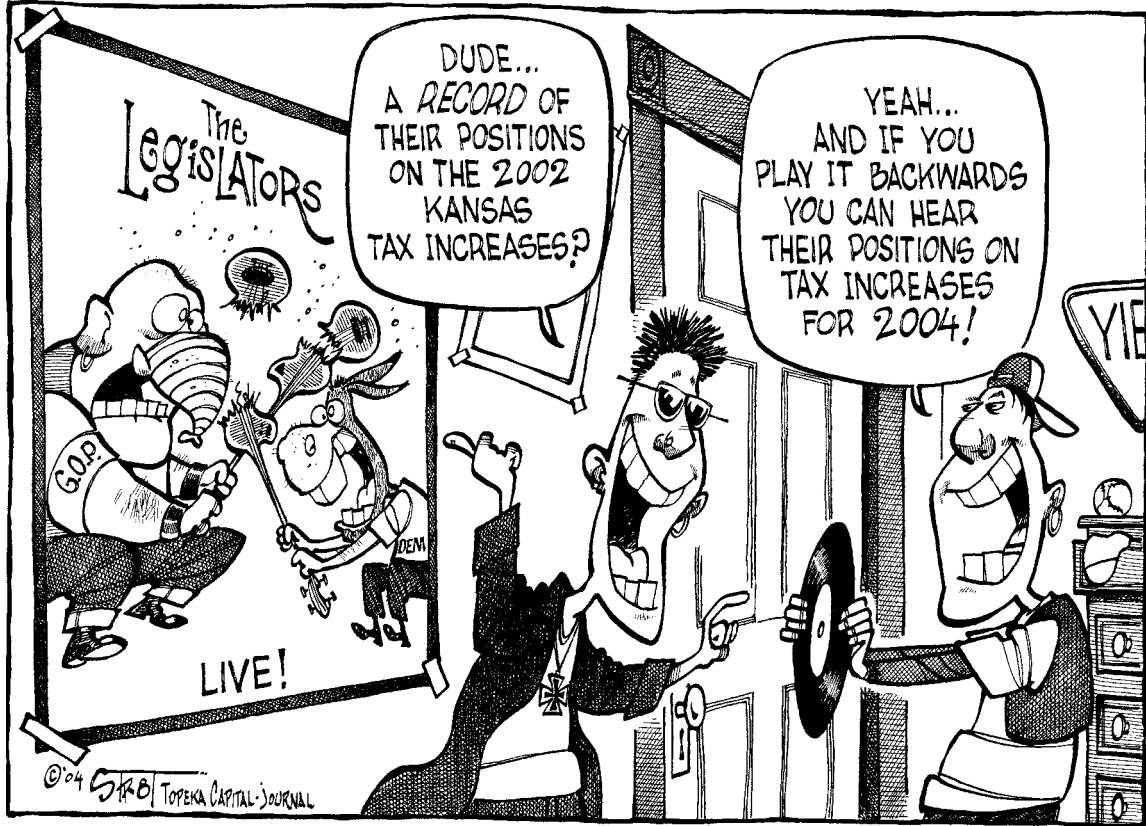


Space exploration is a great knowledge booster

On to Mars!
It's about time.
The exploration of space has moved hardly at all in the three and a half decades since Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon.
Now President Bush says it's time to push forward, to talk about a manned mission to Mars.
Yes, it'll cost billions.
Yes, the budget is already in the red.
And, yes, we've got to go.
Why, some will ask?
As much as anything, to advance the cause of knowledge.
Research to advance the space program brought us calculators and digital devices of all sorts, mini-computers and electronic cameras, all manner of advances which make everyday life so much richer.
These created whole new industries in manufacturing and services which help drive the world economy.
The knowledge necessary to get to the moon brought advances in medicine, engineering, psychology and business. The money may have been spent to boost a few men to that nearby neighbor, but it bought a lot more than a short vacation for a few guys.
Big projects often pay big dividends.
So far, there's no gold or treasure to show from moon exploration, of course. No diamonds, not secret formulas, no oil or energy.
But the benefits of going, the knowledge

