

commentary

from other pens...

An English whirlwind invades White House

By Lawrence L. Knutson

Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — Winston Churchill has established a presence at the White House for the first time since his World War II visits turned the executive mansion on its stately ear.

A bronze bust of the late British prime minister now glowers from a side table in President Bush's Oval Office.

Bush accepted the Churchill sculpture on long-term loan from the British government last week after dropping broad hints that a bust of Sir Winston was just what was needed to give the Oval Office an air of conviction and determination

"I look forward to visiting with him," Bush joked. "Sometimes he'll talk back, sometimes he won't, depending on the stress of the moment. But he is a constant reminder of what a great leader is like."

The flesh-and-blood Churchill hit President Franklin Roosevelt's White House like an English whirlwind in late December 1941, just two weeks after Pearl Harbor.

Churchill's doctor found the prime minister had left his mark only hours after his arrival: His bedroom was heavy with cigar smoke. The bedclothes were crumpled. The floor was littered with discarded English and American newspapers.

"The White House never adjusted to Churchill, although he was to return several times," writes William Seale in, "The President's House."

"The most difficult of guests, his rule was late to bed and late to rise, and he wandered the house at will, often in an air force jump suit, interrupting the usual decorum of the place."

At times, Churchill didn't wear as much as the jump suit.

One of his male secretaries recalled Churchill dictating while submerged in his bath.

"Eventually he got out of the bath and (his valet) draped an enormous bath towel around him. He walked into an adjoining bedroom, followed by me, notebook in hand, and continued to dictate while pacing up and down the enormous room. Eventually the towel fell to the ground, but quite unconcerned he continued pacing the room dictating all the while."

At this point Roosevelt entered, took one look and tried to back out.

The prime minister, a study in pink, stopped him: "You see Mr. President, I have nothing to conceal from you."

As the visit proceeded, Alonzo Fields, the White House butler, found himself amazed at Churchill's capacity for strong drink: a glass of sherry before breakfast, scotch and soda at lunch, champagne and brandy at dinner, and more scotch and soda through the evening.

Roosevelt and Churchill got along well. They cemented their wartime alliance, coordinated American and British strategies and discussed plans to counter and roll back the Axis powers.

The day after Christmas, Churchill won over Americans in the first words of his address to a joint meeting of Congress: "I cannot help reflecting that if my father had been American and my mother British, instead of the other way round, I might have got here on my own."

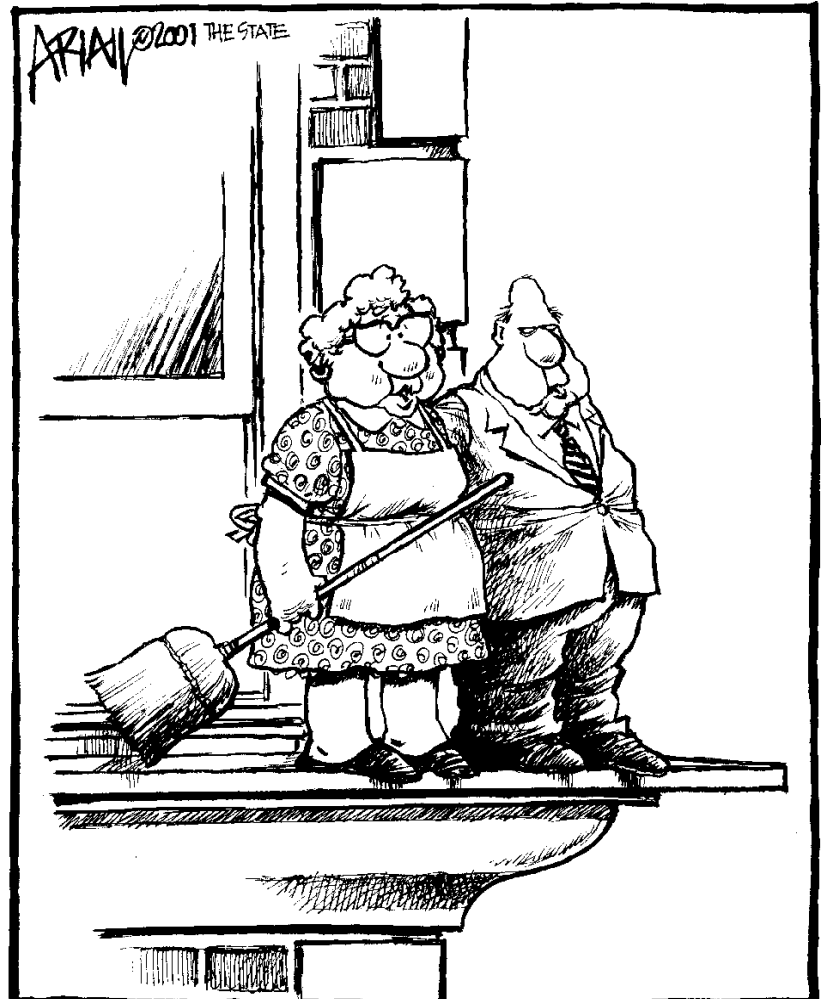
When the visit was over and Churchill had returned to London, the president cabled: "It is fun to be in the same decade with you."

