

# commentary

from other pens...

## War on terrorism looking for new focus

Where now with the war on terrorism? The Bush Administration is taking a hard stance. Unlike the glad-handing, all smiles days of Bill Clinton, this administration tells other nations exactly what it thinks. Secretary of State Colin Powell says the U.S. wants to see a "change of regime" in Iraq, where Saddam Hussein still holds sway. President George W. Bush told the North Koreans last week that they need to reunite with the south. The government says it is pursuing the Al Qaeda and Taliban leadership as hard as it can. Of course, it's hard to chase people who have disappeared. But the administration hasn't given up. The face-off between India and Pakistan has complicated matters, taking the focus off of the anti-terrorism effort — and diverting Pakistani troops who might have caught more Al Qaeda fighters at the border with Afghanistan. While the U.S. has talked tough about the "axis of terror" involving Iraq, Iran and North Korea, action isn't likely against any of the three. Iran has made overtures of cooperation, North Korea really doesn't have a dog in this fight and Iraq, well, Iraq is Iraq.

Hussein isn't likely to step down. More than a decade of economic sanctions haven't swayed him. And despite the current bluster, there is little support among our allies for a new war against Iraq. Hussein would have to make some colossal blunder, a tremendous misstep, to turn world opinion that far against him at this point.

Nonetheless, it will be interesting to see what kind of pressure the U.S. can apply to force him out.

The war on terrorism will have to shift from the large-scale campaign in Afghanistan to smaller actions around the world. That will mean using CIA and FBI operatives to ferret out and isolate terrorists cells. Covert action may be used to eliminate some, criminal arrest against others, and joint military action involving U.S. and local troops against still others.

We may never hear about some of the covert actions, but if Al Qaeda members start turning up dead, look to the CIA.

Maintaining the pressure against terrorist groups will be vital. The fact that there have been no attacks since September shows that Osama bin Laden and his forces have been kept off guard, but they still represent a threat.

One necessity will be good intelligence on the ground. We started the war with great satellite photos, but lousy field intelligence. The fact is, we had no idea where bin Laden was, and never did spot him. Our agencies had come to rely way too much on technology and had few spies in the field.

It will take a concerted effort to root out and destroy the rest of his network. And a lot of luck. — *Steve Haynes*

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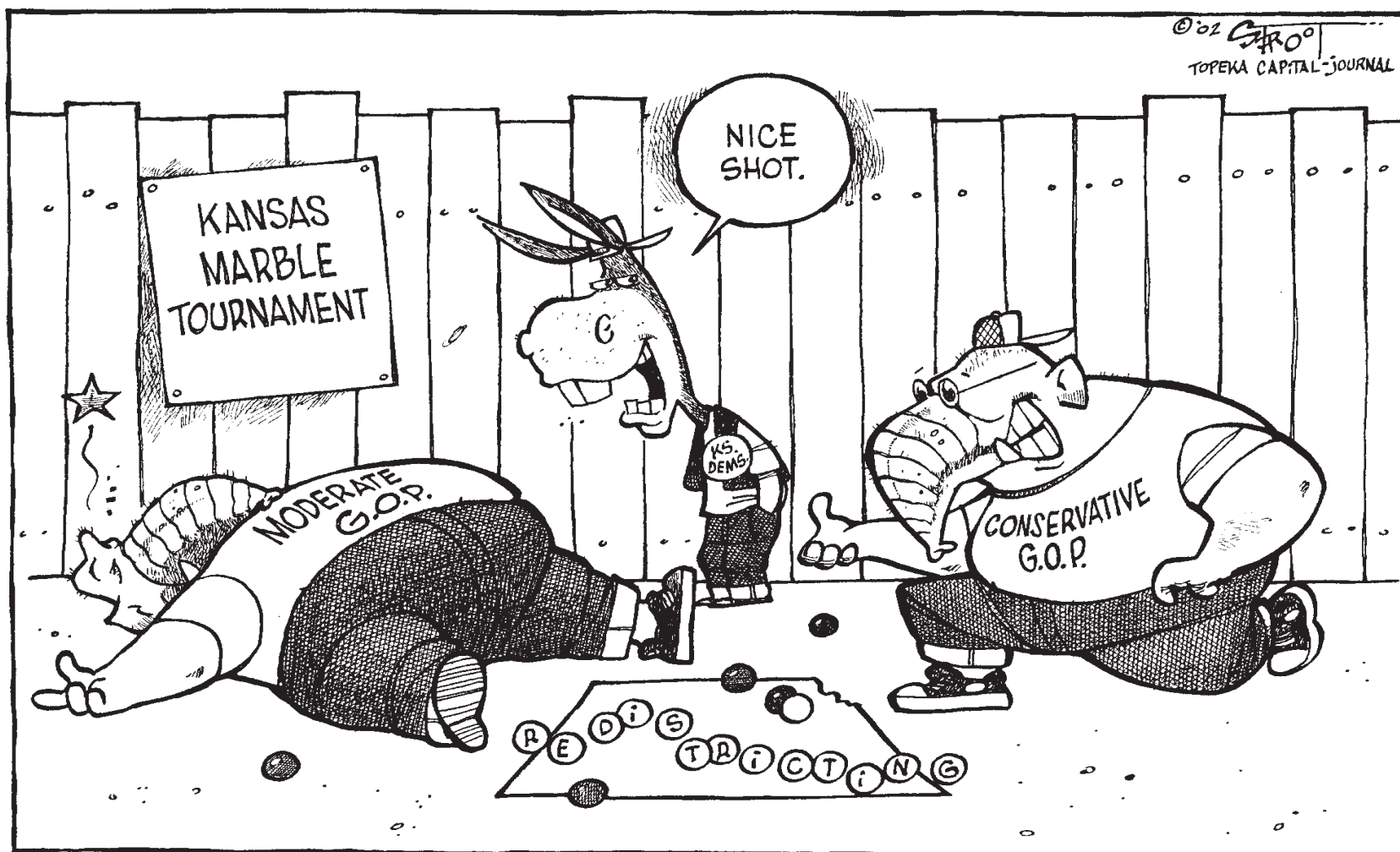
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## Easy for youngsters to get lost in the city

