

Editorial

The editorial board of The Boyertown Area Times welcomes input from its readers on issues of local interest, but we encourage all letter writers to adhere to certain basic codes of conduct.

Chief among those tenets is the avoidance of personal attacks on non-elected officials. The public decisions of school board members and municipal representatives is open to criticism, but private citizens will not be subjected to personal ridicule.

Attacks on private citizens will be omitted from letters to the editor. In the case of a letter composed solely of attacks, the letter will be resubmitted to the writer for changes.

Send letters to: The Boyertown Area Times, P.O. Box 565, 124 N. Chestnut St., Boyertown PA 19512-2000.

Letters must include the writer's signature, address and telephone number. Unsigned letters will not be published.

Letters to the Editor

In Times Like These

Life is filled with guns and war
An explosion people blown through the floor
People running, bleeding, screaming
What just happened, we must be dreaming
How cruel no remorse for what's done
Wouldn't they care
It could have been their own son?
To hurt people, to cause pain
To take their lives, how mean
Is there more yet to come
That remains to be seen?
Let us not have to live
Our lives in fear
Why people want to kill
Is still not clear
America, our flag of
Red, white, and blue
Oh how we've gained respect for you
Now may God lead
Our President so he
The right thing will do
A man, just a human, a regular guy
What a burden to bare
Yes Mr. President, we the people do care
If only the world would
Seek God's love
Oh how this nation
Needs the Lord above
People may mock God's word
That is true
But in the end will wish
They believed in it too
Some will except it
Others will scorn
But look how he made us
Just how we are all born
Thou shall not kill
He said it once more
And we must go and do this
For we are at War
Life, so precious, yet no sanctity for it
How could this happen, do we choose to ignore it?
Our children have to live in a world full of hate
I guess how we live will determine our fate
Lord be with us through this terrible fright
Protect all our families through each day and night
We all share so greatly in this sorrow and pain
Help us to call upon you without cursing your name
We honor those who are helping yes down on their knee
Lord let there be life under all that debris
And now we know our lives will never be the same
Because into our country those evil people came.

Carla O'Connell
Boyertown

To the Editor,

I have seen our nation take on a new personality because of the recent tragedies. People have become much more caring and friendly. We have stopped viewing each other as total strangers. We now see each other as fellow citizens of our precious U.S.A..

I've seen more acts of giving than ever before. Let me tell you of one act that really touched me.

At Coventry Christian Schools we had a Spirit Day where we asked everyone to wear red, white and blue and bring a dollar to donate to the American Red Cross.

A little kindergartener, Jane Hopkinson-Wood, showed up to class with a big bag of coins.

She said that it was the money that she and her parents were saving for a trip to Disney World. The class spent the whole morning sorting the different coins and stacking them in piles of ten.

The grand total was \$196.36!

Jane is an adopted Asian child who was willing to give up her trip to Disney to help others!

One of the great characteristics of our nation that makes us so unique from others is our generosity. That's an aspect of freedom that Jane has reminded me of.

Bill D. McGee
Pottstown

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From the Other Side

There's a few things you should know about Ric Webb.

I'm sitting here trying to finish a column and I am very, very ill. It's all Ric Webb's fault. In fact there is not too much that happens that is not Ric Webb's fault.

Ric, as you know is the editor of the "News" and a pretty good wordsmith all on his own. He can tell a good story, make you laugh, etc., etc.

But Ric Webb has a dark side - in fact several dark sides. Yeah, I know a three-dimensional person has only a limited number of sides but Ric -- believe me -- has a number of dark sides.

There is an evilness about the man that should come to the attention of the rest of the world.

As I sit here dying from the germs Ric dragged into the office to share with others, I really know he shares only out of some childhood misunderstanding, probably brought on by his older brothers.

Ric likes to share -- diseases that is. He believes that it is his duty to share with his fellow employees.

Don't ask Ric to share food, just don't do it. Don't reach across the table to grab something of Ric's -- Ric does not share food well. He's liable to bite.

