and by the time they got done with it, those who analyze what media reports, would have us believe that Sen. McCain committed some kind of crime.

He didn't. He just found a different way to deliver a response. Perhaps it was Sen. McCain operating outside the box we generally see him operate in.

The Arizona senator is a supporter of the war in Iraq. He does not back away from that stand. And what's more, Sen. McCain said he would rather lose an election than lose a war. Profound, to say the least.

The senator's poll numbers — and all candidates pay close attention to poll numbers — aren't good. At the outset of the 2008 campaign many, many months ago, he was the odds on favorite to capture the nomination. That assumed support just hasn't materialized. He now finds himself in an uphill struggle. Party analysts agree his unconditional support for President Bush's war plan is dragging him down.

While most of us thought Sen. McCain tossed his hat in the ring a long time ago, he didn't officially declare his candidacy until this week. His handlers hope the announcement translates into a bump in the polls.

Fred Thompson, former senator, and actor, hasn't entered the field yet, but despite his uncertainty at the moment, he finds himself positioned very well in the polls. Again, those who study politics think Thompson will move rapidly up the roster should he officially jump in. And that will be another speed bump in Sen. McCain's path.

Maybe it just isn't to be for the former war hero, prisoner of war, proud veteran, outstanding United States Senator.

Time will tell.

—Tom Dreiling



My date's magical corsage wins out

Since my high school days were spent in a military academy, we didn't have a junior-senior prom, we had what they called a military ball. My senior year, I asked this special girl to be my date. She agreed. I ordered a dozen sweetheart roses for her beautiful gown.

When I picked her up she already had the corsage pinned on. I took one look and thought to myself, "What in the world did the flower shop deliver to her?" It looked like a dead mini-bush. I said nothing, just commented on how absolutely wonderful she looked.

We arrived at the dance and it didn't take long for some comments to surface about my date's corsage. I shielded her from those unkind descriptions. But as the evening wore on those tiny roses began to take on a life of their own, like magic sweeping across the top of her gown.

While the corsages the other girls were wearing began to show signs of wilting, my date's corsage was in full bloom by the time the dance was over. And just like we were the talk of the crowd upon our arrival, we were the talk of the crowd when the evening ended.

At the community's favorite greasy spoon, where everybody gathered for the early morning breakfast, my date was the center of attention with her colorful corsage. She later confessed how pleased she was with the sweetheart roses because, she said, often times they bloom a little later than other choices. "It bothered me not," she said. "I just knew they would open before the dance was over."

The chicken fried steaks, the fries and the Cokes tasted extra special that night, thanks to some flowers that decided to delay their appearance.

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Good Evening Norton Tom Dreiling



Memories are short. I heard some people comment on Wednesday that "this is not the kind of late April weather we are used to." As I write this on Wednesday, April 25, the winds were blowing and the temperature was on the chilly side, at 45 degrees. The overnight low was 35. It was also raining. On April 25 a year ago, it was cloudy, there was some wind and the temperature managed to touch 50 in mid-afternoon, after hanging in the 40s most of the day. The overnight low was 37. The old saw, "What a difference a year makes," doesn't hold true in this case. April 25, 2006 and April 25, 2007 were almost a carbon copy. It can get cold in May also. We learn not to put our winter coats away, or put the furnace in moth balls too early. Nothing is certain, especially when you talk weather.

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I listened to a couple of experts on the radio while keeping an appointment in a distant city the other day, and their focus was on the wheat crop we will be harvesting in just a few months. Their take on the crop and the effects of the recent freeze were varied, but interesting. The one guy said there is cause for concern, the other didn't think he'd lose any sleep over it. I came away from that half hour confused. I sort of expected them — the two experts — to reach some sort of compromise on

the outlook, but that never quite seemed to materialize.

From my viewpoint (out my window) as I drive the area's highways and byways, things look good out in those fields after months of welcomed precipitation. We hope it's a very good result. And as Rep. Jerry Moran's called a recent soaking "A million dollar rain." That's literally what's at stake. Keep your fingers crossed and your hands together.

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Things to tickle the brain:

(a) Police were called to a daycare where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

(b) The roundest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Conference.

(c) To write with a broken pencil is pointless.

(d) A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.

(e) A thief fell and broke his leg in wet cement. He became a hardened criminal.

(f) With her marriage she got a new name and a dress.

-td-

I see where Rosie O'Donnell has tossed in the apron and is leaving "The View" at season's end. I've never watched that show so I can't paint it with a single brush. But since she joined the crew, reports are it's been nothing but chaos. The former queen of nice has turned into the queen of mean. Her mouth still runs like a malfunctioning tank on a toilet; lot of beeped-out words coming from within. If truth be known, I suspect the network asked her to leave.

-td-

Have a good evening and a good weekend. And if golf is in your plans, why not tee-off from your church?

