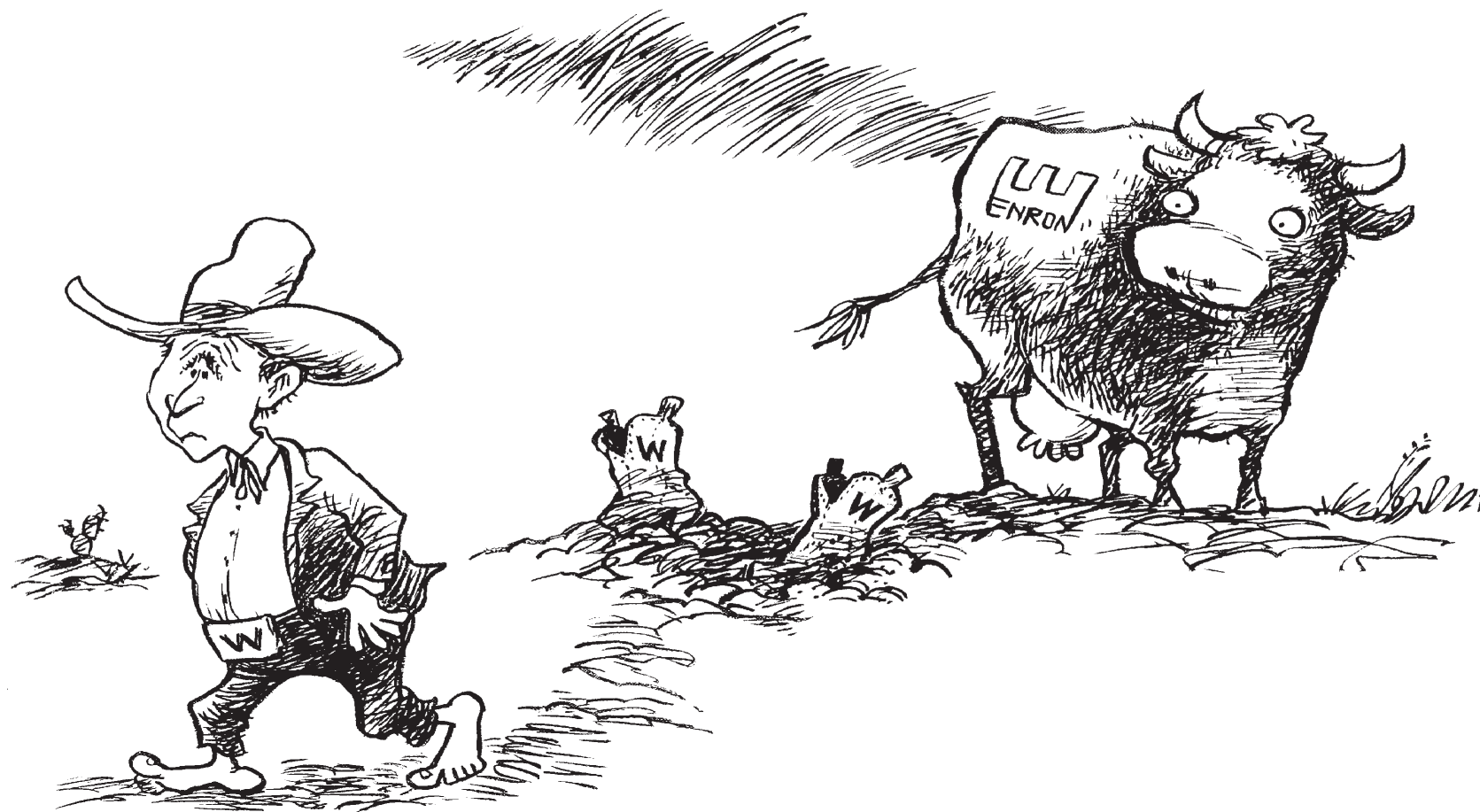


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HULME



commentary

from our viewpoint...

