

Liquor laws may change regardless of what we want

Back east, Kansas cities tired of seeing liquor sales and the accompanying taxes flow across the state line have started a rebellion.

They've declared "home rule" power over liquor sales, claiming that liquor laws don't apply uniformly to all cities and counties. And if a state law is not uniform, then a city or county can exempt itself.

Now stores in several Kansas cities are brazenly selling booze on Sundays. Next thing you know, they'll be opening the beer joints and bars.

And while this may not be the greatest thing to happen to the state in the new century, it is a long-overdue change.

Kansas liquor stores are a state-licensed monopoly with little competition over service or prices. This helps make things easier for store owners, but can only hurt customers.

It's just not the state's place to say what prices stores can charge or when they can be open. In a free-enterprise economy, store owners ought to make those decisions.

One Missouri liquor dealer told reporters that being open on Sundays wasn't all that great, though the huge billboard over his store advertising Sunday sales might belie his modesty.

He said Kansas liquor store owners had things pretty good, with the regulated competition and set hours, and might regret a more liberal law. He said it'd be only a matter of time until other restraints to competition fall, and predicted that few Kansas stores will make money on Sundays.

Nonetheless, the floodgates are open now. It's like the days in the 1960s after the courts struck down the general Sunday closing law when the Safeway chain defied it. Today, retailing is rampant on Sundays, though many merchants probably regret that.

Only a few Sunday closing laws remain — car dealers, through their licensing board, have a strong union that keeps them closed, for instance.

The state really should get out of the business of regulating store hours and days. The only reasons for it are to suppress competition, to the detriment of consumers, or to enforce religious preferences. Neither is a valid state objective.

Changing the liquor sales ban is an admission at least that the state really can't keep people from shopping when they want to. For years, state liquor agents have tried to catch people bringing Missouri (or Nebraska) portables across the border. But for every guy caught with a trunkload of hooch, 99 got through.

It's like sticking a finger in a leak while others spring up all around. Did you ever hear of anyone you know getting busted running wine from Nebraska on a Sunday? Us either.

This is not an issue that will make or break anyone in Kansas. Things may not change much except in the Kansas City area for the next few years, but change is coming — whether we like it or not.

— Steve Haynes

End of horse no match for love

We were back east, visiting a daughter who has been ailing, and feeding her brother, who as a college boy, is more or less a bottomless pit. On the way back, we promised to stop off and see my sister, who lives near Emporia. She has a new filly of which she is exceedingly proud.

We left Lawrence after lunch, and when we got to Emporia, we called her place to see if they were home.

Her husband didn't sound too cheery.

"You didn't pick such a good time," he said. "We've been up all night with a sick horse. We're going to have to put her down."

"But you might as well come on out."

We got there just a little ahead of the vet, who turned out to be the brother of an old high school classmate of mine.

The horse, a pretty little yearling filly, was obviously in pain. Her sister, slightly younger, tried to follow her everywhere. Sis said they'd grown up together and had never really been apart.

"She's going to take this hard."

The older one had taken ill the night before. When a horse gets colic like that, she said, there's not much to do but keep it walking and hope. If it's a twisted intestine, either it will straighten out, or it won't.

And if it won't, the choices are not many. You can take the horse to a fancy hospital, like the one at the K-State veterinary school, and they'll do surgery. Success rates are less than 50 percent, Sis said, and if the intestine has ruptured, less than that.



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes

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You still get a bill for \$5,000 or more.

Or you can walk the horse and pray.

So after a night of treatment, calls and advice, trips to the clinic, walking the sick horse to keep her from rolling, there was not much left to do but decide where to take her so the rendering truck could get to her Monday morning.

Darryl kept walking her, her sister kept following, trying to stay close. My sister's two vizsla dogs, and a rescue dog that's staying with them, were underfoot.

Darryl and the vet led her out back, behind the barn. Barb said she didn't want to leave her out by the road.

There's not much to putting a horse down, not physically at least. Takes one person to hold the horse for the vet, and a syringe about as big as your forearm.

It's like in surgery, no time to count to 10, and she's down.

That's not much for the time, the work, the love, the sleepless nights, the dollars and the headache that go into raising a baby.

Life serves up experiences that you never expect. I guess this was

one.

Sis always loved horses. When she moved back to Emporia, she gave up her job as a city planning director and found a place in the country where she could raise horses, where her dogs could run and her son could be free.

She says she loves it. She says her stress level is down even though she's busier than ever. Most days, I believe her.

