

## Keep fall harvest safe; live for another season

It's been dry, but there will be some corn and milo around the corner. That means harvest is not far off.

Here's hoping it's a safe one.

Operating heavy machinery is always dangerous, and it's especially so when the machines sit around gathering dust much of the year.

Combines will be hauled to town or into the shop for a check. Be sure you check the safety features while you're at it.

Guards and shields were put there for a reason. Be sure they're in place.

For accident potential, balers take the prize. They're widomakers.

Power takeoffs are always dangerous. Think twice, then think again, before you mess with one.

Turn machinery off before you work on it. It won't take any longer. You save time if you don't have to go to the hospital.

Then there are the trucks, often the most-neglected part of a farm's equipment. Grain trucks should be checked thoroughly for safety. Check the brakes. You don't want somebody's wife or daughter running through a dead end.

And when driving, on country roads or at the highway, drive as though somebody's life depends on it. It does.

Stop at stop signs and blind intersections. It may take a few seconds more, but it'll give you time to know that no one is coming. You don't want to kill anyone on the way to the elevator.

You can save a few minutes by driving fast and running stop signs, but what's that worth compared to someone's life? Maybe even your own.

Besides, these days, there's not enough money in corn to make it worth the risk.

Better to be safe and live to see another season. — Steve Haynes

## Dad can still party with the kids

The last couple of weeks, I've been out to the bar with the younger two of my children. Neither of them seems to mind dragging an old foggy along, though with my son — he's 23 now — I get the distinct impression I'm cramping his style.

Youngest daughter took me to the bar in Colorado, where she was spending the summer pretending she's still a college girl. She's 26 now, and a third-year teacher, but sometimes it's hard to let the old ways go.

She is a waitress at the hotel, the town's best restaurant. The school pays her every month anyway, so the tips are mad money. Pretty good mad money, at that, because she's not only a good teacher, she's a heck of a good waitress.

When she's not working, and she works a lot, she's partying. The town is full of waiters, actors, wranglers and other summer workers, and she knows them all. She has a good time.

This summer, she took a roommate, Rachel, and the two of them have been partying together. And one night, they took me to the bar with them.

Now, in Lawrence, with my son, we went downtown and paid \$3 each to get into a bar with a band. It might have been the dulllest night of the year in Lawrence, right between summer school and the opening of the fall term, but this place was hopping.

Mostly, we sipped our beers and



### Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes

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watched the people. Especially the women, of course. We're guys, after all.

One of the girls did sit down next to Lacy and strike up a conversation. She made some smart remark about the name of the place, the Jazz Haus, and he judged her unworthy. That was about all the action we got.

Out in Colorado, the girls took me to the bar. I drove my own car, thinking I'd go home after one beer. I'm supposed to be on a diet, after all.

But there was a new band at the bar — some guy named Dan who'd been in L.A. singing lead and a couple of guys I know on guitar. Dan was pretty good, singing covers and some of his own songs.

Then Adam, one of the actors at the theater, made an entrance. He sang with the band, and Adam is pretty good. I was hooked, spent the night.

Later, this blonde came in, and both the girls sort of moved to the other side of me, away from her. Seems she had been trying to pick them up, and they were a little freaked.

They said the word was she'd

worked her way through the guys in town and was starting on the girls. She didn't try to hit on me, though, so eventually I went home.

The girls were nice to me, even though I probably cramped their style, too. The next night, anyway, they stayed out until all hours of the night. I'm not sure how late. I'm old, and I was asleep.

It's been years since I partied 'till dawn, and I'm not about to start now. But it is nice to know that your children will be seen with you in a public place. I may be old, but I guess I'm not hopeless. Not yet, anyway.

### From the Bible

He delivereth me up from mine enemies: yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: thou hast delivered me from the violent man. Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name. Psalm 19: 48, 49

## Reader feels bite of dog-gone fines

To the Editor:

A couple of days ago, during the triple-digit heat, my husband came rushing home, having been in the intense heat searching for our little dog Snuggles. Where did he go? Was he kidnapped? He is always in our home or fenced in. Apparently, the door did not properly latch and Snuggles took off.

A 19-year-old young man loaded my dog Snuggles in his car and took

him to the dogcatcher. Around 2 1/2 hours later, the dog catcher called to let me know he had taken the dog to the vet, at a fee of \$40, even for a few minutes. Then the dog catcher gave me a ticket for some \$55. Can you believe that?

My dog had his proper vaccinations and dog tag. What a ripoff.

I asked the dog catcher if he would like a tip.

Elsie L. Wolters  
Oberlin

### Letter to the Editor

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## Hot checks? Who me? No way!

This is the story of the little checkbook that got lost and all the trouble it has caused.

We were in Colorado a couple of weeks ago, and I noticed that we only had one check left in the checkbook. I took it to a bank we use out there and got \$100 so that we would have enough money to get home.

Back home, I reached into the desk drawer and grabbed another book of check blanks. I noted that the number sequence did not jibe with the check I had written a few days before, at least I didn't think it did, but figured I had forgotten or we had somehow gotten our books out of sequence.

I should have paid more attention to that little inner voice, which told me something was not right.

After getting the check blanks, I asked Steve (I'm blaming this all on him) for the cover and register. He said he thought they were in the car.

We looked in the car, practically tearing out the seats, looking under them, through the glove box, over the visors, under the floor mats and everywhere but in the gas tank. No cover. No register.

I decided I'd just write the checks I used on the cardboard back of the check blanks until the cover and register were found. They were bound to turn up — probably in a forgotten pocket or briefcase.

