

## Being the right kind of place, person or memory

### Man of the Plains Tom Dreiling



It was my hope they had room for one more!

Some years ago I rolled into a small community after sundown, looking for a motel room. I was in that town to begin work the following morning at the newspaper.

While I drove the streets of what was going to be my new home, I kept an eye out for a motel. I was not familiar with the town at all, so finding a motel was a bit more of a chore than I thought it would be.

Finally, after an hour's search, I spotted what looked like a pretty nice motel. Apparently it was a popular stop for travelers because there were quite a few cars parked near it along the street.

It was well lighted and had an attractive sign on the front that included a large clock. That was nice because tired travelers, like me, don't always keep track of the time.

I managed to find a parking spot about a half block away. With my fingers crossed, I walked up to the front door, opened it and just seconds later a man appeared. "Quick service," I thought to myself.

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Do you have room for one more?" I replied.

He looked me over and then said, "You're not the right kind."

That comment sort of blew me away. "Right kind?" I asked. "What do you mean 'right kind'?"

"Well, for starters," he said, "this is a mortuary." And he then began to laugh.

I was speechless. I told him no offense but it looked like a very modern, up-to-date motel. He thanked me for my kind words and directed me to the area of town where I would find lodging, "for the right kind" He was right, there was a choice of motels in that area.

As I sat on the edge of the motel bed, giving thought to this experience, the voice in my head started talking. "Hey, stupid," the voice said, "did you not notice there was no parking lot at or near the place you thought was a motel?" The voice was right on both counts, 'stupid' being count one.

If someone tells you sometime that "you are not the right kind," don't feel offended, rather rejoice! You are still alive.

We are a year away from casting our ballots for president, so it's time for the Man of the Plains to make the following declaration: President Obama will be challenged by former Gov. Mitt Romney. The talking heads on radio and television - the bunch that claims they know everything - are struggling with this issue. They are the ones from those so-called exclusive schools of thought who are being paid big bucks to answer what this former student at Fort Hays State University just answered -- and I did it for nothing!

Please allow me a few words about the passing of a truly great guy. Ken Haas had more friends than he could ever have imagined. The reason being, Ken Haas was a kind, gentle, considerate soul who drew an incredible following through his years as a school counselor and educator at Kennedy Middle School and principal at TMP-Marian, as well as a sports enthusiast that took him onto many different venues.

And his smile would attract many more. He didn't have to say a word, just simply flash that smile and you felt a closeness to him that in its own way salted a friendship.

I know Hays is a better place because of Ken Haas. His goodness rubbed off on all who had the pleasure of knowing him, meeting him, greeting him. If there ever was a Mr. Positive, it was Ken Haas. He left us just a short time ago and from that moment on he was missed by wife Cheri, his three daughters, sons-in-law, grandkids, siblings, neighbors, friends, his dog and countless others who got wind of his death as word spread throughout his beloved community.

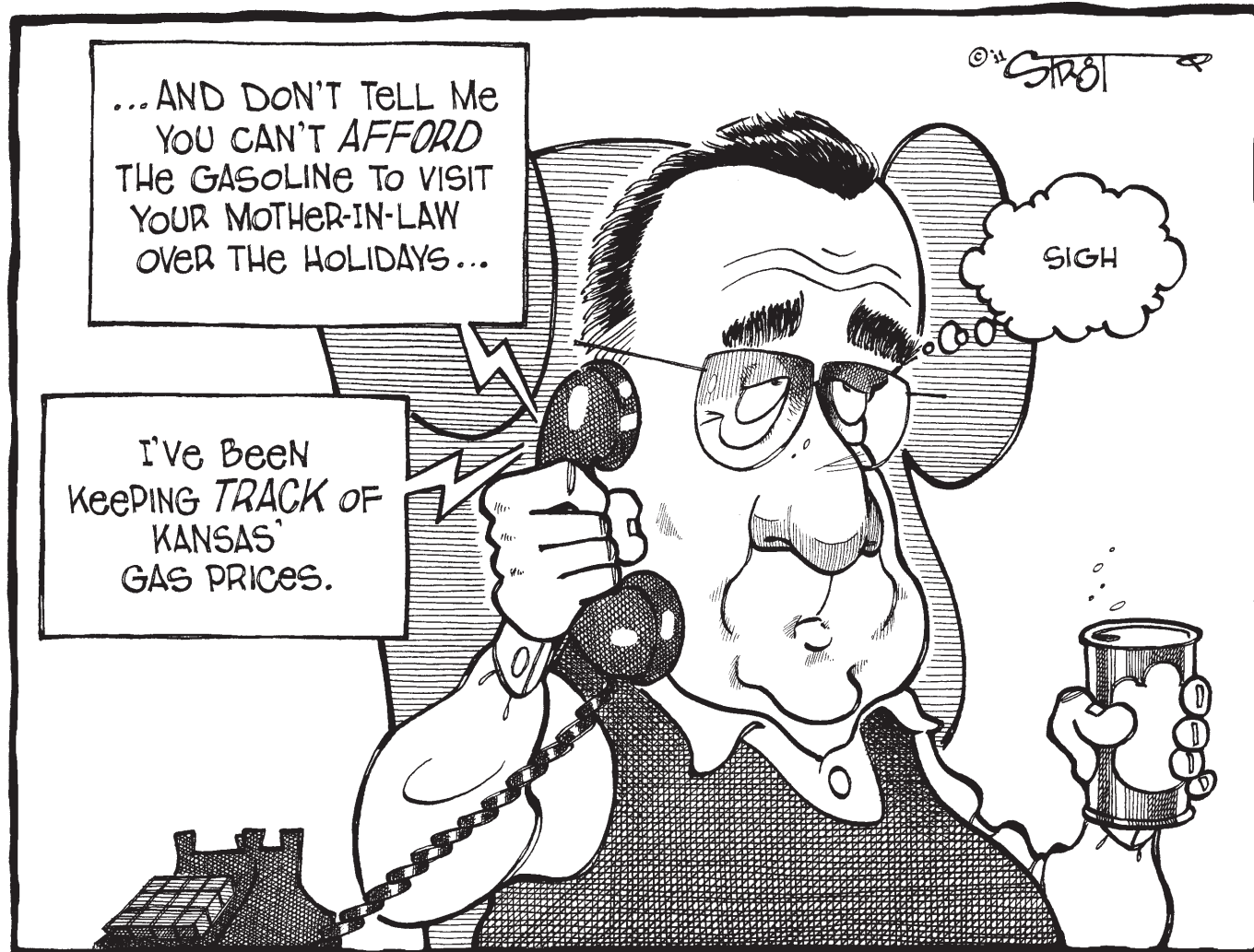
We grieve in silence, but we speak loudly and proudly of this man who fought so hard for so long before giving himself up to the very Creator who brought him into this world. He is now a member of "God's Club."

