

Clinton's dream might not materialize

We are heading for one of the biggest political crashes our country has ever seen, or the Democratic presidential nomination has already been decided That's it in a nutshell.

Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton is beginning to take for granted her nomination and if you doubt that you haven't been listening closely to her political rhetoric. She is already running against the unknown Republican nominee, and has pretty well brushed aside former Sen. John Edwards and Sen. Barack Obama.

Confidence is fine, but this lady is about as arrogant as they come. Her latest political performance took place a couple of days ago as worshippers gathered in a New York theater to help her celebrate her 60th birthday. There she was, in company of husband Bill Clinton and daughter Chelsea. Husband Bill painted a picture of the perfect candidate, glowing to the point of being obnoxious. She then built on his comments and for a while we thought we were watching the coronation of Queen Hillary.

Strangely, daughter Chelsea didn't get to talk, at least she didn't in the segment C-Span carried. She stood by clapping, nodding in agreement, and whispering to her father.

The woman who became first lady upon her husband's election, made it clear then she wasn't going to be a stay-at-home mom, content with making cookies. One thing is for sure, she was making hay with the partisan crowd in that theater where untold millions of dollars were raised. You see this wasn't just a birthday bash for the former first lady, this was a fund raiser.

We find it strange that when Bill and Hillary are meeting in public and the cameras are rolling, they always hug one another, but rarely do they give each other a kiss. That speaks volumes.

We suggested at the outset, that we are heading for one of the biggest political crashes our country has ever seen, or the Democratic presidential nomination has already been decided. But we would advise that you keep your eyes on Iowa and New Hampshire. Iowa will be conducting its caucus on Jan. 3 and a week later New Hampshire will hold its first-in-the-nation primary. In both states, Mrs. Clinton isn't the big leader, as she seems to be in national polls. It's a virtual tie among the three leaders — Edwards, Obama and Clinton.

Sixty years with the Clinton name. That, too, is a surprise, given the behavioral problems of husband Bill in the people's house. Many thought then she would chuck it all and leave. She didn't. And her run for the presidency tells us why.

We are strong believers that a woman can be elected to the country's highest office. However, we question whether this is the woman or if this is the time. You will make that decision in November 2008.

— Tom Dreiling

Thumbs Up...

To...Sgt. Michael FitzPatrick Sr., Almena, for your heroic actions in Iraq that led to you being awarded the Army Commendation Medal. (from *The Telegram*)

To...the coaches and players of Norton's 3rd and 4th grade for being champions of the Tournament of Champions in Hays. Also to the 5th grade for taking second. (called in)

To...Russ Erbert, on your super-sized catch off the coast of Mississippi. Don't believe you'll find one of those at Sebelius Reservoir. (called in)

(To submit a name of names, e-mail tom@nwkansas.com, phone 877-3361 or 877-6908, fax 877-3732, mail to the office at 215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton 67654 or drop by the office. Thanks for your continuing input. - td)

