

Tuesday's Snippets

“It has to be the height of stupidity to spend \$50,000 of our tax money on a building I know the wind could blow down!” (re: Moffet Station)

• “We don’t need to put money into this (Moffet Station) when the economy is like it is. Use the money for something important and necessary.”

• “Gripe! Gripe! Gripe! And you know what? It’s ain’t your money going into the Moffet Station. Now shut up already!”

• “That tiny, innocent looking older structure on South State is being bashed as if it was our Empire State Building! Look at it. The plans for its use are solid.”

• “If you guys wanting to deny the Moffet Station its place in the historic spotlight of our community had your way, we wouldn’t have a court house, or a library, or a hospital.”

• “I am not for the Moffet Station remodeling. But I’ll support the fact that it won’t cost an arm or a leg. Maybe a little finger, and that’s about all.”

• “No taxpayer money is being used on the Moffet Station. If you would read the paper closer, it was spelled out pretty plain.”

• “Sara Palin did the only honorable thing to do. She bowed out for the sake of her family and her state. As many times as she was on the carpet, put there by the Democrats trying to get her, and the expense to defend herself against the nit picking, she did the right thing. After all Sebelius got the state of Kansas in a mess and she quit, so what’s the diff? At least Palin didn’t screw up her state before she quit.”

• “I never thought Walter Cronkite was such a big deal. I liked Huntley and Brinkley on NBC.”

• “Will someone as notable as Walter Cronkite merit the same exposure that Mike Jackson did?”

• “Mr. Cronkite was one of a kind.”

• “Mr. Cronkite was Mr. America.”

• “So, we are leaving Bush’s war in Iraq, and beginning Obama’s war in Afghanistan and Pakistan. What’s the difference, you Bush bashers!”

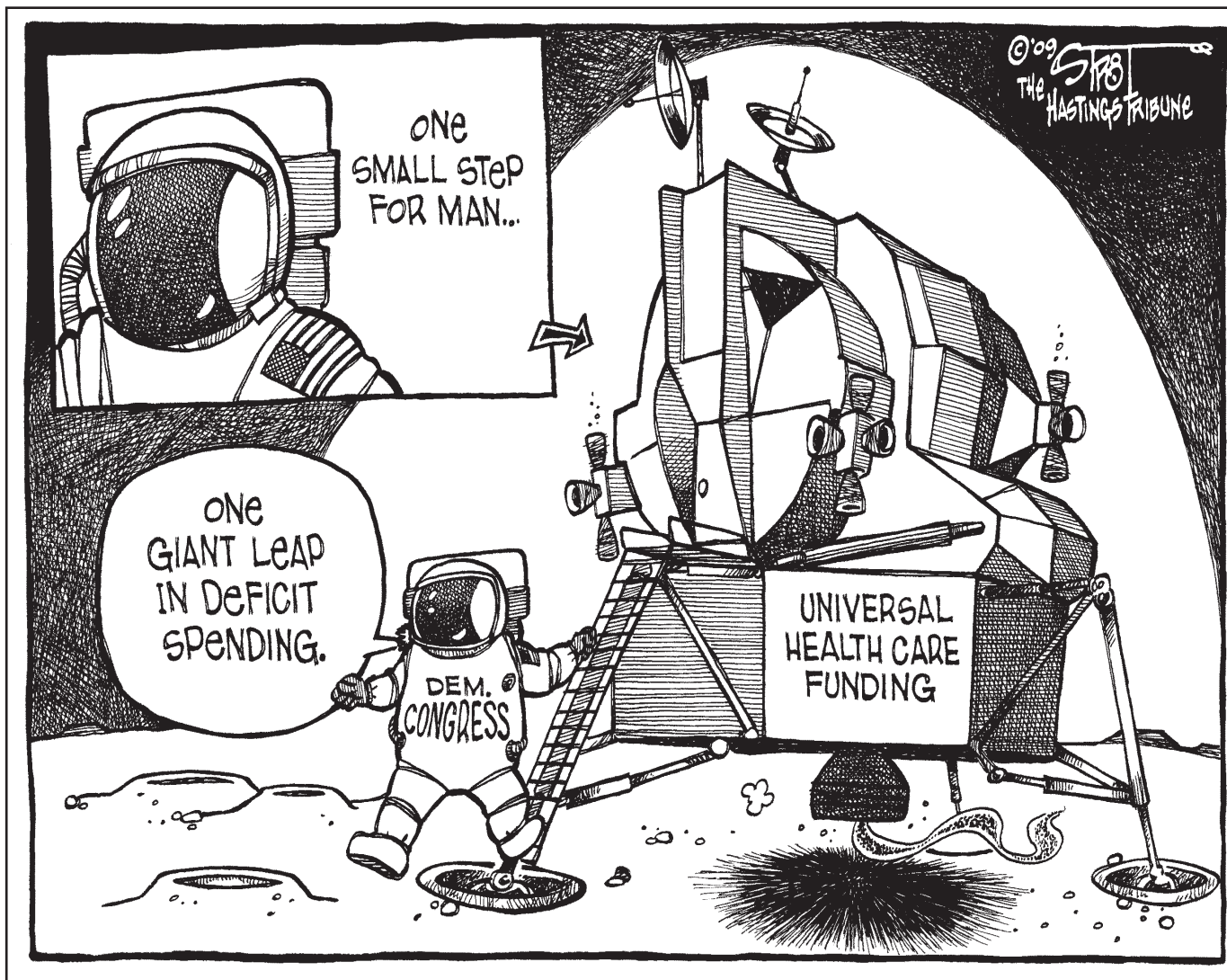
• “Hey, paper! Have you forgot about the Norton Idol night Friday at the fair?”

