

A plea for a change in trapping regulations

Mike Hayden, secretary, Kansas Department of Wildlife and Parks
Dear Mr. Secretary,

I am writing to ask you to correct an injustice, to right a wrong, to help preserve the future of our threatened outdoor sports.

I am asking you, please, Mr. Secretary, to get behind reform of the regulations on trapping on public lands.

It's a travesty, sir, that trappers are allowed to leave deadly kill traps on public land in violation of department regulations and the law. It's a travesty that even one hunter's dog should die a cruel death in such a trap.

First and foremost, if it remains legal to use conibear-type traps on public hunting lands, the regulations must require the trapper to post signs warning hunters, hikers and others about the hazard.

We should be told these traps are present so we can keep dogs and, yes, children away.

In the last couple of years, two hunting dogs have died in apparently untagged traps around Kanopolis Reservoir. Do we have to wait for more tragedies to change things? For, perhaps, a child to be injured?

First, enforcement of existing laws would help. The traps involved apparently were not tagged, as required by law, with the owner's name and address. Why were they in place in a public hunting area?

While recognizing the rights and benefits of trappers, as with any outdoor sport, shouldn't we expect them to follow the law and to respect the safety of others? Who stands to suffer more from this activity than legitimate trappers?

As our outdoor sports come under increasing pressure, don't we need all the friends we can get? Can we afford the page-one image of dead dogs in traps?

This nation loves its dogs, after all.

As a lifelong hunter and fisherman, I feel the need to both defend and promote outdoor sports. Our pursuits are threatened by declining numbers, disappearing habitat and the attack of those for whom harming any animal is wrong. Those of us who love the outdoors know hunters, fishermen and, yes, trappers respect and value wildlife.

If fact, I am not telling you anything when I say we know far more about wildlife and the outdoors than those who never leave the comfort of their couches.

Mr. Secretary, how will having more dogs die help us defend our way of life?

I think most hunters could see their dogs in the jaws of that trap. I speak from experience, because I have had to keep my dog away from traps at public hunting areas. I have had to save my dog from an illegal, untagged trap. (A snare, fortunately, and not a conibear, but hung on the fence of a public recreation area nonetheless.)

For the good of all outdoor sports, Mr. Secretary, I'm asking you to lead us out of this morass. Do the right thing.

Enforce the law and see that traps are tagged or removed. At a minimum, require signs around lethal traps. Better yet, ban kill traps from public hunting grounds, parks and other recreation areas.

The future of our outdoor sports faces enough threats without this.

Yours,
Steve Haynes, Oberlin

To the Editor,

As is usual, in many stories all of the facts don't always come out. Rumors run rampant as in this case. I'm referring to the arrest of five men in Decatur County for poaching deer. These men had purchased licenses to hunt on Sumner Farms ground prior to their trip to Kansas. Between those five men and four others, they had nine licenses, but had shot 11 deer. The twelfth deer had been hit the day before accidentally with a vehicle. They did have five licenses even though some were for the wrong type of deer. Yes, they were wrong for not tagging the deer immediately. None of the deer were ever chased by dogs, as implied by some local law enforcement. They were planning on keeping the meat, obviously, as they had already field dressed the deer. Will any of this meat be salvaged due to the fact that the game warden paraded the deer around on a trailer, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday in Norton and Oberlin? Also it's been said that the deer were still in the game wardens possession several day later. What a waste!

These five men are not rich, big time trophy hunters from the city. They are farmers and dairy men just like a lot of us in Norton and Decatur County. They get up every morning and take care of their livestock and crops. Dave and Jake Swisher and I have been growing Jacobs Brothers beef and dairy animals here in Norton County for the last several years. These Wisconsin's have spent several million dollars over this period. We have used this money to pay employees, buy feed, seed, fertilizer, parts, vet supplies and equipment. They also come down several times a year to check on their cattle. They stay in Norton's motels, eat in our restaurants, and buy gas and other necessities. How many times does this money turn over in our county? John and his family spend a lot of money in Kansas, as they feed several thousand head in Scott County as well.

So what are their crimes really? They did not tag their deer as soon as possible? Does that really warrant felony charges? I doubt it.

Everything I read and hear on the news, people are fed up with all the deer running around, causing a horrendous amount of accidents and damage to vehicles and a few deaths every year. But the fish and game people tell us that most years the population is okay.

If you have any comments or want any more facts on this incident please call me at 785-871-1662.

Ward Sumner

Office hours:

8 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Mon.-Thurs.

