

Bad weather in Colorado, and Kansans pay the price

A policy aimed at easing the plight of motorists stranded in Colorado storms is causing problems for people who live in — and need to get to — places in western Kansas.

When roads are closed in Colorado, officials there ask Kansas authorities to block traffic where there are hotel rooms to handle them. That makes sense.

When they close the roads, though, they close them. And that means that wherever there are motel rooms left, that's as far west as you can go.

Sometimes I-70 has been closed as far east as Hays or Colby when there were no road problems in Kansas. Mail, newspaper deliveries for those of us farther west were stopped along with through traffic.

People who live in far western towns couldn't go home. People with business out here couldn't get through.

Not because of the weather. Not because of the danger. But because the guys manning the barricades, state troopers and state highway workers, didn't want to separate the local traffic from the Denver bound.

This is too high a price to pay for solving Colorado's problem. It's good that Kansas can cooperate. No one wants to see hundreds of people stranded in Burlington or Limon or some other places where there are no beds or shelter.

But Kansas towns and Kansas people shouldn't have to pay the price to help Colorado out.

State highway officials say it isn't supposed to work this way. Local traffic is supposed to go through. In practice, though, troopers and highway crewmen manning barricades in Colby and Goodland just block the road. The don't ask where people are going.

On lesser routes, they just put a sign up and go home. Gates are locked at some entrances to the freeway. And a locked gate won't allow anyone on, local traffic or no.

Now Sherman County commissioners are questioning this policy. They wonder why they are helping to keep people off their roads when it's safe and reasonable to travel west in this state.

It's about time somebody spoke up against this poorly implemented policy.

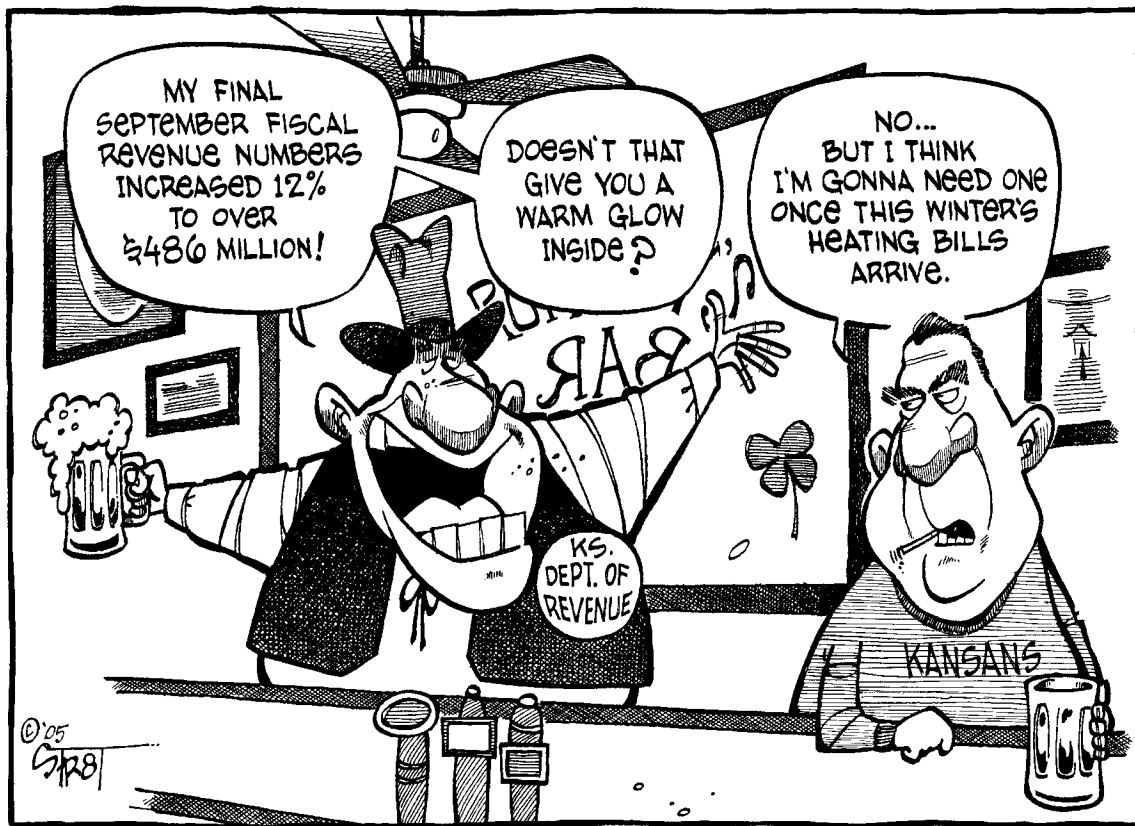
If we can't separate local traffic from through traffic, and allow people with business in Kansas through, then Kansas roads ought to stay open.

