commentary from other pens...

Safety zones expand during summertime

The Topeka Capital-Journal on summer safety:

It's a bit of an irony that the school zones around town go silent about the time school is out — and there are even more kids likely to be out on the streets.

Maybe we need to change our thinking a little. Perhaps in summer we ought to consider that the entire community is a school zone.

That may not entail driving 20 mph, as one must do in a school zone. That would be unrealistic. But what it does mean is that we should slow down in general and keep a lookout.

There are a number of other safety issues that arise with the dawn of summer....

Water safety is a huge issue.

Pools and lakes will bring tons of summer fun, but they are quite capable of delivering terrible tragedies, too. ...

First things first: If you haven't already done it, you might seek out swimming and first aid classes for you and/or your children. The second thing to do with regard to water safety is to be vigilant. Never leave children unattended in a body of water.

In addition, we shouldn't need to warn about the dangers of mixing alcohol and water sports each year, but it's obviously necessary. ...

There are a host of other safety issues that summer brings with it, including exposure to the sun. The danger is very real; damage from sun now can hurt you for years to come.

Idle time can be a manmade danger, too. Mischievousness doesn't intrude much on the occupied.

Summer can be the best time of year for fun. But only if safety comes first.

The Clay Center Dispatch on the shift of power in the U.S. Senate:

... First we get a Republican president we didn't elect and now we have a Senate we didn't elect.

In what is probably one of the most costly political betrayals in history, an unknown Vermont closet Democrat Republican senator, James Jeffords, has switched parties substantially altering the balance of elected power in the country, gaining himself a committee chairship and fixing the national spotlight on himself for the indefinite future.

His switch will mean Democrats take control of the Senate....

Under the rules, all Jeffords has to do is say, "Hey, I'm a Democrat," and cash in on his promise of a committee chairmanship. ...

... There is nothing to prevent any of the others from switching any time. Senate rules trump the intent of the voters, apparently. ...

The cost of changing the Senate will be horrendous. The majority senators live in big offices and will now have to switch with minority senators in small offices, staffers will have to be purged or switched, since majority members have larger staffs than minority members. We would guess the total cost of Jeffords' insecurity to be around \$10 million.

... Jeffords has gone in 24 hours from being unknown to being known as a wishy-washy one man band with a contempt for voters, an unhealthy taste for power, and a willingness to lie, betray his constituents and waste American taxpayer's money.

At least he's finally in the right party.

Letter Policy

The Goodland Daily News encourages and welcomes letters from readers. Letters should be typewritten if possible, and should include a telephone number and, most importantly, a signature. Unsigned letters will not be published. Form letters will be rejected, as will letters deemed to be of no public interest or considered offensive. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and good taste.



Life undergoes big change, a sad good-bye

We have some sad news. This will be my final column.

My life is undergoing a big change.

After my column on "Granny's Gourmet Pinto and Cranberry Beans," the responses received from you, my readers, caused GR Foods to contact me.

They have offered me a great opportunity promoting their beans.

I will be traveling all over the country and will not be able to write my column from the road.



mosier • freedom in eating

I just want to thank each of you for your faithfulness to "Freedom in Eating." I have been so blessed by your letters and e-mails. Please feel free to stay in touch. My address and

e-mail will stay the same.

You can still order the "Freedom Packages." In case you missed the information on the beans. You can contact them by calling 806-373-7101, or e-mail them at grfoods@amaonline.

My address is Sally Mosier, 400 10th. St. Canyon, Texas, 79015. E-mail me at gosally@netwest.com.

Watch for me in your town, I would love to meet you in person.

Enjoy your freedom and God bless!