8 a.m.-5 p.m. Friday

Phone: (785) 877-3361

Fax: (785) 877-3732

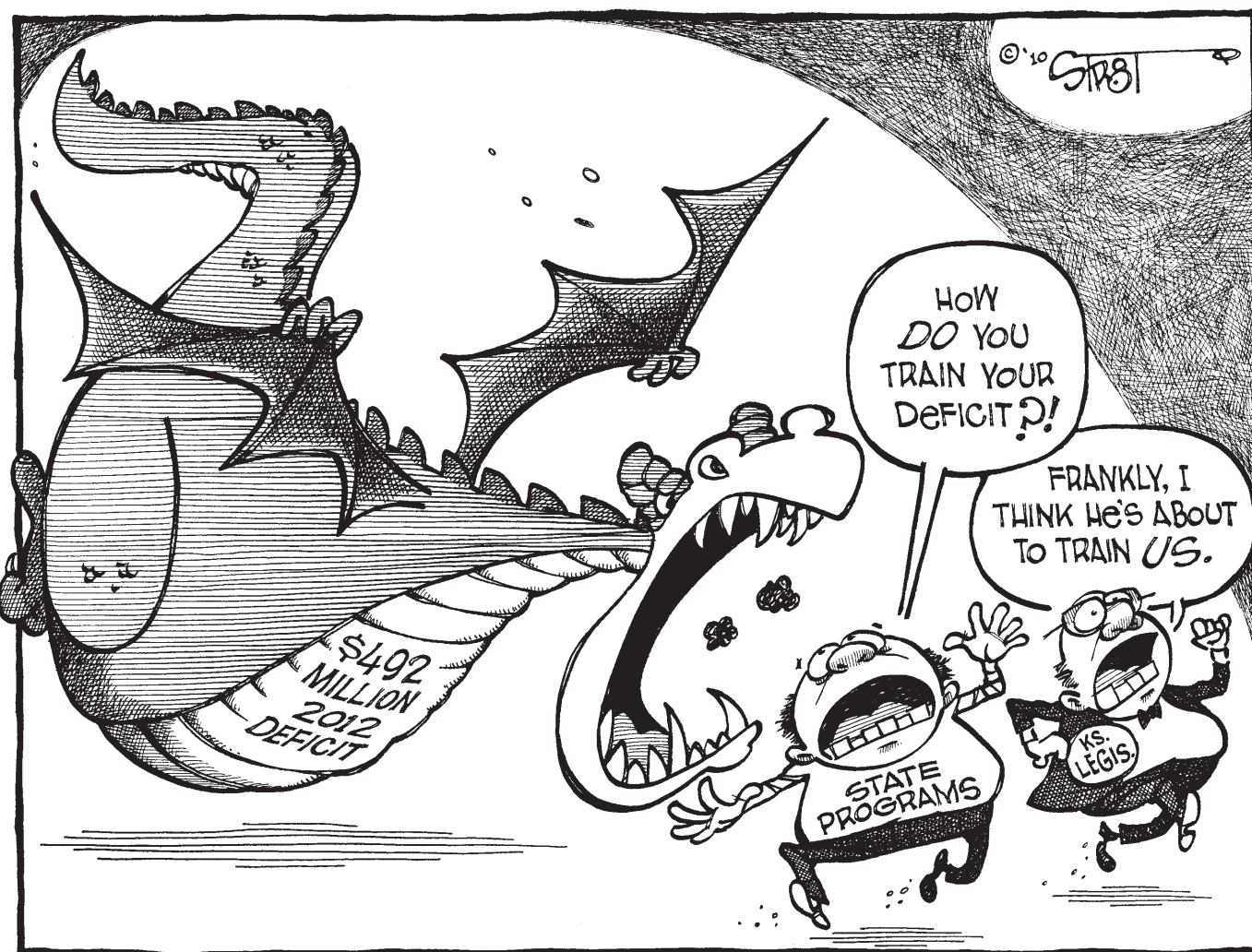
E-mail:

nortontelegram@nwkansas.com

Dana Paxton.....general manager
advertising director/
email: dpaxton@nwkansas.com

Dick Boyd.....Blue Jay sports
Harriett Gill.....society editor
email: hgill@nwkansas.com

Sherry Hickman....bookkeeping/circulation
Vicki Henderson.....computer production



Modern technology makes some people miss the good old days

This Too Shall Pass
Nancy Hagman



My brother-in-law sent a neat but troubling e-mail featuring the Volkswagen manufacturing process in Germany.

A slide show takes you through the car making process. It is aptly compared to a hospital.

The high tech plant is immaculately clean and the assembly takes place with surgical precision. The "silo" storage unit for finished vehicles is ultra cool.

The troubling part was the accompanying text informing us of things that are going the way of the dinosaurs! Post offices, newspapers, telephone land lines and checks.

I love my computer but how will I live in a world where the check will not be "in the mail"? There will be no Christmas cards? And no newspapers???? Oh yeah, those will be on line! I'm so relieved.