obtained along the way, those make the effort worthwhile.
And if man is going to press on into space, it'll have to be the United States that leads the way. We are the only power with the wealth and manpower to mount this effort.
We can, and should, include the rest of the world in our plans. The days of the space race are long gone. There is no one left to compete with.
So why not join hands with our friends, tap the brain power of the world's leading thinkers and mount one human effort for space exploration.
There's no doubt we'll be able to reach Mars, stopping first to build a base on our moon. The goal is attainable, if difficult.
Beyond that?
Who knows? The only thing that's certain is that we'll go.
That's the central truth. Humans are explorers. We always have pushed the envelope of knowledge, sailing off into the uncharted sea, pushing into the interior wilderness, studying the unknown stars.
To stay earthbound would be to deny our heritage.
We can't.
We have to explore.
The effort will be rewarded with knowledge and riches beyond belief.
And now we are taking the next logical step.
On to Mars! — *Steve Haynes*



Thankfully, we have a good horse

When my grandmother was a little girl, she and her sister rode to school on a horse each day. As soon as they arrived, they would let the horse go and it would return home.
A little while before school was out, my great-grandmother would give the horse a thump on the rump and it would head off across the Kansas grassland to pick up the girls at school — sort of a hairy prairie taxi.
Like that horse knew the way to school, Steve's truck is beginning to know the way to Denver. I think a few more trips and, a thump on the bumper, it would head west.
As I write this, the truck is on its third trip to Denver in less than two weeks.
The first was to a meeting of the National Newspaper Association's convention committee. The September convention is to be in Denver, and the committee was inspecting the hotel and looking at places to entertain people from around the country.
We decided on the Museum of Nature and Science, which has a back porch overlooking City Park, with its lake and old-fashioned boat-house, and one of the best views of the Rocky Mountains to be had in the city.



Open Season

By *Cynthia Haynes*
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If the museum doesn't get them, with its rock and mineral displays, IMAX theater and space travel exhibits, the mountains will know them. (Oops, sorry about that.)
After the meeting, I took Steve and our friend Bob Sweeney and put them on a plane for Washington. That was the first leg of their week-long adventure in Tunisia, but I'll let Steve tell that story over the next couple of weeks.
Then I slipped a tape in the player and headed east for a quiet week of just me, the dog and the cats.
Then just a little over a week later, I headed back to Denver to pick the boys up at the airport. It was a little after midnight when I got them at a pickup area for United passengers.
They were beat and so was I. We spent the night at Bob's before heading back to Kansas.
We got home about 4 p.m. Mon-

day and Steve immediately started washing socks and underwear. By 3:30 Tuesday afternoon, he was repacked and we were on our way west again headed for the airport.
I think this is why so many car manufacturers name their vehicles after horses — Pinto, Bronco, Mustang. Giddy-up, truck, we got a plane to catch.
Too bad, I can't just let it drive itself home like my grandmother's horse. That would save a bundle in parking fees.
Of course, we would need Mom at the other end of the line to get it out of the garage and send it west again.
Oh well. I know I'll be happy to see our faithful steed sitting out in the parking lot when we get back from our vacation.
What kind of a horse is an Explorer, anyway?

Sunday naps just get shorter

People are still getting used to my new "do".
A friend from church told me that last Sunday her little girl leaned over and whispered to her, "Who's that lady sitting with Jim?"
She could have said, "That's no lady, that's his wife," but she didn't.
I'm discovering the advantages of really short hair. Keep in mind it is too short to curl so there is absolutely no fuss or muss. It is, literally, wash 'n' wear hair. I can be ready to roll in a matter of minutes.
The down-side is that you can't change it. It is the way it is and that's just the way it is. Long hair did have the advantage of versatility; up, down, barretted, rubber-banded, curled, straight or pony-tailed. Still, after only two weeks since the cut, I can tell it has grown. Soon, I'll have to make the decision whether to keep it this short or let it grow.
—ob—



