

City needs surveys returned to get grant

We need your help! Everyone who lives in the city limits should have received a short little survey in the mail last week. On the outside, it looked similar to the water notices we are all used to getting.

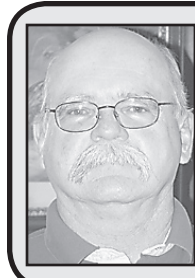
The city needs to get 90 percent of these surveys back to be eligible to apply for a grant from the state to help us pay for much-needed street repairs. The city office staff has worked hard getting all the information needed to apply for this grant, and if we are successful, it will allow us to do at least twice as much street work as we had planned.

If you have not sent or dropped your survey by the city office, or if you did not receive one or misplaced it, please stop by The Gateway and fill one out. It will only take a minute, and it is really important. Thanks.

Lots going on recently, so I will take this opportunity to touch on some things. First thing is the Up in Smoke Barbecue Cookoff was a blast. The music was great, the weather was great, the food was great and the opportunity to pass out the awards was great.

This event is put on by a group of area women that work for many months beforehand, and it really showed this year. It was the best one so far in my opinion.

If you did not make it, mark your calendar for next year. This event raises a great deal of money for Sappa Park improvements. A good time was had by all. Thanks,



Mayor's Moment

By Bill Riedel

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ladies.

On the water situation: Council members Jim Miesner and Rusty Addleman, Willard Perrin from the city crew and well driller Dick Kelley have been sampling wells and have had some promising results. The council has approved drilling some test wells south and east of town, where initial tests have showed that the water quality is good. These gentlemen are working pretty hard for all of us.

There is one other thing that I would like to share, and I am sure some of you will not agree, but in my opinion we have the finest bunch of city employees we could wish for. A few years ago, I would not have said this. Since I have been involved, however, I have seen first hand what these men and women bring to the table. The technical knowledge they must have is amazing, the reports they do for the state and federal governments are never ending and the complaints the women in the office deal with take a special kind of person.

I have heard complaints about

the guys driving around, about the stickers in the park and about the cemetery looking bad. But you know, Sappa Park looks as good as it ever has, largely because of the city crew. Over 30 headstones at the cemetery have been repaired for the families at no charge, largely because of the city crew. New doors and repairs at the power plant which before would have been jobbed out were done by the city crews, saving us thousands of dollars. And the way the crew performed after the Aug. 12 windstorm this summer should make us all proud. I know the crews from out of town were impressed.

I know that they can not make all of us happy all of the time, but I ask you to take a minute and look at our town. It amazes me how we do it with a crew of our size, and it makes me proud to know that they will be there when we need them the most.

Obamacare threatens privacy

The need to repeal the President's health care law becomes more apparent every single day. The law was passed with such speed that it was impossible for the last Congress to even read it.

As then-Speaker Nancy Pelosi said before she and her colleagues made this bill law, "We have to pass the bill so you can see what's in it."

This is no way to govern, and now Americans will pay another price for that lack of leadership: their privacy rights.

In mid-July, the Department of Health and Human Services issued a proposed rule to carry out the law that would require insurance companies to submit information about every single patient to a national database. Data might include personally identifiable information as well as the treatment patients receive.

Secretary Kathleen Sebelius says this is necessary to evaluate "risk adjustment" - who has healthier patients, who has sicker patients and how federal dollars should be distributed.

In the proposed rule, the department offers one of three ways it could get its hands on the information:

- The department could compel insurers to submit the data directly to them.
- It could require them to provide it to the states, who then turn over calculations based on the data to the feds.
- The government could tell insurance companies how to calculate the numbers it wants, and then force them to turn over these scores. Regardless of which option is chosen by bureaucratic decree, patient



On the Potomac

By Rep. Tim Huelskamp
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privacy is at stake.

Despite any promises or assurances the department may attempt to make about protecting your confidential information, there are too many examples of government information getting into the wrong hands.

The biggest concern is the possible intentional exposure of your personal data for personal, economic or political gain by an enterprising bureaucrat. A database containing information about every single patient claim in the U.S. is a tempting treasure trove of information - and worth a lot of money.

As time passes, we are likely to find out more that we do not like about the president's health care law. That is why the House has already passed several bills to repeal it in full or in part. However, it is likely that the repeal bills will be blocked by the Democrats and never reach the President's desk.

