

OPINION

DAILY JOURNAL

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"The Daily Journal is dedicated to community service, to defense of individual rights and to providing those checks upon government which no constitution can ensure."

SCOTT ALEXANDER
founding editor, 1963

Hearts and Darts

The Daily Journal

EDITOR'S NOTE — *Hearts and Darts* is published as space is available and each Monday in the Daily Journal.

To submit an item, please call Editorial Assistant Kelly Boggs at 736-2712. Items can also be submitted by e-mail to kboggs@thejournalnet.com, by fax to 736-2766, or by mail to *Hearts and Darts*, P.O. Box 699, Franklin, IN 46131.

Items should include the writer's full name, street address and telephone number and the full names of all people mentioned in the item. Readers are asked to name no more than 10 individuals and/or five businesses per item.

Hearts

I would like to send hearts to Katie Curry for her volunteer work on behalf of the city of Franklin. I hope she gets the state grant to buy benches made out of recycled materials for downtown.

Pauline Navarro
Franklin

Hearts and great spicy peppers to the management and staff at Chili's in Franklin for generously opening their hearts and doors (even early) to Needham Elementary School fifth-graders and their families.

An extra serving of appreciation to Todd Haviland, manager at Chili's, who provided the lunches for the students at their recent Presidential Luncheon. Todd, you and your staff served all of us with flair and finesse. You helped make it a special day and a great memory for our children. Thanks for a delicious luncheon and for making each child feel extra special.

Joyce Shook and Jayne Yount,
Needham Elementary fifth-grade teachers;
Delbert Cragen, Needham Elementary principal

A big thanks to the Boy Scouts for helping at our craft bazaar at Indian Creek High School in November. The vendors were all appreciative of the help you gave them. Good job, Scouts.

Preceptor Beta Sigma
Nineveh Chapter

Hearts, hearts and more hearts to the fantastic St. Rose Middle School students. Your essays for our annual Catholic Schools Week essay contest were touching. Big congratulations to first-place winner Paul Haney and runners-up Megan Collier and Jon Armor. Great job.

Also, your annual Punk-N-Rock musical was fantastic. A great time was had by the entire St. Rose School family as we watched you perform. Thanks for being such great kids.

Hearts to the St. Rose "Night in Camelot" Dinner Auction Committee, under the direction of Michelle Baldwin and Stephanie Wheeler. All of you did a fantastic job with this event. Your dedication to St. Rose Church and School continues to impress us all.

St. Rose School Marketing Committee

Hearts to the parents of St. Rose of Lima Catholic School. I wanted to thank you so much for the nice, clean clothes that you have given to me to share with the area nursing homes. Thank you for your generosity.

Arlene Andrews
Franklin

I want to thank all those who showed up for the Chili Fest at American Legion Post 205 in Franklin, especially those who volunteered to help. Hearts to the Post for hosting the event, which raised \$1,000 toward the purchase of a Disabled American Veterans van for our county's veterans.

Also thanks to Steak 'n Shake and local manager Dale Yeager for providing the chili and fixings. The members of the Franklin Veterans of Foreign Wars post also showed their support when their commander came out for some great chili and to drop off a check.

We appreciate Sandy Daniels and Sonya Baker-Hallett from the Johnson County Community Foundation for helping get the Veterans Fund program started and for their support of our veterans.

We also need to say a big thank you to a friend and comrade of the veterans of Johnson County. Gene Robinson held down the office of veterans affairs for 17 years. All need to know that the van project and the new Veterans Fund program would not have started without Gene's leadership and encouragement.

His final day in office was to be March 1. Sadly Gene passed away the evening before. Please keep his family in your prayers. Gene brought honor upon himself through his service to his community, state and nation. Marine green to the very end. From Doc, Semper Fi.

Russell L. Bensheimer,
Director, Johnson County Veterans Affairs

I wanted to send a heart to the friendly employees at Lowe's. I requested 120 paint sticks for a third-grade project at Whiteland Elementary School. They were helpful, and we appreciate their support of the local schools.

Dylan Purlee
Third-grade teacher,
Whiteland Elementary

Thank you to everyone at Johnson Memorial Hospital in Franklin and Cordry-Sweetwater Ambulance Services during my recent seizure. Because of their rapid and professional service, I'm alive today. Thank you again.