It'd be better to let the through traffic pile up in Colorado than to stall commerce on this side of the border unnecessarily.

We'd hope for a sensible compromise, allowing local traffic to move where it needs to move, but if that can't happen, then let's keep our roads open.

If the weather here gets bad enough, by all means close the roads. But when the problem is in Colorado, then why keep Kansans behind the barricades?

— Steve Haynes



Cooked, lost weight on vacation

We may have been on vacation, but I was watching what we ate.

Thanks to me, Steve lost four pounds and I only gained one last week.

Curse you, kitchen full of food and nothing to do but cook.

I love to cook, but I seldom have the time. Last week, I had nothing but time, and a well-stocked kitchen to boot.

Since I was trying for healthy things, recipes that had lots of vegetables caught my fancy.

I started off trying one out of an old copy of the *Rocky Mountain News*. The dish is called Okonomiyaki... it's Japanese for... heck I don't know what that means or even how to pronounce it, but it's sort of like a potato pancake made with cabbage.

The writer said that this is big in Japan, and I can see why. It's tasty and reasonably healthy.

Okonomiyaki

- 1/2 cabbage, shredded.
- 1 large peeled carrot, shredded.
- 1/2 onion, thinly sliced.
- 3 stalks celery, thinly sliced
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups whole wheat flour.
- 3 to 4 eggs
- Milk or water
- Cooking oil

Combine everything except the milk or water and cooking oil in a large bowl, mixing well to distribute the eggs. Add milk or water slowly to make a batter that binds the vegetables.

Heat oil on a griddle or frying pan until a drop of the batter sizzles on contact.

Pour about 1/2 cup of the batter



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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onto the griddle and flatten into a pancake. Flip when the first side has browned. Makes 10-12 cakes.

Serve with soy sauce or mayonnaise.

The original recipe called for cooking 1 cup of batter at a time. I tried that the first time, but the cake was too big to turn, so I went with half a cup and the result is a cake about the size of an average salad plate — easy to turn and browns nicely.

We ended up with 10 cakes and two people. I decided to freeze the extras between sheets of waxed paper. When the cakes were all frozen, I stored them in a plastic bag with the waxed paper still in place.

I tried reheating two in a skillet for lunch and that worked well. I also tried to substitute cooking spray for oil when reheating. That worked well as long as I remembered to spray both sides of the cakes.

We were out of soy sauce, and I didn't feel like adding extra calories with mayo, but Steve said the mayo was good.

The other vegetable dish I tried was an idea from the Nov. 1

Woman's Day magazine: Cut a head of broccoli into florets. Toss with a sliced red onion, two tablespoons oil, one teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Spread on a foil-lined, rimmed baking sheet and roast at 450 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes, until vegetables are tinged with brown and crisp-tender.

This seems to be another way to serve broccoli, which I always steam, without adding too many calories.

The last recipe idea was given to me by a friend. She said that she puts everything in her slaw that she would normally put in a green salad — carrots, onions, green peppers, celery, radishes, cucumbers, even pickles, plus cheese. She said it was delicious. It sounds a little strange, but I think it will work and I'm planning to try it, but I think I'll leave out the pickles, radishes and cucumbers. I'm not big on pickles and Steve won't eat the other two.

Now if I can just find a recipe for calorieless cheeseburgers.

Group has fun while building

After 13 trips to Juarez, Mexico, you would think we'd have it "all together."

But there we were, the day before our scheduled departure, with luggage and tools strewn from one end of the house to the other.

We both tend to overpack and I began to fear there wouldn't be room in the van for the other eight members of our team.

My brother Bob was the 11th member of the team, but he drove down separately, so we didn't have to worry about him.

We are small in numbers but determined to build the best house we can. We know "our family" consists of a father, Raphael; a mother, Alma; and their 6-year-old son, Kevin.

