

Effort for stock building pays off for fair and kids

Anyone who gave money or time for the new livestock building at the Decatur County Fair-ground deserves a pat on the back.

The building, used for the first time last Wednesday for the bucket calf and dairy shows, is a huge success. The building, over 10 years in the making, provided a place for the 4-H kids to show their cattle in the shade and a spot for parents, grandparents and others to watch without baking in the hot sun.

More importantly, the large building makes a huge statement.

It says that a community can come together and get a project done no matter what the cost. It says that we support those youngsters who work hard all year in the 4-H program.

People were more than willing to give time, cattle, feed, money and the use of equipment to get the job done. Each person who was so willing to give is what makes this county so great.

In 1996 people started to leave memorials in memory of Dennis Anderson for a livestock building to replace a decrepit and ill-suited facility. In 2005 two young farm couples, Clay and Jennie Anderson and Michael and Kelly Wasson, at the spurring on of Clay's grandfather Merlin Anderson, picked up the reins and started to push for the building. Clay is Dennis's son and Merlin's grandson.

Those young people spearheaded fund raisers bringing in over \$40,000 to the livestock account with the county Fair Foundation. People gave without question of when the building would be built. They gave from their hearts, some with large donations and others

smaller. In the end, with the recent fund raisers and the memorial money, the money donated has been close to \$70,000, with the building costing \$52,979.

Over the years, the project may have seemed a little rocky. There was some confusion in the process, but at the end of the day, those issues didn't really matter. What matters is that the 60 foot by 120 foot building, excluding the two lean-tos on either side, is standing at the fair-ground and being put to use.

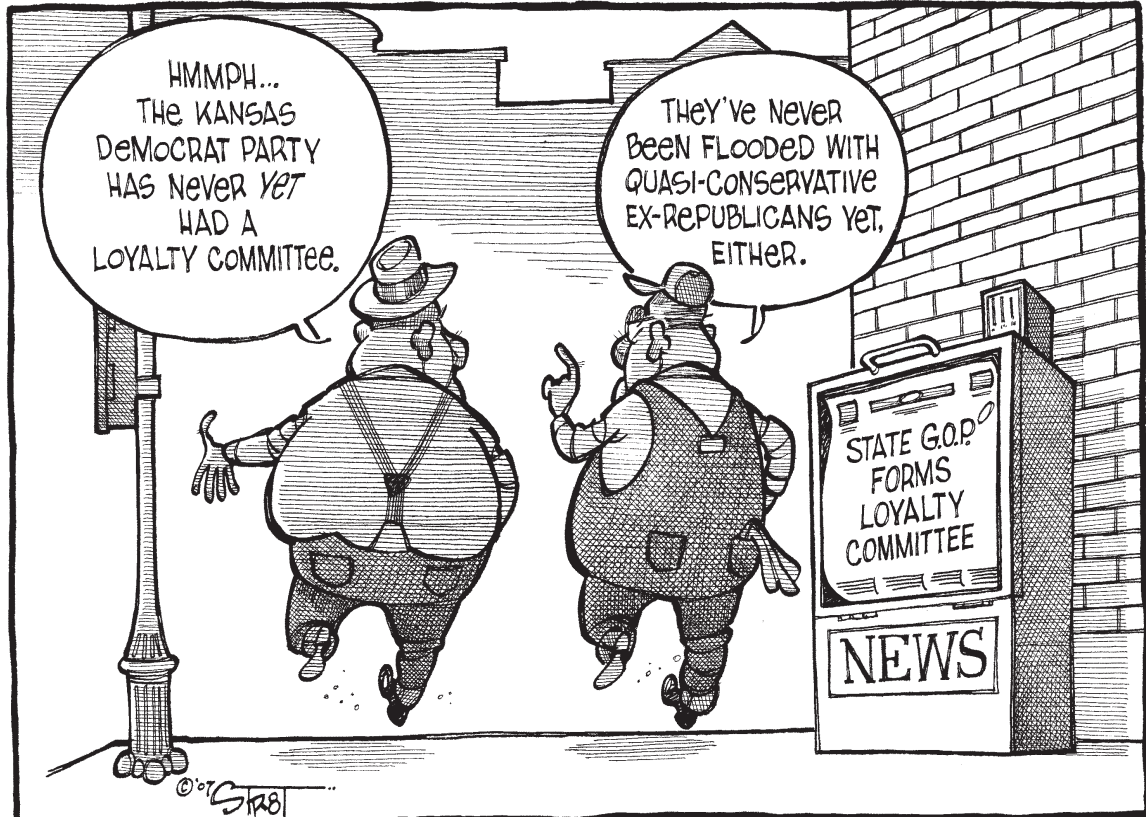
The livestock building is impressive, not because of its size, but because it was a community project, a dream that people didn't give up on. They are still giving today to buy more fencing and complete the electrical system.

It is a testimony of what people here can do if we get passionate about a project. If you do that, you will persevere to the end.