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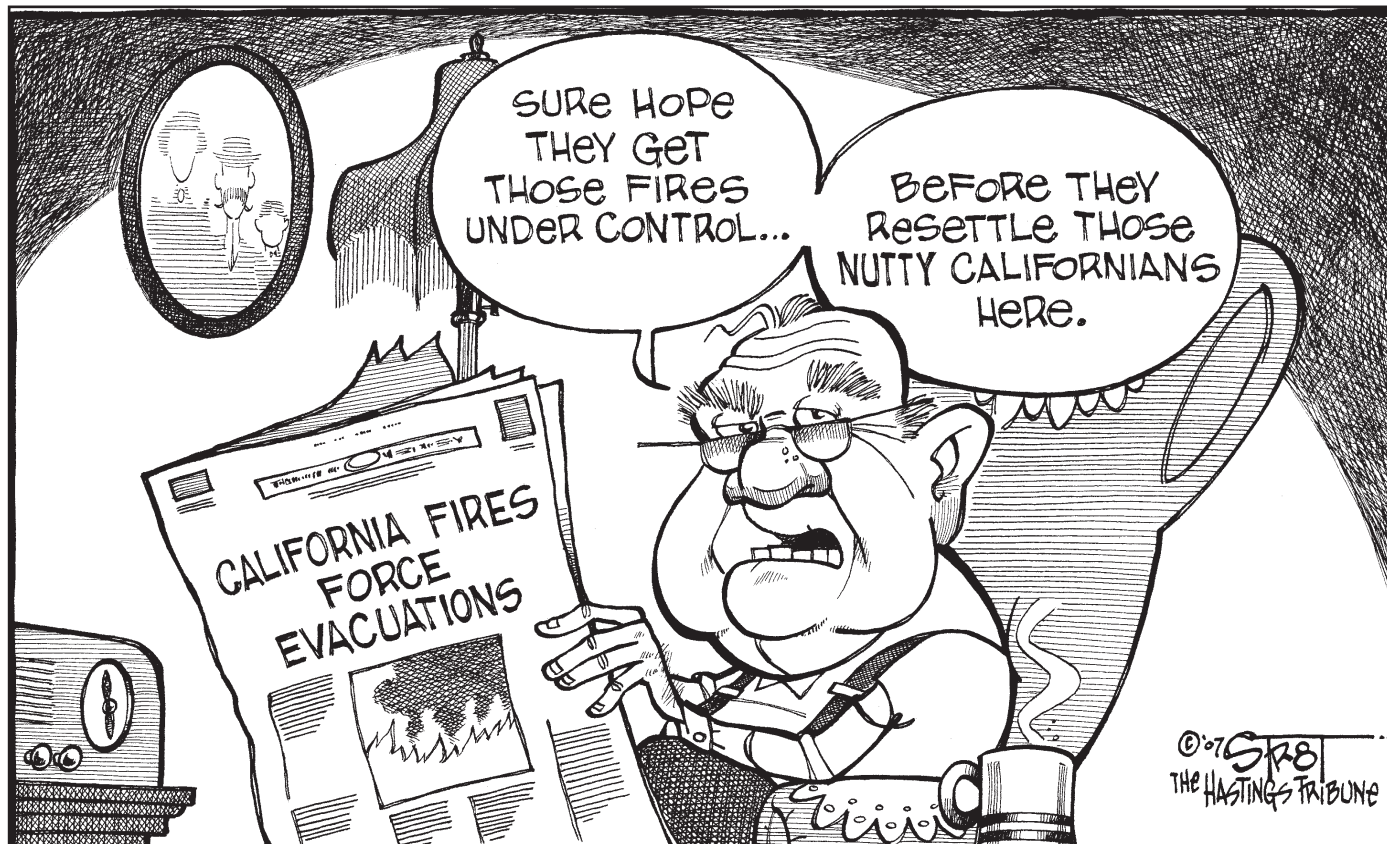
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Let's see now, what time is it anyway?

Dawn is breaking and I've already been awake an hour. Not really productive — but awake. Since returning from Mexico Friday night, my internal clock has not readjusted and I continue to wake up before 6 a.m. (Remember the Mountain Time fiasco I wrote about last week?) That's 5 a.m. in Mexico.

I was the cook and needed to have myself ready for the work day before the team hit the kitchen for breakfast, so that's when I would get up. It will probably take until the end of the week before I stop waking up at 5:30 a.m. Just in time to set our clocks back an hour because of Daylight Saving Time. I might never readjust.

This was a wonderful trip in so many ways. First, we were able to better the life of a hard-working man named Ramiro. He was living in an 8 X 8 foot house. Originally built to be a little store, he lived there with only a bed and a chair.

We learned his wife was ill and living with her family because there was no space for her and their three children still living at home. Now, with his new house that measures 11 X 22 feet, his family can be reunited.

Mexican men are very proud. But,

Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



Ramiro humbled himself every day to work beside us, building his new home. On the last day, during the dedication, he dropped to his knees, and with tears streaming down his weathered face, he thanked God and his new amigos (friends) from the United States.

I don't care how many times I am part of building a house in Mexico, the dedication ceremony is always the highlight. It's hard to believe a house can be built in 2 1/2 days (18 1/2 working hours). But, with everyone on the team working hard — it happens. Then, the emotion comes pouring out — and you know why you're there.

The second reason this was a great trip was the team. You spend 24 hours a day, for seven days together, and you get acquainted real quick. I had known Von for years, yet we had never had a real conversation. She is so much fun — I

had no idea. And her best friend, Sandy, was too.

