

Tuesday's Snippets

You said...

You guessed it — Gov. Sarah Palin is the talk of the snip-pet crowd, with a little bit of MJ (Michael Jackson) mixed in. The governor certainly stirred up the pot.

- “She’d (Gov. Palin) make a good Democrat. What she did fits that profile better. Didn’t our Democrat governor (Sebelius) also quit? Shut up, already!”
- “The Republican Party suffered another blow. After the revelations of out of marriage encounters of a western state Republican U.S. Senator and a southern state Republican governor, now Gov. Palin of Alaska shocked the country with the revelation that she’s going to quit being governor July 26. We’re all waiting for her to drop the other shoe.”
- “Gov. Palin’s a sharp cookie. She knows what she’s doing and what she’s doing is all about the 2012 presidential election. Take note: Romney, Huckabee and Gingrich. None of you stand a chance.”
- “Go, girl, go!!!”
- “Boy was she (Gov. Palin) a ratted barrier of prose. Her news conference made no sense at all, except the part that said she was quitting. Quitting? Walking away from an office the people of Alaska elected her to serve? With a year and a half remaining? Something very serious lurks in the shadow of that news conference.”
- “Maybe the governor is preparing to take part in the Idiot-rod, or however you spell that abusive thing up there where dogs are brutally mistreated while PETA just looks on approvingly.”
- “Whatever Mrs. Palin decides to do, may only the best be with her. She’s an honest, hard working and trustworthy person.”
- “Why are some people so upset because she is leaving office. Had Sen. McCain been elected president, she would have had to leave anyway.”
- “Gov. Palin is good for the party and good for the country. Good for her. Carry On”
- “... since Heaven is supposed to last for eternity, Jackson’s entire body of work will prove to be a let-down. It will be interesting only until some divine listeners notice that the current song is pretty much a reprise of the previous one. That will take maybe fifteen minutes, if the angels’ playlist starts with a long song. After that, Eternity 1, Jacko zero.”
- “What will the media talk about after Jackson’s funeral today?”
- “I wonder how much his estate shelled out for the coverage he received and continues to receive. Instead of a head stone that says RIP, it should say RID — rest in debt!”
- “Michael Jackson was a good man. Let him go in peace.”
- “The music of Michael died with him. Heaven benefits.”
- “I think it was suicide. He did it himself so his kids would get some of his estate.”
- “Monday on television on CNN, they aired a comment from New York Republican Congressman Peter King about Michael Jackson. The Congressman said we should be honoring our soldiers, our police and firemen, emergency personnel, not some pervert. It will be interesting to see how that comment flies.”
- * “Hello Telegram, I’m still here pushing for cheerleaders. Why can’t a half dozen or so students take on the responsibility of absent cheerleaders by standing up and leading the crowd in some chants?”

(To those who have asked, some of the comments come from outside our territory. The column is read not just by subscribers and those who buy the paper off the news stand, but by those who receive the column by email each week. To join this weekly conversation, email tom.d@nwkans.com, fax 877-3732, telephone 877-6908, regular mail to 215 S. Kansas Ave. 67654, or drop your comment off at the office. No names necessary.)

**Stop
Look
Listen**
Tom Dreiling



Beautiful place, but Horace Greeley was right

Alcove Springs, a stop on the Oregon Trail, is a suggested destination for tourists in the U.S. 36 Travel brochure. It is near the Independence Crossing of the Big Blue River. One account tells us in 1846 the Donner Party was delayed in crossing the Blue because of flooding, perhaps contributing to the woes they later encountered. Another source makes no mention of this.

All accounts make reference to the beauty of the area and the joy of the travelers as they reached the cool refreshing water after a hard day. The potential for romantic trysts is also noted. Today Alcove Springs is a 6 mile foray off HWY 77, but well worth the detour. We were the only ones at the turnout. We jumped out of our vehicles and started down the path to the springs, a 2-3 minute walk according to the signs. The path was nicely maintained, the work of an Eagle Scout.

The springs themselves were very picturesque. It was a heavily wooded area. The leaves of the oak trees were as long as my forearm; even on the little seedlings. It made us nervous. I’m not

**Back
Home**
Nancy
Hagman



sure I’d recognize poison oak and Joyce once had a bad experience with moving some “ivy” out of the way to check the dates on a tomb stone! We looked and tried not to touch.

I wonder if there was such great vegetation in the 1840’s. Kansas has been described as a semi-arid plain. But eastern Kansas is quite different from our part of the state. If I was in Kansas City, I’d think Alcove Springs was in western Kansas. Everything is relative!

Travelers on the trail carved their names and the dates into the rocks near the springs. The campground for the wagon trains is near. You are supposed to be able to see the wagon tracks yet today. Maybe when the grass is not so tall.

