

OPINIONS OF OTHER NEWSPAPERS

Who is the parent around the house?

MySpace is not at fault for the lack of child supervision

If you met a stranger in a city park and the encounter turned dangerous, would you sue the city? We hope not – although in this lawsuit-crazy society, who knows?

Nonetheless, we're still incredulous that four families in New York, Texas, Pennsylvania and South Carolina are suing MySpace because adults pretending to be teenagers on the site later sexually abused their young daughters.

The lawsuits accuse the company of negligence, recklessness, fraud and negligent misrepresentation for having "waited entirely too long to attempt to institute meaningful security measures that effectively increase the safety of their underage users."

We wish the teenage victims had made better decisions, rather than arranging unsupervised meetings. Their parents would have been wise to better explain the potential dangers of cyberspace.

Most of all, we despise the adult predators who troll the Internet for unsuspecting youngsters.

But we can't blame MySpace, or similar social networking sites that provide a high-tech way for youngsters to connect with one another.

These networks pose dangers only when legitimate users throw common sense and caution to the wind.

And MySpace can do little to prevent that.

It's a matter of personal responsibility on the part of youngsters and their parents, who should be hyper-attentive to what their children are doing.

Police, family members, school officials and countless advocacy groups have warned teens about the dangers of dis-

DALLAS MORNING NEWS

closing too much personal information and the idiocy of unsafe encounters.

MySpace also has tried to educate teens, restrict adult contact with youngsters on the site, and institute safeguards to permit parents to partially monitor their child's online profile.

MySpace can't supervise the kids. That's your job, parents.

MYSFACE DOS AND DON'TS

Don't forget that your profile and MySpace forums are public spaces.

Don't post anything you wouldn't want the world to know.

Avoid posting anything that would make it easy for a stranger to find you, such as where you hang out after school.

People aren't always who they say they are. Be careful about adding strangers to your friends list.

It's fun to connect with new friends, but avoid meeting people in person whom you do not fully know.

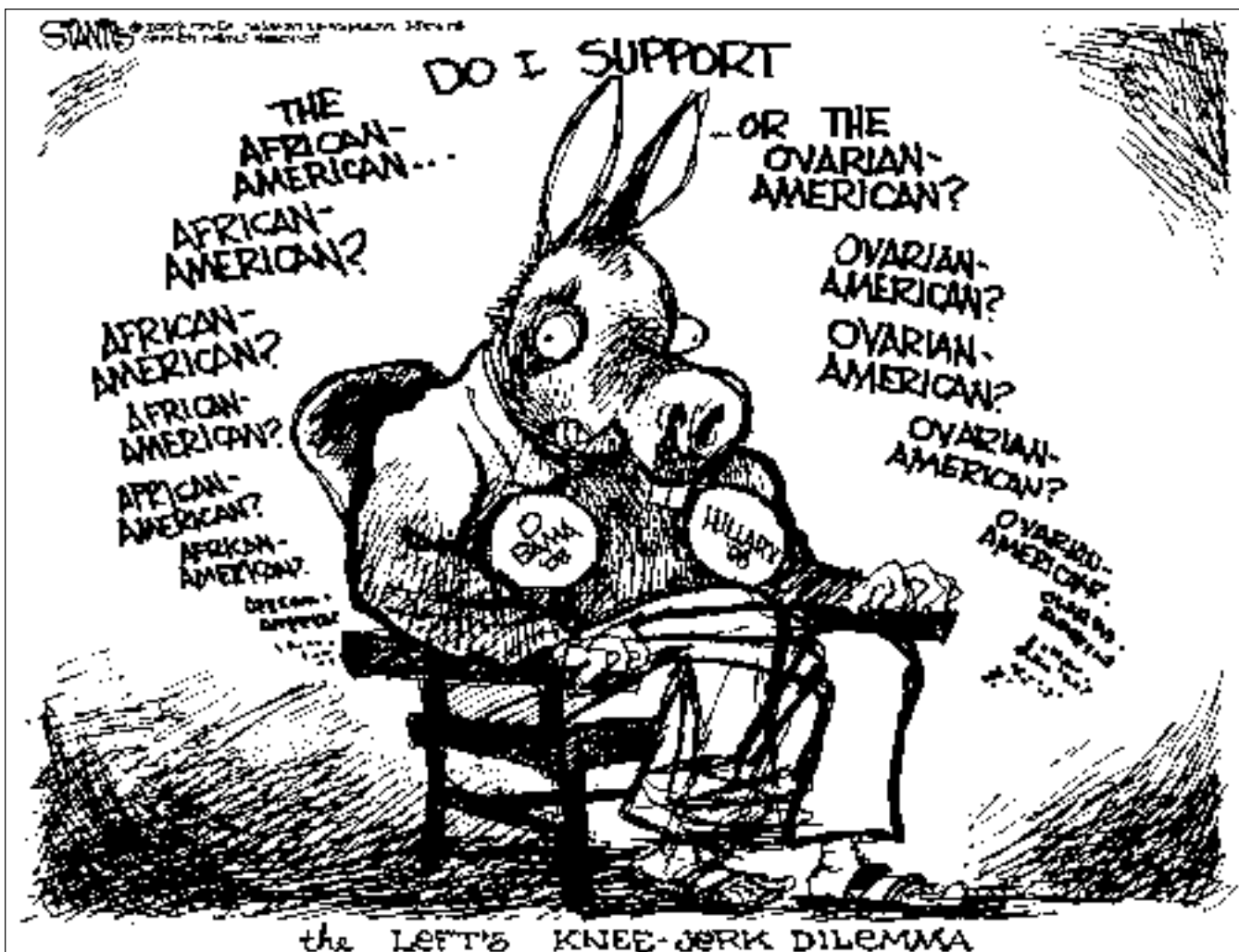
If you must meet someone, do it in a public place and bring a friend or trusted adult.