So, until it is possible to repeal the law in full, the House must exercise its power of the purse. In bringing attention to this issue, I am leading the effort to defund any and all parts of this patient database, making it impossible for the department to get its hands on your private and confidential medical records.

I invite you to stay on top of this issue and learn how to make your voice heard at my website, at huelskamp.house.gov/hhs.

He found the can the Congress kicks

By TOM DREILING
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I found it! I FOUND IT! Wow!

I was beginning to think it never existed. But there it was.

Lots of dents, but what would you expect?

I nearly tripped over it. It was a warm, but not overly uncomfortable morning, as I set out on an "exploration" walk around parts of my new environment. It's called Kentucky Circle Village, in Denver. Beautiful place, filled with caring and accommodating folks. I felt like I was one of them from day one.

I was busy the morning of my walk (which included what looked like part of an alley), busy talking with people I had never seen before. Lot of "welcome aboards" led to introductions, and I am sure they will turn into lasting friendships. That's how I have this place pegged.

When you are my age, somewhere between 70 and 100, you look for people who were born and raised about the same time you were. That way you have much in common, much to talk about.

The place I lived at prior to my move Sept. 28 was nice, but it was a huge complex that seemed to cater to a crowd ranging in age from 25 to 48. Lots of families. There was little contact with that crowd. I felt pretty much alone most of time, except for those very frequent and precious visits by my kids and grandkids.

When it was time to renew my lease, I decided instead to look for alternate housing that had an outstretched hand for people my age. Someone mentioned Kentucky Circle Village, so in company with my kids, we looked into it. We all were impressed. It didn't take me long to make a decision. The age requirement is 62 and older. Perfect fit!

So here I am, sitting in front of my computer, talking about finding something in an alley I thought perhaps never existed. I got sort of sidetracked in the process, so back to the subject.

What I found in the alley during my walk was that tin can the United States Senate and House of Representatives keep kicking down the alley! I think if those senators and representatives would get out of the alley and into their work place, we might have a better result than we are experiencing. They can play "kick the can" when they go home on their weekend visits with family and constituents. But not on my time.

Please join me in contacting your Washington representatives and telling them that the only can you are going to kick is the one attached to their backside.

Snippets: "If Chris Christie is elected president, Air Force One would have to be upgraded to allow for all that extra poundage! ..."

"President Obama is in full campaign mode. Are we to take that as 'running scared' or what?"

E-mail me your snippets, on any topic. No more than three sentences. Your name will not be used. milehitom@hotmail.com

Tom Dreiling of Denver is a former publisher of the Colby Free Press and The Norton Telegram, and a former long-time editor of the old Goodland Daily News.

Public Notice

to Residents of Oberlin

The City Water Department will be Flushing City Water Mains Thursday - October 6 and Thursday - October 13 after 10 p.m.

Please be aware that certain amounts of discoloration may appear in your domestic water supply.

Thank you for your cooperation
Karen Larson, City Administrator

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There's No Place Like Home

By Eunice Boeve
Illustrated by Michelle Meade

Chapter 8 Camp Concordia

Last Chapter: Jack and Mollie have a fun adventure when they arrive in Chanute and meet Osa Johnson and Snowball, a baby gorilla from Africa. Osa Johnson and her husband, Martin, have traveled extensively in Africa and the Solomon Islands and her tales of their adventures keep the twins enthralled.

A red-winged blackbird clung to a stalk of the green corn bordering both sides of the dusty road. Cheerily it sang its song, sounding to the twins like "kong-ka-ree, kong-ka-ree." It flew away as the twins approached.

"Do you want to guess where we are now?" Jack asked, grinning at his sister.

"Well, not home, that's for sure." Since they had talked about adding e-mail to the computer on the time machine, Mollie had been mentally e-mailing their parents. Now in her head, she imagined this message:

Dear Mom and Dad,
We are on a dusty, country road. We have no idea where, but we don't worry so much now for we know the time machine will take care of us. At least we hope so. Oh, oh, there's an old truck pulling up beside us. Love, Mollie

The man in the driver's seat leaned over and called through the open window on the passenger's side. "Need a lift?"

"That'd be great," Jack said.

"When the twins were settled inside the cab, Mollie in the middle, the man introduced himself as Dave Strait, and working the gearshift, sent the truck on down the road. "You youngsters going out to see the POW camp?"

