

U.S. takes out Osama, but war is far from over

The U.S. finally tracks down Osama bin Laden after all these years.

Twenty years after he began targeting America. A decade after he brought down the twin towers of the World Trade Center in his second attempt.

What does it mean?

Not the end of the war on terrorism. As Winston Churchill once said, "Now this is not the end. Not even the beginning of the end."

But it surely is a victory along the way. During the last decade, the U.S. has done much to cripple al Qaida and the other terrorist organizations operating against it. Commando raids, covert action, Predator strikes, rockets, guided bombs, all have taken their toll on these groups. They are weakened, but they have not gone away.

The road ahead will be long and arduous. Unless the United States wants to abdicate its role as the leader of the Free World, we will have to continue to press the fight as best we can.

We should make it clear, as President Obama did Sunday night, that we are not at war against Islam. We have millions of friends among the nations of Islam. We claim millions more as our own, as Americans.

We are at war, and must be at war, against the radical Islamist movement. These groups seek to enslave not just Muslims worldwide, but the entire world. They would put us all under a theocracy where no freedom of

thought would be allowed, the slightest dissent punishable by death, the mention of any religion other than their own, twisted version of Islam forbidden.

The world cannot allow that. As we did 70 years ago, we need to stand together and fight for freedom.

The battle is more difficult today. Then, the enemy ruled nations that rose up to smite us. Our predecessors prevailed. Today we say, that truly was their finest hour.

Today, the enemy comprises a dozen shadowy groups, some living in caves, some hiding in cities, some no doubt within our own borders. It rules no great nation, no great army. But its ambition is both boundless and evil.

It is hard to sustain a battle against this enemy you cannot see until it strikes.

And we must find more effective, less costly ways to fight. How long can we afford to spend \$2 billion a week to keep troops in Afghanistan? How long can our allies?

Still, the war will continue. We must win. We will win, as we did 65 years ago. As we did 30 years ago.

The future of civilization is at stake. The very concept of freedom is challenged. And as past generations did, we must respond. Through the grace of God, we will respond.

Osama was but one visible symbol of this movement. He is gone, but the war will continue. Eventually, freedom will prevail.

— Steve Haynes

Second's lapse at saw painful

If you want to sign up for "Shop Safety 101" class, Jim will be accepting applicants. Just as soon as his wounds heal from his experiment in how NOT to use a table saw.

Jim is one of the few carpenters I know who still has all his digits, due to the fact that he has always been diligent about safety. Last Tuesday evening, he lost his focus, for just a moment, and the consequences were severe.

Working late and pushing to finish a project, he was running a piece of quarter-inch plywood through the table saw when, he said, he took his mind off what he was doing for just a split-second when it happened.

Zing! And it was done. I actually saw it happen. Not directly, but I had just parked the van outside Jim's wood shop. He turned around and saw me and went back to work. That was when it happened. I saw him jump back; he walked to the shop door where he was in the sunlight, turned around, switched off the saw, pulled the light string, came to the van holding his hand and said, "We've got to go to the hospital."

When I saw the blood dripping, I knew he was right. After running into the house and rinsing it off, Jim wrapped his hand in a clean T-shirt laying on top of the dryer. He said, "Just drive the speed limit," but, I know I pushed it a little.

I have son James on speed dial, and I called him to tell him what happened and had him call the hospital so they would be ready for us. The medical team was professional and efficient giving Jim what he needed most: reassurance and pain killers. Their assessment matched ours: he needed a specialist. While they



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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dressed his hand, I filled the car with gas for the two-hour trip ahead to a regional medical center.

A little side note: Jim called our minister before leaving town and asked him to pray for us and pray to keep the deer out of our way. Never saw a single one. At the medical center, a doctor put in a few stitches to hold it together till we saw the specialist the next day and he gave him another shot for pain and a prescription for more.

The nurse who had given him the shot left our cubicle and Jim rubbed his arm, wincing. "Man," he said, "that shot hurts worse than my fingers."

Popping her head around the corner, the nurse said, "I heard that." He was getting a little "loopy" from all the medication, but Jim never lost his sense of humor and tried to keep everyone laughing. The specialist, who I'm sure sees lots worse than this, said Jim had severed a tendon, but it could be repaired. So that's where we are at the moment, waiting to be assigned a slot for surgery. We have every reason to believe he will fully recover and be back to carpentry quickly.