Right now, I'm sitting in the fellowship hall of the church where we're staying in El Paso. Hate to admit it, but I forgot all about this column until everyone was settling down for the night. I'm writing in longhand on the back of an old letter. It's a far cry from my computer, which lets me go back and fix mistakes. Sure hope the typist can figure out my penmanship.

We have laughed so much this trip, I think my eyes are permanently



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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"squinty." There are some funny people on board, but we even laugh at the "groaners."

When my oldest daughter, Halley, was about 10, she asked me, "Mom, can you be a Christian and still have fun?" This group is living proof that you can have fun — lots and lots of fun.

Here's the run-down on this team: a farm wife/nurse, a minister's wife/medical office employee, a government employee, two retirees, a cabinet maker, an accountant, an Army Reserve soldier, a postmaster, and Jim and me.

Everyone else is sleeping — and I should be. Tomorrow is a big day. We pour the foundation of the house and that is hard, hard work in anybody's book.

Our church families and friends have been so kind to us, meeting ev-

ery need we had, both financially and physically. One lady brought us warm cinnamon rolls the morning we left, plus a bucket of sausage gravy. We already ate the rolls, but some biscuits will be put with that gravy and we'll have breakfast. That's just a few hours away, so I'm turning in.

Now I lay me down to sleep....

From the Bible

I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love....

Ephesians 4: 1, 2

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Serving Oberlin and Decatur County since 1879

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Published each Wednesday by Haynes Publishing Co., 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749. Periodicals mail postage paid at Oberlin, Kan. 67749.

Steve and Cynthia Haynes, publishers Official newspaper of Oberlin, Jennings, Norcatur, Dresden and Decatur County. Member of the Kansas Press Association, National Newspaper Association, Colorado Press Association, Nebraska Press Association and Inland Press Association.

Subscriptions: One year, \$30 (tax included) in Decatur, Norton, Rawlins, Sheridan, Thomas and Red Willow counties; \$34 (tax included) elsewhere in Kansas; \$37 elsewhere in the U.S. Foreign subscriptions, \$20 extra per year (except APO/FPO). POSTMASTER: Send change of address to 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749-2243.

Office hours: 8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri. (Also open most Saturdays when someone is in.)



Fishing had it ups and downs

I got to go fishing the other day. It was great.

OK, it was a tough day. The sun was shining, the sky was bright, but the shadows were already down on the canyon.

I fell in the creek, lost my pole and bruised some ribs.

But worse things could happen. Like not going fishing.

I like to fish. It's relaxing and fun, and sometimes you catch something.

I like fishing in Kansas. You sit on the bank, or on the dock, and watch your bobber. If you're lucky, and the fish are biting, you catch some crappies. Maybe a bass or a couple of walleye.

But on a soft summer evening, with the sun setting and the water warm and inviting to your toes, what better thing to do?

The dock is especially good if there's a baseball game on the radio. It helps if the fish are biting, but it's not required.

I like deep sea fishing. There's drama and sport in finding the fish, a tuna or marlin or dorado.

A lot of days, you don't catch much. But the sun is warm and the boat might stir up a school of porpoise. Whales might jump. A marlin might bite.

Last week, though, I was fly fishing for trout in the warm autumn



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
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sun. It should have been a perfect day, even if I got out a little late. The fish were biting, and I was just letting them go.

I was there to watch them rise to the fly, strike and run. To see them fight and flash in their shiny glory. And watch them swim away.

You don't have to keep fish to have fun. When they're spawning in the fall, it's better for you and for them to let them go.

Then I came to the big hole, dammed up by some big rocks.

They looked solid.

I stepped up and started to cast.

And the rocks moved. I tried to balance, but to no avail.

I went one way. My pole went the other.

I landed in the creek, on some rocks.

My chest hit first, and when I got up I could feel it.

Not broken, probably, but you could tell it would be sore.

My pole was nowhere to be seen, and I started to figure out how I'd explain to Cynthia that I needed a new fly rod at, what, \$250 or \$300?

I thought I'd better look around. It wasn't downstream.

I came back to the big hole, a four-foot aspen rod in hand, and started fishing.

I can't tell you how glad I was when that pole came up.

Then, I figured, since I was all wet, I'd better get back to the car before hypothermia set in.

There were a couple of holes in the way, and I caught two more fish. See. It wasn't such a bad day.

I had my pole, nine fish on the scorecard and the cliffs in the late evening light, those were spectacular.

What's a few bruises and some wet clothes compared to that?

It was great.

I guess you have to love fishing to understand.

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