

World governments scramble with markets

The biggest names in Wall Street go down, and the government moves to shore up the financial network.

Can it work? Your guess is as good as ours.

Just be glad you didn't have all your pension money in Lehman Brothers stock.

Monday, all the world's major governments were scrambling to bring order to the markets, but it seemed to make little difference what the governments — any of them — did.

The markets kept on plunging. In the U.S., the Dow Jones closed below 10,000 for the first time in years. Traders scrambled to cover all the selling.

What does it all mean?

We wish we knew.

For starters, it means the economy isn't going to start growing any time next year. Any hope of an "early" recovery from the coming recession has been lost.

And while most economists had been talking about a recovery in 2010, there's no guarantee of that.

It'd be a good bet to plan for a resurgence on the markets tomorrow. Someone will make a killing on the rebound, while most of us are far too shaken by the plunge to buy.

That'll fade. The average person, who may keep money in banks, mutual funds and maybe a pension plan of some sort, will recover from the panic some day — if he or she can hold on long enough.

History shows that the stock market moves ever upward, but not always in a straight line. There are dips and curves every year, and ever

so often, a plunge. Now that the market has lost more than a quarter of its peak value, we can tell we're in one of the plunges now.

What to do?

There are no attractive options.

Sell now, you lose a great deal of value, though many Americans would find they still have to pay income taxes because the market has grown so much in recent years, the shares held by long-term investors will have grown. Even at 15 percent for capital gains today, the bite could add insult to injury.

Sell later?

The market may well go down even more. Monday, it was saying it has no confidence in government's ability to halt the crisis. Investors were betting on more declines.

Buy now?

Maybe not the time. There's still more down to go.

But don't buy now, not yet. There's no stability in this market.

It's a better time to be an observer than a player. And that's what most of us are, observers. We weren't going to get rich when the market peaked, and we're not going to gamble on it now.

But history does teach us the market can and will rebound, passing even the 14,000 peak of the Dow some day. That seems pretty distant with the index below 10,000, but it can and will happen.

The only question is when.

Our advice, stay on the sidelines for a while and let things settle down.

— Steve Haynes



There is more to this story

To the Editor:

Thursday, Oct. 2, happened to be 130 years — almost to the day — when a beleaguered band of once-proud Northern Cheyenne Indians paused along the Sappa Creek on their way home. They had walked and traveled by horseback over 300 miles of Kansas rough country, and they still had over 700 miles to go.

Not many people — even in northwest Kansas — know the true history of the Indians in this area. I grew up in Atwood during the 1950s and 1960s, and for some reason never really understood that I was walking on ground used by the Indians for centuries. I never knew about the hardships, and our disregard for a way of life of our predecessors — the Indians. Truly Kansas, which I believe means "south wind" to the Indians, has deep roots in American history.

Some know Oberlin as the home of the "Last Indian Raid in Kansas," but there is more to the story than that.

On Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 1878, over 30 settlers and cowboys were killed in Decatur and Rawlins counties by the Northern Cheyenne as they crossed what once was part of their hunting grounds. Also killed on the way were twice that many Indians — some women and children. Ultimately, many of these once-proud people were taken as prisoners. Some were forced to walk to Florida reservations.

Letters to the Editor

While I feel bad for the settlers who lost their lives, I would like to apologize to Indians for their mistreatment. I would like to apologize for the taking of their land and the disregard of treaties. I would like to apologize for the killing of buffalo for sport.

I come from German heritage, but no matter if we are Danish, Swedish, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Irish or English, we need to consider and be sorry for the mistreatment of the Native Americans in Kansas and across this country. We should also consider the rights and beliefs and way of life of others — in our country and around the world.

Jeff Reinert
Atwood

Here is a chronology of the Indians' trek from Oklahoma north

Northern Cheyenne's Last Homecoming — 1878

Sept. 9: Dull Knife and Little Wolf and nearly 300 Cheyenne start towards Yellowstone, Mont. They were discontent by treatment at Darlington Indian Agency in Oklahoma, and planned a return trip home. They began their trip in the middle of the night, planning to march to Montana, nearly 1,500 miles away. They knew it would be

a difficult trip, but grew resentful because they were pursued by soldiers and the buffalo hunters.

Sept. 18: Encounter with pursuers at Sand Creek, south of Dodge City.

Sept. 27: Ladder Creek, north of Scott City — failed ambush.

Sept. 30: Crossed into southeastern Decatur County — splitting up into groups, the Cheyenne gather supplies and horses needed for the rest of the journey, and take out frustrations on settlers along the South and North Sappa Creeks west of Oberlin.

Oct. 1: Continuing in a northwesterly direction, the Cheyenne crossed into Rawlins County, with encounters with cowboys and settlers along Beaver Creek in the Herndon-Ludell area.

Oct. 2: Battle weary and pursued, the Cheyenne continued northerly into Hitchcock County, Neb. Later they crossed the Platte River near Ogallala.

Groups led by Dull Knife and Little Wolf were surrounded by soldiers and surrendered in northwest Nebraska. They were taken as captives to reservations and prisons at Rosebud, S.D., and in Montana

Early farm equipment scary

Watching a demonstration of old-fashioned farm equipment recently, I watched the huge canvas power belt go from the tractor to the thresher and back again, and thought how dangerous it all was.

It was fascinating and scary to know that this was how my ancestors made their living on the farm. Families with eight to 10 children lived in houses that don't look like they would accommodate a family of four today.

During the thresher demonstration, one man sat on the tractor, which was the power source for the thresher. The tractor engine made the belt go, and that made the thresher go as it separated the wheat from the straw. The straw blew out one end and a pitifully small amount of grain, it seemed, came out the side. A second man stood on the thresher, making sure everything was working.