Over the next week, I wrote just two checks. Both were to the grocery, which allows you to get \$50 extra over and above your purchase.

With the extra money and what we still had from the check we cashed in Colorado, we had enough



### Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes  
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spending money to buy our lunches and pay for miscellaneous expenses.

Then one day, a friend who works at the bank tracked me down. I'm never where I'm supposed to be, and it usually takes two to three calls to find me. But she did.

My checks had bounced. Not just bounced, but they were written on a closed account at a different bank.

What? It seems that several months ago, my husband (I'm blaming this all on him) changed banks for our personal account. He wasn't mad at our old bank, but he wanted Internet banking and the old bank didn't offer that.

He neglected to destroy all the old checks, however, and they were still in a box in the desk drawer.

I called the grocery, immediately explaining the problem. I said I would redeem the checks. I would pay the fees. I was sorry.

They said fine, they understood, they weren't mad. They'd call as soon as the checks were returned to them.

I ran home to get the proper check blanks for my purse. We still hadn't found the cover and register.

In the desk, there were no other check blanks. There wasn't even an

empty box. I called Steve (I'm blaming this all on him). He said he thought he had ordered new checks but, come to think of it, didn't remember getting any.

I called the new bank and ordered new checks and a few homemade ones to tide us over. They graciously complied. Why not? I hadn't written any checks on closed accounts at their bank.

All during this time, we were looking everywhere we could think of for the missing cover and register. The cover didn't matter much, but we needed the register to know what checks were still out and how much we had in the bank.

About a week after we got back, I walked in my office, and there was the checkbook sitting on my desk.

No one will admit to finding it and putting it there. No one knows anything about it, especially not me.

If anyone knows where it has been, please call. There may be a small reward, written on checks from my old bank, for you.

In the meantime, I'm blaming this all on my husband.

And, can you believe it? He's blaming it all on me.

## Friend braces for a life change

The only constant in life is change.

A letter from a dear friend in eastern Kansas tells me of changes in their lives. Marian married Wayne, her high school sweetheart, as soon as she graduated. He was a second-generation dairy farmer working with his father.

They started their family immediately and soon had three lively and good-looking boys, Roger, Phillip and Mark. When I first met them, Mark was about 2 and they lived in a little rented farmhouse that was kind of on the run-down side, but Marian had a way of always looking on the bright side and was happy wherever she was.

When her in-laws built a new home for themselves, Marian and Wayne moved into the old home place. They were a typical farm family. Marian raised laying hens and sold eggs. They planted a big garden and canned lots of produce.

Wayne worked lots and talked little. Not a story-teller himself, he was always a good audience. He was easily embarrassed. I could make Wayne blush just by saying, "Hey, handsome! How 'ya doin'?"

One day about 25 years ago, Marian called me in tears. She and Wayne really wanted a little girl and she was about six months pregnant.



### Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
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Just home from her monthly visit to the doctor, she had news. "There's two of them! I'm having twins! And the doctor wants me to stay off my feet until they get here."

After she got used to the idea of twins, she was thrilled. But to go to bed for two months with three little boys and a farm to help run were pretty daunting.

When you need help is when you find out how rich you really are. Not financially wealthy. Friend wealthy. Everybody loved Marian and wanted to help. She and I were in a women's club together and the members organized to take turns bringing in casseroles and meals for the family. I came by every morning after I drove my school bus route and helped with the light stuff like dishes and laundry.

Going almost full term, Beth and Matt were born hearty and healthy, both big enough to leave the hospi-

tal with their mother. Now there were four boys and their girl.

All this is a long way around to talk about change. But I wanted you to know how much farm families are alike everywhere. That's why it must have been an agonizing decision for Wayne and Marian to decide to quit dairying. The drought has taken their corn. Again. They are having to buy "city water" for the cows. And we haven't even started on price controls and costs.

Their decision affects others, too. One of their sons worked with them on the farm. Now, Phillip must change his lifestyle and get a job.

What Wayne will do is not clear yet. His resume would be awfully short. You don't build up a lot of credentials operating the family dairy farm for 35 years.

Perhaps this is one of those times that, when a door is closed, God will open a window.

## Sappa Valley youths were great help

To the Editor:

There is another side to the story of our local Sappa Valley Youth Ranch, besides the usual police calls for various disturbances there.

In mid-June as I was preparing the Sappa Park for Marketplace 29 A.D. Vacation Bible School, I was wondering how I was going to get the place ready on time. I remembered that the Youth Ranch encourages their boys to be involved in community services. I contacted them and talked to Community Services Director Dawn Sheaffer. I had a lengthy discussion of the pros and cons of this and she assured me of getting only reliable helpers.

I was pleasantly rewarded with superb help. They sent five youths

over three days. Each one was polite, obedient, worked hard and applied their skills to the tasks. They didn't give me a minute's worth of trouble, and were a delight.

Since then, I have called on the ranch several times, and have worked with over a dozen youths. I treat them with respect and work alongside them, and they respond in kind. My motto is always what Jesus said: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." That works.

Our most recent project used four boys in erecting a steel shed for stor-

ing the material used in the Marketplace 29 A.D. program. They did a great job and learned some new skills. Not once have I had trouble with any of the youths they send to help. One said that when he gets out soon, his mom has a much larger steel shed to be erected, and now he knows how to do it.

I have written a recommendation letter to Director Sue Glodt, advising the community of this safe and valuable service.

Bill Duncan,  
Oberlin Church of Christ

### Letter to the Editor