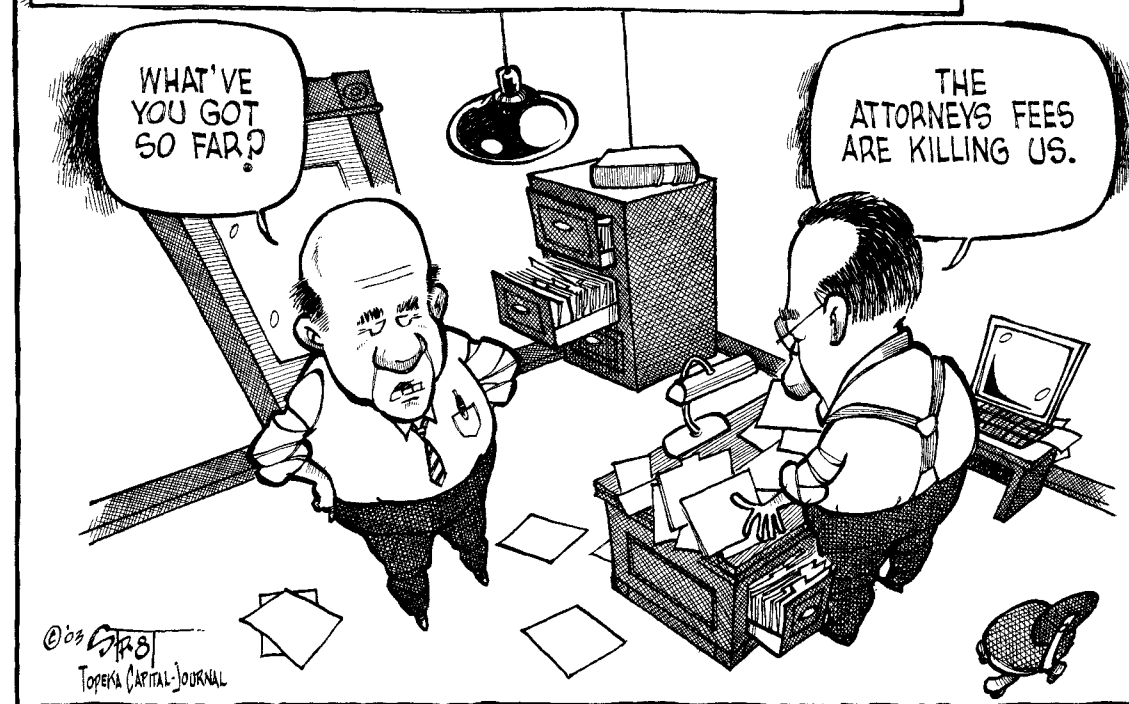
She walked out of the corral and sat down beside a tree.

"You sure picked a good time to stop by," she said, looking up from her seat in the dirt. "It gave us something to do besides sit down and cry."

From the Bible

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. John 13: 34, 35

Kansas lawmakers continue evaluating the cost of death penalty appeals...



Driving all night is crazy, right?

As I drove through the night, I mentally kicked myself.

I had promised myself. We had agreed. We wouldn't do this sort of stuff anymore.

But here I was. It was after 3 a.m. and I was just leaving Colby to drive to Oberlin. It would be at least 4 a.m. before I pulled into my driveway.

We're too old for this kind of thing, I thought.

I tell myself that every time this happens, every time we've just got to go to Denver or Lawrence or Nebraska or wherever and come back the same day. Every time I leave for home at bedtime when home is still four, five or six hours away.

This time it was a baseball game — the Colorado Rockies versus the Los Angeles Dodgers at Coors Field.

I wasn't even supposed to go to the game. It was a guy thing. Six of the guys from the Goodland and Colby offices had gotten tickets for the game. Steve was one of the ring-leaders.

Then one of the guys couldn't go and they asked me to go with them.

Well, I'm used to being one of the guys. I was the only girl in my physics class in high school and one of six women in my class in pharmacy school. After I had been at my first job for five years, the drug store



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes

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chain I worked for gave me a tie tac. We headed for the game. And it was a good one.

The Dodgers got a run in the first to lead for a short time, then the home team got three runs in the bottom of the first and life was good.

We got a run in the second and Todd Helton hit a pair of solo home runs in the third and fifth innings. We were ahead 6-1 and we all had hot dogs.

Then in the fifth, the visitors got three runs. We were still ahead. Then they got another run in the sixth and a weird series of errors in the seventh gave them another. Now the score was 6-6.

We got them out in the eighth and they walked Helton. Preston Wilson singled and they deliberately walked strongman Larry Walker as the home crowd booted.

The bases were loaded as the Dodgers pitcher threw ball after ball

after ball to walk in the winning run. Not the world's prettiest victory, but a win nevertheless.

We headed out of Denver at 11 p.m. Mountain Time. Steve drove to Goodland and I napped. We stopped to drop the guys off in Goodland and set our watches ahead one hour. It was 2:30 a.m. as I took the wheel and headed home.

