

November is month belonging to diabetics

November is Diabetes Month. Because I am one of those kind of people — I think we number around 25 million — I take this month seriously. And I hope those of you who are so afflicted are doing the same. Then when this month's observance is over, don't put it on the shelf, but carry on with whatever your emphasis was each month of the year.

I am Type 1 and believe me it requires a lot of patience, sacrifice, blood monitoring (which I do three times daily — sometimes more if I'm not feeling just right), and paying close attention to what I'm eating. And yes exercising, as in the form of walking.

And we diabetics must be extra sensitive to the diet thing as we roll into what I call "the period of temptation" — that time of the year when the abundance of the foods and sweets we love so much from the Thanksgiving Day holiday through the Christmas Day holiday, provides a real challenge. And we are just days away from that time of year when temptation vs. our will to keep our health in the forefront.

I want to thank those 11 wonderful people with whom I served on jury duty this week. I've done this twice before and each time I learned something new. But for some reason the people I served with this time seemed extra special. We were so tolerant of one another's views and after we talked everything over, and over again, we rendered what we felt was a just and well thought out verdict. If you ever receive a notice to appear for jury duty, hope you are selected to serve. Next to voting, it's one of those duties that keeps the mill running.

Thanksgiving is just around the corner. I thought you'd like this little story.

A young man named John received a parrot as a gift. The parrot had a bad attitude and an even worse vocabulary. Every word out of the bird's mouth was rude, obnoxious and laced with profanity. John tried and tried to change the bird's attitude by consistently saying only polite words, playing soft music and anything else he could think of to "clean up" the bird's mouth.

Finally, John was fed up and he yelled at the parrot. The parrot yelled back. John shook the parrot and the parrot got angrier and even ruder. John, in desperation, threw up his hands, grabbed the bird and put him in the freezer. For a few minutes the parrot squawked and kicked and

Good Evening Norton Tom Dreiling



screamed. Then suddenly there was total quiet. Not a peep was heard for well over a minute.

Fearing that he'd hurt the parrot, John quickly opened the door to the freezer. The parrot calmly stepped out onto John's outstretched arms and said, "I believe I may have offended you with my rude language and actions. I'm sincerely remorseful for my inappropriate transgressions and I fully intend to do everything I can to correct my rude and unforgivable behavior."

