

OPINION

Bond's Broadcast

Editorial The real threat of terror

Let's talk about terrorism. Real terror, left indelibly in our own individual hearts, and not choreographed by the media network with a hidden agenda to make us feel like we live in a subject world where they think we are effectively brainwashed by Iraq.

Most of us pray will never be harmed by a member of Al Qaeda, or by any member of any other terrorist organization. We believe that most of our brave and heroic soldiers who are injured in Iraq are harmed by members of radical religious factions who are themselves opposed to the basic beliefs of Al Qaeda.

All of us, however, even our military personnel, especially those exposed to depleted uranium, are threatened by cancer. Cancer is a very real and tangible threat to our lives and every one of us. And the casualty rate is growing.

It is stunning to see so many memorial luminaries at the Relay For Life event Friday evening at the Nicholas County High School.

Nearly the entire circumference of the track was lined with luminaries. Local authorities say that the cancer awareness movement in Nicholas County is higher, per capita, than any other county on earth.

Basically, if you have lived in Nicholas County for any length of time, you have family and friends who have suffered from cancer and may have lost their life from it.

Charles Mattox lost his father to cancer a mere month before 9-11. The Bonhart Gooney families, such have lost members to cancer.

Many of those who have fallen from cancer, do not die a quick or painless death. This is a real threat to our lives.

Be bat aware. About once a summer, which really isn't here yet but soon will be, I have to write about the visit of those nocturnal visitors, the bats.

Memories of the bat incident came pouring back Monday night when I was in the park following this month's Nicholas County School Board meeting.

The first year, 2000, we were in business here with an entire bat family to take up residence in the paper. Since my first encounter with bats in the house in 1988 I have learned a few things.

The largest thing is bats usually don't travel alone. They are often in pairs or small groups. Secondly, they fly almost nowhere.

Some try to tell you that they won't fly if there is a lot of light - well that just isn't true. Light - especially bright light - scares them.

Those little "peaky creatures will swirl and circle, but they don't fly if there is a lot of light - well that just isn't true. Light - especially bright light - scares them.

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Here I was in the main office trying to knock down the bat with a trashcan. I can only imagine what it would have looked like through the window.

The bat was very hard to see against the window because of the glare and the darkness it just blended in. At any rate, using this white trashcan as protection, I scampered (ever see me scamper?) into the back room and paged a mop and some spraying material to knock the bat into the next world.

As I returned, peeking around the door to make certain I could see where the animal was, it came directly at me and with some of my best moves I faked to the left and then went to the right.

I won't tell you I was particularly comfortable when I first discovered the bat, since I was pulled up under my normal tools of protection.

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I went directly toward the door and left off some spray from my container. It didn't help. The bat flew right at me trying to escape the deadly stream.

I then became humanitarian. I decided to let the bat live. I gently took the mop behind the door and the bat into the counter. He landed on a small item I was able to pick up and take to the sidewalk.

He flapped and went toward the street. I was so proud of myself. Alas, this morning when walking outside I better phone reception I glanced down and saw the bat in the parking space. Obviously, I hit him it much harder than I thought.

So here's a warning for the remainder of the bats who read this column with regularity.

I have a broken mop handle and a bottle of spray ready to go. I don't know how to play any so you're likely to die if you invade my space again.

In case you didn't notice, I don't like bats.

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Fourth District Report

Fighting for the Taxpayers. Last week Congress began considering the appropriations legislation that will fund the federal government for fiscal year 2008.

Starting with the Homeland Security Appropriations bill, a controversy swirled around Capitol Hill surrounding Representative David Obey's (D-Will) plans to handle the earmarking process.

Earmarks are funding for projects in their Congressional Districts. These requests, which are funded by federal taxpayer dollars and designated in spending legislation, often fund worthwhile projects that are too costly for localities or States to finance by themselves.

During the consideration of the most recent transportation bill enacted in 2005, I helped secure funds through the earmarking process for projects in their Congressional Districts.

Many were surprised to find out that I had already destroyed his family. As much as I loved my brother, I could not allow my love to put my own family at risk.

A week later, Rob emptied a family liquor cabinet and disappeared. From what I was able to piece together, he spent the next several days living under bridges and overpasses, drinking until he passed out, only to start up again as soon as he regained consciousness.

When he finally ran out of alcohol, his body entered withdrawal. His organs shut down, one after another, and he died in a public park, homeless and alone.

We were left grieving - not only for the loss of my brother - but also because of the pitiful waste of such a bright intellect, such magnificent talent, so much potential, grieving for the pain and suffering that has left its mark on the lives of his wife and four children; and grieving as each of us struggled to understand "survivor's guilt" - wondering if Rob would still be alive if only he had given me one more chance.