Another thing we will have to learn to live without. PRIVACY! Well, that one has been gone for awhile!

We try to be high tech at our house, really!!! Just this morning the hubby came in from chores to find me hysterically tearing through the boxes the latest of our tech equipment came in: the digital camera, the web camera, and the most recent cell phone.

The battery for the camera was dead. I had an extra battery, but it wasn't in the box, nor was the battery charger. I thought I had located the do-hickey that connects the camera to the computer but I couldn't figure out where you plugged it into the camera. The owner's manual made no sense.

The hubby got his glasses. After study-

ing the situation we decided it might be helpful if we looked at the section that was printed in English (in my defense I was merely looking at the pictures). However the manual did not tell you how to download photos. I installed the directions from the CD to the computer, took one more look at the camera and realized what I needed to do. I'd done it before but the computer that is my brain takes longer and longer to download. So many files plus, it is probably time to de-frag or something!

I also found the battery charger with a charged battery in it! I guess I should put everything back in the box the camera came in, except all that extra stuff came separately and it doesn't all fit in the box.

Later we went to Hays to shop and get photos made at a superstore. They already treat you like a criminal if you try to pay with a check. I could not figure out how to get my photos printed and the smart people they employ to help were less than helpful. My one consolation was the 20 something standing next to me who was equally frustrated!

Where are my kids when I need them?

Never mind, the kids are the ones who hooked up the web cam so we could talk to Tricia face to face at Thanksgiving. I was appalled at how I looked. I'd just as soon talk on a land line phone! Laugh if you want, it always has reception and never drops a call! Plus my computer picked up a virus from the adventure!

Back to the shopping trip we went to another store where they had self check-out. Self checkout I can handle. But the hubby made a beeline for the cashier line. There were no cashiers and I tried to steer him back. A very sweet young lady appeared, looked us over and insisted on checking us out.

Pride is a terrible thing. It keeps us from asking for help when we need it and causes us pain when someone offers help that is not needed.

Ah well, that's over. Home again; time to work on my Christmas list. After seeing those Volkswagens being made, I've added a new car. Realistically, I'm hoping for an Electronic Book reader. I don't know why I would want yet another high-tech device to frustrate me. But they always have some numbers to contact for help, right?

If you have enough patience and time you may actually get to talk to a real person. On second thought forget tech support; what they ought to provide is a list of mental health clinics!

I never thought I'd say it but (except for the music) I'm feeling real nostalgic for the 80's!

Family make Christmas memories special

Phase II
Mary Kay Woodyard



I was listening the other day to people describe their favorite holiday and had always thought everyone would name Christmas, but they didn't. Some did of course, but many said Thanksgiving, some Easter or other holidays. I began to wonder, why is Christmas my favorite holiday?

I was only in kindergarten when my brother, Duaine, married Joan Ward. For the first few years, they lived in the surrounding area before deciding to head to California. We usually visited them in the summer, but when December rolled around, a date was marked on the calendar when they would come back for Christmas. I was so excited each year, I couldn't wait. I couldn't even sleep the night before their train was due. But even before then, Duaine would read *The Night before Christmas* to me. I loved to have him read to me because he didn't

skip any pages...and he would read it more than once.

But it wasn't just my brother coming home, it was my sister too. She married Dale Reeves the summer after I was in fifth grade. No matter where they lived, they would make every effort to join Duaine's family in Norton for Christmas. JoAnne would help me wrap packages, "try" to sew and make craft items. She was always patient with my not always successful attempts. Every year when I take out our tree skirt I try to remember

how many years ago she glued on Santas, trees and snowmen. JoAnne and I share a love of Christmas music and we would listen (and sing) together. If I was lucky she would play Christmas music on the piano.

You see, I am the youngest. Duaine is 14 years older and JoAnne is almost nine years older. With all the wonderful memories I have with them, they also are responsible for some of the best times with the birth of their children, my niece and nephews. They have always seemed more like brothers and a sister because of our closeness in years. I am closer in age to my oldest nephew than either my brother or sister. So when I asked myself why Christmas is my favorite holiday it is because my family made it so very special. God bless our families, each and every one.



Thumbs up to Pamida for instituting the "Round-It-Up" promotion to benefit God's Pantry. What a great way for the entire community to help support such a needed service. Countless people depend on the pantry and it only takes a few cents from every customer to really add up. I hope they will consider keeping the program going all year long. Called in.

There is no charge to render a thumbs up; names of those providing the information are not used, only the method of transmission.

Thumbs Up is meant to honor good deeds or events around town. Thumbs Up are reviewed by Telegram staff prior to publication. Thumbs Up comments may be denied if they are not meant to honor a positive event or deed.

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