

## City has plenty to do without handling museum

City Councilman Jay Anderson seems to have a thing for the way the Decatur County Last Indian Raid Museum is run.

That's his privilege. Maybe he's right. But he ought not to drag the city into his fight.

Earlier, Dr. Anderson tried to get the City Council to pass a resolution recommending a new marketing strategy for the museum. That died without much support.

Then last month, the councilman came up with a plan to count and limit the city's donation of utilities to the museum.

The council went along until the mayor and others questioned whether anyone had even talked to the museum board. The council rescinded the motion and the mayor promised to talk to someone.

Last week, the issue came back. The council agreed to limit the donation to \$3,500 a year, which is more than the museum uses in power, water and other city services.

Why the council did this we're not sure, since the effect is nil. Dr. Anderson says he thinks the council needs to be aware of what the city spends, but until recently, the current council was unaware of the decades-long museum donation. There could be more like it, he says.

The city already knows about how much the donation is each year, though. Supporting the museum, which draws visitors downtown, is

a good idea. No one questioned the validity of the gesture.

The only real impact, other than to limit the museum contribution as city rates rise later, is that workers will have to read the meters more often and keep track of the water and electric usage. Someone will have to count all the pennies.

If the museum needs more, Dr. Anderson says, the board could come in and ask like any other agency would. While his intentions may be good, our belief is that the museum board will see this as just another slap in the face.

Only Councilman Rob McFee questioned the motion. Good for him.

The city, we'd think, has enough problems without the council trying to meddle at the museum. There are bumps in some streets, intersections are not marked, signs are fading, crosswalks could be upgraded for safety. There's a sewer plant to build, a water shortage and maintenance needed on the power grid. Nothing major, but plenty to keep everyone busy.

If Dr. Anderson wants to help the museum, he could volunteer to serve on its board. Members put a lot of volunteer time into fund raisers and work on the property.

Maybe they'd make him the marketing chair.

— Steve Haynes

## Anyone care for a bite of bear?

I feel like Davey Crockett of the 1950's hit song. Remember? "Born on a mountain top in Tennessee. Kilt him a b'ar when he was only three." I didn't really kill a bear, but I did eat one this weekend. Not exactly the whole bear, but it was a healthy sample of barbecued bear.

And quite tasty, too. The head chef at the local antique car and tractor show was supplied with bear meat and prepared it, along with a roast hog, for everyone to sample.

Some wouldn't get near it and others, like me, eagerly helped themselves. If all mountain men had to eat was grizzly steak, they would have fared pretty well.

Bear is not the most exotic meat I've ever eaten. I have tried squirrel, rabbit, rattlesnake, crawdads, buffalo, squid, shark, pheasant, quail, ostrich, turtle and worms.

Worm cookies to be exact. Kind of like Rice Krispie cookies.

I don't know, do worms qualify as "meat"? They are certainly a good source of protein. In fact, that was the selling feature on an investment I made one time into earthworm farming. We were going to supply a cheap food source to third world countries. Perhaps it was an idea ahead of its time.



### Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
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I still think small cities should consider using earthworms to dispose of their biodegradable waste.

Another byproduct would be a never-ending supply of bait.

—ob—

A drizzly rain started last night and it's still coming down this morning. Just what all the newly planted wheat needs. This weekend I saw a field where tender, little green shoots were emerging. It's a critical time right now, getting enough moisture before winter dormancy.

—ob—

We are three weeks, and counting, from our projected move-in date.

Anyone else might look at the house and say, "No way are you going to be able to live in that." But they don't know Jim Plotts like I do. He said we will be in before pheas-

ant season, and we will. We won't be finished, but we'll be in it.

Then I'll do what a "paying customer" would do. I'll make a "punch list" and we'll tackle each task as it comes up.

We just celebrated our 12th anniversary. It will be a great way to get started on our next 12.