We always look for the silver lining in every situation and this time we found it in our motel room. The emergency-room receptionist gave

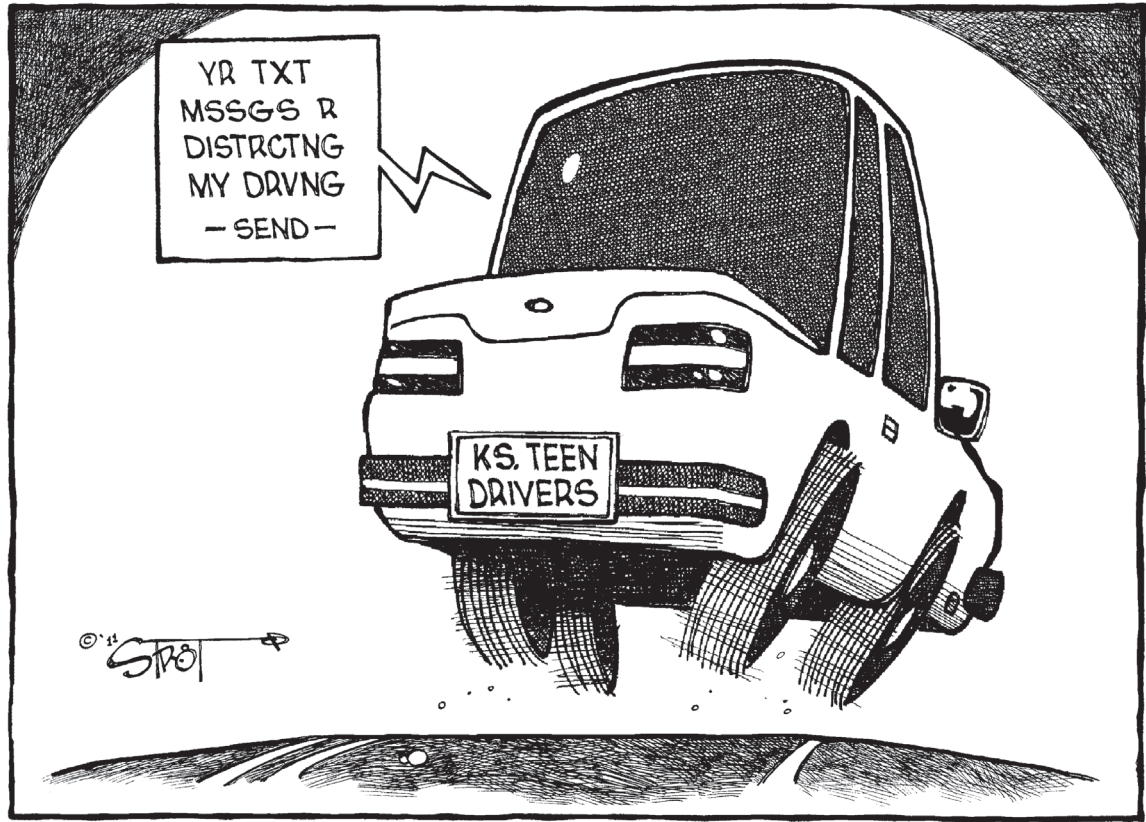
me a card saying it would get us a room for \$49.95 at a motel. I called, but they only had smoking rooms left and Jim is allergic to smoke.

The clerk said her motel had a reciprocal agreement with another motel in town and she would connect me. The second desk clerk said the only room they had left was the \$269 per night Jacuzzi suite.

As I started to say, "Never mind," she quickly told me it was the motel's policy to honor the discount rate even if the suite was the only room left. So, we spent the night in a fancy-schmancy suite with three televisions, a jacuzzi tub, a king-size bed with a huge leather headboard, a sofa, chairs, mini-fridge, microwave and a marble-lined shower — all for \$49.95.

Too bad we were too exhausted to appreciate it. The next morning, I had to apologize to the desk clerk. During the night, the dressing had come off Jim's thumb and he bled all over the sheets. It looked like a murder scene, and I didn't want her calling the cops when the maid went in to clean the room.

My husband is healthy and strong. He's got too much left to accomplish before he hangs up his hammer. This is just a bump in the road, but we have many miles to go before we sleep



She finally gets to see Florida

I've always wanted to visit Florida.

Steve's been a few times. He even attended the 1969 Orange Bowl to watch his K.U. Jayhawks beat, then lose to Penn State.

But that was back when he was in college and we had just met.

Since then, we've traveled all over the country and all over the world. But never to Florida.

So, when the invitation to attend a wedding on Miami Beach arrived, I was thrilled, excited and overjoyed.

Steve thought it sounded expensive. I whined.

I won. Aw, it was a family wedding. He wanted to go, too.

Although we hadn't seen the bride for several years, she's always been a favorite of ours, and we were dying to meet her future husband, a retired British military man.

So as the weather warmed up in Kansas, and our flowers all started to bloom, we took a plane to Florida to enjoy the sun and beach.

Wait a minute. Something is wrong with this. Why was I heading into the world of humidity and sun cancer when spring had finally arrived in our little corner of the world?

Because, like I said, I've always wanted to visit Florida, and we both wanted to be part of this wedding. If we'd had to go in August when the temperature and humidity both were 99, I'd have jumped at it.



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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The wedding went off without a hitch. The bride was beautiful, the groom dashing and the ceremony on the beach.

Which was the only time I stepped on sand during my entire trip.

We visited downtown Miami Beach on a couple of emergency shopping trips. I had to have a beach bag to carry all my junk to the wedding — purse, camera, sunscreen, hat, bottled water. Then Steve found out that he had packed six shirts, two pair of shorts — and no slacks. Another quick trip downtown.

