

from our viewpoint...

Day to remember all who have died

Cemeteries around the country look their best on Memorial Day as families decorate the graves of loved ones and organizations such as the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion place flags to remember those who have served in the armed forces.

The Goodland cemetery was well decorated on Monday, and more than 200 people attended the annual Memorial Day service.

The sky was gray and the winds brought a chill to the air, but the crowd was twice what it was last year when the sky was sunny and warmer.

One major difference was that last year, the list of names was short, with just six veterans from Goodland who had died, but this year's list was nearly three times as long with 17 names of those who had died in the past year.

American Legion volunteers placed more than 700 flags on graves in the Goodland cemetery to honor those who have served the country through the generations.

The Rev. Chet Ross, a retired Air Force chaplain, in his speech, said Memorial Day was a good time to remember all those who have served and are serving around the world.

He said we need to remember those who are serving in Iraq and Afghanistan and other places around the globe.

Ross said it was a good day to remember not only those who served in the armed forces, but the many people who helped support the troops in their daily lives.

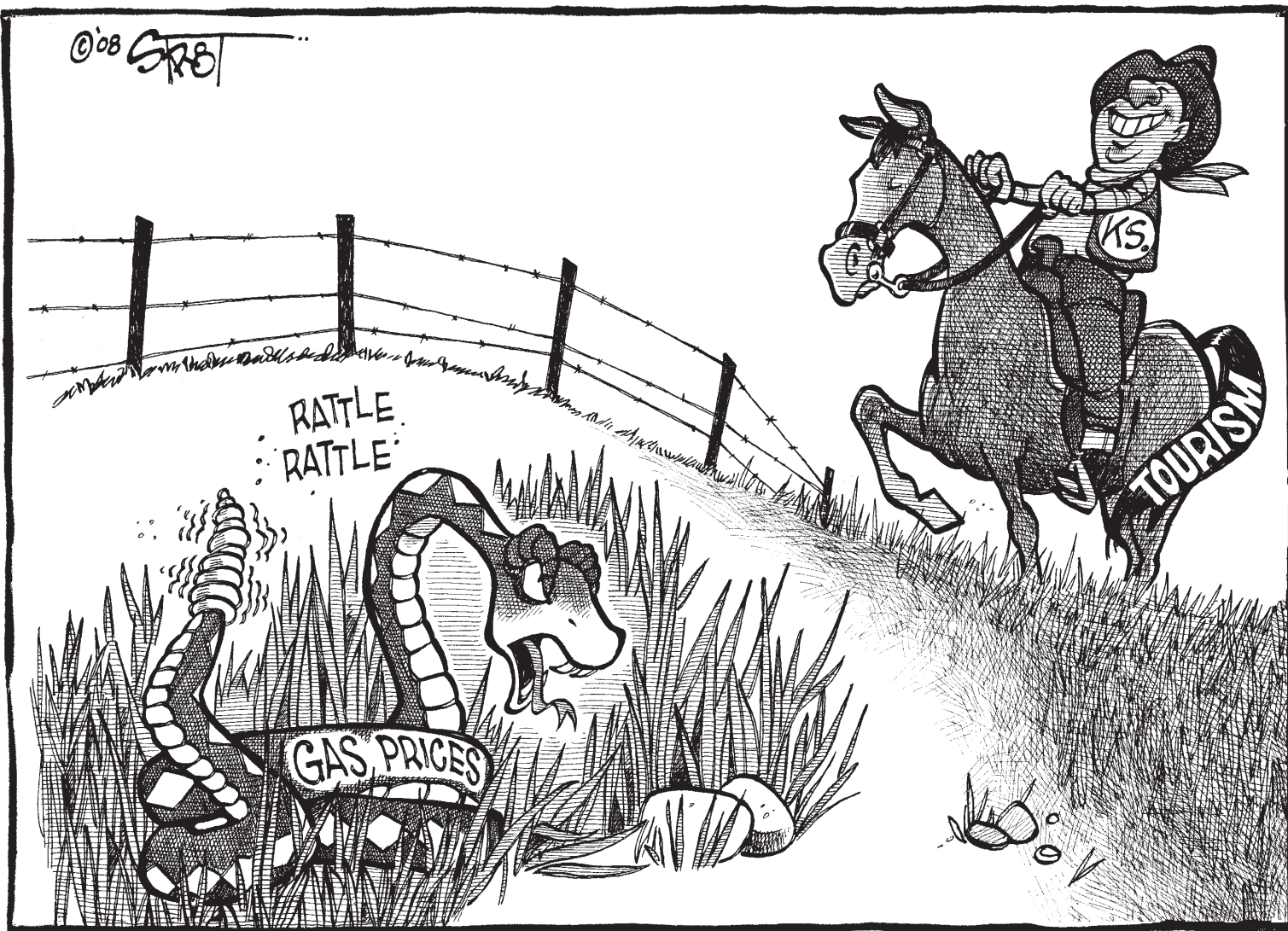
The cemetery was not the only place flying the red, white and blue, as many homes had flags out to show their patriotism. Many of the homes were flying new flags from the Goodland Kiwanis Club's flag project. Others had put out flags from the Elks Lodge had distributed over the past few years.

