

# commentary

from other pens...

## On Iraq, Powell villain to some, hero to others

To some critics, he is part of an “axis of appeasement,” finding excuses to thwart President Bush’s goal of an Iraq freed of Saddam Hussein’s harsh and dangerous rule.

To others, he is the voice of sanity and reason in an administration dominated by unbridled hawks who are leading the country down a path to catastrophe in Iraq. The truth about where Secretary of State Colin Powell stands is probably somewhere in between.

Sunday, Powell offered little grist for those for looking for space between him and Vice President Dick Cheney, an unabashed advocate of the use of force.

Sounding almost Cheneyesque, Powell told Fox News, “I think he (Saddam) is a danger to American interests right now. ... I don’t think we should just sit around and wait.”

But during his long career, Powell often has been the reluctant warrior. A little over 12 years ago, as chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, Powell clashed with Cheney, then defense secretary, over how the United States should respond to Iraq’s conquest of Kuwait.

As recounted in their 1995 book, “The Generals’ War,” Michael Gordon and Bernard Trainor quote Powell as telling Cheney and other officials: “We must start with policy and diplomatic overtures. We can’t make a case for losing lives over Kuwait.”

In Powell’s view, the U.S. military should have been involved only to defend Saudi Arabia, seen then as a potential next target of Saddam.

But Cheney wanted to Powell to develop options for using force against Iraq. “Powell kept dodging the issue,” Gordon and Trainor reported.

“Finally, Cheney’s irritation boiled over. Dropping his familiar first name address, he barked, ‘I want some options, General!’”

Powell replied, “Yes, Mr. Secretary.” He lost the argument. Operation Desert Storm evicted Saddam’s army from Kuwait five months later.

The differences between Cheney and Powell could stem from their vastly different backgrounds. Powell served in Vietnam as an Army officer in the late 1960s, the peak period for Americans killed in action.

Cheney, on the other hand, once famously said he did not serve in Vietnam because he had “other priorities” at the time.

Two years after Desert Storm, Powell and then-U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright squared off over the use of force to end the carnage in Bosnia. Albright was for it, Powell against.

In some conservative precincts, Powell is viewed with mistrust on Iraq. William Kristol of the Weekly Standard wrote recently that, concerning Iraq, “an axis of appeasement” has emerged, “stretching from Riyadh to Brussels to Foggy Bottom,” or, as a layman might put it, from Saudi Arabia to the European Union headquarters to Powell’s State Department.

No one doubts Powell is in a difficult position. His colleagues in the administration issue warnings almost daily about the need to eject Saddam from power while European allies believe almost unanimously the problem should be handled by the U.N. Security Council.