We lost the girls.

Actually, the boys lost the girls.

For many years, we took our children to the Colorado Press Convention in Denver. Merle and Mary brought their daughter Christa and the kids had a blast. Christa is just a year older than our oldest, so the three girls were all within four years of each other. Little brother tagged along or played soldier in his room with all his "guys."

Our children have gone on to college and jobs and Christa has married and had children. Her daughters are 12 and 10.

Merle and Mary now bring their granddaughters to the convention every year, and the girls like to bring a friend, since there are no other children their age.

Mostly, they ride the escalator and elevators. They listen to the music in the lobby and collect the flowers from room-service trays people put out after eating.

The three of them had a great time. Mary took them to the Natural History Museum while Merle and the rest of us were in meetings. She's such a



**cynthia haynes**

• open season

good grandma.

After everything was over Saturday night, we all walked down the 16th Street Mall to Marlow's and had supper. The girls alternately ate their pasta and visited with the bartender upstairs. Since there was no one else upstairs, she was happy to chat with them and slip them cherries and olives.

They were also fascinated with the horse-drawn carriages and determined to talk Grampa into letting them have a ride.

As we left Steve, Merle and girls went over to barter for a carriage ride and Mary and I headed back for the hotel.

We walked around for awhile and settled down in the lobby to talk. A little while later the three

musketees showed up asking where Grampa was.

Since we had left the girls with the guys, we were a bit surprised.

After their 15-minute ride, it seems, they had disembarked around the corner and couldn't find Grampa or Steve. They went back into the restaurant and asked their favorite bartender how to get back to the hotel. Then they walked back — three preteen-age girls in downtown Denver at night. Well, it was only two blocks.

We were not amused, but figured the girls were sitting right where the girls had left them and were starting to wonder where their young charges were.

We were right. They had been scanning every carriage and were starting to get a little nervous. It had definitely been more than 15 minutes.

A little cross-examination discovered that the carriage man had left them off on a side street in front of the restaurant, and like kids looking for shoes, they hadn't spent very much time trying to find the guys.

All's well that end's well, but we're thinking of putting homing devices on the girls next year.

## Big city driving



**doug stephens**

• wisdom from babes

It's amazing. I've been back in Goodland for only about three years, and I'm already a small-town yokel.

I went to Wichita this past weekend to cover the state wrestling tournament. My wife went with me, and at the last minute, two friends of ours, Charlene and Mark, decided to tag along.

Mark is a lifelong Goodland resident and neither had ever driven in a city or had much Interstate driving. They followed us in their car. When we drove through Salina, I passed the slower drivers, moving from lane to lane as is necessary in a bigger town. Following me, Charlene was so afraid she was going to lose sight of our car she stayed right behind me and cut cars off behind me. When we got out of Salina, she pulled off the road, and screamed at me to stop driving like an idiot, and to give her room to get behind me.

I'd forgotten what it was like to drive on a crowded Interstate for the first time. I grew up driving in the Phoenix area, which has over a million residents. I lived for awhile in Houston, which has some of the worst drivers in the world. Big-city driving doesn't faze me. Or so I thought.

When we got within 20 miles of Wichita, we changed drivers. I drove Mark and Charlene's car, and my wife followed. The reasoning was that Amanda and I have more driving experience in cities.

With me in the lead, we tried to get back on the

Interstate. I turned the wrong way, and instead of going south, we were headed north, back the way we came. Not a problem. I turned onto the first exit. It turned out to be a two-lane highway leading out to nowhere, with no turn-offs for the five miles we were on it. Finally I had to flip a U-turn, and head back to civilization.

On the way back to I-135, the overhead lamp in the car started flickering. Mark wasn't too happy about it, and wanted to know what I had done with his lights. We couldn't figure it out. We flipped the switch, and pounded on the light, but the light kept on with the flickering, making it seem we were in a disco club. After about five minutes, Mark had the bright idea that my door wasn't shut all the way.

"You're crazy," I told him. "I know how to shut a door."

I pulled at it to show it was latched, and the light went off. Oh yeah, that's me. Big-time big-city driver.

We got to Wichita in one piece, but the detour had dropped my wife's gas gauge to a dangerous level, and we had to stop.



### berry's world