The fact that he was, and is, the youngest child, probably has a lot to do with the fact he'll glare at you, and possibly snap, if you get too close to his vanilla pudding cup.

Ric will fight you for a dried up, crusty piece of cake. Likewise, a piece of strawberry shortcake will get anything you

want from the man.

Ric loves it when someone else is buying lunch.

People and organizations trying to get their message across to Ric should remember that Ric really, really, really, likes cookies -- chocolate chip to be exact, and then any other kind of dessert after that.

I've seen him battle fuzzy woodland creatures who just looked like they might be interested in Ric's lunch. It was not a pretty sight.

Ric is eating right now. For a skinny man, he eats all the time. He did NOT ask if anyone else wanted a cookie.

Ric rarely asks if anyone else wants to share. He shares only when forces to, or he thinks he can trade up to a better snack.

He keeps his own cookies hidden in his desk.

His wife is sick, he gave his



Fred Phillips

wife the disease he passed around here.

He claims she gave it to him and turn-around is fair.

What he doesn't tell too many others is that his one major concern is that if his wife is home sick too long, she'll find out where he's hidden his cookie stash in the house.

To get back to the point -- Ric passed the disease on to me.

I know he did it on purpose. You see, when I'm sick I usually give away portions of my lunch.

He saw someone give me a big hunk of pie the other morning and he wanted it. I know he wants it because he keeps walking over to look at it. Even in my fevered, half-dead, coughing, delirium I know Ric wants my snacks.

The man is unstoppable in his quest for more and more snack food.

It's all Ric's fault

I feel like Capt. Queeg in the Caine Mutiny.

Most people see Ric as a bearded, gentle, nice guy who would do anything for anyone -- except share his food.

I know the truth!

I just want Berks County and the rest of the nation to know that whatever strain of disease this is - it's all Ric's fault.

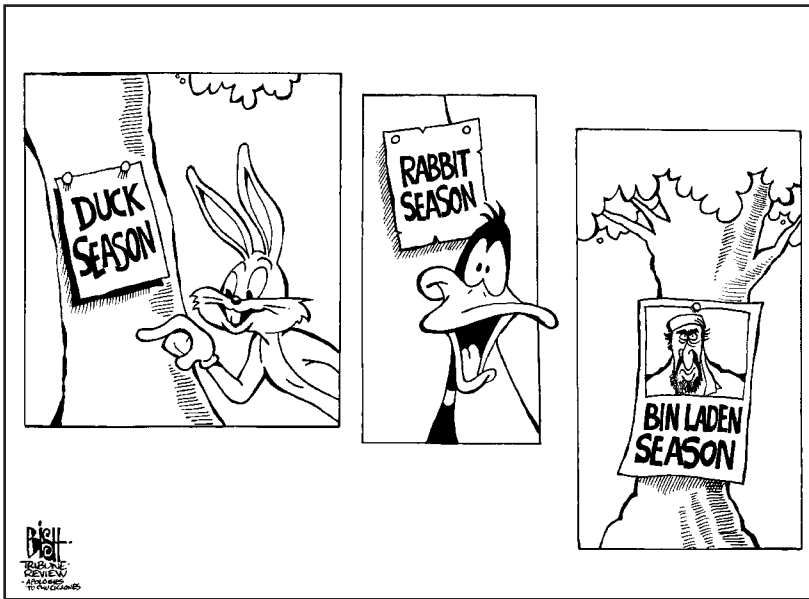
The sun came up -- Ric's fault.

All known diseases -- Ric's fault. The economy falters -- Ric's fault. The sun sets early -- Ric's fault.

Just remember, when anything goes wrong for you or your friends -- tell them to blame it on Ric Webb.