Cheers for these wise folks

There is a saying, "Old age and treachery will always win out over youth and enthusiasm." In some countries age carries with it honor and respect. After reading Liza's email to Tom, I am convinced our country is in need of Liza Deines' think tank lunch partners. The Classy Curmudgeon Geniuses, to paraphrase her description.

As Liza and her friends pointed out, if we deport 11 million illegal immigrants, we will be using that much less gas and prices will drop.

But best of all, is the plan to bring home our troops and station them at the border. Illegals trying to cross would be given a "canteen, a rifle and some ammo" and shipped to Iraq. What a brilliant idea! All of our prestigious politicians and columnists debate the best way to handle the most critical issues and these lunch hour seniors have it wrapped up in a tidy knot.

They have managed to correct the gasoline price issue, the immigration problem, as well as the war in Iraq, all with simple common sense, a rare commodity or perhaps a nonexistent one in Washington. Liza's column warrants a movie script of a 100 day government takeover by the Residents of "Shady Hills." It gives a new meaning to "active retirement living."

Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



Can't you just imagine casting Betty White, Shirley MacLaine and Olympia Dukakis as these luncheon ladies. Shirley MacLaine could be Homeland Security. She would give new meaning to border patrol. Olympia Dukakis could be in charge of deportation. I wouldn't want to cross her. Betty White could pass out the canteen, rifle and ammo, all the while smiling and saying, "Have a nice day." And, not to leave out the men in this cabinet, we could put Ollie North in place to oversee (shred) the necessary paperwork.

As I get older I have a lot of respect for those countries who view their seniors as wise. I'm hoping as baby boomers age and become such a large part of society, that the younger generations will defer to our wisdom.

Mmmm, I imagine my parents wished for the same thing.

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Grassroots movement needs you

Some columnists are must reads for me, not because I always agree with them or because I find their prose so inspiring. It is just because they make me think. Trent Loos, who writes for the *High Plains Journal*, falls in to this category. His April 16, 2007 column began: "Millions of Americans are living in confinement buildings on cement lots, yet some of these elitist activists feel compelled to regulate our lives and businesses as food producers."

It made me laugh! However, I think he missed a brilliant opportunity for satire by continuing his column in a serious vein.

So I guess it is up to me to start a new movement: "Free Range Humans."

There is plenty of evidence that such a movement is needed. Not only are human children being raised in confinement but their health and diets have been manipulated. Many babies are never nourished as nature intended. From birth they are denied breast milk and fed with man-made formulas full of artificial flavorings and preservatives. These nutrients come in metal containers and then are placed in bottles and bags made of plastic. At some point all of this food packaging as well as the human baby diapers must be disposed of. Not really the most environmentally friendly process.

Human children are deprived of their parental care as soon as six weeks after birth. Because of the mobility of human society many grow up without the support of grandmas, grandpas, aunts and uncles. The children are turned over to caregivers, who are usually poorly paid and some-

Back Home Nancy Hagman



times do not even know the language spoken in the child's home.

Human children are placed on a strict schedule which may attempt to include time for fresh air and sunshine. Some lucky children may even have the opportunity to walk on grass or dirt and touch actual plants such as trees or flowers.

Exposure to animals, in simulated natural habitats at places such as zoos, may be part of the child's upbringing but most children only see animals deemed "pets." These pets have their own set of problems brought on by the fact that they are being raised in confinement. For example Siberian huskies, bred to work in cold weather, are being kept as "pets." Lack of exercise and failure to adapt to the 70 degree temperatures of their homes can cause behavioral and health issues. The humans love their pets like family members however and spare no expense to maintain them.

Exposure to most elements of nature is seen as potentially harmful to children and they are vigorously cleaned with anti-bacterial chemicals as soon as possible after such exposure. All surfaces in human confinement homes are also stridently po-

liced for "germs." Disposable cleaning chemicals and applicators are readily available. These items require large land fill spaces to hold the packaging and products after they have been used, but humans seem to be comfortable with this use of earth. Better that than allow a farmer to pollute it by trying to grow a crop or an animal.

I could go on and on. But you get the idea. Farmers are less than one percent of the United States population. I often think that Loos overstates how threatened those of us in production agriculture should feel by the other 99 percent. He presents them as thinking we abuse and over-medicate our animals, pollute our water and land, and are systematically trying to poison the very consumers on which our livelihood depends. What a strange goal.

The *High Plains Journal* calls Loos "a sixth generation United States farmer and founder of Faces of Agriculture, a non-profit organization putting the human element back into the production of food." He travels the country extensively giving speeches and attending conferences. He may have a better perspective on what the rest of the country thinks about agriculture than I do.

So help this new grassroots movement out. The next time someone expresses a concern about how safe the food supply is or the treatment of farm animals ask them if they have written their congressmen yet about human confinement operations.

Spread the word, Free Range Humans! It's an idea whose time has come!