After we got to the springs I thought

I heard another car back at the parking area. It dawned on me that I had left the keys and my purse in the car. The area was so welcoming I never gave it a thought.

If someone did stop they must have looked at my car, so dusty from traveling every passable and some not so passable road in Marshall County, and decided there couldn’t be anything they wanted there anyway. All was well when we returned.

There are several walking trails in the area. It would be a beautiful way to spend a day walking the trails and picnicking, having a romantic interlude perhaps. (Watch out for poison oak.)

Later in the week we visited the “They Also Ran” Gallery in Norton! Horace Greeley’s photo hangs there. His campaign urging young men to “Go West!” was very effective. As we watched the shadows lengthen at Alcove Springs we wondered why the wagon trains left such a beautiful place.

The reason is the same as the reason we left: the promise of something even better up the trail!

(gneph@yahoo.com)

Writer may be high school’s oldest living graduate

John L. Wray called me about the death of Dorothy Harries Bennett a few weeks ago. Dorothy and I were in the Norton Community High School graduating class of 1929. I happened to be a few months younger than she. My birthday is Nov. 20, 1912.

My question is this: Do any of our readers know if there are any members of my class still living? If I am the oldest member of the Class of ’29, would I be the oldest living graduate of NCHS?

My father was F. E. Benton, who was president of the First State Bank for 50 years or more. I married Russell B. Myers on Dec. 27, 1931. Russell taught business at NCHS in 1929-30. He later was Professor of Finance at Kansas



State Teachers College, Pittsburg, Kan., then Tulsa University from 1945 until his retirement. He died in 1997.

I have been living in Lake Charles, La., where my daughter, Malinda Hightower, resides. Our son, Russell Benton Myers has been the creator and

cartoonist for the syndicated cartoon strip, Broom-Hilda, since 1972. He and his family live in Oregon.

Our family home in Norton was at 606 Grant Ave. I was the oldest of four girls. My sisters were twins Leona (Ward) and Lucia (Coffey), and Rosalie Muir. Lucia was Miss Kansas in the American Beauty Pageant in 1936. Wilmet Kirk, for whom the NCHS gymnasium was named, was my cousin.

Thank you for any information you might have on those pre-depression years.

*Maxine Benton Myers
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To... everyone who helped and participated and donated to *Relay for Life* — it was great! Thank you. *(hand delivered)*

To... all the weather spotters and emergency folks, who keep an eye on the weather for all of us! *(email)*

To... all those beautiful ladies and gentlemen, who are taking care of the flowers and plants downtown and in the park. Beautiful and SO appreciated! *(email)*

To... the Norton Area Chamber, those who dug deep to help financially, and those who flipped the switches to make it all happen, for the wonderful fireworks display. *(email)*

THUMBS UP!

To... the people, who placed the American flags on the utility poles along State Street to commemorate the Fourth of July. *(email)*

(To render a salute, please email tom.d@nwkans.com, telephone 877-3361 or 877-6908, fax 877-3732, write to 215 S. Kansas Ave. 67654 or drop by the office. Thanks!)

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Dad’s focus on flying saved the day for novice driver

I enjoyed reading Liza Deines’ experiences in learning to drive. I suppose it reminds us all of our first times behind the wheel.

My dad was a bit different than Liza’s. He taught me how to drive. (We didn’t have driver’s ed in our school.) We had a ‘35 Chevrolet and I had learned the basics, but there were few safe places for me to practice. Uh, that means safe for anyone else while I was behind the wheel.

My dad had a Piper PA 15 airplane at the time, and one day he and I headed for the airport, (Lenora). A friend of dad’s, Harold, who also had his own plane, joined us there.

Dad wanted to practice some ma-

neuvers in the plane and handed me the keys to the car, so I could practice driving on the dirt road that ran by the airport. So, while dad was up in the air, I was driving down this road that was just a little more than two tracks through the weeds. I hit what I thought was a bump, but didn’t stop to investigate and drove merrily on.

I found a place to turn around and headed back. Again, there was the bump, but this time, the car was stopped. I got out to look and found the front wheel firmly lodged in a hole on one end of a culvert.

I knew I wouldn’t be able to get the car out and took a deep breath and trudged back to the airport. The whole

way back, I was imagining what dad would have to say to me about my driving.

After he landed and he and Harold got the plane back into the hangar, I told him what happened. Dad was so pleased at having made what he called three perfect three wheel landings in a row, that he didn’t say a word about my driving or getting stuck.

We got into Harold’s car, went to where the car was stuck and a few minutes with a shovel solved the problem.

I sure was glad he made those landings. I figured they saved me from a good chewing out.

*June Prout
Norton*

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