The Kiwanis project urges people to fly the flag on Memorial Day, Flag Day, July 4, Labor Day and Veterans Day. The club puts a flag holder in a person's front yard. Club members will place the flag on these days and collect them for safe keeping until the next time. Monday, the club put out 87 flags, and the group plans to expand the program to as many homes as possible. Anyone interested can contact a Kiwanis member, Steve Sitton or Police Chief Ray Smee.

The one area this program does not cover so far is the business district on Main Ave., where many merchants still fly the flag every day of the week. However, on the holidays most businesses are closed so there are no flags flying.

Monday truly was a great day to remember departed friends, family and all those who have and are serving in the armed forces.

— Tom Betz



Speaking of alligators and jingle bells

This is a story of alligators and jingle bells. As anyone who reads my column knows, I like animals, especially creepy crawlies.

Since I've been visiting areas in the south that are known to have alligators, I've been on the lookout for them.

In Louisiana a few weeks ago, I went on a short swamp walk and saw a lot of great things — turtles, which tried to mug us; owls; ducks; and snakes. The only alligators, however, were in a glass tank in the nature center and they were only about a foot long. Still a foot-long alligator is better than none.

So two weeks ago while we were visiting our girls and their husbands in Augusta, Ga., when eldest daughter said she wanted to visit a swamp/park, I was more than ready to go.

The Phinizy Swamp lies between Augusta and its airport. The area has always been a swamp but the city has added to it with tertiary settling ponds for its sewage lagoons. By the time the waste water gets to that area it's pretty clean and the wetlands help get out the last of the stuff you don't want in the river.

We hoped to see some wildlife and get a good walk in at the same time.

What we got was a little more than we bargained for.

We ambled over bridges built over the water and admired the view from lookout areas. We



cynthia haynes

• open season

watched herons and butterflies float over the water and bugs skim along the surface. There were wildflowers, cattails and exotic trees to admire.

Then we got on a dirt road, which wound around a sand-pit size pond, we were stopped by a man in a jeep, who told us to watch out for the alligator.

Sure enough right ahead of us in the middle of the pond was a huge gator. We couldn't see all of him — just those cold beady eyes and sections of scaly back. We all walked closer and when eldest daughter and I stopped, Steve kept going.

We yelled at him saying he couldn't pet the gator.

As the reptile moved farther away, we edged as far as we could to the side of the road and past him. He turned slowly in the water and followed our every move.

Steve says I wanted to see an alligator and then freaked out. I say that just because I paid for his insurance, I don't want to have to use

it. Still, I felt my trip to the swamps was complete. I've seen a real life, in the wild monster alligator!

Back in Augusta youngest daughter has a new puppy, a miniature schnauzer named Zoey, which she is teaching to go out by ringing a small bell by the back door. The potty training is going well except that she gave a treat each time the dog rang the bell to train it. By the time we left the schnauzer was ringing the bell every five minutes. I'm not sure who was being trained here.

Oldest daughter, who has two dogs — a lab mix called Bushy and a rottweiler/elephant mix called Khan, said she tried the bell method on Khan, who weighs in at 115 pounds.

She put up a string of jingle bells on a leather strap, she said. Unfortunately, Khan ate the device — bells, strap and all.

At this point in the story, youngest daughter looked aghast.

"I found a jingle bell in your yard last week," she wailed. "It was all rusted and gross so I threw it away. Oh cr**."

"Yep," her sister replied with a smile. She knew that the dog had barfed the bells all over the kitchen floor about five minutes after consuming them. But, she didn't tell her sister that.

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nwkansans.com

N.T. Betz, Director of Internet Services

(ntbetz@nwkansans.com)

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

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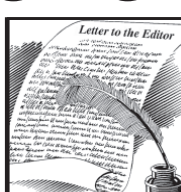
Carpet bagging in Sherman County?