### From the Bible

Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

I Corinthians 2: 10

## Writer asks voters to stop cronyism

To the Editor:

When voting, don't let conservative vs. liberal, nor Democrat vs. Republican, nor gay vs. straight, nor racism, nor religion, nor any other ideology, stop us from overcoming cronyism now.

Do we want our nation ruled by laws? Or ruled by corporation CEO's and executives?

"Elect" only candidates who will

stop those giant donations/consultants/lobbyists, grow individual privacies/humane treatment, shrink global warming/stock-option pollutions, grow peace/priority of youth, shrink crony-culture/budget deficit,

grow criminalization of false-impersonating/phishing, grow regulation/transparencies and stop bad lame-duck legislation.

John Bauer  
Martinez, Calif.

### Letter to the Editor

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THE USS NEBRASKA looms out of the gray water off Seattle. The chief of the boat, or senior enlisted man, supervised preparations for boarding visitors while the captain watched from his cushion atop the sail.

— Herald staff photo by Steve Haynes

## Sub ride was one for a lifetime

Wow!

I can't think of any other word to describe our ride on the USS Nebraska.

It's a little like being in a Tom Clancy movie, from the chatter of the watch standers in the control room to the covered shed at the docks, where warheads can be loaded and missiles changed out away from the prying eyes of Russian satellites, to the stone-faced Marine guards at the gate.

Crewmen sleep among the missile tubes, nine to a room, the lucky ones at least. Junior sailors bunk between compressors, under torpedoes or wherever there's space for a mattress and a curtain.

Our day started early, 0615 hours, at the motel near the SeaTac airport where 23 of us, mostly Nebraskans, had gathered for a tour sponsored by the Big Red Sub Club. Drivers from the Gold Crew (a Trident submarine has two full crews, who rotate two or three times a year) drove us clear around Puget Sound to Naval Base Kitsap, where we got a lecture from the public affairs officer and transferred to a bus for another hour's drive north.

At the John Wayne Marina, we boarded the Olympic Venture, a Navy patrol boat (PTB-951) for an hour's ride to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, near the Canadian border, where we met Nebraska.

The day dawned gray and wet, a Seattle morning if there ever was one. Most of us braved the open deck, though some crowded near the wheel house or below decks in the tiny galley to get out of the mist.

Out in the strait, the weather warmed, the sea calmed and ahead, a gray hump loomed between four escorts — two armed Coast Guard cutters and two small container ships loaded with — get this — boxes of rocks.

Sometimes, said the captain, Cmdr. Jeff de Beauclair, an armed helicopter joins the parade. The cutters can ward off any approaching surface vessel and the container ships, one to either side, manned by



### Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes  
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civilians, are there to take a hit from any missile fired at the sub.

With 24 nuclear-tipped Tridents and dozens of warheads, Nebraska is way to valuable to risk coming into port.

The patrol boat swings a gangway across to the sub and we walk over. In glass-like seas, it's easy transfer. An armed guard — another post-9/11 precaution — checks our ID against the list, and down the hatch we go.

A submarine, even one big enough to house standing Trident missiles, is cramped. To get anywhere, you go up and down ladders, some big enough to be stairways on land, some (like the one leading to the hatch) just vertical.

First we had lunch in the crew's mess, which lived up to the reputation of sub food stretching back to my dad's days on a submarine tender in World War II. He always talked about how the subs got steaks and A-1 while his crew got potatoes and hamburger.

We had a couple of old submariners with us, and they couldn't stop talking about the differences between Nebraska and the old diesel boats. Those were tiny, cramped, one-level tubes, while an SSBN is more than 40 foot — a four-story behemoth loaded with death.

We got to see nearly everything onboard, from the control room to the missile control panel, where Cynthia got to "fire" a test Trident. (The real trigger is locked in a safe, awaiting the president's order, which except for tests, has never come. Thank God.)

From the torpedo room to the auxiliary diesel engine to the control room, with the wheel, diving plane

controls and periscopes, we missed only the sonar room and engine room, both still too classified for public view. We got to take pictures of most anything, from the crew bunks in among the missiles to the pharmacy (sick bay) to the galley.