Thanks, Ken, your foot prints will be everlasting.

Sippets took a back seat today to allow me the tribute above to Mr. Haas.

Peace.

Your comments on anything that appears in your favorite newspaper coming from my computer, are always appreciated, regardless of the tone. Simply email me at mail to: milehitom@hotmail.com



## Another family Thanksgiving celebration

The holidays are about family! And now that Patricia and Craig are close, it seemed fitting to have a BIG Thanksgiving celebration. The hubby promised to help!

I talked to his sister. Her girls and their families would come. And Grandma--- that is twenty people!

Wish the basement was done!

The hubby said, "We can sweep the basement floor and the kids can play down there." I'm sure he said "WE".

His sister and I discussed using the Parish Hall. She checked; it was booked. I assured her that was okay because Junior was helping!

I bought the turkey the Friday morning before Thanksgiving. It was heavy and I decided the hubby could carry it and the potatoes in at noon. Late in the day I realized I needed something from town so I asked him to go. When he returned he asked, "Do you want that other stuff left in the pick-up?"

Other stuff??? Oh---well the day was cool and the turkey needed to start thawing anyway. I did sort of wonder if I was competent enough to cook, however!

We had an extra couch in the living

### This Too Shall Pass Nancy Hagman



room. It was to go to the basement (after it was finished!) But I need the space for an extra table. On Sunday, since Craig was here and he works very hard on his muscles, it seemed like a good idea to move it.

OR NOT!!!!

Well, it's down there now and it's never coming out! As long as I live here anyway!

We missed church because of that whole escapade. Still I found lots of time for prayer because my basement cleaning helper seemed to have forgotten his offer of help! Thanksgiving would need to be a nice day!

With the couch out of the way I began cleaning and organizing in earnest. I put all my sewing stuff away and took a quilt I was quilting out of the frame. I found all the right dishes and serving pieces, folded napkins into turkeys for

the kids, and got out some games and toys in case the weather turned foul.

I decided to clean the kitchen floor good. That led to applying a coat of refinisher! Everything was beginning to sparkle.

Then the brother-in-law, Preacher Dave calls. "Hey, it's the activity center that is reserved for Thanksgiving. We can have the Parish Hall!"

What do you do? Laugh or cry!

I'm nothing if not stubborn. I thought about it and decided I'd put too much effort into the house.

Bring it on!

I locked the door to the basement. The day was beautiful! A good time was had by all!

As Elizabeth said, "There is something about being in a home."

Before we ate, Dave surveyed the food and commented that the average person eats 4000 calories on Thanksgiving. If they didn't at my house it was because they weren't trying!

The kids played inside, they played outside. There is even some evidence they jumped on the bed! Who cares!

It's about family!

## Nothing is private in this electronic day and age

This may be a first...and a last, but I do want to applaud Governor Brownback for apologizing this week for his staff's overreaction to a student's tweet. His acknowledgment of our "treasured" freedom of speech, regardless of its content or deliverance, is to be admired. The young woman may not be the most schooled in proper etiquette and by her own admission she didn't intend for the tweet to go beyond her circle of friends, but the incident reflects the problems and, yes, positives of this new communication medium.

We all know the lure of social media...immediacy, broad contact, etc., but the drawbacks of this form of communication are considerable as well. From drawing the attention of the governor's office, to being fired from a job, from online bullying to publishing nude pictures of yourself or your friend, the impact and the long arm of this journalistic form are hard to wrap

### Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



ourselves around.

A good rule of thumb is never put in writing what you wouldn't say face to face, whether emails, texting or other communication forms. During the couple of years I have been on facebook I never cease to be amazed at what people will say about others. I have always believed in face to face discussion, whether it revolves around political issues or family dynamics. If you think this has never gotten me in trouble, think again. Being able to exchange ideas is as critical to families as it is to a democracy.

Had this incident taken place over the phone or even in the proverbial school note passing, it would have gone unnoticed and the discussion never advanced. The young woman was angry and spoke what she thought was a private (with 65 people) conversation. Nothing is private in electronic media, a good lesson for us all. This incident also shows how quickly inflammatory language can take hold as well as the ensuing reaction. This young woman now has over 3,000 followers and Governor Brownback received national attention.

I do not fear social media as some do nor do I think it will result in dying communication skills. We no longer write on tablets, well, maybe we do and maybe it is set in stone. Mmmmm, maybe things haven't changed as much as we think. mail to: mkwoodyard@ruraltel.net

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