

from other pens...

Palin will become household name

It's not a household name. Well, it wasn't until last Friday. But it is now. Palin, as in Sarah Palin. Before Sen. John McCain named her his vice presidential pick, few people had ever heard of her, unless, of course, they were residents of Alaska, where she is in her second year as governor.

Her selection caught everybody by surprise. Reports indicate a stormy session was held by McCain's closest advisers over his insistence to name Sen. Joe Lieberman as his running mate. Lieberman is a Democrat-turned-Independent. Those same reports said it was nothing short of a knockdown, drag out and McCain was told such a selection would find a massive exit of delegates from the convention.

McCain, in a effort to display unity at the convention, backed down and surprisingly named Gov. Sarah Palin as his running mate. More head scratching among party leaders.

We aren't being critical of the senator's pick. He has to do what he thinks is in the best interests of his candidacy. Mrs. Palin just might be what the party needs to bring things to life. She's a fireball, tells it like she thinks it is and brings youth to the ticket.

If the reports were correct, McCain wasn't waiting for Sen. Barack Obama to reveal his sidekick's name. In other words it wasn't McCain's plan to pick a woman in the first place to rein in the disgruntled backers of Sen. Hillary Clinton. He was set on Lieberman, but the arm twisters won out. Although Gov. Palin didn't seem to have frontrunner status, she jumped over the likes of Gov. Tim Pawlenty of Minnesota, former Gov. Mitt Romney, former Gov. Tim Ridge and former Gov. Mike Huckabee. One of those was the likely pick. So everyone — but McCain — thought.

McCain's selection of Palin further underscores his maverick role.

Polls will soon foretell the mood of the voters as it relates to a McCain-Palin ticket.

But one thing is for sure: the remainder of this presidential campaign has now taken on an entirely new focus and brings with it a heightened interest.

— Tom Dreiling, *The Norton Telegraph*

where to write

U.S. Sen. Pat Roberts, 109 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington D.C. 20510. (202) 224-4774; web address — roberts.senate.gov

U.S. Sen. Sam Brownback, 303 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington D.C. 20510. (202) 224-6521; web e-mail address — brownback.senate.gov/CMEmail.me

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 — jmorrison@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

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

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e-mail: star-news@nwkansas.com

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nwkansas.com

N.T. Betz, Director of Internet Services
(ntbetz@nwkansas.com)

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

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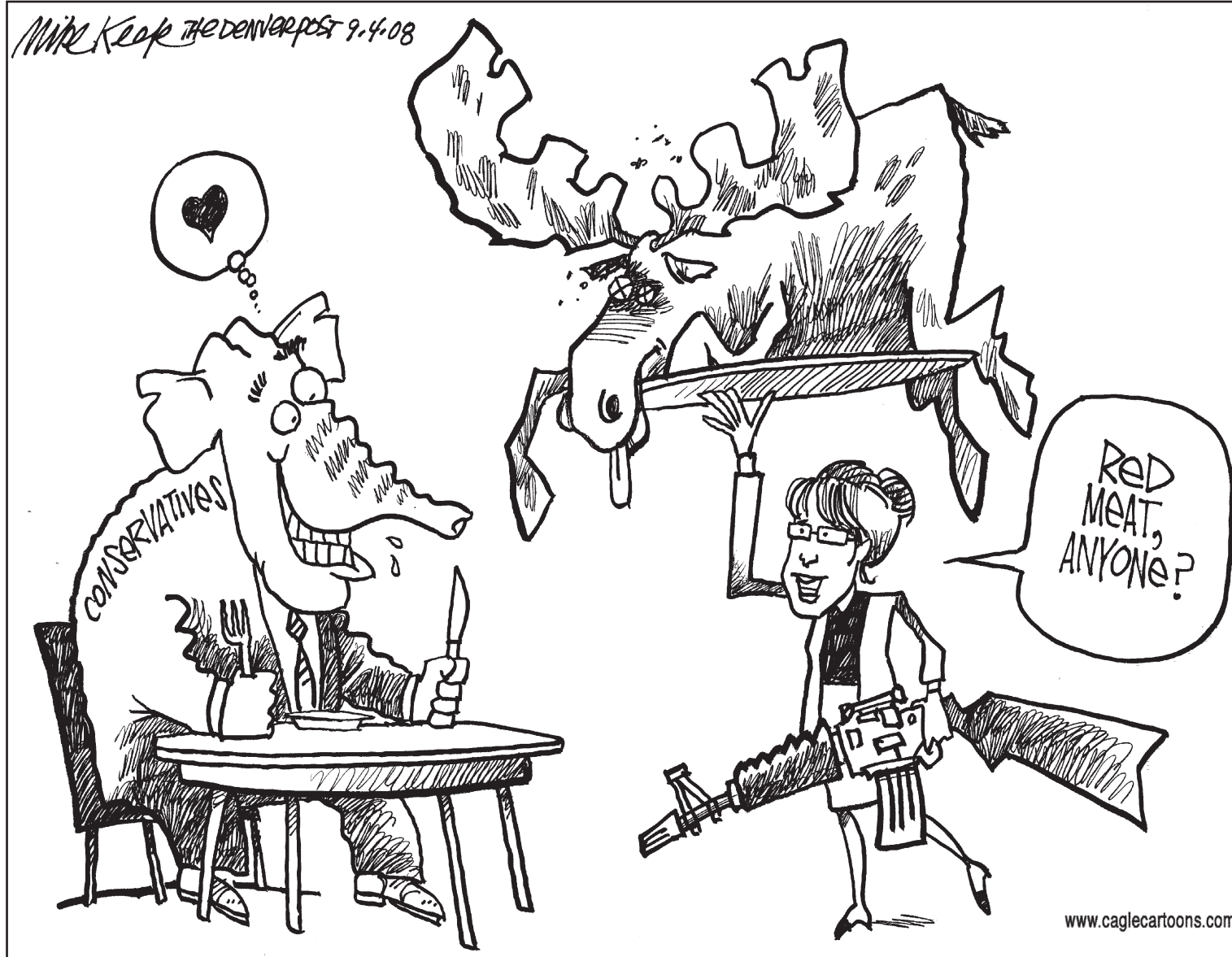
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Berry picking