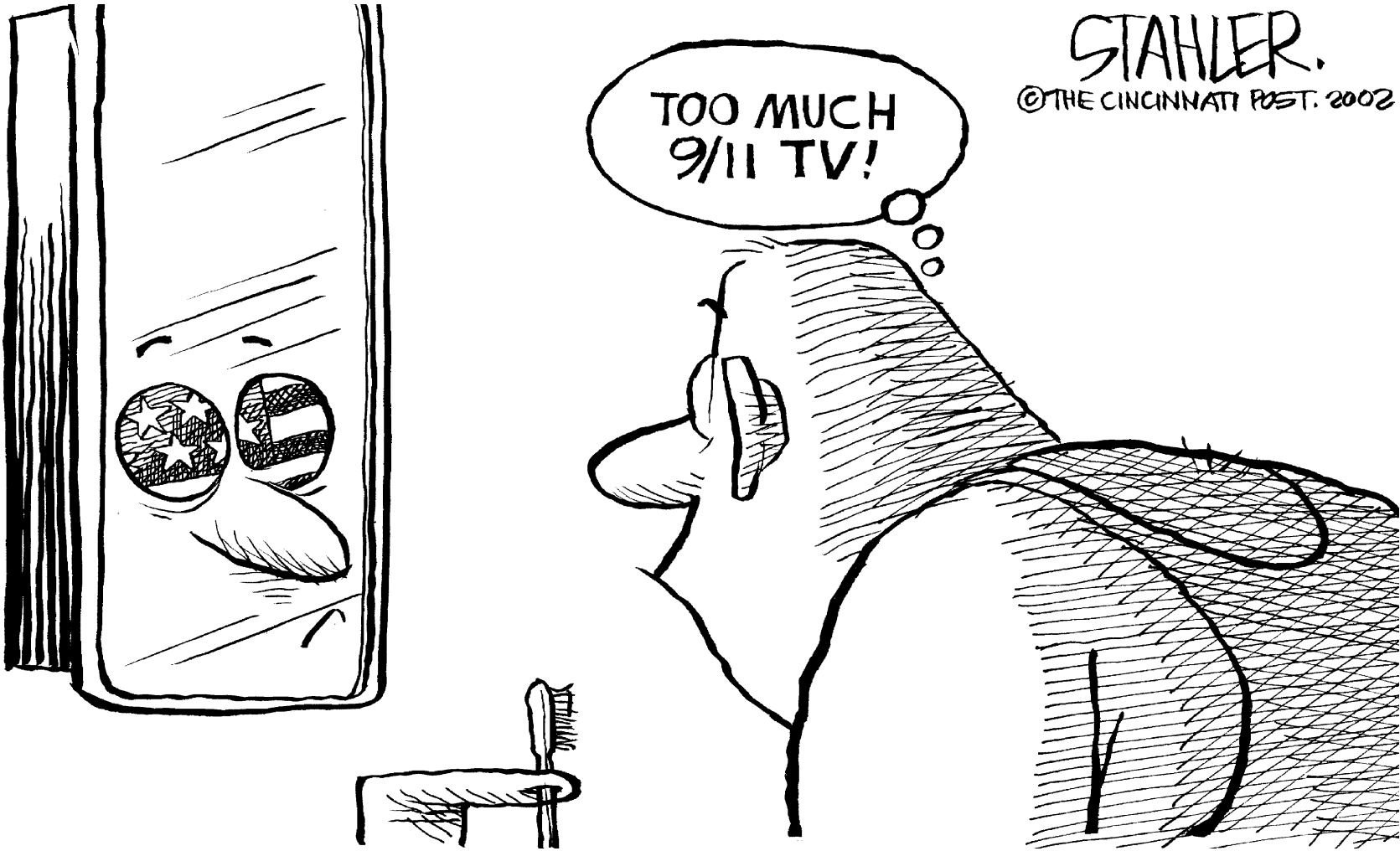
It’s not like the Cold War days when the United States led and the allies could be counted on to follow. German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder argues that attacking Iraq could destabilize the Middle East and wreck the international antiterrorism coalition.

Occasionally, Powell has seemed less zealous than his administration colleagues on how to deal with Iraq. He has been more supportive of resuming U.N. weapons inspections than Cheney or Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld.

All agree inspections are not the answer because in Iraq, a country more than twice the size of Idaho, hiding weapons of mass destruction from inspectors should not be particularly difficult.

Sunday, Powell offered a faint endorsement of inspections but said the real goal in Iraq is regime change. And with Powell seated nearby, Bush will make the case for that policy on Thursday in a speech before the U.N. General Assembly.

EDITOR’S NOTE — George Gedda has covered foreign affairs for The Associated Press since 1968.



## Keeping animals gives me much to write about

I keep animals around just so I’ll have something to write about on quiet weeks.

This weekend, we were blessed with five cats and a dog.

The cats included our own three lazy felines, plus son’s kittens.

Son, who lives in Lawrence, had planned to take one of April’s kittens and said he would give a second one to a friend. That is how he came to have Frank and Jules.

The friend got a cat the day before Jules arrived in Lawrence. I told son to put an ad up at the student union and his cat problem would be solved. By then, however, he had bonded with both animals and they were his, or more correctly he was theirs.

Both of the little beasts needed their shots and it was time for son to see the dentist, so he borrowed his sister’s truck and drove home Sunday.

Monday he spent getting his sister’s truck serviced, hauling cats around and having his teeth



**cynthia haynes**

• open season

cleaned.

You might think that there would be great rejoicing in felineland when April’s children returned home.

No so.

There was, however, a lot of hissing. Frank hissed at his mom. April hissed at the kittens and Jules hid behind a chair. (She always was the skittish one.)

It was not exactly a touching family reunion. Which is good, because the kittens still have their claws and Momma doesn’t.

While the cats were sparring in the house, we humans went outside to do yard work on Sunday

afternoon.

Part of that was cleaning out the dog pen.

Son opened the door and Annie took off. She’s been pretty good recently, and every couple of weeks Steve tells me how much better she’s become about not running off.

She’s just been waiting for a good break, though, and a new person, who doesn’t know her very well, was the ticket.

Of course, as soon as we got her back — about half an hour and 50 miles later — then she got out again when Steve didn’t get the latch set tight.

I’m certainly glad she’s not my dog.