Don't post anything that would embarrass you later. Think twice before posting a photo or info you wouldn't want your parents or boss to see.

Don't mislead people into thinking that you're older or younger.

If you are under 14 and pretend to be older, your profile will be deleted.

If you are over 18 and pretend to be a teen to contact underage users, your profile will be deleted.



COLUMN

For everything there is a season

ANTONETTE JACKSON  
MANGIA, MANGIA

My dislike for severe cold started in Chicago about the end of February 1959.

There was more than a foot of newly fallen snow on the ground as I walked to the bus stop.

The temperatures were in the teens and no matter what direction I walked, it was against the wind.

I was born there so cold weather was nothing new to me.

I was appropriately attired in a wool dress, leotards to keep my legs warm, fur-lined boots, a new cashmere-blend full-length coat, lined leather gloves, a wool hat over my ears and a muffler to protect my face and neck.

This early in the morning my neighborhood looked like a scene from a Christmas card, I thought.

As I innocently stepped on the unshoveled sidewalk in front of the empty lot on 63rd Place, my foot touched down on hidden ice.

Before I could catch my balance, I went sliding forward, landing on my tailbone.

"That's it," I said aloud, as I dusted off my coat and my pride. "I am not spending another winter in Chicago. I'm moving to California!"

My determination was unfettering. In August, my mother, father, brother and I moved to Garden Grove, Calif. Time proved it a good thing for all of us, especially my aging parents.

Now married, in 1981 my husband Bob and I moved our manufacturing business to East Texas.

As I drew open our draperies one December morning, I was shocked to see snow on the ground.

The Athens Chamber of Commerce never mentioned snow.

And where were the plows to clean off the streets?

In short order, Bob found the closest thing to a snow shovel and cleared off our driveway. It was a tip-off to the neighborhood that "Yankees" lived in that house.

Since then, we've both learned icy cold weather is not the norm and snow will usually melt away by noon.

Besides, we've been told by the natives, below freezing temperatures are necessary to kill the insects that proliferate in the summertime.

In the decades of my life, I've come to appreciate the wisdom of the Ecclesiastes

3.1 "There is an appointed time for everything."

Today, gray winter days are the perfect time to crawl up with a good book and a cup of hot chocolate in front of a crackling fire in the fireplace.