So all of you who gave, all of you who helped, pat yourself on the back for your help in the project, whether large or small. Make sure you tell the Fair Board and Fair Foundation members what a success the building has become. Say thanks to the young couples who spent so many hours asking for donations and pushing the project through — and to those who supported them.

Who knows, maybe this is just the first project of its kind we will see. Maybe the future holds new pens for the cattle, a new hog building and a new building for the chickens and rabbits at the fairgrounds.

The possibilities are endless, especially when we make up our minds to get behind our kids. — *Kimberly Davis*



She lands in Red Wing after all

I'm off on another adventure and Steve is a tiny bit jealous.

We bought new software for our business computer and we're having trouble getting all the bugs worked out. We got the bills out, the suppliers paid and the paychecks cut, but the general ledger isn't talking to the accounts receivable, which hasn't acknowledged the existence of accounts payable.

We needed to get either some computer help, either that, or a family counselor for our system.

The program is from a company called Red Wing Software in, strangely enough, Red Wing, Minn., home of Red Wing Shoes, and to Red Wing I went Sunday afternoon for three days of intensive training and, I hope, a miracle.

Steve was fine with this until he found out that my hotel is on the Mississippi River and right beside the railroad tracks. I get about three trains an hour. He's soooo jealous. He loves trains.

The drive to Denver was uneventful. Leaving off my car and getting on the plane for Minneapolis was a breeze.

On the plane I looked around to plug my earphones in for music. No plug, no music. Oh well, I had a window seat and I'd brought my book.

Just then the cabin attendant brought a woman with three small children up and asked me to switch



Open Season

By *Cynthia Haynes*
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seats. No problem.

Now I was in a middle seat between two other women, so I decided to take a nap. We got to Minneapolis in no time.

I'd never been to Minnesota. It's an interesting place. They have water around all over the place — lakes, rivers, ponds.

I followed the airport signs to the rental car area. However, Thrifty didn't seem to have an office. A call to their 800 number left me on permanent hold, so I asked a nice Avis employee where to find them. They were tucked away in a corner on the other side of the huge room, about a block from the signs pointing to rental cars.

Once there, I got my car — a bright red, two-door Chevy Cobalt. Is it just me or does it seem strange that a car named Cobalt (which is blue) is painted red?

My directions were to take I-494 east until I got to U.S. 61. I was to follow 61 to Red Wing.

I am directionally challenged and Minnesota is sign stingy. I lucked out and found I-494 east and followed it until it turned into I-694. This wasn't in my directions. I got off and checked my map.

Yep, I'd gone too far, so I backtracked and took the road marked U.S. 10 and 61. (I'd spotted the 10 but missed the 61.)

Garrison Keillor tells us they do things slower up here. Well, he's right. Four-lane highways have 60 mph limits and two lanes are 55, if you're lucky.

While traversing the highways of Minneapolis and suburbs, I crossed the Mississippi on two ancient bridges, something I didn't find very comforting this week.

I found my way to Red Wing by luck and frequent stops to check my map. Now all I have to do is find the software company.

Steve wants me to find out what kind of trains are going by. All I know is they are noisy.

Noise has gone back to Texas

The house is strangely quiet. My daughter Kara and her family left after almost a week for their home in Texas.

When the week stretched out before us, it seemed like a long time, but when we looked back on it, the time just flew by.

We were constantly busy but never really got anything done. Our big plans of tackling a project never materialized.

But that's OK. We spent lots of time together and had great fun. Of course, we stayed up too late at night talking, which meant we slept too late in the morning, which in turn meant we lost a good part of the day when we could have been productive.

One thing for sure, we were never late for the fair. Kara, Taylor and I all entered things in the Open Class. Kara took her Special K bars, which we all love (and have come to expect at Thanksgiving); Taylor took a bookmark she wove using straws and yarn; and I baked an apple pie.

Actually, I baked two the morning we were to enter our items. That way, I could choose the best-looking pie to enter. Kara's husband, Adam, flew in that evening, and he got the reject.

Jim always knows he has to buy back the one I take to the fair, so we got to enjoy both pies.

Everywhere we went someone would ask, "So, is this Taylor?" or say, "This must be the Taylor who I read about."



Out Back

By *Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts*
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When some friends stopped us and asked "the question," she asked me, "Grandma, how does everyone know who I am?"

Our friend said, "Why, you're famous!"

"I am?" asked Taylor.

"Yes," I told her, "but only out here."

I don't want her to get big headed.

This has been a great year for sweet corn. We had already eaten a few ears raised by our friends, John and Julia Geisinger, and knew we wanted more. Personally, I declare it to be the best corn I have ever tasted — bar none.

Jim asked, and they said we could come over and pick some ears ourselves.

Taylor, of course, had never picked corn and neither had her dad, so we thought it would be fun. It was, too, except I had forgotten how itchy corn shucks make you feel. I couldn't wait to get home and shower.

We picked 11 or 12 dozen ears and were able to send a dozen home with the kids, give a few to our

neighbor lady and still have plenty to put in the freezer.