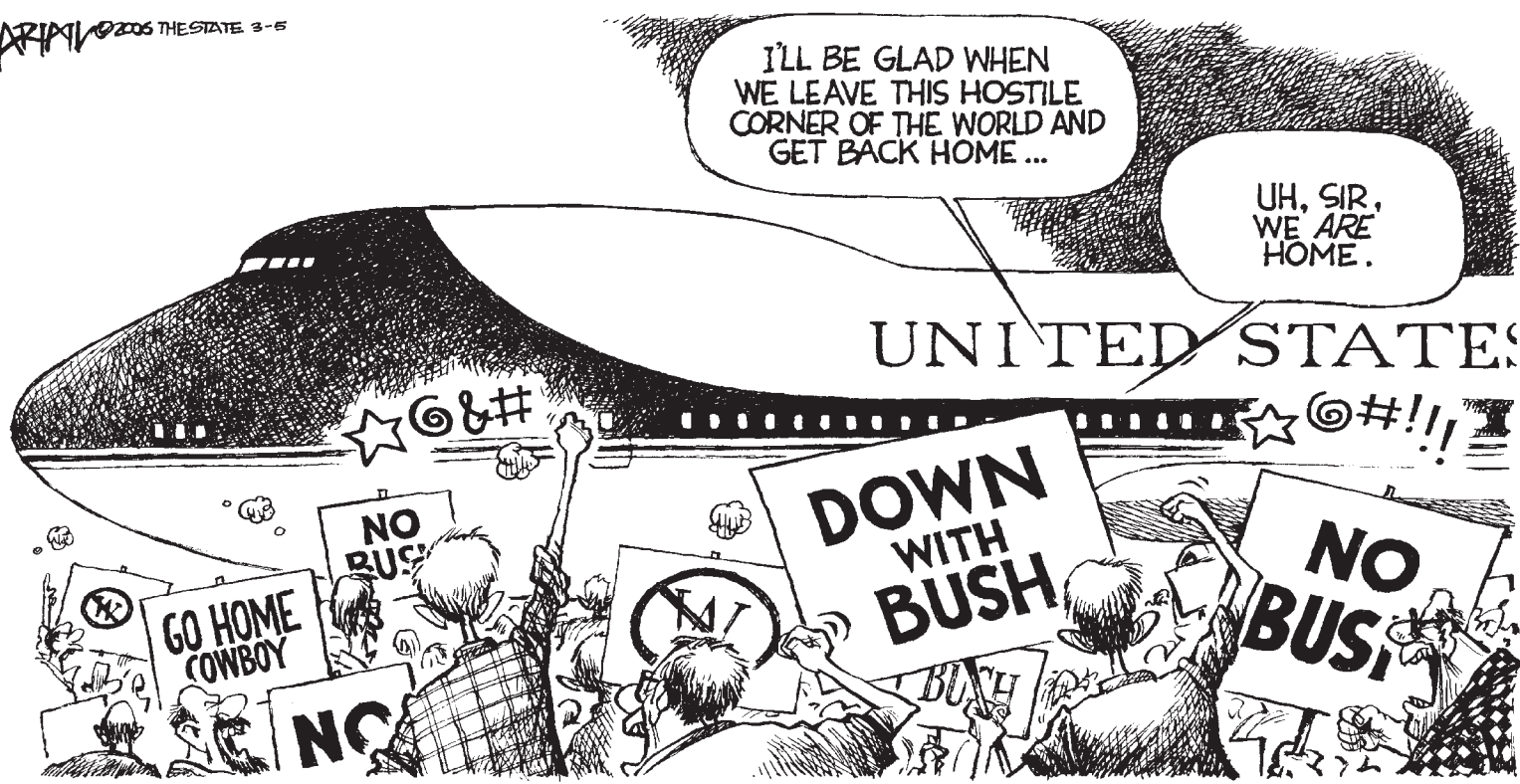
Billy Coapstick
Cordry-Sweetwater

Dart

I would like to send darts to the parks department for shortening the hours of the senior van. I believe it puts a hardship on the seniors of Franklin.

Pauline Navarro
Franklin

APRIL 2006 THE STATE 3-5



YOUR

VIEWES & COMMENTARY

Lawmaker works to shield teens from alcohol access

To the editor:

Woody Burton is not afraid to tackle tough issues.

Johnson County is about quality of life. It is a good place to raise kids and keep them safe. But no idyllic community is immune from the ills of teenage drinking.

Burton has been an advocate for alcohol reform in the Indiana House. He co-authored House Bill 1250 because he wants to take the alcohol out of the aisles in our grocery stores and off the main intersections in our city, where gas stations have become convenience stores and want to sell alcohol.

Alcohol is becoming an accepted way of life to our children. Beer is as convenient as milk and as desirable as cola in our communities. Beer and wine are displayed as desirable items in prominent places in gas stations, grocery stores and pharmacies.

In the same way a young child yearns for the day they have a cola whenever they want it, our teens yearn for the beer as a rite of passage.

Thank you, Woody Burton, for your good job.

Robert F. Baker
Greenwood

Group of attorneys rescued historic home in Franklin

To the editor:

This letter is in response to the dart submitted by Sue Christensen (Daily Journal, Feb. 13).

She may not be aware that six years ago the Sibert House was in a state of such disrepair that many members of the Franklin community suggested it be condemned. There also were discussions that the building be demolished and the lot paved to create additional downtown parking.