Von brought her 14-year old grandson, Andrew. He worked like a man and wants to come back for another trip. Ed was there for his third trip. Ed's grown son, Jason, came and father and son had lots of good time together. Jon is a member of a club I belong to but, now I can also say he's a friend. Bill was an alumni, too. This was his third house and this trip I saw his funny side.

Karen made her second trip and proved, once again, she can work just as hard as the men. Finally, Phil and Jennifer and their three little children. The kids had a blast and were magnets for the neighborhood children. It didn't matter to the children that neither spoke the other's language. Little boys can play in the dirt without words. Phil worked like a trooper and Jennifer probably worked hardest of all trying to keep track of three children. By the end of the first day I think she realized "clean" was not going to be in her vocabulary.

And, of course, my husband, Jim. He's fun to be with and I wouldn't ever want to go without him.

We're all tired, but give us a little rest and I bet we're ready to go again.

Most importantly, wash your hands!

When I was a child there was almost a ritual quality to dinnertime. It began with, "wash your hands." True, my father was a farmer and his hands became quite dirty in the course of the day, however it didn't matter whether he had been out working in the field or reading the paper. The last thing he did each time before a meal was to wash his hands. As a child, coming to the table without completing the task (which meant with soap) brought strong consequences.

The problem is, many children (and adults for that matter) do not engage in hand washing on a regular basis. One of my teacher friends in Oregon told me she spends the first six weeks of the school year teaching her first graders to wash their hands after using the restroom and before eating. Years ago these lessons were the responsibility of the parents.

It is said, nothing has contributed to the lengthening of a human's life like implementing this simple task. Now once again we are being reminded of the importance of hand washing. The term, MMSA, me-

Phase II

Mary Kay Woodyard



thicillin resistant staphylococcus aureus, is worth listening to as its name reveals its very danger. The very antibiotics we have come to rely on so heavily may be powerless against these bacteria. More people are dying yearly from this disease in the United States, than are dying from AIDS.

This antibiotic resistant strain of staph infection is not confining itself to hospitals or doctor's offices as once thought. Its presence is being detected in school gyms, restrooms, playgrounds and other public areas. The bacteria reside on our skin and in the nose and a small cut can introduce it into the blood stream. Some people are more susceptible than others, such as the very young, the elderly or

those with weakened immune systems, but the deaths which have garnered our attention recently are the healthy young children. These children had not been in any medical setting, which might lead to acquiring the infection rather, the infections are seen as "community acquired." Some school districts have closed to do an in-depth cleaning of their facility, in hopes of sanitizing the area and of calming the fears of parents and children.

General hygiene is imperative to protect people. Don't be afraid to tell a child or a medical professional to, "please, wash your hands in front of me." If it is a child, it is your duty to teach them and if it is someone in the medical field, remember they work for you. In addition to hand washing, the general cleaning and covering of any cut, scrape or rug/mat burn is recommended.

My father had it right in promoting the hand washing. With this new threat it is imperative that we reach back into our youth and share the life saving information we were given. We owe it to our children; we owe it to ourselves.

I wish I would have made my feelings known sooner

To the Editor,

As a mother we expect to see our sons become what they want to be. Maybe if I had raised my voice earlier, my son's dream might have come true.

I have never written a letter to the editor before, but I feel compelled now. For three years I have been quiet about how I feel about baseball in our school, not wanting to make waves, but maybe I should have.

My son is only allowed to play one sport and that sport is baseball, under doctor's care. I have watched Joe Durham coach my son for three years and have watched my son become what I hoped he would be, a fine young man.

LETTERS

This year Steve Jeltz helped coach him and the combination of those two men teaching my son the fine art of being a decent citizen, and the art of baseball was fun to watch.

As a mother, we all want our sons to be the best and have fun. This year my son had more fun than before, maybe it was because the team was winning, or just being with friends. But I think it was a combination of all of the above.

Coach Durham tried to get baseball here three years ago and I wish now I would have said something then. It is sad to see a son's dream shattered. He wanted to play baseball in college, but all the coaches he contacted wanted his high school stats for baseball. Coach Durham sent them a copy of his Legion stats, but they had already signed everyone they needed after graduation.

Maybe if I had spoken up earlier, he might have gotten his chance. Maybe with me writing this now, it will keep another mother from having her son's dream broken.

Wanda Daniels
Norton