Stimulus package will miss the recession

It looks like Congress, the organization that passes budget bills months after the money is spent, won't be able to agree on an economic stimulus package until the recession is done and gone.

It's probably just as well. His Eminence, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, says by summer, we really won't need much of a stimulus.

It's a good thing Mr. Greenspan and his board move more quickly than Congress, or we'd have a depression on our hands by now.

In a sort of role reversal, Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle claimed that Democrats wanted a "slimmed-down" package that included extended unemployment benefits. Republicans, he said, were holding out for a bigger package with more tax cuts.

The Bush administration said without its package, there would be "fewer jobs, smaller growth in incomes and smaller budget surpluses."

More conservative Republicans thought skipping the plan could pave the way to a balanced budget, something the president is not predicting. Neither is anyone else; between tax cuts and pressure to increase spending, there's hardly a chance that the country won't return to red ink this year.

What would we get from a stimulus package?

Well, the administration supports a plan passed by the House which would provide \$89 billion in stimulation in fiscal 2002 (that's this year) and \$73 billion in 2003, by which time the recession is supposed to be history.

With Republicans sort of in control of the House and the Democrats a vote up in the Senate, of course, it's difficult to get agreement on anything in Washington these days. That may not be all bad.

When Congress does change something, it usually makes matters worse. Sometimes no action is the safest course, at least for us taxpayers.

You have to hope, though, they'll be able to pass a stimulus bill in time to head off the next recession, whenever that comes around. — Steve Haynes

Letter Policy

The Goodland Daily News encourages and welcomes letters from readers. Letters should be typewritten, and must include a telephone number and 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 Unsigned letters will not be published.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. We encourage letters, with phone numbers, by e-mail to: <daily@nwkans.com>.

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- Kansas Attorney General Carla J. Stovall**, 301 S.W. 10th, Lower Level, Topeka, KS 66612-1597 (785) 296-3751 Fax (785) 291-3699 TTY: (785) 291-3767

Pomeroy has gone missing

We seem to have lost another cat.

Pomeroy, the teen-age cat belonging to my son, is missing. He was here Friday morning but no where to be found Friday evening.

I keep track of the cats — which have free access to the outside if they can get someone to open the door — by counting noses morning and night. Friday morning, there were four cats in our house, and when I came home, only three came to meet me. This didn't worry me. It's common. One or more are frequently off doing their thing — usually sleeping on my bed — but by bedtime, they all usually show up to check on us and make sure we are where we should be — tucked into our chairs, reading in front of the television.

On Friday, Pomeroy didn't make his appearance and this worried me. By Saturday morning when he wasn't at the back door, I started checking every drawer and closet in the house, but no cat. I checked the garage, the cars and walked around the house yelling kitty, kitty, kitty. All I got is the



cynthia haynes

• open season

neighbor's very friendly manx.

I assured her that while she was beautiful, talented and oh-so soft, she was not who I was looking for this time.

By Sunday, I was out with a picture I had taken a week ago when I had some extra frames left on our vacation film. Nine out of 10 neighbors were home and only one had seen Pomeroy.

Steve called son and told him that his cat was AWOL but we were searching.

Now, cats come and go around here about as fast as folks in OZ. But usually I know where they are coming from and where they are going.

Pomeroy took our cat total up to three when he

was shipped here from Lawrence because he was in trouble with the law. His crime had been sitting in the neighbor's yard, but it still cost son more than he could afford to keep his cat out of the clink, so the cat joined the Haynes menagerie.

A couple of weeks ago, we got No. 4.

Rupert was shipped home to be declawed. The fancy vet in Lawrence doesn't believe in declawing cats, but youngest daughter has a new sofa. Rupert is heading home this week, having healed up so well she is driving everyone in the household crazy.

We figured we would have Pomeroy until summer, but it looks like our cat count will be down to two.

If you've seen this cat, please call. He's a neutered male, white with gray splotches. He's sort of a teenager — fully grown but not quite comfortable with his new body. He reminds me a lot of son, when he was in high school.

And I think I may be in trouble if I don't get him back.