We took a boat ride and enjoyed the beautiful Miami skyline. We ate Cuban food and listened to people talking in a dozen languages.

I watched the storybook royal wedding on television, then watched my daughter's sister-in-law marry her Englishman in a different, much smaller, but equally beautiful ceremony the next day.

While the bride and groom tried to figure out how to pack up her household for the move to England and the other wedding guests scattered, we headed north with our children, driving by the fabled towns of Palm

Beach, Daytona Beach, Cape Canaveral and St. Augustine.

We didn't have much time to explore most of those places. We did spend a little time in Jacksonville while oldest daughter met with others on her Internet work team.

(I have no idea what she or her husband do. They work in the Internet and she works for Billy Morris, who owes several newspapers. So, she's still in the newspaper business, sort of, I think.)

Our time in Miami and Jacksonville was way too short. We had to get back up to Augusta, Ga., so we could visit our granddaughter, Taylor, and her mom, and the kids could get back to work.

I got rained on, got sand in my shoes, suffered mosquito bites and a very mild sunburn while in Florida.

I met and saw people from all over the country and the world. I tasted interesting food and drank way too many mojitos.

I got to see Florida and had a great time doing it.

And, I only had to wait 63 years.

Vacation begins with pain

As vacations go, this one didn't start so well. As I was getting out of the hotel van at the Denver airport, the driver put down a big plastic stool for us to step on. Nice touch, I thought.

As I stepped down, though, carrying my computer and some odds and ends of reading material, the stool slipped, my right leg went back and I could feel my hamstring muscle let go.

I've done this once before. I know what it feels like. Intense pain, quivering muscles, you can hardly walk. At that point, in fact, I could have crawled out of the way of an oncoming bus, maybe. A slow one.

Hobble was more than I could take. We made it upstairs, where Cynthia asked the airline to give me a wheelchair ride through security. Boy, was that fun. Fast, anyway.

At the "A" terminal checkpoint, the airline person wheeled me to a special lane reserved for the handicapped. It was a new experience, being pampered by the Transportation Security Administration.

I still had to stand and empty my pockets, take my shoes off, toss my phone in the bin, the usual stuff. The woman at the metal detector asked if I had a hip implant. I tried to explain, but mostly she was just afraid I was going to fall down on her. I'm sure I looked awful, as much pain as I was having.

From security, I got to ride an electric cart to the gate. Did you know they have a special elevator for those things? You drive the big ol' cart in one end, park, push the button, then drive off the other end.

Who could have guessed?

I got to the gate ahead of Cynthia, but then she's had to explain why she was going through security with



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
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four carry-on bags, two big and two small. And stop at McDonald's for breakfast. Couldn't carry the coffee, so we had to do without.

I worried about how the leg would do, sitting in an airline seat for three hours. Turns out, it didn't seem to mind. The angle and position were perfect to avoid pain. Hobbling off the plane was a different matter, however. Then I got to be wheeled through another airport.

My stack of papers got left on the plane. Frontier couldn't find them. Maybe they wound up in Denver. I'll check on the way home, but most of them had been waiting so long to be read I'll never miss them anyway.

The van ride downtown and out to Miami Beach was uneventful and fairly pain-free. Had to hobble into the hotel. Dinner that night, we were on our own. Went downtown by cab to a place the kids recommended; it was great. Only problem was it's located halfway between cab stands on the mall. In and out, those were two loooong blocks on a quivering, painful leg.

That evening, I learned I had mistakenly packed chino shorts in place of my chino pants. Oops. Next day, we went back to the mall and had to walk two blocks to the Gap for pants. Afternoon thunderstorm moved in; it poured. Couldn't run; had to just stay put at a bar.

No pants my size. Gap too youth

oriented. Two more blocks to Macy's, where they prided themselves in having my size. Had to roll pants up, but they looked and felt nice at the rehearsal dinner.

Next day, we had to go back to the mall to get the bag Cynthia was too cheap to buy the first time. I smiled and said yes, bless her little heart.

This time I walked six blocks. After lots of hot baths and heavy doses of ibuprofen, the leg is getting better every day.

I think I am lucky, especially after seeing the size of the bruise emerging from within on the fourth day. I keep soaking, massaging, medicating and walking. It keeps getting better.

The drive to Jacksonville, clean across the state, was at least heck, however. The leg was really stiff and sore after eight hours in the back seat. Just sore, though. Not painful.

The whole thing has given me more appreciation for people who live in a wheelchair, I have to say. I can sympathize more nearly with their plight.

People who live with pain year after year have my respect as well. At least I know I'll get better.

Meantime, the leg gives me something to complain about.

Other than that, it's been a great trip, by the way.

From the Bible

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God? Thou art the God that doest wonders; thou hast declared thy strength among the people.
Psalms 77, 13-14

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No need for snake here

To the Editor:

Thanks for not approving to have a snake that is seven-foot, or any size for that matter, to take up residence in Oberlin. Yes, this is a free country, but that does not rule out common sense.

Gib Dean, Knoxville, Iowa

Letter to the Editor

(Class of '50)