

Young wrestlers get chance at district meet

Saturday Oberlin's Kid Wrestling Club team attended the Northern Subdistrict No. 4 tournament in hopes of qualifying for the upcoming district tournament in Cimarron this Saturday.

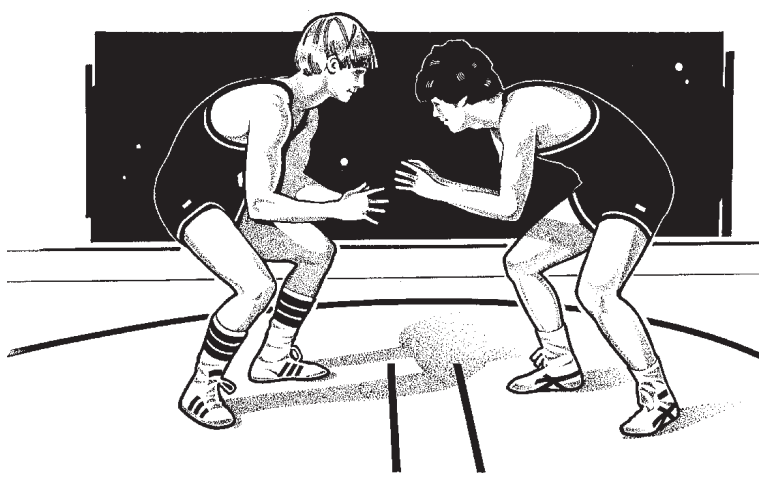
Kelly Brown, Dayton Dreher and Kade Brown brought home gold medals for the Red Devils.

Oberlin had five second-place finishes, five thirds, five fourths and a fifth.

About 500 wrestlers competed in the all-day event with teams from Oakley, WaKeeney, Ellis, Hill City, Goodland, Colby, St. Francis, Atwood, Norton, Hoxie, Phillipsburg, Plainville, Hays and Oberlin.

Oberlin wrestlers included:

- Nicholas McDonald, 8 and under, 49 pounds, second.
- Kaden Van Pelt, 8 and under, 52 pounds, third.
- Tabor Erickson, 8 and under, 70 pounds, fourth.
- Kyle Van Pelt, 8 and under, 73 pounds, fifth.
- Brown, 8 and under, 95 pounds, first.
- Wesley Geihlsler, 10 and under, 61 pounds, third.
- Jordan Baker, 10 and under, 61



- pounds, fourth.
- Andrew Heller, 10 and under, 64 pounds, third.
- Dreher, 10 and under, 85 pounds, first.
- Regent Erickson, 10 and under, 110 pounds, second.
- Kolton Paul, 12 and under, 88 pounds.
- Brown, 12 and under, 96 pounds, first.
- Brady Fortin, 12 and under, 105 pounds, second.
- Channing Farr, 12 and under, 165 pounds, third.
- Gatlin Reichert, 14 and under, 125 pounds, fourth.

- Dalton Paul, 14 and under, 130 pounds, fourth.
 - Jacob Larue, 14 and under, 165 pounds, third.
 - Dalton Dolan, 14 and under, 265 pounds, second.
 - Everett Urban, 16 and under, 150 pounds, second.
 - Nathan Simonsson, 16 and under, 160 pounds.
 - Jaxen Alstrom, 16 and under, 175 pounds, fourth.
- "We qualified 18 of 21 wrestlers for the district tournament to be held in Cimarron Saturday," said Coach Kevin Brown. "I thought everyone did an outstanding job."

THE OBERLIN HERALD — People in Our Community

Mary Lou Olson, society editor mlolson@nwkansas.com

Brock Baxter, an eighth grader at Smith Center Junior High, was winner of the Smith County Spelling Bee for the fourth consecutive time. He has been the spelling champion of Smith County since fifth grade and will again represent his county at the state spelling bee in Topeka on March 24 at the Garvey Center on Washburn University campus. He is the son of Barry and Janeil Baxter, Smith Center; the grandson of Jackie Votapka, Oberlin; and a great-grandson of Bob Wurm of Oberlin.

Ralph and Violet Shaw attended funeral services in Boulder, Colo., on Monday for his sister, Bonnie Olson, who died on March 6.

Dr. Gary and Sarah Fredrickson, Karli and Kaine visited over the weekend with Eric and Cindy Scott and Merry in Lima, N.Y. On Saturday, they all attended the wedding of Carli Ann Brown and John Dingman at the Coudersport Alliance Church in Coudersport, Pa. They returned home Monday.

Rusty Addleman, Randy Ostmeyer, Herb Shirley, Francis Moore, Rex Moore, and Stan Moore were among those who enjoyed the Big 12 basketball tournament in Oklahoma City. Among others attending were Allen Jeffus and Jerry Baker of Topeka.