The Churchill bust was presented to Bush Monday by Sir Christopher Meyer, Britain's ambassador to the United States. He noted that during a 1943 visit, Churchill was given the run of the White House while a trusting Roosevelt went home to Hyde Park, N.Y.

With an eye to the events of the War of 1812, the ambassador said: "Leaving Churchill alone at the White House might have been judged a risk, since the last time the British had the White House to themselves they burnt it down."

Bush was still thinking about the Churchill bust later in the week when he spoke with reporters in London at the beginning of his European trip. "Churchill is now watching my every move," the president said.

EDITOR'S NOTE — Lawrence L. Knutson has covered the White House, Congress and Washington's history for more than 30 years.



Make-up provides creative outlet

My love affair with make-up began when I was about 8.

After locking myself in the bathroom, I would carefully pat white powder on my face, smear bright pink lipstick around my lips, dab blush on my cheeks, nose, chin and forehead and try to slide on mascara without putting black dots on my eyelids.

My mother didn't wear make-up often, but like most women she had a basket full of it in the bathroom.

Even at 8, make-up fascinated me. The colors, the texture, the smell, the way it made me look. I couldn't wait to get into it.

Of course, once I did, I looked like a clown or a geisha on crack, but I thought I was beautiful.

Suddenly, I had flawless skin, big, beautiful eyes and luscious lips. At least that's how I saw myself as I stood posing in the mirror, batting my eyelashes.

My three brothers didn't feel the same. They and their friends would laugh when I would venture out of the bathroom and tell me I looked stupid, but I didn't listen.

By 12, I was experimenting with wearing make-up out in public. Of course, I had toned it down quite a bit.

I would smooth on a light coat of powder and decorate my eyes with eyeliner and mascara before my friends and I went to the mall. I never used



rachel miscall

- unraveling

enough that anyone, especially my mother, could tell, but it made me feel special anyway.

I didn't start perfecting the art of make-up application until I was 14.

I took a trip to my grandmother's house in Maine that summer and spent most of my time reading on the beach or hanging out in the woods behind my grandmother's house. It was the first time I had spent more than a day away from my brothers, and I enjoyed the freedom.

My grandmother went to sleep earlier than I did, so I would spend part of the night sitting in my father's old room in front of the mirror he had looked into when he was my age. I was probably in a completely different frame of mind than he had been.

He had probably been thinking about girls and fishing, while I was sitting there studying beauty magazines and trying to blend two shades of eye shadow together. That was an educational trip.

I learned how to draw a straight line with an eye pencil, how to stop lipstick from getting on my teeth and how to blend colors evenly together for

a natural look.