At the back of the thresher on a wagon was where the real work was being done. A man and a boy, each armed with a pitchfork, were heaving the cut wheat bundles into the maw of the machine. A whole series of belts whirled around that side of the machine.

It looked like hard, back-breaking work, and since the day was windy, the workers had to fight both the weather and the wheat.

I've seen other demonstrations of old-time farming equipment — balers, corn shuckers, horse-drawn plows — but, none has had the same



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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effect. Maybe that's because of the stories my grandmother told.

Her father ran a custom threshing crew, which worked pretty much the same way that custom combine crews operate today, but over a much smaller area.

I doubt that my great-grandfather, Amos Micks, was out on that wagon forking wheat into the machine too often. He was a businessman and probably hired others to do the heavy work whenever he could. Still, my grandmother told of riding in a buckboard and how she and her sister would go to country school on a horse each day and turn it loose to go home, only to have it turn up again when school was out to take them home.

My father's ancestors weren't so well off. Grandpa Willie Desilet was one of 10 kids and Grandma Evelyn (Grandpre) Desilet was one of eight.

All the kids worked on the farm, and it was dangerous. One day, my great-grandmother heard shouts and went out into the yard just in time to watch one of her sons being dragged to death on a hay rake behind a pair of runaway horses.

Life was tough in those days, but agriculture is still not a safe profession, as any stockman, farmer or doctor will tell you. It's safer than when we used horses and easier than when we used steam, but still it's often just plain hard work.

From the Bible

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.

Hebrews 13:5-6



Setting the record straight

To the Editor:

Not crazy, just wanted to set the record straight regarding the "crazy people" who were supposed to be sent to a farm and put in a little wooden jail.

Yes, the jail was moved to the present Stuart Euhus farm. People were sent there, but they were NOT crazy.

My Dad grew up there, and his folks took care of the people sent there. They were people without money and had no where to go.

The place was called the "Poor Farm" and the county owned it. My Dad, Leorin Richards, told me stories of the people sent there and he said the jail was used only twice, and not for very long.

I think after my grandparents moved off the farm, the Aters moved there.

I don't know if there were any poor people there then or not, but I imagine there were. I was born in 1940, after my folks moved here. I can still remember when the Aters

lived there. They moved and the Elsie Bush family moved in. One of Mom's brothers, Lloyd, married one of the Bushes' daughters.

The Bushes lived there until the 1950s, when the county decided to sell the farm and the Euhuses bought it so Stuart could have a place of his own when he came home from the military.

Norm Richards
Oberlin

Third time is not charming

Jim's theme song should be, "There, I Did It Again."

Through this column, you've followed him through cutting a chunk out of his finger with a circular saw, through almost losing his thumb while driving in a metal post, to performing his own surgery to remove a massive splinter from his finger.

The latest chapter in "See Jim Hurt Himself" was written last Tuesday when one of the guys Jim is working with called me to say Jim had had "a little accident."

Now, I've been married to a carpenter long enough to know that could mean he cut off his arm up to the elbow. Lee went on to say he had driven Jim to the clinic because he shot a nail through his finger.

"I'll be right there," I told Lee.

It wasn't like I could really do anything to help, but, I thought I could, at least, offer some moral support. When I walked into the office, the receptionist pointed me to the room marked "Surgery." I knocked politely and walked in. There Jim stood, the index finger of his left hand elevated with only smudges of blood left as evidence of an injury.

"This isn't too bad," I thought. Then he held up the X-ray. There was the nail, neatly entering the underside of his finger and exiting the top side, barely behind the knuckle. (Just like in an old western movie, where the arrow went completely through the soldier, and you saw it coming out both sides). At first glance, you thought it went completely through the bone. But, on closer examination, you could see the groove in the side of the bone the nail made on its way by.



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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The story unfolded bit by bit. Jim was climbing down a ladder after using the nail gun. He had the air hose in his left hand and the nail gun in his right with the trigger depressed. Nail guns are engineered to shoot a nail only when the tip of the gun is pressed against a surface. He evidently pressed it against the ladder because it fired a nail, grazing his left thumb and attaching the air hose to his finger.

Jim said he called out, "Lee, I think I shot my finger."

Cool Hand Lee said, "I don't think you shot your finger; I know you did."

Still conjoined to the air hose, Jim took his utility knife and severed the connection. Later, he said, "I really hated that. That was Lee's air hose."

At the clinic, Jim was told there would be no way to deaden the finger because the wound was too deep. His only request was that he be the one to pull the nail out.

"I knew how much pain I could stand," he said.

So with the doctor gripping his hand and finger, Jim took a pair of pliers and tried to pull out the nail. Did I forget to mention that this was a 16-penny nail? Not a finishing nail or a tack. This was a humongous construction nail, designed to hold

a house together.

After three sweat-popping attempts to extract the nail, Lee reminded Jim that it was a cement-coated nail. This is a nail that is coated with a resin engineered to heat up from the friction of being fired from the gun and then bond to the material it is shot into. In this case, it bonded to Jim's finger.

Well, that explained it. Now, he had to add twisting and breaking the bond to pulling. Once he figured that out, though, that's what he did, and he pulled the nail right out. After hearing the story, I'm glad I wasn't there to "help." I would have been as much help as a man is to a woman when she's having a baby. All I could have said was, "Pull, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Breathe."

We left the clinic with his finger securely bandaged, prescriptions for antibiotics and pain killers and the admonition to "take it easy." I managed to convince Jim to take the rest of the day off, and by that night, he was glad I did. The drugs helped dull the pain, but he definitely knew he had been hurt. Still, Wednesday morning saw him back on the job. I guess you can't keep a good man down.

Moral of this story: never pull the trigger unless you're ready to get shot.

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