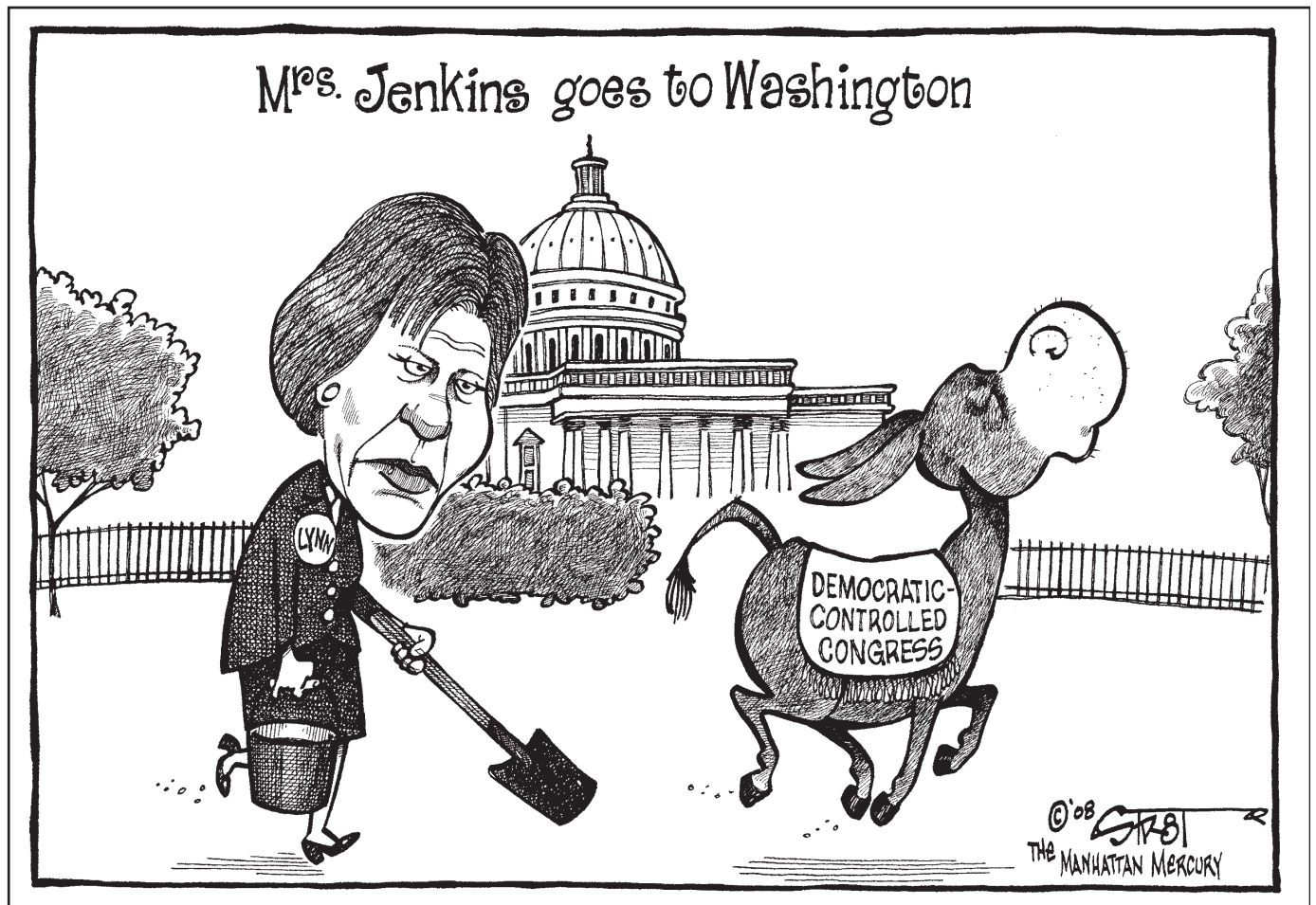
John was stunned at the change in the bird's attitude. As he was about to ask the parrot what caused him to make such a dramatic change in his behavior, the bird inquired, "May I ask what the turkey in the freezer did? **Happy Thanksgiving!**"

It was brought to my attention this week that the yellow lines at the intersection of the two major highways at the stoplight, particularly that outline the left turn lane, are just about gone. And because this is a safety issue, those who voiced concern wondered if I could mention it. I just did.

Well, here we go again! While the auto industry is looking for some kind of help from Congress to shore up what could be a disaster affecting millions of us should the three major auto giants collapse, Washington seems more interested in how the CEO's arrived to state their case than in how to remedy their situation. Funny how something so insignificant — as far as I'm concerned — becomes the most important part of the mission. Who cares how they arrived; they were there seeking life-support.

But the politicians, when they haven't the guts to do what they should, they focus on something that has nothing to do with anything. Watching the grilling the heads of Ford, GM and Chrysler were put through — thanks to C-Span — was laughingly sad. Sometimes I'd like to toss eggs at my television screen.

Have a good evening! And if you want a different take on all of our problems and how we can find solutions, perhaps a trip to the house of worship of your choice this weekend may hold a clue.



Just who is in charge of Wildcat football?

New York Times Columnist, Thomas Friedman, has become a favorite of mine. He's promoting his new book "Hot, Flat, and Crowded" on the news talk shows. I never used to read him because (I know this sounds shallow) his picture looks so forbidding. On television, however, he is good looking; sharp as a tack with a wicked sense of humor.

His book is about solving the energy crisis. Something I suspect is not going to be a priority with oil now trading around \$55 a barrel. Last week I heard Friedman say, "If you don't know where you are going any road will take you there." What a universal truth!

Which brings us to a subject of considerably less (or more depending on one's perspective) importance: Kansas State Football. Does anyone know where that is going?

The season began ugly for us poor fans. I had purchased new stadium seats. We were stopped at the gate and the seats were put to the box test. If the seat didn't fit in the box and ours didn't, they could not go into the stadium.

The gate personnel suggested rather than walk our banned seats back to the car we leave them by the gate. No, they would not check them or guarantee they would be there after the game but we could leave them. Gee, how nice. I guess not!

The usually mild mannered hubby (who has skills) remodeled the seats so they fit into the box. He now carries them in with a "don't mess with me attitude."