Out Back

By *Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts*
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A few minutes later—sniff, sniff, sniff—I smelled something burning, yet I didn't have anything cooking on the stove. It was that distinctive electrical smell and the washing machine was making a strange noise. Something was terribly wrong. I shut down the washer and unplugged it, but that still left me with a tub full of wringing wet clothes. There was nothing to do but sort his trousers out, hand wash them and toss them in the dryer.
Sunday started very early with assembling the scalloped potato casserole and getting ready for church. Then it was time to load the car (don't forget the casserole which will have to finish cooking at church).
When I opened the door, I was greeted with a sea of white. It had snowed during the night which meant a slower drive. It's not good for the preacher to be late to church; we barely made it.
Services went off without a hitch, the fellowship dinner was wonderful and then it was time to get to the prison for afternoon chapel services. After Jim preaching three sermons and me listening to three sermons we were exhausted when we got home. We had exactly two and a half hours before we needed to leave the

house for a dinner party in a neighboring town, so we decided to take a quick nap.
Nobody had to tell me twice. I was asleep in an instant. Two and a half hours later we awoke with a start. Oh, no! We still had a salad to toss and clothes to change. Five minutes later we were in the car and on the road again.
It was a lovely dinner party with lively conversation and great food. A great way to end the day. But, somebody stop me if I try to overbook myself like that again.



From the Bible

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy. Ps. 61: 1-3

I'll take first class any old day

Maybe every adventure these days has to begin in the back of the coach cabin of an overcrowded 777.
I can tell you, it's not very romantic.
They have taken all the "leg room" out of coach, and they've started shaving away the lap room. And planes are full of boorish people who think it's still OK to lean back and drop your seat into the next person's lap.
I am writing this with the keyboard resting on my chest so I can see the screen of my computer. The woman ahead of me is reading a trashy novel and probably has no idea the havoc she is causing back here.
I know, there are some who would lose no sleep if I could not write, but where there is a will, there is a way.
The airlines won't let me bring anything sharp on board, and it would be bad form to pour my soda down her back. So I will take my revenge out in print.
She'll never see this column, but if she should, she'd have a hard time proving anything.
In Kansas, truth is an absolute defense for charges of libel or defamation, although I think I am over Virginia right now. I can't see out the window, so I'm not sure.
The woman to my right wears a mask to protect her from germs and spends her time reading New Age religious tracts. One tells about con-



Along the Sappa

By *Steve Haynes*
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verting the Jews of Palestine. She is reading the Bible right now, but she seems pleasant enough. I read the Bible, too, sometimes.
With new security, we are strapped into our seats while we approach Washington. There is so little room in coach that it would be difficult to stage an uprising.
This airline, which shall remain nameless, but whose initials are UAL, has made diminishment of the airline experience an art form.
Time was when flying was an adventure eagerly awaited. Today it is more to be endured.
And United has driven the last nail into the coffin of that great oxymoron, airline food.
Over the years, the airline meal shrank from a lunch on a tray to a sandwich to a snack contained in a tiny box. Still, the snack usually was edible and nourishing, perhaps a small sandwich and some fruit, with a cookie.
Such opulence is a thing of the past. Free snacks consist of tiny pouches of tiny pretzels, or some

such. If you want a box lunch, it's \$10, cash or credit card.
And this may be hard to believe, but the quality is actually worse than the former free snack. My sandwich, supposedly prepared by a national chain restaurant, included stale bread, soggy bacon and tasteless cheese.
It is plastic food at its finest, a triumph of airline ingenuity. Who would have thought they could not only make the food worse, but start charging you for it?
Why am I complaining? I can type by contorting myself, I can throw the stale bread away, I will smile at the cabin attendant when she asks me how my flight was.
To tell her the truth risks an encounter with security.
I will change planes at Dulles, leaving there on Air France. You know how the French feel about their food, their wine and their service.
So I remember once again why I do not like to fly United.

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