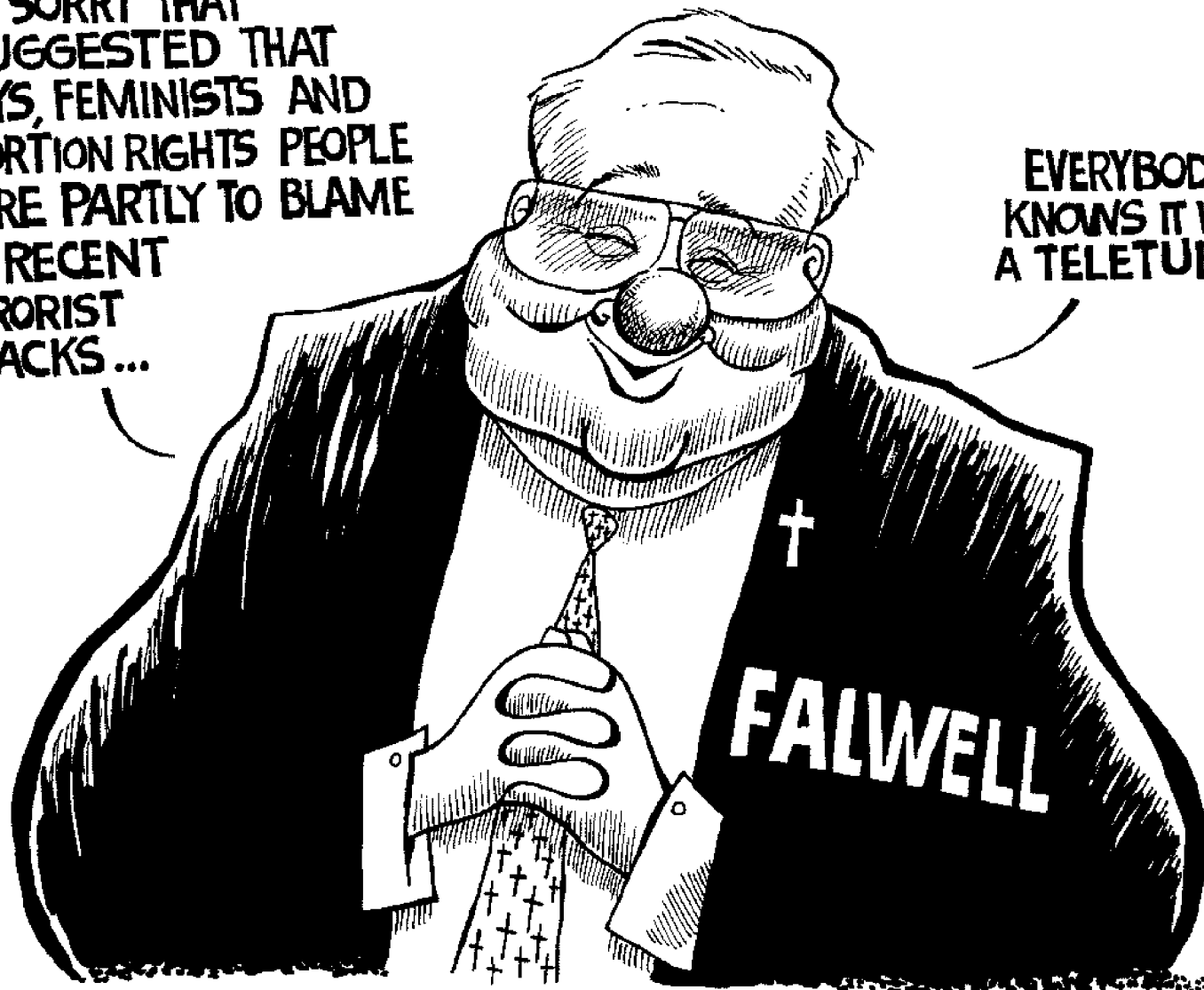
I'm going to go over to his office now and cough and wheeze in his direction.

He deserves these germs back. It's all Ric Webb's fault!