• “Mrs. Woodyard hit on something extremely important in her column. Yes, the Norton and Northern Valley school districts need one another. She gave it a refreshingly new and educated look.”

(To join the conversation, email tom.d@nwkansas.com, call either 877-3361 or 877-6908, fax 877-3732, mail to 215 S. Kansas Ave. 67654 or drop by the office.)

Stop Look Listen

Tom Dreiling



Well, I’ve rejoined unemployment ranks

I’m back in the ranks of the unemployed again. My stint as the fill-in society editor came to an end when the regular editor came back to work after successful knee-replacement surgery. It was fun while it lasted and I hope they keep me in mind whenever she decides to have the other knee done.

I wish I could really say I was unemployed but, Jim won’t let me stay home long enough to get anything done. He is really pushing to finish the house he’s been working on and I’m trying to help with the details.

I let him take care of big things like pouring concrete and building porches while I address the little things like putting nail holes and paint touch-ups. When I was painting the trim I was convinced there was five miles of it. Now that it’s installed, I know there must be five nail holes per foot. It’s slow, tedious work. But, if it’s not done right, you can sure see it. It’s all in the details.

It won’t be long, now, before I will be able to set up an egg route. Not only are the young roosters crowing like grown-ups but the pullets are doing their thing, too. It started with one itty-bitsy egg in the nest with the three extra large

Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



eggs laid by our mature hens. Then it was two, then three and four. If eggs can be cute, then that’s what these are. They look more like pigeon eggs than chicken eggs. Every day more are starting to lay and with each day they will get bigger and bigger, too.

I don’t even know what the price of eggs are in the store. But, if I’m going to establish an egg dealership, I’ll have to find out. It’s for sure they will be able to produce more than we can eat. There’s just so many times you can serve deviled eggs before everyone would tire of them.

I do have a plan in mind for the little ones, though. We will save a dozen of them to take to Texas with us. Little three-year old Ani will think they are just her size.

Last week Jim and I were invited to sing at one of the local old folks homes by the women’s group at the little country church where Jim preaches most Sundays. An invitation we gladly accepted. (We don’t mind singing where the audience isn’t too critical.)

However, when we showed up at the appointed time no one seemed to be prepared for us. Not to worry, though, A microphone was quickly plugged in and a bench was pulled up for us to sit on. And even though the women’s group wasn’t there yet, we introduced ourselves and began to sing.

After about half an hour and the group still hadn’t shown up I began to wonder if we were at the right place. A phone call revealed we were, indeed, at the wrong locale. Again, no problem. We sang a couple more songs then bade our farewell.

After a quick trip across town we finally arrived at the correct location. Since we were already “tuned up” we jumped right in and did an instant replay. No one minded and we even got a laugh out of our mix-up.