To the Editor:

It has come to my attention that an unpleasant reminder of post-Civil War Reconstruction may be making an appearance in Sherman County: Carpet bagging!

This fall, we will be electing a district judge for northwest Kansas. Candidates for the position must live in Sherman County.

Three people have declared for the Republican nomination to be voted on in the primary election in August. Of the three, Scott Showalter is a lifelong Sherman County resident. The other two, Andrea Wyrick and Kevin Berens, have recently acquired property but have never



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lived here.

Do either of them plan to live in Sherman County if they aren't elected, or is this a ploy akin to carpet bagging in the Old South?

Carpet-baggers were politicians who squatted where they thought they could be elected, but move on if the lost. Is this the kind of can-

didate we want to elect?

Let's vote for the candidate who has lived here for years and will live here for many more. Elect Scott Showalter as district judge.

Marilyn Weigand

Goodland

Editor's note: County officials tell us Kansas law requires the person holding this seat in the 15th Judicial District to live in Sherman County. The other district judge in this district, Glenn Schiffner, lives in Colby, in Thomas County. Berens registered to vote in Sherman County in early May said Deputy Election Clerk Mary Ann Snethen.

Me ID. You ID. We ID.

All I want to know is... the hell is the big deal?

Settle down. People, you're going to pop an embolism the size of a balloon poodle tail. I'm talking about the reaction to the 6 to 3 vote by the Supreme Court upholding an Indiana law that requires a person to show a photo ID in order to vote. And some folks are simply foaming with apoplexy. By the sound of their little fists pounding on various semi-solid surfaces, you'd a-thunk they had just discovered that rhythmic clapping doesn't really bring faeries back to life. So you got to show a government issued ID? So what?

You're voting. It's a privilege. Earn it. You have to prove you're registered in the district in which you are voting, don't you?

I understand this means I'm throwing in with Clarence Thomas and Antonin Scalia, signaling some sort of serious rift in the space-time continuum, but at least I have the solace of knowing that Justice Stevens is snuggling up with us in the ugly tent. He said: "for most voters, the inconvenience of gathering the required documents and posing for a photograph surely does not qualify as a substantial burden."

Obviously Justice Stevens doesn't drive a lot these days, or he'd realize any time spent at the Bureau of Motor Vehicles is cruel and unusual. Maybe he's saying the old and the poor have time to wait in line for an ID. At 88, he should know.

For crum's sake. You need a photo ID to



will durst

• raging moderate

cash a check. To buy beer. To rent a porn video. To board an airplane. To enter big downtown Federal buildings. To be perfectly honest, I wouldn't be surprised to find out you need to show an ID to get into the very buildings that issue the IDs. Which, admittedly, is a tricky bit.

I'll be honest here: I hate having to show my ID. And what I hate even more is the general attitude of the people requesting to see it. Usually it's in a tone of aggressive entitlement like a distracted trust-fund baby asking for the keys to her BMW with eyes down and palm up. But you know what? I do it. Why? Because I'm a brain-dead, arms-outstretched, drooling, zombie tool of the right wing? No, because

I want to cash a check to buy some beer or board an airplane with a carry-on full of porn, that's why.

What I most especially hate is when they take my license out of my hand and put it down for later consultation. Hey! Hey! Mr. or Mrs. clerk-type person, here's the deal. You want to see my ID? OK. Here's my ID. Look at it. You don't need to hold it or caress it or put it down on a napkin in the greasy spot where hunks of your Cinnabon with extra frosting still lurk.

Not to mention, GERMS, BUDDY. And let's level the playing field here. If I show you mine, I want to see yours. How am I supposed to know you're who you say you are? This should be mandatory at banks. "Yeah, sure, no problem, I'll deposit my money with your lovely establishment, as soon as you show me two forms of ID and tell me your mother's maiden name."

Will Durst is a political comedian who has performed around the world. He is a familiar pundit on television and radio. E-mail Will at durst@caglecartoons.com.

where to write

U.S. Rep. Jerry Moran, 2202 Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515. (202) 225-2715; Fax (202) 225-5124 web address — www.jerrymoran.house.gov

State Rep. Jim Morrison, State Capitol Building Rm. 242W, Topeka, KS 66612.

(785) 296-7676; e-mail address — jmorriso@ink.org

State Sen. Ralph Ostmeyer, State Capitol Building, Rm. 128-S, 300 SW 10th, Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785)-296-7399; e-mail address — ostmeyer@senate.state.ks.us