

from our viewpoint...

Attack woud limit legal notice access

"I'm from the government, and I'm here to help you." Ever heard that one? Of course you have. We hear it often as elected and appointed officials tell us they have a better idea about how to deliver governmental services to the citizens. You're about to receive a huge dose of this snake oil from some of them about their idea to move public notice from the trusted, independent and printed pages of the state's newspapers to a governmental website controlled by them. They'll boast this new idea will save taxpayers money, that it will make more of what government does accessible to the masses and that it will do a better job of keeping you informed about what your government officials are doing.

Don't believe it for a minute. For one thing, this idea about switching publication to a government-controlled website is not new; it's been around since the advent of the Internet. And the arguments against it are valid today, which indicates why not a single state in the union has seen fit to do it. Why, you might ask, should public notice continue to appear in newspapers? First and foremost because government officials can never be allowed to be in control of their own information. They are not independent and, therefore, they cannot be entrusted with such power.

Newspapers work because they are independently owned and operated, are printed on permanent newsprint that cannot be hacked and manipulated or become temporarily unavailable because of computer problems, power surges or crashed servers. Newspapers are more accessible to the public than the Internet, so those without access to computers or the Internet would be left out of the loop; others simply cannot afford the cost of monthly Internet access, which is available to two out of every three Americans — and the figure is much lower in Kansas. Keeping public notices in newspapers and not placing them on the Internet is important because the Internet is highly unreliable as a stable source of information and government agencies cannot ensure that information located on a server is secure. How do you prove "notice" took place on an Internet site? It's virtually impossible. On the other hand, newspapers serve as a verifiable and authentic record of publication, and publishers provide sworn affidavits and page copies to prove the public notice was printed as submitted.

The taxpayer-funded lobbyists will be busy in Topeka beginning in January. If they can't eliminate them altogether, or move them to a government-controlled website, they'll try to abbreviate the notice in your newspaper to a simple reference to where you can find the entire public notice at some website. They're going to make you work hard to find information or keep tabs on your elected officials rather than printing it in the newspaper where you have become accustomed to seeing it. Simply put, public notices belong in your local newspaper, where everybody can see them. They should never be allowed to be hidden away, among millions upon millions of websites. This is your government. Make sure your legislator knows how you feel about this plan to make it more difficult to keep tabs on what your elected and appointed officials are doing. *Doug Anstaett is executive director of the Kansas Press Association, which has 235 member newspapers across the state, and a former publisher of The Newton Kansan.*

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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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Haynes Publishing Company

'T WAS BRILLIG, AND THE SLITHY TOWES DID GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE WABE; ALL MIM-SY WERE THE BOROGOVES, AND THE MOME RATHS OUTGRABE." BEWARE THE JABBER-WOCK, MY SON! THE JAWS THAT BITE, THE CLAWS THAT CATCH! BEWARE THE JUBJUB BIRD, AND SHUN THE FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH!" HE TOOK HIS VORPAL SWORD IN HAND. LONG THE MANXOME FOE HE SOUGHT-- SO RESTED HE BY THE TUMTUM TREE, AND STOOD AWHILE IN THOUGHT...



I got caught in an airport lockdown

My wife was impatient. She was getting downright antsy. I could see the signs: looking around, toe tapping, quizzical expression. "Where is that man?" she was thinking. I wasn't far, 20 yards or less. I was just down the hall, talking to a guy from Oklahoma. We were frozen. Couldn't move a muscle. Not a game, though. We'd been caught in a lockdown after a security breach at the Charlotte, N.C., airport. I'd wandered off innocently enough. We had a three-hour layover between planes at Charlotte. We were talking about how to kill the time. Cynthia said she wanted to go into a bookstore we came to. She always wants to go into a bookstore. Every bookstore she sees. I wanted to go to the restroom. I said I'd meet her outside. When I came back out, she was still in with the books, so I started looking around for a restaurant guide. We were trying to decide where to eat as we walked around, trying to clock some miles during the layover. As I wandered down the corridor toward the "B" concourse, a woman in a Transportation Security Administration uniform jumped out from the end of the screening area to the right. "Nobody move," she said. "Some guy ran off with his bag. We've declared a breach." I've heard of that. When there's a breach, they have to assume the bag or the person has