steve haynes

• along the sappa

Few delicacies bring greater bliss than wild berries, but few things are harder to find, more difficult to gather — or smaller.

Years of breeding have made the domestic strawberry a huge, luscious lump of tasty flesh, an inch or more across.

To find a wild strawberry, you nearly need a magnifying glass. If you happen to stumble across a field of them on the right day, you might fill a cup. Maybe. But you'd have to spend hours on your knees, sorting through the leaves they hide under.

The reward is great when you find some, but gathering enough to do anything with is more than difficult. The berries, an eighth to a quarter inch across, are seldom plentiful.

I don't recommend anyone plan on making wild strawberry preserves, let's put it that way. Life is too short.

Wild raspberries can be the same. They're small, too, usually less than half the size of a backyard raspberry. They can have a more intense flavor, and they grow on bushes (called canes, technically) that sprout up into the air.

Both are usually found along alpine streams, by mountain trails, in meadows and on rocky slopes far way. The distance makes them doubly rare and infinitely more desirable.

Then there are gooseberries, again half the size of the domestic produce, but dark and

intense when ripe. These are protected by the same sharp barbs that any self-respecting gooseberry bush bristles with.

Remember also that the competition for these goodies is, along with wandering tourists and the old lady down the street, bears. Big as they are, bears are omnivores that spend much of their time digging for grubs and gobbling berries.

Then there is my dog, Annie, who has developed a taste for raspberries, stripping them right off the canes with her tongue. You'd think the stickers would hurt, but it doesn't seem to faze her.

Dry years such as the mountains have seen recently produce small, tough, not-so-tasty berries. But in much of Colorado, this has been a wet year. And while we were on vacation last week, between bouts of work and fishing, we met friends from Oberlin and went berry picking.

The strawberries were mostly gone. Gooseberries were few and hard to find. Chokecherries, well, some people make jelly with them,

but frankly, small and sour and nasty as they are, I say leave them for the bears.

I don't know what prompted Cynthia to bring containers, but she did. Usually, we just eat a few berries and go on. But the raspberries in one canyon were so ripe and luscious and juicy, we just started picking.

They grow right along the road, and even the depredations of jam-makers from town could not thin this source much. We picked for more than an hour, returning home with nearly two quarts of tiny, delicious berries.

We ate berries, we put them over ice cream, we put them on cereal and poured cream on them. We sugared them, we ate them raw, we had them with milk. We got rid of a quart that way, and sent our guest off with more.

The next day, we picked another quart for a friend to make a pie with. Annie and I ate our fill as well.

And still the berries are growing, tempting us, tempting the bears. Other canyons had only a normal crop, so who knows what happened in this patch. Likely, there'll never be another berry year like this again, not in our lifetimes.

But for one glorious week, we were in the berries, fingers stained red, bellies satiated, tongues tantalized. It was bliss, I tell you. Berry bliss.

Time to say good-bye

To the Editor:

So now good-bye time has come.

As I write this note, I am trying to interpret and understand all the emotions I am going through. The first and foremost of my feelings is sadness. I am sad that I ever made the mistake that inspired such anger. I am sad I am unable to fulfill my obligations to you for the remainder of my appointment to First United Methodist Church of Goodland. I am sad that people with questions or disagreements about my ministry in Goodland would not come to me to discuss those issues. I am sad things said about me were so exaggerated it affected my family and caused some friends to question my actions.

Secondly, I feel bruised and broken. It never occurred to me that rumor and gossip would be treated so seriously or that it would be



from our readers

• to the editor

believed without question. I was never asked by a "source" about the validity of the gossip being spread, never. My Spirit survives only through the faith I have in God and the belief that this circumstance will in some way be used to further the kingdom of God.

Lastly, I am scared. I really do not know what the future holds for me. I don't know if I will ever have the opportunity to preach in a United Methodist church again. In this detractors have been successful. But I pray that each of those faithful will remain strong in the body

of Christ at our church. That you will rebuke evil and you will no longer allow the power of gossip its strength. Challenge rumor as to its source, invalidate gossip for what it is, treat each other with respect and bring your conflict to each other, rather than playing this unholy rumor game.

Love one another; that has been the core of my message during the time that I have been here and I believe it is the cornerstone of Christian living. Find charity in your heart and practice it as often as you can. Let the legacy of my short time here not be the conflict but rather the community that we have created to glorify God. Remember always my love for you and thank you for everything you have done for my family and me.

Kasey Crosby
Goodland

