

Gangs can't be allowed to silence public debate

In a disturbing trend, gangs of demonstrators have been disrupting "town hall" meetings being held around the country to boost President Obama's push for a national health insurance plan.

That's not the way we do things here in America, where we believe in free speech and we hold that every viewpoint has a right to be heard.

If the protestors are "patriots," as some say, then they should be the first to back our Bill of Rights. And the rights to speak, to assemble and to address the government are among the most important guaranteed to all citizens.

If the protestors have something to say, they are more than free to say it. They may call their own meeting, make speeches, send out press releases, just as the Democrats have done.

If they don't like the Obama plan—and many Americans do not—they are free to criticize it. They can march out front in protest. They can go inside and ask questions of the speakers.

What they cannot do is disrupt or try to stop a pro-plan rally. That's just wrong.

That kind of thing used to happen in American politics, in the days of boss rule in the cities, and in the era when labor unions and other "radicals" were seen as a threat to society. In those days, though, it was often the government and employers suppressing the "reds."

Today, the demonstrators are a shadowy

group opposed to the president and his health-care plans. Some claim to be "patriots." Democrats would like to blame the disruptions on the Republican party.

It should be clear, though, that the Republicans have nothing to gain from this undisciplined behavior. Any involvement by the party in disruption or violence would be foolish.

Right-wingers, "tea party" backers and others disturbed by the government's massive shift from the left are wasting their time and effort if they are involved. The way to counter this leftward list is to get organized and elect more conservatives to Congress. Demonstrations won't cut it.

Disrupting the Democrats' rallies, in fact, is just playing into their hands. It generates more publicity for the forums, which otherwise might pass unnoticed, and it creates sympathy for the cause.

That just leaves assorted fringe thugs to disrupt these rallies, and the police ought to know how to deal with them: move them outside, arrest them if necessary and let the meeting proceed.

American politics have no place for silencing any group, especially by mob action. Arrest them, throw them in jail and let the debate continue, we say.

Protest is fine; disrupting opponents' speech is not. — *Steve Haynes*

Now, what was that stuff?

I am NOT one of those cooks who purposely leaves an ingredient out of a recipe so that no one can make the dish like I do. However, I AM the kind of cook who legitimately forgets some of the ingredients.

As per usual, I entered my apple pie in the Open Class at the county fair. One of the requirements was to submit the recipe along with the entry. I was standing at the sign-in table when I remembered that item. I asked for a recipe card and hurriedly wrote the instructions down, as best I could remember. It wasn't until I was on the way home that a flash came to me — I had forgotten to write down cinnamon.

Perhaps the judge didn't notice, because she said some very nice things about my pie. I consoled myself by thinking that anybody who ever made an apple pie would know you have to add cinnamon.

We're giving a whole new meaning to the term "corn fed." Sweet corn is in season, and we are doing our best to consume as much of the delicacy as we can while flavor is at its peak.

We buy a few dozen from every vendor we see. That allows me to cut some off the cob for the freezer and still have plenty to boil for the table. I've tried to freeze corn on the cob but, have never been satisfied with the results. It always tasted "watery" to me. Cut off the cob and frozen, however, retains its "fresh-from-the-field" flavor.

The kids in Texas have all put in their orders for several dozen ears of corn. It's a good thing we are planning to drive the pickup when we go, because I have visions of bushels and bushels of sweet corn piled high.



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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My daughter Kara has even taken orders from friends.

— ob —
Work at the jobsite where Jim has been employed the past several months is winding down. He has begun bringing home tools and equipment he no longer needs there.

Before the job started last fall, he had built a simple "crew shack" and hauled it to the site. It was a small structure where the men could warm up, keep some tools and the house plans, and take their lunch breaks.

A couple of weeks ago, it was time to bring the shack home, but its return had to be delayed for family reasons. Not our family, a bird family.

Jim discovered a mother swallow had built a nest under the eaves. A quick peek revealed three chicks not quite ready to leave their happy home. And a very mad mother swallow who objected to Jim even being close to her babies.