By 16, I was a full on make-up queen. At a self-conscious age, I tried to cover everything up with make-up.

I was no Tammy Faye Baker, but I remember changing clothes after gym class once and noticing a ring of brown around my t-shirt collar. My friend noticed, too, and asked, "Is that make-up?"

That and my brothers' constant taunting made me decide it was time to cut back. I stopped caking thick, brown foundation on my skin, but I couldn't live without the eye make-up.

In high school, I could spend more than an hour in front of the mirror perfecting make-up styles.

When I got tired of looking at my own face, I'd find other faces to make-up. I didn't have any sisters and my best friend was a boy, so I had no choice but to make-up men.

They resisted, but they always ended up in front of the lighted mirror.

My friend Eugene told me that his only fear of putting on make-up was that he would actually look good in it. Trust me, he didn't.

I guess for me make-up was one way that I expressed my creative side.

Once when I was feeling down and wondering what I wanted to do when I got to college, my brother put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Well, you're really good at putting on make-up."

I took it as a compliment.

Sometimes you get what you pay for

Recently, a small-business owner asked if he could come by and visit with me about motivating his employees. My calendar was nearly full, but we managed to find a date.

We met as scheduled and visited for a few minutes. Because time was short, I decided to get to the purpose of the discussion. "How many people work for you," I asked?

With a straight face he replied, "About half."

We shared a laugh, then he added seriously, "I have seven employees, and I don't know what to do. I've given everybody raises each year for the last three years. Nobody's really working any harder, and some of my best folks seem to be slowing down!"

I asked if everybody that worked for him had earned those raises in the beginning. "No, not everybody," he answered. And then he went on to tell me that three of his staff had really carried most of the load initially. As the company grew, new employees were added, and it seemed that they took longer to get up to speed and become productive. However, business was good and profits grew steadily, so everybody got a raise.

"Why did you give everybody a raise, if only some were deserving?" I asked.

He looked puzzled, and thought for a minute. Finally he replied, "I guess I wanted to be fair to everyone."

"Were you?" I asked.

"I treated everyone the same. Isn't that fair?" he asked.

The following points constitute my answer to his



don taylor

- minding your own business

response ("I treated everyone the same.") and question ("Isn't that fair?"). I hope you'll glean some useful tips for getting what you pay for.

My Answer

- "Same" and "fair" have different meanings. The word same means "alike in kind, quality, amount or degree." Fair means "just and honest, to treat as equals."

While we believe that Americans were created equal with certain unalienable rights, this does not mean we are the same. All persons do not have the same skills, abilities and intelligence.

I believe in the concept of equal pay for equal work, but I've never seen equal work in reality. In the real world, two teachers with the same education, G.P.A., and experience will not have the same effectiveness with students. In the real world, two mechanics with exactly the same training and years of experience will not repair cars with the same quality and speed.

- You'll get the behavior you reward. When you treat employees with different effectiveness the same, you are rewarding the poorest performers.

When your best employees see that the poor performers got the same raise as they did, they have a

Goodland people help in emergency

Dear Editor:

I'm Lyla Norris from Columbiana, Ala. I came up here to be with my granddaughter Alexis Franklin when she turned one on the 8th of July.

She had a party at her mom's, Tisha Melton, house, and at her dad's, Michael Franklin's, house. She had a good time at both parties and got many toys.

I've met so many wonderful friendly people here in Goodland. My luggage got lost and so I got clothes from several new friends.

I write poetry and 16 of my poems have been printed in anthologies.

I visited the First Baptist Church in Goodland Sunday, July 15.

I'll be here until Wednesday, July 25. I am staying a few nights with my son, Michael, and a few nights with Tisha and my granddaughter, Alexis. Sort of like a yo-yo.

Lyla Norris
Columbiana, Ala.



from our readers

- to the editor

Dear Editor:

The sunflower painting at the edge of your city is great.

Berniece C. Luker
Levant

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