Wife wants to add a dog to hectic household

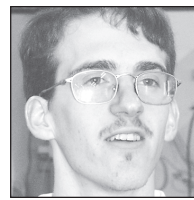
My wife wants to get a dog. We don't need a dog. Dogs are trouble-making, pant-sniffing, leg-lifting, barking menaces to society.

Which still makes them better than a lot of people.

Don't get me wrong, I like dogs. They're better than cats. Cats are good for nothing, food-ignoring, attention-seeking, fur-ball choking, furniture-scratching pains in the neck. They ignore you until they want something, and then act like you should drop everything to answer to their every whim.

Actually, that sounds like a lot of people I know. And before bleeding-heart cat lovers start screeching at my door, I have to admit we are cat-owners. We just haven't been able to convince the cats. I also haven't been able to convince Amanda the way to improve their quality of life would be to stuff them in a box and send them to the Phillipines.

Our male cat, whose official name is Billy the Reckless, and whose common name is unprintable, insists on following me into the bathroom, and leaps, kamakazie-style, on my back when I get out



doug stephens

• wisdom from babes

of the shower.

Female cat no. 1, whose name is too cute for it and which I refuse to acknowledge, weighs about a pound and a half. She sneaks up on my chest when I'm sleeping and begins to knead. If my wife didn't hear me scream with pain when it happens, I'm sure she'd think I was sneaking out of the house at night and making out with a cactus.

And as for female cat no. 2, well, she's okay. I see her about every three days, and I think she hides under the furniture the rest of the time. She doesn't bother me.

There is always other activity in our house, but to spare my two children's feelings when they start to read and run across daddy's old columns, I won't mention the havoc they can cause. But, as you can

see, it is almost impossible to impose any order at home.

What we do not need is another animal in the menagerie. Can you imagine what would happen to our already hectic household? It would be like, well, putting a dog in a cat show.

It would be nice, I have to admit, to have an animal which would actually come when I call it. A ready companion at all times sounds like it could be nice.

But, believe me, I already have enough companionship. And if my scratched back and chest are any proof, the dog wouldn't last long anyway.

Not to mention picking up after the dog. I can't imagine why my wife would want to pick up after it. I've had enough of dirty diapers, and I'm at work most of the time. Why would she want to add any of that to her day?

I suppose it would work out all right if we could get a boxer, or some other notorious cat-hating breed of dog. That would solve the cat problem sure enough.

But then what kind of pet could I get to take care of the dog problem?

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e-mail: daily@nwkans.com



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nwkans.com

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Evan Barnum, Systems Admin. (support@nwkans.com)

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Sometimes we all need a little ice cream for the soul

To the Editor:

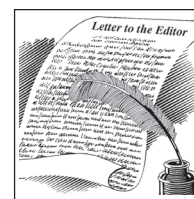
I've seen this story on several of my lists on the world-wide web off and on for years; It keeps going around because of its substance.

It would look great enlarged, framed, and hanging on a prominent wall in each of our homes. I personally think we all need reminding (frequently) of what Jesus said:

Last week I took my children to a restaurant. My six-year-old son asked if he could say grace. As we bowed our heads he said, "God is good. God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would even thank you more if Mom gets us ice cream for dessert. And Liberty and justice for all! Amen!"

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby I heard a woman remark sourly, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice-cream! Why, I never!"

Hearing this, my son burst into tears and asked



from our readers

• to the editor

me, "Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?" As I held him and assured him he had done a terrific job and God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table. He winked at my son and said, "I happened to know God thought that was a great prayer." "Really?" my son asked.

"Cross my heart," the man replied. Then in a theatrical whisper he added (indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), "Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes."

Naturally, I bought my kids ice cream at the end of the meal. My son stared at his for a moment and

then did something I will remember the rest of my life. He picked up his sundae and without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her, "Here, this is for you. Ice Cream is good for the soul sometimes; and my soul is good already."

Sometimes we all need some ice cream.

Ronald Asbury
Goodland, KS

berry's world