Phil and Marjorie Law of Lakewood, Colo., visited from Tuesday to Thursday with her mother, Fern Jording. They were returning home after visiting their daughter and family, Michelle and Rae Tackett, in Warrensburg, Mo. Sharon Frick of Herndon was an additional Wednesday afternoon visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Wolters were

Friday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Anholz of McDonald.

Dustin and Katrina Sullivan and Tallyn of Colby spent the weekend with his grandparents, Jerald and Elaine Leitner.

—Santa Bucks and Good Sam Christmas certificates expire Sat., March 31. 11-12

Gary and Judy Vaughn of Henderson, Colo., visited over the weekend with his mother, Nelda Vaughn. On Monday she accompanied them to Sterling where they attended funeral services for their nephew and cousin, Dr. Delvin Randolph, who died Friday in Hutchinson.

Graveside services were held Tuesday morning at the Russell City Cemetery for Joyce Eileen Purdy, 77, of Russell, who died Thursday. Her husband, Derald Purdy, a 1942 graduate of Decatur Community High School, preceded her in death. Survivors include three sons; a sister; two grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Janie Rutherford of Berryton spent the weekend her parents, Calvin and JoAnn Ufford.

Rhiannon Meitl, daughter of Kevin Meitl, celebrated her First Holy Communion at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Oberlin on Sunday. Officiating was Father Henry Saw Lone.

Winning highs in pinochle at

Golden Age Center the past week were Max Carman, Barb Solko, Veanna Carman, Wilma May, Dorothy Moore and Henry Edgett. Lows went to Ivis Hanson, Aleen Van Vleet, Dorothy Moore, Doris Miller, Doris Gilbert, Eunice Richards and Donna Kent. Pitch highs were won by Dorothy Moore and Floyd Edgett with lows going to Juanita Eckhart and Aleen Van Vleet. Winning highs at bridge were Marty Munson, Charlotte Meints and Phyllis Lohofener. There will be open bridge at 1 p.m. Thursday. Senior potluck will begin at 12:15 p.m. Sunday.

Marjorie Hartzog, Christina Green, Stan Hartzog and Bill Noone, all of Jennings, were among those who attended the Emergency Medical Service Operations and Planning for Weapons of Mass Destruction course held in Hoxie from Friday through Sunday at the Sheridan County Emergency Medical Service building. Instructor was Ernie Whitener.

Carol Gethins of Haysville has been visiting her mother, Laurene Van Otterloo.

Evening dinner guests at the Dennis and Judy Shirley home on Saturday, March 3, were her sister and niece, Cindi and Jaime Sauder, Flower Mound, Texas; her nephew, Matt Sloan, Jaylei, Jody and Bryce, Grainfield; and the couple's mothers, Merle Shirley and Doris Sloan, Oberlin.

Benefit pancake supper Friday

A benefit pancake, sausage and egg feed for the Decatur County Relay For Life will be served from 5 to 7 p.m. on Friday at the Decatur Community High School cafeteria.

The group encourages the public to support the supper before attending the all-school play, "The Clumsy Custard Horror Show," which follows at 7:30 p.m.

Trout fishing gets interesting

An associate and I went to visit an Aspen, Colo., financier who lives near Woody Creek and has a private trout stream.

The financier, a former professional athlete whose once-chiseled body has begun to broaden with age, insists his private fishery is as wide as his girth and deep as his pockets.

What I found was that his particular part of the once-famous stream is more like a starving homeless person, with holes in their pockets.

"Ah, Mr. Jayhawker, I will show you how to catch the wily trout," the financier said as he poured me a steaming cup of Starbucks simmering over the open fire.

"All of the trout in Kansas are stocked. There are no wilds, as here. Here in the Aspen Valley, we have the genuine wild brook, cutthroat, and brown trout of Colorado. I resolve to show you the technique necessary to tame this creature. Rest your thoughts, you will witness a true master."

The financier was a very reliable and honest sort, so I did not question his ability; I sat and watched the self-proclaimed master orchestrate his lesson to me.

His idea was to show me — not teach me. I, as a pupil, was to watch — not fish.

It was a wearisome sight. Not only was it tedious and fatiguing, it was boring.

Dressed in the most expensive paraphernalia available, he had every gizmo available to the gullible consumer stuck in some compartment of his Orvis fishing vest.

The financier's stockpile of nymphs, streamers, wet flies and dries stacked side-by-side would equal the length of my Dodge Neon.

The bill for his hand-made Carmichael rod equaled my yearly salary.

After the financier flung his deathly toxic dry fly in vain for nearly two hours, the elated angler jumped for joy when he finally nabbed a five-and-a-half-inch black-spotted trout.

"It looks to me that the trout is unhealthy," I said doubtfully.

"You mean to say that you don't think this trout is healthy? Why, it is a lovely trout, it is one of God's wonders," said the enraged financier as the pitiful fish lay in his enormous pudgy hand.

"Look at those funny black spots on its belly," I said.

"Hm, it's absolutely nothing, perhaps its worms, it's hard to say, but don't be alarmed of them. Wait until your palate tastes this gourmet treat," he said.

