

## Guantanamo prisoners not usual war criminals

The suicides of three prisoners at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, brought howls of protest from prisoner-rights groups in the U.S. and around the world, but not one solid suggestion about what to do with the vicious terrorists held there.

Apparently, the U.S. is just supposed to release these people and let them go back to their deadly ways. Is that what we want to see?

President George Bush has proposed trying the terrorists before military tribunals, which presumably could find some innocent and sentence others to long terms. Where they would be held is anybody's guess.

Prisoners of war normally are held until the fighting ceases, but these prisoners do not fall into that category, at least not according to the administration.

They are being held as "illegal enemy combatants" but are not accused of violating U.S. laws.

In most wars, of course, enemy soldiers are identified with the nation they serve. There is someone to represent them and to return them to when the war is over.

This war is different, and the U.S. has no model to follow on how to treat these prisoners. They fight for shadowy movements, not governments. They owe allegiance to ideals, not nations.

In short, they do not fit neatly into the categories established in previous conflicts.

The war on terrorism may only have begun. The U.S. and our allies are fighting it on doz-

ens of fronts around the world, with ground troops and intelligence agencies, aircraft and spies.

No one knows the rules. No one knows when the war will be over. It has no declared beginning and likely will have no clear end.

So what do we do with the prisoners? Guantanamo Bay was a creative solution to an immediate problem. Taking the prisoners there avoided bringing them to U.S. soil or housing them with some ally.

Wherever they are held, there will be trouble. The prisoners showed last month they will cause trouble for their jailers at any time, in any way they can. Most are dedicated radicals sworn to fight the American devil.

Bringing them to the U.S. hardly seems desirable. No friendly nation would want them. We can't just release them and tell them to behave.

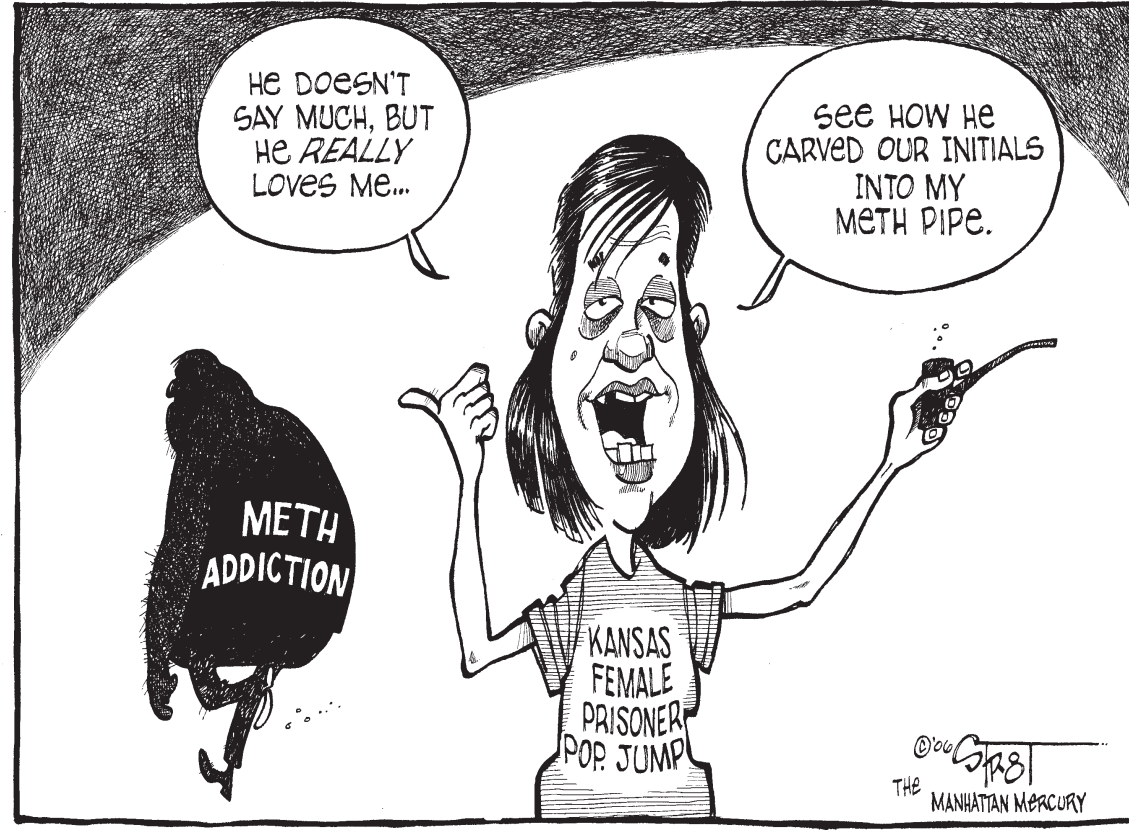
Mr. Bush's plan to try them seems reasonable, but it has been held up by legal action. The president has to wait for the Supreme Court to rule.