After the kids left Saturday morning, Jim and I got to work putting up corn. He found himself a shady spot and set about shucking the ears while I blanched, ice bathed and cut kernels off the cob, bagged and froze. We left some on the cob for a special treat this winter.

Canning or freezing food always reminds me of the parable about the ant and the grasshopper. If you don't work, you don't eat.

We called the kids to make sure they got home OK. Kara said she was working on the dozen ears we had sent home with them but wondered why there was a zucchini in the bottom of the sack of corn. She said she thought we knew no one in her family would eat it.

Itold her it was kind of a joke. This is the time of year when people out here start to lock their cars, I said. They are afraid someone will put a box of zucchini in them.

And for me, that's one down, 10 to go.

Fair, arena something to see

To the Editor:

If you didn't make it up to the Decatur County Fair, you missed out on a lot. All the fine exhibits were such a treat.

Congratulations to all the 4-H members, FFA members and local youths on a successful year. It was enjoyable looking at all the exhibits.

Thanks to all the volunteers who help make it the best fair and carnival around.

The 4-H motto is "To make the best better." That is truly what the people of Decatur County have done.

What a wonderful addition the new livestock building is.

Having shown cattle as a youth and over the last 17 years watching my children show cattle, sheep and hogs in the 4-H program, I can recall a lot of the beef and hog shows and the 5 p.m. sheep shows where sometimes we were fortunate to have a gentle breeze and overcast sky. A few times we've had cold, rainy days, and a lot of times it was just like this year, hot and humid, with little breeze.

Thanks to Clay Anderson and Michael Wasson for spearheading the effort to finish this building, to all the families that had memorials for this, to those who have worked at the numerous hog roasts, those who donated steers and feed, through advertising signs, and to businesses and those who have given numerous donations. I'm looking forward to when it gets finished and the hogs will be under the big shade.

I know a lot of thought is going in on how the building can be used for other things throughout the year.

Once again, congratulations on a successful year.

Brad Marcuson, rural Oberlin

Subject not fit for the paper

To the Editor:

Concerning the information printed in the Sheriff's Blotter and your statement, "We believe that when such incidents are ignored, they will continue": Whether or not your newspaper prints information of this nature is not going to stop these incidents from occurring.

Letters to the Editor

Nearly every evening on the news there is a murder to report, but has that reporting, in the name of public interest, lowered the statistics? No. You perpetuate the violence and print fuel for gossip. Shame on you.

If this is your idea of serving the public interest then your newspaper no longer meets my criteria for proper reading material and you just lost a customer. My criteria: Philippians 4: 8, "Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable — if anything is excellent or praiseworthy — think about such things."

May I suggest you consider adopting this criteria for yourselves?

Melinda Enfield, Oberlin

Park owner wants carts

To the Editor:

Terrace Gardens RV Park on West Victoria Street in southwest Oberlin, now in its third year, is up 656 percent over its first year for overnight visitors.

The park estimates that it was responsible for approximately 1,500-1,600 visitors stopping in Oberlin last year. We expect an increase of 24 percent each of the next two years.

Several fund-raising groups passing through Oberlin have been given spaces for their overnight stay.

Of course, all visitors are encouraged to visit downtown merchants and the museum, the golf course and Sappa Park. Many do so, even though it may be inconvenient to disconnect their car from their recreational vehicle, whether it be a trailer or motor home.

Many more would visit our charming town if they had a convenient way of getting around, as in a golf-cart-friendly town.

Charlie Godwin
Terrace Gardens RV Park, Oberlin
Editor's Note: The Oberlin Convention and Visitors Bureau board may discuss this when it meets at noon Thursday at the LandMark.

News supplies a good read

From the Aug. 7 issue of the *Norcat* News:

To the Editor:
When I receive the *Norcat* News each week, it is read cover to cover before I go to bed that night. Whatever is in it, good or bad, my thoughts are with that person or family. For being a very mature lady, my health is good. I keep busy. I volunteer at the Dayton Veterans Administration Hospital every Monday at the Information Desk.

You meet a lot of people — sick ones, well ones, confused ones, interesting ones — and some you could do without knowing.

I went to the 80th Temple reunion last weekend and I got to see family I don't see very often, some from Norcat and Oberlin. The reunion is in Axtell each year. I stayed in Seneca.

Nila Winchell, Dayton, Ohio

Churn sings a song of old

From the Aug. 7 issue of the *Norcat* News:

To the Editor:
How well I remember my home economics teacher at Norcat Rural High School for four years.

When I graduated in 1953 and married, Miss Simpson gave me a "Daisy" butter churn for a wedding gift. It's one of those hand-cranking models with paddles. I made many pounds of butter with this little jewel. The churn has since retired, as I have. It now sits on my kitchen shelf, silently reminding me of memories from Norcat High.

Adda M. Bell England
Kearney, Neb.

From the Bible

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.
I Thessalonians 5:21

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