Most likely the financier's real estate investment is downstream from mine tailings on the Crystal River, but I didn't have the heart to tell one of the Dukes of the Maroon Bells what he had purchased.

The trophy trout, in this particular area, thrive in the waters of the Roaring Fork just downstream from Reudi Reservoir, 20 miles from his mountain retreat.

Throughout this area of Colorado, it is practically impossible to fish the best areas of private streams, rivers and beaver ponds because of accessibility.

Over the years I have spent endless hours asking permission to fish, with little or no success.

If an angler were to spend their two-week vacation searching for one of these ideal spots, it would take the entire vacation to find one



The Jayhawker

By *Jim Merriott*
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pristine location.

A much simpler way is to carry a rod at your side. When the fishing area looks accessible and the eddies look good, fish.

Now, this is called trespassing and it is against the law, but I have always found that when an irate landowner appears with a shotgun, out comes Uncle Benjamin.

Over the years, Uncle Ben has always helped this angler with complaints even if Uncle Ulysses and Uncle Andrew had to accompany him into someone else's hand.

One instance that comes to mind was an elderly man who appeared one afternoon outside the Flat Tops Wilderness area on private property not far from Trapper's Lake.

This lovely, flowing trout stream, where there was not a cabin or barn within miles, sat just outside the high country through a range of foothills in the upper mountain flat tops.

From out of nowhere, a white-haired man with walking stick in hand slowly approached my back looping cast.

Prior to his appearance, I had caught six beautiful cutthroats in less than half an hour.

"Good day," said the elderly gentleman. "How is the fishing?"

"It has been very good; I caught six fish and kept none. I released all of them," I said. "I've only been here for less than an hour."

"It is good to have someone fishing," he said, then turned and hiked back to the road.

"Have a nice day," he called.

Over the next two hours life was good and I left the area as I had found it, leaving only my tracks.

Further up the trail, I ran into one of the most beautiful scenic areas in North America.

As I fished, no matter what I tossed there was no response even though trout were boiling to the surface. In my arsenal of dry flies nothing worked, neither did streamers or nymphs.

Finally, I broke down and dug for a few red worms.

As I attached a gob of worms on a No. 10 bait hook, I cast to the cruising trout. For the next few hours, I

frantically tried every possible combination to no avail.

As I cast again, the elderly white-haired man re-appeared.

"I see you have tried another spot," he said.

"I should have stayed where I was, but I was afraid that someone would run me off or turn me in to the sheriff," I said.

"No fish today?" he said. "What are you using?"

As I hoisted up my Eagle Claw combination fly/spin-cast pack rod, the old man said, "You'll never catch any trout in this area with a glob of worms that size. Let me see your rod."

He took the rod and cleaned off the mass of worms, then added a single wiggler.

"Now that's what you have to do to catch a trout up here in the flat tops," he said.

As he cast and reeled in the worm just before sunset, a swirling motion hammered the bait like a shark to a bleeding fish.

With a quick jerk, the old man whipped a nice 15-inch trout onto the bank.

"I usually catch about 18 of those a day up here," said the old man. "You should look for a downed tree. These trout really like grubs. Grubs are plentiful up here, they love them. Give it a try and on your way out, stop by my cabin. It's the first cabin down the road on the right-hand side."

"Thanks a lot," I said as he hiked away. "I'll be sure and stop."

After catching about a dozen fish using his advice, I hiked back to the car in the dark in search of the old man's house. As he had said, it was the first house down the dirt road on the right-hand side.

As I pulled into the dusty graveled drive that evening, there waiting for me was the old gentleman.

"How was the fishing?" he said.

"I appreciate you showing me your secrets," I said. "By the way, I'm Jim Merriott. What is your name?"

"I am Barry Osborne," he said, "wildlife commissioner for the Division of Wildlife for the state of Colorado."

Mom has recipe for quail

By JIM MERRIOTT

Now that upland game season is over, it is time to fix up what is left of the quail harvest. One of my mother's favorite ways to fix bobwhite is what I call:

"JAYHAWKER QUAIL" Kansas Style

- 8 bobwhite quail, cleaned
- 1 cup flour seasoned with salt and pepper
- 1 cup cooking oil
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 3 stalks celery, chopped fine
- 1 cup white wine
- 1 10-1/2 oz. can mushroom soup
- 1 cup water

In a saucepan boil the celery until

soft. Set aside. Dredge the quail in the seasoned flour and brown in about one-fourth the cooking oil in a large cast iron pot.

Remove quail and set aside. Pour off most of the oil and add celery, onion, and garlic. Brown until soft.

Replace the quail and add white wine, soup and the cup of water; cover.

Cook in 350 degree oven for one hour. Check occasionally and add more water if needed. Remove quail to a warm platter and set aside.

Pan drippings can serve as gravy. If they seem a little too thick stir in a bit of sherry. Salt and pepper to taste. Serves four.

Enjoy.

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