Meantime, the whole gang just brews trouble. You can't blame the prisoners for being unhappy, but you can blame them for being terrorists.

They belong behind bars. Most probably deserve worse.

It would be nice to hear some reasonable suggestions about what, short of turning them loose, the U.S. should do with them.

— Steve Haynes



## Gardener harvesting first crops

The corn is as high as an elephant's eye — as long as it's a really small elephant, a really small, baby, pygmy elephant.

Well, actually some of the corn is up to my knee now, and almost as tall as a couple of the tomato plants.

The tomatoes run from four inches to two feet.

When Steve bought the plants, some of them were oversized to start. He planted some seeds this spring and those are undersized. I suspect by the time we get fruit, they'll all be big enough to provide more tomatoes than we can eat.

But this is the time of year that gardeners measure the size of the plants, worry about hail, bugs, drought, leaf rot and rodents. We have to add cats and dog to that list because the cats have downed a couple of pepper plants using them as beds and the dog did in three tomatoes when she ran through the garden before we had the fence up.

The crushed and broken plants have been replaced and we water and weed the garden each Sunday. My job is weeding while Steve mows the lawn.

The biggest weed problem is an infestation of morning glories. Somewhere several years ago, someone — Steve claims it was me and I say it was a former neighbor — planted morning glories on the fence. They looked wonderful.



## Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes  
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However, morning glories are a first cousin to bindweed. So now we get zillions of little morning glory plants growing up the corn and tomato stalks.

I spent Sunday on my hands and knees removing the tiny weeds from the garden and the more advanced ones from the fence and the side of the dog's pen, which provides one corner of the garden area.

We've been eating the spinach and lettuce as fast as we can. We had the last spinach salad for supper on Sunday. The hot weather has made the plants bolt and flower. Once spinach flowers, its leaves disappear. I'm not sure what spinach flowers taste like, but I'm not going to find out this summer. I pulled all the spinach and spent a couple of hours carefully removing the tiny leaves to have enough for supper on Sunday.

I picked some lettuce, too. The lettuce seems to be holding up better than the spinach. We planted a

variety pack and except for one type, which died immediately, the lettuce is doing great and putting lots of rabbit food on our table.

The radishes aren't doing so well though. For some reason they just aren't growing much. Maybe it's the heat. Maybe it's the cats. Maybe it's just a bad year for radishes.

On Sunday, we had the first peas. I was busy weeding near the fence, where I planted peas this year, and I noticed the pods. I was a little worried about the peas since they are a cool-weather plant, and there just hasn't been much cool weather.

There they were — several filled pea pods. Even Steve enjoyed eating the peas right out of the garden — and he doesn't like peas. (He says they're mushy when cooked.)

The squash is also coming up, and if I can keep the cats and dog out of the vegetables, we should be enjoying tomatoes, peppers, zucchini, yellow squash and corn this season.

Yum. I love summer.

## Wheat harvest nearly here

If you lay quietly, with your ear close to the ground, you'll be able to hear it.

Hear what? The combines rumbling this way, that's what.

Hard to believe, but harvest is just days away. Driving to work last week, I thought, "When did that happen?" Wheat fields all along my route had "turned" almost overnight, now standing golden and ripe.

Harvest is done in Texas and custom cutters are moving north. I've even heard that wheat in the Wichita area is ready and the prediction for this area is for some test cutting to be underway by the end of next week.

The big question will be, was the moisture too little, too late?

Our 7-year-old granddaughter, Taylor, is coming to spend the month of July with us. I hope there might be a little wheat left to cut when she gets here. She's never seen a harvest before, and I would like for her to get to ride on a combine. Her mom did, and she remembers it as a big deal.

The year my brother Dick was working overseas, his wife Donna and I, plus her three boys and my two girls, cut their wheat. Granted, it was only a few acres, but we thought it was a grand adventure. At least five of us were crammed in the cab of that combine while Donna drove. It's a wonder she could even see where she was going.

We have two calves (still nameless) for Taylor to feed and water while she's here. They're not babies, though, so she'll miss the fun of bottle feeding. I won't. I don't feel



## Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
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the least bit bad because they're big enough to eat grass and grain. Feedings every four to six hours are for the birds.

—ob—

Jim is starting the second week of a bricklaying job. I think retirement is looking pretty good to him right now. He comes home aching every night. Maybe this is his way of going out in a blaze of glory.

I hope you know that Jim's idea of retirement is not to quit working, but to merely slow down some. Perhaps be a bit more selective of the kind of work he does. He said I have to quit telling people he's retiring, because they think he's not going to take on any jobs. That was never the case.