One resident said, “And, they think WE’RE confused.”

Kansas sites should include the ‘chicken’

There were plenty of things to tell about our family’s Kansas travels early in the summer. It worked out well for me because I’ve had weeks of material for my column. My sister, Rachel, has been reading my efforts and finally inquired, “Aren’t you going to tell them about the chicken?”

My sister, Sue, sent me a list of points to ponder. One of which was: If it’s tourist season, why can’t we shoot them?

Those of you who are interested in hearing about a chicken, read on. Those who are wondering what the bag limit is on tourists can just stop now.

If you are in Smith County you must see the Geographical Center of the 48 contiguous states, right? It’s sort of like living in Norton County where everyone has seen the *They Also Ran Gallery*. You all have seen that haven’t you? It is okay if you haven’t. I confess I have lived almost all my life in these places and I had not seen either until this year.

The *They Also Ran Gallery* is an asset not only to Norton Tourism but to the school system. There are all sorts of jumping off points for lessons in Government, Social Studies and History. The Geographical Center has a marker, a tiny chapel, a picnic area, a barbecue pit, a mostly abandoned motel and a rooster.

Somehow we lost the old people in the group. It was just Rachel and I and the kids. Excuses for the senior citizens ranged from didn’t know how to get there, tired, hungry, and got lost. There were more excuses than there were people.

Of those that made it, the Washing-

Back Home

Nancy Hagman



tonians in the group were impressed by the wide open spaces. Us Kansans with our typical midwestern modesty agreed, there really isn’t much to look at. The Washingtonians thought it was peaceful, we concurred. Yep, nothing much happens around here!

The picnic area is self explanatory.

The motel was built for tourists but we are told it is now used as a hunting retreat for a group from Texas.

The chapel is a nice touch. A few years ago a drunk driver drove into the chapel but diligent volunteers rebuilt it. Just this past week the area was vandalized. Damage included broken furniture, a stolen Bible and windows broken by bullets. What a shame!

The vandalism account made no mention of the rooster. And it blows one theory we had of its presence: GUARD CHICKEN! To all appearances it lived there. There were food and water pans.

Some of us had been watching a reality show where a group is turned loose in Alaska and has to find their own food. The most recent group had the idea if they just made it to the next stop there would be food. They left their guns behind because they were heavy. On up the trail they realized they were supposed to shoot their food. OOPS.

So I’m wondering about the camera crew taping these poor misguided people. At the end of the day does a plane pick them up and take them back to the nearest Holiday Inn Express for a hot meal and warm bed.

The appearance of that chicken had us checking for a camera crew. Perhaps we would be best advised to wring its neck and have supper right there. Descendants of Kansas pioneers. We could survive, maybe.

All things considered, it was deemed easier to go on to Jiffy Burger. They don’t have fried chicken but get rave reviews for what they do offer. Plus, you never know who you might meet there.

Later in June as we were ordering at Jiffy Burger we realized former Nortontite and my Lenora classmate, Louis Goldsby was right behind us in line. This seemed pretty random as Louis now lives in the Kansas City area. Louis explained the Jiffy Burger has a water feature in its picnic area and he was doing some service work.

Working with Louis was daughter Patricia’s Norton classmate, Kevin Lentz. Kevin is a recent KSU grad and had just found out the day before that he will be going overseas for an internship with the State Department. Good Luck Kevin. Okay I’m finished with my travel memoirs. But watch this spot as I have plans to move on to other burning issues — like appropriate punishment for vandals who shoot up little chapels! A cooking column with our favorite recipe for fried chicken is also in the works.

(gneph@yahoo.com)



To... Denise Meyer, for her birthday that is on The Telegram’s delivery day. (e-mail)

To... the Class of 1964, good luck with the reunion. (e-mail)

To... all of the volunteers, for having the fair ready to go! (e-mail)

To... Zac Dreher, go get ‘em in the East-West Shrine Bowl game Saturday at Wichita. (regular mail)

To... all the contestants in Friday’s “Norton Idol” show. Should be great. (e-mail)

(To render a thumbs up, please email tom.d@nwkansas.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 support. - td)

Something bothering you? How about sharing your thoughts in a letter to the editor

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