Most of the experts and all of the wives tell us that generally men are not nearly as communicative as women are. They don't express what they're feeling, and that tends to shut out their friends and loved ones. These people need to know what we're feeling so they can share our good times and help us through the bad. Now, I know their intentions of relationship, but it might be impossible. I don't us is to keep our mouths shut. We may not be com- said, nature is pretty smart. municative to our loved ones, but we include ourselves in that group. Don't worry, it's not a serious have to dig deep with us. In most cases, surface strip complaining. We all need guff. And to prove it, just going to say one word — titanium. mining will reveal the whole lode. **SPREADING THE WEALTH** I think nature is pretty smart. For example, the way she spreads out the peaks in a man's life. We reach the height of our sexual prowess in our late teens, our top athletic form in our late 20s, the zenith of our business initiatives in our mid-40s, the maximum benefit from our experience in our early 60s, and the apex of our wisdom in our late 70s.



red green north of forty

are good, and it would be very nice to have that kind It's like a well-planned garden: There's always something blooming. Think how much worse it express my feelings because I don't know what I'm would be if instead it all came together at the age of feeling. I don't even know what I'm thinking, and say, 85. Imagine being an experienced, savvy, ath-I very rarely know what I'm doing. I often say letic, wise octogenarian at the height of your sexual things just to see how they sound. And there's noth-provess and having an embarrassment of riches and ing worse than being forced into defending a po- not nearly enough time to spend them. Not to men- man's stomach is flat like a farmer's field and can sition you don't even hold. So the best solution for tion the difficulty you'd have getting a date. Like I

WAITING FOR THE GUFF

problem. Whatever we're feeling is pretty much siblings and my friends and neighbors and my light and flexible and strong enough to do the job. on the surface. It doesn't need to be said. You don't bosses and especially from my wife. But I'm not If there are any men's pant designers out there, I'm here's a list of bad things that would happen to you if you weren't taking guff from people who care: You'd be wearing those orange pants you

- You'd run for political office. **BREATHING IN PANTS**

To show our support for a concert by our local men's glee club, my wife had bought front-row tickets, which were neither expensive nor rare. As I sat there looking up at this group of middle-aged men doing five- and six-part harmony, some of it on purpose, it came to my attention that we need some improvement in the area of trouser design. Most of these men on stage had waistbands that were rolling over from the burden of a 50-year-old stomach. These are not the bodies of young men. They can't be clothed with the pants of young men. A young be contained with a waistband. It's like a fence. A middle-aged man's stomach is round and curling like the waves on the ocean. A fence is not going to In my life I've taken a fair bit of guff from my do it. He needs a retaining wall with a weave that's

The Goodland Daily News

(USPS No. 222-460. ISSN 0893-0562) Member: Kansas Press Association The Associated Press Inland Press Association Colorado Press Association e-mail: daily@nwkansas.com



Steve Haynes, President *Tom Betz*, Editor/Editorial Page Rachel Miscall, Managing Editor Janet Craft, Society Editor/Reporter

Lester Bolen, Sports Reporter Doug Jackson, Eric Yonkey, Judy Harper, Advertising Sales Karen Jones, Adv. Production Debra Turner, Page Prod. Sheila Smith, Office Manager Pat Schiefen Bookkeeping

Nor'west Press

Ron VanLoenen Lana Westfahl

Jim Bowker, General Manager Judy McKnight Richard Westfahl **Betty Morris**

nwkansas.com

N.T. Betz, Director of Internet Services (nbetz@nwkansas.com) *Evan Barnum*, Systems Admin.(support@nwkansas.com)

Published daily except Saturday and Sunday and the day observed for New Year's Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day, at 1205 Main St., Goodland, Kan. 67735

Periodicals postage paid at Goodland, Kan. 67735; entered at the Goodland, Kan., Post Office under the Act of Congress of March 8, 1878.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Goodland Daily News, 1205 Main St., Goodland, Kan. 67735.

TELEPHONE: (785) 899-2338. Editorial e-mail: daily@nwkansas.com. Advertising questions can be sent to: gdnadv@nwkansas.com

The Goodland Daily News assumes no liability for mistakes or omissions in advertising or failure to publish beyond the actual cost of the ad.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: In Sherman County and adjacent counties: three months, \$22; six months, \$38; 12 months, \$72. By mail in Kansas, Colorado: three months, \$ 28; six months, \$50; 12 months, \$95. (All tax included.) Out of area, weekly mailing of five issues: three months, \$25; six months, \$40; 12 months, \$75.