It was Steve's turn to nap. As I turned into the driveway, I thought to myself, "We gotta quit doing these crazy things. We gotta start remembering that we're 55, not 25."

So when Steve asked if I wanted to go to Denver next weekend to see oldest daughter and take an excursion train ride, I naturally said, "Sure, what time do you think we'll get home?"

"I don't know," he said. "We'll probably get out of Denver by 10 or 11."

Hubby sniffs out rotten purse

"What is THAT smell?" my husband asked when he got in my car one day last week.

"Oh, that," I said. "My coffee cup fell over on the floormat and I guess the creamer must have soured."

"Well, it's disgusting," he went on. "That's really rank, Carolyn."

I must have gotten used to it, because I didn't think it was that bad. But, nonetheless, when we got home I pulled out the still-damp floormat and hosed it down, leaving it in the hot sun to dry and deodorize.

Later that week, we were driving to church and Jim said, "Carolyn, it still smells in here!"

Since the offending floormat was not yet back in the car, I pooh-poohed his delicate sense of smell with something mumbled under my breath about "the princess and a pea."

When we got in the house he continued, "Now, that smell is in here."

"Listen, mister," I started in, "I took the trash out last night. And, for another thing, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah."

However, by the next day, even I of the undersensitive olfactory organ noticed that wherever I went, the odor went too. Now, I became a little paranoid. Maybe it was...oh, no, it



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts

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couldn't be...gulp...maybe it was ... ME! I checked all my toiletries. Shampoos, conditioners, perfumes, soaps. Everything was fine.

I have to give Jim credit. His sense of smell is so good, he can smell cigarette smoke before a smoker even lights up. And I guess he had finally had enough, because he began a search, determined to find the source of the stench.

Like a hound on the trail, he started sniffing his way through the house and announced, "It gets worse every time I come through the living room." He began working the room in a grid pattern to hone in on the smell. Finally, he announced, "It's coming from your purse!"

Refusing to touch it, he commanded me to empty the contents. Anyone who knows me, knows my purse is like a portable filing cabi-

net. My life is in that bag. I stuff the mail in it, I carry parts in it, I keep my vitamins in it, I carry my lunch in it.

Lunch! Oops! So that's what happened to that sliced chicken breast I meant to put in the refrigerator at work the other day.

No wonder the odor traveled with me. I, like most women, won't leave home without that trusty purse. But, rather than lugging it in everywhere I go, I usually leave it in the car. And you can imagine, in this heat, it didn't take long for that plastic bag of meat to ripen. We had to double-bag it just to contain the smell before we could even put it in the trash.

There's no moral to this story, except to be more careful with my lunch and to listen to my husband the next time he says, "The nose knows."

Writer urges all to vote for our kids

To the Editor: I urge you to vote "yes" for the Local Option Budget on July 29. Voting yes is a vote demonstrating your support for Oberlin, not only for our educational system, but for the future of Decatur County. Without strong schools, our county is doomed.

What are you willing to do to support our future?

No one wants to see taxes raised, but this is a necessary investment. Without this investment of money, our schools cannot function.

Have you ever attended a concert, sporting, speech or scholar bowl event? Have you read the newspaper articles that our students write?

Don't you agree that they are talented and hard-working young people worthy of the investment of our tax dollars?

I work with our youth every day. Believe me when I say that each one of them is worth this investment. We must make the choice on July 29 to stand up for Decatur County.

Decatur County is known for its excellent educational system. Just

Letter to the Editor

consider a few of the achievements from the past, not only academically, but athletically also.

AREN'T you proud when our students set high goals and achieve them?

Without the county's support, our educational system will falter. Don't do this to their future, to your future, to the future of Decatur County.

We need you to support the Local Option Budget. Without your support, several teachers will lose their jobs. Families will leave Oberlin. Class sizes will increase. Programs will be slashed or even eliminated.

Morale for the remaining staff will plummet, along with the morale of the community. Businesses will suffer. This change will hurt our children. There is no way we can maintain the high caliber of achievement that we have established without your financial support.

Already many cuts have been made. How much more can you cut out from our schools and still provide a great education?

Consider area schools where FFA, music, speech, sports, journalism and other class offerings have been drastically cut or even eliminated. No one is happy about the way the state of Kansas has financed our educational system, but we must do what we can locally. All Local Option Budget dollars will remain in Decatur County. All of these tax dollars will be invested into our youth.

Please look into my students' eyes or my children's eyes and tell them they are worth the investment. Vote yes for kids. Join me in voting yes to this educational investment.

Susan May

Oberlin

Mrs. May is an English teacher at Decatur Community High School

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