It was then that Franklin attorney Brian Newcomb purchased the building and immediately began renovations to make the Sibert House structurally sound.

Now, Mr. Newcomb and his law partners, Jay Hoffman and Jim Admire, are beginning the cosmetic work to restore the interior and exterior of Sara Sibert's home to its original beauty, to the style and grace it deserves. This building is the first of many historical sites one enters downtown.

The temporary black business banner serves to inform their clients about their new location. While their permanent business sign is being developed in cooperation with members of the historical society, I applaud this firm for its work and the values

WRITE A LETTER

The Daily Journal invites readers to submit letters, opinion columns and e-mail comments for the opinion page.

SEND IT

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Letters to the editor
The Daily Journal
P.O. Box 699
Franklin, IN 46131

E-mail

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Drop-off

2575 N. Morton St. (U.S. 31), Franklin

the partners uphold.

Our community and many youth are positively affected by the contributions of this firm.

More than 175 youth walk through the doors of the Boys and Girls Club of Franklin every day after school. More than 500 participate in our sports programs. These youth have access to the club's amenities and services.

Thanks to our staff, volunteers and donors, including businesses such as Hoffman, Admire and Newcomb, we provide physical, educational and character-building programs in a safe and positive place for the youth in our community, programs that will enhance their lives and shape their futures.

Thank you, Hoffman, Admire and Newcomb, for restoring the Sibert House, but even more for your support in restoring the futures of our youth.

Chris Johnston

Executive director
Boys and Girls Club of Franklin

Planned Parenthood no friend of women

To the editor:

I would like to respond to the letter from Liz Carroll from Planned Parenthood of Indiana (Daily Journal, Feb. 18).

First of all, calling Planned Parenthood a women's health agency is ludicrous. Any organization that consistently distributes false information, while promoting abortion, is anything but one that would support and protect young women.

In your letter you say that "emergency contraception will not induce an abortion in a woman who is already pregnant, nor will it affect a developing pre-embryo or embryo," yet in your previous paragraph you state "These hormones may also interfere with fertilization of the egg and/or implantation of a fertilized egg on the wall of the uterus."

If it interferes with the implantation of a fertilized egg, then it

is affecting the developing pre-embryo or embryo. This is a definite contradiction.

Eric Whittington, from the American Life League, concurred when he said, "Emergency contraception can cause abortion. Its main mode of operation is thinning the lining of the uterus. If fertilization/conception occurred, which is pregnancy, then an abortion is highly likely."

You also made the statement that you are not a wealthy organization.

According to STOPP International, Planned Parenthood earns more than \$60 million annually on surgical abortions performed at its clinics.

To the average American, \$60 million sounds pretty wealthy.

You state, "It does not advance our mission to confuse people about services." That is exactly how Planned Parenthood has thrived for years, by using deceptive tactics to mislead young women.

Your own statements prove that you are the one who is inaccurate.

Charleen Kennedy
Franklin

Growth in Greenwood not directed by planning

To the editor:

From a taxpayer's viewpoint: I have found first-hand that the county commissioners and officials in the planning and zoning, and highway departments do not have any type of comprehensive plan for developing the county. This is blatantly obvious by the development that is approved and allowed to continue.

I contacted the highway department early last spring and again last week to make a request for repairs to the street in front of my home, which is disintegrating from concrete back into gravel.

As per Johnson County Highway Department last year, "We cannot fix a road that carries little traffic, and our dollars are better spent on roads that carry more traffic."

That was the way it was left, not "I can put you on the list for next year," nothing; they just blew me off. Let's keep in mind that I pay taxes on property to the center of the road.

The planning commission and planning and zoning department must be oblivious to what is taking place in the county. There are more developments than ever, and the roads are not improving one bit.

They are county roads that were never intended to carry the volume that they carry today. And there are no comprehensive plans for remedying the problem. I can assure you adding more traffic is not one of the solutions.

State Road 135 is a disaster. It speaks for itself. But they keep approving more and more development without planning for the future growth.

They are never proactive, only reactive and only on a good day.

Now there is a monster of a development in the planning stages for Mullinex and Olive Branch roads called McCarty — oops, slash that — River Walk, which was created under the PUD ordinance.

What is a PUD, you might ask? A PUD is a planned unit development in which the developer outlines the plans for developing the project.

The county has nothing to do with the plan at all; this is a developer-made tool. I doubt county officials have even read the document.

The developer now wants to make 20 percent of the development retail, up from the 10 percent originally planned. Multi-family apartments also are planned along with townhouses, quad buildings and single-family homes.

Does the county plan any improvements to existing roads? Nope.

I think the county really needs to take a long look, especially with plans for Interstate 69 and the limited access that it will bring, at the traffic impact on those old dilapidated, outdated and narrow roads.