So the shack had to stay put awhile until the chicks could fly away. Which, we assume, they did because the nest is empty, and the mother no longer dive bombs Jim when he gets close.

— ob —
I've been re-reading my mother's book, "Out With the Kansas Hillbillies." An excerpt from a 1936 column said, "I've been wearing overalls the last few mornings, and

I hadn't realized before how much I use my skirt for a pan holder."

When I was a child, I never recall seeing my mother in a pair of pants, let alone overalls. She was of the generation of ladies who wore dresses everywhere, every day.

It was the 1960s when pantsuits came into mode. I remember the first time my mother wore slacks to church. Heaven forbid! She debated long and hard before getting up the nerve to do it.

Nowadays, you're hard pressed to find a woman wearing a dress — even in church.

From the Bible

Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker: and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.
Proverbs 17:5

Photo Policy

The Oberlin Herald wants to emphasize photos of people doing things in the community. If you know of an event or news happening that we should attend, please call 475-2206. Please be sure to allow a couple of days' notice so we can arrange to be there.



Nosebleed turns into shade

As we climbed the upper deck, looking for our seats, I figured I was in for trouble.

We were panting already, and we hadn't found row 23 yet.

"Go up that way," the usher waved.

It made my neck sore to look "that way."

When we did find our row, it was a couple of steps past the purple line; you know, the row of seats around the top of Coors Field meant to show visiting teams just where 5,280 feet in elevation is.

We turned and looked down, straight to the field. Big mistake.

"It's a good view," Cynthia said, gamely. "I'm not sure I can watch the game, though."

She has trouble with heights; anything over, say, five feet makes her nervous.

Heck, one glance back to the field, and I was nervous, too.

We'd decided to go to the Rockies-Cubs game on the spur of the moment. We had been trying to find time for a game all summer, but if the Rocks were in town, we weren't. Or we were busy.

We would have gone Saturday night, but she was working at the drug store until 3, leaving not enough time to make a 6:10 game. So Sunday it was, and that, at least, turned out to be a good thing.

Cynthia called and found us a place to stay. We decided to see what kind of tickets the scalpers had on the street. After she got off Saturday, we took off, stopping in Colby to do some work.

We listened to the second game of the series — we lost — and went to dinner when we got to town. Along the way, we realized what we had forgotten — the "game bag" with our little radio to listen to the broadcast

and some caps. And the sunscreen. We got checked into the hotel all right, but I thought we might not get to the room. You have to swipe your key card to go to a guest floor, and Cynthia could not get the hang of it. Our elevator was going nowhere.

The door opened again, another woman got on and, swipe, she was in. She pushed our button, too. At the room, though, the story was the same. I offered to use my card. That got me a dirty look, but it was not to be the last.

At dinner, we were too early for the late-night "happy hour" menu, and the bar was way too crowded to eat in anyway. We went to the dining room, Cynthia unhappy about the big hamburger she'd been dreaming of. She got it, but not for the happy-hour price.

Next morning, on the way to church, we discovered that we'd left our sunglasses in the car. No problem, I said; we'll just have the valet bring it up. Hah. When we got there, there was an hour delay on getting cars. Dozens of people were sitting around looking dejected. One woman was yelling at the valets.

"One hour I wait," she shouted. "They came after me. They got their car. I want the MANAGER."

We bought cheap sunglasses on the way to the game, plus expensive sunscreen. Then there was the matter of tickets. The first scalper had nothing but nosebleeders and the



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
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Rock Pile bleachers beyond center field. No good, she said.

The next two were the same. The fourth guy seemed pretty nice. "Where are they?" I asked. He pointed to the upper-level boxes, good view from there.

How much? "\$25 each."

Sounded better than anything else we'd seen. Of course, the next two scalpers had season tickets down below. I figured I was in real trouble.

As the game wore on, though, I saw a glimmer of hope. We were winning, for one thing. That always helps.

Cynthia admitted that she could watch the game without getting ill. And, truthfully, it helped when all the latecomers filled in the seats below us.

