

## LETTER

### Credit many for Relay's success

To the Editor,  
If you had driven past Travis Field on the evening of June 22, you would have seen people walking around the track at all hours of the night.  
Why?  
Were they crazy?  
No, the answer was written in lights on the visitors' bleachers: HOPE. Hope for a cure for the monster called cancer.  
It was the 2007 Relay for Life. It took a lot of people to make it a success. It took a community, a community called Norton County. Not just one person, but everyone who did anything for Relay from people who gave money or services or time and anyone who attended.  
Because Norton cares, Relay for Life was a success in raising more than \$12,000. With this money, we are a step closer to finding a cure.  
Thanks each and every one of you!  
(An evaluation meeting was held Thursday at the Town and Country Kitchen.)  
Thanks again and God bless you.

Barb Ballinger, Chairman  
2007 Relay for Life

(To all letter writers: To assure timely insertion of your letter, please e-mail them to tom@nwks.com. He handles the Opinion and Op-Ed pages on his computer. Thanks for your understanding. And apologies for this letter being late.)

### Thumbs Up to . . .

✓Liza D., Carolyn P., Mary Kay W., Nancy Hagman, and the rest of the women who contribute weekly articles and sharing their life and happenings. (e-mail)

✓All the folks involved in the fireworks, including the Kansas Department of Wildlife and Parks, and Prairie Dog State Park employees. (e-mail)

✓Phillip Becker, for being "totally awesome!" (called in)

✓Karla Reed and the Norton Area Chamber of Commerce, for a spectacular fireworks show. "Best ever!" (called in)

✓Fr. Vincent, for making my family feel right at home after a long absence from Norton. The Mass was so meaningful. (called in)

✓Norton Police Department, for a nice bunch of courteous officers. You don't always run into lawmen of that caliber. Thanks! (called in)

(To render a salute to someone, e-mail tom@nwks.com, call either 877-3361 or 877-6908, mail to 215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton 67654, drop by the office of fax 877-3732.)

### Are we the face of Democracy?

Someone said to me this week, "Bush is a symptom of the problem". As I thought about it I realized how much truth there is to the statement. In the past month we have seen several hits on our judicial system and last week's sentence commute for Gordon Libby was the penultimate. As Bush scurried to keep Cheney's former advisor from having to serve any time behind bars he also continued to say he "respected the jury's decision." It sounded a bit too much like the teenage boy trying to convince his girlfriend he would still respect her tomorrow morning.

Our country's voting record is a disappointingly low percentage of the eligible voters. We are concerned at the shortage of qualified candidates for public office and we admonish individuals unwilling to spend time on a jury. These are the supports and foundation of what we believe and of democracy itself.

I have great difficulty with presidents commuting sentences or pardoning individuals whether it is Clinton or Bush, and I truly believe it was a decision Bush made under pressure. Bush has not indulged in pardoning large numbers of people like his predecessor, but this action strikes at the very core of what we stand for. Clinton's pardon of his brother, although

### Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



in poor taste, did not define a country policy of lack of protection, to say nothing of ingratitude to CIA and FBI operatives.

This action, as none before, serves to remind us of who is running the White House. Bush as governor of Texas saw nothing "harsh" about the death row inmates who were executed during his tenure as governor.

Commuting the sentence of the appropriately named "Scooter" Libby has undermined the judicial branch, the protective services as well as the individual citizen who has sat on a jury and believed they were participating in the very basic actions of democracy. The power of the majority, the prerogative of the judge, the willingness of individuals to take part in their government at work has all been for naught. And we hold ourselves up as the face of democracy?