It's also the best time to simmer a pot of soup on the stove, to retrieve my mother-in-law's down comforter from the bottom of the closet, and to wear Aunt Evelyn's vintage 1950's fur coat as I brave the temperatures to go to the grocery store.

I've noticed as the short days and long nights of the season continue, I do weird things, similar to innate hibernation patterns of animals.

I find there's refuge in rearranging the furniture in our darkened back bedroom, revitalization in reorganizing pantry and pride in cleaning the hall closet.

During inclement weather when the golf course is closed, even my husband's behavior is strange.

He didn't balk once when I asked him to help me with long procrastinated chores.

Cleaning under the refrigerator and behind the stove was almost a fun activity.

On drab days, nothing's better than the aromas and heat radiating from the kitchen.

It's the perfect time to prepare family favorites that warm the heart as well as satisfy the appetite.

Truly, as Ecclesiastes continues, "there is a time for every event under heaven."

I'm glad I have lived long enough to see beauty in even the grayest of times.

My father-in-law Richard Jackson and his five siblings grew up in El Paso. Richard's sister Carolyn shared these recipes with her niece, Ruth Pineau, who gave them to her daughter, Yvonne Bridgeman.

They follow in Yvonne's own words and promise to warm up a cold winter day: "Here are two recipes that my Mom got from Aunt Carolyn.

"Since my Mom is of German descent and from Pennsylvania, she had no idea how to prepare foods that my Dad was used to (Mexican, Texan, etc.).

Aunt Carolyn gave my Mom several recipes to help her overcome this deficit.

"Some of our very favorite meals were the Mexican food recipes that Aunt Carolyn provided. The enchiladas (although a pretty old-fashioned recipe) were my all time favorites and were only made for special occasions.

"I also really like the Texas Sheath Cake. It was different than the layer cakes my Mom was famous for, but it was so good.

"Hope you and Bob enjoy our family favorites too.

"Love, Yvonne"

El Paso Enchiladas

- 12 cans Old El Paso Enchilada Sauce
- 12 corn tortillas
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 lb. shredded Cheddar Cheese
- Heat enchilada sauce, dip each tortilla in the sauce.

Place two or three on the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle with onions and cheese.

Continue layering until all tortillas are used.

Top with remaining sauce and cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Texas Sheath Cake

- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup + 2 tablespoons water, boiled
- 2 sticks margarine
- 4 tablespoons cocoa
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- Sift flour and sugar into a 9 x 13 baking pan.
- Boil water, add margarine and cocoa and pour over flour and sugar.
- Beat buttermilk, eggs and baking soda, and add to mixture. Bake at 400 degrees for 25 minutes.

Icing

- 6 tablespoons milk
- 1 stick margarine
- 4 tablespoons cocoa
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- Boil milk, margarine and cocoa. Stir in powdered sugar, vanilla and nuts.
- Spread over cake immediately after baking.

Antoinette Jackson is a proud Chicago native -- home of the Super Bowl-bound Bears -- and a Bullard-area resident. You may reach her at Antojxn@aol.com.

CONTACT YOUR REPRESENTATIVES

<b>Legislators District 1</b> <b>Sen. Kevin Eltife</b> PO Box 12068 Capitol Station Austin, TX 78711 512-463-0101 District Office: Tyler, TX	Austin, TX 78711 512-463-0103 District Office: P.O. Box 2347 Jacksonville, Texas 75766 (903) 586-1200	903-939-2400	202-224-5922
<b>District 3</b> <b>Sen. Robert Nichols</b> PO Box 12068 Capitol Station	<b>District 6</b> <b>Rep. Leo Berman</b> PO Box 2910 Capitol Station Austin, TX 78768-2910 Tyler Office: PO Box 6028 Tyler, TX 75711-6028	<b>District 11</b> <b>Rep. Chuck Hopson</b> 214 Main St. Jacksonville, TX 75766 903-541-2250	<b>Sen. John Cornyn</b> 517 Hart Senate Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515 903-593-0902
		<b>U.S. Senators</b> <b>Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison</b> 284 Russell Senate Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20510	<b>Rep. Louie Gohmert</b> 208 Cannon House Office Bldg. Washington, D.C. 20515 202-225-3035 tx02@mail.house.gov