At least there was something to fall on.

And the shade. Did I mention the shade?

Those seats were tucked way up under the overhang. We were out of the sun all day, had that view of the mountains and a nice breeze.

Down in the expensive seats, people were passing out from the sun.

So ours turned out to be pretty good seats after all, and the Rockies whipped the Cubs 11-5, which saved me from abject embarrassment at the hands of my son-in-law, Brad. But that's another story.

Free! Zucchini with any ad

Yep, it's August, and the produce is rolling in.

We picked up a couple of Rocky Ford cantaloupe and some West Slope peaches when we were in Colorado the other day. They were delicious.

Back at home, the tomatoes are starting to turn red — or in the case of our garden, red and yellow. Steve likes to plant a variety of tomatoes, so we have cherry, yellow pear, early, late and yellow tomatoes.

Over in the side yard, the zucchini is looking for a way out of the garden, which I have guarded by a row of broccoli. So far, the broccoli is holding the line on the front, but the zucchini staged a flanking maneuver to the side. Either way, we've enjoyed a couple of meals of steamed broccoli (with only a small side of worms) and both zucchini stir fry and zucchini bread.

Even the green pepper plant one of the cats broke is bearing (on the ground, mind you, but it's got a pepper) and the carrots have been right tasty.

The spaghetti squash is fighting the English ivy for possession of the dog pen fence, and I think the squash is winning. So far, though, it's had lots of male flowers but no fruit.

The yellow squash doesn't have a very good spot. It got put in late and clear to the back under the tree after I realized that the yellow squash



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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seeds I had planted were actually zucchini. Still, it's blooming and I should have something off it before the end of the season.

We picked and ate our first batch of corn. It was a little overage and undersized, but tasty nevertheless.

And then there are the cucumbers.

Steve planted them for me even though he doesn't like cucumbers. I got about one a day for a week. Then I went on vacation. When I got back, I had more than I could eat ready to go. And one big, ugly two-footer.

But so did a couple in Norton. Patsy Barnard had so many cucumbers she was leaving them in locked cars and with unsuspecting pharmacy clerks. She also left her recipe for microwave pickles.

I figured if Steve wouldn't eat cucumbers but would eat pickles, it was worth a try.

My quart of pickles took about half an hour to make and a couple of hours to cool. They are deli-

cious, and while I'm not sure about long-term storage, right now we're enjoying these easy and quick bread-and-butter pickles.

Microwave Pickles

- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon mustard seed
- 1/2 teaspoon celery seed
- 1/4 teaspoon turmeric
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cucumbers, sliced thin
- 1-2 onions, sliced thin

Mix together the spices, vinegar and sugar. Put cucumbers and onions in a microwave-safe dish and pour vinegar mixture over the top. Toss to cover and microwave on high for five minutes. Stir and microwave on high for another five minutes.

Pickles are ready to eat as soon as they are cool.

I wasn't sure if this should be covered, but figuring that things in the microwave are usually covered, I opted for a lid, and that seemed to work well.

Old clip recalls tale of surviving Indian raid

To the Editor:

My cousin sent me an article that was published in your paper in 1976 by Dorothy Kelley about our great-uncle, Charlie Janousek. My cousin did not meet him, but I did, in 1952 at my grandfather John Janousek's house. Grandpa, who lived in Fletcher, Okla., was Uncle Charlie's older brother.

It was exciting to see the scar I had always heard about from my grandfather when he used to tell me

Letter to the Editor

about the Indian Raid and how he had picked up Uncle Charlie and run with him to get away. Uncle Charlie was about 2, Grandpa was about 8. That's when the arrow caused Uncle Charlie's head. It went on to kill my great-grandfather.

My mother, Annabel Janousek Williams, died Dec. 7, 2005. She

was 97 and the last of the John Janousek family.

There are a few of Grandpa's grandchildren left, but only three great-grandchildren with the Janousek name.

Thank you for the story you did in 1976.

Bernice Bernard, Meridian, Miss.

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