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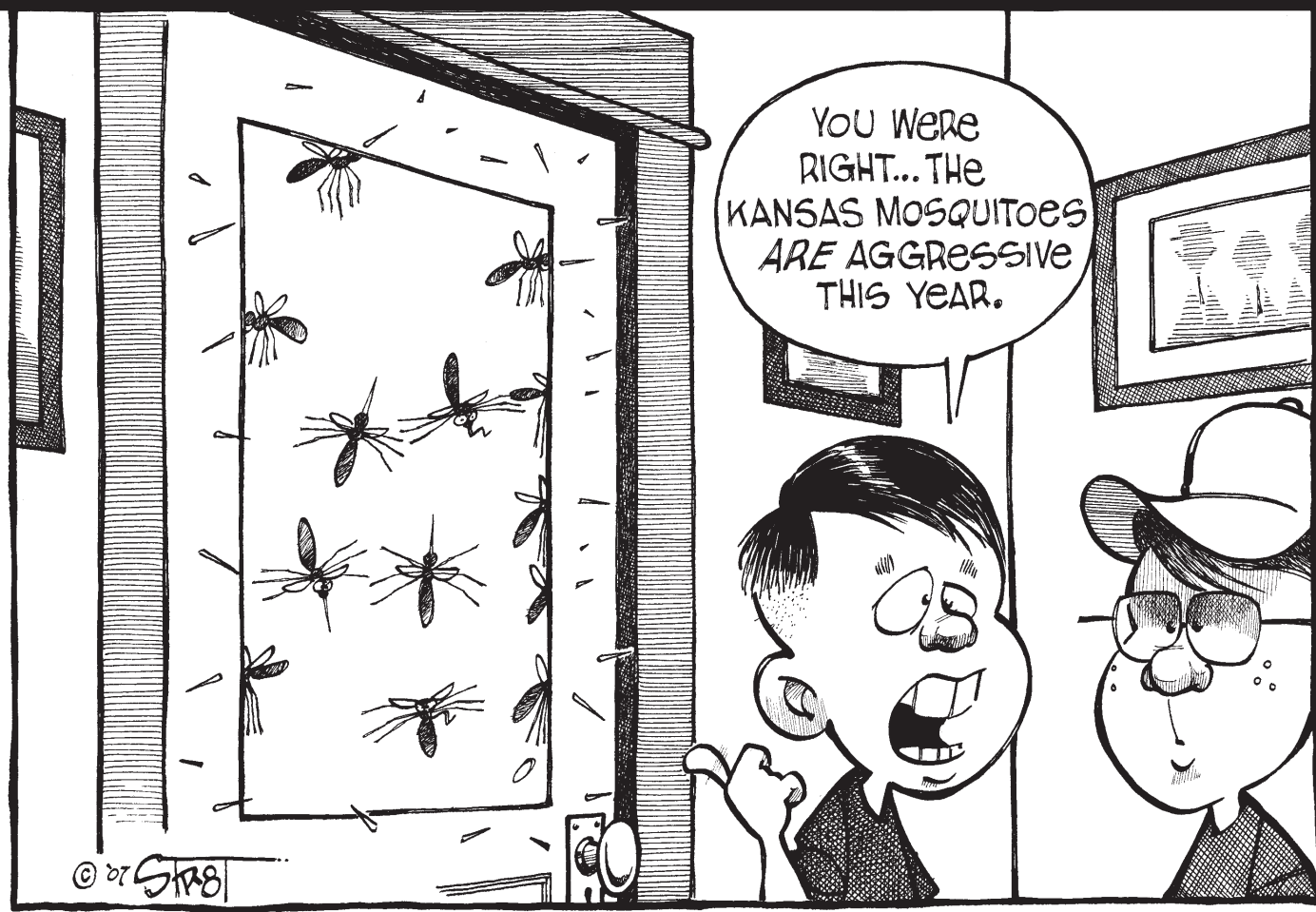
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### My mother-in-law was a blessing

One never knows from one week to the next. On June 29-30 my family gathered to celebrate Reunion VII in Colorado Springs. Then this past weekend, my mother-in-law Sally Eberle died at age 94. That side of the family gathered in Colby to celebrate her life.

Sally was a remarkable person. She was active, involved. She loved gardening. She was particular about how her lawn, her flowers, her bushes and trees looked. And inside, her home was always ready to welcome family, friends, relatives — whoever stopped by for whatever length of stay. There were always snacks setting around, beverages of all tastes available, and it didn't take her long to whip up something to eat.

She was socially attuned and it showed. The perfect host. She loved cards and always looked forward to having the girls come to her home. That was always a big event for Sally.

She rarely missed Mass. When the church bell rang, she hesitated not, she answered the call. The peace, the quiet, the message, it helped her prepare her path for the final trip.