Then it was to the bridge, 30 foot straight up a ladder through the sail, really more of a crow's nest than a command station on a modern submarine. The captain has a cushion on top of the sail, the officer of the deck stands by a computer display and sailors man watch holes behind them.

But what a view. Cmdr. John Carter, the Blue crew captain, was in his element.

The captain let us ride on deck going down the sound and through the floating bridge, then stowed us below for the actual docking — some things there are still secret, it seems.

We'd been warned not to rile the Marine guards on the dock with cameras, and the Navy sprinted us out and back to Seattle by ferry. We got home about 2200 hours — a long day.

Someone asked what the best thing about the ride was — the electronic gear, the missiles primed to wipe out a quarter of the earth's surface, the fantastic design and awesome size of the sub — but hands down, it was the crew, serious, friendly, polite, studious, highly trained and motivated.

It's an elite unit, yes, but a shining example of the U.S. military, very impressive from top to bottom.

It was, as they say, the ride of a lifetime.

Wow.

## Seattle full of fun, fish, flowers

Fish, coffee and the Space Needle — my entire knowledge of Seattle up until this week, when I got to experience the real thing, if only for a couple of days.

Seattle, like most port cities, is known for its seafood.

Starbucks, the coffee that made Colby famous, has its home and origins in this Washington metropolis. So does Seattle's Best, another widely known brand.

The Space Needle was erected for the 1962 World's Fair. I remember the news coverage and photos. I was in the eighth grade, and a trip to Seattle was not in my wildest dreams. I'd never even been to Denver.

But Thursday, Steve and I boarded a jet in Denver and landed in the city of fish, coffee and that long-gone World's Fair.

Friday, we sailed on the USS Nebraska, a nuclear submarine. We met the crew, petted the missiles, visited the bridge and rode her into the dock. It was quite a trip.

To get back to the hotel, we had to take a ferry — a really big ferry that takes cars, buses, trucks and hundreds of people. We watched the Seattle skyline come into view in the twilight and saw the famous Space Needle coming closer and closer. And that was the last we saw of that landmark.

On Saturday, we got up early and headed downtown for a three-hour visit to Pike's Place Market — a nine-acre, indoor-outdoor farmers market at the center of downtown Seattle.

I bought a cookbook. I always buy

a cookbook. I hardly ever cook, but I love to read the recipes and I make notes about our trips in the front. My cookbook collection is sort of a travel diary.

I also bought an apron, which is another great buy for someone who doesn't spend enough time in the kitchen anymore to remember where the spices are.

What I really wanted was flowers. There were fresh bouquets everywhere. There must have been a dozen stalls selling flowers. For \$5 you could get a bunch of cut flowers. What do you do with a bunch of cut flowers when you have to catch a plane in four hours?

I stuck with the cookbook and apron — easier to carry, which is about as useful as a bouquet.

This is a farmers market and a craft show all in one. While I looked over leather goods, crocheted items, artwork and jewelry, Steve looked out the windows, which overlook the bay. Neither of us spent any money at these pursuits, but we both had a good time.

Steve said he took pictures for tourists from half a dozen countries

and several states. Most of them were girls, I suspect.

The market has six to eight fresh fish places, several selling cheese and a couple of bakeries. Steve stopped at every fish stall, including one with live crabs. One crab in particular was about to make it out of the tank. Of course, he was in trouble either way, since he was lunch in the tank and probably couldn't make it on the street.

Steve ended up buying some fresh salmon and a half pound of shrimp. The fishmonger wrapped them in an old copy of *The Seattle Times* and added a frozen gel pack. I put them in my carry on and they made it home in great shape.

It was nice to see that newspapers are still being recycled the old way in some places.

We had a \$4 coffee at Seattle's Best and headed for the airport. Seattle was a fun city and I'd like to return some day to see the museums, visit the Space Needle and walk along the waterfront. But for now, we'll just have to enjoy our salmon and stop in Colby for a \$4 cup of Starbucks.



### Open Season

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