I'M SORRY THAT
I SUGGESTED THAT
GAYS, FEMINISTS AND
ABORTION RIGHTS PEOPLE
WERE PARTLY TO BLAME
FOR RECENT
TERRORIST
ATTACKS ...

EVERYBODY
KNOWS IT WAS
A TELETUBBY



Adams' Apples

Water, water, everywhere. I'm not kidding. Check it out: Water bottle and popcorn in the theater. Water bottle and a cigarette at the race track. Water bottle and a cup of quarters at the casino.

My favorite is the person walking the street with the cell phone in their ear and a bottle of H2O in their mouth.

"That's the way it is Pop, get with it," my son tells me.

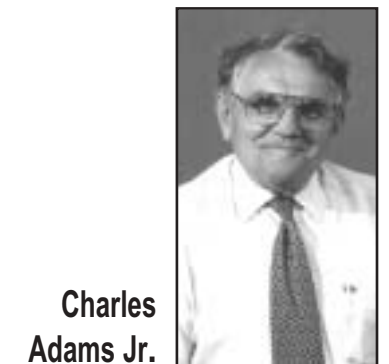
This new trend of toting a bottle of water everywhere you go is interesting. "Drink eight glasses of water everyday." That's the advice of most doctors and nutritionists.

The last time my M.D. told me that I should drink eight glasses a day, I asked him, "Is that all I can have?"

I am a big cold water drinker. One thing I don't need is a bottle of luke warm aqua in my hand as I walk the mall. And, you know what? If you can't phone me at home, don't phone me. I don't have, need, or want a cell phone.

The business of drinking a lot of water is somewhat of a misnomer. I have read that dietitians have known for years that we get a lot of water from our food. Even a slice of white bread yields about 1-3/4 teaspoons of water.

"Drink only when you are thirsty. You will get the rest of your fluid from your food."



Charles Adams Jr.

That's one bit of advice. I suspect that drinking plenty of water is still a good idea to help prevent the risk of many bladder related problems.

Low intake of fluids can bring on urinary tract infections, colon cancer, constipation and possible kidney stones, Kidney stones? As they say, "Tell me about it!"

Many years ago I suffered the most excruciating pain in my life -- kidney stones. Fortunately I passed them after a few hours in St. Joseph Hospital.

So even if you are not a water

drinker, you can retain a lot of water from many different fluids. I drink a lot of soda: 100% water.

What else counts as water?

Fat free milk, fruit juice, herb tea, decaf coffee are all 100% water. Even caffeinated drinks generally contain 50% water.

The suggestion of eight glasses is not a do-or-die goal, rather it is a tool to remind us to drink enough to make up for any short fall from our food.

Not being a doctor, I must recommend that your decision should be made after consulting your physician. He will tell you that straw-colored urine means you are probably getting plenty of fluid.

You will most likely have days when you realize that you haven't had much to drink, or eat, since you got out of bed. On those days I guess you can be a water bottle-baby.

For Heaven's sake not the bottle and cell phone at one and the same time.

Here's a tip for my obese readers: Reaching for calorie-free glasses (or your bottle) of water throughout the day can help you stay filled up enough to pass up the need for snacks. (I'll bet you already knew that.)

Area Code H2O

With that clear, colorless, odorless and tasteless solvent bottle in your hand everywhere you go -- you just might be drinking too much.

Are you peeing too much and enjoying it less? Talking on your cell and getting h...?

An old shipmate of mine never drinks water, he's afraid it will become habit forming. He said that there's a new product out now that is supposed to protect people that drink tap water. It's called H2Ugh.

The chemical formula for water is H2O. Do you think the formula for ice cubes might be H2O squared?

Another shipmate told me how he took his new cell phone into the men's room and dialed the number scribbled on the toilet wall -- it was DIAL-A-PRAYER.

Do they have cell phones in jail? Do they?

Speaking of cells: My brain cells are finally down to a manageable size. It's a 2 cell organism that needs to be watered twice a week.

All the above was water under the bridge (my uppers).

Comments:
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