

from our viewpoint...

Perception sales tax fairest way to pay

Americans seem to think that a sales tax is the fairest way to pay for many projects, such as the road and streets being proposed by the city and county commissions.

The sales tax is considered fair because everyone pays their share, including people who may be passing through or shopping from out of town.

The one-cent sales tax being proposed to repair streets and roads would cost the average Sherman County family \$441 per year for about 10 years. By that time, bonds sold to finance the road work should be paid off.

An increase in sales tax revenue could reduce the time it would take to pay off the bonds. Both commissions have said the tax would sunset or disappear then.

It will be some time before the sales tax issue is brought to citizens for a vote, and there will be more public meetings to give people a chance to ask questions about the plan.

Rebuilding the main roads that cross Sherman County and the main access to the city is a worthy project. It is good to see the city and county commissioners working together on the plan.

An important questions asked at the recent public forum was whether any of the sales tax money could be used for other projects. Both commissions said all the money from the sales tax would be pledged to paying off the bonds, and none could be taken out for any other project.

The big option facing the commissioners is how to raise the one cent. Rep. Jim Morrison of Colby, the area’s man in the House, told commissioners they would be wise to keep the decision out of the hands of the Legislature.

Sherman County cannot raise its sales tax levy under state law without special permission from the Legislature and then a vote by the county citizens.

The city has authority to go to the people for a one-cent sales tax without the need of passing a bill in Topeka. Morrison said he would carry a bill through the legislative process next year, but suggested it would be better if the city and county could find another way.

At the public forum, several people said they did not want the city to give up the ability to raise the sales tax, which it might need for other projects.

Water and sewer were two main projects mentioned, but these are rate-paying funds, and issuing bonds and raising the rates to pay off the bonds could handle any needs, such as a new sewer plant. The city does have the property tax should an emergency arise.

Keeping the decision in the hands of the citizens of Goodland and Sherman County seems to be the best option, one that could get the program moving more quickly than having to wait for the Legislature next year.

People at the public forum seemed to be in favor of the road repair project. There will be more meetings, and everyone should take an opportunity to learn more about the plans, which will make a great improvement for the whole county. — *Tom Betz*

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Driving wheelchair leaves bumps, bruises

Driving a wheelchair isn’t as easy as it looks.

Mom’s in a nursing home in Concordia and gets bored with the same walls, same people and same food day after day, week after week.

So we try to spring her as often as possible for short shopping trips and a chance to eat out.

My sister, who is a registered nurse and lives in Concordia, does this about every week. She’s the good daughter who visits her mother almost every day and takes care of paying the bills and buying clothes and all the miscellaneous stuff.

She’s got these short trips down pat. I, on the other hand, am dangerous.

I’m the other daughter. I get to Concordia, a three-hour drive, when I can, and Steve comes along about half the time, when he can.

Friday was one of those days. Steve and I arrived at the home to find Mom on the lookout for us. She knew we were coming to take her to supper.

Mother fell a little over a year ago and broke her hip. That injury, plus a small stroke, has made it difficult for her to walk, so she uses a walker or a wheelchair most of the time.

The wheelchair can be folded and put in the



**cynthia
haynes**

• open season

trunk of a car if you shove hard enough. This is what I do when I go to visit on my own.

This time, however, Steve just tossed the wheelchair in the back of his Explorer after Mom was safely in the front seat. I was the one in the back who was worried that a sudden stop would send the chair to sit on me.

We arrived at our favorite Mexican restaurant without mishap and Mom transferred back to her chair.

The door to the restaurant was a problem. The screen opened out and the door in. I tried to hold the screen and door open at the same time while Steve backed Mom in. I let go of the screen too soon and it banged Mom in the shin, her chair caught on the pneumatic door holder and tore it

Cat survives being pinned in garage door

The first thing I heard was Cynthia yelling. “Stephen,” she yelled.

She always calls me Stephen, even when she’s excited.

“What’s going on out there? Is it a cat fight?” We had arrived home from vacation just before midnight on a Sunday.

She had to get up early to work in Norton; I had to go in late to get things ready for the day in Oberlin.

We’d unloaded the car and tossed the dirty clothes from a week’s vacation in the South down the chute. After checking the car, I’d come in, pushed the remote to close the big door and closed the kitchen door.

That’s when all heck broke loose.

I couldn’t hear much, but Cynthia, who was upstairs with a bedroom window open, could hear plenty.

I went outside to see what was up. It was noisy, all right, and it was a cat. But not the sound of a cat fight, or a cat in love.

This was a cat in trouble, rapid fire, staccato meows:

MeowMeowMeowMeowMEOW!

Molly, the big, bossy cat, was in the driveway, staring up at the garage door.

A stranger, a yellow-and-white cat Cynthia has thought might be the focus of the noise, was in the alley, also looking up.

My gaze followed theirs, and there, hanging from the top of the garage door and very much pinned against the frame, was Miss April Alice.

MeowMeowMeowMeowMEOW!

She must have had a hold of the top of the door by her front paws. Her back legs were kicking and flailing. Her tail was flying. And she was stuck.

Fortunately, modern garage doors are designed not to pinch or crush stuff. While her lungs were getting a workout, and she was scared stupid, April Alice obviously was in good health.

I rushed in and pushed the button.

The door went up.

I could hear a cat moving around on top of the door.

Cynthia came running out in a bathrobe.

“What happened?” she asked.

I told her the short version as I threw things



**steve
haynes**

• along the sappa

aside so I could lower the attic ladder and get to the shelf over the garage. Not knowing if a trip to the vet’s was next, I sent Cynthia to get dressed.

As I got to the upper deck, a trembling April Alice came out from under the platform and stepped up off the door. I guess she was exploring in there after we unloaded the car. Maybe,



garfield