In and of itself, there's nothing wrong with alcohol. There's even some recent evidence that suggests a glass of wine every day actually promotes good health.

There are many people out there who drink responsibly and for whom alcohol will never be a problem. But for me - I will never touch the stuff. I have lost too much and have seen too much pain and sorrow. For me, the risks associated with alcohol far outweigh any possible benefits.

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the Brent Spence Bridge replacement project, as well as other critical infrastructure projects in the District. However, Chairman Obey announced that appropriations earmarks would not be included in the House. Instead, he would have a conference with the Senate to discuss the possibility of adding earmarks to the legislation.

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billions of taxpayer dollars would be spent. In fact a newspaper from Obey's own State, the Wisconsin State Journal, said, "Obey is now dogging the reform he helped to generate..." His solution was to wait until the end of the lawmaking process, when earmarks would be submitted in closed-door sessions of both sides of the aisle to the opportunity to challenge the validity of an earmark. Additionally, it would have made Chairman Obey the sole arbiter of the validity of any earmark, with one person determining how

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Veloz Viewpoints

Greetings from Nevada! I hope you are all having a great week. I hope those of you who are fathers out there had a great Father's Day. Happy Father's Day, Daddy!

day. Not a high fever, but enough to cause him to be cranky and uncomfortable. After breakfast we went out and visited with his parents. We all snuck in a nap and then went to his brother's house for dinner. We finally headed home around 7 p.m.

Once we got home, he did much better. I think a large part of the problem was it was hot. We keep our house fairly cool. We keep the thermostat on about 73 degrees most of the time and since it is a new house, it keeps it nice in there.

Sometimes we have to go to the doctor. We had to go to the doctor about 7/6, but as a general rule, we keep it at 72. Ben's parents have what is called a swamp cooler, which you could never have in this climate. It works very well if it is humid outside. It keeps their house cool about 70 degrees or so.

And his brother's house was extremely warm! I think that had their thermostat set to about 76, but you could only imagine how the humidity was feeling. When we got home, they were so tired, as they had been for about 3 days. They don't sleep as well when they are being so hot. They are being so hot when they are being so hot.

Plus, there wasn't a single drop of rain. It was a drought during the day that he wasn't sleeping. The poor little boy is an outstanding University. I don't think we will do anything about it.

I am opposed to zoning and I am almost scared of planning. There would be no farmers or ranchers or average people on any board ever put together in this country. You would not be allowed to put a doublewide system or a mobile home system in Nicholas County. We have people here who hate the people that have less than they do.

Talkin' From The Mountains

Some students seem to think they are entitled to get good grades whether they work for them or not. And if they do poorly in a class, it is never their fault. It's always the fault of the professor.

One parent telephoned our home and berated my wife for 20 minutes. Her son had failed every grading period. I changed his grade to an A immediately. His reason: "I don't make B's. It's unacceptable."

When I told him he made a D on the final, he dismissed that as impossible. "I'd be an even make B's, much less a D on anything," he said. "I returned to give in, and have heard no more. I would be surprised to receive a letter from a lawyer or be contacted before the committee that looks into grades that students consider unfair."

It's a new phenomenon. My wife had not heard from the parent until I called her.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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You would not be allowed to put a doublewide system or a mobile home system in Nicholas County. We have people here who hate the people that have less than they do.

I deeply appreciate the Community Assessment Committee coming to our area. I wish the Industrial Authority the very best in their efforts.

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Steve's Report

The Grim Reaper's students were hoping for a respite from life-altering memories. How much better it is for our youth to learn about the dangers of alcohol through a school-approved role-play program than through real-life trauma.

On May 5, 2004 my parents called to inform me that my brother Robert had been found dead in a public park in Seattle, Washington.

The news knocked the wind out of me like a kick in the stomach. "This can't be," I thought. "There has to be some kind of mistake."

I asked dozens of questions, trying to make sense of it. "How did it happen?" "Did police suspect foul play?" "Who found the body?" "Are they sure it was him?" "Identify the body?" "Maybe there was someone else who had been his waiter?"

But before long, reality began to creep in, covering my eyes in a thick fog of denial. My brother was gone, and finding the answers to all these questions would still not bring him back.

I had always looked up to Robert, who was six years younger than me. He was always the smartest guy around.

Both ate and then crashed! They were so tired, as they had been for about 3 days. They don't sleep as well when they are being so hot. They are being so hot when they are being so hot.

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