Incorporating:

The Sherman County Herald

Founded by Thomas McCants 1935-1989



Helen Dilts

Nor'West Newspapers Haynes Publishing Company

- bought at the thrift shop.
 - You'd be riding a moped.
 - You'd have a mullet haircut.
 - -You'd do karaoke.
 - You'd have a Zamboni in your driveway.
 - You'd be in the backyard without a shirt on.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"When things go badly I feel cheated, and when they go well I feel unworthy. I love it best when nothing happens." - Red Green

Red Green is the star of "The Red Green Show," a television series seen in the U.S. on PBS and in Canada on the CBC Network, and the author of "The Red Green Book" and "Red Green Talks Cars: A Love Story."

There is a mother in North Carolina named Diane Arnder, whose daughter Tina has never walked, talked or fed herself. Her cerebral palsy and seizures have been so severe that she has lived in institutions since the age of 5. She is now 29, and after suffering a high fever and horrible seizures last November, she no longer recognizes or responds to anybody.

There is a wife in Lodi, Calif., named Rose Wendland, whose husband, Robert, sits in a hospital room like a mannequin, unable to speak or eat or walk. He is 49. A car accident eight years ago damaged his brain and paralyzed his right side. He is conscious but shows no sign that he can think or respond.

There is a husband in Florida named Michael Schiavo, whose wife, Terri, has been in a coma since suffering a heart attack 11 years ago. She is 37. She can breathe but not swallow. Her eyes are open during the day, but her stare is vacant.

The mother, the wife, and the husband want the feeding tubes removed from their loved ones. Death would come in one to two weeks without pain, hunger or thirst. "It's a peaceful, comfortable way to die," one doctor said.

In all three cases, relatives or advocacy groups have challenged the guardians' right to hasten the disabled person's death. And in all three cases, different courts have handed down different rulings, so, thus far, no feeding tubes have been removed.

As I read these stories, I wondered what I would do. I wonder how a guardian arrives at such a decision — one that many of us are likely to face within our families some day. Is there a recognizable line below which a life is no longer worth living? Do we have the right to deny a helpless human being the basics of food and water, knowing that they will die without it? How is denying food and water to these patients different from denying food and water to others who rely on us for sustenance - for example, babies, prisoners, quadriplegics the severely retarded?



"It's a matter of how you view the patient's prognosis," said one doctor I know who treats primarily the elderly. "If you have a patient who has no hope of recovery, who is totally demented, has had amputations, has leg sores — are we doing this patient a favor by keeping him alive?"

The decision is less disquieting with an old person who has lived a full life, and, no matter what measures the doctors take, is on a painful, degenerative path to death. As distasteful as it sounds, we can't ignore the reality of money. A large percentage of our medical dollars go to treating elderly patients in the last three to six months of life. Does it make sense to keep alive someone so deteriorated that his brain and body just barely function and he has no hope of recovery? Could that money be better spent elsewhere?

The more wrenching decisions are those faced by the mother, the wife and the husband. Their loved ones are still young. Their organs aren't giving out. Yet, their doctors agree they have no hope of getting better.

"I love my daughter," Diane Arnder said. "The only thing I was trying to do was give her a rest." Said Michael Schiavo, "Has my wife no right to depart this world with some semblance of peace?" I wonder whether any of us can say with certainty what we would do if we were in Diane Arnder's shoes, or Michael Schiavo's or Rose Wendland's. I can't imagine the pain of seeing someone I love become an empty shell of himself. I can't imagine knowing that as I went about my daily life — when I went out to dinner or took a hike or went on vacation - that my mother, husband, son, sat mute and helpless in a sterile hospital room, alone in their

impenetrable world.

Could I ever be 100-percent certain that they no longer want to live, even in this ghostly state? How could I be sure they don't have a satisfying fantasy life inside their heads, or that they can't still hear my voice or feel my touch and derive pleasure from it?

If I were faced with deciding whether to remove feeding and hydration tubes, I would have to answer with brutal honesty a single question: Would I be doing it to end my loved one's suffering, or my own?

Joan Ryan is a columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle. Send comments to her e-mail and joanryan@sfgate.com.

berry's world



WHEN I GET THAT TAX CUT REBATE CHECK, I THINK I'LL BUY A NICE, BRAND-NEW JET AIRPLANE."