steve haynes
 ● along the sappa

introduced bad things into the secured area. They close off the whole concourse until it's searched, the offender found and dragged off to meet the FBI. Other security agents and airport cops started streaming in. The first two cops ran off to help the agent who had chased the offender. Others started forming up the lines. On one side were people trying to get to "B" to catch planes. Cynthia was somewhere behind them. On the other side was a growing multitude of people getting off planes that had arrived at "B," people who needed to catch a plane or a bite to eat or just go home. They were just inches from the exit, and they wanted out. They were unhappy, and growing unhappier by the minute. One airport cop took charge there. "We could be here awhile, folks," he said, "so you might as well relax and sit down and take it easy." Every couple of minutes, someone in a hurry to make a connection would push to the front of the line, only to be told to settle down. The cop was polite, but oh so firm. The guy from Oklahoma and I were caught in the middle, directly off the end of the secu-

rity checkpoint, where we'd been frozen. In the checkpoint, people were frozen at the metal detector, putting on their shoes, waiting on the X-ray machine. Nobody moved. I kept calling Cynthia, but she'd turned her phone off on the last flight. The guy from Oklahoma and I started making book on when she'd notice. You could tell she was getting irritated, but no amount of waving would draw her eye. Finally, after about 25 minutes, my phone rang. "Did you fall in?" she asked. "No," I said. "I'm frozen." "See the mob of people down the hall. It's a lockdown. I'm there." "Well, what were you doing down there?" "Looking for food," I said. "I saw monitors and thought there'd be a restaurant guide." About that time — saved by the bell — some higher up at Transportation Security decided that anyone who wanted out could leave, as long as they weren't carrying the missing yellow-and-black bag. Those who had flights to catch could be rescreened and come back on the concourse. By the time I'd gone down to U.S. Airways and begged another boarding pass and gone back through security, killing three hours was no problem. In fact, after grabbing a bite to eat, we had to run to catch the flight to Kansas City. So, I figured, the government really was looking out for me.

Christmas and time

To the Editor:
 In ancient civilizations, time was measured by different methods. At the birth of Christ, an additional understanding of time entered history. Both the early Greek and Hebrew methods of telling time are influential today. The Greek philosophical view held that time traveled in cycles. Spring followed winter, summer followed spring and so on. The ancients looked for bad or good omens in the night heavens and in the day, the lower skies that would prepare them to meet the future. What happened in the past would repeat in the present and on into the future without end. In Hebrew antiquity, time had two dimensions: Time traveled on a straight line. God began time for the human race. Each minute following each second is a new creation. God sustains his creation by the ongoing creation of time. Time for human history has a beginning an end. God has appointed a time when human history will end. God controls time, which means that the end of the world cannot take place in the process of humans creating a catastrophic event. Time was also told by what happened in it. A reference point for telling time could be the period that the Hebrews sojourned in the wilderness, or crossed the Jordan River. In the Old Testament we read, "At that time..." meaning one must read the larger context to identify the time. We see this way of telling time in the Book of Ecclesiastes which records "... a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted..." The birth of Christ brought a new dynamic to time. It is defined by the Greek word *kairos*, meaning an important event has taken place in time. Christ's birth was God's incarnate moment, when he entered time to become one with humans to make them one with him in a saved relationship. With this added way of measuring time, it becomes obvious that there were many *kairos* moments in ancient times. There have been

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kairos moments in human history, such as the dropping of the atomic bomb to end World War II or the landing on the moon. However, the most profound event was the birth of Christ, dividing history into BC and AD, and God reaching out a hand of compassion and forgiveness to all.