Her biggest thrill was hosting the family at Christmas. Even in her final years when getting around was somewhat limited, she managed, she found a way to make that observance everything it should be.

Her legacy, however, will be the love she showed for each of her eight grandchildren, 15 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren. They made her day and they couldn't come to visit enough. She remembered each by name and their birthday. Remarkable memory.

Grandma Sally, as we all called her, and

### Good Evening Norton Tom Dreiling



Grandpa Nick (who died in 1986) were invaluable to me when my wife Jean died in 1975. She was the mother my children lost. The two youngest at the time were 3 and 5. They were confused, they didn't understand death. But Grandma Sally's presence and care gave them that necessary thread to cling to.

We lived 35 miles apart (Goodland-Colby), but that didn't interfere with Sally's many trips to Goodland to look after the three kids, and to frequently take them back to Colby for weekends.

And then there were the many telephone calls she made to see what else she could be doing. And that help never ceased. It carried on through the rest of her life.

The two people closest to Sally were her two daughters, Judy Wintz and Wanda Pilkington. Ironically, Judy and Wanda lost their husbands a month apart a couple of years ago. The two daughters were Sally's pillars as she tried to make sense out of the aging process that was beginning to deprive her of those things necessary to carry on. She fought the battle, bravely. Then, a week ago, she was deprived of life itself.

Sally may be gone. But her blessings live on.

-td-

Beware, Friday the 13th is not yet over.

### Great harvest gauged by being right

Wheat harvest, the major summer event here on the farm is over! Thankfully for us, it was relatively uneventful. No trips to the emergency room. No major breakdowns. The weather was nice (we were due for that weren't we?). Yields were about average and the prices are the best ever.

Still, the day all the trucks and machines got back to the yard we found ourselves letting out a sigh of relief. Especially this year after escaping ice, freeze, hail, flood, pestilence, or a combination of these things! Not quite as many plagues as Egypt suffered, but close.

As I was ferrying the hubby back and forth to the field one day I realized that we had a lot of Mare's Tail (an undesirable weed) in one field. I worked the field ahead of the drill last fall. The hubby had told me not to work the places that had no visible weeds between the terraces again. I realized that the Mare's Tail was only a problem in the places I did not work that final time.

After considering my observation, the hubby whispered those three little words in my ear every woman longs to hear, "You are right!" I love being right!

The rest of harvest he puzzled over it because he thinks Mare's Tail is not a fall emerging weed, therefore why the need to kill it last fall before planting? And if it

is spring emerging why didn't we have it everywhere? Have to ask Keith Van Skike about that.

Daddy called the same weed Horse's Tail. This is how he explained the name. It is sort of a pretty plant and when you look at it you think, eventually, there might be a flower on it. But it just keeps growing and all you ever get is, well, you know what comes from under a horse's tail!

The hubby was very worried about his harvest help situation. However, that worked out pretty well until the last day or so, when Nancy got to run the combine. After years of farming the hubby is very comfortable with big equipment. He understands it. What he doesn't understand is that some of us find it intimidating. Also, that by the time I have achieved any level of competency he could have perhaps done it twice himself. Still his con-

### Back Home Nancy Hagman



fidence is rather contagious so to the field we go!

He made a little trip with me, "Platform higher — lower; that's too low. You can go faster. Okay, I'm taking the truck to town!"

So it's just that easy, huh? I made one and a half rounds. All of a sudden the combine just started turning right. I steered left, it kept going right. I didn't want to shut the thing off because he said something about making sure the wheat was all thrashed before stopping. So after cutting a circle in the wheat I finally got back into the stubble, lifted the platform, went over a terrace and got stopped. And, you probably thought crops circles were made by extra terrestrials or something!

The hubby was a little surprised to find me just sitting there when he returned and I felt kind of foolish. "I think something broke, I couldn't steer," I explained.

He looked and I got it again, "You are right!"

It didn't take long for him to get me fixed up. I thought I got really good at driving that combine. For some reason I did get a little, "Slow Down!" speech. Didn't tell me I could go faster? I never plugged it up or anything!

Oh well, just remember this: I was right! Two times in a little over a week. It was a great harvest!

More survey responses to appear Tuesday, July 17