He is going to finish our house; that's the first priority. Then he's right back to work. It will be fall by

then, and he's planning to put a new roof on his sister's house and do some other work for her. I think he has some windows to install, siding to put up, cabinets to build, and the list goes on.

The hard part will be to get on his list. So make your reservations now, and take advantage of his "retirement."

## From the Bible

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand.

Romans 14: 4

## Honor Roll

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## 'Whirlwind' dining lots of fun

We've all had unexpected company, but what do you do when a tour bus loaded with professors pops in for a bite to eat?

If you smile, and everyone pitches in, it can be a lot of fun, though I'm not sure Dan and Shirley Bourquin will volunteer to do it again any time real soon.

Cynthia and I got to be part of this little adventure quite by accident. We were planning to take Tom Eblen to dinner in Colby that night. Tom, who taught journalism and guided the student-run *Daily Kansan* at the University of Kansas for many years, is retired now and does consulting for the Kansas Press Association. He was in town to work with the staff of the *Colby Free Press*.

Tom's wife Jeanne still works at KU, and she knew that Margey Fredricks, who runs the annual Wheat State Whirlwind tour, was bringing her crew into Colby for the night. Why not join them? Tom asked.

To two old KU alums, that seemed like a pretty good idea. The tour serves as an introduction to the state for new faculty and staff, many of whom come from states (even countries) far away from our plains.

We'd had dinner with the group a couple of years ago, and found that you get to meet some interesting people that way, plus Don Steeples. Steeples, professor of geophysics, vice provost and old pal of Jim Reeves of Oberlin, is, I swear, at every KU tour and dinner. At least all the ones I go to.

Anyway, Tom looked at the schedule and said we should be at Bourquins' Old Depot Restaurant down by I-70 a little before 6:30 to meet the bus.

We walked in about 6:15 and told Shirley Bourquin we were there to meet the KU group.

A look that may have been horror crossed her face.



## Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes  
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"No," she said, "I think that's supposed to be Thursday."

Tom looked puzzled. I'm sure we did, too, but we didn't know anything, so we just went along with the gag.

"I'm pretty sure it's today," he said.

Shirley went for her file, pulling out a contract that said Thursday. Tom tried to call Jeanne. Shirley kept checking her file.

About that time, Todd and Melissa Stramel of Colby walked in and asked innocently enough where the KU group was. Melissa, a pharmacy graduate, now works part-time for KU. She'd heard about the tour and invited them to dinner at her place, but Margey instead invited the couple to join the big feast at Bourquins.

I looked out the window and spotted something large and red coming up the drive, past the RV park and campground the Bourquins run.

"You may be right about that contract," I said, "but there's a tour bus coming up the road."

That sort of galvanized the place. As 53 professors, instructors and administrators unloaded and wandered in, Margey found Shirley and got the news: The crew, the food, the hospitality, all set for Thursday.

Of course, it was Tuesday. We all knew that.

Not to worry, Margey said: "We can go to Pizza Hut."

No, said Dan Bourquin.

"We want to take care of you, and we need the business."

He and Tom and Shirley huddled.

They started a plan in motion. Margey quickly explained what was happening and everyone moved to the kitchen or the dining room.

I'm not sure exactly what happened next. The important thing was that they broke out the bar, and started selling wine and beer to the thirsty crew, who'd been on the bus touring Kansas for two days straight. That settled things down while Shirley, who's pert picture appears on Bourquins' posters and brochures, got a few volunteers working in the kitchen.

Everyone pitched in. We had professors hawking beer and Shakespear scholars tending bar. Deans waited tables and controllers mixed salad.

I don't know where Shirley found it all — I think they must have a deep, deep freezer — but ribs and chicken and pie plate after pie plate of scalloped potatoes appeared, got cooked, plated and delivered to the tables.

Todd Stramel, though not a KU grad — he went to some other university, then to Washburn law — got into the spirit, running beer and wine to the dining room.

Melissa was in the kitchen. I finally grabbed Margey Fredrickson, sat her down and said, "Eat your salad. It's good for you."

And the multitude was fed. Well, in fact, and that's nothing against Pizza Hut, mind you.

So if you go to Bourquins for supper this month, you'll get a good meal. But be nice and don't say the word BUS around Shirley.

## Oberlin lucky to have The Gateway

To the Editor:  
We would like everyone to know what a great time we had in Oberlin at our grandson's wedding.

We are always amazed at how friendly the people in Oberlin are. It is such a nice place to visit.

You are so lucky to have such a

great building in Oberlin to have wedding receptions in. The Gateway was comfortable, and cool.

We had a wonderful time and

wanted everyone to know how special Oberlin is.

Harold and Betty Wiltfong  
Norton

## Letter to the Editor