I have enough trouble with cats, one of which has taken a liking to Steve’s truck. It’s the biggest litter box around.

He said that I’d better find some really good deodorant.

I think it’s time he swept his truck out. He must have quiet a pile of sand in there.

## Ted’s paintings were eye catching

The card caught my eye.

Ted was always sending them out, cards with a color reproduction of one of his paintings on one side, announcing a show or an award or his book.

For a painter, Ted was good at marketing.

But there was something about this painting. It wasn’t a Ted Rose, it was Ted Rose.

Not by Ted. It was *him*, standing in a gallery, holding his valise like a brakeman waiting for a train, hand on his hip, looking at a show of *his* paintings.

My breath caught in my throat, and I flipped the card over:

Ted Rose

August 13, 1940

July 26, 2002.

*He loved the light.*

I didn’t have much to say for a minute or two.

Cynthia must have seen the look on my face. I showed her the card.

“Oh, no.”

I remember the day we met Ted.

We had seen his paintings for years. We were in Santa Fe, we looked him up in the phone book and called. Could we come see his studio?

He told us how to get there, off of ritzy Canyon Road. We walked up from town, past the tourist places and the haughty galleries full of bad paintings and expensive Indian stuff.

We got lost, had to call on the cell phone, but we found him, on a branch of a dusty little calle. A switch stand and an ATSF close-clearance sign in front of the studio told us we were in the right place.

It was hot for Santa Fe, we were sweaty and dusty, but he politely showed us his portfolio. Of course, we had to see it all.

Ted went through his paintings, one by one. They were beautiful, all of them. Among watercolorists, Ted was as good as they come. Most painters do landscapes or people. Ted did those, but above all



**steve haynes**

• along the sappa

else, Ted Rose painted skies. He could talk about a sky for minutes on end, then flip to the next one.

Ted put the things he loved in his paintings: trains, jazz musicians, classic cars from the 1950s, railroaders, lonely vistas and skies. Lots of skies.

Ted had the car salesman’s knack for knowing when to leave the couple alone to make the decision. He knew better than to press the sale, and as a salesman, I got a kick out of watching his technique. He was good.

He offered us water and went to the house for a few minutes. I looked around the studio: a few awards, a few of his paintings, a photo of a younger Polly Rose on the front platform of a switch engine.

We had four or five paintings we liked, mostly Santa Fe Railway scenes, but we kept coming back to one. There was something familiar about the elevator with the lone boxcar out front, the main line stretching off to the east, a bright but troubled sky overhead.

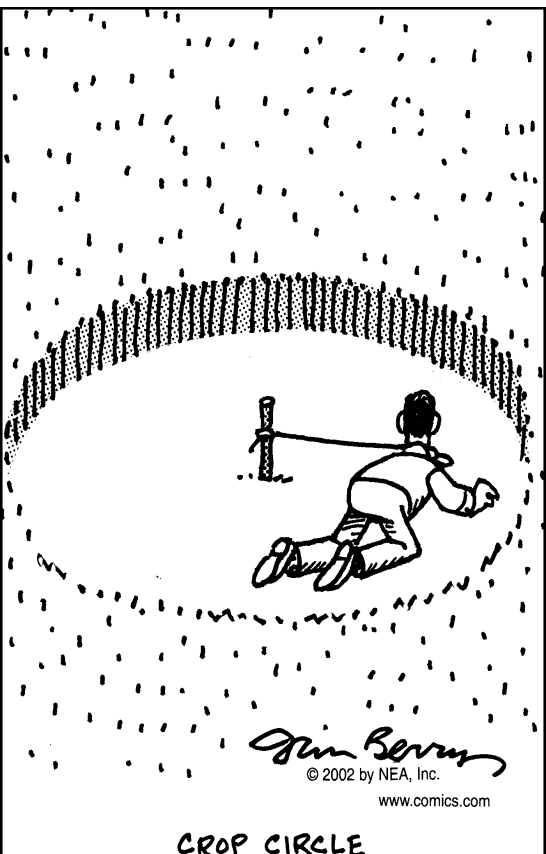
Jennings.

Lettered on the high concrete head house of the elevator, as it been for decades. Jennings, the Czech town and would-be rail center at the south end of our county, barely 20 miles from home.

We’d come 500 miles to find a painting of something in our back yard, and we had to have it. It turned out to be one of the few left that he’d chosen for his book. There was a painting of a Union Pacific train that Cynthia liked, a long passenger train behind a steam engine under a big Wyoming sky. It turned up on a postcard last year.



## berry’s world



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