There needs to be a master plan put forth to deal with the awful roads we all travel on a daily basis, other than more reduced speed limits and more four-way stop signs as a means to control traffic.

What about the impact on our schools?

Center Grove has constructed the newest school on Morgantown Road and another is in the construction phase on Whiteland Road.

If this development takes place as it appears on the table right now, what impact will that have on the schools?

Will they be able to accommodate the additional students? Or will the taxpayers foot the bill for more new schools for the increased enrollment?

I hope we have some fresh blood with an insight for the county, the second fastest-growing county in central Indiana.

We need to do away with the antiquated good-old-boy system that may have worked back in the '60s, '70s and '80s.

The time has come to put something on paper and plan for reasonable and responsible development for the county.

Howard Murray
Greenwood

Zzzt! Rush of hormones shorts out temper, sanity

It can happen in 12 seconds flat. No warning. No way to avoid it. One minute, I'm innocently la-la-ing my way through the day. And the next minute?

Zzzt. My face and neck suddenly feel neon red. My hairline catches fire. Every nerve ending stands to attention, with its fist in the air.

I might as well straddle a witch's broom with turbo boost attached to it.

Nothing in particular seems to cause it. But I notice that it doesn't take much to trip my perimenopausal trigger.

It feels like a mixture of tantrum and meltdown, kind of a stomp-my-foot while sobbing.

I refer to it simply as the Zzzt Factor.

I noticed it first in December, while strolling through the mall with my friend, Angie.

She looked at my beet-red face and asked what was wrong with me.

"Don't you hear that lady behind us?" I hissed. "She won't pick up her stupid feet. Why do people like that wear clogs? Does she honestly think it's attractive to sound like an old gray mare clomping through the store?"

"I didn't notice," Angie said.

"I can't believe that," I snapped. "People in Alabama can hear that chick walking through the stupid household department."

Another day, when I couldn't



Sherri Eastburn

get my wallet out of my too-messy purse, I experienced the neon red, felt my chest catch fire, gritted my teeth. And zzzt.

I dumped everything out of my purse, plucked my wallet from the mess and left the rest of it in a junky pile on the bed.

Another day, I couldn't get the knot out of my shoe lace. I simply threw the shoe across the room. Then I ran to the mirror to see if my head was spinning around on my neck.

"Maybe I'm possessed," I muttered. "One minute, I'm Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. And the next minute? I could pass as a serial killer."

In addition to experiencing the emotional hot spots, I've also noticed some physical issues.

For one thing, my hands and feet swell occasionally, like hot dogs on a grill. And my boobs feel so heavy, I need to haul them around in a wheelbarrow. The slightest jiggle and I'm covering my eyes, convinced both mammaries will explode.

Yesterday, when a hot roller was tangled in my hair, I felt the mysterious zzzt build like hot lava under my skin.

"Calm down," I told myself. "Take a deep, cleansing breath."

It was my way, of course, of trying to ward off the zzzt.

It was a waste of time since I am a runaway train filled with honked-off hormones.

Before I knew it, right there in the bathroom, I was caught up in a rage. I was cussing my brains out and yanking the hot roller, caught up in a blind bout of hormonal hysteria.

When the dust settled, I was the victor. The beat-up curler ended up in my palm, surrounded by a wad of blonde.

A while ago, my phone rang. My friend Angie squalled and sobbed on the line.

"I've got it, too," she cried.

"What?"

"I've got the Zzzt Factor," she wailed.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"When I couldn't get a sticky spot off the sofa with stain remover, I hurled the stupid cushion out the back door into the yard."

"Well maybe you're just having a bad day," I said slowly.

"No, wait," she said. "There's more."

"Oh no," I sat down, weak in the knees.

"When I couldn't get my bangs

to curl correctly, I, I ..."

"Oh no," I breathed. "You didn't experience the zzzt with scissors in your hand."

"I cut off my bangs," she said.

"I have no bangs. I just ... I just ... zzzt and whacked them off. My forehead is a wrinkled, white beacon."

"Suffering from the Zzzt Factor results in a long trail of destruction," I said. "Who knows how we will survive?"

After talking to Angie, I innocently tried to remove a full bag of trash from the trash can. I had a plan to throw that bag away then replace it with a new liner.

Not a problem until the dang trash bag refused to come out of the can.

Before I knew it, I experienced the zzzt. I punted the trash can like a soccer ball. It flew across the kitchen, showering trash in the air. And my dog Sophie ran for cover.

I was suddenly terrified. Stunned, I stood there, convinced that I had grown a serpent's tongue in my very bad potty mouth.

Plowboy walked into the scene of insanity.

He surveyed the damage and calmly said, "Maybe today we should get you a fancy pack of estrogen."

Feature writer Sherri Eastburn writes this weekly humor column for the Daily Journal. Send comments to letters@thejournalnet.com.