When I was a kid in Buffalo, the biggest thrill imaginable was to ride the Crystal Beach Boat across Lake Erie and take a ride on a roller coaster.

The notorious Cyclone Coaster was in operation. Until 16 you had to settle for the tamer Giant Coaster. But then dad and I did the Cyclone. That was one crazy ride. I got banged on the curves and on one dive we almost hurtled off into the lake. Dad didn’t say a word. We were too numb to talk when we staggered off.

The beauty of Crystal Beach was that half the people of Buffalo went at least once a year, and a sizeable proportion experienced the perils of the Cyclone.

Not so, these modern thrill rides that Elon Musk, Jeff Bezos and Richard Branson are providing themselves and a few plutocrats. These few people will expend millions of dollars, use untold earthly resources and expel far, far more than their share of greenhouse gases for a few stomach-churning moments 59 miles in the sky … plus a stunning view.

OK, it’ll be a heck of a ride. I’m not sure those jaded souls will get more kick than my ride on the Cyclone.

How much better for us all if that thrill money were spent to fight the global warming that scorches our Western Plains and floods the cities of our East Coast. What a terrible sight that’ll make from up there.

There ought to be a law.
Dr. Larry Beahan

Amherst