Jack was sure he'd never heard of a POW camp, but the right words came out of his mouth. "You mean the prisoner of war camp?"

"One and the same."

"We heard there are German prisoners there," Mollie said, although she'd heard no such thing.

"You heard right," Mr. Strait said.

"Are they mean?" Mollie asked.

"None that I've met and I've been working there since the first batch came over here from Germany. As a whole,

they're good fellas. Oh, a rotten one turns up now and again, but his comrades pretty well set him straight."

"Why do they do that?" Jack said.

"What difference does it make?"

"Oh, it makes a lot of difference, son. They want to be trusted so they can go out and work. No farmer's going to want to have a troublemaker helping him."

"They help the farmers here?" Jack said.

"Aren't they afraid those men will kill them? They are the enemy, aren't they?"

"Well, yes and no. That enemy business gets toned down once they get over here. We treat them fair and feed them decent. I sure wish I could say the same for our boys being held in POW camps overseas."

A grim look settled over his face and they rode in silence a few minutes, before



Mr. Strait looked over at the twins and grinned. "Besides, where would they run to? The middle of Kansas to Germany is some distance. Just getting from here to the coast would be a major feat on foot and then they have an ocean to swim."

Jack grinned. "Do you have any of them helping you?"

"Well, I don't do much farming, but sometimes we have a fella name of Walter who comes out and gives us a hand around the place, doing odd jobs and we usually

have him over for Sunday dinner."

"Sunday dinner!" Mollie had almost fallen asleep and hearing those words she blinked her eyes and sat up straight. "Why would you have a German for dinner, a man who has just been fighting and killing American soldiers overseas?"

Before answering Mollie, Mr. Strait shifted his truck to a lower gear and slowed for a quail hen crossing the road, her brood of babies scurrying along after her.

"They're just young men, like our boys overseas. Soldiers go to war because their country calls them to. None of them is likely too keen on killing, and awful relieved when they don't have to anymore."

"So can they just walk away whenever someone wants them to do some work, or?" Jack grinned at Mr. Strait, "they're invited to Sunday dinner?"

Mr. Strait chuckled. "No. Only a guard comes along with them and we feed him too."

A few minutes later, the camp came into view and the twins got their first look at the camp and its prisoners. They were both shocked to see how big it was. A high wire fence surrounded the entire compound of row after row of buildings all painted alike.

"That's a lot of buildings," Jack said.

"How many prisoners do you have here?"

"About 5,000 and of course we have the guards who are American soldiers stationed here." Mr. Strait shook his head. "This is good duty. No one shooting at you or you having to shoot some poor fella caught up in the war same as you."

Mr. Strait pointed out the camp's water tower, the hospital, and the fire department. "Those," he said, pointing toward rows of long, low buildings, "are the barracks where the men sleep."

Mr. Strait parked his truck in the parking area and as they got out he said, "Come meet Walter, the fella we have over for Sunday dinner. He's there by the fence with that little dog."

Although they knew Walter was behind the fence and couldn't get out, and a soldier stood in the guard tower holding a weapon, and Walter looked just like any other man, his eyes and his smile friendly, the twins stepped back as he approached.

After the introductions that included Walter's little dog, a stray he'd named Mary Sunshine, Mr. Strait told them he had to go to work, but one of his friends getting off work now would take them back to Concordia.

The man they rode with seemed friendly, but he wasn't much for talking and after several attempts, Jack gave up and they rode the rest of the way in silence. The man pulled over just inside the town of Concordia and as he let them out, two black cases, that looked like they would hold glasses, fell out and the twins, instinctively knowing they were theirs, grabbed them up.

With their glasses on, the town changed from how it must have looked in the mid 1940s during World War II, to modern times. And as always, to their right set the time machine. They hurried inside, eager to read what would be on the computer screen. After the twins read the facts about the war and the prisoner of war camp in Concordia, they read a small newspaper story and grinned at each other in delight. For the news article mentioned that Dave Strait, who worked at the camp, had adopted a little dog named Mary Sunshine, when her master, a prisoner, was sent back to Germany.

To Be Continued.

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This is an original serial story that is written and illustrated by two Kansas women. To learn more about them, go to their websites: www.euniceboeve.net and www.michellemeade.weebly.com