The kids pretend they don't know him. I bought a program. Traditionally the books change very little from week to week but if you want a roster you buy one. This year the program is called a "YEAR-BOOK" and each week they stick a roster inside of the back cover with updated records of teams in the Big 12.

When I realized this I asked the program guy if I could just have the insert for a dollar. He agreed it was an insane concept and suggested I take it up with

Back Home Nancy Hagman



the football operations office. The kids started pretending they don't know me either!

The Sept 27 game was unbelievably hot. We were only slightly more comfortable, because we had more room than we had at Arrowhead for the preseason Black Coaches game in 2000. That game was like a glimpse of hell, sitting in an 18" seat, no possible way to move, the sun beating down and no one to blame but ourselves because we bought the ticket. It all starts so innocently, someone says, "They wouldn't it be fun if-----." You throw all caution to the wind and go down a road you never should have traveled!

We sit in the north end zone. We have to wait for the opposing team to go to the lockers after the games. Pardon me while I digress: after the Texas game in 2006 (which KSU won in a big upset) the Longhorns headed to the locker room. Before we got by the barricades we were stopped so they could come back on the field. They had failed to congratulate the Wildcats. Texas coach Mack Brown made them come back to do so. The field had been stormed by jubilant KSU fans and the football players were scattered all over, making it an impossible task for the 'Horns. But what a classy guy Mack Brown is and what a great program he runs.

After enduring the heat of Sept 27 game and watching the 'Cats win even though it seemed they were determined to lose, we were delayed from leaving the stadium for quite some time. The Louisiana-Lafayette team went to the south end zone and greeted their fans, had a prayer circle or something, etc. People at the front of the line tried to convince the stadium to let

us go. Someone in the crowd hollered, "We've suffered enough!"

My sentiments exactly! Wildcat by birth, how we have suffered!!!

The hubby tracked some poor stadium guy down on the way out and gave him an earful. The guy remembered us and reported the next week his concerns had been passed on. I began pretending I don't know him!

The complete lack of focus on the football field at the Nebraska game certainly illustrates the Friedman principal, "If you don't know where you are going, any road will get you there." I like Ron Prince but it is right to place the blame for what goes on during a game on him, I guess.

However, the poor handling of his resignation or firing; the hoopla about Gary Patterson replacing him, programs and silly stadium rules are probably not his responsibility. All this affects the fans, and certainly the team.

We even heard the Manhattan merchants want Prince's head because revenue on game days is down. Aren't we in a recession? Does Ron Prince set monetary policy in this country? Who does set monetary policy in this country?

We do know who is in charge of football operations at KSU: Sean Snyder, son of Bill Snyder. The lasting impressions we have of people and events are oft based on the smallest of things.

We like Mack Brown because he expects his players to be gracious, win or loose.

We are put off because of programs and stadium seats. I'm left with the impression Sean Snyder and by extension Bill Snyder were perhaps not committed to helping Prince succeed.

Maybe we will be better off without Prince. My memory is long enough to know things can get much, much worse.

Here's to hoping someone knows where KSU is going and which road to get on.

Once we get that solved we can get to work on the boring stuff like energy or sub prime mortgages.

Your Turn

Bad news: Dems to be in charge. GOP no help

To the Editor,
Good bye, America.

We've had it now. We have a president-elect that is a big government, welfare state socialist with non-Christian origins, no leadership experience, and a long standing association with a terrorist and other people that hate our America.

He will be supported by a far left Democrat Congress led by Reid and Pelosi who

despise capitalism and personal freedom more than they love our country.

He will also be constantly boosted by a lap-dog liberal media that has shamelessly promoted him since he graduated from ACORN. And, they all belong to the crowd that blames America for all the world's woes.

As soon as they all allow us to deteriorate to third world status, we will be

easy prey for terrorists and aggressor nations.

To make our position even worse, the Republicans in Washington have neither the interest nor the guts to stand up to them.

We need term limits now!
Hello, AMERIKA.

R.W. Yeager
Norton

Thumbs Up

To.... Joan Hale, Marilyn Donahey and the cast and crew, for their performance of "Virgil's Family Reunion." Thanks for a very enjoyable evening. (e-mail)

To... Director Tamra Cochran, and the select members of the Norton Community High School choir, for being picked to perform *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the basketball women's and men's games at Fort Hays State University the evening of Dec. 5. (e-mail)

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

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